

Academy of Honor in 1989, the Alabama Engineering Hall of Fame in 1997, the Alabama Business Hall of Fame in 2003, and the Birmingham Business Hall of Fame in 2010.

A dedicated civil servant, Garry served on the boards of the Big Oak Ranch, Inc., Boy Scouts of America Greater Alabama Council, the Business Council of Alabama, the Economic Development Partnership of Alabama, the Rotary Club of Birmingham, and Glenwood, Inc.

Largely due to Garry's steadfast leadership, Drummond Company today includes large coal mines in Alabama and Colombia, South America, a worldwide coal sales organization, ABC Coke—the largest merchant foundry coke producer in the United States—and a real estate division with major developments in Lakeland, FL, Palm Springs, CA, and Birmingham, AL.

Garry's many successes, accomplishments, and contributions to the State of Alabama and the coal and mining industries will not soon be forgotten. He was truly a remarkable businessman, an unwavering leader, a devoted civil servant, and a loyal friend.

I offer my deepest condolences to Garry's wife, Peggy Drummond, his four children, his large extended family, and countless friends as they celebrate his exceptional life and mourn this great loss.●

#### RECOGNIZING THE PURPLE ROSE THEATRE

● Ms. STABENOW. Mr. President, today I wish to pay special tribute to the Purple Rose Theatre in Chelsea, MI, as the theatre celebrates its 25th season.

The Purple Rose is not just an extraordinary regional theatre; its world-class productions have inspired artists, performers, and audiences across our State and Nation.

The Purple Rose Theatre was founded in 1991 by actor and Michigan native, Jeff Daniels. Starting out in an old used car and bus garage, the theatre now features an intimate feel and authentic 1930s theatre decor.

Michigan is home to a vibrant performing arts community, and the Purple Rose is a unique gem and special part of Michigan's rich and diverse cultural fabric.

The theatre is a home for all types of artists, whether new and aspiring performers or experienced professionals. It provides new performers a place to grow and learn as they master their craft.

We are all fortunate to be able to enjoy the quality, professional productions of the Purple Rose at affordable prices.

The theatre has also been a great community partner. It offers readings and lectures through a partnership with the Chelsea District Library and has helped make Chelsea a thriving destination for the arts.

I am proud to join the theatre's leadership, sponsors, board members, art-

ists, and patrons on July 30, 2016, for the "Cue 25: Lights Up!" celebration and benefit to reflect on the past 25 years of memories and accomplishments and look forward to many more years of success.

Congratulations to Jeff Daniels, the theatre's staff, and countless others responsible for the Purple Rose's tremendous success and growth these past 25 years—and best wishes for many more years of continued success.●

#### TRIBUTE TO GARY BOOTH

● Mr. TESTER. Mr. President, today, I wish to honor Gary Booth, a lifelong resident of Billings, Montana, and a decorated Vietnam veteran.

I ask that the remarks that I made in Montana at a ceremony honoring Gary Booth be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

Gary, on behalf of myself, my fellow Montanans, and my fellow Americans, I would like to extend our deepest gratitude for your service to this nation.

Gary was born on July 25, 1944, in St. Anthony, Idaho, to Francis and Fern Booth. He was welcomed by his older brother Edwin, and joined by his younger brother William shortly thereafter. His father Francis bought, sold, and transported produce all across the west—an occupation that brought the family to Billings in 1948.

So Billings became the town that Gary grew up in, attending the Lockwood School from grades 1–9, before graduating from Billings Senior High in 1962.

After high school, he tried his hand at fanning and auto repair, before going back into the family trucking businesses. But he wasn't settled long before he got the call; it was September 30th of 1965 and he was being called for duty.

Gary answered the call, but stuck to his principles, enlisting as a conscientious objector. This meant he would protect and serve, while forgoing the aid of a firearm. So he was shipped off to Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas, where he went through basic training, as well as an additional 10 weeks of advance medic training. After that, he joined the Fourth Infantry Division at Fort Louis, in Tacoma, Washington, where he continued to train until his comrades shipped out from Seattle in June of 1966.

He and the rest of the Fourth Infantry Division reached the eastern coast of Vietnam about a month later, in late July, arriving at the Port of Qui Nhon (QUINN-YAWN). From there they trekked more than a hundred miles to the west-coast city of Pleiku (PLAY-COO), which would serve as their base of operations as they patrolled the dense jungle spanning the border between Cambodia and Vietnam.

This was in November, and for the next few months Gary and his fellow soldiers cycled through weeks of search and destroy missions in the jungles of Pleiku, punctuated by brief stints back at the larger artillery base, where they kept watch and took whatever opportunity they could to "rest."

It was towards the end of the day, during one of these search and destroy missions, when the sun was about to set, that Gary and his comrades came across an open clearing in the jungle where they decided to set up camp for the night.

It was now February, months had passed since their arrival, and they had fallen into a routine. Part of the company would stay back and set up camp for the night, while a

few soldiers—known as "OP's"—took up observation posts, and two patrol squads headed out to secure a 100-yard perimeter around the clearance.

Before the soldiers disbursed, Gary gave everyone a prodigious reminder. "If anyone needs me," he yelled, "holler 'Doc,' instead of 'Medic.'" This was because the North Vietnamese had figured out what "medic" meant, making the soldier who responded to that call instant high-value targets.

With that, the soldiers set off. But just minutes later, a familiar sound rang out. It was the click of a gun being chambered, the only warning the patrol squad received before being ambushed by a battalion four times their size.

The basecamp was soon under fire and as the machine gunners took up arms, the other soldiers sought cover behind a sparse line of trees. About 10 minutes into the firefight one of the machine gunners called for help; his weapon had been hit by enemy fire, dislocating the barrel of his gun and propelling shrapnel into his right shoulder.

Under heavy fire, Gary ran to the his fellow soldier's aid, bandaging his wounds as the gunner used his bare hand to hold the barrel of his broken gun in place and return enemy fire. After Gary had finished bandaging the gunner's shoulder, he tied another bandage around the gun to help steady the barrel and protect the gunner's hand from the intense heat.

Once Gary made his way back to the trees, another soldier began calling for help. This time it was an OP who had been shot in the lower back as he was returning from his observation post. Gary yelled at the man—who had stopped about 50 yards away from him—to take cover behind his tree, but the soldier was too injured to move.

So with bullets raining down and mortar bombs going off around him, Gary directed the nearest machine gunners to give him cover as he ran head first into the line of fire to retrieve his fallen comrade. Gary slung the injured man over his back and ran for cover. Once the pair was back behind the trees, Gary went to work bandaging the man's wounds and, once he got the bleeding to stop, called for help to get the man back to basecamp.

About 10 minutes later, Gary was called upon again. The machine gunner with the broken barrel had now taken a bullet to the foot. So Gary ran over and was tending to the wound when, all of a sudden, he felt a sharp pain pierce his left leg. He had taken a bullet directly to the femur. His leg was broken so, finding himself immobilized, Gary called for his fellow soldiers to get help.

There were a total of five medics dispersed among the platoon, so his comrades pulled him off to the perimeter of the basecamp while he waited for a fellow medic to arrive. The canopy was so dense that air support couldn't reach the camp by helicopter, so the medic put a splint around Gary's leg and covered him with a poncho. All he could do now was wait out the fight. When the fighting finally subsided the next morning, Gary's poncho was covered in shrapnel and debris, but he was still alive.

The U.S. had prevailed, but only after eight soldiers had died and 39 more were wounded. Even more would die if the wounded weren't evacuated quickly, so the soldiers went to work clearing space for air support to land. Every soldier carried with him a small amount of C-4, usually in the band of their sock. Each individual's piece was then collected and combined to make an explosive large enough to blow a hole through the jungle's thick canopy.

Finally, after surviving hours under siege—without ever setting hands on a firearm—Gary was air lifted out of the battle