

I met another man who had dropped out of school in frustration. Not until he tried to enlist in the military did he discover he was nearly deaf. The operator of a creamery's cheese-cutting machine told me he never learned to read because his family had been in a perpetual uproar, his mother leaving his father seven times in one year. And I met a farm wife, 59, who rarely left her mountaintop. But now, with tutoring, she was finally learning to read, devouring novels—"enjoyment books," she called them.

In central Vermont, these struggling readers receive free tutoring from nonprofit Adult Basic Education offices, each employing a few professionals, like Sherry Olson, but relying heavily on armies of volunteers, like me. Other states have their own systems. Usually, the funding is a combination of federal and state money, sometimes augmented with donations. Mostly, budgets are bare bones.

Many states also rely on nonprofit national organizations, like Laubach Literacy Action (Laubach International's U.S. division) and Literacy Volunteers of America, both headquartered in Syracuse, New York, to train volunteers. Laubach's Bob Caswell told me that, nationwide, literacy services reach only 10 percent of adult nonreaders. "Any effort is a help," he said.

Help has come late for Ken Adams. Reviewing his portfolio, I found the goals he set for himself when he began: "To read and write better. And to get out and meet people and develop more trust." Asked by Sherry to cite things that he does well, he had mentioned "fixing equipment, going to school and learning to read, trying new things, telling stories, farming." He remembered being in a Christmas play in second grade and feeling good about that. And he remembered playing football in school: "They would pass it to me and I'd run across the goal to make a score." He mentioned no fond family memories. But he had some good moments. "I remember the first time I learned to drive a tractor," he had said. "We were working in the cornfields. I was proud of that." And a later notation, after he had several months of tutoring, made me think of Ken living alone in his hand-built farmhouse on ten acres atop the mountain. "I like to use recipes," he said. "I use them more as I learn to read and write better. I made Jell-O with fruit, and I make bean salad. I feel good I can do that."

In our tutoring sessions, between bouts with the vocabulary cards, Ken tells me he was the oldest of four children. When he was small, his father forced him to come along to roadside bars, and then made Ken sit alone in the car for hours. Ken remembers shivering on subzero nights. "He always said I'd never amount to nothing," Ken says.

I ask Ken, one day, if his inability to read has made life difficult. He tells me, "My father said I'd never get a driver's license, and he said nobody would ever help me." Ken had to walk five miles down his mountain and then miles along highways to get to work. "And," he recalls, "I was five years in the quarries in Graniteville—that was a long way." Sometimes he paid neighbors to drive him down the mountain. "They said the same as my father, that I'd never get a license," he says. "They wanted the money."

It was not until he was 40 years old that he applied for a license. He had memorized sign shapes and driving rules, and he passed easily. "After I got my license I'd give people a ride down myself," he says. "And they'd ask, 'How much?' And I'd always say, 'Nothing, not a danged thing!'"

To review the words he has learned, Ken maintains a notebook. On each page, in large block letters, he writes the new word, along with a sentence using the word. He also tapes to each page a picture illustrating the sen-

tence, as a memory aid. To keep him supplied with pictures to snip, I bring him my old magazines. He is partial to animals. He points to one photograph, a black bear cub standing upright and looking back winsomely over its shoulder. "That one there's my favorite," Ken says. And then he tells me, glowering, that he has seen drivers swerve to intentionally hit animals crossing the road. "That rabbit or raccoon ain't hurting anyone," he says.

We start a new book, *The Strawberry Dog*. Ken picks out the word "dog" in the title. "That dog must eat strawberries," he says. "I used to have a dog like that. I was picking blackberries. Hey, where were those berries going? Into my dog!"

We read these books to help Ken learn words by sight and context. But it seems odd, a white-haired man mesmerized by stories about talkative beavers and foppish toads. Yet, I find myself mesmerized, too. The sessions are reteaching me the exhilaration I found in narrative as a child, listening to my father read about Peter Churchmouse. Our classes glide by, a succession of vocabulary words—"house," "would," "see"—interwoven with stories about agrarian hippopotamuses and lost dogs befriended.

One afternoon it is my last session with Ken. We have wrestled with words through a Christmas and a March sugaring, a mid-summer haying, an October when Ken's flannel shirts were specked with sawdust from chain-sawing stove logs. Now the fields outside are snowy; it is Christmas again.

My wife and I give Ken a present that she picked out. It is bottles of jam and honey and watermelon pickles, nicely wrapped. Ken quickly slides the package into his canvas tote bag with his homework. "Aren't you going to open it?" Sherry asks. "I'll open it Christmas day," Ken says. "It's the only present I'll get." "No it isn't," she says, and she hands him a present she has brought.

And so we begin our last session with Ken looking pleased. I start with a vocabulary review. "Ignition coil," Ken says, getting the first card right off. He gets "oil filter," too. He peers at the next card. "Have," he says. And he reads the review sentence: "Have you gone away?"

He is cruising today. When I flip the next card, he says, "There's that 'for.'" It is a word that used to stump him. I turn another card. He gets it instantly. "But." He gets "at," then another old nemesis, "are." I ask him to read the card's review sentence. "Are we going down . . . street?" he says. He catches himself. "Nope. That's downtown!"

I am amazed at Ken's proficiency. A while ago, I had complained to my wife that Ken's progress seemed slow. She did some math: one and a half hours of tutoring a week, with time off for vacations and snowstorms and truck breakdowns, comes to about 70 hours a year. "That's like sending a first grader to school for only 12 days a year," she said. And so I am doubly amazed at how well Ken is reading today. Besides, Sherry Olson has told me that he now sounds out—or just knows—words that he never could have deciphered when he began. And this reticent man has recently read his own poems to a group of fellow tutees—his new friends—and their neighbors at a library get-together.

But now we try something new, a real-world test: reading the supermarket advertising inserts from a local newspaper. Each insert is a hodge-podge of food pictures, product names and prices. I point to a word and Ken ponders. "C" he says finally. "And it's got those two e's—so that would be 'coffee!'" I point again. He gets "Pepsi." Silently, he sounds out the letters on a can's label. "So that's 'corn,'" he announces. He picks out "brownies." This is great. And then, even better he successfully sounds out the modifier: "Fudge," he says. "They-uh!"

We're on a roll. But not I point to the page's most tortuous word. Ken starts in the middle again. "ta?" I point my finger at the first letters. "Po," he says, unsure. As always when he reads, Ken seems like a beginning swimmer. He goes a few strokes. Flounders.

"Po-ta . . .," Ken says. He's swum another stroke. "To," he says, sounding out the last syllable. "Po-ta-to, po-ta-to—Hey, that's potato!" He's crossed the pond. "Ken!" I say. "Terrific!" He sticks out his chin. He almost smiles. "Well, I done better this time," he says. "Yup, I did good." ●

THE PASSING OF MR. KENNETH KOHLI

● Mr. KEMPTHORNE. Mr. President, I am deeply saddened at the tragic death of Ken Kohli, an outstanding individual with whom I have had the pleasure of working and knowing for years. Last Friday, the plane in which he and two others were flying crashed in the Cabinet Mountains of Montana, claiming all three lives.

It is a tragedy when one so talented, and with such a bright future, is lost at such a young age. Ken was only 35, and yet he had established himself as a leader in our State. He grew up in Coeur d'Alene, ID and attended Northern Idaho College, serving as NIC student body president. He then went on to complete his education at Colorado College and Rutgers University in New Jersey.

When Ken returned to Coeur d'Alene, he put his passion for public policy to work for the Intermountain Forest Industry Association as its communication director. Ken's colleagues and friends will always remember him for the intelligence, energy, and positive attitude with which he approached his work and his life. Ken understood the basic nature of Idahoans and their love for the land, and he recognized the important of our State's natural resources to jobs and families.

He had an appreciation for and a unique ability to work toward consensus and find that balance so that we were protecting our resources while at the same time making wise use of them for the benefit of all. Ken was a strong voice at the table, but he was always a reasonable voice.

My thoughts and prayers are with his family, in particular with his wife, Susan, and their three children, Kyle, Lauren, and Luke. ●

RECOGNIZING OUR FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICERS

● Mr. AKAKA. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize two fine and outstanding foreign service officers stationed in our Beijing, China, embassy who went beyond the call of duty to help an American citizen in time of need. Ms. Stephanie Fossan and Mr. Kai Ryssdale exemplify the "can do" spirit that all our foreign service officers provide for many of our overseas citizens.

In a letter I received from a Hawaii constituent doing business in China, he

describes an incident where he lost his passport a day before his departure from Beijing. Without his passport he knew he would most certainly have to miss his scheduled flight. Because this was peak travel season for many Asians and the airlines were solidly booked, it would also mean an indefinite stay in China. This delay would become very difficult for this person because of health concerns and the lack of his daily medication.

Ms. Fossan and Mr. Ryssdale worked beyond normal working hours to ensure that this Hawaii resident could secure a temporary passport. With temporary passport in hand, my constituent went to the Chinese Security Office to get his visa stamped, and he was able to board his plane to Honolulu the next morning as scheduled.

All too often the hard work and dedication of our foreign service officers go overlooked. Many of these people live and work in very difficult conditions. The Secretary of State has testified before a committee of the Senate about "sewer gases" leaking into the embassy building in Beijing and the difficult living conditions under which the Americans who work there must endure.

Ms. Fossan and Mr. Ryssdale represent the best in foreign service personnel who serve and protect our citizens abroad. To all personnel serving in our embassies abroad and to the Honorable James Sasser, Ambassador to the Peoples Republic of China, and his staff, I say thank you for your dedicated work for our country. •

THE PASSING OF MR. ALFRED HALL

• Mr. KEMPTHORNE. Mr. President, among those tragically killed last Friday in a plane crash on Crowell Mountain southeast of Libby, MT, was Mr. Alfred (Al) Hall.

Al Hall worked as the pilot for Idaho Forest Industries [IFI], and flew with his son Cody, as his co-pilot. I speak from personal experience that Al was a fine pilot, as I was able to fly with him several times. I have to tell you that I enjoyed flying with Al and his son Cody because of the enthusiasm they shared for their work. I remember one particular flight during which Al commented that he was the luckiest man he knew. When I asked him why, he responded that it was because his co-pilot was his best friend, and also happened to be his son.

His supervisors at IFI were recently quoted as saying that Al "probably had every rating that an aviator could have." He was known as an experienced and safe pilot, gained from years of experience beginning with his time as a Navy pilot, then as a pilot for the Forest Service, and for Empire Airlines before he went on to work for IFI.

Al leaves behind his wife, Mary Mac Hall, and two adult children, his son, Cody, and his daughter, Laura. The thoughts and prayers of myself and my staff are with them all. •

TRIBUTE TO PAUL DENSEN

• Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize Paul Densen on his 80th birthday, which is on August 8. I want to honor Paul not simply because he has reached a milestone, but because his life has been a model of public service and philanthropy.

After fighting for his country in World War II, he headed a major packaging corporation until the 1970's. His philosophy has always been that success obligates us to give something back to the society that enabled us to succeed. When we succeed, we owe something to our community and to those who may be less fortunate. Densen's record of philanthropy and community service confirms that attitude.

He is associate governor of the international board of governors of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and a member of the board of directors and a vice-president of the American Friends of Hebrew University. He also serves as a board member of the Suburban Community Music Center in Madison, NJ.

Paul has been a member of the board of directors of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, a member of the dialog committee on interreligious affairs at Seton Hall University, and a budget committee member for the Jewish Education Association. He was also president of the West Orange Charter Association and a member of the West Orange Economic Development Committee.

Given this record, it's probably not surprising that it was public service which initially brought Paul and I together. Our first meeting took place decades ago, when we met to discuss the Lautenberg Center for General and Tumor Immunology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem-Hadassah Medical School.

Since 1976, Paul has been chairman of the center's endowment committee, and he has been a driving force in its development and volunteer recruitment efforts. Without Paul's dedication and leadership, the Lautenberg Center could not have achieved the remarkable history of success of which we are all so proud.

Mr. President, many people have benefited from Paul Densen's work, and I have certainly benefited from our friendship. I congratulate Paul on his 80th birthday. Reaching this milestone is a cause for celebration. However, through his work, his public service and his civic involvement, Paul definitely proves that what's important isn't simply the years in our life, but the life in our years. •

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION APPROPRIATIONS BILL

• Mr. MCCAIN. Mr. President, last night I voted against the Department of Transportation appropriations bill. I would like to take a minute of the Senate's time to explain my reasons for

my vote. I had intended to give the following remarks on the Senate floor last night. However, due to the late hour, I chose not to keep the Senate any longer than necessary and instead therefore ask unanimous consent that my statement appear in the RECORD at this time.

First, Mr. President, let me commend the chairman and the ranking member of the subcommittee for all their hard work on this important bill. Their diligence in bringing this bill up and passing it so quickly is ample evidence of their abilities.

I wish I were able to state that I could support their bill—unfortunately, I am not. As with other appropriations bills which I have voted against, I believe that we must begin to stop the practice of earmarking funds. Earmarking is not fair and disproportionately effects where the taxpayer's money is being spent.

For example, Mr. President, the discretionary grants account of the highway trust fund earmarks hundreds of millions of dollars for fixed guideway systems. The bill goes on to list where the money should be spent. To no one's surprise, the motherload of the funds goes to States represented by appropriators.

I am also very concerned that the proviso noting that funds are available for fixed guideway modernization notes that such funds will be available notwithstanding any provision of law. This language was added as a Senate amendment. I would inquire why the Senate felt this proviso was necessary?

I would hope that there was no intention here to insulate items from the line item veto or any other budget cutting tools. I would hope the managers of the bill assure me that such a result was not their intention.

Mr. President, I want to return to the subject of developing a system to determine national priorities. I have discussed this issue before and would like to return to it now. In the area of military construction, Senator GLENN and I have worked with the Department of Defense to develop a system where the Pentagon prioritizes their construction needs.

At the insistence of my good friends, Senator SHELBY, the courts have done the same. I want to point out that until Senator SHELBY took over the Treasury-Postal Subcommittee, courthouse construction in the country was based on no rational plan and hundreds of millions of dollars were wasted. Thanks to Senator SHELBY, the courts—against their will—now prioritize which courthouses should be built. This enables the Congress to spend the taxpayer's money in a more responsible manner.

I would hope we could institute a similar process for the Department of Transportation and the many projects and other earmarks funded by this bill.

Mr. President, such a system not only gives Members of Congress the information needed to make better