

CANFIELD HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS  
BASKETBALL TEAM

**HON. JAMES A. TRAFICANT, JR.**

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, March 29, 2001*

Mr. TRAFICANT. Mr. Speaker, today I want to congratulate the Canfield High School Girls Basketball Team and Coach Patrick Pavlansky on their incredible season. The Lady Cardinals finished with a 21-7 record en route to a second place finish in the Division 11 State Championship.

I would like to extend my congratulations to the members of the Canfield Girls Basketball Team: Nicole Vljakovich, Harmony Ramunno, Tee Lisotto, Kelly Williams, Jenny Miller, Erin Fening, Jessica Gifford, Erin Martin, Jill Vertanen, Julie Playforth, Megan Turocy, Mara Boak, Corey Hoffman, Kera Yelkin, Coach Patrick Pavlansky, Principal Abby Barone, and the students of Canfield High School as they celebrate this memorable season.

HONORING GEORGE E. CODY

**HON. JAMES P. McGOVERN**

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, March 29, 2001*

Mr. McGOVERN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor George E. Cody for his commitment to the Franklin Fire Department in Massachusetts.

George E. Cody began his career with the Franklin Fire Department on November 1, 1966. On November 4, 1983, he was added as a permanent firefighter, and was later promoted to Department Lieutenant on July 3, 1986. He retires today as the Captain of the Franklin Fire Department, a position he achieved on September 9, 1999, after over 30 years of dedicated service to the Franklin community.

George Cody is a lifelong resident of Franklin, Massachusetts, and a long time member of the Franklin Democratic Town Committee. George is a past member of the Franklin Charter Commission, and a present member of the Franklin Elks Organization. Throughout his life, George has been an extremely active member of the Franklin community. I would like to express my gratitude and admiration for the commitment that he has shown to the town and people of Franklin, Massachusetts.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

**HON. XAVIER BECERRA**

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, March 29, 2001*

Mr. BECERRA. Mr. Speaker, on March 20, 21, 22, 27, and 28, I was unable to cast my votes on rollcall votes: No. 51 on motion to suspend the rules and agree to H. Res. 67 as amended; No. 52 on motion to suspend the rules and agree on H. Con. Res. 41; No. 53 on motion to suspend the rules and agree on

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

H. Con. Res. 43; No. 54 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 1042 as amended; No. 55 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 1098; No. 56 on motion to adjourn; No. 57 on agreeing to the resolution H. Res. 93; No. 58 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 1099; No. 59 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 802 as amended; No. 60 on agreeing to the amendment to H.R. 247 offered by Mr. TRAFICANT of Ohio; No. 61 on passage of H.R. 247; No. 62 on agreeing to the resolution H. Res. 84; No. 63 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 801 as amended; No. 64 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 811 as amended; No. 65 on agreeing to the resolution H. Res. 100; No. 66 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. KUCINICH; No. 67 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. STENHOLM; No. 68 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. FLAKE; No. 69 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. SPRATT; and No. 70 on agreeing to the resolution H. Con. Res. 83. Had I been present for the votes, I would have voted "yea" on rollcall votes 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 66, 67, 69; and "nay" on rollcall votes 56, 57, 65, 68, and 70.

TRIBUTE TO JERRY CLEVELAND  
WHITMIRE

**HON. JAMES E. CLYBURN**

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, March 29, 2001*

Mr. CLYBURN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Mr. Jerry Cleveland Whitmire who passed away on December 19, 2000. Mr. Whitmire was a loyal servant of his community and of his country as an infantry officer in Korea and Vietnam. I believe the eulogy given by Reverend Charles M. Blackmon gives the most appropriate praise to this wonderful South Carolinian. Mr. Speaker, I ask you to join me today in honoring Mr. Whitmire.

EULOGY FOR JERRY CLEVELAND WHITMIRE  
DECEMBER 19, 2000

We are gathered, this afternoon, for a soldier's funeral. On his last journey in this world, Jerry Cleveland Whitmire—"Trigger"—will be draped in the flag of the United States of America, the flag for which he fought. And he will be escorted at each step by an Honor Guard, fellow soldiers of the United States Army.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have presided at more military funerals than I can possibly count. I am always impressed by the dignity and precision of the Honor Guard. I am also impressed by something else: These superbly trained soldiers are here for a specific purpose. They are here to remind us that it is not only family and friends who have come here to say farewell to Jerry. A grateful nation has also come here to say farewell. America is here to say farewell to a son, a dutiful servant, a hero.

It strikes me that to truly understand and appreciate this man, we need to look at his roots. We need to go back two generations to Jerry's grandfather and namesake, Jeremiah Cleveland Whitmire. Jeremiah was born in

1838. He was a blacksmith and yeoman farmer in the foothills of upper Greenville County. He did not own slaves—no Whitmire ever owned slaves. And when the legislature here in Columbia voted to secede from the Union, Jeremiah might not have agreed with all the reasons.

But Jeremiah was a man of duty and loyalty. When the war came, he hiked north to Ashville, where he mustered with the 14th North Carolina. In the ensuing years, he fought with gallantry in the Army of Northern Virginia: at Richmond, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, to the bitter end at Appomattox. At the conclusion of the war, his duty done, Jeremiah walked the hundreds of miles back to his beloved farm in Greenville.

Let me say this: Jeremiah would have been very, very proud of his grandson Jerry. He would have been proud that Jerry chose to go to The Citadel. He would have been proud of Jerry's decision to go into the infantry. He would have been proud that in the bitterest, coldest engagements in Korea, Jerry stood and fought at the point of maximum danger—as commander of rifle company on the front line. He would have understood Jerry's agony when a comrade fighting at his side, an African-American, sustained a terrible wound in the chest. Jerry cradled that man in his arms as he died.

Likewise, Jeremiah would have been proud of Jerry's combat service in Vietnam. He would have been proud that when the rest of America had become divided and uncertain—Jerry remained resolute and dutiful. Jerry was a soldier—he volunteered for a second combat tour in Vietnam.

And finally, Jeremiah would have been proud that at the end of the fighting, Jerry always returned to that same farm in upper Greenville County—land that Whitmires have farmed for more than two centuries. Jerry worked that land as a dairyman and cattleman throughout his adult life. He loved it with all his heart. Right up to the last, Jerry was happiest when he was tending his cattle, walking the bottomlands, jumping over creeks, climbing the highest hills. On that farm, Jerry Whitmire was at home.

Of course, for family and friends gathered here, we do not remember Jerry as a fierce warrior. We remember him as the gentlest of gentlemen—a man who was always full of laughter, a man who loved to make other people laugh. I'm told that, at the golf clubhouse at Fort Jackson, they serve a brew called "Trigger Beer" in recognition of his good spirits.

Jerry Whitmire was not a man of extraordinary virtues. He was a man of ordinary virtues possessed in extraordinary abundance. Kindness. Generosity. Charity. Honesty. Decency.

It's ironic. Jerry was a soldier who knew war intimately. But if the world did a better job of practicing those virtues that Jerry lived by, there would be no need for soldiers because there would be no war.

His brothers, James and Charles, will always remember him as an alter boy at Christ Episcopal in Greenville. Countless times they watched their baby brother Jerry carrying the tall silver cross down the center aisle. Jerry was—to the core—a Christian man. If he had one role model from the Gospels, it surely must have been the Good Samaritan. When it came to helping people and animals in need, Jerry knew no boundaries. He would always stop and help.

In the Gospels, Christ admonishes his followers to give away their possessions, including the shirts on their backs. On so

*March 29, 2001*