

abuses, taken on foreign corporations for tax avoidance, and opposed tax subsidies for oil companies. So I find myself in an unaccustomed role today bringing to the floor a case of two corporations, one large and one small, who I think have been wronged by the EPA.

Originally, when I reviewed the complaint of these two companies, both of which have an excellent reputation, both of which the North Dakota Health Department considers cooperative and responsible firms, I concluded that they were treated unfairly.

But because my hands are tied in an enforcement matter such as this, there has not been much I could do beyond simply commiserating with them and telling them that I thought they were treated unfairly. But, if we legislators who created the EPA, and who wrote these environmental protection laws, are unwilling to stand up and ask the policy questions that we should be asking in circumstances like this, then we deserve all the ill will that is directed toward the Federal Government.

Unless we are prepared to point out the cases of bureaucratic excess and unfair consequences and then try to do something about them, we should not be surprised by a citizenry that is justifiably angry.

I hope those in the Federal Government who read these examples will understand that they hold the power to enforce the laws of this country in an appropriate, fair, even-handed manner, but they also have the responsibility to rein in those who would use that power in ways that are not fair and not even-handed. That is what we expect and that is what the American people demand.

ACDA DIRECTOR HOLUM GOES TRICK-OR-TREATING

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, I suppose that I am supposed to be discouraged, or at least surprised, that the Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency overspoke himself—again—on Halloween by calling me an isolationist and by falsely asserting that I am holding both the Chemical Weapons Convention and this country's national security hostage. Perhaps he was playing trick-or-treat, and if he had stopped by our house, Dot Helms would have placed several pieces of candy in his bag.

Seriously Mr. President, I had assumed that Mr. Holum had better control of himself than that—but I suppose he is so concerned about losing his place on the Federal bureaucratic totem pole that he is suffering a case of nervous jitters.

His holding hostage outburst on Halloween is ludicrous on its fact. The Chemical Weapons Convention was first submitted as a treaty in the 103d Congress, and Congress refused to ratify it at that time because a number of questions on issues such as verification and cost had gone unanswered. They are still unanswered, and any reason-

able prudent American is likely to agree that the convention's approval must wait until the Senate can be certain what it will cost and the degree of risk in premature approval of it.

Mr. President, I also find very sad Director Holum's strange assertion that the effort to consolidate ACDA's functions within the Department of State is what he called an isolationist attack on arms control. That one, as the saying goes, is off the wall—and Mr. Holum knows it.

The first suggestion about abolishing ACDA was proposed by the Clinton administration in 1993; the State Department even drafted a comprehensive plan to absorb ACDA personnel and funds. Unfortunately, that proposal by Secretary of State Christopher was debated and defeated—not on its merits, but by the same kind of bureaucratic obstructionism that has impeded S. 908, the Foreign Relations Revitalization Act of 1995, every step of the way.

So it comes as little surprise, Mr. President, that the plan to reorganize arms control has stirred up a hornet's nest. In testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee, one of ACDA's previous Directors, Dr. Fred Ikle, endorsed the plan to abolish ACDA, but warned that:

Any effort to trim, or to abolish, a bureaucratic entity hurts the pride and prestige of the affected officials, jeopardize job security, and mobilizes throngs of contractors, captive professional organizations, and other beneficiaries of the threatened agency.

When you get right down to it, at the heart of all these protestations regarding the plan to eliminate ACDA are, in fact, no more than a host of self-serving, bureaucratic interests. While nearly every aspect of government is being downsized and streamlined, ACDA's budget request for fiscal year 1996 was increased by 44 percent over the 1995 fiscal year budget. Director Holum's ACDA crowd, you see, proposes to spend far more of the taxpayer's money and to hire more people. They even tried to commandeer one of the Department of Defense's radar systems in Alaska.

Mr. President, when faced with possible elimination, there's nothing the ACDA crowd will not do or say. It is incredible that anyone will try to argue, with a straight face, that arms control will suffer if ACDA is eliminated. Nonsense, there are today more than 3,100 arms control experts working in more than 25 offices scattered throughout the Federal Government. ACDA employs about 250 of the 3,100, only 8 percent of the total number of arms control experts in the Federal Government. Even the Commerce Department has more people assigned to non-proliferation and arms control. Simply put, arms control is big business, and ACDA is small potatoes, and almost irrelevant. That prompted ACDA Director Holum's outburst on Halloween.

The truth of the matter is that the State Department and the National Security Council are responsible for arms

control policy coordination and negotiation, not ACDA. One of ACDA's inspectors general put it best a few years ago, stating that:

Once arms control became important presidential business . . . Secretaries of State and Defense and national security advisers became the dominant figures in arms control.

Implementation and verification of arms control are conducted by the Department of Defense and the intelligence community. Since 1989 it has been the on-site inspection agency, not ACDA, that had performed on-the-ground verification for all major arms control agreements. Of all the personnel involved in START inspections so far, fewer than 1 percent were supplied by ACDA. In short, abolishing ACDA will not hurt the conduct of this Nation's arms control one iota. It is not an obvious anachronism—and it is time to bid farewell.

By incorporating ACDA's handful of experts in a new, more efficient State Department, Congress can give arms control a comprehensive purview. After all the effectiveness and desirability of arms control depend upon its consideration in the broader foreign policy context. Just as importantly, doing this will save U.S. citizens at least \$250 million over the next 10 years. Consolidation makes good business sense and will reduce waste, duplication, and silly bureaucratic turf battles.

Finally, any plan that has been endorsed by five former Secretaries of State, from Henry Kissinger to James Baker, can hardly be labeled isolationist. Director Holum should dispense with his schoolboy name-calling. Let the issue of consolidation be debated on its merits.

WREATH LAYING CEREMONY AT THE NATIONAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS MEMORIAL

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, in recent months, there have been some disturbing accounts from throughout the Nation about police officers conducting themselves in an inappropriate manner while performing their duties. Regrettably, some members of the media, and people who wish to malign the efforts of law enforcement officers, choose to believe that the actions of a handful of rogue individuals are representative of the entire law enforcement community. That is simply not the case.

As we all know, the job that lawmen and women do is not easy, as a matter of fact, it is one that is extremely dangerous, as well as physically and mentally demanding. It is a job that requires ordinary men and women to commit extraordinary acts on an almost daily basis. In many cases, the situations to which they are dispatched result in injury to officers, and in increasingly frequent cases, the lives of officers are lost.

While law enforcement officers across America labor tirelessly and

largely without thanks, the National Law Enforcement Officer Memorial, appropriately located at Judiciary Square, guarantees that those who fall in the line of duty will never be forgotten. Each year, the names of the men and women killed while doing their jobs—keeping us safe—are added to the Memorial. This past October 19th, the names of the 157 officers who were killed last year were placed on the grey Canadian Marble walls which form this solemn Memorial.

As I have done many times in years past, I attended the wreathlaying ceremony held at the Memorial when the names of those killed over the past year were added to the rolls of their fallen comrades. During that ceremony, the Chairman of the National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial, Craig Floyd, and Sharon Felton, the widow of a police officer and a trustee of Concerns of Police Survivors [COPS], made some remarks that I thought were particularly poignant, in that they paid tribute to those police officers who made the ultimate sacrifice, while also reminding everyone in the audience of the challenges and difficulties facing an officer in this day and age. I ask unanimous consent that a copy of Mr. Floyd's and Ms. Felton's remarks be placed in the RECORD following my remarks, so that my colleagues will have the opportunity to read and consider what they said that day.

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

(See exhibit 1.)

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, it is sometimes easy to forget just what an enormous task we ask of those who work in law enforcement. It is very easy, from the comfort of an office or a living room, to second guess the decision a police officer was required to make in a split second. I hope that people will take a moment to read and think about what Mr. Floyd and Ms. Felton said last month, and to reflect on the fact that being a police officer is not only difficult, it can be deadly.

EXHIBIT 1.—WREATHLAYING CEREMONY REMARKS

(By CRAIG W. FLOYD, NLEOMF Chairman)

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. Thank you for joining us as we commemorate the fourth anniversary of the National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial.

My name is Craig Floyd and I am the chairman of the National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial Fund. On behalf of our board of directors, I want to welcome all of you here today.

Nearly a year ago, three law enforcement officers were murdered at D.C. Police headquarters, just one block from this hallowed ground. It was a horrible tragedy that will not soon be forgotten.

Shortly afterwards, Tony Daniels, who was then in charge of the FBI's Washington metropolitan field office, reflected on the shooting in a poignant commentary that was printed in the Washington Post. He said:

"There is no easy way to absorb the events of November 22, 1994. For all of us, I'm sure, the most difficult part of dealing with this tragedy is trying to find a reason for its oc-

currence—trying to make some sense out of a senseless act . . . We will never know what causes people to do the things they do; we are only left with the aftermath. Yet it is an inescapable fact that the law enforcement community lives in the shadow of death."

Sadly, those words echoed over and over again this past year as we buried one police officer after another. Already this year, we know of 127 law enforcement officers across this country who have been killed in the line of duty. That represents an 11 percent increase over last year's figure for the same period.

On average, one police officer is killed somewhere in America every 52 hours. One out of every nine officers is assaulted and one out of every 25 officers is injured in the line of duty. Across this country, there are nearly 700,000 law enforcement officers who put their lives on the line daily for the protection and safety of others. This memorial is a richly deserved tribute to that extraordinary level of police service and sacrifice.

When this memorial was dedicated 4 years ago, these marble walls that embrace us here today contained the names of 12,561 fallen police officers. Since that time, we have added nearly 1,300 more.

We could have simply allowed those fallen heroes to be buried and then forgotten. But, this nation valued the service and sacrifice of those officers far too much to cast their memories to the winds of time.

We knew that, if given the chance, the voices of those fallen heroes need not be silenced by death. . . . Their deeds might even have more meaning. . . . And their lives would become the example for others. This monument gives them that chance to be heard, to be understood, to inspire.

Each time a single corrupt or bigoted police officer is exposed, come here and listen to the condemnation expressed by thousands of fallen police heroes.

Each time the resolve of our law enforcement officers is challenged, come here and understand just how much our officers are willing to sacrifice for the well being of others.

Each time the constant criticism and second-guessing causes our police officers to think twice about the profession they have chosen, come here and be reminded that you are following in the footsteps of some of the bravest and finest individuals ever to walk the face of this earth.

INTRO TO WREATHLAYING

In a moment, a wreath will be placed here at the memorial to commemorate the fourth anniversary of this monument, and to honor the nearly 14,000 law enforcement officers who have died in the line of duty.

But, before we do that I want to take a moment to recognize all of the police survivors who have honored us with their presence here today. While we cannot undo their loss, we can remind them that they have not been forgotten. Their welfare is important to us all.

At this time, I would like to ask all of the survivors of a fallen officer here today to please rise and be recognized.

Since the last time we met to commemorate the anniversary of this monument one year ago, nine law enforcement officers have been killed in the Washington, D.C. Area. That matches the highest number of local police fatalities ever recorded in a 12-month period.

Three of them died in a single incident. Last November 22, Metropolitan Police Sergeant Henry Joseph Daly, and FBI Special Agents Martha Dixon Martinez and Michael John Miller were savagely murdered in an unprovoked ambush at D.C. Police headquarters.

On February 7, off-duty D.C. Police officer James McGee attempted to stop a robbery in progress. In a few terror-filled seconds, Officer McGee was accidentally shot and killed in a tragic case of mistaken identity.

On April 26, Prince George's County Police Corporal John Novabilski was assassinated by a crazed killer while sitting in his marked patrol car.

Less than 2 months later, that same killer murdered FBI Special Agent William Christian. Agent Christian, who was also gunned down while sitting in his car, was on a stake-out to arrest the man who killed him.

On August 22, Loudoun County Deputy Sheriff Charles Barton was killed in an aircraft accident on the way to pick up a wanted felon. He was the first officer to be killed while on duty in the history of the Loudoun County Sheriff's Department.

And, of course, the two latest fatalities occurred this month. D.C. Police Officer Scott Lewis was gunned down on October 6 in an unprovoked attack while aiding a burglary victim.

Maryland state trooper Edward A. Plank was shot and killed just three days ago after stopping a motorist for a traffic violation.

We have asked the immediate family members of these fallen officers, along with their agency escorts, to assist us with the presentation of the wreath. They have graciously accepted our invitation and will serve as representatives of all police survivors and law enforcers across the Nation.

Leading our procession, we are very pleased to have the Assistant Attorney General of the United States Andrew Fois, who will be joined by members of the U.S. Park Police honor guard.

CLOSING REMARKS

I would like to close today's ceremony with a poem. It was written by a 16-year-old girl named Megan Hogan. Her father was a Minnesota police officer who was shot and killed six years ago. Megan's poem offers comfort to all of us here today:

My father is now at rest
For a safer place he remains
A world of goodness and beauty
A world without worry or pain.
No fear will he encounter
For a better place he'll be
A place where the sick are healed
And a place where the blinded eyes can see.
My world has forever changed
My life is not the same
But close within my heart
His precious face remains.
I give him my tears
And my prayers I send above
I cherish all our memories
Filled with happiness and love.
He'll have someone to depend on
His helping hand is there to lend
For the Father shall be watching
And in heaven he'll have a friend.
The battle is faced head on
Many obstacles yet to overcome
But in the end, together
This battle will be won!

For the next six hours, a rotating police honor guard will stand vigil here at the memorial as a special salute to America's fallen officers. A reception will be held immediately following today's ceremony at the memorial visitors center at 605 E Street—two blocks to the right. Everyone is invited to attend.

Ladies and gentlemen, that concludes today's ceremony. Thank you all for coming. May God bless you and all of our Nation's police officers.

WREATHLAYING CEREMONY, NLEOM, OCTOBER 19, 1995—SPEECH BY SHARON AJ FELTON, WIDOW/1989 NORTHERN SEABOARD TRUSTEE, COPS

Friends, officers, fellow survivors, special guests—Good afternoon. I am honored to

stand before you today and participate in this wreathlaying ceremony to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the National Law Enforcement Officer's Memorial.

I once had the honor of watching a young man's dream come true as he graduated the police academy in Petersburg, VA, on December 7, 1986. He had dreamed of being a police officer since the age of five, and his academy graduation was one of the happiest days of his life.

Just a few years later, I watch that same young man leave the safety of his home to back up a fellow deputy with a routine burglary call. Just a few minutes later, less than a mile from his home, that young 23 year-old officer died in the line of duty. His name was Thomas Felton, Jr., a Sussex County Virginia deputy sheriff. And he was my husband.

Tom did not die as most cops expect to die. There was no hail of gunfire—no dramatic rescue—not even a highspeed car chase. There was only Tom, his patrol car, a freight train, and a terrible twist of fate that brought them all to the same place at 6:37 am on April 29, 1989. He died in an accident. He died in the line of duty.

What became evident in the days to follow his death, was just how many lives Tom had touched as hundreds of friends, family, and fellow officers came to honor his life. Reflecting on his life, they used words like Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. And they called him a Hero—not because of the way he died—but because of the way he lived. And they were proud to have known him—as I was.

Today, we are here to honor other officers who have made the same sacrifice in the line of duty—and we use words such as Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. Yes, we are here because each of these officers has given his or her life in the line of duty, but I am here to tell you that there are living words, describing the way they each lived, not the way they each died.

Today, we live in a world where "COP" has become a bad word—where law enforcement is unappreciated and where police officers are chastised because of the actions or beliefs of a few who disgrace the badge. I submit to you that these rogue cops are not a true representation of America's law enforcement officers. They are the exception, not the rule.

I ask you today to look at the names engraved in the panels that make up this memorial. Look deep into the names that line this Pathway of Remembrance. These men and women exemplify the true attributes of America's law enforcement officer—Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. These are the best of the best—the noblest of the noble—and Yes—law enforcement Is Still a Noble Profession!

We are here today to honor these men and women—who placed themselves along the Thin Blue Line that separate us from total chaos and lawlessness. We are here to mourn their deaths, and in doing so, we celebrate their lives.

This memorial was built for those officers whose names are engraved here. It is for those officers whose names are yet been added, such as DC Metro Officer Scott Lewis and Lynn, MASS Police Officer Gary Twyman who dies just last week. And it is for Maryland State Trooper Edward Plank, Jr. who died just two days ago.

It is for those officers who still walk that Thin Blue Line each day in America. And it is for you, the survivors—the families and friends who have also made the ultimate sacrifice—you are the Names Beyond the Wall.

For some of you here today, your grief is very new. Maybe your officer died last year, last month, last week. Just being here may

be a struggle for you and the pain may seem to be too much to bear. For others who are further into your grief, the sight of seeing your officer's name may again reopen some of those old wounds as memories flood your minds. Our reactions to this memorial are as different as our losses, but we are still the same. We are survivors. Our officers died and we are left to tell their stories.

This is our place—a place where we come to grieve, to cry, to laugh, to heal, to grow. We bring flowers—we bring letters—we make rubbings of those precious names so we can take a piece of this memorial home with us. We come to remember—and we use words such as Honesty, Respect, Love, and Honor. And we call them Heroes—not because of manners in which they each died, but because of the manners in which they each lived. And we are each better for having known them.

In closing, I would like to share a poem with you entitled "The Names Beyond the Wall."

THE NAMES BEYOND THE WALL

All for God and Country, they walked the Thin Blue Line.
With honor and with valor they lost their fight with time.
We are their survivors—the names beyond the Wall
Our loved ones lost their lives, but we have lost it all.
We are mothers; we are fathers. Brothers, sisters, children, too.
We are wives and we are husbands. We are partners wearing blue.
A gunman killed his brother—A drunk driver killed his wife
A child will miss her Daddy for the rest of her life.
A father's little girl has died—a car crash in the rain.
A widow cries for days now gone—a collision with a train.
A mother lost her son—a daughter lost her dad.
Just another day in America when good has lost to bad.
Forever and a day was stolen from our grip
And now we must forward on a long and lonely trip.
With pride they wore their badge. With glory, gave their lives.
Now names engraved upon this wall are all that's left behind.
Our pride was for their service our joy now turned to tears
the heartache that we suffer will last for many years.
We are their survivors—the names beyond the Wall
Our loved ones lost their lives, but we have lost it all.
We are mothers; we are fathers. Brothers, sisters, children, too.
We are wives and we are husbands. We are partners wearing blue.
All for God and Country, they walked the Thin Blue Line.
With honor and with valor they lost their fight with time.
Good bless you all.

THE BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, more than 3 years ago, I began these daily reports to the Senate to make a matter of record the exact Federal debt as of close of business the previous day.

As of the close of business Wednesday, November 8, the Federal debt stood at exactly \$4,984,440,555,073.81. On a per capita basis, every man, woman

and child in America owes \$18,921.02 as his or her share of the Federal debt.

It is important to recall, Mr. President, that the Senate this year missed an opportunity to implement a balanced budget amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Regrettably, the Senate failed by one vote in that first attempt to bring the Federal debt under control.

There will be another opportunity in the months ahead to approve such a Constitutional amendment.

THE DEATH OF YITZHAK RABIN

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, for centuries, the Middle East has been a region plagued with strife, a land where days of violence are often more common than moments of peace, and a place where tragedy is almost routine. This past weekend, when a young Jewish extremist assassinated the Prime Minister of Israel, Yitzhak Rabin, he committed an act that managed to shock a region and a world that long ago became almost numbed to the seemingly eternal struggle between Jews and Arabs and the death and loss that animosity creates.

By any standard, Yitzhak Rabin served his nation admirably. He was a patriot and a warrior who fought against the Axis powers during World War II, fought for the freedom of Israel, and fought against those who sought to destroy that nation in the years after its creation. He rose to high positions in the Israeli government, serving as Chief of Staff of the Army, Ambassador to the United States, Minister of Labor, Minister of Defense, and was in his second term as Prime Minister at the time of his death. Those accomplishments alone would have been more than sufficient to earn him the accolades of his fellow countrymen, but the journey he led his nation on for peace was one which justifiably earned him the gratitude of the world.

It surely could not have been easy for a man who dedicated much of his life to defending his homeland to sit down with the man who had spent much of his life vowing to overthrow Israel. Nor could it have been easy for Yasir Arafat to sit down with a man who represented the government that the P.L.O. blamed for oppressing the Palestinian people. Yet, these two old adversaries recognized that the time for peace in the Middle East had arrived, and that it was necessary for them to set aside their differences and to forge an agreement that would allow their two peoples to co-exist. It was a courageous decision by both men, and one for which they were strongly criticized, but as Prime Minister Rabin pointed out, you do not have to make peace with your friends.

I suppose that it is not surprising that a man who was a soldier, would die a violent death, but it is surprising that he would die at the hands of one of his own citizens, and it is perversely ironic that his death would come at a