

could have this operation today if only there were enough donated eyes available.

The purpose of National Eye Donor Month is simply to remind all Americans that we can make those corneas available. Every year thousands of Americans donate their eyes to eye banks. In 1994, over 95,000 eyes were donated and over 43,000 transplants were actually performed.

Mr. President, these numbers need some explaining. Those figures seem to reflect a pretty substantial disparity, but there is a good reason for it—a very strict screening process that keeps out those who test positive for HIV, those who have hepatitis, and those with unhealthy cells on their corneas. Those are just a few of the reasons why many corneas are unsuitable for transplantation. But the corneas from these donors are, in fact, actually used for a good purpose. They are used in other very important ways. They are used for research in surgical training and other medical education. It is because of this screening process I have just described that eye transplant operations have such an incredible success rate—better than a 90-percent success.

This screening process and this rate of success, however, require a greater number of donations. If we could increase the number of eyes donated to eye banks, we could take care of the 6,668 patients who are still waiting for corneal transplants today as well as the 40,000-odd people who join their ranks every single year.

As I said, this kind of surgery really does work. In the 35 years since the founding of the Eye Bank Association of America, EBAA member eye banks have made possible over half a million corneal transplants.

There simply are not enough eye donors. The only solution is public education—making the American people aware of what we can do to help. That is what National Eye Donor Month is all about. In March 1996, let us recommit ourselves as a nation to giving the gift of sight to some of our fellow citizens who stand in need.

Let me conclude on a personal note. In August 1993, our 22-year-old daughter Becky was killed. My wife and I and our children had never discussed the issue of organ donation, and when Fran and I were at the hospital and were asked to donate Becky's eyes, we said "yes." We said "yes" because we knew that is what our daughter would have wanted us to do. Becky was a loving and caring person. She cared very deeply about other people.

I encourage all families to discuss with their family members this very important issue because by donating the eyes of a loved one or making arrangements that your own eyes can be donated, some good can come out of what to us was life's most horrible tragedy.

Again I call the Members' attention to National Eye Donor Month, which is

March of this year, and ask that we all renew our dedication to increasing the number of donations, the number of eyes that are available so that more people could see. Thank you very much, Mr. President.

Mr. BOND addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Missouri.

Mr. BOND. Mr. President, I commend my distinguished colleague from Ohio on his very moving, very touching appeal, certainly one that I think is extremely important for all of us. While our hearts and our sympathies go out to him and his lovely wife in their loss, we do commend them for using this opportunity to assist others.

(The remarks of Mr. BOND pertaining to the introduction of S. 1574 are located in today's RECORD under "Statements on Introduced Bills and Joint Resolutions.")

TRIBUTE TO GARY MUNSEN—A BASKETBALL COACHING MILESTONE

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, during the cold and snowy winter months in South Dakota, many of my constituents enjoy the excitement of the basketball courts as a reprieve from the cold. This year, a very heated basketball season is melting the snow off the city of Mitchell, SD. Mitchell's basketball coach, Gary Munsen, has reached a milestone in South Dakota high school basketball—he has recorded 500 career wins.

Gary Munsen's achievement represents his long, dedicated service to the game of basketball in South Dakota, and more important, his players and his community. Gary is living proof that hard work and a strong commitment are the foundation of South Dakotans' success. Gary's success also comes from his understanding that coaching is more than teaching kids how to put an orange ball through an iron hoop. Coaching is about teaching young people the importance of teamwork, discipline, hard work, and individual effort. Gary Munsen has made many sacrifices during his career as a basketball coach. But Gary's incredible effort, determination and commitment have made him a brilliant coach. I extend my congratulations to him for his outstanding record.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the complete text of an article highlighting Gary Munsen's career be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the text of the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Argus Header, Sioux Falls (SD), Feb. 4, 1996]

MUNSEN HANGING TOUGH—MITCHELL COACH'S ROAD TO 500 WINS HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN SMOOTH

(By Stu Whitney)

Gary Munsen doesn't need numbers to prove his perseverance. His stubborn survival as South Dakota's master of March could never be that simple or pure.

But some numbers are too significant to ignore, and they are used to measure Mitchell's basketball mentor against other mortals.

Victory is a comfortable criteria for Munsen. He shines every time.

After Saturday's triumph over Washington, he needs one more win to become the second coach in state history to claim 500 boys basketball victories. Gayle Hoover compiled 577 in 34 seasons at Parker.

The milestone might be reached Tuesday in Brookings, but Munsen is more concerned about keeping this year's Kernels on course. They are 11-1 and ranked No. 1 in Class AA.

"I'm not one of those guys who set out to coach 30 years and get my plaque," says Munsen, whose 499-161 record includes six state championships. "I'm also not on some kind of mission to break Hoover's record."

To assert this, Munsen talks about walking away. He turns 53 on March 12, so early retirement from Mitchell's school system could come in 1998.

"I've spent all my life doing this, and maybe it hurt my family sometimes," says Munsen, who grew up 35 miles west of Mitchell in White Lake.

"I might get out of education altogether, if I can afford it. We've got a great athlete in (sophomore guard) Mike Miller, and I told him when he goes, I'll go with him."

Munsen has coached Mitchell's girls to a 141-21 record and three state titles since 1989, but he plans to drop that extra responsibility after next season. He almost did it at last season's state tournament in Rapid City.

"Before the finals against O'Gorman, I decided I was going to get out of girls basketball if we won," recalls Munsen. "It just seemed like a good time to get out."

When Mitchell was upset by the Knights, however, Munsen was stuck for another year. Such is the burden he has built for himself.

Critics can mention Munsen's alcohol abuse, his family struggles, but never can they deny that he wins the big games. Even on the high school level, it is that portion of one's reputation that often prevails.

"There are probably some people who don't like him, but I think a lot of people respect him," says son Scott, 30, who coaches track and cross country at the University of South Dakota.

"Coming through at the state tournament has always been his style and his strength. I think he figured, 'Well, I might not be the smartest guy in the world, but I can outwork them. I can be better prepared.'"

But how does Munsen prepare for the end? If retirement means losing the one thing that defined him as a winner, what part of his reputation will ultimately rise?

"I was talking to (former Dakota Wesleyan coach) Gordie Fosness about that," says Munsen. "And he said, 'When it's time to get out, you get out. You'll know when it's time.'"

"I still have a love for the game. I'm not as young as I was, but the fire is still there. When the fire's gone, I'm gone."

STARTING OUT

When Munsen started his coaching career at Marion High School in 1966, it might have seemed laughable that history would match him with Hoover.

Just eight miles down the road, Hoover's hard-working Parker squads had established a sure-shooting reputation. They beat Munsen every time the schools met.

"He drilled me a few times," concedes Munsen, whose collegiate playing career started at Dakota Wesleyan and ended unceremoniously at Dakota State.

"But he also showed me how to coach the game. I admire him for the years he stayed all in one place."

But Hoover remembers thinking that Munsen would not stay in Marion. When the young coach ranted and raved, there was something extra in those eyes.

"He was truly enthusiastic about basketball," recalls Hoover, who remains Parker's athletic director. "And I figured he didn't want to stay at a small school. But I don't think Gary knew exactly what he wanted at that time."

After three seasons, the decision was made for him. A school board member, unhappy with his son's playing time, pushed through an unpleasant ultimatum.

"They basically said, 'Do it this way or you'll be the assistant coach,'" says Munsen. "A lot of people in the community wanted me to stay, but that really wasn't much of a choice."

MOVING TO MITCHELL

Whether classified as a resignation or a firing, Munsen's departure was basically a beginning.

In 1969, he was hired to teach business at Mitchell's middle school—which included ninth-grade coaching duties in basketball, football and track.

He also served as an assistant to varsity basketball coach Tim Fisk, whom he met during a brief stay at Wesleyan in 1961.

"The tough part was getting the people in Mitchell to hire him after what had happened in Marion," says fellow White Lake native Jerry Miller, who was Mitchell's wrestling coach at the time.

"But once he started coaching, Gary was destined to be a good one. He's got a real knack."

When Fish left coaching in 1972, Munsen inherited the program. That first season, the Kernels introduced their new coach to what would become familiar territory.

"I had never been to the state tournament—and we got there," says Munsen, whose 18-7 team took third and watched Huron beat Yankton in the finals.

"The kids we had that year really played above their level of capability. Our biggest kid was 6-foot-4 and we had a 5-5 guard, but somehow we found a way."

Still, Munsen did not enjoy sudden success at the state level. Yankton had some powerful teams, and getting past the semi-final round became a constant struggle.

"It wasn't all roses during the first seven or eight years," says Munsen, who saw championship-caliber teams stumble at the 1976 and '78 tournaments.

"We had some tough times where it seemed like we couldn't get over the hump. I don't know if my job was ever in jeopardy, but maybe people were saying we couldn't win the big one. I was given a good chance to succeed, though, and I hung in there."

TIME FOR SUCCESS

Munsen finally broke through in 1984, when all-state guard Kyle Adams led the Kernels past Washington 54-48 for the school's first title in 20 years.

"We were so thankful to finally get there that we made the most of the opportunity," says Scott Munsen, who was a backup point guard on that team. "I think (Munsen) felt like if he stuck it out long enough, something good was going to happen."

Once Munsen had conquered the state tournament, his appetite for victory became voracious.

The Kernels, sparked by Bart Friedrich and Chad Andersen, went 27-0 the next season to forge their reputation as a perennial postseason power.

When Mitchell rose again in 1986—the first year of the three-class system—it became the first South Dakota school to win three straight boys basketball titles since 1924.

"Maybe it's easier to get to the state tournament now, but it's not always easy to win

it," says Munsen, who rose again with a dramatic double-overtime win over Lincoln in 1990 and added titles in '91 and '94.

"We always talk about getting back to the tournament and trying to finish higher than the year before. If we won it the previous year, we talk about doing it again."

Munsen calls tournament time "the most exciting part of the game," and he speaks from experience. His Mitchell teams—boys and girls—have reached the postseason party 25 times.

His boys teams have compiled a 37-17 record in 18 state tournaments and have finished lower than fifth only twice.

"There's something unique about what happens to Gary's teams at tournament time," says Miller, now the athletic director at Roosevelt.

"And it doesn't happen by accident. It's got to be a mental edge at that point, and what he does to get those kids ready is really something."

HANGING TOUGH

As magnificent as Munsen the coach has been, his mystique has been marred by the real-life struggles of Munsen the man.

His father, Charles, died of cancer in 1987. And his first wife, Cheri, was diagnosed with the same illness in 1989.

All the hard work in the world couldn't erase that reality, so Munsen looked to escape.

"That's when the drinking became heavy," he told the Argus Leader in December 1991. "I had some struggling moments, some tough times. I knew it was a problem, but I just wasn't able to cope."

In the fall of 1990, Munsen underwent a month-long alcohol rehabilitation in Aberdeen. He was separated from Cheri when she passed away in 1991.

"I didn't handle that very well," says Munsen, whose youngest son, Sam, is a Mitchell freshman. "But it's over and done with. I never, ever lost focus of the program during that time."

But problems with his second wife, Pam, also arose. Munsen was arrested for misdemeanor assault Oct. 3, 1994, after she accused him of striking her and knocking her to the floor.

Daivison County State's Attorney Doug Papandick dropped the charge on the condition that Munsen seek counseling, and the couple has reconciled.

Though this side of Munsen's reputation has been wasted by weakness, a person without strength could never have survived. Even those with frailties can fight, and sometimes they even win.

In the very near future, Munsen will win for the 500th time and solidify his status as one of the finest coaches in the history of South Dakota basketball.

It is a status that has grown sturdy through the years, so sturdy that restless rumors and rival reputations cannot possibly steal it away. Munsen knows how sturdy the vision of victory can be. He couldn't even destroy it himself.

"He is a strong person," says Scott Munsen. "Whenever he has struggles, he becomes convinced that you have to believe in yourself and become more committed to what you're doing."

Until retirement comes, Munsen will commit to the cause that has defined his existence over the past 30 years. After a while, you become accustomed to carrying on.

"When someone has a bumpy road but still hangs in there, that's a pretty good quality," says Jerry Miller.

"Maybe only a guy from White Lake, South Dakota, could do that. When you've been in a small town and lived through some trials and tribulations, you learn how to bite the bullet. You learn to hang in there."

SOUTH DAKOTA: SPORTSMAN'S SANCTUARY

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, When I was growing up on a farm in Humboldt, SD, I knew and participated in one of my home State's best kept secrets: hunting. Almost every year I have returned to my State to hunt pheasants in the fall. I did so again, with great success, just last fall. South Dakota is a sportsman's sanctuary, a heaven on earth. It's becoming less and less a secret. Hunting-related tourism has boomed in my State. People from around the world travel hundreds—even thousands—of miles to experience a special piece of South Dakota. The tourism industry has become an integral part of South Dakota's continued prosperity and economic growth.

I have many fond memories of growing up in South Dakota. A recent article in the Wall Street Journal articulated many of the sentiments I feel about South Dakota hunting. Sun-filled, crisp blue skies; fields thick with pheasants—indeed, South Dakota is filled with many such days of splendor. I encourage my colleagues and all Americans to share in this unique South Dakota experience. I extend a warm invitation to visit my State.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the full text of the Wall Street Journal article, "Where Pheasants Swarm as Thick as Locusts," be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the text of the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

WHERE PHEASANTS SWARM AS THICK AS LOCUSTS

(By Michael Pearce)

GETTYSBURG, SD.—A half-dozen gunners and a pair of dogs, we quietly eased into a grassy field that was the picture of prairie tranquility. During the first few minutes signs of life were rare, save the occasional flushing meadowlark and the lone redtail hawk that rode the same gentle wind that pushed rippling waves across the grass and rattled the skeletal remains of wild sunflowers.

But the serenity vanished one-third of the way through the field when a gaudy rooster pheasant flushed inches in front of a pouncing golden retriever. And within seconds pheasants were rising like popping corn; first one, then another, followed by a pair, another single and then a trio. Throughout the rest of the hike pheasants rose in numbers that rivaled swarms of locusts of biblical proportions.

The result was a pleasant pandemonium. Hunters fumbled to reload as rooster after rooster lifted skyward, towing tails as long as their brilliantly plumed bodies. There were countless shotgun fusillades, shouts of "good shot," "rooster coming your way" and "hen, don't shoot" amid the roar of beating wings.

Though no exact count was taken, estimates of pheasants flushed from the field ranged from 200 to 400. Days, weeks and months after the final flush of the one-hour hunt the gunners would use every superlative imaginable as they vainly tried to describe the experience to family and friends. But to a true wingshooting aficionado they only needed to say "a good day in South Dakota."

First introduced in the waning years of the last century, the varicolored Asian imports