

on the motion to invoke cloture on the nomination of Dr. Foster, to be Surgeon General, with the mandatory quorum under rule XXII being waived.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. DOLE. If cloture is invoked, the Senate would immediately begin postcloture debate under the provisions of rule XXII.

I also ask, if cloture is not invoked, the Senate return to legislative session, and at 12 noon on Thursday, June 22, the Senate resume executive session to consider the nomination of Dr. Foster, and there be 2 hours of debate equally divided in the usual form, and at 2 p.m. a second vote occur on the motion to invoke cloture on the nomination of Dr. Foster, to be Surgeon General, with the mandatory quorum under rule XXII being waived.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. DOLE. Again, if cloture is invoked, the Senate would immediately begin debate postcloture under the provisions of rule XXII.

And finally I ask unanimous consent that if cloture is not invoked on the Foster nomination, the nomination be immediately returned to the calendar and the Senate return to legislative session, all without any intervening action or debate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. DASCHLE addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The minority leader.

Mr. DASCHLE. I wonder if I might just indulge the distinguished majority leader on a couple of questions. Assuming that cloture is invoked, obviously there is a 30-hour time agreement. But is it the intention of the majority leader not to limit time on the actual confirmation vote itself?

Mr. DOLE. Beyond the 30 hours?

Mr. DASCHLE. No, something shorter than 30 hours.

Mr. DOLE. My view is there would be 30 hours. I do not think it would take 30 hours, but certainly—as I understand, the most any one Member could accumulate would be 7 hours.

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, let me thank the distinguished majority leader for his cooperation in the effort over the last several days to reach this point. Obviously, we are quite hopeful that we can invoke cloture on the first vote and go to a vote on the confirmation shortly thereafter.

This represents an effort on both sides to allow a vote, at least first on cloture, and second, hopefully, on the motion to confirm Dr. Foster. I know the distinguished majority leader has expressed his interest in working with us to reach this point, and I appreciate the cooperation that he has demonstrated.

We will have 3 hours of debate tomorrow, and then, if we fail to invoke cloture tomorrow, 2 hours of debate on Thursday. Many of us have been seeking an opportunity to have a vote, and

we are just hopeful, now that we have reached this agreement, that, indeed, we can find the requisite number of colleagues on both sides of the aisle to ensure that cloture is invoked and that Dr. Foster be allowed a vote on confirmation.

As I understand it, no nomination for the Bush administration was ever defeated on a cloture motion, and I hope the same opportunity could be accorded the nominees of this President.

In accordance with the agreement, I ask unanimous consent to send two cloture motions to the desk, as in executive session.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. DASCHLE. I thank again the distinguished majority leader.

CLOTURE MOTION

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The cloture motion, having been presented under rule XXII, the Chair directs the clerk to read the motion.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

CLOTURE MOTION

We, the undersigned Senators, in accordance with the provisions of rule XXII of the Standing Rules of the Senate, do hereby move to bring to a close debate on Executive Calendar No. 174, the nomination of Dr. Henry Foster, to be Surgeon General of the United States.

Senators Christopher Dodd, Carl Levin, Dianne Feinstein, James Exon, Harry Reid, Daniel K. Akaka, Claiborne Pell, Richard Bryan, Patty Murray, Bob Graham, Max Baucus, Frank R. Lautenberg, Russell D. Feingold, Barbara Mikulski, Barbara Boxer, Edward Kennedy, and Tom Daschle.

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We, the undersigned Senators, in accordance with the provisions of rule XXII of the Standing Rules of the Senate, do hereby move to bring to a close debate on Executive Calendar No. 174, the nomination of Dr. Henry Foster, to be Surgeon General of the United States.

Senators Christopher Dodd, Carl Levin, Dianne Feinstein, James Exon, Harry Reid, Daniel K. Akaka, Claiborne Pell, Richard Bryan, Patty Murray, Bob Graham, Max Baucus, Frank R. Lautenberg, Russell D. Feingold, Barbara Mikulski, Barbara Boxer, Edward Kennedy, and Tom Daschle.

(Later, the following occurred:)

Mr. FORD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Senator MOSELEY-BRAUN be added to the cloture motion filed with regard to the nomination of Dr. Foster.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(Conclusion of earlier proceedings.)

Mr. DOLE addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The majority leader.

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, I thank my colleague, Senator DASCHLE, the Democratic leader. Let me indicate, as I said before, I did meet with Dr. Foster yesterday morning in my Hart office. We had a good discussion. I asked him a series of questions. I indicated to him that there would be possibly two votes, a cloture vote, which he understood would be, in effect to vote on the nomination, and if cloture was invoked, there could be a second vote, which would be a vote on the nomination itself. I tried to lay it out as best I could to Dr. Foster.

In addition, I must say, as is the case sometimes, different plans to proceed sometimes do not please everyone. This is not the process some of my colleagues would prefer. Some would prefer not to bring it up at all; that I, in effect, as the leader had a veto and should not bring this up. I thought about that and indicated at one time that might be the course I would follow, but I also had other options to consider, and this is another option.

If cloture should be invoked, then there will be the debate. I do not think it will consume 30 hours and I guess the vote, if it went that far, would be very, very close, based on my count. Whether or not there will be votes for cloture, I am not certain. I do not think so, but there may be.

We will put all this information in the RECORD tomorrow. There had been a number of nominations for the Bush administration which never got to the floor. They were in the committee and held in the committee and never got to the floor. We can have that debate, too.

The important thing is the Foster nomination was reported out of the Labor Committee in late May, and we had a week's recess. Nobody is suggesting, and I think the record is fairly clear, there has been no undue delay. We are trying to dispose of the nomination one way or the other. I think that is acknowledged, though some might suggest we should not be proceeding in this fashion. But that is a judgment that I made and I hope that we can conclude—in fact, I hope cloture is not invoked and that this nomination then would go back on the calendar after a vote on Thursday.

ACCOLADES TO JOHN KERRY

Mr. MCCAIN. Mr. President, last weekend the U.S. Navy formally retired the last of the Navy's legendary swift boats. Our friend and colleague, Senator JOHN KERRY played a central role in the ceremonies attending the event. As many of our colleagues know, JOHN KERRY was not always the genteel, polished U.S. Senator he is today. He was once the 25-year-old skipper of a swift boat, PC-94, a title as honorable as any he subsequently earned.

JOHN KERRY distinguished himself in service to his country aboard his swift boat, earning the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, and three Purple Hearts. His speech at the retirement ceremony

was a deeply moving tribute to these remarkable vessels and the brave men who sailed them.

I thought our colleagues would enjoy reading that speech, and I ask unanimous consent that a copy of Senator KERRY's remarks be included in the RECORD following my remarks, as well as an account of the retirement ceremony that appeared in the Boston Globe.

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

REMARKS OF SENATOR JOHN F. KERRY

Admiral Boorda, Admiral Zumwalt, Admiral Will, Admiral Moore, Admiral Hoffman, Congressman Kolbe, families and friends, and my fellow Swifties:

We have come here today—with respect and love—to complete the last River Run.

We have brought our memories and those dearest to us in order to put in a place of honored history a remarkable vessel of the United States Navy. In so doing we proudly share with the nation we willingly served, hundreds, even thousands, of examples of daring, courage, commitment, and sacrifice.

We do that with none of the braggadocio or even brash arrogance of our younger days. We do so with the humility that comes from the intervening years and the fact that we survived while our buddies did not; but we do so with unabashed pride in the quality of our service and those we were privileged to fight with—boat for boat, man for man.

We do so knowing that no words here—no hushed conversation with a wife or a son or daughter—no 30-year-later memory or description will ever convey the sight and feeling of 6 or 10 or 12 Swifts, engines throbbing, radios crackling, guns thundering towards the river bank, moving ever closer into harm's way.

But that's not all it was: We sunbathed and skinny-dipped; we traded sea rations for fresh shrimp; and left our Vietnamese recipients of Uncle Sam's technology grinning from ear to ear as they believed they got the better deal; we happily basked in wide beetlenut smiles; we glorified in shouts of "hey, American, you number one," and we casually brushed off taunts of "Hey, you number ten."

We replaced Psy Ops tapes with James Brown or Jim Morrison—we used our riot guns to shoot duck and cook up a feast and, yes, some did water ski.

We harassed LSTs and destroyers, lauding it over our less lucky, less plucky, black-shoed Navy brothers. We parlayed our independence and proximity to the war into handouts of steak, fruit, ship board meals and, best of all, ice cream. We became the consummate artists of Comeshaw.

We believed that anyone of us—officer or enlisted—might one day be CNO or CINCPAC, and all the while nothing really mattered that much except trying to win a war and keep each other alive. When we broke the rules—which we never did, of course—we would say, "what the hell can they do? Send us to Vietnam?!"

Through it all, we never forgot how to laugh—and there were wonderful moments, not just from the gallows humor of the war but those that came from the special spirit of Swifties: the times we lobbed raw eggs from boat to boat; great flare fights that lit more than one life raft on fire; delivering lumber to Nam Can in the middle of the war; handing out ridiculous Psy-Ops packages that no one understood; and of course pet dogs that didn't understand English or Vietnamese for "don't do it there." There were

as many moments of humor as Swift boats and sailors.

And we exalted in the beauty of a country that took us from glorious green rice paddy, black water buffalo caressing the banks of rivers, children giggling and playing on dikes, sanpans filled with produce—that suddenly took us from innocence and tranquility deep into the madness of fire fights, chaos reigning around us, 50 calibers diminishing our hearing, screams for medevac piercing the radio waves, fish-tailing rockets passing by the pilot house—all suddenly to be replaced by the most serene, eerie beauty the eye could behold. We lived in the daily contradiction of living and dying.

In a great lesson for the rest of this country in these difficult times, we never looked on each other as officer or enlisted, as Oakie or Down Easterner. We were just plain brothers in combat, proud Americans who together with our proud vessels answered the call.

We were bound together in the great and noble effort of giving ourselves to something bigger than each and every one of us individually, and doing so at risk of life and limb. Let no one ever doubt the quality and nobility of that commitment.

The specs say Swifts have a quarter-inch aluminum hull—but to us it was a hull of steel, though at times that was not enough. It was hospital, restaurant, and home. It was sometimes birthplace and deathbed.

It was where we lived and where we grew up. It was where we confronted and conquered fear and where we found courage. It was our confessional; our place of silent prayer.

We worked these boats hard. No matter the mission, no matter the odds, we pushed them and they took us through violent cross-currents of surf, through 30 ft. monsoon seas, through fishstakes and mangrove, through sandbars and mudflats.

We loved these boats, even if we abused them of necessity, and the truth is—they loved us back. They never let us down.

We made mistakes. Sometimes we bit off more than we could chew. We didn't just push the limits, we exceeded them routinely and still the boats came through. They were our partners on a grand and unpredictable adventure.

Mines exploded underneath us, and—for the most part—the boats pressed on.

The Marines made amphibious landings and took the beachheads—so did we.

The Army conducted sweeps and over-ran ambushes—so did we.

The regular Navy provided shore bombardment and forward fire control—so did we.

The Coast Guard intercepted weapons and gave emergency medical care—so did we.

The nurses and Red Cross saved lives and delivered babies—so did we.

The Seals set ambushes and gathered intelligence—and so did we.

The only thing our boats couldn't do by definition was fly; but some would say that, light of ammo and fuel, and exuberant to have survived a firefight or a monsoon sea—we flew too.

But the power and the strength was not just in the boats. It was in the courage and the camaraderie of those who manned them.

In the darkness and solitude of night, or parked in a cove before a mission, or in the beauty of a crimson dawn before entering the Bay Hap, or the My Tho, or the Bo De, or any other mangrove cluttered river—we shared our fears and, no matter what our differences—we were bound together on an extraordinary journey the memory of which will last forever.

On just routine patrol these boats were our sanctuary—our cloister, a place for crossing divides between Montana, Michigan, Arkansas, and Massachusetts.

The boats occupied us and protected us. They were the place we came together in fellowship, brotherhood, and ultimately love to share our enthusiasm, our idealism—our youth.

Now we are joined together again after more than a quarter century to celebrate this special moment in our lives. It is a bittersweet moment and it is a time to reflect on those events and those friendships that changed our lives and made us who we are today.

Some were not as lucky as we were. They did not have the chance to grow up as we did. They did not get to see their children. They did not have the chance to fulfill their dreams, and we honor their memory today.

In their presence we are gathered with so much more than just mutual respect and admiration, more than just nostalgia.

We loved each other and we loved these boats.

But because of the nature of the war we fought we came back to a country that did not recognize our contribution. It did not understand the war we fought, what we went through, or the love that held us together then. It did not understand what young men could feel for boats like these and men like you.

This is really the first time in 30 years that we've been able to share with each other the feelings that we had then, and the feelings we have now. They are deeply and profoundly personal feelings. They are different for each of us, but the memories are the same—rich with the smells and sounds of the rivers and the power of the boats—punctuated by the faces of the men with whom we served and the thoughts we shared.

But that was 30 years ago, and now it is time to move on.

Joseph Conrad said, "And now the old ships and their men are gone; the new ships and the new men have taken up their watch on the stern-and-impatient sea which offers no opportunities but to those who know how to grasp them with a ready hand and an undaunted heart."

So, today, we stand here, still with ready hand—and more than ever undaunted hearts—to complete this last River Run and escort these magnificent boats into history. We who served aboard them are now bound together not just as veterans, not just as friends, but as family.

To all who served on these boats, I salute you. And may God bless you and your families.

[From the Boston Globe, June 14, 1995]

CHURNING THROUGH THEIR PAST—WITH POTOMAC TRIP, KERRY, VIETNAM CREW RELIVE OLD DANGERS

(By Bob Hohler)

WASHINGTON.—The brown river narrowed suddenly, pulling the dense shrubbery along the shores ever tighter yesterday around the last two Navy swift boats.

"Looks awful green over there, skipper!" Drew Whitlow shouted from a mounted machine gun to Sen. John F. Kerry at the helm of the lead boat, PCF-1.

"Awful green!" the Massachusetts Democrat yelled back. "That's an eerie sight."

When they last saw each other in 1969, Kerry was the commander and Whitlow a gunner on a swift boat whose six-member crew patrolled the Mekong Delta in Vietnam, where ambush-mined insurgents seemed to lurk in every patch of green.

Because some memories never die, it mattered little that Kerry, Whitlow and a dozen other highly decorated veterans of the 65-foot-long swift boats churned through the Potomac River rather than the once-treacherous Bay Hap or Doug Cung rivers in Vietnam.

The veterans were making the swift boats' last run, a 90-mile journey up the Potomac from the Naval Surface Warfare Center in Dahlgren, Va., to the Washington Navy Yard, where the boats are to be formally retired, closing a chapter in US naval history.

And green still spelled danger. "We were surrounded most of the time on the rivers by great, green beauty," Kerry recalled over the roar of engines and crushing waves. "There were lush greens and sampans and junks and water buffalos and beautiful Vietnamese children."

Then the green turned to fire and smoke, and "there were moments of utter terror where all hell broke loose," and Kerry, who earned the Silver Star, Bronze Star and three Purple Hearts as a 25-year-old commander of a swift boat, PCF-44.

The swift boats, modeled after the all-metal crafts used to ferry crews to offshore drilling rigs in the Gulf of Mexico, were dispatched to Vietnam because they were best suited to navigate the region's shallow and narrow waterways, the control of which US commanders considered vital.

But the boats became prime targets for the Viet Cong, who destroyed three of the 125 craft the Navy commissioned. Three others were lost in heavy weather off the coast of Vietnam. And one, PCF-14, sank after accidentally being attacked by the US Air Force.

For Kerry, action never seemed far away. "He was the type who if no other crew would take the job, he would take it," said Whitlow, a former gunner from Huntsville, Ark., who made his career in the Navy.

But his crew trusted him, said Tom Belodeau, an electrician from Lowell, who manned an M-60 machine gun on the bow of Kerry's boat. "He understood that his crew and his boat could get along without him, but that he couldn't get along without them," said Belodeau. "We all respected each other."

Kerry, clad yesterday in a brown leather jacket adorned with a "Tonkin Gulf Yacht Club" patch, reminisced with Whitlow and Belodeau on their four-hour journey up the Potomac, a reunion they said they never expected to occur.

Kerry joked about the time a Vietnamese woman nearly gave birth in Whitlow's arms as their boat sped to a medical unit. And he reminded Belodeau of the day a water mine exploded under the boat, catapulting their dog, VC, from the deck of their boat onto a nearby swift boat.

Kerry cited luck yesterday for much of his success in Vietnam. As he steered the swift boat toward the Washington Navy Yard and a clutch of dignitaries, he noted how well-preserved the craft was in contrast to his former boat.

"By the time I left" Vietnam, Kerry said, "there were 180 holes in my boat."

"To be honest," Belodeau said, "it looked like Swiss cheese."

Mr. MCCAIN. In closing, Mr. President, had Senator KERRY's modesty allowed me to, I would have liked to also include in the RECORD his citations for conspicuous bravery and heroic achievement, virtues which Senator KERRY repeatedly demonstrated in service to his country's cause, in the company of heroes, aboard as durable and dependable a vessel as ever flew the colors of the United States.

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I would like to associate myself with the remarks of the distinguished Senator from Arizona as it relates to our distinguished colleague from Massachusetts. I happened to have been in the Depart-

ment of Navy during that period and am well aware of his distinguished record.

WEST VIRGINIA BIRTHDAY

Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, I am pleased and honored to wish the great State of West Virginia, and my fellow Mountaineers, a happy birthday. On this 20th of June we celebrate not only the courage our ancestors possessed in order to separate from Virginia, a powerful mother State, but also the heritage and sense of independence they left behind.

The State of West Virginia has always represented a place of great uniqueness. Our colors are blue and gold. Blue characterizes our bold ability to stand up for the freedom and the equal opportunities that we all deserve. Gold is the dignity of Mountaineers that shines throughout the world. The pride that the people of West Virginia have in their surrounding environment is one that can be found no where else. West Virginia's mountainous terrain offers attractions annually. The white water rafting and golf courses are considered among the finest anywhere. Plus, the 33 State parks include abundant wildlife. Tourists have rave remarks about our historic Blennerhassett Island, Harpers Ferry, and the Greenbrier Hotel.

Loyalty is a splendid quality of all the people in this magnificent State. Mountaineers have always supported the education and athletics of their colleges and universities. Through continuous hard work the men and women of West Virginia have attracted numerous industries to the area. Their strong work ethic has helped West Virginia's manufacturing sector to prosper. However, the pride and loyalty of our people extends out from our own boundaries. The people of West Virginia know the importance of freedom; therefore, many have dedicated their lives to serving our Nation.

Mr. President, the people of West Virginia share a special bond. Therefore, on this day let us all join together in recognizing and celebrating a very special birthday. Happy Birthday West Virginia.

IS CONGRESS IRRESPONSIBLE? THE VOTERS HAVE SAID YES.

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, the impression simply will not go away: The \$4.8 trillion Federal debt is a grotesque parallel to the energizer bunny we see, and see, and see on television. The Federal debt keeps going and going and going—up, of course, and always to the added misery of the American taxpayers.

So many politicians talk a good game—when, that is, they go home to talk—and "talk" is the operative word—about bringing Federal deficits and the Federal debt under control.

But, sad to say, so many of these very same politicians have regularly

voted for one bloated spending bill after another during the 103d Congress and before. Come to think about it, this may have been a primary factor in the new configuration of U.S. Senators as a result of last November's elections.

In any event, Mr. President, as of yesterday, Monday, June 19, at the close of business, the total Federal debt stood—down to the penny—at exactly \$4,892,922,141,296.33 or \$18,573.62 per man, woman, child on a per capita basis. Res ipsa loquitur.

Mr. GRASSLEY addressed the Chair. The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Iowa.

CREDIBILITY GAP IN THE PRESIDENT'S BUDGET

Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, last week, the President announced he would join Republicans in seeking to balance the budget. I, along with many of my Republican colleagues, welcomed the President's decision. We particularly welcomed the President's recognition that the growth of Medicare must be slowed down if we are going to keep that important program solvent.

Unfortunately, though, when you look at the President's entire budget—and it was looked at by the Congressional Budget Office, and this is a non-partisan scorekeeper—after reviewing the President's new proposal, it found that it would not balance the budget. In fact, the Congressional Budget Office estimates that President Clinton's new budget proposals would maintain deficits of approximately \$200 billion per year.

The deficit then under CBO's projections for the year 2005, which is at the end of the 10-year period of time the President wants to balance the budget, would still be \$209 billion deficits. And, of course, that is the year in which the President claimed his proposal would achieve balance.

The administration is trying in vain to paper over these huge deficits. The President claims that the failure of his new budget to achieve balance is due, in his words, to just some slight differences in estimating between the CBO and the administration's Office of Budget. Of course, we all know that this claim is disingenuous.

My colleagues need no further reminder than the President committing himself to using CBO estimates earlier in his administration to ensure that his proposal would be credible, and I would like to quote from the February 17, 1993, speech of the President. This was in a speech before Congress:

Let's at least argue about the same set of numbers so the American people will think that we're shooting straight with them.

The President could not have said it any better. So the President stated this in advocating the use of Congressional Budget Office estimates instead of any other estimates, including his own Office of Budget.

Now, of course, the President has decided to back away from the pledge of