

about this and figure it out.' We always had ideas on, 'You could do it this way and that way.'"

Anderson spoke about many problems, from illegal parking in spaces for the handicapped to inequities in disability pay. "There should be a standard rate for all veterans across the U.S.," he told The Plain Dealer in 2008.

Despite paraplegia, he drove himself and wheeled his chair to countless veterans' events. "We do this in remembrance," he said in 1993. "We want our children to be proud of what we did for this country."

Anderson was born in Cleveland and graduated East Tech High in 1971. In 1976, he left Bowling Green State University and enlisted in the Ohio Army National Guard's 107th Armored Cavalry Regiment. He was on active duty in Michigan when paralyzed. He was discharged the next year as a sergeant.

He joined the Paralyzed Veterans' Buckeye board in 1985, then switched to a paid job in 1987 as the group's advocacy director. He was also vice president of the Memorial Day Association of Greater Cleveland and a commissioner of Ohio Rehabilitation Services.

He belonged to the Governor's Council on People with Disabilities, ADA Ohio Network, Maximum Accessible Housing of Ohio, and Greater Cleveland RTA Citizens Advisory Board. As a trustee of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, he took charge of getting it a wheelchair lift.

Anderson often played Santa at what's now the Cleveland Clinic Children's Hospital. He liked to cook seafood, travel around the country and listen to music, especially old rhythm and blues.

Frank William Anderson, 1953–2011. Survivors: Wife, the former Joe Ann Huff; children, Yolanda Anderson of East Cleveland, Patrice Anderson of Cleveland, Chemenda Wilbourn-Anderson of Cleveland, Tamika Savior-Greer of Cleveland Heights and Franklin Savior of Cleveland; seven grandchildren; a sister and two brothers.

PVA BUCKEYE CHAPTER MOURNS THE LOSS OF  
FRANK ANDERSON

It is with deep sadness that we inform you of the passing of Frank Anderson, long-time Buckeye Chapter Government Relations Director. We were informed by the Buckeye Chapter that Frank passed away in the early morning hours of December 6, 2011.

Frank was the consummate advocate for people with disabilities known throughout the greater Cleveland area and Ohio as a vigorous and articulate spokesman on behalf of disability rights.

For Frank no effort was too small nor challenge too large if it would benefit the greater disability community and he should be remembered as a leader in the fight to secure passage of the Americans with Disabilities Act. A mentor to his fellow Chapter Government Relations Directors and the 2010 recipient of the Richard Fuller Outstanding Achievement in Government Relations Award, Frank exemplified the active member devoted to the goals of Paralyzed Veterans of America.

Frank leaves behind a community that is better for his efforts. On behalf of all of PVA, we extend our deepest sympathies to his many friends, colleagues, and most specifically, his loving wife Joanne and family.

Once PVA executive offices receive pertinent memorial service information from the Buckeye Chapter, we will forward to you. Thank you for sharing this news with those who may not yet be aware and would appreciate knowing.

Sincerely,

BILL LAWSON,  
PVA National President.

HOMER S. TOWNSEND, Jr.,  
PVA Executive Director.

Mr. BROWN of Ohio. Mr. President, Frank served as director of government relations for the Paralyzed Veterans Association's Buckeye Chapter in my State.

He served as vice president of the Memorial Day Association of Greater Cleveland, as well as a commissioner of the Ohio Rehabilitation Services.

He belonged to the Governor's Council on People with Disabilities, the ADA Ohio Network, the Maximum Accessible Housing of Ohio, and the Greater Cleveland RTA, the transit system's Citizens Advisory Board.

He was a trustee of the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial in downtown Cleveland, responsible for installing its wheelchair lift.

I will miss Frank. I will miss his friendship, his wit, and his humor. But his State and Nation will miss him more—his strong will and his dedication to public service and the lives he helped to improve.

Frank was an inspiration to anyone in or out of a wheelchair—a tireless advocate whom everyone loved and respected.

On Thursday, December 15—a couple days from now—at Mount Sinai Baptist Church, on Woodland Avenue in Cleveland, Frank's family and friends will gather for his funeral—his going home.

I wish I could be there. I will be here. But I wish I could be there to say goodbye—to join his wife Joe Ann, their children Yolanda, Patrice, Chemenda, Tamika, Franklin and seven grandchildren and Frank's sister and two brothers.

For them, I offer my condolences but also reaffirm a commitment to serving Frank's cause on behalf of all disabled Americans, especially those who are disabled and paralyzed in service to our country.

TRIBUTE TO LEO F. WEDDLE

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I stand today to honor an exemplary Kentuckian and patriot, Mr. Leo F. Weddle of Somerset, KY. Mr. Weddle is a veteran of the Korean war; he selflessly served our Nation as a machine-gunner during that conflict.

In 1950, just 3 years after graduating high school, Leo decided to enlist in the Marines, an idea he had already given considerable thought to. Leo was inspired one day by the obvious pride and glamour that was exhibited by a young marine in uniform whom Leo saw from the window of his Greyhound bus as Leo was traveling home to Somerset, KY, from his sister's house in Beaumont, TX. It was at that exact moment, somewhere in a small Arkansas town, that Leo decided to enlist to serve his country.

After his introduction into the Marine Corps, Leo spent the next several months enduring the rigors of boot camp in Parris Island, SC, and combat

training at Camp Pendleton in Ocean-side, CA. When combat training concluded, Leo and his unit boarded the troopship USS *General William Weigel*. Leo's unit eventually landed in Yokuska, Japan, after 2 weeks at sea.

On June 5, 1951, the day Leo arrived in Korea, he was immediately transported to the front line for combat, where he joined George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marine Division, later nicknamed "Bloody George." Leo's unit was under heavy fire from the moment he arrived. "They had just lost a machine gunner and were asking for a volunteer," he said. "Fools really do rush in where angels fear to tread, and I volunteered for the position. I served as a machine gunner for the duration of my time in Korea."

On September 21, 1951, Leo was wounded by a mortar that killed two officers and six enlisted men. Ironically, to Leo, the shell exploded closer to him than any other person, but the shrapnel propelled from it that hit him only left small pieces of metal in his legs and head. Those farther away were hit with larger pieces of metal that inflicted more severe, even fatal injuries. Six decades later, Leo still has fragments of the mortar in his legs and forehead.

Today at 77 years of age, Leo feels blessed to be able to look back on his wartime experiences as a veteran who has since lead a healthy and successful life. "I recall vividly many images of the horrors of war," Leo says, "but I also remember my fellow Marines, courageous young men with whom I shared the most intense life-and-death experiences most of us would ever face."

Leo was so inspired by these experiences that he wrote a poem while he was still in Korea to help him share the love and appreciation for America he felt half a world away. Leo believes he may never have had the opportunity to truly express these feelings had he not had the opportunity to serve his country in battle as he did.

Mr. President, I would ask that my Senate colleagues join me in thanking Mr. Leo F. Weddle, a valiant Kentucky veteran, for his courage and selflessness in fighting to preserve our country's freedom. Mr. Weddle is an honorable man whose sacrifice and lifelong success serve as an inspiration to the people of our great Commonwealth. The Commonwealth Journal, a Somerset-area publication, recently published an article written by Mr. Weddle recounting his time as a U.S. marine. I ask unanimous consent that the full article 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,  
November 11, 2011]

A VETERAN REMEMBERS

(By Leo F. Weddle)

In 1950, three years after my high-school graduation, the Korean War was under way and I had given considerable thought to joining the service. One beautiful autumn day I

was riding a Greyhound bus from my sister's home in Beaumont, Texas, to my hometown of Somerset, KY.

Somewhere along the way, in a small town in Arkansas, I saw from the window a young Marine, resplendent in his dress blue uniform. The glamour of that uniform and the obvious pride of the man wearing it captivated me. At that moment I decided to volunteer for the Marines, and I did so as soon as I arrived in Somerset.

After my introduction into the Marine Corps, I endured weeks of stress and intimidation in boot camp at Parris Island, South Carolina, followed by combat training at Camp Pendleton in Oceanside, California. After completing my training, my unit boarded a troopship, the USS General William Weigel, and after two weeks at sea, we landed in Yokuska, Japan.

On June 5, 1951, I arrived in Korea and became a member of George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marine Division, later nicknamed "Bloody George." The day I arrived, I was transported to the front line and immediately entered combat. My unit was under heavy fire. They had just lost a machine gunner and were asking for a volunteer. Fools really do rush in where angels fear to tread, and I volunteered for the position. I served as a machine gunner for the duration of my time in Korea.

Minutes after I arrived on the line, a mortar shell hit a few feet from me. Luckily, it turned out to be a dud. If it had exploded, I would almost certainly have been killed on my first day of battle. As it was, I was wounded by another mortar a few months later, on September 21, 1951. We were on Hill 751, which came to be known as "Starvation Hill."

For three days and three nights, the fighting was so intense that our Korean supply carriers could only bring ammunition. Food was a lower priority in this situation than the much-needed ammo, so we had to make do with what we had until the shelling diminished.

A friend of mine was hit, and I climbed out of my foxhole to help him. While I was out of the foxhole, a mortar shell came in. It killed two officers and wounded six enlisted men. The irony of the situation was that the mortar landed closer to me than to anyone else, but the explosion propelled shrapnel that embedded only small pieces of metal in my legs and head, while dispersing larger pieces to the men who were killed or more seriously wounded.

The mind is a strange and wonderful thing. If I close my eyes, even to this day, I can still see the dirt, debris and shrapnel exploding as clearly as I could at the moment it happened. Fifty-five years later, I still have small fragments of that mortar in my legs and forehead. During the months that I served in Korea, I saw great acts of courage by my fellow Marines as they dealt with the brutality and mayhem of war. I came to realize that heroism often involves reacting to a situation in a way that seems to be most expedient at a given moment.

I recall many images of the horrors of war, of course, but I also remember my fellow Marines, courageous young men with whom I shared the most intense life-and-death experiences most of us would ever face.

While I was still in combat in Korea, I wrote the following poem. My experiences there gave me a love and appreciation for America that I might never have been able to express had I not had the opportunity to serve my country in this way.

Today I am 77 years old and looking back on my own wartime experiences from the vantage point of a healthy and successful life. I hear the stories of today's young Marines who are risking their bodies and lives

for the same principles that motivated me and my comrades in Korea so many years ago. For any soldier or Marine who serves his country in time of any war, I believe this poem expresses the love and pride that he feels for his homeland, the United States.

#### MR. YOU AND MR. ME

What is America? I ask myself,  
It is happiness, contentment, success and wealth,

With a touch of hardship, dirt and grime,  
Mixed together with work and time,  
Is Mr. You or Mr. Me?

America is a sweetheart, modest and dear,  
It's high school and college, or a cheerleader's cheer.

It's a bright hello or a sad good-bye,  
It's all these things and much more too,  
That go into making the Red, White and Blue.

America is football, baseball and track,  
Or just a little afternoon snack.

It's a drive in the country, a walk into town,  
or just a policeman making his round.  
It's a chocolate sundae or a picture show  
That forms the pattern of this land we know.

It's Mom and Dad—Sister too,  
And a little brother, or me and you.

It's Brooklyn and Jersey, the Dodgers and Phils,

Or a beautiful river with valleys and hills.  
But it takes these things and the heavens above

To make our America, the land we love.

It's barefoot boys who skip school for fishing,

And pigtailed girls who tag along, wishing.  
It's the old and the young, the brave and the true,

But mostly America is made up of you.  
It's what you believe and what you can see  
That count in this land of democracy.

The names of Washington, Lincoln and Jones,

The Tom Smiths, Dick Phillips, and Harry Malones

Are parts of America we see every day  
As we walk along its crowded highway.

Yes, all of these things we daily see,  
Until they are a part of you and me.

America is brown, yellow and white,  
With a touch of red, it's quite a sight,  
For we are a mixture from many lands  
Who believe in liberty and freedom's stands,  
And we back up this faith with blood and tears

Shed by patriots throughout the years.

It's soldiers, sailors, pilots, Marines,  
Who make up our nation's fighting machines.

It's "blood and guts" when the time demands,

For freedom's cause we take our stands.

It's all America, just one big show,  
Of the things we do and the things we know.

It's our faith in God to do His will,  
Our belief that we have His protection still,  
That makes America strong and free,  
It's a wonderful place for you and me.

And though many places our feet may roam,  
May they safely return us to our home,  
America.

#### TRIBUTE TO TOM BIRCH

Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, it is a distinct honor and privilege for me to congratulate Thomas L. Birch, the legislative counsel and founding director, of the National Child Abuse Coalition, for his decades of service to children.

After more than 30 years as head of the coalition, Tom is retiring. Mr.

Birch established the National Child Abuse Coalition three decades ago as a way to focus greater attention on the more than 700,000 children who are abused and neglected each year.

From his earliest days, Tom was inspired to make a difference in the lives of some of our most vulnerable children and families. His interest was first peaked as a high school student working at a public housing project in Stamford, CT. He noticed that not all kids had the same opportunity and that not all children had the same start at life. His experiences also demonstrated that with the right kind of support, we could make a difference in these young lives. We could even the playing field.

Tom continued on to college and became an attorney, but when he reached Washington, he brought with him that same passion to make a difference. We all talk about how important children are to this country's future, but Tom felt you had to do more than just say that—he had to act. He began his new job on Capitol Hill working for the chair of what we now call the HELP Committee, under Senator Walter Mondale. In fact, the week Tom Birch started his work for the future Vice President, the Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act, or CAPTA, was signed into law. He would continue advocating for children and the prevention of child abuse by working on the staffs of Senator Paul Simon and Congressman John Brademas.

When Tom ended his career as a Capitol Hill staffer he moved on but didn't move away from his main mission in life: to continue to make a difference for the most vulnerable children in the land. He formed a coalition to focus attention on preventing the abuse and neglect of children. In 1981 the National Child Abuse Coalition was created under the leadership of Mr. Birch. His pride and constant inspiration has been to shape the growth of CAPTA, and that, too, would be the mission of the coalition he founded.

Because of Tom Birch's efforts, more than 30 national member organizations, working through the coalition, have been able to coordinate and strengthen their Federal advocacy on behalf of the millions of vulnerable children. Through this time period Tom has contributed to important developments, including the creation of children's trust funds across the States; the establishment of national child abuse data; greater focus on community-based solutions, including the community-based grants to prevent child abuse and neglect; and more recently he and the coalition were an important voice of support for the new home visitation program enacted by Congress in 2010.

Through his leadership the coalition has also served as an advocate in the appropriations process for CAPTA and similar programs such as the Social Services Block Grant, SSBG, and the Promoting Safe and Stable Families