

other veterans by virtue of section 115 of the Veterans' Benefits and Services Act of 1988 (38 U.S.C. 1712 note) during the period beginning on October 1, 1995, and ending on the date of the enactment of this Act.

(5) The furnishing by the Secretary of work therapy and therapeutic transitional housing by virtue of section 7 of Public Law 102-54 (38 U.S.C. 1718 note) during the period beginning on October 1, 1995, and ending on the date of the enactment of this Act.

(6) Grants made by the Secretary to furnish services to veterans under section 3 of the Homeless Veterans Comprehensive Services Programs Act of 1992 (38 U.S.C. 7721 note) during the period beginning on October 1, 1995, and ending on the date of the enactment of this Act.

Amend the title to read as follows: "To amend title 38, United States Code, to extend the authority of the Secretary of Veterans Affairs to carry out certain programs and activities, and for other purposes."

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

THE CENTENNIAL OF EVERETT MCKINLEY DIRKSEN'S BIRTH

• Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, this week marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of one of the greatest leaders ever to have served in this body, the late Senator from Illinois and former Republican leader of the Senate, Everett McKinley Dirksen.

Everett Dirksen was born on January 4, 1896. He brought the small town values and the sense of civility of his native Pekin to his work in the Senate, where he combined these qualities with some of the finest oratorical and parliamentary skills that have been displayed on this floor in his or any era.

The Senate has honored his memory by naming one of its office buildings for him, and the Dirksen Congressional Center in Pekin continues his tradition of public service with its many ongoing research and in-service activities.

I call the attention of my colleagues to an insightful article about the Dirksen legacy, written by retired editor Charles Dancey of the Peoria Journal Star, and I ask that the article be printed at this point in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Peoria Journal Star, Jan. 4, 1996]

DIRKSEN BROUGHT SENSE OF REALITY
WHEREVER HE WENT
(By Charles Dancey)

One hundred years ago, fathers might have dreamed that a son born in a log cabin could become president. But no way could Johann Dirksen have imagined Jan. 4, 1896, that his baby boy's birthday celebrations one day would launch the social season in the nation's capitol.

Yet, Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen's birthday bash, usually at the Mayflower hotel ballroom, was the opening "must go" event of the social season each year in Washington, D.C., even before he became minority leader of the Senate and a national figure beyond the Beltway. Everybody who was anybody, as the saying goes, attended from both political parties and from the administration and the congress.

Those glittering parties were a long way from the neighborhood in Pekin known as "Beantown." Yet, growing up in Beantown

may have been an important part of "Ev" Dirksen being the toast of the town in the nation's capitol.

Actually, the residents, themselves named it that—or rather in their own language, "Bohnchefiddle." They were German immigrants who didn't indulge in euphemisms. They had a strong sense of reality. And the reality was that rich folks had flower gardens in their yards; immigrants grew beans. They were who they were, and saw nothing wrong with it. Beantown was just their American starting place.

In fact, most residents in Pekin, and millions more across America, gardened their yards. Even a narrow small-town lot was 50 feet front, 150 deep, and provided space for people who didn't own a horse and didn't need a barn. There was space for berry bushes along the lot line, half a dozen fruit trees set wide apart, orderly squares of garden vegetables, and a grape arbor.

There was a lot more than beans, and it all required care. Many folks kept a small flock of chickens by the back porch as well. At one time, in fact, the Dirksens raised a pig.

The bigger boys spaded the gardens and raked them smooth. Before he was old enough for school, the youngest son, Ev, could help punch holes in the prepared ground with the wooden split pegs used as clothespins keeping a straight line along the board on which he knelt.

Keeping clothes as clean as possible was important when washing them was a major weekly chore. As the produce grew, ripening in sequence, much of it had to be "put up" for the winter in fruit jars and glasses, sealed with hot paraffin or special lids, after being well cooked. Cabbage was chopped and salted and then pounded and pounded until it was soaked in its own brine to be kept for winter—sauerkraut.

The Dirksen boys took part, and it was the boys who peddled surplus vegetables door to door. The basics of life to the German families were food, clothes, shelter from the cold and cleanliness. So, before he learned to read and write, Everett Dirksen became part of a family team, doing his share in providing those basics, and grew up knowing from whence came the necessities of life. Somebody had to do the work to produce it.

Their father had a stroke in 1901 when Ev, the youngest, was only 5. By the time Ev was 9, Dad was dead. The boys were raised by their mother, and the team game of survival that they played put a solid foundation under his whole life.

In those circumstances and in the absence of radio, television, telephones or computers, he found school and learning downright fun. Learning was an adventure and a kind of game. He loved reading. He loved to discover a new big word and roll it off his tongue. In books, he could explore the far reaches of this world and of the world of ideas.

Thus in his youth, and progressively thereafter, Everett Dirksen combined those wonderful opposites, the contradictions of idealist and a realist. It fit the Lincoln tradition of central Illinois.

With his older brothers grown and earning money, the family could let young Everett go off to college. He worked nights while schooling at the University of Minnesota, until World War I interrupted.

Three years of ROTC there gave him a leg up on a lieutenant's bars. In France, he was an artillery man. His job was to ride a wicker basket under a rough, hydrogen-filled balloon, held by a cable and linked by a primitive telephone to the gun batteries, overlooking the battlefield. There he observed the fall of the artillery shells his battery mates were firing and tell them how to adjust there fire to bring it on target.

Of course, such balloons like his were sitting ducks, even for the primitive planes of the time.

When the war ended, the army found his ability to speak German useful and kept him in Europe. He remained overseas for 18 months in all much of the time interpreting for others, or dealing directly with the local German population. He also knew Paris, Berlin, other German cities, and visited England and Ireland. In Rome, the ambassador asked him to join his staff, but Ev was homesick for Pekin.

Thus, young Lt. Dirksen returned to Pekin and Bohnchefiddle at age 24, with an extraordinary range of experiences. He was now a college man, a combat veteran and an ex-officer who had traveled, often in very sophisticated circles, in postwar Europe.

Back home, he married a Pekin girl and launched his remarkable political career as the youngest person ever elected to the Pekin City Council.

As city councilman, he was a young man dealing with a rapidly changing world. Streets needed to be paved for the growing numbers of those new motor cars. The fire department needed trucks to replace the horse-drawn rigs. The aging streetcars, one car running back and forth on a single track, needed replacement with bus service.

Power plants were under construction, bringing electricity. The Edison revolution was on, and radio was waiting in the wings. These were not hypothetical or abstract problems to be solved abstractly for the young councilman. He was intimately involved with the reality of finance for technology and the even tougher reality of the effects and demands new technology and dramatic change made on the city workers, and the public.

When he grappled with these problems as a councilman, he also worked delivering his brothers' bread to 50 small groceries scattered about town. Everybody knew his route, and at many a stop he confronted people with problems to take to their councilman. Before he went to the national macrocosm, this man had a thorough and heavy dose of the microcosm.

Thus, the nature of the man was well-founded long before he became one of that city's best-loved figures, before he crated the Civil Rights Bill of 1964 and brought over the votes to pass it with him, before he won a Grammy for recording "Gallant Men," before he was the confidant of presidents both Republican and Democrat, and before he became a darling of the once-skeptical Washington press corps.

He brought to Washington the prestige of being the Congress' best orator, a skill founded and practiced in Pekin and which largely won for him his original seat in the House of Representatives in the first place.

He also brought the attention to detail, the realism, of Bohnchefiddle, and was, undoubtedly, the most skilled parliamentarian in the Senate of his time. He knew how the system worked in every detail, and he knew who was the person that counted, the person to talk to, not only in the Senate but in every department of the national administration.

Finally, he made many friends and no enemies in the best tradition of the small town where he grew up, and where some of his local political foes were also lifelong personal friends.

When Everett Dirksen died, the president of the United States gave the eulogy—proclaiming that Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen had more impact on history than many presidents.

That he was, and he didn't learn that in Washington. That was the boy from Bohnchefiddle.●

ADMIRAL ARLEIGH A. BURKE

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, our Nation has lost one of its most distinguished Naval heroes, Adm. Arleigh A. Burke. Had World War II continued beyond September 2, 1945, I might have served in the Pacific under "31 knot Burke," as he was nicknamed for his exploits against the Japanese. Admiral Burke was awarded 13 decorations, including the Distinguished Service Medal, the Navy Cross, the Legion of Merit, the Silver Star, and our Nation's highest civilian honor, the Medal of Freedom. In 1991, for the first time in Navy history, the man for whom a ship—U.S.S. *Arleigh Burke*—was named was on hand to see her commissioned.

Mr. President, I ask that the obituary of Arleigh A. Burke from the New York Times of January 2, 1996, be included in the RECORD.

The obituary follows:

[From the New York Times, Jan. 2, 1996]

ARLEIGH A. BURKE DIES AT 94; NAVAL HERO OF WORLD WAR II

(By Robert D. McFadden)

Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, a battle-decorated Chief of Naval Operations whose combat exploits against Japanese naval forces in the South Pacific made him the Navy's most celebrated destroyer squadron commander of World War II, died yesterday at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Md. He was 94 and lived in Fairfax, Va.

Admiral Burke, who retired in 1961 after 42 years in the Navy, including a record six-year tenure as the Chief of Naval Operations in the Administration of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, died of complications of pneumonia, said a Navy spokesman, Lieut. Comdr. Ed Austin.

In a career that took him from Annapolis to Washington via the high seas, Admiral Burke, a stocky pipe smoker with an easy smile, served in battleships and aircraft carriers, was a member of the United Nations truce negotiations team in the Korean War and in Washington became a strong advocate of a powerful nuclear fleet for the Navy, including its missile-launching *Polaris* submarines.

But he was best known as "31 Knot Burke," a nickname supplied by Admiral William F. Halsey, for his exploits as the commander of Squadron 23, a pack of eight destroyers that staged high-speed torpedo attacks that devastated enemy warships in the Solomon Islands in late 1943 and early 1944.

"Stand aside! Stand aside! I'm coming through at 31 knots," Mr. Burke, then a Captain, radioed darkened American troop transports as his squadron, named *Little Beavers* for a comic-strip character, steamed up the slot at boiler-bursting speed to attack a Japanese task force off Bougainville on the night of Nov. 1, 1943.

In a widely heralded action, the squadron covered the landing of thousands of American troops while attacking enemy vessels and aircraft. When the battle of Empress Augusta Bay ended the next day, the Japanese toll was horrendous. A cruiser and four destroyers lay on the bottom, and two cruisers and a pair of destroyers had limped away heavily damaged.

Later that month, the squadron engaged another Japanese task force off Cape St. George, New Ireland, and sank three destroyers without taking a hit. In 22 engagements from November 1943 to February 1944, the Navy said, Capt. Burke's squadron was credited

with sinking one cruiser, nine destroyers, one submarine and nine smaller ships, as well as downing approximately 30 aircraft.

Later, Mr. Burke became a chief of staff to Vice Adm. Marc A. Mitscher, whose carrier task forces attacked the Japanese at Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Tokyo. Mr. Burke was aboard the flagship *Bunker Hill* and later the *Enterprise* when they were hit by Japanese suicide planes off Okinawa.

In 1949, during interservice disputes that followed the unification of the armed forces, Mr. Burke fell into disfavor with some officials of the Truman Administration by heading a group of high Navy officers that campaigned for supercarriers and against a strategic reliance on the Air Force's B-36 bombers.

His role in what was called the Admiral's revolt seemed to scuttle his chances for promotion. But his name went back on the lists a year later, when he became a rear admiral, and in 1951, he became a member of the allied cease-fire commission in Korea for six months.

In 1955, he was selected by Eisenhower over 92 more senior officers to be Chief of Naval Operations. In that post, he advocated a balanced and versatile fleet, new antisubmarine technology, the development of *Polaris* submarines and other nuclear systems, and new aircraft designs. He served three two-year terms, but insisted on retiring in 1961, when President John F. Kennedy offered him a fourth term.

Arleigh Albert Burke was born on a farm near Boulder, Colo., on Oct. 19, 1901. His parents were of Swedish and Pennsylvania Dutch stock, his paternal grandfather having changed the name from Bjorkegren. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1923, and after five years of sea duty, earned a degree in chemical engineering at the University of Michigan in 1931.

He was an inspector at a naval gun factory in Washington when World War II broke out. He immediately applied for sea duty, but his application was not granted until 1943, when he was sent to command destroyers in the Solomons. For his ensuing exploits, he was awarded 13 decorations, including the Distinguished Service Medal, the Navy Cross, the Legion of Merit and the Silver Star.

In January 1977, he was awarded the nation's highest civilian honor, the Medal of Freedom, by President Gerald R. Ford. In 1984, the Navy named a class of missile-launching destroyers for him. And in 1991, it launched the U.S.S. *Arleigh Burke*, an \$864 million destroyer, and for the first time in Navy history, the man for whom a ship was named was on hand to see her commissioned.

Mr. Burke is survived by his wife, the former Roberta (Bobbi) Gorsuch, to whom he was married for 72 years. •

LANDMINES: A DEADLY PERIL TO ALL THE WORLD'S CREATURES

• Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I have often spoken of the danger landmines pose to civilians and combatants around the world. There are an estimated 100 million of these hidden killers in over 60 countries, each one waiting to explode from the pressure of a footstep.

The State Department estimates that 26,000 people are killed or maimed by landmines annually. That is 72 people each day, or one every 22 minutes. The overwhelming majority are innocent civilians, who if they are lucky enough to survive face a lifetime of physical and psychological trauma.

American service men and women are also the victims of these indiscriminate killers. It is no surprise that the first American casualty in Bosnia was from a landmine. There are 3 to 5 million landmines there, hidden under snow and mud. After our troops leave, millions will remain for years, taking their toll among the civilian population. Few people know that landmines caused a third of the American deaths in Vietnam, a quarter of the American deaths in the Persian Gulf war, and over a quarter of American deaths in Somalia.

Landmines are a global humanitarian catastrophe, but humans are not the only victims. Any living creature, wild or domestic, that weighs as much as a small dog, is a potential landmine victim. There have been many instances when a family lost its only means of livelihood when a cow or water buffalo stepped on a landmine, but there are undoubtedly countless other instances of wild animals that have died from mines. Virtually any animal that triggers a mine suffers terrible injuries and dies from loss of blood.

Mr. President, this may seem unimportant, but it is not. Landmines are insidious because they indiscriminately kill and maim the innocent, and that includes animals as well as people. There have even been reports that the Pentagon is considering using sheep to clear mines, by sending them into minefields to trigger the mines. Not only would this fail to detonate all the mines, but anyone who has seen the horrifying injuries landmines cause would be repulsed by the sacrifice of defenseless animals that way.

Mr. President, landmines are causing a humanitarian catastrophe. Even if not a single new mine were laid the 100 million unexploded mines in the ground would go on killing for decades. We must do all we can to locate and remove them. I have sponsored legislation to appropriate funds to improve the technology for doing that, and to help support mine clearing efforts around the world. Those funds are being used. It is not enough, not nearly enough, but it is a start.

To those who care about innocent life, whether human or non-human, landmines are a scourge that must be rid from the world. Ultimately, the only way to do that is to ban them altogether. •

A SPECIAL HOLIDAY SEASON IN NEW YORK

• Mr. D'AMATO. Mr. President, I rise today to celebrate the true spirit of the holiday season and pay special tribute to Trans World Airlines (TWA) for its generosity in helping to make Christmas a truly special time for one of my constituents, Mr. Mouris Astafanous.

To have a chance of survival, doctors told Mr. Astafanous that he would need a bone marrow transplant. Tests had indicated that his sister, Ms. Wedad Astafanous of Cairo, Egypt, met the incredible 20,000 to 1 odds of finding a