

It is my earnest hope that even greater numbers of Members will join us in this cause. I think this is an important issue, and I hope we can get every Member of this community, of this Senate, to join with us in this particular cause.

TRIBUTE TO IRA JACKSON "RED" CORNETT

Mr. McCONNELL. Madam President, I rise today to recognize a very successful and hard-working Kentuckian, Mr. Ira Jackson Cornett. Ira—known to his friends as "Red"—celebrated his 95th birthday September 12 and is the proud founder and owner of the internationally known engine rebuilding firm, Cornett Machine Shop. Red is extremely proud of his God-given ability to rebuild all types of engines and claims if you can break it, then he can certainly fix it.

Red was born in London, KY, and moved to Oregon with his family when he was young. He later returned to Somerset where in 1948, he bought land and established Cornett Machine Shop, which specializes in the rebuilding of racing engines from all over the world. Over the years, Red's unique skills have been crucial to his success and helped him gain international recognition. Red once sold an engine to Tiger Woods' caddy and shipped it to New Zealand. Another time, Red had the opportunity to rebuild a V-12 airplane engine like the one flown by Eddie Rickenbacker, a famous American fighter ace in World War I. Currently, Cornett Machine Shop is rebuilding a Jones car that was made in Kansas in 1917—a car he feels very few these days realize were ever made.

Red's Cornett Machine Shop has been a successful and reputable business for decades. Now located on a hilltop on the west side of south U.S. 27, the business is still running full tilt and Red has faith the tradition will continue as he has passed along his talents to his sons, David and Jack. However, until then, Red says he plans to keep on going, as he still has a lot of work to do.

Mr. Ira Jackson "Red" Cornett continues to exemplify the character and success that define generation after generation of Kentuckians; I ask unanimous consent that a recent article published in Kentucky's Pulaski County-area Commonwealth Journal that highlights Red's lifelong achievements be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Commonwealth Journal, Sept. 22, 2011]

RED CORNETT: ENGINE BUILDER GOING STRONG AT 95

(By Bill Mardis, Editor Emeritus)

"The Lord gave everybody a talent to make a living and a person ought to enjoy doing it."

Ira Jackson Cornett—his friends and everybody call him "Red"—has been using his

God-given talent longer than most people live. He passed his 95th birthday September 12. That's correct. He has been living for nine decades and a half and just keeps on going. "Red" Cornett shows up for work every day at his beloved Cornett Machine Shop.

"I go home for lunch," Cornett reflected. His wife, Mary Elizabeth, is in poor health and he goes home to see about her. They've been married 70 years.

"I've still got a lot of work to do," said Cornett, grinning and guiding his power chair among sophisticated machinery in the sprawling Cornett Machine Shop on South U.S. 27.

Cornett loves to talk about his business. He relaxes in his chair, stopping a moment as he and a visitor toured the plant.

Someone spoke, calling him "Red." He rubbed a hand through a headful of gray hair. "My hair used to be bright red," he laughed. "My whiskers still are . . . and they're thick too."

Cornett Machine Shop is his baby. He loves it. It is part of his life. The internationally known engine rebuilding firm rebuilds engines, all kinds of engines; racing engines; engines from all over the world. "Red" Cornett knows how it works.

"The Lord gave me a talent . . . if you can break it I can fix it," said Cornett. "If nobody else wants to tackle it, I'll do it." He has passed his talents along to son, David, who manages the machine shop, and to Jack, who is in charge of the Racing Division.

"We sold (golfer) Tiger Woods' caddy an engine last week," noted Cornett. "We shipped it to New Zealand. We sent an engine to Bend, Oregon, yesterday."

Recently, Cornett Machine Shop rebuilt a V-12 airplane engine like the one flown by Eddie Rickenbacker, an American fighter ace in World War I. "We built parts for it," Cornett said.

Cornett Machine Shop currently is rebuilding a Jones car made in Kansas in 1917.

"Very few people know there was a Jones car," Cornett laughed. "They were making them back in 1902 and 1903." Nearby was a flathead Ford engine circa 1939-40.

Currently, Cornett Machine Shop has 16 employees. "One fellow has been here for 55 years," Cornett said. "At one time I had about 30 employees," he related. Each employee has his own private air-conditioned room in which to work.

Age has not tempered Cornett's strong opinions. "Young people don't have the same work ethics we have," he declared. "They don't love their work like we do."

Cornett didn't reveal his political persuasion, but he isn't too impressed with the current administration in Washington. "Obama sure has been a disappointment," he offered.

About the economy, Cornett has an unusual perspective. "Things are no higher than they ever were. Money is junk . . . it's getting more worthless."

"I started out on my own in 1948," he recalls. His first machine shop was located on South Main Street. " . . . The telephone company and we were in the same block," he said.

Next, Cornett Machine Shop moved to U.S. 27 where the Tradewind shopping center is now located. "(U.S. 27) was a single lane (each way) then," he remembers. "Finley's (Drive-in) was the next thing that built out there."

"I bought that lot (Tradewind location) for \$2,000," Cornett remembers. "I went to Pope Walker at First and Farmers Bank and he told me I could borrow all the money I needed." Cornett Machine Shop has since located on a hilltop farther south on the west side of U.S. 27, now a six-lane boulevard.

Cornett was born in nearby London but his family moved to Oregon. They later returned to Somerset.

"I worked for the forest service in Idaho for \$7.50 an hour," Cornett recalls. His love for the outdoors has lingered throughout his life. His hobbies are shooting, and big-game hunting. "I've killed moose, elk, deer, antelope and millions of prairie dogs in South Dakota and Montana."

In addition to David and Jack, the Cornett's have two daughters, Mary Ann Bingham who lives in Alabama, and Arlene Warner of Somerset.

Cornett is not letting 95 years stand in his way. "I plan to keep on going. That's my talent; that's what God said for me to do. If you enjoy it, why not?"

TRIBUTE TO JIM MOORE

Mr. McCONNELL. Madam President, I rise today to pay tribute to a proud and grateful Kentucky veteran. Mr. Jim Moore was born and raised in Laurel County, KY, and takes pride in the many changes he has witnessed over the past 80 years. One of 12 children, Jim grew up on a small farm on McWhorter Road and recalls the tears and triumphs of growing up in Laurel County.

Jim's parents, John and Lillie, provided food from the family farm as well as occasionally peddled on Main Street to make ends meet. Jim's parents set up a booth every year at the Laurel County Fair and sold everything from corn stalks and tobacco to canned goods and bakery products.

Jim, along with his siblings, attended school in a one-room schoolhouse where one teacher taught all subjects to 60-70 students at a time. Jim recalls being expelled from the school on his very first day; Jim's teacher wrote a note to his mother after he deliberately disobeyed the teacher's orders to not leave school grounds. Jim returned to school the next year and began first grade.

Jim also remembers the time when one of the first cars appeared in Laurel County. Jim was in school one afternoon when everyone heard the unfamiliar sound of a car coming down the road. Everyone, including the teacher, ran outside to get a glimpse of it as it drove by. To Jim's surprise, the car was in his driveway when he returned home after school—Jim's Uncle Leslie was the proud owner of the vehicle and had driven it all the way from Oregon. Jim reminisces how his family thought that his uncle was rich because he would make multiple trips to get all 16 members of the family to the Reda movie theater and paid 10 cents per person to get everyone in.

Jim eventually joined the U.S. Army and served for several years before being discharged. Once out of the military, Jim drove a freight truck for 35 years before eventually retiring. Like countless other Kentuckians, Jim cherishes his childhood memories and is very fond of his deep roots in our great Commonwealth.

Madam President, the Laurel County Sentinel Echo recently published an article highlighting Mr. Jim Moore's life and memories. I ask unanimous consent that the full article be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Laurel County Sentinel Echo, June 6, 2011]

MOORE THINKS TIMES ARE GOOD, BETTER THAN PAST

(By Carol Mills, Staff Writer)

Jim Moore, 82, grew up in the depression when times were tough, but there was always food on the table.

He was born and raised in Laurel County on a farm on McWhorter Road. There were 12 children in his family and only one, besides him, Bill, is still living.

"We raised most of what we needed on our land," he said. "People who lived in big cities had to wait in soup lines two times a day because they didn't have any land to farm."

His parents peddled what they could at the Laurel County Fair, which was on south U.S. 25 about where Tincher-Williams is now.

"Every year they would set up a booth at the fair," Moore recalled. "They would take corn stalks, tobacco, canned goods, and bakery products. Mom got two or three blue ribbons about every year for her canning."

Moore's father, John, and mother, Lillie, also peddled on Main Street.

"I've seen it when the wagons were lined up and down Main Street and people sold watermelons, cantaloupes, whatever they had to sell. Watermelons sold for a nickel, dime or quarter depending on the size."

The family also went to the Laurel County Homecoming every year.

"One year someone was selling R.C. Cola and dad bought some bottles for about a nickel each and we would take a drink and pass it around."

The Moore children all went to school in a one-room schoolhouse and one teacher taught all the classes. There were about 60 or 70 students.

"I got expelled the first day I went to school," Moore laughed. "I disobeyed the teacher. The teacher told two of the guys to go to a neighbor's house and carry buckets of water to the school. I started to go with them and she told me not to. I thought, 'Who are you to tell me not to go somewhere.' I went and she wrote a letter to my mom."

Moore went back to school the next year and started first grade. He said he was too young the previous year anyway.

Moore said hardly anybody had a car back then.

"One day at school we saw a car coming down the road," he said. "All of us, the teacher too, went to the banks along the road to the schoolhouse to wait on the car. When the car came by, we were all waving."

When Moore got home from school, the car was sitting at his house.

"It was my dad's brother, Uncle Leslie, and his wife. They drove that Model A all the way from Oregon. One day he took us to the movies at the Reda Theater in town. The car had a rumble seat. There were 16 of us altogether including grandma and grandpa. I don't know how many trips he took to take us up there and then going back and getting the rest. He paid 10 cents for each of us to see the movie. We thought he was a rich guy."

His father gave up some of his land so that Johnson Elementary School could be built.

"He gave the school board 10 acres," Moore recalled. "He might have gotten \$2,000 or \$3,000 out of it. I don't know back then. It was in the corner of the farm. We had a one-room schoolhouse and a church on McWhorter Road. That was in the Maplesville district. The school and church were both called Macedonia. Up the road, they had a Johnson School there on the corner of Old 80 and Johnson Road before they built the one on McWhorter."

There was someone on the school board by the name of Johnson at the time so that is where the school got its name, Moore said.

Because Moore's father had 12 children, he was not drafted into WWII.

"That's the only way you got out was to have an extra-large family," Moore said.

One day Moore's mother loaded up five of her children and took them to Dr. H.V. Pennington to have their tonsils taken out. He had an office above Begley Drug Store, where Pocket Park is today. They came back home that evening.

"They didn't want us to eat anything that day, but I wanted a biscuit and molasses. I cried my eyes out. I thought they were going to starve me to death."

"That amazes me," said Mildred, Moore's wife. "She took five kids to get their tonsils take out at one time. Can you imagine taking care of five? One's bad enough."

"They put a cloth over my face and then sprinkled ether over it until you fell asleep," Moore said. "I can still smell that ether now."

Moore also recalled there used to be a Poor House in London at the location of Laurel Heights Home for the Elderly. He said whole families could stay there, much like the Christian Shelter for the Homeless on Fourth Street.

Moore remembered the first radio to come into his neighborhood. His grandfather bought it.

"It had a dry battery and a wet battery and had a wire going through the garden to pick up signals. Everyone would come in on Saturday night and listen to the radio, especially the Grand Ole Opry. I think it's the oldest radio station in the nation."

"They also had the ring-a-ding telephones," he continued. "Your ring might be two short, one long, or one long, two short. Everybody had a different ring. You could pick up the phone and hear anybody talking. It was a party line."

When he was 16 or 17, Moore joined the U.S. Army. He stayed in the army for three or four years and after he was discharged, he drove a freight truck for 35 years before retiring.

Moore was married to his first wife, Ethel, for 51 years before she passed away. Mildred, his second wife, said they will be married for three years this December. They both had been widowed for several years when they met at the VFW Club while going to one of their dances.

Moore said he has had a good life overall, but the best time is the present.

"We have running water. No more getting up in the cold morning and having to build a fire."

RECOGNIZING HEIMERDINGER CUTLERY

Mr. MCCONNELL. Madam President, I rise today to pay tribute to one of Louisville, KY's oldest and most renowned locally owned businesses, a true treasure of my hometown that adds to the River City's charm. I am speaking of Heimerdinger Cutlery, a family-owned business that celebrates 150 years as a Louisville institution this month. Heimerdinger was first listed in the Louisville city directory in 1861 as "A. Heimerdinger: Cutler and Sewing Machine Repair."

In the 150 years since, Heimerdinger Cutlery has become one of Louisville's premier shops for kitchen and pocket knives, scissors, shaving needs, sharpening stones, magnifiers and many

other items as well as a first stop for learning about blade quality. It is one of the oldest family-owned cutlery stores in the Nation.

Heimerdinger Cutlery celebrated its 150th anniversary with a special ceremony and ribbon cutting earlier this month in Louisville, kicking off a week-long celebration event for its customers. This celebration included a special promotion honoring America's servicemen and women.

Residents of the Louisville area were also able to meet and learn from one of the editors of Knife World Newspaper, who came to Heimerdinger Cutlery to assess the value of older, collectible knives and sign books. Heimerdinger Cutlery also celebrated its anniversary with products from another Louisville institution, Louisville Stoneware.

Heimerdinger Cutlery is currently owned and operated by two proud Louisvillians, Carl and Glenna Heimerdinger, who carry on the family business started in 1861 by Carl's great-grandfather August Heimerdinger, originally born in Germany. When August started the company, he focused on scissors, butcher knives and sewing machine repair.

Over the years, Heimerdinger Cutlery expanded into barber and beauty supplies and secured the original patent on grass shears. In 1996, to celebrate their 135th anniversary, Heimerdinger Cutlery had a "Hanging of the Shears Day," and placed a 6-foot-long, 70-pound, working pair of shears on display in their store.

I congratulate Carl and Glenna Heimerdinger for the success of their Louisville institution. Businesses like theirs are the reason the city of Louisville and the Commonwealth of Kentucky will continue to thrive and grow. Here's hoping for many more years of success to Heimerdinger Cutlery of Louisville.

SECURING AIRCRAFT COCKPITS

Mr. WHITEHOUSE. Madam President, this February I joined with colleagues from both sides of the aisle to offer an amendment to the FAA Air Transportation Modernization and Safety Act to secure aircraft cockpits by making it a Federal criminal offense to knowingly aim the beam of a laser at an aircraft. Our commonsense and bipartisan amendment to protect passengers and pilots received overwhelming support in this body, and was agreed to by a vote of 96 to 1. A similar measure subsequently passed the House, without controversy, by voice vote under the suspension rules. Unfortunately, the larger bill to which my amendment was attached has been held up because of unrelated issues. As a result, today I am joining with Senators KIRK, BOXER, and FEINSTEIN to re-introduce this provision as a stand-alone bill.

When targeted at aircraft, laser pointer strikes can instantly flash throughout the cockpit, temporarily