

who have served our country and those who have sacrificed for our great Nation.

AMERICA ON THE BRINK OF SELF-DESTRUCTION

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. Mr. Speaker, I do not know why it has turned out this way in the last few periods before we went on a long district work period. It turned out that I would be the last speaker and adjourn the House. And I think this is more exciting than most periods because both of our two major parties are going to have their big conventions, one in San Diego for the Democrats; it is a return to Chicago from a scene that I covered as a television talk show host and news reporter, the madness of that week in Chicago in 1968, which overlapped the ugly and last, until Chechnya, Soviet invasion with tanks of a nation, in this case the sovereign nation of what was once the sovereign nation and is now the sovereign nation of Czechoslovakia.

In this last moment before we adjourn and when we come back in September, it will be to finish up our work in the fastest two years of my life, the 104th Congress. And 94 days from today, we will determine whether this country continues on its road toward self-destruction. That is the description of Reverend Billy Graham in our Rotunda when this Chamber and the other body awarded him unanimously the Congressional Gold Medal, the highest civilian award of this Congress. And we do not make awards to military people, although we have founded them and authorized them. They are made by the military itself up to the Commander in Chief. And it is a tough process that people go through to win a Medal of Honor, loosely but wrongly called the Congressional Medal of Honor and other high designations, Air Force Cross, Navy Cross, and the pre-eminent Army, because of its older existence, the Distinguished Service Cross. But the highest award we can give anybody, any civilian is the Congressional Gold Medal. And we gave it to both Billy Graham and his wife. Struck the beautiful image of Ruth Graham, his wife of 53 years at his side through all of his ministry to spread the good news of our savior Jesus Christ, and at his acceptance speech in the Rotunda on May 22d, he said this is a Nation on the brink of self-destruction.

Now, have we averted that path in the 104th Congress? Can we do anything to turn that disastrous path around in the month of September and two or three days in October before we adjourn sine die without any more days in the 104th Congress? Well, hardly. Will we do much to turn it around in

the 105th Congress? It is all on the line in 94 days.

If we elect an administration that I believe to be utterly and thoroughly morally corrupt and financially corrupt, then we may be approaching the point of no return. Another four years of Clinton, and I do not know how we are going to turn it around once we are a year into the 21st century.

Now, I come to the floor with as much sadness tonight as I have ever felt about a betrayal of American middle-class families, the families who sent our young men, their sons, we were not sending daughters into combat and into the violence of the battlefield in those days of Korea and Vietnam, but middle-class families sent their young people just a half a decade after World War II, the second great cataclysm to make the world safe for democracy, but it seemed to make the world stronger for communism, we sent our young men, mostly farm kids but a lot of college kids and young professionals that were called away from their careers because we did activate the Reserve and the National Guard and the Air National Guard, we sent them to the Choson Peninsula, the Korean Peninsula, a place many of them had never thought of other than a passing reference in high school or grade school geography.

We did teach about such faraway places when I was in high school and college. And they died in those filthy human manure ditches in the freezing cold of Ch'osan Reservoir or the baking hot of the Korean summers of 1951, 1952, and 1953, and we left behind, Mr. Speaker, thousands of live Americans in their prison system. Some may be alive even to this day.

There was our first no win war. We had rejected MacArthur's battle cry, "There is no substitute for victory," and we relived this nightmare with an even worse outcome in the Vietnam war. At least in the Korean War we kept a ragged, much changed but general outline of the 38th Parallel on a different angular river and rugged course. We kept the southern half of that peninsula free, but in Vietnam we forsook our allies. We left them to the cruel agonies of the communist government out of Hanoi.

Some Senators and a few Congressmen licked the boots of the likes of war criminals like General Giap to this day, the architect of only the successful battle of Dien Bien Phu that was fought about honor until the ignoble disgrace of holding back thousands of French and French Moroccan and other foreign legion troops for years, until many died or they were traded for money or traded in their bones, what we are doing disgracefully now. In Vietnam we walked away from one war and betrayed our allies in Laos and Cambodia and South Vietnam to concentration camps euphemistically referred to as reeducation camps. 60,000 were executed, almost three-quarters of a million died on the high seas, and

the communist killers are entrenched in Hanoi to this day.

I find out this afternoon that in the foreign ops portion of our appropriation process there is a section involved that we are going to take our taxpayer dollars from our farm and working families and lower middle-class families and their grandchildren, my grandchildren, many they have not even earned yet, and we are going to give it to Vietnam to rewrite their trade rules and their code so that we can start funneling next year foreign aid with borrowed money to the communist conquerors out of Hanoi.

Absurd. What brings me here sadly is, I want to say inadvertently, but a 7-year POW Congressman SAM JOHNSON from Texas and this Member from California gave people warnings for two weeks that we were betraying last night the POW-MIA families by voting for a defense authorization bill, all in all a fine bill with some shortcomings, hard trading with the Senate, but we passed it with only 36 Republicans saying no and some of them for different reasons, even though SAM JOHNSON of Texas had sent around what I thought was to me the saddest handout during a vote that I had ever encountered on this floor.

It says, "A plea from former POW Sam Johnson. Support our MIA/POWs and their families. Vote no on fiscal year 1997 defense authorization conference report."

Now, I have said many times that I was going to read excerpts from Sam's book on this House floor to let the 86 Members of the freshman class know just the caliber of unqualified hero that Sam Johnson of Dallas was that they were serving with. And now I find out that people on the payroll at the defense missing persons office have tried to obfuscate the horror and the terror of Cuban, Cuban involvement with the torture to death of some of our prisoners in the prison system in and around Hanoi from 1963 to February and March of 1973. Unbelievable story.

Mr. Speaker, I do not know how to warn children away from the television screens, assuming that children too young to not be frightened and absorb torture stories, why they would be watching C-SPAN anyway, I do not know unless they are watching with their parents, but I would recommend to any mother and father they owe it to the men who died for our liberty and freedom of speech to stay with us a few moments this evening, but tell the children to go outside and play.

Here is this book that I promised to read excerpts from in a last special order. "POW," by John G. Hubble in association with Andrew Jones and Kenneth Y. Tomlinson. Subtitle: "A Definitive History of the American Prisoner of War Experience in Vietnam: 1964 to 1973."

When I read these words, Mr. Speaker, I hope people will wonder why this body and the other Chamber have

Members so anxious to lift trade restrictions, then under a triple draft dodger normalize relations, then after that to remove the combat status, just a few weeks ago that existed. So if we found a live American and could target with all of the technological sophistication available to our secret agencies and our military today, that if we could pull off a rescue mission, we could have done it in a matter of minutes up until a few weeks ago, when Clinton signed an order saying there is no longer a combat situation existing between us and the communist powers of Vietnam.

Now the drive is on to get Most Favored Nation status for this communist country, one of the last four left in the world, to make the same mistake we made with China and then to drive toward taking our borrowed tax dollars, lumping it upon the deficit and helping them rewrite their trade code so that 30 pieces of silver can be extracted for a few foolish business men and women with all the opportunities around the world.

□ 1815

They are going in there with blood on their hands to deal with these people that may still have Americans locked up. One Senator calls speeches like mine on the House floor hobbyist speeches. What a disgraceful challenge to me, particularly after what I just read about honor in the Wall Street Journal today.

Chapter 25 of POW, Fidel, Kassler and the faker. Fidel was the name given to a tall, some prisoners thought he was from Argentina he was so tall, and Castillian as a Cuban, but he is a Cuban, Fidel was the nickname they gave this torture master. Kassler is a hero from both wars, an unparalleled hero from both wars, like our SAM JOHNSON, Jim Kassler, shot down 8 Mig's in the Korean war and then led the first major strike against Hanoi on the Air Force side against the petroleum oil and lubricant storage areas of North Vietnam to stop them from this slaughtering people in South Vietnam. It was written up big in Time Magazine.

Then his fate was to be captured a few weeks later and to be severely tortured because they knew they had their hands on an American war hero.

What they called a criminal and an air pirate and the faker is a man that, when this book was written, his identity was uncovered by the author, John Hubbell. Now we know his remains have been returned, showing the horror of what he had gone through, even in just the bones that remained. It was major Earl Cobeal. This pain is known to his family. I am not revealing anything on the House floor tonight.

My fellow Americans and Mr. Speaker, listen to this: At the zoo in Hanoi, that is an annex, part of the Hanoi prison system, the one whom the prisoners believed to be Cuban and whom they called Fidel had been very busy.

Footnote, we knew who this brigadier general was of Cuban intelligence. He was in New York in 1977 and 1978. My 2 years in this House, if only God had let me know he was there, I personally would have made a citizen's arrest on him. Our intelligence people failed miserably under Jimmy Carter to arrest this man as a war criminal, the way we had done in World War II at Nuremberg and at the Japanese trials where we hung people for this type of war crime.

He was allowed to dine in New York restaurants for 2 years, known to our intelligence people, known to Admiral Stansfield Turner, head of the CIA, and allowed to go back to Cuba. I wish I knew where we could get our hands on him today. I believe his name is Fernandez.

He had been very busy. The prisoners were never to be certain of the Latin's mission, but they generally were in agreement that it was to teach the North Vietnamese how to handle captured American military men and how to learn as much as possible on the same subject on behalf of their own Government, Cuba, whatever it was.

Fidel had selected a dozen or so American prisoners and dealt with them one by one. He attempted to browbeat the men into yielding military information and cooperating in Hanoi's propaganda campaign. It seems clear at first that he did not want to brutalize the men, perhaps Hanoi's mysterious ally wanted to demonstrate that mind and will games were more effective than hell cuffs and torture ropes that the men had been undergoing, this horrible torture for, at this point, 3 years or more with them dying under torture and another 100, as Kassler told me himself, executed in the villages before they made it into the prison system.

In any event, the prisoners judged this to be the case and one by one set their own minds and wills to frustrate Fidel. And he thus proved unable to show his host, the Vietnamese Communists, any results. Defeated, furious, he turned to savagery, directing horrendous torture and beatings. So intense was the mistreatment that each prisoner had finally acquiesced to Fidel's enraged demand to surrender. He broke each one of the 11 and some never came home.

Now, there is a man named Robert Destat, who has worked for years in and out of the Pentagon's missing Americans office. He had the gall, the effrontery, the treachery to put in writing recently that these men were interpreters only. It is a plausible Cuban story, he says. I am going to attempt to bring this man up on charges under the law that when Clinton signs it will be stripped out of the books soon over the next few weeks while it is on the books. It is only 5 months old, since February 10. I am going to bring him up on charges for willfully and knowingly lying to our families, and I understand he owns property in Hanoi, that he is marrying into that system

over there, and that he has been allowed for years to disgracefully manipulate and psychologically torture the families of these men that were tortured by these three Cubans, nicknamed Fidel, Pancho, and Chico.

But he did not break them unconditionally. For example, the senior ranking officer of the group, Air Force Major Jack Bomar, a navigator, when asked to write on the Doppler method of navigating our aircraft, produced two pages of spurious biography on the system's inventor, a German named Erich von Doppler who used to listen to trains. Fidel insisted—actually the Doppler effect was discovered by Christian Johann Doppler, a 19th century Austrian physicist. So the Americans are trying to mislead and fight back in this horrible deadly chess game of pitting our wills as the most pathetic of all people.

Christ points this out, the Pope pointed it out to me, Pope Paul VI, when I had eight POW wives in his presence alone, just the Holy Father, BOB DORNAN, a young radio TV talk show host and the eight wives that I had raised money to take around the world in January of 1970.

We are on our way to Hanoi—to Moscow. Clinton is already there, young student, being thanked for his leading and organizing, treacherous help for Hanoi, encouragement, sustenance, assistance, all the words of synonyms for comfort or other words like aid because you get in a little debate on what words you can use out of the Constitution of the United States.

I took four of those wives to Moscow, a few days after we met with the Pope, and we were arrested at the airport on fake document charges, put in a hotel with no heating, 26 degrees below zero. One strong wife did not get sick, and I and the other three wives got near pneumonia. Pope Paul VI, in good English said, never have wives traveled to the battlefields just simply asking, are our men alive or dead. Some of these wives did not know their men were alive and going through this type of medieval torture.

Fidel insisted that the American criminals become more self-sufficient. Therefore, he said they would raise their own fish. They were made to dig two breeding ponds, each about 10 feet long and 4 feet wide. When each hole was filled with water, Fidel produced a supply of approximately 350 tiny fish, each perhaps an inch and a half long. These fish, Fidel explained, would grow to a length of 3 feet and would weigh 12 pounds.

When Fidel finished speaking, someone noticed that in the water the ponds were so muddied that the fish could not swim. They were clustering at the surface dying. At Fidel's frantic commands, the prisoners tried to use mosquito nets to lift the fish out of their muddy mud bath vats. It did not work. The netting engulfed the fish in sticky mud and there soon was mud over all the prisoners, the guards, Fidel and the

yards. Wash tubs were brought out. The prisoners descended in the mud pits with pails and bailed out the mud. They picked fish out of the mud, cleaned them off, threw them into the wash tubs and about 120 fish were salvaged. Like the American prisoners whom the fish were eventually supposed to nourish, the fish were soon to find themselves occupied mainly with survival. They were to do none of the spectacular growing Fidel predicted, and no American was ever to taste any of the fish.

Fidel was full of ideas for prisoners self-sufficiency. He decided that the inmates should build a bakery and bake their own bread. Two of his criminals, Norman Dautry, who told me some of these stories in my office way back in the 1970's, and Ed Hubbard immediately represented themselves as bakery building experts and were placed in charge of construction. The project consumed two months.

A sort of mud adobe oven was built with a chimney about 8 feet high.

He goes on to tell the story of how the strange Fidel went through all of these processes of trying to build a prison system, not knowing that he came from Cuba where prisoners had already been held by this time in solitary confinement for better than a decade, stark naked, in totally darkened rooms with spatial disorientation, and what he was trying to do here they never figured out with the ovens and the fishes and all these things.

Finally he begins to get deadly. One day, Fidel, clearly frustrated, turned to Colonel Jack Bomar. Every time you want to talk about something important, you talk secret. Everything else is loud. For the most important, life with Fidel was more than grim. Once the prisoners were divided into small groups and taken off to different work projects, Bomar and Dautry found themselves listening to the sounds of awful beatings being administered outside a stall in a small bath area.

It went on and on, amid shrieks of unrestrained rage and sounds of fists and other things smashing against flesh and bone. The noise chilled the blood and spirit.

After a time, Fidel emerged from the stall and spotting Bomar shouted, we have got a, the F word, that is faking. Nobody is going to fake and get away with it.

The Latin launched on a lengthy tirade describing how the prisoner had pretended illness and injury to avoid interrogation and work. I am going to teach you all a lesson, he vowed. I am going to break this guy in a million pieces. He is going to eat. He is going to bow. He is going to work. He is going to do everything we say. He is going to surrender like all of you surrendered.

A Vietnamese guard brought the man from the stall. The sight of the prisoner stunned Colonel Bomar. He stood transfixed, trying to make himself believe that human beings could so batter another human being. Bob Destat,

on your payroll, as taxpayers, says this is all lying. I want this Destat by subpoena in front of my committee. I want him in a court of law.

The man could barely walk. He shuffled slowly, painfully, his clothing was torn to shreds. He was bleeding everywhere, terribly swollen, and a dirty, yellowish, black and purple from head to toe. The man's head was down. He made no attempt to look at anyone.

He was taken into the cell the Fidel prisoner shared, and Fidel grabbed Bomar by the arm and hustled him in, ordering him, shake hands with your comrade. Bomar introduced himself, offering his hand. The man did not react. He stood unmoving, head down.

Fidel smashed a fist into the man's face, driving him against the wall. Then he was brought to the center of the room and made to get down on his knees. Screaming in rage, Fidel took a length of black rubber hose from a guard and lashed it as hard as he could into the man's face. The prisoner did not react.

He did not cry out or even blink an eye. His failure to react seemed to fuel Fidel's rage and again he whipped the rubber hose across the man's face. Bomar was nearly physically ill at what he saw happening, and he was helpless to stop it.

Again and again, a dozen times Fidel smashed the man's face with the hose. Not once did the fearsome abuse elicit the slightest response from this Air Force major. Bomar began to realize that the man was not really there, that somehow his brain had turned off the pain and the damage and everything else. At last Fidel ordered, take him down and clean him up.

Bomar helped the battered pilot to a bath stall. In the stall was a concrete tank containing some dirty water and a pale. Bomar got some soap. He undressed the man and found that he had been through much more than the day's beatings. His body was ripped and torn everywhere. Hell cuffs appeared to have severed the wrist; strap marks still wound around the arms all the way to the shoulders. Slivers of bamboo were embedded in the bloodied shins, and there were what appeared to be treadmarks from the hose across the chest, the back, the legs.

Horrified, Bomar was afraid to touch him for fear of causing him more pain. He spoke softly, trying to comfort the man, to let him know that he was now in friendly hands and that he wanted to help him and make him comfortable. The man did not react. He did not open his eyes or say anything. He simply sat, head down. Gently, Bomar cleaned him as best he could.

□ 1830

Then suddenly Fidel burst into the stall, grabbed Bomar, slammed him out of the place, out of the way, and began beating the man again. He kept driving his fist into his face, slamming him against the wall, down on to his knees. Then he stalked away, leaving Bomar to get them both back to the cell.

The other Fidel prisoners returned from their work detail. And one of them, Norlan Daughtrey, told me in my office—and as he began to recall these memories, tears streamed down his face as he relived it—the way you will see a rape victim or a family member from a murder on the witness stand, and you can see the visceral images flood into what Shakespeare called our mind's eye and then the tears begin to flow. This is what happened to Norlan in my office, reliving. He witnessed these beatings also of other men, including Colonel Bomar, but also of Major Early Kobeal, only identified in this great work of history as the Faker.

The other Fidel prisoners came back from the detail. As Bomar described what had happened, the new man remained mute, his head down, his eyes closed, his teeth clenched tightly together. It was as though he was alone in a world of his own. None of the others knew him or anything about him. All that was known was that he was an American, that unspeakable horrors had been done to him and that he needed all the solace and help he could get. Conaboy, Trowbridge, distraught people on our payroll denying this type of ugly history, of our chained eagles being destroyed.

His belongings were delivered. His blankets and clothing were soaked with dried blood, puss, and waste matter. A bed was made for him and he was made to lie down. The others discussed what to do. Somehow he had to be brought back from wherever it was that Fidel and his colleagues had driven him. He needed to be kept clean, to be fed, and to be nursed back to physical and mental health.

The bowing program was in full swing, meaning breaking men to bow in front of these stupid, uneducated guards. Guards were opening cells dozens of times daily just for the pleasure of seeing the Americans bow to them. The Fidel prisoners lost no time coming to their feet and bending to obedience, because of their torture, but the new arrival would not so much as acknowledge that the cell door had opened. Unfailingly, an offended guard would stride to his bunk, grab him by the neck of his shirt, pull him up, and slap him hard across the face. The others winced with every blow; some muttered fears for their own sanity if the assault on the man continued. If they stepped in the way, they would be tortured to death.

The man would say nothing and do nothing. The others took turns feeding him, talking to him, soothing him, and offering him encouragement. He ate, and at length he opened his eyes. But he kept his head down, staring blankly, and kept his silence, keeping his teeth clenched tightly when he was not eating.

Then, suddenly, he spoke. Somehow, someone had come by a banana and proposed to feed it to him. Through teeth that remained clenched, he said,

"There is a microphone in the banana."

The others gathered round, certain that a turning point had been reached and that important ground was about to be gained. Eagerly they broke the banana open in front of him, showing that there was no microphone in it. He refused to accept this, and refused to eat the banana. Again he fell silent, unresponsive.

Days later, he spoke again muttering as if to himself, that the room seemed to be full of people who "look like Americans."

"We are Americans," Colonel Bomar assured him. "We have gone through a lot of what you have gone through. We are all in the same boat."

"They changed your hands," the man replied. "They changed your face. They needed your face and hands. There are gas jets in the wall."

"Our hands are all right."

"You are Russians, Russian actors on a stage," the man said. "The sun goes too fast. There it goes, across the sky."

Now he refused to eat totally. Bomar and the others could get nowhere. Only occasionally would this tortured figure say, "I know what you are doing. I know you want my hands. I know you are going to kill me. Why won't you go ahead and do it? Kill me."

In comes Fidel. "He's faking." The Latin took the man out into the porch of the Stable—a prison section name—along with Bomar, to warn him that the man had to stop faking. The man would not answer. He stared downward, behaved as if Fidel were not present. Fidel's rage mounted. He ranted at the man, screaming every obscenity. "He's faking, I know he's faking, and I'm gonna prove it."

The man was removed to a hospital. The events of March 31—interesting, the very day that LBJ, this man's Commander in Chief, throws in the towel and quits the presidential race to pursue a solution to the war in Vietnam, more on-and-off bombing, more treachery, more betrayal of kids. No called up reserves or guard or international guard in this war except for 6 F-100 squadrons, only farm kids, African-American kids, Hispanic and American kids, sons of military families like mine, sons of conservative families like mine.

And as I read this to you, my older brother is in heart surgery today. He has been in surgery for 5 hours. Half an hour to go. My brother, Don.

If you are listening, you identify with me over this mess. Please send prayers for my brother Don, Mr. Speaker.

The events of March 31, 1968, Johnson bug-out day, the halting of the American air campaign against North Vietnam and President Johnson's announcement that he would not seek another term in the White House, were trumpeted to the American POWs as evidence that Hanoi's Communist cause was prevailing. The antiwar movement was succeeding.

Bill Clinton spoke: We are winning, exceeding beyond expectation. There was no secret Soviet money coming into American student groups. All they had to do was reward them with occasional trips to Moscow. They were ahead of the curve, way ahead of any other student group that was pro-Hanoi in Europe.

Generally, however, the American prisoners interpreted the news differently. Most took it for granted that the Communists had come to terms with Johnson. Hope springs eternal, I guess, and the torture goes on.

Jack Bomar found himself speaking freely to one whom the prisoners called Pancho. Pancho, too, was Latin, average height, but powerfully built and with a big, shaggy black beard.

We have him identified too. He got away with these war crimes. Whatever his purpose in Hanoi, he was not an interrogator.

And Bob, to stop, I want you. Hear me. He was not an interpreter. He merely wanted to talk to Americans, and sought Bomar's reaction to the bombing halt. General Wald, do something about this act, I beg you. You are a war hero, Jim. Do something about these people.

"The President didn't stop the bombing without concessions," Bomar told him. "There is no doubt in my mind about that. And I don't know what the other concessions are but the release of the POW's is primary." Five more years in this hell hole. "We'll be out of here within 90 days."

Fidel entered the room where Pancho and Bomar were talking as the American uttered the word "concessions." He grabbed Bomar by the shoulder, threw him to the floor, roared furiously, "Concessions? Never. The Vietnamese have absolutely defeated the United States. You will never leave here."

The next morning Bomar was summoned from his cell. The long stable porch was crammed with Vietnamese, armed guards, and men and women who worked around the camp. Bomar knew he was in for a brutal session. He was made to kneel on the ground, hands in the air. Fidel strode before him, delivering a long, angry lecture on "concessions." At last he said, "Now, we are going to teach you what concessions really are." With that he drove a roundhouse blow straight into Bomar's face, sending him sprawling. Guards brought him back up to his knees.

This is really brave, punching a man with eight guards holding him.

Again Fidel smashed him in the face. Brigadier General Fernandez of Cuba, allowed to dine and wine in New York City for 2 years not a decade after this.

And again the spectators appreciated the show. They laughed, probably drooled, shouted encouragement to Fidel.

Now the Latin stepped behind Bomar—remember this guy is about 6'1" or 6'2"—with the length of a rubber hose and lashed him hard, just below

the kidneys. Then a second blow. Bomar was down, writhing in the dirt, wondering how much of the rubber hose he could stand. He was yanked up on to his knees again. Now Fidel was screaming for Norlan Daughtrey.

Daughtrey was made to kneel in the dirt beside Bomar. Fidel smashed his fist into his face, guards pulled him back, and Fidel lashed him across the back with the hose. Then the Latin stood behind Bomar and lashed him with the hose, and screamed for Navy Ens. Charles D. "Chuck" Rice, captured on October 26, 1967.

What do you know? The same day, the day before John McCain was shot down.

Rice was smashed in the face, lashed with a hose. Then again Fidel stood behind Bomar and laid the hose across his back.

By the way, some Senators put this all behind them. They said, "Oh the freedom bird, the day I left, I put all this war behind me." Others, like Senator Jeremiah Denton, and like this noble hero we have the honor of serving with, SAM JOHNSON, we do not forget this. We must never forget this any more than Simon Weisenthal allows the world to forget Nazi torture of prisoners.

I remember I put my hands on the rack at Auschwitz. The torture rack is still there, where they would stretch men across in front of groups of 300 and 400, God loved but seemingly forsaken Jewish prisoners, all to die in the gas chambers. They would scourge and beat men hundreds of times to break their will, not for escape attempts, just for the sadistic pleasure of the guards.

The first time I visited there the Vietnam war was going on. I was a newsman heading to Vietnam and I thought to myself, thank God in this modern age with a superpower, the United States of America, behind our Navy, Marines, and Air Force pilots and our Green Berets and ground guys getting captured on the ground, they will all be returned. We are not suffering this way in the prison camp of Hanoi. But my brother's pilots were suffering this way. It is incredible.

So now he begins beating four prisoners at one time.

One by one, the Fidel prisoners, 12 of them, before the crowd made to kneel, smashed in the face, lashed with the rubber hose. Each time Bomar was lashed once again.

So the first guy takes multiple punishments for all the rest.

At last the punishment ended. The Americans were all on their knees, their hands high. Down the steps came Lump—the prisoners' bravado nickname for one of these sadistic pigs, the zoo camp commander. He walked to Bomar, poked a finger at his face and shouted, "Jackasses, these are your concessions."

I wonder what Lyndon, the great Texas boot-wearing tough President, would have done if he had known this was happening. We knew by then it was

happening because of the early release programs of the slipperies, the slimies, and the sleezies.

He says the prisoners were kept on their knees for a half hour while Fidel harangued them, warned them to put out of their minds any thoughts that they might be leaving soon. Then all but Bomar were ordered back to their cell. Bomar was treated to additional histrionics, and finally Fidel smashed him sprawling one last time and ordered him dragged back to his cell.

After most of 2 weeks, the man whom Fidel said was faking was returned from the hospital—kept alive for torture.

Only the Nazis and the Japanese war criminals of Manchuria did this kind of sickly stuff. I now have gotten the top secret documents declassified of a Communist-built hospital in North Korea where American young farm kids were used as guinea pigs in medical experiments in North Korea in the early 1950's, the way that it had been done to Australians, British, Americans, hundreds of Soviet prisoners and thousands of Chinese prisoners in Harbin in unit 731, tortured to death in every conceivable way, using Dr. Mengele's playbook from Auschwitz.

Every conceivable, when-Hell-was-in-session type of torture took place in North Korea and our secret agencies in this country did nothing to debrief a defecting Czech general of their joint chiefs of staff named Senya who told us all this in 1968, the very year this is happening, and he was told, "We are not interested in a hospital built in Korea to experiment on captured POW's until they were dead."

Nothing like this has ever been discussed on the floor of this House or in the other body.

Within a few weeks many of the group were covered with boils. When they brought back the so-called faker he was unkempt, a malodorous mess.

That means stinking to high heavens.

He had several huge boils on his back and hips. The camp medic, a Vietnamese whom the prisoners called Slasher, tore the cores out of the boils using some kind of rusty instrument.

□ 1845

He cut in deeply, drawing blood, ripping off patches of skin, draining the pus. The prisoner never even winced. When the medic left, the others ground up sulfur pills they had begged and stashed away and dusted the powder into his gaping wounds.

I have to jump here, Mr. Speaker, and tell the listeners, if they have suffered through to this point, this man was not returned. He was kept back as a live prisoner. When the other people, including some Senators-to-be and current Senators and a couple of House Members now, all came home on the freedom birds, this man and others like J.J. O'Connell, another naval aviator, they were held behind because they were zombies. They were beaten until

they had lost their senses. They were held back.

Any man who suffered a slight amputation, had any bad head wounds, they were held back and allowed to die in camp. Then they were buried in the ground, dug up months later, all the fleshy material cut away, their bones put in a box, stuck in a warehouse. There are still 200 boxes of these heroes' remains there at this moment, as I speak on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives.

Then they would, like they did to the French, trade in 30 pieces of silver, giving us back our heroes' remains, and we still grovel for our heroes' remains, and we still put up money, millions of it, a third of it lost to our taxpayers, in this gruesome revived French Vietnam game of trafficking in heroes' dust and bones, while ignoring the stories of live sightings.

Good God almighty, what has happened to my country, with this corruption in the White House and this lack of focus on justice and history?

The man, Major Cobiell, could not move now. Ed Hubbard had removed more than 2,300 boils from the top of his head, from the soles of his feet. He was in terrible agony and it worsened when he moved. He could not walk, he could not sit, he could not lie down.

The Cubans are all enjoying this.

It was causing himself terrible pain. Still he kept moving, helping with the cleanup chores, trying to take care of himself.

Bomar, the Colonel, Air Force Colonel, had 44 boils, including four in one armpit, and an especially painful one in one of his fingers; using a bamboo self-made needle, he opened this one to drain it. Soon angry red streaks painted the arm, signaling blood poisoning.

Do you know how we panic with our children and grandchildren over one infection on their body, one little red line going up an are or leg?

He became horribly ill. Slasher, the Vietnamese guard, carved into the little finger. The poison flew out of it. Amazingly, Larry Spencer, who was waiting hand and foot on the faker, developed no boils. He scrubbed the major's clothing.

I am inserting his rank and his name on occasion.

He bathed and stayed close to him, tending to his every need, but remaining free of infection. He kept looking after the man in the face of enormous frustration.

The bowing programs remained in effect and the guards enforced it with what the prisoners called fan belts, actually rubber whips cut out of old tires. One day the door to Fidel's his special prisoners cell, the 12 of them, opened 39 times, requiring 78 bows, one each time a guard entered, a second when he indicated he was leaving.

Imagine, we had college kids, privileged kids dodging the draft, all of them demonstrating across this country and calling these men, to use Jane Fonda's quotes, liars, hypocrites, and

professional killers; men fighting for the liberty of a faraway land.

Back to the faker.

Each time all delivered these bows except the faker, Maj. Earl Cobiell. Each time he failed to bow the offended guard would punch him, slap him, kick him, lash the rubber whip across his face. His face and head were ripped bloody, but he never once gave the slightest indication that he felt any of these blows. The others kept caring for the Major, worrying about him, worrying about their own abilities—he was probably a young captain when he was captured—while being forced to witness such grizzly treatment and wondering how to stop the slow murder.

SRO—that means the prisoner camp designated leader—Bomar pleaded with Fidel time and again to make the Latin believe the truth, the man was not faking; that no one who was faking could suffer such a brutally insane punishment without reacting. Give up on him, Bomar urged. Let us take care of him.

Fidel would have none of them. "The F'er is faking," and the horror continued. Apparently Fidel needed some victories. He remained determined to break the faker to win his total surrender.

Now the story switches to Korean war ace Jim Kasler who had led the first strikes against Hanoi's oil depots 2 years earlier, in 1966. He studied Spot, another guard who had a big lack of pigment, a spot on his cheek. He knew him to be a sadist. He judged him to be a homosexual sadist. He hated him with a quiet, intense hatred and knew that the feeling was mutual. He wondered Why Spot was attempting to be friendly, why the smile and the inane conversation.

Suddenly Spot, are you listening Bob Destat, are you listening, Connaboy, and suddenly Spot announced, "My major has directed me to find a man to meet a delegation and make a TV appearance on the occasion of the downing of the 3,000th enemy airplane."

That is more fighters than we have on active duty now. But Robert Strange, the most morally corrupt man to ever serve in public office in my lifetime, this arrogant, conceited, and not as bright as people thought, this evil, truly evil man, Robert Strange McNamara, had ground up 3,000 of our aircraft, a superpower, into the ground, accomplishing very little.

"So who should I think of but you, of course, which is an honor for you," this is Spot, the creepy sadist talking. B.S., Barbara Streisand, as Rush Limbaugh would say.

"I am not going to see any g-d delegation."

Of course, the men are fighting back with small "g" blashemies.

"You have no choice. You are in our hands now. We have kept you alive. Now you owe this to us."

I owe you nothing, says this ace pilot, Kasler, terribly ill from infections in his legs. Nonetheless, he had

been subjected to prolonged brutal torture and beatings. He had almost died like McCAIN in his bail-out with his body savagely ripped apart.

Only recently Spot had beaten him to a pulp. He kept him on his knees the rest of the day allowing him a 5-minute break each hour because of his leg infections. This the sadist said was in keeping with the humane and lenient treatment. That was their little mantra and chant. You got humane and lenient treatment. Spot got up to leave the room. Handing Castro an English language paper, the Vietnamese Courier. Kasler read of the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy. He tired to digest this shocking news when Spot returned to demand his final decision.

Kasler advised that he had already said it. he would make no appearances before people or cameras. Spot clapped him in the Ho Chi Minh room; again, bravado, fighting back; designating of rooms and brutal torture masters with Americana names. The filthy darkened cell in the auditorium.

The next day he was summoned again to interrogation. This is a 78-victory ace from Korea. The tables laden with torture paraphernalia, ropes, leg irons, three different sets of cuffs in all different sizes. "You can torture me, you can drag me before that delegation," Kasler said, "but I am not going to say a goddamned word when I get there. And I'm not making a TV appearance."

Spot supervised the torture. Lump came in to observe. As the guards lashed Jim Kasler's arms behind him so that the backs of his wrists met, and hell cuffs were ratcheted on down to the bones. then the ropes were pulled on, bone tight, from the elbows to the shoulder and his arms were pulled tightly together. The prisoner suffered this excruciation in silence. Spot kept urging him to put an end to his discomfort. All he need do was agree to meet a delegation.

"Kasler tried to concentrate on not thinking about the awful pain in his wrists. Other prisoners he knew found the pain in the shoulders and chest to be the worst. For him, the hell cuffs were the worst. After perhaps 45 minutes, the cuffs and reasons were removed and Kasler was made to kneel for another beating. Then another smaller set of hell cuffs were ratcheted on."

I do not think 99 percent of Americans listing tonight out of this audience of 100,000 have a clue that this went on, not with the idiocy that you hear coming out of this administration, and the groveling to Hanoi that goes on today.

The pain was worse this time. After about an hour it was absolutely intolerable. Kasler lost consciousness. When he awakened the cuffs were removed. He was allowed 15 minutes rest. Then another beating. Then hell cuffs re-applied. This time, somehow the pain intensified. He passed out within a few minutes.

"Do you surrender? Do you surrender?" Spot was asking when he regained consciousness. Sick, bathed in pain, he could take no more. He muttered "Okay. I surrender." Abruptly the torture guards pulled him up to his knees, his arms behind him, ratcheted the cuffs back into his wrist down to the bones; in other words, not accepting his surrender. Again he passed out. When he came to: "Do you surrender?" Again, "I surrender," but again it was as though he had not spoken. Again he was tortured to unconsciousness.

"This went on and on. At last the torture guard pulled him up on his knees, threw a rope around his neck, and began garotting him to death. Unable to breathe, he lost consciousness." Are you listening, Bob Destat? "He awakened to find the guards slapping his face, and Spot continued to ask, do you surrender? Yes, yes. Finally it ended." And it goes on and on and on.

"Who captured you? Mostly unarmed women and children. And what have you observed since you have been in this camp? I have seen hundreds of new prisoners arrive in this camp, and it is obvious that our bombing has been fruitless because Vietnamese production is up on all fronts. We now get fruit, sugar". They are asking him. They are giving him the answers he is supposed to give in this performance. The torture of Kasler goes on and on.

Yes, my friends, Mr. Speaker, listening, I am going to mercifully skip through some of Jim's awful torture. In one photograph Kasler spotted two elderly gentlemen wearing American Legion caps who had worked their way into the middle of the howling antiwar mob. They smilingly held up a placard inscribed "drop the bomb."

Grinning, Kasler repeated that he would not be cooperative in any appearance he was forced to make, reassured by a couple of World War II vets in the middle of these screaming hippies: drug-using, free-sex idiots betraying the cause of freedom. There, a little image, months before Chicago, someone maybe gave him heart, and he fought back, to be tortured some more.

It goes on and on. Jim got the Air Force cross for this. He should have gotten the Medal of Honor like my friend, Bud Day, suffered this type of hell, of like Jeremiah Denton or—excuse me, he got the Navy Cross, should have gotten the Medal of Honor, Senator Jerry, should have. Or like James Bond Stockdale, what a courageous leader. I think our guy here, the gentleman from Texas, SAM JOHNSON, should have gotten the Medal of Honor, Jim Gaskin.

Torture guards stuffing rags, not into his mouth but down his throat. He could not cry out, but how many did in torture? The Vietnamese did not like it. He kept spitting the rags out on the floor, the guards kept stuffing them down his mouth. After a while, he had still not screamed, they stopped trying to gag him, so he would hold his screams in a natural impulse to tor-

ture, because if he did not they would choke him to death.

Why are you doing this, you Mother F? Why won't you cooperate? You are not gong to make a traitor out of me, Kasler says. Some guys betray their country, like Edison Miller, like Eugene Wilbur, without even being yelled at. Other men go through this, and some went through it to their death. They died under torture for our freedom in this House, in that Senate, in this country. It is all forgotten. As Ronald Reagan said, where is our memory for Normandy, Anzio, Guadalcanal, and this torture in Hanoi?

He says "After a while Fidel ordered the cuffs removed and the ropes. He sat Kasler at the table before him. Who knows you have been here? The Latin asked. Nobody. Then why are you pulling this shit? You don't have to go through this. You will go through this peace delegation of scummy American traitors. I refuse, Kasler said. Shifting psychological gears, Fidel asked, do you want a drink of water? Yes. Having sweated through the tortures, he was completely dehydrated. He was probably shedding what is called urea. I learned this in studying Jesus' passion, where sweat mixes with bodily fluids and blood that comes from places unknown inside your musculature under this horrible torture.

Guards brought the water. Fidel turned on a table fan and Kasler gave him a cigarette. OK. When are you going before the delegation? Forget it, said Colonel Kasler. I'm not doing anything. Back on your knees. More beatings. He recited the Lords' prayer to himself, thinking through the meaning of each word. If anybody knows Kasler, Mr. Speaker, I hope they are calling him to watch today. Somebody has not forgotten, Jim.

Yes, are you going to surrender? No. Taken out of torture. Back to the bath area, cleaned up. You smell like a pig, Fidel says. And then he takes the lash across Kasler's buttocks. I skipped two horrible paragraphs here. Strike the enemy first before he has a chance to hit you, they scream. Another lash. More quotes from various newspapers, bringing back Kasler's interviews prior to his capture.

Lost in pain, he paid no heed to what the torturer was saying. Thirty-six lashes, Fidel asked. Are you going to surrender? No. I will talk to you tomorrow, you son of a bitch. Kasler's buttocks, lower back, and legs hung in shreds. The skin had been completely whipped away and the whole area was a bluish, purplish, greenish mass of bloody raw meat. Are you listening, listening Bob Destat? I want you in front of my subcommittee.

Lump came in to watch. Tomorrow we show you the determination of Vietnamese people, but the next day was the Fourth of July, 1968, and in deference to the American holiday, Fidel gave Kasler a respite.

Another paragraph of torture. After a long time he turned to his cell, made

him strip down to the shorts. He was locked in the leg irons and made to sit on the bed pallet. His hands were left free but they were useless now. The wrists, torn and bloody, looked as if though they had been almost served by the hell cuffs, and the discolored hands and fingers remained so swollen that he could not move them.

□ 1900

Another page of torture. Another whole page of torture. Another whole page of torture. Now we are getting back to the Faker.

Fidel departed sometime in August. He was not seen back again. The Vietnamese had finally concluded that the Faker, Maj. Earl Cobiell, was not faking. Frequently they would deliver a few cookies to him. When the other prisoners would urge these extras upon him, he would sometimes accept them, only to fire back at his fellow prisoners who had proffered them. The Vietnamese seemed increasingly frightened over the man's condition. Lump kept asking the other Americans, "What do you want us to do? What is needed?"

Because the Cuban torture masters had gone on to glory at the U.N. and back to Fidel, the first-degree, murdering torture master, who was put in an NBC special in the middle of the Olympics.

What is the matter with you people at NBC? Why would you ruin every Cuban American's enjoyment of those wonderful games by putting this first-degree killer Castro in our face? Why would you glorify this raw evil? Because you know nothing about the history of your country.

I cannot even read this one, it is so bad.

One of the group, Navy Lt. Al Carpenter, captured November 1, 1966, not to be confused with Capt. Air Force Joe Carpenter who was released on August 2, 1968, along with Jim Low and Maj. Fred Neale Thompson. This Carpenter stayed to the bitter end. He would not take an early release.

"Release him," Carpenter suggested. They had a plan which another man who suffered savage medieval torture, Larry Guarino, another hero, another camp commander, an SRO, senior ranking officer. He went down to 90 pounds; an average weight of about 160. Said, "Release him. See that he gets back to the United States where he will receive proper medical treatment, care, psychiatric help. Do that and we'll see the story never gets out about what we saw happen to him here."

The plan was rejected. It seemed clear the man's captors did not want him on view to the world. The guard Lump kept badgering Bomar to write of the good treatment that Cobiell, and I am inserting his name in the Reader's Digest Book POW.

Bomar kept producing such unsatisfactory statements as "He received two oranges after they stopped beating him with a fanbelt"; or "He was allowed a cookie after they stopped beating him

and hitting him for hours"; or "Since the beating stopped he's been given a banana."

Dissension began to seethe within the Fidel group. Oh, I am sorry, Fidel is gone but not the others.

Some of the men, sick and weary themselves, reached the end of patience and their deranged compatriot. This is sad.

Tired of trying to cope with Major Cobiell, they urged Bomar to demand that he be taken back to the hospital. Bomar agreed that hospital care was in order. The man has now lost his senses, and he is fighting his friends trying to help him.

He thought it vital that the group retain physical possession of the man. Bomar felt certain that if the man were removed from the company of other Americans, he would never be seen again.

That, Mr. Speaker, is what happened, until his bones came back to Arlington or maybe to some local graveyard that has a marker, Maj. Earl Cobiell, U.S. Air Force, the year of his birth, the year of his death. I hope we gave him the Distinguished Flying Cross or something so it could be dug into the marble of his earthly reminder that he lived.

He thought it vital, Colonel Bomar, that the group keep the man. I repeat.

Still, for the sake of some of the others and their sanity, Bomar wanted him in another cell, preferably nearby, with some Americans who would look after him. Larry Spencer and Ed Hubbard volunteered for the job. Bomar, having divined that all good ideas must originate in his captors' heads, tried to implant this one in Lump's cranium. It didn't take. The disaster continued.

POW, Mr. Speaker. Every student of America who loves freedom of speech should read it. They paid for our speech with their blood.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE

By unanimous consent, leave of absence was granted to:

Mr. BUNNING of Kentucky (at the request of Mr. ARMEY), for today after 2 p.m., on account of being inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Mrs. MORELLA (at the request of Mr. ARMEY), for today after 2 p.m., on account of a death in the family.

Mrs. MEEK of Florida (at the request of Mr. GEPHARDT), for today after 1:30 p.m., on account of personal business.

Mr. BISHOP (at the request of Mr. GEPHARDT), for today, on account of official business.

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. WISE) to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous material:)

Mrs. COLLINS of Illinois, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. LAFALCE, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. PALLONE, for 5 minutes, today.

Ms. DELAURO, for 5 minutes, today.

Ms. JACKSON-LEE of Texas, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. WISE, for 5 minutes, today.

Ms. KAPTUR, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. FIELDS of Louisiana, for 60 minutes, today.

(The following Members (at their own request) to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous material:)

Ms. KAPTUR, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. WISE, for 5 minutes, today.

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

Mr. METCALF, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. CAMPBELL, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. WOLF, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. LONGLEY, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. RIGGS, for 5 minutes, today.

(The following Member (at his own request) to revise and extend his remarks and include extraneous material:)

Mr. LONGLEY, for 5 minutes, today.

ENROLLED BILL SIGNED

Mr. THOMAS, from the Committee on House Oversight, reported that that committee had examined and found truly enrolled a bill of the House of the following title, which was thereupon by the Speaker:

H.R. 3603. An act making appropriations for Agriculture, Rural Development, Food and Drug Administration, and Related Agencies programs for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1997, and for other purposes.

BILLS PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT

Mr. THOMAS, from the Committee on House Oversight, reported that that committee did on this day present to the President, for his approval, a bill and a joint resolution of the House of the following titles:

H.R. 3215. An act to amend title 18, United States Code, to repeal the provision relating to Federal employees contracting or trading with Indians.

H.J. Res. 166. Joint resolution granting the consent of Congress to the Mutual Aid Agreement between the city of Bristol, Virginia, and the city of Bristol, Tennessee.

ADJOURNMENT

Mr. DORNAN. Mr. Speaker, pursuant to House Concurrent Resolution 203, 104th Congress, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. KOLBE). Pursuant to the provisions of House Concurrent Resolution 203, 104th Congress, the House stands adjourned until noon on Wednesday, September 4, 1996.

Thereupon (at 7 o'clock and 5 minutes p.m.), pursuant to House Concurrent Resolution 203, the House adjourned until Wednesday, September 4, 1996, at 12 noon.