

every day. Almost half the time, back in that icy January, if you needed an ambulance to get to an ER you were SOL: severely out of luck.

The American College of Emergency Physicians is certainly concerned about the problem: Last October, an advisory panel proposed guidelines for ambulance diversion, blaming "a shortage of health care providers, lack of hospital-based resources and ongoing hospital and ED [emergency department] closures." But it's easy to get the feeling that others at the national level aren't taking it seriously. At a public health conference in November, at the beginning of the critical winter season, U.S. Surgeon General David Satcher was quoted as recommending that people be "educated" not to go the emergency room unless they really need to. Dennis O'Leary, head of the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations, a critical monitoring group, was quoted as saying: "Quite frankly, this problem waxes and wanes . . . but without anything tangibly happening it resolves itself . . . The system will somehow muddle through."

They're right: I muddle through each shift worrying about patients trapped in the waiting room or ambulances that can't discharge their passengers at our door. I mutter humble apologies to private docs outraged that the patients they sent in specifically for urgent treatment—pain control, antibiotics, whatever—cool their heels for hours on end. I go home exhausted and aggravated with myself after 10 hours of juggling alternatives so as not to put a patient into a scarce bed—telling people to try a "stronger" antibiotic, ratchet up the home respiratory treatments, take a few extra tabs of pain reliever each day, and always be sure to follow up with your own doctor tomorrow. I wonder which patients are going to be back in another ER the next day because I missed their real problems or insisted on an ineffective patch.

Doctors and nurses have a bottom line that ultimately distinguishes us from other professions: quality patient care. When we can't provide this, we have failed. Our hospital administrators and department chiefs assume that excellent patient care is a non-negotiable minimum standard. But every winter, and increasingly at other times, the crash of the system is the quite capitulation to these accumulated pressures. When forced to maneuver so many sick patients through an overwhelmed system, I just don't know if I'm doing a good job any more. As a result, I often find myself phoning the patient the next day, checking in: "Everything okay today?"

Many of the region's hospitals have received, or are negotiating for, approval for more beds. Where more nurses will come from is another problem. Anthony Disser, the chief executive nurse at Fairfax, says the intrinsic value of nursing is already luring a certain number of burned-out software writers or disappointed entrepreneurs for a second career. Yeah, I guess we are muddling through, after all.

I look forward to that "Unraveling Safety Net" meeting in Atlanta in three weeks, where I expect to be transfixed, like the audiences at "Hannibal," by the horror stories and dire statistics of other ER docs and public health researchers. Maybe they've been coming up with some solutions. If they have, I hope they haven't been waiting till May to share them with the rest of us.

#### THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Tuesday,

June 26, 2001, the Federal debt stood at \$5,656,750,181,308.17, five trillion, six hundred fifty-six billion, seven hundred fifty million, one hundred eighty-one thousand, three hundred eight dollars and seventeen cents.

One year ago, June 26, 2000, the Federal debt stood at \$5,647,619,000,000, five trillion, six hundred forty-seven billion, six hundred nineteen million.

Five years ago, June 26, 1996, the Federal debt stood at \$5,118,149,000,000, five trillion, one hundred eighteen billion, one hundred forty-nine million.

Ten years ago, June 26, 1991, the Federal debt stood at \$3,500,901,000,000, three trillion, five hundred billion, nine hundred one million.

Fifteen years ago, June 26, 1986, the Federal debt stood at \$2,040,983,000,000, two trillion, forty billion, nine hundred eighty-three million, which reflects a debt increase of more than \$3.5 trillion, \$3,615,767,181,308.17, three trillion, six hundred fifteen billion, seven hundred sixty-seven million, one hundred eighty-one thousand, three hundred eight dollars and seventeen cents during the past 15 years.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### TIMOTHY J. RHEIN

• Mr. BREAUX. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Timothy J. Rhein, who recently retired after 34 years with American President Lines, Ltd. APL is today one of the world's largest shipping and intermodal lines, and a globally recognized brand, thanks in large part to Tim Rhein's leadership.

I came to know Tim through his appearances before the Subcommittee on Merchant Marine, and I can personally attest to his commitment to merchant shipping and his leadership in the U.S. shipping industry. His rise to president and chief executive officer of APL from 1995 to 1999, and then to chairman, was marked by key decisions in a difficult business.

He was instrumental in expanding APL from primarily an Asia-America business into a truly global operation. He gained a decisive edge on his competitors by embracing information technology earlier than anyone else in his business. He knew the numbers and metrics of his business better than anyone. He was rarely at a loss for an answer before our committee, and always worth listening to.

And he worked very hard at developing one particular line of business—the U.S. military—to the point where our government is today APL's largest customer. One of the reasons for that success was his understanding of logistics, of managing supply lines, a critical skill to the military as well as to APL's multinational corporate customers.

But without doubt his toughest decision was to negotiate the sale of APL to a non-U.S. buyer, in order to protect all of APL's stakeholders and to preserve the APL presence and brand. APL was the oldest continuously operating shipping company in America, and a premier US-flag shipping company. He stuck his neck out on that one, put his reputation on the line, and negotiated the sale personally—and successfully.

Tim Rhein understood his business. He was a nimble and gutsy decision-maker, and we in Washington will miss his understanding and knowledge as we continue our pursuit of a policy to promote a strong U.S. flag maritime shipping presence. I hope he will continue to avail us of his knowledge and wise counsel.

Good luck in your retirement, Tim Rhein.●

#### DEATH OF ROBERT MCKINNEY

• Mr. BINGAMAN. Mr. President, earlier today I sent a letter to the oldest daily newspaper in the West, "The New Mexican" regarding the death of its publisher, Robert McKinney.

Robert McKinney was well known to the Senate. His decades of service to this country, in one capacity or another, and his remarkable career in business and publishing brought him into contact with many of us, and with colleagues who have preceded us in this body. He and Clinton Anderson, late a Senator for New Mexico, were great friends, and worked together on the San Juan-Chama water project for our State.

Five presidents called on him for service from Harry Truman through Richard Nixon. He put his prodigious skills to work at various times at the Department of the Interior, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Department of the Treasury. Under President Kennedy, he served as our Ambassador to Switzerland.

He was a fine citizen, and a good friend who will be missed, but whose influence, I know, is "a widening ripple, down a long eternity." The world is a better place for his having lived.

I ask that my letter be printed in the RECORD.

The letter follows:

##### LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW MEXICAN"

To the Editor: With so many others, I was saddened earlier this week when word came of the death of Robert McKinney whose American life made him one of the world's distinguished citizens. When he died in New York on Sunday night, this man of the American West had forged great successes in business, journalism, international diplomacy, public service and public policy in the course of his ninety years. His was the "life well lived" and much of it was lived in New Mexico where he was the deeply respected publisher of this newspaper.

He was a singular individual with a wide-ranging mind, vast talents, and varied interests. He brought his considerable energy to

bear on issues from architecture to atomic energy, war to peace, land use to poetry. He was most certainly a force for good in this world. I was honored to have the benefit of his counsel and the gift his friendship. I will miss him.

JEFF BINGAMAN,  
United States Senator.●

#### UNVEILING OF TIGER STADIUM COMMEMORATIVE STAMP

● Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, it is with great pride that I pay tribute to a special place in my hometown of Detroit that for the last century has inspired not only our city but our country. This year we are commemorating the tricentennial of the founding of a city that to Americans has long meant great automobiles. To Detroiters, it also means great sports teams and inspiring hero-athletes. Indeed, as Detroit enters its fourth century, our pride in our city is equaled by our pride in the house these heroes built—our storied Tiger Stadium.

Today at home plate, the people of Detroit will gather to unveil one of eleven new stamps commemorating Baseball's Legendary Playing Fields. Of those eleven ballparks, only four still stand, and one is right in Detroit, where baseball was the pastime at The Corner of Michigan and Trumbull for more than a century.

The history of this stadium is in so many ways the history of our city. The spirit of hard work and determination that has always defined Detroit revealed itself early. When the Great Depression hit Detroit harder than most American cities, it was the 1935 World Champion Tigers—and the renowned "G-Men": Charlie Gehringer, Goose Goslin, and Hank Greenberg—who renewed the hopes of an entire city. Detroit would forever after be the City of Champions, with four World Series titles to prove it.

When the riots and ruin of 1967 left deep scars of division across our city, it was the 1968 World Champion Tigers led by Al Kaline, Willie Horton, Bill Freehan, Denny McLain and Mickey Lolich who led one of the greatest comebacks in baseball history and who, in their unforgettable victory, united us to celebrate as one city.

It is no exaggeration to state that the heroes of Tiger Stadium also pointed us to a better America. By the time the prize fighter Joe Louis triumphed over Bob Paster in then-Briggs Stadium in 1939, he was more than a hometown hero from the East Side, he was a national hero and a symbol to all people of all races. Even today, I almost weep thinking of "Hammerin' Hank" Greenberg's grand slam in 1945 that put the Tigers in the Series and for what that one swing of the bat meant. When Nelson Mandela spoke to a massive rally in Tiger Stadium a decade ago, his words rung out past the rafters to every American on the endurance and inspiring power of the human spirit.

In this City of Champions, the names and feats of champions echo still. Here is where the three time NFL champion Detroit Lions played for more than three decades. Here is where the legends of baseball's Golden Age took to the field in the unforgettable 1941 All-Star Game—Bob Feller, Joe DiMaggio, and Ted Williams. Here is where the Tigers earned three divisional championships, nine pennants, and those four World Series titles. Here is where the Tiger greats were born, the eleven Hall of Famers: Sparky Anderson, Ty Cobb, Mickey Cochrane, Sam Crawford, Hank Greenberg, Hugh Jennings, Al Kaline, George Kell, Heinie Manush, Hal Newhouser, and Charlie Gehringer. And one more Hall of Famer, broadcaster Ernie Harwell, made sure that when we couldn't physically be at Michigan and Trumbull, the sights and sounds of the ballpark were part of our lives.

This house of heroes may have been built on the shoulders of giants, but someone else sustained it, the fans. If ever a community has unified around a place, Detroiters came together at The Corner. In this city of immigrants, attending a game there became an American rite of passage. The language of Tiger Stadium, as the Detroit News once put it, was not Polish or Armenian or Ukrainian, it was baseball. Generations of parents brought their children to those sun-drenched bleachers. Years later, those grown children brought their own children to Tiger Stadium. I know because like many Detroiters I still call the old ballpark the place of my youth, a place where our parents took us and where I took my daughters and granddaughter.

To this day I remember my father leading me through the corridors to see Game 1 of the 1945 World Series. Through all my visits back through all the years since, I have never forgotten the sights, smells and sounds of that day and the unique character of that park. There was the sight of heroes—like Hal Newhouser—who I had only imagined while listening to the radio and could now virtually reach out and touch. That is, when he wasn't obscured by one of the much-beloved posts that always caused so many of us to strain our necks. There was the smell of the popcorn, the peanuts and the hot dogs. And there were the unforgettable sounds the crack of the bat, and the roar of a hometown crowd.

Like many Detroiters, my feelings on this occasion are best captured by the words spoken by Al Kaline about his first day at Tiger Stadium. He said, "As I was walking under the corridors trying to find the locker room, I took a peek right behind home plate. I walked out, the sun was shining beautifully, and I thought, 'Man, I never saw anything so pretty in my life.'"

While over the years, the name may have changed, the address for baseball

in Detroit was the same the Corner of Michigan and Trumbull. It is still one of oldest ballparks in one of the oldest cities in America. In it we feel our hometown pride in a national landmark. Our city. Our ballpark. The new commemorative stamp to be unveiled today celebrates their common spirit, and it gives me great pride today to join the people of Detroit, in praise of both.●

#### REMEMBERING KAREN KITZMILLER

● Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I rise today to remember a very special Vermonter, and a good friend, Karen Kitzmiller. Karen, at the young age of 53, lost her long battle with breast cancer on May 20 of this year. In East Montpelier the following Saturday, I joined hundreds of family, friends, colleagues, and admirers who gathered together to share their memories of Karen, and to honor her life.

For the past 11 years Karen Kitzmiller served as Montpelier's Democratic State representative in the Vermont Legislature. Her legislative achievements were many, but most outstanding was her work on the House Health and Welfare Committee. Karen was a determined advocate and principled leader on behalf of the health and well-being of Vermonters. She fought to prevent tobacco companies from targeting children with advertisements designed to encourage youth smoking. To help patients appeal coverage denials by health maintenance organizations, Karen dedicated her efforts to the establishment of Vermont's health care ombudsman. She devoted considerable energies to the provision of health care coverage for the uninsured. This spring, after almost four years of effort, she witnessed the Governor sign legislation to ensure that uninsured patients who volunteer to participate in cancer treatment clinical trials are provided with health care coverage.

Karen was diagnosed with cancer more than four years ago, and yet through it all, she did not give up her work on behalf of Vermonters. She continued to serve in the Legislature, she leant her experience as a cancer survivor in efforts to promote awareness about the importance of support groups, and she helped to establish the annual Breast Cancer Conference in Burlington. These are just a few of the lasting contributions that will serve as a tribute to Karen's life for years to come.

Karen leaves behind a loving family—her husband, Warren, and two daughters, Amy and Carrie. Amy is a student at the University of Virginia, studying government and women's studies, and Carrie is a student at the University of Pennsylvania studying at the School of Arts and Sciences. I had the privilege