

guns and are up to no good and are out on the street. There are straw men who use false identities to buy guns. There are illegal sellers of guns. There are gun thieves who sell guns and pass them around the neighborhoods. Those kinds of people can be prosecuted, too.

If you do that, I have no doubt that crime will be reduced. There will be less murders in this country and we could save lives by the thousands. That is what we need to do. That is where our focus needs to be.

I hope those who came to the moms' march will cause us to focus on the real causes of crime and how to really stop it. If we do, we can make this country safer, we can save lives, and we can do what we are paid to do.

We need to quit playing politics. We need to get that juvenile crime bill up, voted on, and we need some compromise and support from the Members of the other side.

Once we do that, we will begin to save lives in America.

TRIBUTE TO LAMPTON O'NEAL "TREY" WILLIAMS III

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, today I rise to pay tribute to an extraordinary young man who has persevered to overcome significant obstacles in his life and who, in spite of these obstacles, has excelled. Lampton O'Neal "Trey" Williams III, of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, exemplifies the qualities of courage, dedication, commitment, and self-discipline that harken back to the days of this great nation's founding fathers who likewise employed these values to overcome seemingly insurmountable adversity. With this graduation from the Presbyterian Christian School in Hattiesburg on Friday, May 19, 2000, I express my most heartfelt and warmest congratulations to Trey on this extraordinary accomplishment.

As a deaf student, Trey has been saddened in life with a hardship that many of us will never be forced to carry. Yet, from an early age, Trey refused to allow his disability to overcome him and, instead, set out to conquer his disability. As a young boy, Trey was enrolled in The University of Southern Mississippi DuBard School for Language Disorders where his eagerness, ability to learn, and refusal to yield to his disability quickly warmed him to the hearts of all around him. During his tenure at the DuBard School, Trey excelled in speech, lip reading, learning language and academic skills. However, Trey's passion for learning and his commitment to his education did not end there.

In 1992, having secured from the DuBard School the skills and abilities he would need to live a full and free life with his disability, Trey took the noble and daunting step of enrolling in regular education classes at the Presbyterian Christian School in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Throughout his years at the Presbyterian Christian School Trey has continuously challenged him-

self and has demanded only the best from himself. His motivation, self-discipline and character have earned Trey the highest praise from his teachers and the respect of all who know him. And while Trey's forthcoming graduation from the Presbyterian Christian School is a truly extraordinary achievement in and of itself, it is only part of the story. As the result of his academic excellence and exceptional accomplishments over the past several years, Trey has earned a college scholarship. I have no doubt that Trey's strength of character and commitment to his education will result in a college career marked with awards and honors only few can ever expect to achieve.

Mr. President, Trey's dedication, commitment and perseverance is unique and truly commendable. With his graduation on May 19, 2000, Trey will receive a concrete representation of his years of perseverance—his diploma. And while his accomplishments thus far deserve the highest praise and commendation, I have no doubt this young man's future will be marked by even greater accomplishments. Trey's refusal to yield to his disability and his determination to overcome it should serve as an inspiration and motivation to all of us. It is an example of what we can achieve when we demand the most from ourselves. I want to extend my highest congratulations to Trey on his graduation and wish only the best for him in the future.

MARINE COLONEL WAYNE SHAW'S RETIREMENT ADDRESS

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, the debt we owe to the men and women who have served in the U.S. Armed Forces is one that we will never be able to repay adequately. They sacrifice so much of themselves to defend our nation and its ideals, and ask for so little in return.

Today, I would like to focus the Senate's attention on one such veteran, who entered the United States Marine Corps more than a quarter-century ago. Colonel Wayne Shaw, who was a Marine for over 28 years, retired recently and delivered a farewell address to his fellow officers at Quantico, Virginia.

Colonel Shaw's address at Quantico was not your typical "feel-good" retirement speech. In it, he makes a number of observations about how the Marine Corps has changed in recent years—and how, in his view, many of those changes have weakened the Corps that, for the sake of our country and the world, needs to remain strong. Not a man to mince words, Colonel Shaw lists in his speech a number of concerns he has about the future of the Marine Corps.

Colonel Shaw does not question the future of the Corps because of any disillusionment he may have about the institution. Rather, he questions the future of the Corps because of his love for and devotion to it. Colonel Shaw is cer-

tainly entitled—if anyone is—to critique the Marine Corps because of his unique commitment to this country for nearly three decades. I believe we owe it to Colonel Shaw and other veterans like him to pay heed to his words of warning and carefully consider his suggestions to sustain the integrity of the U.S. Marine Corps. I hope each and every member of this chamber will do so.

I ask unanimous consent that Colonel Shaw's retirement address be printed into the RECORD.

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

A FAREWELL TO THE CORPS
(Remarks by Colonel Wayne Shaw, USMC,
Quantico, Virginia)

In recent years I've heard many Marines on the occasion of retirements, farewells, promotions and changes of command refer to the "fun" they've had in the Marine Corps. "I loved every day of it and had a lot of fun" has been voiced far too often. Their definition of "fun" must be radically different from mine. Since first signing my name on the dotted line 28½ years ago I have had very little fun.

Devoting my entire physical and mental energies training to kill the young men of some other country was not fun. Worrying about how many of my own men might die or return home maimed was not fun. Knowing that we did not have the money or time to train as best we should have, was not fun either. It was no fun to be separated from my wife for months on end, nor was it fun to freeze at night in snow and rain and mud.

It was not much fun to miss my father's funeral because my Battalion Commander was convinced our peacetime training deployment just couldn't succeed without me. Missing countless school and athletic events my sons very much wanted me to see was not much fun either. Not being at my son's high school graduation wasn't fun. Somehow it didn't seem like fun when the movers showed up with day laborers from the street corner and the destroyed personal effects were predictable from folks who couldn't hold a job. The lost and damaged items, often irreplaceable family heirlooms weren't much fun to try to "replace" for pennies on the dollar. There wasn't much fun for a Colonel with a family of four to live in a 1200 sq. ft. apartment with one bathroom that no welfare family would have moved into. It was not much fun to watch the downsizing of the services after Desert Storm as we handed out pink slips to men who risked their lives just weeks before.

It has not been much fun to watch mid-grade officers and senior Staff NCO's, after living frugal lives and investing money where they could, realize that they cannot afford to send their sons and daughters to college. Nor do I consider it much fun to reflect on the fact that our medical system is simply broken. It is not much fun to watch my Marines board helicopters that are just too old and train with gear that just isn't what it should be anymore. It is not much fun to receive the advanced copies of promotion results and call those who have been passed over for promotion. It just wasn't much fun to watch the infrastructure at our bases and stations sink deeper into the abyss because funding wasn't provided for the latest "crisis." It just wasn't much fun to discharge good Marines for being a few pounds overweight and have to reenlist Marines who were HIV positive and not world-wide deployable. It sure wasn't much fun to look