

granted permission to meet Thursday, June 29, at 2 p.m., to conduct an oversight hearing on the Clean Air Act's inspection and maintenance program.

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

SUBCOMMITTEE ON PARKS, HISTORIC PRESERVATION AND RECREATION

Mr. COHEN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Subcommittee on Parks, Historic Preservation and Recreation of the Committee on Energy and Natural Resources be granted permission to meet during the session of the Senate on Thursday, June 29, 1995, for purposes of conducting a Subcommittee hearing which is scheduled to begin at 2 p.m. The purpose of this hearing is to receive testimony on S. 594, a bill to provide for the administration of certain Presidio properties at minimal cost to the Federal taxpayer.

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

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS
TRIBUTE TO CHIEF JUSTICE
WARREN BURGER

Mr. HATFIELD. Mr. President, it is with great sadness that I heard of the passing of Chief Justice Warren Burger earlier this week. Today, I am thankful for this opportunity to reflect upon the life of a tireless public servant; he was committed to the judicial system and faithfully devoted to the Constitution. These two thematic strands permeated his public life, both during his legal career and after he had left the court. Serving as Chief Justice of the United States for 17 years, he led the Court through a gradual, centric shift, presiding with impartiality and fairness.

The Chief proved the terms liberal and conservative inadequate in characterizing his perspective on the Constitution. This pragmatism was put to the test in 1974 when he wrote the majority opinion in a unanimous decision which led to the resignation of the president who appointed him. The Court ruled that President Nixon must surrender tapes of recorded conversations, which had been subpoenaed during the Watergate investigation.

Much of his life's work focused on improving the operations and administration of the courts. Unsatisfied with status quo, the Chief began raising his voice against the problems in the judicial system. He advocated improving legal education with emphasis on practical skills and ethics. The Chief was a consummate victim's advocate, sympathizing with their rage, frustration, and bitterness.

He carried his dedication for efficiency into the halls of the Supreme Court. Faced with a litigation explosion, the Chief took pro-active measures to expedite the courts' handling of cases. He and he alone masterminded the consolidation of judicial services, now housed in the Thurgood Marshall Federal Judicial Building. His dedica-

tion to improving the structures of the courts was reflected in a 1986 resolution by the Conference of State Chief Justices and State Court Administrators to say that the Chief had done "more than any other person in history to improve the operation of all our nation's courts."

His veneration for the Constitution did not cease at the end of his judicial career. In 1978, in a speech at the National Archives, Chief Justice Burger proposed a 3-year-long observance of the bicentennial of the Constitution with the intent of reeducating citizens about the founding principles and ideals of this Nation focusing especially on young people. He wanted young minds to recognize the Constitution as a living document that continues to reflect the philosophies of its Framers and contemporary American virtues. Just 8 years later, the Chief stepped down from the position of Chief Justice to become chairman of the Bicentennial Commission. Under his direction this 5 year observance became a comprehensive program of activities, including projects in schools and colleges, major judicial gatherings, publication of books and pamphlets, massive distribution of copies of the Constitution, and the creation and preparation of television documentaries. He succeeded in giving the Nation a history and civics lesson.

The legacy of the Chief's promotion of civics education can be witnessed among the thousands of high school students who participate annually in the We the People * * * the Citizen and the Constitution Program. This program culminates in a competition where students test their knowledge of the founding documents before a panel of constitutional scholars. Lincoln High School has attended the national finals as State champions from Oregon, since the program's inception in 1987. This school's winning tradition has twice led them to the national title. As I watched Warren congratulating these students from Oregon, his devotion to the Constitution and his desire to transmit this enthusiasm to the students was evident. It was as if someone had given him a shot of adrenalin.

In the various tributes and salutes done in the publications around the country, the human side of Warren Burger is often overlooked. I was fortunate to share a personal relationship with the Chief. We had similar interests, from our love of history and antiquities to our mutual quest for the perfect garden. We were two green thumbs serving the public in our civic capacities. Warren was a man of many distinctions. Historians will remember him for his professional achievements, I will remember him as an admirable colleague and dear friend.

SMOKE-FREE CLASS OF 2000
FORUM

• Mr. BREAUX. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent the following let-

ters from students in my State be printed as a part of the Record. Kevin LeSaicherre and Leah Poche were youth ambassadors to the annual Smoke-free Class of 2000 Forum.

The letters follow:

PONCHATOUA, LA, March 9, 1995.

Hon. BOB LIVINGSTON,
Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, DC.

DEAR REPRESENTATIVE LIVINGSTON: This week in school I learned quite a bit in regard to how hazardous smoking is to my health. I am a seventh grader at St. Joseph School in Ponchatoula. I heard about the Smoke-Free Class of 2000 and wanted to become involved. I am writing this letter to suggest that all the buildings in Louisiana become smoke free. Can you assist me in this goal?

When I go to restaurants with my family, I can still smell cigarette smoke even if we sit in a non-smoking section. That most likely means that my family is receiving second-hand smoke. I believe that people do not deserve second-hand smoke if they are not the ones smoking.

According to a graph of high school seniors using 1993 information, 19½% of boys surveyed smoked and 18½% of the girls surveyed smoked. This shows that many people are young when they begin smoking. According to the law, most seniors are not even old enough to buy cigarettes. Stores are not supposed to sell cigarettes to people under the age of 18.

If people cannot smoke in the buildings of Louisiana, it would make it more difficult of them to smoke. Maybe that would make some of them stop smoking. In addition, the non-smoking public would not be exposed to second-hand smoke.

Another plan I have is to change the Surgeon General's warning on the cigarette ads, cartons, and billboards. It should be readable instead of being so small and all the dangers and risks of smoking should be listed. Thank you for your help in these matters.

Sincerely,

KEVIN LE-SAICHERRE.

PONCHATOUA, LA, March 12, 1995.

MAYOR JULIAN DUFRECHE,
City Hall, Ponchatoula, LA.

DEAR MR. MAYOR: Hi, my name is Leah Poche. I'm a seventh grader at St. Joseph School. I would like to call your attention to the obstacle facing Ponchatoula's youth. I am talking about the pressure set upon us in regard to cigarettes and spit-tobacco.

Cigarettes, we have detected are harmful to our body. In 1965 Congress passed a law requiring packages of cigarettes to have a health caution label. Since 1971 commercial ads on cigarettes and spit-tobacco were banned from television and radio. In 1972 manufacturers agreed to include health caution labels in all cigarette advertisements. In 1984 a system of four different warning labels were created.

These are all great improvements. But unfortunately people just keep buying. My class has seen video after video about people who smoke and do spit-tobacco. That is great, but some people still think that it is a major joke. It isn't. I know from former experiences that smoking anything can destroy your life and the life of the people who love you. Many people do not realize this until it is too late.

My question is why. Why do people even grow tobacco? We know that it is harmful to the body. So what purpose does tobacco serve in life but to just destroy life.

Many people believe that the government should raise taxes on cigarettes. I have thought about this and I personally believe that if this takes place that the results will

be harmful to everyone. We do not know how far people would go to get cigarettes. For example, if teenagers were not to have enough money to buy the cigarettes that they would go to extreme measures to obtain the money. They would start to rob people, houses, and businesses. Innocent people would just get hurt. Already the violence in Ponchatoula has increased. And if taxes go up the violence might get totally out of control.

Now I would like to make a suggestion to use the tax money that we already receive from the purchase of cigarettes and spit-tobacco to inform people more about the dangers of it's use.

I would like to thank you for your time to read this letter and ask that you do something about this major problem.

Sincerely yours,

LEAH POCHE'•

EULOGY FOR DEBRA LYNN SIMMONS STULL

• Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, there is nothing that confounds our logic and our sense of justice more than life cut short before its time. And when a person of special character and giftedness dies young, the loss casts a long shadow over everyone who knew the individual. The memory never completely recedes into the past, nor do we ever find a point of comfortable reconciliation with it.

Such is the case with the recent and untimely death of Debra Lynn Simmons Stull, sister of my director of communications, Kyle Simmons. A wife, a mother, a sister and a daughter, Debbie had already led a life that was rich with family bonds, with church service, and with community involvement. She was so energetic and vibrant that everyone who knew her naturally expected she would long outlast them all. But that was not to be. An accident at home suddenly interrupted this shining life, leaving the many who loved her the difficult task of sorting it all out.

Debbie's brother Kyle composed a beautiful eulogy for his sister, which I would like to read into the RECORD. It tells the story of a remarkable individual—who was not a person of title or lofty position, not someone whose name was regularly mentioned on the weekend talk shows, nor someone who even remotely desired such attention—yet Debbie Stull lived her life in a way that made the world she inhabited immeasurably better and that profoundly touched each person she knew.

In this time of mourning, I would like to extend my sympathy to the Stull and Simmons families. May you find the grace and strength to help you through this present hardship.

EULOGY FOR DEBBIE STULL, JUNE 24, 1995

It doesn't surprise me or my family one bit that the occasion of my sister Debbie's death has produced such an outpouring of public support and comfort.

Debbie wasn't neutral or ambivalent about anything—so, consequently, it was impossible to be neutral or ambivalent about her. And, in her case, everyone loved her.

She was one of life's active participants. If you were ever around her, you knew that she engaged you with her smile, her laugh, her

warmth. As my Mom said recently, Debbie came at life with a balled-up fist—determined to ring from it all the vitality it could offer. And she did.

For some, emotion is like water collecting behind the wall of a dam, but for Debbie it was a never ending spring which flowed freely and would wash over anyone lucky enough to be nearby. As someone said to me last night at the visitation, she always made you feel special.

No doubt she touched your lives in many ways. Some of you will recall her wonderful singing voice. She always loved music and singing in church was always her favorite.

And let me say to the many children in her choir, Miss Debbie loved you. Nothing would make her happier than for all of you to go on singing.

Others may remember her as the always ready volunteer, ready to pitch in and help. Still others will recall the glow of her irrepressible smile—she smiled more than any other person I ever knew. And I'm sure others were on the receiving end of one of her hugs which said, "I understand."

Of course, she touched us, too.

My Dad moved the family in 1952, to St. Petersburg, Florida, where he began his career as a Baptist minister. Not yet 30, he and Mom raised Anne, Debbie, and Bob in a world of real togetherness.

It didn't take Debbie long to make her mark.

In his early childhood, Bob was slightly more interested in the world that turned inside his head than what was happening elsewhere. You could call him a dreamer.

Ordinarily, this quality would have marked him as an easy target for some of the other kids except that Debbie—in addition to being his sister—was also the neighborhood enforcer. It was widely known that if you messed with Bob, you messed with Debbie. And, of course, that fact was enough to make Bob's interior world safe from harm. Years later, Bob would remark that Debbie would march through the gates of Hell for you. And he was right.

Anne and Debbie sang together. When they were teenagers the task of washing and drying the dishes fell to them. They didn't seem to mind too much because it gave them chance to sing hymns. With Anne's rich alto and Debbie's clear soprano, their voices were beautiful together. As they grew older, they sang together less and less, but what we wouldn't give to hear their sisterly voices wrap around each other one more time in harmony.

Mom and Debbie were best friends. Debbie's social ease and grace came from Mom. And it was only Debbie who could match Mom's enthusiasm for shopping.

The last time they were together, they woke at 6 a.m. to drive three hours to Jacksonville for a day of shopping—nine full hours worth. Although I've not asked, I have no doubt the radio was never turned on during that long drive home—they simply had too much to talk about. With those two, the apple did not fall from the tree.

All the way to the end, my Dad's nickname for Debbie was "flea." It was his fatherly way, I think, of capturing at once her boundless energy and how sweet and small and precious she was to him. Debbie always loved his special name for her. And it was always with love that he used it.

Anne Kathryn, I don't need to tell you how much your Momma loved you. You were the light in her life. I cannot recall a single conversation with your Mom when she didn't tell me how and what you were doing—and she was always so proud of you.

David, what can be said? We love you. Debbie's life force was so strong it made us believe she would be here forever, but we were wrong.

And so we huddle together today to say goodbye to Debra Lynn Simmons Stull; sister and daughter, mother and wife, friend and neighbor, partner in song.

We commit her body to the earth, her soul to the heavens—but her spirit lives on in every last one of us who ever knew her.

We will miss her very, very much. •

THE DEATH OF EFREM KURTZ

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise to report to the Senate the sad news of the death, in London, of the beloved American conductor Efrem Kurtz. He passed away at the great age of 95 after a career unequaled in the history of music in the 20th century, which he all but spawned. He was, of course, born in St. Petersburg in 1900, later moving to Berlin where he conducted the Berlin Philharmonic, thence to Stuttgart where he directed the philharmonic there from 1924 to 1933. As a Jew, he left what was by then Nazi Germany. He became a guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, the NBC Symphony, the San Francisco and Chicago Symphonies, and for the longest while the Kansas City Symphony. He was a guest conductor of many orchestras in Europe, Japan, Australia, Canada, Israel, the Soviet Union, and much of the rest of the world. But the "International Who's Who," 1994-95, identifies him as American conductor, the term I used earlier. He was awarded a gold disc by Columbia Records after the sale of three million of his recordings with the New York Philharmonic alone. He was loved and admired the world over, but most especially here in the United States. We shall miss him even as we have the treasure of his memory. Our great sympathy goes to his beloved wife, Mary.

In order that the RECORD might show the range of his achievements, I ask that there be included at this point the entry of Efrem Kurtz from "Current Biography," 1946, at which time he had just begun conducting the Kansas City Philharmonic. Finally, I would ask that a flag be flown over the Capitol in his honor and presented to his widow.

The biography follows:

[From CURRENT BIOGRAPHY, 1946]

Kurtz, Efrem Nov. 7, 1900—Conductor. Address: b. c/o Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Kansas City, MO.

One of the younger men who have been gradually demonstrating their competence in the orchestral field is Efrem Kurtz, permanent conductor of the Kansas City, Philharmonic Orchestra. After an impressive debut in Berlin in 1920 as a last-minute substitute, he became known as a conductor of symphony, and as musical director of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, in Europe, South America, Australia, and the United States.

One of four children, all musical, Efrem Kurtz was born in St. Petersburg Russia, on November 7, 1900. He is the son of Aron and Sima Kurtz. His father, a storekeeper, loved music but did not play an instrument. His mother, however, played the piano, and his grandfather had conducted a military band for Czar Nicholas I. Through his grandmother he is distantly related to Mendelssohn. Young Kurtz received most of this musical education at the conservatory in St.