

Barry is known in his school for his leadership, initiative, and dedication to education. Among other achievements, Barry re-started and re-organized the Student Congress at Franklin Middle School. His first concern is always for the students and he is unfailing in his commitment to support school activities while constantly seeking to ensure that students are receiving the best possible education. Barry also created a positive action program at Franklin Middle School, just another of the many ways he serves his school and community.

Barry is the personification of an excellent middle school principal and the community can be certain that Barry is dedicated to his students. Franklin Middle School's success and development attests to Barry's outstanding leadership. The Granite State is fortunate to have such a talented educator and administrator devoted to the education of our children. I commend Barry for his exemplary career in education and congratulate him for his dedication.●

S. 1130—THE FEDERAL FINANCIAL IMPROVEMENT ACT OF 1996

● Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, I rise today to support the Federal Financial Improvement Act. I want to thank Senator BROWN, and our 11 cosponsors, for their individual efforts. I believe that the business of the people should be done as efficiently and effectively as possible. Finding a uniform standard of accounting for the executive branch agencies will be an important element of that efficiency and effectiveness. This bill will lead us to that uniform standard.

It is impossible to measure the efficiency and effectiveness of the many Federal agencies when each may use a different accounting standard for making their records or books. For each to use a different standard is as if each speaks and writes in a different language that is foreign to the next. They cannot understand each other, and the story of their work cannot be written.

Therefore, the legislative branch cannot measure their efficiency and effectiveness. We cannot reconcile the consolidated Federal books. We cannot determine the presence of the relative financial failures or financial successes.

This is why this legislation is so important to the American people. The Federal Financial Management Improvement Act is crucial to efficiently and effectively doing the people's work, and it has my solid support.●

MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, a former staff member of mine, Alice Johnson, now with the National Institute for Literacy sent me a copy of an article by Richard Wolkomir that appeared in the Smithsonian magazine.

It tells the story of Richard Wolkomir and another person teaching

Ken Adams how to read at the age of 64.

In some ways it is a sad story, looking at his background and looking at all the years that could have been enriched.

But it is a story that ought to inspire all of us to do better.

We ought to have a national effort on literacy.

Mr. President, I ask that this article from the Smithsonian be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Smithsonian, August, 1996]

MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME: THE REWARDS OF READING AT LAST

(By Richard Wolkomir)

I decide simply to blurt out, "Ken?" I ask. "Why didn't you learn to read?" Through the Marshfield community center's window, I see snowy fields and the Vermont village's clapboard houses. Beyond, mountains bulge. "I was a slow learner," Ken says. "In school they just passed me along, and my folks told me I wasn't worth anything and wouldn't amount to anything.

Ken Adams is 64, his hair white. He speaks Vermontese, turning "I" into "Oy," and "ice" into "oyce." His green Buckeye Feeds cap is blackened with engine grease from fixing his truck's transmission, and pitch from chain-sawing pine logs. It is 2 degrees below zero outside on this December afternoon; he wears a green flannel shirt over a purple flannel shirt. He is unshaven, weather reddened. He is not a tall man, but a lifetime of hoisting hay bales has thickened his shoulders.

Through bifocals, Ken frowns at a children's picture book, *Pole Dog*. He is studying a drawing: an old dog waits patiently by a telephone pole, where its owners abandoned it. He glares at the next pictures. Cars whizzing by. Cruel people tormenting the dog. "Looks like they're shootin' at him, to me!" he announces. "Nobody wants an old dog," he says.

Ken turns the page. "He is still by the pole," he says. "But there's that red car that went by with those kids, ain't it?" He turns the page again. The red car has stopped to take the old dog in, to take him home. "Somebody wants an old dog!" Ken says. "Look at that!"

This is my first meeting with Ken. It is also my first meeting with an adult who cannot read.

I decided to volunteer as a tutor after a librarian told me that every day, on the sidewalks of our prim little Vermont town. I walk by illiterate men and women. We are unaware of them because they can be clever at hiding their inability to read. At a post office counter, for instance, when given forms to fill out, they say, "Could you help me with this? I left my glasses home."

Ken Adams is not alone in his plight. A 1993 U.S. Department of Education report on illiteracy said 21-23 percent of U.S. adults—about 40 million—read minimally, enough to decipher an uncomplicated meeting announcement. Another 25-28 percent read and write only slightly better. For instance, they can fill out a simple form. That means about half of all U.S. adults read haltingly. Millions, like Ken Adams, hardly read at all.

I wanted to meet nonreaders because I could not imagine being unable to decipher a street sign, or words printed on supermarket jars, or stories in a book. In fact, my own earliest memory is about reading. In this memory, in our little Hudson River town, my father is home for the evening from the wartime lifeboat factory where he is a foreman. And he has opened a book.

"Do you want to hear from Peter Churchmouse?" my father asks. Of course! It is my favorite, from the little library down the street. My father reads me stories about children lost in forests. Cabbage-stealing hares. A fisherman who catches a talking perch. Buy my favorite is Peter Churchmouse, a small but plucky cheese addict who befriends the rectory cat. Peter is also a poet, given to reciting original verse to his feline friend during their escapades. I cannot hear it enough.

My father begins to read. I settle back. I am taking a first step toward becoming literate—I am being read to. And although I am only 2, I know that words can be woven into tales.

Now, helping Ken Adams learn to read, I am re-entering that child's land of chatty dogs and spats-wearing frogs. Children's books—simply worded, the sentences short—are perfect primers, even for 60-year-olds who turn the pages with labor-thickened fingers and who never had such books read to them when they were children.

"Do you remember what happened from last time?" asks Sherry Olson, of Central Vermont Adult Basic Education, who tutors Ken and hour and a half each week.

I have volunteered as Sherry's aide. My work requires too much travel for me to be a full-fledged tutor. But I am actually relieved, not having sole responsibility for teaching an adult to read. That is because—when I think about it—I don't know how I read myself. I scan a printed page; the letters magically reveal meaning. It is effortless. I don't know how I do it. As for teaching a man to read from scratch, how would I ever begin?

Sherry, a former third-grade teacher, gives me hints, like helping Ken to learn words by sight so that he doesn't have to sound out each letter. Also, we read stories so Ken can pick out words in context. Ken reads Dr. Seuss rhyming books and tales about young hippopotamuses helping on the family farm. At the moment, we are reading a picture book about Central American farmers who experience disaster when a volcano erupts.

"The people had to move out, and put handkerchiefs over their noses!" Ken says, staring at the pages. He starts to read: "They . . . prayed? . . . for the . . . fire? . . ." "Yes, that's right, fire," Sherry says. "They prayed for the fire to . . . go out?" "That word is 'stop,'" Sherry says.

I listen carefully. A few sessions ahead, it will be my turn to try teaching. "They prayed for the fire to stop," Ken says, placing a thick forefinger under each word. "They watched from the s . . ." "Remember we talked about those?" Sherry says. "When a word ends in a silent e, what does that silent e do to the vowel?" "It makes it say itself," Ken says. "So what's the vowel in s-i-d-e?" she asks. "It's i, and it would say its own name, i," Ken says, pronouncing it "oy." "So that would be 'side.'" "Good," Sherry says.

Ken reads the sentence: "They watched from the side of the hill!" He sounds quietly triumphant. "They-un," he says, in backcountry Vermontese. "That's done it."

After the session, I stand a few minutes with Ken in the frozen driveway. He has one foot on the running board of his ancient truck, which he somehow keeps going. He tells me he was born in 1931 into a family eking out an existence on a hardscrabble farm. His trouble in school with reading is puzzling, because Ken is intelligent.

For instance, he says he was late today because he had to fix his truck. And now he launches into a detailed analysis of the transmission mechanisms of various species of trucks. Also, during the tutoring session, we played a game that required strewing

word cards upside down on a table and remembering their locations. Ken easily outscored both Sherry and me in this exercise.

Ken described himself as a "slow learner," but clearly he is not slow. Sherry had told me he probably suffers from a learning disability. People with these perceptual disorders experience difficulties such as seeing letters reversed. Although their intelligence may actually be above average, learning to read is difficult for them; they need individual tutoring.

"It was a one-room school, with eight grades, so I didn't get much attention there," Ken tells me. "It was just the same as the folks at home were doing when they kicked me along through the grades, and when you got to be 16, that's when they kicked you out."

After he left school, he left home. "Then you knock around, one farm to another," he says. "I'd get \$15 a week, and room and board." Besides farming, he worked in bobbin mills and sawmills and granite quarries. "Then I was at a veneer mill in Bradford," he says. "After that I was caretaker at a farm for six years until I had to give it up because I had heart attacks."

Now he subsists on a \$400-a month Social Security disability pension plus \$90 a month in food stamps. He lives alone in a farmhouse he built himself more than 25 years ago, five miles up a mountain dirt road. He earns money for his medicines by cutting firewood, haying, digging postholes with his tractor, snowplowing an cutting brush. "I'm doing odds-and-ends jobs where you can take your time, because the doctor told me I have to stop whenever I feel I need to rest," he says.

He cannot afford electricity from the power company, but he gets what current he needs, mostly for lights by ingeniously drawing it from car batteries. To recharge the batteries, he hooks them up in his truck for a day. He also can charge them with a diesel generator. He waits until prices dip to buy fuel for his generator and tractor. "I've got a few maples around my house," he tells me. "I'll find a rustedout evaporator, fix it up and make syrup—there's always a few things I can do, I guess."

I ask how he's managed all these years, not reading. He says his bosses did the reading for him. And now a Marshfield couple, lifelong friends, help him read his mail and bills and notices. But they are entering their 80s. "Now I've got to learn to read myself, as a backup," Ken says.

To find out more about what illiteracy does to people like Ken, I telephoned the U.S. Department of Education and spoke with the Deputy Secretary, Madeleine Kunin. She told me that only 3-5 percent of adult Americans cannot read at all. "But literacy is a moving target," she said. "We figure the 40 million who do read, but at the lowest proficiency levels, have difficulty handling some of the tasks they need hold a job today." Kunin, a former Vermont governor, cited that state's snowplow drivers: "Now they have computers attached, and they need a high school degree just to drive a snowplow."

Ken arrives for his next session in a dark mood. It turns out his tape recorder, used for vocabulary practice, is broken. "I can't fix it because the money's all gone for this month," he says. "I had to go to the doctor, and that's \$30, and it was \$80 for the pills, and they keep going up." He says one of his prescriptions jumped from \$6.99 to \$13 in two months. "I don't know if I'll keep taking them," he says. Illiteracy has condemned Ken to a lifetime of minimum-wage poverty.

He brightens reading a story. It is about a dog, John Brown, who deeply resents his mistress's new cat. Ken stumbles over a

word. "Milk?" Sherry and I nod. "Go and give her some milk," Ken reads, then pauses to give us a dispatch from the literacy front: "I was trying to figure that out, and then I see it has an i," he says.

My own first attempt at solo tutoring finally comes, and I am edgy. Sherry has wryly admonished Ken, "You help Richard out." I show him file cards, each imprinted with a word for Ken to learn by sight. He is supposed to decipher each word, then incorporate it in a sentence. I write his sentence on the card to help him when he reviews at home. Ken peers at the first word. "All," he says getting it easily. He makes up a sentence: "We all went away."

"That's right," I say. Maybe this won't be so hard after all. I write Ken's sentence on the card for him. Then I flip another card. Ken peers at it, his face working as he struggles with the sounds. "As," he says.

During our last session, he confused "as" and "at." Now he has it right. So he has been doing his homework.

"As we went down the road, we saw a moose," Ken says, composing a sentence. That reminds him that the state recently allowed moose hunting, game officials arguing that moose have become so plentiful they cause highway accidents. "Yesterday, I come around a turn and there was ten moose, a big male and female and young ones," Ken says. "They shouldn't be shooting those moose—they ain't hurting anyone, and it ain't the moose's fault if people don't use their brakes."

I flip another card. "At!" Ken says, triumphing over another of our last session's troublemakers. "We are at the school." But the next word stumps him. It is "be." I put my finger under the first letter. "What's that sound?" I ask. When he stares in consternation, I make the sound "buh." But Ken is blocked. He can't sound out the next letter, even though he has often done it before. "Eeeee," I say, trying to help. "Now put the two sounds together."

Ken stares helplessly at the word. I am beginning to understand the deep patience needed to tutor a man like Ken, who began these sessions a year before, knowing the alphabet but able to sound out only a few words. "Buh . . . eeee," I say, enunciating as carefully as I can. "Buh . . . eeee," Ken repeats. Abruptly, his forehead unfurrows. "Oh, that's 'be,'" he says. "Be—We should be splitting wood!"

"Was that what you were doing before the tutoring session?" I ask, to give us both a break. "Nope, plowing snow with my tractor for my friend who broke off his ankle," Ken says.

That is arresting information. When I ask what happened, Ken says his octogenarian friend was chain-sawing cherry trees when a bent-back branch lashed out, smashing his lower leg. Ken, haying a field, saw his friend ease his tractor down from the mountainside woodlot, grimacing in agony, working the tractor's pedals with his one good foot.

Ken himself once lost his grip on a hay bale he was hoisting. A twig poking from the bale blinded his right eye. Now learning to read is doubly difficult because his remaining eye often tires and blurs. These grim country stories of Ken's make my worries—delayed flights, missed appointments—seem trivial. I flip another card: "But." "Bat," Ken says, cautiously. "Buh . . . uh . . . tuh," I prompt. "But," he finally says. "I would do it, but I have to go somewhere else."

I write Ken's sentence on the card and he reads it back. But he stumbles over his own words, unable to sound out "would." I push down rising impatience by remembering the old man in the woods, crawling toward his tractor, dragging that smashed leg.

Finally, I put away the cards, glad to be done with them. Tutoring can be frustrating.

Why are even easy words sometimes so hard to get? Now we look at a puzzle. On one side it has pictures of various automobile parts. On the other side are printed the parts' names. The idea is to match the pictures and the names. Before I can start asking Ken to try sounding out big terms like "connecting rod," he points to one of the drawings. It looks to me like deer antlers. "Carburetor?" I guess. "Exhaust manifold," Ken says.

"What's this one?" I inquire. For all I know, it might be something Han Solo is piloting through hyperspace. "Starter," Ken says. It seems to me he is gloating a little. He points again. "Camshaft?" I ask. Ken corrects me. "Crankshaft," he says, dryly.

It is a standoff. I know the printed words. Ken knows the actual objects to which the words refer. "When I was a kid," he tells me, "I bought an old '35 truck. Sometimes it had brakes and sometimes it didn't. I was probably 17. It made lots of smoke, so mosquitos never bothered me. But one day I got sick of it. I put it under a pine tree and I hoisted the engine up into the tree to look at it. The pressure plate weren't no good. And the fellow showed me how to fix it."

That reminds Ken of a later episode. "One time we had to get the hay in, but the baler was jammed. We had the guys from the tractor place, but they could not fix it. Finally I asked the old guy for some wrenches and I adjusted it, and I kept on adjusting, and after that it worked perfectly. I just kept adjusting it a hair until I had it. And then we were baling hay!" No wonder Ken's bosses were happy to do his reading for him. Even so, in our late 20th-century wordscape, illiteracy stymies people like him. And working with Ken has me puzzled: Why do so many people fail to learn to read?

I telephoned an expert, Bob Caswell, head of Laubach Literacy International, a nonprofit organization that trains tutors worldwide. He told me many nonreaders, like Ken Adams, suffer from perceptual reading disorders. But there are other reasons for illiteracy, and it is by no means confined to any one part of the population.

"People think adult nonreaders are mainly poor, urban minorities, but 41 percent are English-speaking whites," Caswell said, adding that 22 percent are English-speaking blacks, 22 percent are Spanish-speaking, and 15 percent are other non-English speakers. More than half of nonreading adults live in small towns and suburbs. Caswell cited U.S. Department of Labor figures that put illiteracy's annual national cost at \$225 billion in workplace accidents, lost productivity, unrealized tax revenues, welfare and crime. One big reason for this whopping problem is parents who read poorly.

Well over a third of all kids now entering public schools have parents who read inadequately, he said. "Everywhere we find parents who want to read to their kids, but can't," he added. "And a child with functionally illiterate parents is twice as likely to grow up to be functionally illiterate."

But as I met some of Ken Adams' fellow students, I discovered all sorts of causes for being unable to decipher an English sentence. For instance, I met a woman who had escaped from Laos to Connecticut knowing only Laotian. She learned enough English watching Sesame Street ("Big Bird and all that," she told me), and later from being tutored, to become a citizen.

I also met a man in his 30s who worked on a newspaper's printing press. He could not spell the simplest words. He said it was because, at age 10, he had begun bringing alcohol to school in peanut-butter jars. After his son was born, he turned to Alcoholics Anonymous and mustered the courage to seek tutoring.

I met another man who had dropped out of school in frustration. Not until he tried to enlist in the military did he discover he was nearly deaf. The operator of a creamery's cheese-cutting machine told me he never learned to read because his family had been in a perpetual uproar, his mother leaving his father seven times in one year. And I met a farm wife, 59, who rarely left her mountain-top. But now, with tutoring, she was finally learning to read, devouring novels—"enjoyment books," she called them.

In central Vermont, these struggling readers receive free tutoring from nonprofit Adult Basic Education offices, each employing a few professionals, like Sherry Olson, but relying heavily on armies of volunteers, like me. Other states have their own systems. Usually, the funding is a combination of federal and state money, sometimes augmented with donations. Mostly, budgets are bare bones.

Many states also rely on nonprofit national organizations, like Laubach Literacy Action (Laubach International's U.S. division) and Literacy Volunteers of America, both headquartered in Syracuse, New York, to train volunteers. Laubach's Bob Caswell told me that, nationwide, literacy services reach only 10 percent of adult nonreaders. "Any effort is a help," he said.

Help has come late for Ken Adams. Reviewing his portfolio, I found the goals he set for himself when he began: "To read and write better. And to get out and meet people and develop more trust." Asked by Sherry to cite things that he does well, he had mentioned "fixing equipment, going to school and learning to read, trying new things, telling stories, farming." He remembered being in a Christmas play in second grade and feeling good about that. And he remembered playing football in school: "They would pass it to me and I'd run across the goal to make a score." He mentioned no fond family memories. But he had some good moments. "I remember the first time I learned to drive a tractor," he had said. "We were working in the cornfields. I was proud of that." And a later notation, after he had several months of tutoring, made me think of Ken living alone in his hand-built farmhouse on ten acres atop the mountain. "I like to use recipes," he said. "I use them more as I learn to read and write better. I made Jell-O with fruit, and I make bean salad. I feel good I can do that."

In our tutoring sessions, between bouts with the vocabulary cards, Ken tells me he was the oldest of four children. When he was small, his father forced him to come along to roadside bars, and then made Ken sit alone in the car for hours. Ken remembers shivering on subzero nights. "He always said I'd never amount to nothing," Ken says.

I ask Ken, one day, if his inability to read has made life difficult. He tells me, "My father said I'd never get a driver's license, and he said nobody would ever help me." Ken had to walk five miles down his mountain and then miles along highways to get to work. "And," he recalls, "I was five years in the quarries in Graniteville—that was a long way." Sometimes he paid neighbors to drive him down the mountain. "They said the same as my father, that I'd never get a license," he says. "They wanted the money."

It was not until he was 40 years old that he applied for a license. He had memorized sign shapes and driving rules, and he passed easily. "After I got my license I'd give people a ride down myself," he says. "And they'd ask, 'How much?' And I'd always say, 'Nothing, not a danged thing!'"

To review the words he has learned, Ken maintains a notebook. On each page, in large block letters, he writes the new word, along with a sentence using the word. He also tapes to each page a picture illustrating the sen-

tence, as a memory aid. To keep him supplied with pictures to snip, I bring him my old magazines. He is partial to animals. He points to one photograph, a black bear cub standing upright and looking back winsomely over its shoulder. "That one there's my favorite," Ken says. And then he tells me, glowering, that he has seen drivers swerve to intentionally hit animals crossing the road. "That rabbit or raccoon ain't hurting anyone," he says.

We start a new book, *The Strawberry Dog*. Ken picks out the word "dog" in the title. "That dog must eat strawberries," he says. "I used to have a dog like that. I was picking blackberries. Hey, where were those berries going? Into my dog!"

We read these books to help Ken learn words by sight and context. But it seems odd, a white-haired man mesmerized by stories about talkative beavers and foppish toads. Yet, I find myself mesmerized, too. The sessions are reteaching me the exhilaration I found in narrative as a child, listening to my father read about Peter Churchmouse. Our classes glide by, a succession of vocabulary words—"house," "would," "see"—interwoven with stories about agrarian hippopotamuses and lost dogs befriended.

One afternoon it is my last session with Ken. We have wrestled with words through a Christmas and a March sugaring, a midsummer haying, an October when Ken's flannel shirts were speckled with sawdust from chain-sawing stove logs. Now the fields outside are snowy; it is Christmas again.

My wife and I give Ken a present that she picked out. It is bottles of jam and honey and watermelon pickles, nicely wrapped. Ken quickly slides the package into his canvas tote bag with his homework. "Aren't you going to open it?" Sherry asks. "I'll open it Christmas day," Ken says. "It's the only present I'll get." "No it isn't," she says, and she hands him a present she has brought.

And so we begin our last session with Ken looking pleased. I start with a vocabulary review. "Ignition coil," Ken says, getting the first card right off. He gets "oil filter," too. He peers at the next card. "Have," he says. And he reads the review sentence: "Have you gone away?"

He is cruising today. When I flip the next card, he says, "There's that 'for.'" It is a word that used to stump him. I turn another card. He gets it instantly. "But," he gets "at," then another old nemesis, "are." I ask him to read the card's review sentence. "Are we going down . . . street?" he says. He catches himself. "Nope. That's downtown!"

I am amazed at Ken's proficiency. A while ago, I had complained to my wife that Ken's progress seemed slow. She did some math: one and a half hours of tutoring a week, with time off for vacations and snowstorms and truck breakdowns, comes to about 70 hours a year. "That's like sending a first grader to school for only 12 days a year," she said. And so I am doubly amazed at how well Ken is reading today. Besides, Sherry Olson has told me that he now sounds out—or just knows—words that he never could have deciphered when he began. And this reticent man has recently read his own poems to a group of fellow tutees—his new friends—and their neighbors at a library get-together.

But now we try something new, a real-world test: reading the supermarket advertising inserts from a local newspaper. Each insert is a hodge-podge of food pictures, product names and prices. I point to a word and Ken ponders. "C" he says finally. "And it's got those two e's—so that would be 'coffee!'" I point again. He gets "Pepsi." Silently, he sounds out the letters on a can's label. "So that's 'corn,'" he announces. He picks out "brownies." This is great. And then, even better he successfully sounds out the modifier: "Fudge," he says. "They-uh!"

We're on a roll. But not I point to the page's most tortuous word. Ken starts in the middle again. "ta?" I point my finger at the first letters. "Po," he says, unsure. As always when he reads, Ken seems like a beginning swimmer. He goes a few strokes. Flounders.

"Po-ta . . .," Ken says. He's swum another stroke. "To," he says, sounding out the last syllable. "Po-ta-to, po-ta-to—Hey, that's potato!" He's crossed the pond. "Ken!" I say. "Terrific!" He sticks out his chin. He almost smiles. "Well, I done better this time," he says. "Yup, I did good." ●

THE PASSING OF MR. KENNETH KOHLI

● Mr. KEMPTHORNE. Mr. President, I am deeply saddened at the tragic death of Ken Kohli, an outstanding individual with whom I have had the pleasure of working and knowing for years. Last Friday, the plane in which he and two others were flying crashed in the Cabinet Mountains of Montana, claiming all three lives.

It is a tragedy when one so talented, and with such a bright future, is lost at such a young age. Ken was only 35, and yet he had established himself as a leader in our State. He grew up in Coeur d'Alene, ID and attended Northern Idaho College, serving as NIC student body president. He then went on to complete his education at Colorado College and Rutgers University in New Jersey.

When Ken returned to Coeur d'Alene, he put his passion for public policy to work for the Intermountain Forest Industry Association as its communication director. Ken's colleagues and friends will always remember him for the intelligence, energy, and positive attitude with which he approached his work and his life. Ken understood the basic nature of Idahoans and their love for the land, and he recognized the importance of our State's natural resources to jobs and families.

He had an appreciation for and a unique ability to work toward consensus and find that balance so that we were protecting our resources while at the same time making wise use of them for the benefit of all. Ken was a strong voice at the table, but he was always a reasonable voice.

My thoughts and prayers are with his family, in particular with his wife, Susan, and their three children, Kyle, Lauren, and Luke. ●

RECOGNIZING OUR FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICERS

● Mr. AKAKA. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize two fine and outstanding foreign service officers stationed in our Beijing, China, embassy who went beyond the call of duty to help an American citizen in time of need. Ms. Stephanie Fossan and Mr. Kai Ryssdale exemplify the "can do" spirit that all our foreign service officers provide for many of our overseas citizens.

In a letter I received from a Hawaii constituent doing business in China, he