

So I repeat: What makes this hallowed ground? Not the marble columns and bronze statues that frame the mall. No—what sanctifies this place is the blood of patriots across three centuries. And our own uncompromising insistence that America honor her promises of individual opportunity and universal justice. This is the golden thread that runs throughout the tapestry of our nationhood—the dignity of every life, the possibility of every mind, the divinity of every soul. This is what my generation fought for on distant fields of battle, in the air above and on remote seas. This is the lesson we have to impart. This is the place to impart it. Learn this, and the trees planted by today's old men—let's say mature men and women—will bear precious fruit. And we may yet break ground on the last war memorial.

Thank you all and God bless the United States of America.

REMARKS BY THE HONORABLE MARCY KAPTUR (OHIO), WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL GROUNDBREAKING CEREMONY, NOVEMBER 11, 2000

We, the children of freedom, on this first Veterans' Day of the new century, gather to offer highest tribute, long overdue, and our everlasting respect and gratitude to Americans of the 20th century whose valor and sacrifice yielded the modern triumph of liberty over tyranny.

This is a long-anticipated day. It was 1987 when this Memorial was first conceived. As many have said, it has taken longer to build the Memorial than it took to fight the war. Today, with the support of our veterans service organizations and a small but determined, bipartisan group in Congress, the Memorial is a reality. I do not have the time to mention all the Members of Congress who deserve to be thanked for their contributions to this cause, but two Members in particular must be recognized. Rep. Sonny Montgomery, now retired, a true champion of veterans in the House, and Senator Strom Thurmond, our unflinching advocate in the Senate.

At the end of World War I, the French poet Guillaume Apollinaire declaring himself "against forgetting" wrote of his fallen comrades: "You asked neither for glory nor for tears. All you did was simply take up arms."

Five years ago, at the close of the 50th anniversary ceremonies for World War II, Americans consecrated this ground with soil from the resting places of those who served and died on all fronts. We, too, declared ourselves against forgetting. We pledged then that America would honor and remember their selfless devotion on this Mall that commemorates democracy's march.

Apollinaire's words resonated again as E.B. Sledge reflected on the moment the Second World War ended: "... sitting in a stunned silence, we remembered our dead ... so many dead. ... Except for a few widely scattered shouts of joy, the survivors of the abyss sat hollow-eyed, trying to comprehend a world without war."

Yes. Individual acts by ordinary men and women in an extraordinary time—one exhausting skirmish, one determined attack, one valiant act of heroism, one dogged determination to give your all, one heroic act after another—by the thousands—by the millions—bound our country together as it has not been since, bound the living to the dead in common purpose and in service to freedom, and to life.

As a Marine wrote about his company, "I cannot say too much for the men ... I have seen a spirit of brotherhood ... that goes with one foot here amid the friends we see,

and the other foot there amid the friends we see no longer, and one foot is as steady as the other."

Today we break ground. It is only fitting that the event that reshaped the modern world in the 20th century and marked our nation's emergency from the chrysalis of isolationism as the leader of the free world be commemorated on this site.

This Memorial honors those still living who served abroad and on the home front as well as those we have lost: the nearly 300,000 Americans who died in combat, and those among the millions who survived the war but who have since passed away. Among that number I count my inspired constituent Roger Durbin of Berkey, Ohio, who fought bravely with the 101st Armored Division in the Battle of the Bulge and who, because he could not forget, asked me in 1987 why there was no memorial in our nation's Capitol to commemorate the significance of that era. I regret that Roger was not able to see this day. To help us remember him and his contribution to this Memorial, we have with us today a delegation from his American Legion Post and his beloved family, his widow Marian, his son, Peter, and his daughter, Melissa, who is a member of the World War II Memorial Advisory Board.

Only poets can attempt to capture the terror, the fatigue, and the camaraderie among soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines in combat. This is a memorial to their heroic sacrifice. It is also a memorial for the living to remember how freedom in the 20th century was preserved for ensuing generations.

Poet Keith Douglas, died in foreign combat in 1944 at age 24. In predicting his own death, he wrote about what he called time's wrong-way telescope, and how he thought it might simplify him as people looked back at him over the distance of years. "Through that lens," he demand, "see if I seem/substance or nothing: of the world/deserving mention, or charitable oblivion . . ." And then he ended with the request, "Remember me when I am dead/and simplify me when I'm dead." What a strange and striking charge that is!

And yet here today we pledge that as the World War II Memorial is built, through the simplifying elements of stone, water, and light. There will be no charitable oblivion. America will not forget. The world will not forget. When we as a people can no longer remember the complicated individuals who walked in freedom's march—a husband, a sister, a friend, a brother, an uncle, a father—when those individuals become simplified in histories and in family stories, still when future generations journey to this holy place, America will not forget.

HONORING JOAQUIN LEGARRETA

HON. SOLOMON P. ORTIZ

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, November 14, 2000

Mr. ORTIZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a unique American who has served our nation with distinction and honor, Joaquin Legarreta, the Drug Enforcement Agency Deputy Attache for the United States in Mexico.

Mr. Legarreta has served the United States for 30 years in one of the most dangerous jobs we ask our public servants to do, to stand and fight on the front lines of our drug war, one of the great domestic and international policing challenges of the 20th Century, one

already following us into the 21st Century. Thanks to men like Joaquin Legarreta, the United States is safer; but he would be the first to tell you that the task of his agency is not yet finished.

He began his service to our country in 1970 with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the precursor to today's DEA (the DEA was formed in 1973). His star was already on the rise when he won the prestigious Administrator's Award in 1980, the award that recognizes excellence in agents whose work brings runners, and those for whom they work, to justice.

He won the Administrator's Award in 1980 for the Superfly operation. The DEA caught the Superfly, a "mother ship" from Colombia exporting \$65,000 pounds of marijuana. A "mother ship" sits in international water and distributes its cargo to smaller ships for transport into the United States.

After terms of service that took him to major cities across the Southwest, including Houston, Laredo, El Paso, Brownsville and Sacramento, Legarreta joined the Intelligence Center for DEA, stationed, again, a El Paso. At that point, he began an even more dangerous line of work, work at which he is terribly adept. Today, he is charged with oversight of the DEA regional offices all over Mexico, traveling to them and conducting business on our behalf there.

During the course of his service, he has had numerous contracts put out on his life, a certain indicator that an agent is doing his job above and beyond the call of duty. Once, near the border, he was involved in a shootout in which one of his agents was shot; Legarreta picked him up, put him in the car and drove him to the hospital, saving his life.

He recently told a story that should make all of us proud. In Sacramento, his team executed a search warrant on a drug lab. Afterwards, an agent brought him a woman who had asked to talk to whoever was in charge. Thinking she was upset because flowers had been trampled or a dog kicked, he was overwhelmed when she thanked him for her freedom, and that of her neighbors.

With tears in his eyes, he recanted the story of this small woman with a sweater over her shoulders who grabbed his hand and said, "Thank you for freeing us." She told him that the people in the neighborhood had been prisoners in their own homes because of the drug lab. She wouldn't let go of his hand while they stood together for several minutes.

That, he says, made it all worthwhile. So, while we enjoy our comforts here today, I ask my colleagues to join me in commending this brave and unique patriot on the occasion of his retirement. I also thank his wife, Lupita, and their children, Lorena, Veronica, and Claudia, for sharing their husband and father with our nation.

INTRODUCTION OF A RESOLUTION OF INQUIRY

HON. DAVID E. PRICE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, November 14, 2000

Mr. PRICE of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I rise to introduce a Resolution of Inquiry to