

war could be so much fun. He especially loved to tell us old stories of how he and his Army buddies played pranks on one another all the way across the Pacific but there was one story in particular I always liked: It was right after the war had ended and he was on an island off of South Korea where he had been assigned to accept the transfer of all Japanese back to Japan. It just so happened that there had been a tailor who had worked on the island for the previous 40 years who was originally Japanese and so his family was extremely upset that he was being forced to completely uproot everything. My father had ordered him to bring all his things in a suitcase and be on the dock ready to leave the next morning. When the appointed hour arrived, he saw that practically the whole town had come out to bid goodbye to the old tailor, nearly all of them in tears. So he looked around for a minute, gathered in the scene and then called the tailor forward before the crowd and announced to everyone (in his best gruff military voice): "You are free to stay" at which point the entire town erupted in chaotic celebration, they lifted my father up and carried him through the streets on their shoulders. To me, that moment expressed something essential about him—that he felt pretty instinctively that a certain humanity and practicality should determine a decision, rather than blind adherence to some order from headquarters. And also that though he could have a tough exterior, it wasn't very hard to penetrate beyond it and ultimately he always was guided by a very innate sense of fairness.

After the war, he returned home to East Hartford and remained there for the rest of his life. He practiced law, built a family, became involved in local politics, was elected Mayor and later appointed as a judge in the Connecticut Superior Court. Many of you here today knew him through the variety of activities that evolved out of his many years of public life in town. In East Hartford, he was in his element, he flourished and he never wanted to live anywhere else.

Long before we had Google to research any topic or answer any question, there was John Brennan. And when you spoke to him, you were instantly transported back over a remarkable span of history by someone who could remember all the details and bring the back to life—in fact, you were actually talking to someone who remembered speaking to veterans of the Civil War. He was renowned for his ability to recall little known historical facts and had immediate access to a treasure trove of information that he would eagerly dispense on subjects as diverse as the dates of the major battles of the Boer Wars or the work of some obscure German poet. But despite his ability in this arena, it was always balanced with a pronounced disregard for anything that smacked of "unnecessary pretense" or "excess", which perhaps explained his lifetime loyalty to Maxwell House coffee, Prell shampoo, and \$5 sunglasses. In fact, my sister reminded me yesterday that he was perfectly happy to drive his Buick into the ground, much to the dismay of the salesman down at Dworin Chevrolet, of course. And always, no matter how distinguished his career in the law may have been or how adept he was with the life of the mind, he took a certain pleasure in making fun of himself too, as if he were really just a regular guy. So if I were to say now that he had an "indefatigable" spirit, he would feign an innocent look, lean forward helpfully and add "tireless too". As if he didn't know what the word meant. It was one of his favorite jokes and in fact I have since stolen it for myself.

He reached mandatory retirement as a Superior Court judge in 1986 and then continued

to work for another 24 years—almost a full career for some people. He loved being over at the courthouse in the middle of the action, surrounded by the friends and comforts of his profession and he showed little sign of stopping, right up to the age of 93. So we knew it was trouble when the day finally came that he said he didn't want to go to work anymore.

Yet even near the end of his life, when he was going through radiation treatments, his face could light up at the sight of a simple cup of chowder that my sister might bring over to the hospital for him. Or he would shuffle outside to the hospital parking lot, take a sip out of a flask of bourbon that my brother had smuggled in, look around and say "Isn't this the life!" And he really meant it. That was his rare gift—to be able to genuinely appreciate and make the most of whatever the moment held and still find an upside to it. If you asked him how he was feeling, he'd say "Raring to go!" and it really wasn't much of an exaggeration. And his amazing work ethic refused to quit. Just a few weeks ago, he woke up from a nap and asked my sister Suzie where he was and what day it was. So she told him, it's Wednesday and you're at home". He sounded absolutely aghast in his response: "Home? What am I doing home in the middle of the week—I'm supposed to be at work!" In a way, he was kind of like one of those characters from an old John Wayne movie that you just couldn't keep down, where even after being hit with 100 rounds from the enemy, he would still somehow stagger back to throw that one decisive final grenade.

So today we lay to final rest an old soldier who embraced battle and celebration with equal relish, who demonstrated that he could not just endure, but do it with "pizzazz" and certainly for far longer than we had any right to ask for. It was once said, by the Civil War veteran and Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, that "to act with enthusiasm and faith is the condition for acting greatly". To our father and your friend, we can now rightfully say without hesitation: you met that test—mission accomplished. Of course we will miss you greatly, but you had one heck of a run and we're really very grateful and proud of that. And so we promise to pass along your sense of humor, to keep telling our favorite stories about you and to still be toasting you at some cocktail hour far into the future with warm memories to always keep you very much alive in our hearts.

STATEMENT ON THE SCHRADER  
AMENDMENT TO H.R. 10, THE  
REINS ACT

**HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH**

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 16, 2011

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise in opposition to the Schrader amendment to H.R. 10, the REINS Act. The REINS Act makes certain regulations that protect American priorities like public health, our economy, and workers' rights, extraordinarily difficult to enact by requiring Congressional approval even though Congress already has the power to disapprove any regulation. The Schrader Act further hobbles regulatory efforts by requiring an additional cost-benefit analysis, which is heavily biased against regulations which protect things that are not usually monetized like clean air, clean water, and public health protections. I could not support it.

HONORING DAVID LONG

**HON. STEVE STIVERS**

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 16, 2011

Mr. STIVERS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the lengthy public service career of David Long, Chief of the Norwich Township Fire Department. David Long has served the Hilliard, Ohio community as a member of its fire department for 36 years, serving more than 7 years as Chief of the department.

Born and raised in the Hilliard area, David joined the Norwich Township Fire Department in 1975 as a part-time firefighter. On September 9, 1976 he earned a full-time position from which he moved up the ranks, becoming a lieutenant on July 1, 1984, Assistant Chief on April 1, 1996, and finally Chief of the department on April 2, 2004. He is a certified paramedic, fire instructor, and fire inspector.

David Long has played a critical role in keeping the Hilliard community safe for more than three and a half decades. He has literally run into burning buildings to protect his neighbors. David's willingness to put his own life at risk in service to others is truly inspiring and exemplifies the courage that makes America great.

As Chief, David has led the department during an important time for the community and has presided over some major departmental milestones, including relocating the department to the Hilliard Joint Safety Services Building. David has been a sound and stable leader, admired both by his firefighters and the community at large.

Chief David Long has touched many lives and inspired others to service at this critical time in our history when we need dedicated public servants the most. I thank David for all that he has done for the Hilliard community and congratulate him on concluding an impressive and inspiring career.

COMMEMORATING THE LIFE OF  
CAPTAIN ERWIN J. KORCZYNSKI

**HON. JANICE D. SCHAKOWSKY**

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 16, 2011

Ms. SCHAKOWSKY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the life of Captain Erwin J. Korczynski, a Chicago native whose contributions to our country should not be forgotten. Mr. Korczynski passed away in January of 2011, but his impact on the nation and those who knew him will last forever.

Erwin Korczynski was a quintessential American. Born and raised with his twin brother in Chicago, Illinois, Mr. Korczynski's youth was busy: he was an avid boy scout, marched with the Chicago Cavaliers Drum and Bugle Corps and was a competitive member of his high school's Track and Field team.

After high school he pursued the priesthood, but in 1963, Erwin felt a need to serve his country directly, and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He served with the Marine Attack Squadron, VMA 131. While in the Marine Corps, he had moved up the ranks and attained the rank of Sergeant before he was honorably discharged in 1969.