

the Senior Girl Scout Challenge, as well as design and implement a Girl Scout Gold Award service project. A plan for fulfilling these requirements is created by the Senior Girl Scout and is carried out through close cooperation between the girl and an adult Girl Scout volunteer.

The named Girl Scouts provided the following community services for their Gold Award projects:

Miss Cady completed a beautification project involving landscaping and painting at Carolyn Park Elementary School.

Miss Claverie produced an extensive resource guide for recycled crafts and environmental awareness.

Miss Cancienne developed a resource booklet on disability awareness including an activities box.

Miss James founded a chapter of Students Against Drunk Driving (SADD) at Benjamin Franklin High School.

Miss O'Flynn designed an equestrian competition for disabled children.

Miss Raborn educated her community about exchange student programs and her family hosted two exchange students.

Misses Adams, Cummins, Reites and Schiffman were a team for a restoration project of Storyland at City Park.

I believe these Girl Scouts should receive the public recognition due them for their significant services to their communities and to their country.●

UNNATURAL CONDITIONS SET STAGE FOR NATURAL DISASTER

● Mr. KYL. Mr. President, I ask that the following newspaper article be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. The article follows:

UNNATURAL CONDITIONS SET STAGE FOR NATURAL DISASTER

[From the Tribune, May 17, 1996]

(By Sherry Boss)

FLAGSTAFF—Peter Fule walks through the past and finds comfort there.

He is safe in a stand of 400-year-old ponderosas. Wildfire is unlikely to touch this 8 acres of forest north of Flagstaff. Fule and his colleagues have restored it to the way it was in 1876 in hopes of learning a lesson.

The wind is gusty here and rain a stranger—perfect conditions for a sweeping blaze like the one that ravaged 61,000 acres at Four Peaks this month.

But unlike most of Arizona's forests this one is not a tinderbox at the mercy of a cigarette butt or car engine spark, said Fule, a senior research specialist at Northern Arizona University's School of Forestry.

The grass under Fule's feet and the ample distance between trees in peace of mind.

One day in 1994, students and employees for NAU, the U.S. Forest Service and the logging industry sawed down more than 7,000 new trees in the Fort Valley Experimental Forest, short eight miles north of Flagstaff. All that remains now are the 480 pines that were standing in pre-settlement days. Workers brought the density down from more than 1,000 trees per acre to 62—closer to the way it was before cattle disturbed the forest's ecosystem.

"It was a neat feeling to see this being done and see the new forest emerging," Fule said.

If lightning were strike here now, short flames would creep along the forest floor. The fire would consume grass, twigs and pine needle litter. The flames would singe tree trunks, but wouldn't get hot enough to kill the towering pines. Then, when there was no grass left to burn, the flames would go out.

That's the way it was for hundreds of years. Fire was friendly to the forest, Fule said. It cleared out scraggly brush and new saplings every few years, allowing the older trees to thrive without competition for water and light.

But this is the forest of the past.

Today, national forests like Arizona's Coconino, Kaibab and Apache-Sitgreaves are much different places. They're so dense with spindly young pines, forestry experts call the cluster of trees "dog-hair tickets."

Fire in those tickets equals almost certain destruction. The trees of different sizes form stair steps for the fire to climb to the largest pines.

That's why, forestry experts say, Arizona is at risk of the worst wildfires this millennium.

Never before has there been such accumulation of fire fuel. Add to that some of the driest weather in recorded history and the danger is extreme.

Years of ecological disturbance have brought the West's forests to this point, Fule said.

The trouble started in Arizona in 1883 when the transcontinental railroad was finished. The state was connected. People arrived. They brought cows.

The lush grass and wildflowers on the forest floors were perfect for grazing. Cows ate to the bare ground.

With the grass gone, the fires stopped. When pines dropped their seeds, they took root. The trees grew in thick, but not very big. There wasn't enough water for any one tree to thrive. Now, when a spark hits the thickets, the world forest is doomed.

"If a fire came through this year, this tree would almost certainly die," Fule said of a ponderosa that has stood for at least 300 years. "Not only this one, but all its neighbors."

What took hundreds of years for nature to build could be destroyed in minutes, he said.

For most of this century, the U.S. Forest Service's policy was to put out fires, Fule said. That policy interrupted nature's long-term plans, he said.

"People have always wanted to control nature and remake it for human needs and human goals," he said.

Years of fire suppression policy led to the devastating Lone fire at Four Peaks 35 miles east of Phoenix, said Julie Stromberg, associate research professor at Arizona State University's Center for Environmental Studies. Fires have been put out as soon as they start, allowing the vegetation to accumulate.

"If you don't do frequent burns or controlled burns, you're going to have a catastrophic fire," Stromberg said.

The problem isn't easily solved now. It's too late to let nature take its course, Fule said. There's no choice but to put out forest fires, he said.

"If all the fire crews walked away, by tomorrow, the whole state would be in flames," he said.

Fule hopes the solution lies in a combination of cutting and burning.

Official will start a fire every three years in the cleared-out experimental forest to imitate the natural fire cycle that occurred between 1630 and 1876.

A similar cut-and-burn project is under way on a larger scale at Mount Turnbull on 3,700 acres north of the Grand Canyon.

But thinning out the forest is controversial. Some people are so accustomed to thick

forests, they believe that's the way they should be. Some are partial to the kinds of wildlife the thickets attract, too.

But as the Lone fire proved, nature has a vengeance when it's disturbed.

"The natural area (becomes) so unnatural in its density and fuel accumulation, it begins to present a hazard," Fule said.●

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF DICK CLURMAN

Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, yesterday morning, May 20, 1996, "a gathering to celebrate the life of Dick Clurman" took place at the Beth-El Chapel of the Temple Emanu-El in New York City. William F. Buckley, Jr. led off with a wonderfully moving tribute, which ended, "It will require the balance of my own lifetime to requite what he gave to me." He was followed by Osborn Elliott, a lifelong friend and fellow journalist. There followed equally singular tributes from Harry Evans, H.D.S. Greenway, David Halberstam, Phyllis Newman, who sang a Gershwin tune, Hugh Sidey, Mike Wallace, Barbara Walters, and then the Clurman family. Rabbi Richard S. Chapin and Cantor Howard Nevison provided liturgy and liturgical music.

It was indeed a life to celebrate and to remember. I ask that Mr. Buckley's and Mr. Elliott's remarks be printed in the RECORD, along with a fine obituary by Lawrence Van Gelder which appeared in the New York Times.

The material follows:

REMARKS BY WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR. AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR RICHARD M. CLURMAN

Three years ago, one evening in July, he asked whether I'd cross the ocean again in 1995, what would have been the fifth such venture, done at five-year intervals beginning in 1975. "I'm prepared to go," he told me. I suppose I smiled; it was dark on the veranda when he spoke. I told him I doubted my crew could be mobilized for one more such trip, and just the right crew was indispensable. He had done with me two Atlantic crossings, one Pacific crossing. He was an instant celebrity for his ineptitudes at sea, done in high spirit with a wonderful, persistent incomprehension of what was the job at hand. He was the object of hilarious ridicule in my son's published journal—and he loved it all, even as Christopher loved him; even when, while discoursing concentratedly on matters of state, he would drop his cigarette ash into Christopher's wine glass, or very nearly set fire in the galley when trying to light the stove. He thrived on the cheerful raillery of his companions, but on one occasion thought to say to me, in a voice unaccustomedly low, "I'm good at other things."

He hardly needed to remind me. Yes, and from everything he was good at he drew lessons, little maxims of professional and extra-professional life of great cumulative impact, instantly imparted to all his friends, at the least suggestion from them, or from their situation, that they needed help, or instruction. It is awesome to extrapolate from one's own experience of his goodness the sum of what he did for others.

When Oz Elliott, on Shirley's behalf, asked me to say something today I went right to my desk but I found it impossible to imagine his absence from the scene. Was it true that there would be no message from him tomorrow on our E-mail circuit? That we would

not be dining together during the week, or sharing a tenth Christmas together? In the strangest sense, the answer is No, it isn't impossible that we will continue as companions, because his companionship left indelible traces: how to work, how to read, how to love.

It came to me last Thursday when just after midnight my son reached me at the hotel, that I have always subconsciously looked out for the total Christian, and when I found him, he turned out to be a non-practicing Jew. It will require the balance of my own lifetime to requite what he gave to me.

DICK

Good morning, Shirley, and Michael, and Susan Emma, and Carol, and all you other family members and hundreds of friends who are here to rejoice in the life of that wonderful man, Dick Clurman.

I'm Oz Elliott, and Dick was my best friend.

We were close for nearly half a century.

At first, we had no choice: as young writers for Time, we were thrown together, crammed with our Royal typewriters into a tiny cubbyhole at 9 Rockefeller Plaza.

Within a year or so, we graduated to offices of our own—but by then there was no way we could really be separated. The reason was that while Dick made himself an expert in many things, his true specialty was friendship—and that came so naturally to him.

Once you were his friend, you could do no wrong. Once you were his friend, he could never do enough for you.

If you were stranded in the suburbs by a hurricane, and unable to visit your sick baby in a New York hospital, not to worry: Dick would visit that baby and report to you daily.

If you were in a panic because your child was late coming home on a dark winter evening, Dick would be there in a flash to search the neighborhood.

If you were fired from your job in mid-career, Dick would find you a new one.

If you suffered from writer's block, Dick would help you write a lead.

Dick did all these things, most of them for me.

In later years, we were fierce competitors—he stayed at Time, while I moved to Newsweek. Yet even in that head-to-head combat, whenever I faced a tough ethical decision, I would always call Dick for advice.

He was a superb journalist—ever the skeptic, never the cynic, always a stickler for precision.

One summer dawn we were out fishing together—and to our utter amazement we spotted a baby seal in Westhampton waters. Dick got on the ship-to-shore right away:

"Coast Guard, Coast Guard, this is Sundance. Over."

"Coast Guard, Coast Guard, this is Sundance. Over."

After repeated calls, some sleepy Coast Guardsman answered:

"Sundance this is Coast Guard. Over."

"Coast Guard, we have located a seal—that's a Sugar-Easy-Able-Love," said Dick. "Is that of any interest to you?"

"A what?"

"That's a seal," Dick said, "a Sugar—Easy—Able—Love."

"You mean the animal?" asked the bewildered Coast Guardsman.

"That's the mammal," Dick responded.

He was precise, and caring, and incredibly well organized. The other day, as some of us were helping Shirley—manning the phones, calling friends, informing the press, planning this morning's service, Michael said it all:

"Where is Dick Clurman when we need him most?"

My best friend.

[From the New York Times, May 17, 1996]

RICHARD M. CLURMAN, A LEADING EDITOR AT TIME, DIES AT 72

(By Lawrence Van Gelder)

Richard M. Clurman, whose passion for journalism brought him to prominence at Time magazine and Newsday and whose passion for New York City made him a leading figure in its cultural affairs, died on Wednesday at his summer home in Quogue, L.I. Mr. Clurman, who lived on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, was 72.

The cause was a heart attack, according to his wife, Shirley.

In a career at Time that spanned 23 years, Mr. Clurman held such posts as press editor, chief of correspondents and head of the Time-Life News Service, overseeing a network of 105 staff correspondents deployed throughout the United States and in 34 cities abroad.

From 1955 to 1958, he interrupted his tenure at Time, which began in 1949 and ended in 1972, to become the editorial director and executive assistant to Alicia Patterson, the publisher of Newsday.

In 1973, he became administrator of Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs for Mayor John V. Lindsay. Mr. Clurman was also chairman of the New York City Center and a member of the board of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

His commitment to journalism and his fascination with its practices and lore led him to write several books, including "Beyond Malice: The Media's Years of Reckoning," a 1988 analysis of the clash between the public and the press, and "To the End of Time: The Seduction and Conquest of the World's Largest Media Empires," a 1992 account of the merger between Time Inc. and Warner Communications.

Toward the end of the book, Mr. Clurman wondered if Time's objective of adding "to the quality of knowledge people had about the world" would survive what he called the cultural gap between the corporations.

"No one should ask that benevolence be the priority of Time Warner or any other public company," he wrote. "What can be asked is that this new company, with its human and material assets, have a spine that is more than stocks, bonds, rights, deals and tightly rolled greenbacks."

At the time of his death, Mr. Clurman was at work on a book about The Wall Street Journal.

As sophisticated and accomplished as he was in journalism, Mr. Clurman adopted a self-deprecating attitude toward his activities in other realms. When named board chairman of the New York City Center of Music and Drama in 1968, Mr. Clurman said: "The suggestion came out of the blue. For 44 years I've done nothing outside of journalism. I haven't even belonged to the P.T.A. or the Red Cross."

"At first I thought they were seeking my advice about someone else and then I thought they'd confused me with Harold," he said, referring to his uncle, the critic and director Harold Clurman. "I am neither an impresario nor a tycoon, and impresarios and tycoons are often the moving spirit behind cultural organizations of this sort."

But within a few years, he was being credited with expanding the activities of the City Center.

Mayor Lindsay, who was president of the center and leader of its selection committee, clearly valued the fresh eye Mr. Clurman brought to the center and to his post as Parks Commissioner.

There, Mr. Clurman touched off an immediate furor by declaring at his swearing-in

ceremony that he would withdraw all maintenance and services from parks that were repeatedly vandalized and where the community made no effort to halt the destruction.

He took pride in coming in the inner workings of the city as an outsider unwise to the way to political patronage.

"In the world I came from, I had only dispensed jobs on merit," he wrote in 1974 in the New York Times. "So I set about hiring, firing and moving people on the basis of what I thought the parks administration needed. Mr. Lindsay was so bemused by my political innocence that neither he nor his staff ever suggested I do it any other way. The club house politicians, whose names I eventually learned but from whom I never heard a word, either considered me so ignorant or so temporary as to be unworthy of their presumed power."

In another article, he recalled his introduction to George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein of the New York City Ballet in his capacity as chairman of the board of the ballet company and its parent organization, the New York City Center of Music and Drama.

"I informed them that although I appreciated the other arts and was certainly informed about world affairs, I had been to the ballet only once in my life," he wrote. "Balanchine half rose from his chair and asked incredulously, 'Do you hate the ballet?'"

"'Not that I'm aware of,' I replied, 'but if I were you, I'd make something of how seldom I've gone.'"

Balanchine asked, "Would you open your mind to learning about the ballet?" and, Mr. Clurman wrote, "promptly made an offer that only a dolt could refuse: 'I would like to teach you about it.'"

Mr. Clurman suggested that he prescribe a bibliography and a list of people to talk to, his usual mode of inquiry and learning as a journalist. "No, just watch and listen," Balanchine said. He produced a program and listed seven or eight ballets. For six weeks, Mr. Clurman said, he tried to figure out what was going on.

"Then one night in the middle of Balanchine's pioneering 'Agon,' I had the epiphany that my teacher had so artfully arranged. Nothing was going on. It was just bodies moving gloriously to music. From that moment, the ballet became my favorite spectator experience."

In 1975, after he left Time and municipal administration, Mr. Clurman formed his own public policy consulting company, Richard M. Clurman Associates. From 1980 to 1984, he also served as adviser to the office of the chairman of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons. In 1981, he returned to journalism, serving for a decade as the chairman of Columbia University's seminars on media and society.

Engaged with ideas, Mr. Clurman was noted for dinner parties at which he would tap a spoon against a glass, commanding the attention of his guests—people like Robert F. Kennedy, William Buckley, Edward Albee, Barbra Streisand and Norman Podhoretz—and announce a topic they were expected to discuss.

"I refused to be bored," he said.

Mr. Clurman was a member of the Council on Foreign Relations and of the board of the Citizens Committee for New York City.

He was born in New York City in 1924. He received a Bachelor's of Philosophy degree in political science from the University of Chicago in 1946 after serving during World War II in the Information and Education Division of the Army. He began his career in journalism in 1946 as an assistant editor on the magazine Commentary. After joining Time in 1949, he served for six years as its press editor.

In addition to his wife, the former Shirley Potash, Mr. Clurman is survived by his son,

R. Michael Clurman Jr. of Manhattan; two daughters by a previous marriage, which ended in divorce: Susan Emma Clurman of Manhattan and Carol Duning of Alexandria, Va., and two grandchildren.●

SHERIFF HENRY HEALEY

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I wanted to take a few moments today to speak about the passing of a distinguished citizen of Connecticut and a great American—Henry Healey, Jr.

At the time of his death, Henry Healey was the high sheriff of New Haven County. But his legacy was far greater. He was a WWII veteran, a successful businessman, a dedicated member of the Democratic Party, and a close and dear friend.

I first got to know Henry Healey because of his relationship with my father, Senator Thomas Dodd. And later, when I decided to leave the House of Representatives and make my own run for the U.S. Senate it was from Henry Healey that I sought counsel.

His advice then, as it was every time I spoke to him, helped to guide me in my decision-making process. Because, Henry was a man of great wisdom and shrewd understanding of political history.

Like few men I've known, Henry was endowed with a vision that allowed him to presciently see beyond the political machinations of the day to the long-term political currents of the future.

It's one of the main reasons why Henry was probably one of the three or four most influential people in the past 30 years of Connecticut political history.

But of course there was more to Henry than just his political acumen. He was a man of great loyalty and understanding, who knew how to accomplish things without being flamboyant or self-serving.

He wasn't a great ideologue or a firebrand. He was more interested in people's human skills and their ability to work with others.

I think his chief deputy sheriff, Frank Kinney, Jr., said it best: "People with problems in their lives could always open up to him and he never failed to respond, to do what he could for them. That's what I learned from him, and that's what I admired most about him."

And in his official role as New Haven County sheriff, Henry Healey turned what had been a largely administrative position into a bully pulpit for drug education, crime prevention, and charity.

And he was recognized across the country for his innovations in law enforcement. He was one of the first officials in America to advocate neighborhood block watch programs. He was a strong voice in the fight against substance abuse in New Haven County schools. And he was recognized by his peers, when he was appointed president of the National Sheriffs Association, in the late 1980s.

But, Henry Healey was also a man of great personal charity. His New Haven scholarship fund helped give hundreds of Connecticut children the opportunity to seek higher education. And, he made it a regular practice of hiring ex-convicts for his car dealerships. In addition, he ended the practice of serving eviction notices at Christmas.

This charity was certainly smart politics for an elected official. It was no accident that if you had hopes of a career in politics in Connecticut, it was a good idea to stay on the right side of Henry.

But, it also reflected Henry's integrity as a public servant and as a man. He was a throwback to an earlier, simpler age in American politics and he will be dearly missed by the residents of New Haven County and the State of Connecticut.

My thoughts and prayers are with his wife Jean and his children Patrick, Henry Bryan, Michael, Constance, Christina, and Irene.●

ADJUSTING THE CONSUMER PRICE INDEX

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, a number of careful statements have been made on the floor yesterday and today concerning the use of the Consumer Price Index [CPI] as a proxy for measuring changes in the cost of living. As we all surely know, the Bureau of Labor Statistics [BLS] is insistent that the CPI is not a cost of living index: never has been; cannot be. It would be more than a third of a century ago that I became Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Kennedy administration. In that role, I had nominal supervision of the Bureau, and I attest that this was fully understood at that time, well before the CPI began to be used as it is today as an index for various entitlement programs and tax schedules.

The question has been properly raised as to whether economists are in general agreement that the CPI overstates inflation. My distinguished friend from North Dakota, Senator CONRAD, described the near unanimous testimony of a panel of economists that testified before the Senate Committee on Finance to this effect. I would draw the attention of the Senate to the fact that well before the Finance Committee established the Boskin commission to enquire into this matter, the subject was under consideration in the Office of Management and Budget. Specifically, a memorandum of October 3, 1994, sets forth the matter in specific terms.

I ask that portions of that memorandum be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

OCTOBER 3, 1994.

From: Alice M. Rivlin.
Subject: Big Choices.

When we met in August, we noted that it was time for a serious discussion of the budget and economic agenda for 1995 and 1996. Decisions must be made soon about the policies to be articulated in the FY 1996 budget, the

State of the Union, and our response to the Kerrey-Danforth Commission report. These policies and the message they contain are crucial to the record we will run on in 1996.

Illustrative entitlement options

Options	5-yr savings (\$ B)
COLA reduction:	
CPI minus 0.5 "technical" reform	
(CPI may be overstated by 0.4% to 1.5%)	33
Eliminate COLAs for one year	55
CPI minus 2 for five years	109●

THE VOID IN MORAL LEADERSHIP—PART IX

Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, last Sunday marked the third anniversary of the firings of the Travelgate Seven from the White House travel office. That is 3 years of the Federal Government harassing these innocent public servants, and their families, and the harassment continues as I speak. This is a story of an abuse of power by the new occupants of the White House, back on May 19, 1993.

The Clinton White House used the full powers of the Federal Government to fire these seven loyal workers, destroy their reputations, deplete their bank accounts, steal their dignity, and cause great suffering for their families.

I wonder how many Americans have been the target of an abusive Washington bureaucracy—like the IRS.

Or how about when four Federal agencies fight over the right to tell a farmer how to use land that his family has been farming for three generations.

And how many small businesses have been harassed by OSHA or EPA?

Untold numbers of citizens across this land have been harassed and abused by the Federal Government. Hard-working families try to play by the rules. Next thing they know, they are unfair targets of zealous Washington bureaucrats who are out of control.

Mr. President, no hard-working, honest citizen should have to go through such an ordeal. It is unjust and unfair. Government is supposed to promote justice and fairness, but Washington turns these principles upside down.

There are many examples of bureaucracies harassing citizens; but there are few examples of Washington putting the full force of its powers against decent, hard-working families. The case of the Travelgate Seven is one such example. For them, the harassment was many times greater than what most citizens have endured. These seven provided a service for the President and the press corps in the interest of open government. Their bosses were seven previous Presidents and the American taxpayers. But cronies of President Clinton, infatuated with newly derived power, coveted the business for themselves.

The only barriers to themselves and a lucrative business were these seven loyal workers, so the cronies went on the attack. First, they spread false allegations against the seven workers, accusing them of mismanagement and embezzlement. This led to their firings by the President.