

first coal-fueled aircraft from Morgantown, West Virginia to National airport. Senator Randolph was always looking for ways in which coal mined by his coal-mining constituents could be used to help strengthen and stabilize the economic base of his beloved State of West Virginia.

And finally, but never lastly, the Senator realized his long held dream of establishing a peace-arm of the U.S. Government. Serving under Roosevelt when the Nation was drawn into World War II, Randolph believed that the U.S. Government ought to have a Peace Department since it had a War Department (the War Department was changed to the Defense Department in 1948, the year after Randolph left the House). It took him from 1943 to 1984—41 years—but the last legislative initiative he authored and guided to enactment was the creation of the U.S. Institute for Peace, a still vital, thriving institution devoted to the waging of peace, not war.

Speaking of the U.S. Institute of Peace, the Senate's consideration of the legislation in 1984 was not an easy road. Some of the more conservative Members accused him of creating an institution that would attract communists and become a possible security risk. And one Member went so far as to call Senator Randolph the "Jane Fonda" of the Senate. Randolph did not respond to the charges, of course, for that was not his way. But he did try to get President Reagan to support his Peace Institute bill.

One day, when the Labor and Public Welfare Committee in the Senate was about to vote on whether to waive the budget act so that the Randolph Peace Institute bill could come to the floor for a vote, President Reagan called Senator Randolph. The Senator gently but firmly said to the Committee Clerk: Please tell the President I am busy here. I will have to call him back." In about 15 minutes the Committee had voted favorably on the budget waiver Senator Randolph needed, and he then turned to the Clerk and said: Please get the President for me, I can talk with him now. To which the Clerk replied: The White House is still on the line, Senator, waiting for you to finish.

Randolph still did not get the President to endorse his bill, but he spoke with him about why he should do so.

As I conclude, Mr. Speaker, I quote from Senator Randolph's maiden speech on the House floor in 1933, when he said,

Volumes have been written about kings and emperors; historians have told of the exploits of a thousand heroes of battle; biographers have packed into colorful words the life and death of our statesmen; while painters have filled galleries with the likenesses of our living great.

Some day, some enterprising young scholar will write volumes about Jennings Randolph, and historians will tell of his exploits, and biographers will pack many colorful words about the life of this mighty statesman from West Virginia, Jennings Randolph.

INTRODUCTION OF AUTO CHOICE REFORM ACT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from

Texas (Mr. ARMEY) is recognized during morning hour debates for 2 minutes.

Mr. ARMEY. Mr. Speaker, tomorrow the Subcommittee on Finance and Hazardous Materials of the Committee on Commerce will hold a hearing on my bill, the Auto Choice Reform Act, which will cut auto insurance premiums by 24 percent and save American drivers \$193 billion over 5 years.

Today we are forced to pay more than is necessary for auto liability insurance in order to be eligible to play the tort lottery, whether we want to or not. Some people see this lottery as a way to hit the jackpot. They exaggerate their real damages in order to sue for huge noneconomic damage awards. This fraud and abuse, as well as the excessive lawsuits, have helped drive up the cost of auto insurance and have led to the undercompensation of seriously injured victims.

Auto Choice addresses these problems by giving American drivers a choice in the kind of insurance they can buy. Under Auto Choice they can stay in the tort system or they can opt to collect their actual losses from their own insurance company and forego suits for economic damages. In exchange, they will see lower premiums and better compensation.

Americans should be free to buy the auto insurance policy that best fits their needs. Auto Choice gives them this freedom.

THE ARMENIAN JOURNEY TO WORCESTER

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. MCGOVERN) is recognized during morning hour debates for 1 minute.

Mr. MCGOVERN. Mr. Speaker, on Sunday I had the privilege to welcome to Worcester, Massachusetts, His Holiness Karekin I, Supreme Patriarch and Catholicos of all Armenians.

Also present were Worcester Mayor Raymond Mariano; Massachusetts Governor Paul Celluci; Archbishop Khajag Barsamian, Primate of the Diocese of the Armenian Church of America; Reverent Father Aved Terzian, Pastor of the Armenian Church of our Savior; and many other ecumenical and governmental officials.

Worcester is a fitting site to welcome his Holiness on his Pontifical visit to celebrate the centennial of the Armenian church in the United States. In 1891, the Armenian Church of our Savior on Salisbury Street in Worcester was the first Armenian church founded in the United States.

Today, over 1,400 Armenian Americans reside in the Third Congressional District of Massachusetts. The history of their journeys to America is a proud and important part of our community heritage.

These stories were recently highlighted in a published story in the Worcester Magazine entitled, "The Ar-

menian Journey to Worcester". In honor of the visit of his Holiness to Worcester, I include the story in the RECORD:

[From Worcester Magazine, Apr. 29, 1998]

THE ARMENIAN JOURNEY TO WORCESTER

(By Clare Karis)

"Who today remembers the extermination of the Armenians?" Adolf Hitler's ominous words, spoken on the eve of his invasion of Poland on Aug. 22, 1939, launched his six-year extermination of 6 million Jews and 7 million others. His reasoning, unconscionable as it was, was chillingly clear: Not much attention was paid to that genocide, surely we can up the count this time.

Nearly 60 years later, the average American knows little of the Armenian Genocide. But that blood-soaked page of history is seared indelibly into the memories of those who survived. Those who saw their own mothers doused with kerosene and set on fire. Those who saw their brothers beheaded. Those who saw their families, one by one, drop starved and exhausted to the burning desert sands. Those who saw a river run red with blood. Those who, by whatever twist of fate or fortune, escaped with their lives.

But those survivors' numbers are fast dwindling. Children who witnessed the Armenian Genocide of 1915 are now 90 or so. And as the corps of survivors is reduced, so too is the chance that the story will be documented, recorded and passed on—and heeded.

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." George Santayana's prophecy, inscribed in the atrium of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, is darkly telling on the 83rd anniversary of the genocide, which began April 24, 1915, and before its end claimed the lives of up to 2 million Armenians.

A goodly number of the diaspora settled in Worcester. The Armenians equated the city with America; they would say, "Worcester is America." A strong and insular Armenian community sprang up in the Laurel Hill neighborhood, which reminded the emigres of the sun-splashed hills and valleys of their beloved homeland. That neighborhood was known as "Little Armenia"; after housing became scarce there the population spilled out onto nearby streets—Chandler, Bancroft, Pleasant, May, Irving—to become the colony "Big Armenia." It was a joyful day for the God-fearing tempest-tossed when the Laurel Street Church opened its doors for worship and community gatherings.

The survivors live each day with their memories. Their ears echo even now with the sound of an ax splitting a door, bullets whistling through the air, a baby crying over its mother's body. Their unrelenting mind's eye flashes back and then fast-forwards—like jump cuts in a macabre film noir—to and from images that can never be forgotten.

For some eyewitnesses, the memories run clear and pure as a mountain stream. For others, the waters have muddied; images have begun to dim and blur and overlap until it's hard to separate what happened eight decades ago from yesterday's daydream or last week's nightmare. One of our chroniclers, Dr. George Ogden, is very careful to say that he can't be quite sure that all he remembers today happened exactly the way he thinks it did. It was a lifetime ago, after all, and he was just a little boy. But how can he forget being dragged to a police station and having his hands flayed until they bled because he hummed a patriotic song?

In the book *Black Dog of Fate*, a cousin of author Peter Balakian gives this account of what she saw along the Euphrates. "We were delirious from hunger and thirst. We picked seed out of the camel dung and cleaned them