

income and most from the city of Milwaukee. The Counseling Center has always been a place where clients could turn when they had nowhere else to go. Through public and private funding, the Counseling Center provides service to anyone in need, regardless of their ability to pay. This includes more than 7,000 citizens in the Greater Milwaukee area served in 1999.

I am proud to join in celebrating the 30th anniversary of the Counseling Center of Milwaukee. I thank the dedicated employees and volunteers of the Center for their significant contributions to the mental health of the citizens of my state, and wish them a prosperous future.●

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

● Mr. GRAMS. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize National Library Week and pay tribute to those dedicated individuals who, through their passion for books and learning, make our libraries places of great discovery.

If a child wants to know everything there is to know about space, you could send them up there in a rocket ship. If they're interested in tornadoes, you could send them out after one with a crew of storm chasers. If they'd like to meet George Washington, you could even send them back in time. You could—if you just knew how.

Or, you could send them to the library instead.

National Library Week is April 9–15, and there's no better place than our libraries for bringing the world and the events that shape it—past and present—to life. Fortunately, a child doesn't need any special gadgets to experience all the library has to offer; they just need a library card.

As Congress debates important issues like the federal budget and how to save Social Security, the library is also an excellent place for young people to learn more about government and what's happening in Washington. And of course, the librarians are always there to help.

On the occasion of National Library Week, I urge all Americans to check out a book—and “check out” all the riches their local library has to offer.●

NATIONAL VOLUNTEER WEEK

● Mr. GRAMS. Mr. President, boxer Muhammad Ali once said, “Service to others is the rent you pay for your room here on earth.” Minnesota's volunteers exemplify that philosophy, and during National Volunteer Week, April 9–15, we celebrate their passion for their communities.

National Volunteer Week offers an opportunity to salute the millions of dedicated men, women, and young people for their efforts and their commitment to serve. Volunteers are one of this nation's most valuable resources,

making this year's Volunteer Week theme—“Celebrate Volunteers!”—very appropriate.

Minnesotans can be proud that our state has one of the highest rates of volunteerism in the nation. While 56 percent of Americans volunteer nationally, two-thirds of all Minnesotans give back to their communities through volunteering. According to state officials, this show of strength returns \$6.5 billion a year in donated hours to Minnesota communities.

Thanks to the many Minnesota volunteers who help make our communities better, more compassionate places to live. For those who have yet to discover the joy that comes from serving others, I invite them to get involved—and remember the words of Henry David Thoreau: “One is not born into the world to do everything but to do something.” Volunteering is truly your opportunity to do something.●

IN MEMORY OF LEE PETTY

● Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, I rise today to remember auto racing's Lee Petty, who died last week at the age of 86. A pioneer of the sport, he claimed 55 titles, including the inaugural Daytona 500 in 1959, before a 1961 collision ended his competitive career. His son Richard carried the torch with style, collecting seven Winston Cup trophies and establishing a fan base Lee Petty could have only dreamed of back in the late 1940s when he was scorching North Carolina dirt tracks. But it doesn't end there. Lee's grandson, Kyle, a good friend of mine, continues to find success on the NASCAR circuit and Lee's 17-year-old great-grandson, Adam, recently made his NASCAR debut.

The name Petty has become synonymous with racing, and for good reason. Lee Petty had the foresight to invest in a sport with little pedigree but a heaping portion of American guts and glory. He understood that a driver's personality was often as powerful as the car he drove, and spectators would pay good money to go along for the ride. His empire, Petty Enterprises, bears witness to the clarity of that vision, having produced 271 race winners and 10 NASCAR champions.

Despite great success, Lee Petty never acted like a superstar. He lived with his wife, Elizabeth, in the same modest house where they had raised their children. Perhaps humbleness, and a willingness to brave the hot sun for hours to sign autographs, will prove to be Lee Petty's greatest contribution to American sports. An editorial in Charleston, SC's daily newspaper, the Post and Courier, concludes: “In a day where money seems to be the overriding concern of so many athletes, Lee Petty was a reminder of what is important in the sporting world—and why folks gravitate toward the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing.

Lee Petty's grown-up NASCAR has never forgotten that a professional sport should be family- and fan-oriented.” The patriarch of one of professional sports' most celebrated families, Lee Petty has left a legacy that will linger over American racetracks for generations to come.●

COMMENTS ON VIETNAM

● Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, we have all read a lot on Vietnam, but nothing more thoughtful than the brief comments by Charleston, S.C.'s Charles T. “Bud” Ferillo, Jr. in the College of Charleston magazine, “The Cistern.” Mr. Ferillo, a 1972 graduate of the college, served in Vietnam. I ask that his comments be printed in the RECORD.

The comments follow:

PERSPECTIVES

(By Charles T. (Bud) Ferillo, Jr.)

Well before I was drafted, I viewed America's involvement in Vietnam a political mistake at home, a foreign policy of misjudgment in Southeast Asia and a personal tragedy for the tens of thousands of Vietnamese and Americans who paid the price for the misadventure.

I had lost my college deferment in 1966 and received my “Greetings from the President of the United States” draft letter in early 1967. I decided to do my best and serve even though I thought our policies in Vietnam were wrong. A lot of awful experiences in the war would follow that decision but not one day of regret.

In Vietnam you joined your unit one soldier at a time, not in groups that trained together back home or from old time group enlistments. My unit was Company C, 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry, 4th Infantry Division. That night in July 1968 when I joined Charlie Company as an incoming sergeant E-5, I was ordered to take out a night patrol. I was exhausted from days of travel and processing but I didn't sleep a wink all night, and never solidly for the rest of the year I was there.

Three days later, on patrol in a cornfield, my radio operator who was walking just behind me was shot through the neck by a sniper. I later lost another radio operator who was shot while clinging perilously to rungs of a hastily departing helicopter. If he had been able to survive his wounds, he would never have survived the fall from the chopper into the trees below. We found his body three days later.

Discipline was strongly enforced in our division. No intentional killing of civilians or torture of POWs was tolerated. After several reprimands I had one soldier in my company court-martialed for cutting off the ears of dead North Vietnamese soldiers and mailing them home to his girlfriend.

The final tragedy for me was that the man I recommended to succeed me as squad leader in Charlie Company was killed as he walked in the squad leader position in the field the day after I left for home. It is his name I look for first on the wall in Washington when I visit it.

There were some light moments, too. I was able to keep a pet monkey in my bunker for several weeks until he learned to pull the pins on hand grenades and kick them off the mountainside to explode below.

My war experiences only served to support my initial doubts about our involvement.