

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

WHO ARE THE VETERANS OF
WORLD WAR II?

• Mr. COATS. Mr. President, I rise today to present a poem, "Who Are the Veterans of World War II," that Dr. Jack Gren, a Fort Wayne, IN, native, has written to pay tribute to the veterans of World War II. It reflects his experiences during possibly the most historic war of this century.

As a young man, Dr. Gren volunteered for the Air Force and flew the Hump in the China-Burma-India theater of operations. He has since been involved with several speaking engagements and seminars detailing his life experiences.

Mr. President, I ask that the poem be printed in the RECORD.

The poem follows:

WHO ARE THE VETERANS OF WORLD WAR TWO?

Who are the veterans of World War Two?
People proud of the red, white and blue.

When the war broke out we got right in
Knowing somehow we'd eventually win.

The average age was twenty-six
But there certainly was a full range mix.

Some were the old guys at thirty-five
Fighting to keep our country alive.

A few of us were kids, still in our teens
Sincere and eager and full of dreams.

Joined the Air Force, Army, Marines and
Navy too

There was an important job we had to do.
We took all the training and it was rough
But that's what taught us how to be tough.

Yes, we were tough when we had to be
But only out of necessity.

The rest of the time we were gentle and kind
Just winning the war was first in our mind.

We fought all over the world day by day
And every night found time to pray.

We fought in Europe with all our might
We knew that we had to make things right.

The battles were fierce in the Africa campaign
And even there we did sustain.

We fought throughout the Pacific Islands
From jungle swamps up to the highlands.

We fought in China, Burma and India as well
Now that was a real living hell.

We thought about our loved ones way back home
And sometimes felt so terribly alone.

We cared for our buddies quite a bit
And it tore us apart when they got hit.

Casualties occurred in many different ways
Sometimes it put us in kind of a daze.

It was difficult seeing wounded in terrible pain
And no way to help was hard to explain.

But worse was to see friends lie dying
It was all we could do to keep from crying.

Whether killed in a plane, a ship or tank
It was then we thought the whole world stank.

But that was the way it had to be
And we kept on fighting till the world was free.

Yes, we did our duty and did it with pride
Some of us lived while others died.

Then came the year of '45
The war was over and we were alive.

First Victory in Europe, then VJ Day
Thank You, God, we knelt to pray.

Then we came home to start once more
Hoping there'd not be another war.

We went to college or learned a skill
Thinking never again we'd have to kill.

We married, had children and that was nice
But like everything else we had paid a price.

We struggled as we tried to build a career
And many a night shed a silent tear.

Some attitudes changed it was hard to understand
Why certain people didn't appreciate this land.

When other wars started and some people fled
We remembered the ones who fought and bled.

Then along came those who defiled our flag
They spit on it burned it and called it a rag.

They called it "free expression," That it was their right
Something given to them without struggle or fight.

They insulted the veterans who came home lame
For their outrageous actions they ought to feel shame.

And some people still try to get a free ride
It's through self achievement that we earn our pride.

Now our children are grown and out on there own
And once again we're alone.

If we're lucky we still have a loving wife
It's really been an interesting life.

We've seen the world change and its hard to explain
Why there are wars, turmoil and pain.

When will people heed the message from above
And learn to live in peace and love.

Yes, World War II was long ago
Will the veterans forget it, the answer is no.

For some old guys in the war, their journey is done
They lived a good life and the battles were won.

We who were kids, then still in our teens
Are now in our sixties and accomplished our dreams.

We attend military reunions, reminisce with the guys
And occasionally a thought brings tears to our eyes.

We look around, observe and it's easy to see
There aren't as many of us left as there used to be.

But if a terrible war came, heaven forbid
We'd probably do the same thing as we once did.

We'd join in the fray with all our might
And do what we could to make things right.

For we still love this country, the red white and blue
And that by God, is the best we can do.●

IN PRAISE OF SUMMER INTERNS

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise in recognition of my summer intern staff.

These fine young men and women volunteered their time and energy this summer, and did a most outstanding job. Mr. President, in recognition of a job well done, I ask that a list of their names be printed in the RECORD:

The list follows:

Daniel Anziska, Matthew Cross, Cheryl Glickler, Stacey Goldberg, Jessica Lappin, Michael McGinn, Jim Papa, Daniel Preister, Elizabeth Ross, Jeffrey Rotenberg, Jessica Ruthizer, Peter Sims, Rina Schiff, and Zachery Stillerman.●

GOOD OL' BOYS' ROUNDUP

• Mr. ABRAHAM. Mr. President, I would like to take a few moments to comment on the so-called Good ol' Boys' Roundup that was recently the subject of a Senate Judiciary Committee hearing. During that hearing, I and other committee members heard testimony about reprehensible acts of racism that took place at the roundup.

In my view, incidents like the roundup paint all law enforcement officials—not just the ATF and the FBI—with the coarse brush of racism and discrimination. I do remain confident that the attitudes and biases displayed at the roundup are not, in fact, representative of the views of law enforcement officials generally. But incidents like the roundup cannot help but erode citizens' confidence in what the 14th amendment calls the equal protection of the laws.

When citizens have occasion to wonder whether the law is being enforced evenhandedly, they sometimes cannot help but look with suspicion upon the actions of the officers involved in a particular case. As a result, trials in criminal cases often focus more on the actions of the police than on those of the defendant. Adhering to the maximum that the best defense is a good offense, defense attorneys in criminal cases, in effect, put the police on trial, just as the prosecutor puts the defendant on trial. The upshot, then, is that racist events like the roundup erode the effectiveness not only of the agencies whose officers were involved, but also of police departments across the country.

Mr. President, we must, therefore, redouble our efforts to ensure that racism is not present in the law enforcement community. Officers who engage in racist activities should be severely disciplined. Moreover, officers who do not themselves take part in racist activities must understand that they cannot passively stand by while others engage into racist behavior, without regard to whether they are on or off duty. The no-tolerance policy for racism must extend from the highest to the lowest ranks of our law enforcement community. Only by this kind of vigilance, Mr. President, can we ensure that the promise of the 14th amendment is kept.●

FRANCIS HIPPI: SOUTH CAROLINA'S
CIVIC LEADER

• Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, I rise today to remember a true friend and South Carolina patriot—Francis M. Hipp. Last week at age 84, my friend