

for an extraordinary number of students. Her profound impact on her students and on Central High is attested to by her colleagues who wrote me an impassioned letter recounting her impressive career, as well as by a great many of her former students, including a member of my staff.

In the classroom, Miss Hess commands respect and maintains discipline with only a few softly spoken but firm words, making clear that appropriate behavior is expected. She holds high academic expectations for her students, challenging them to achieve their potential. Her courses, many of which she developed herself, push students to think deeply and critically. Her students know that she expects papers to demonstrate clear writing with well reasoned arguments backed by solid research. In a time of much discussion about lack of rigor in high school coursework, Miss Hess's classes stand out as an example of rigorous preparation for higher education and other life-enriching opportunities.

Her high expectations for her students are a natural outgrowth of the high expectations she sets for herself. Although Miss Hess holds both a bachelor's and a master's degree from Drake University, she has never ceased to enhance her own knowledge of the subjects she teaches. She can always spot plagiarism, often because she is intimately familiar with the original source.

Outside the classroom, Miss Hess has been the adviser for the student council starting in 1974 and has advised numerous other student groups and organizations. In fact, she has organized, advised, or assisted with more functions at Davenport Central over the years than can be tallied. Barb Hess has been a loyal "Blue Devil" since her student days, consistently supporting sports teams, fine arts events, and other extracurricular activities over the years.

Barb Hess is a fixture at Davenport Central High School, having achieved near legendary status among those familiar with the school. Her imprint on the institution will continue to be felt very strongly. Her imprint on the lives of her students will be even more enduring. The best teachers combine extensive content knowledge with a certain intangible ability to connect with students and to inspire them to excel in school and life. Miss Hess's ability to care about each student as an individual, and unique talent for bringing out the best in students of all kinds, places her among the best of the best. She will be missed in her classroom at Central High, but her legacy of improving the lives of generations of students will last forever. I thank Barb Hess for her years of service to Iowa's youth and I wish her the very best in her retirement.

NORTH KOREA

Mr. BROWNBACK. Mr. President, the guard told the story of a father, a

mother, a son, and a daughter who were stripped naked and led into a room together. The room was made of glass, ten feet wide, nine feet long, and seven feet high. Leading into the glass room where the family stood was a metal injection tube. Outside the room, a group of scientists waited with pens and note pads. The guard recalls that the gas began to flow through the tube into the glass room. At first, the gas collected along the floor. The family stood together in the middle of the room. Then, as the cloud of gas rose from the floor of the chamber, the son and the daughter began to vomit and then to die. The mother and father tried to save them. They stood as high as they could to gasp the last clean breaths of their lives, to breathe that air into the lungs of their children, and to preserve their lives for a few more moments. Soon, the parents, too, began to vomit and die. One by one, all four succumbed and collapsed into the cloud of gas. Eventually, the father, the mother, the son, and the daughter all lay dead on the floor of the gas chamber.

The story I have just told you did not happen decades ago in Nazi Germany. It happened recently, and there is every reason to believe that things just like it may continue to this day, perhaps at this very moment. They happened in a country with which our diplomats are talking about granting full diplomatic relations and all of the mercantile and diplomatic privileges of membership in the civilized world.

This story happened to forgotten people, in a forgotten part of a forgotten country. You have probably never heard of it, yet it is the scene of crimes against humanity whose scale and depravity rival those of Mauthausen, Tuol Sleng, or Srebrenica. The place is called "Camp 22." It lies in the far northeastern corner of North Korea.

Camp 22 is not history than we can condemn from the safe distance of time. Yet too many of us refuse to confront it, perhaps because we are afraid that confronting the crimes of Camp 22 would also require us to confront its moral imperatives. We cannot say that we act according to our values when we invite mass murder into the community of civilization, with all of its diplomatic and mercantile privileges. It is to horrors like these that we must say "never again," and mean it, and act.

It is a massive place, perhaps hundreds of square miles in area. Former guards say that 50,000 men, women, and children are confined there. Camp 22 is a killing field where guards murder children for scavenging garbage to eat, where prisoners are publicly stoned to death and disemboweled, and where entire families are slaughtered for no more reason than to serve as examples for other prisoners. It is a place where torture, starvation, and disease kill 20 percent of the prisoners every year, and where children die because their parents are accused of thought crimes.

Camp 22 is only one of an archipelago of concentration camps in North

Korea. The U.S. Committee for Human Rights in North Korea estimates that 400,000 people have been murdered in these camps. Survivor Kang Chol Hwan describes spending ten years in another camp, Camp 15, where each spring brought a grim new harvest of deaths from starvation and disease.

The only people who have ever seen Camp 22 are its guards, its victims (none of whom has ever escaped), and the thousands of dead whose corpses and bones are strewn in its hills, fields, and ravines. Kim Jong Il's regime still denies that these camps exist. No foreigner has ever been permitted to go near them. Until North Korea allows us to go to the camps to prove or disprove these reports, we cannot know for certain what is happening there. Still, commercially available satellite imagery allows us to look upon Camp 22 for ourselves and verify what the survivors tell us in detail. Google Earth has made witnesses of us all. In these times, anyone with an Internet connection can look down into hell at Camp 22 and witness Holocaust Now.

I would like to thank the Rev. Chun Ki Won, whom many have dubbed the "Schindler of the East." Reverend Chun himself has led hundreds to safety and himself spent nearly nine months in a Chinese prison when he was caught trying to get into Mongolia with a group of refugees. The floor charts of satellite photos I am about to show were vetted by refugees, both victims and guards, he is in touch with in Korea and elsewhere. They identified the details of these gulags and confirmed their existence.

I want to show you Camp 22 today. I want you to see its fence lines, its gates, and moats. I want you to see the huts where its prisoners live, the coal mines where men are worked to death, and the forests and fields where the dead are discarded. I want you to be haunted by these things when you consider how we should deal with Kim Jong Il's regime, and when you are deciding what kind of a country we will be. I ask that you hear what I have to say while there is still time to stop this, and before our government surrenders the last pressure it may have to stop it. In Camp 22, it is forbidden to mourn the dead. Mourning them will not bring them back, but it may save others who still suffer.

Using Google Earth's highest resolution, it is possible to trace the camp's circumference perhaps hundreds of square miles. Unfortunately, only the western half of the camp can be seen in publicly available high-resolution imagery. The alleged gas chamber is outside of this area.

Tracing the camp's boundaries is not difficult. The camp is surrounded by electrified barbed wire fences from which vegetation has been cleared away. The sharp corners in the fence lines make them impossible to confuse with roads. At regular intervals, there are guard towers or distinctive guard posts.

In North Korea, fence lines like these are the distinctive mark of concentration camps, with a few exceptions, such as Kim Jong Il's palaces, and certain nuclear sites. For example, there is the fence line of Camp 14, the so-called "life imprisonment zone" at the headwaters of the Taedong River, from which no prisoner is supposed to leave, dead or alive.

Another camp that can be identified by its fenceline is Camp 15, made infamous by Kang Chol Hwan in his gulag memoir, "The Aquariums of Pyongyang." Kang was sent to that camp at the age of nine. It was not until his release 10 years later that he learned why he and his family were sent there. His grandfather had come under suspicion for having lived for many years in Japan. Kang and his family were arrested one night and taken to Camp 15 in accordance with the North Korean doctrine that class enemies must be rooted out for three generations.

Former guard Kwon Hyuk claims that the fences around Camp 22 are 2½ meters high, and electrified with 3,300 volts of electricity. He also says the camp is surrounded by spiked moats in places. Photographs from Google Earth also reveal trenches, railroad gates, and guard posts. In some pictures, you can even make out what appear to be clusters of people in the camps.

The farmers who live outside the gates of the camps cannot pretend not to know what goes on beyond the fence. One recent defector, who lived in this area, described living near Camp 22 to his English teacher, who wrote about them in the Washington Post. According to this young North Korean refugee, because food and alcohol are scarce in the countryside, the camp guards sometimes went to his house to drink, usually heavily. In their intoxication, the guards would confess to their sense of remorse.

When American soldiers and news cameras reached the gates of Dachau in 1945, we and millions of men and women of conscience throughout the world made a simple, solemn promise: "never again." Who among us today questions the righteousness of that promise? And who among us doubts that much of its meaning lies buried in the mass graves of Tuol Sleng, Rwanda, and Darfur? Why have we not done better? Perhaps the civilized world erred by making a promise it could not keep. We cannot solve all of the world's problems or suppress the worst impulses of humanity. Still, "never again" was, and is, a promise worth keeping if we read it as a promise, first, to speak the truth; second, to do no harm; and third, to find ways within our means to stay the hand of the murderer.

We find ourselves in the possession of information not unlike that which was in our possession in 1943. Our government had aerial photographs of Auschwitz, Dachau, and Buchenwald, too, and the accounts of the survivors were

there for us to act on or disbelieve. Perhaps all of the evils of Camp 22 and these other camps are fictions. If that is so, let Kim Jong Il open them to the eyes of the world. Let him refute me and all of us who believe that it is beneath our nation to collaborate with evil of this depth.

I am aware that some in Washington, including many in our State Department, would prefer to hear even less discussion of the atrocities in North Korea for the sake of a diplomatic process that has taken decades to get us nowhere. I was deeply ashamed this year when I read in the Washington Post of how our State Department's East Asia Bureau had tried to pressure the authors of this year's human rights country reports to airbrush the section on North Korea, invoking "the Secretary's priority on the Six-Party talks" and asking the authors to "sacrifice a few adjectives for the cause." Perhaps this diplomat was guided by a sincere but mistaken belief that there will be time to deal with North Korea's atrocities when its disarmament is negotiated first. For those who are suffering and dying in these camps, this year, there may not be a next year.

With all due respect to Secretary Rice, I have come to doubt that our State Department is as serious about ending these atrocities as it is about pretending that we have progressed toward disarming North Korea. Why, more than 3 years after this Congress unanimously passed the North Korean Human Rights Act, are American consulates in China and other countries still refusing to let North Korean refugees in their gates? Under Assistant Secretary of State Christopher Hill, who tells us that he intends to make human rights one of many issues to be addressed through a "normalization working group" within the six-party talks, now says that America can raise its objections to these atrocities "in the context of two states that have diplomatic relations." Some of us had observed years ago that Ambassador Lefkowitz, our Special Envoy for Human Rights in North Korea, has been sidelined and silenced. Recently, we watched with embarrassment how he was treated when he dared to make the obvious connection between Kim Jong Il's malice toward his own people and his malice toward us.

After all, the basis of any negotiated disarmament or peace must be a shared interest in the preservation of human life. What does it tell us that Kim Jong Il holds human life in such low regard as to run places like Camp 22, and then lie so flagrantly as to deny its very existence? What lessons can we take from the fact that he left two and a half million North Koreans to starve to death while he expended his nation's depleted resources on nuclear weapons and luxuries for himself and the elites? What does it tell us that, according to multiple witnesses, this regime kills newborn babies of refugee women returned from China in the name of protecting

North Korea's racial purity? Does this regime value human life including North Korean life—as we value it? If not, isn't it reasonable to conclude that neither a desire for peace nor good faith will motive Kim Jong Il to keep this latest agreement?

And finally, what does it tell us that China, the guarantor of that agreement and host for the six-party talks, greenlighted North Korea's nuclear test in 2006? Or that it has just announced a new plan to undermine the U.N. sanctions that followed that test by letting the regime's officials hold accounts in Chinese banks, in Chinese currency? Or that it has flagrantly violated the U.N. Refugee Convention for years by offering bounties to people who catch and turn in North Korean refugees, so that it can string them together like fish on lines, with wires through their wrists and noses, as it leads them back to the death camps and firing squads? Or that it has bullied the UNHCR into refusing asylum to North Korean refugees? And what do we have to say about China's efforts to cleanse its territory of North Korean refugees to ensure that this year's Olympic games will be free of the wretched refuse of its tyrannical satellite?

Do not misunderstand my words. I am certainly not advocating war. After all, if we wish to rid the world of this repellent regime, we need only stop sustaining it. Kim Jong Il has already ruined North Korea's economy. He cannot sustain his misrule without the cash he receives from other nations, through aid, trade, and crime. Recent reports by economists and NGO's tell us that North Korea's regime has never been in greater economic distress, and that it has lost even the capacity to feed its elite. As Kim Jong Il shows stubborn contempt for our diplomatic efforts, we must relearn the lesson that diplomacy only influences evil men when it is backed by pressure. In the case of North Korea, the threat of economic pressure will gain power in the coming months . . . but only if we do not throw it away.

Nor do I fail to grasp that our idealism must sometimes find ways to conform to our immediate interests. But those who say that America should stand only for its pecuniary interests and abandon its values have forgotten how America built the treasures it now seeks to protect. We have always been a nation of ideas of values. What else unites us? We differ in our ethnicities, faiths, and even in the climates and cultures of our vast country's regions. If our values no longer guide us, we are nothing more than another color on the chessboard, and we have ceased to be a beacon for the world's hopes, a model for its development, and a magnet for its talents. What a tragedy that would be for a nation that, as De Tocqueville said, is great because it is good. I do not say that we are perfect; after all, our tendency to revel in our own imperfections has made our society far more just and good. And with

greatness, and with goodness, come obligations to conform the pursuit of our interests to the pursuit of our values.

Here is an occasion when our values and our interests both demand that Kim Jong Il be given a stark choice: transparency or extinction. Let us resolve that we will not allow Kim Jong Il to plunge North Korea into famine again this year. Let all nations of conscience join to deny the Kim Jong Il the means—through trade or unrestricted aid—to perpetuate his rule and his luxurious lifestyle while the North Korean people suffer and starve. America should stand ready to help the people of North Korea, if and only if we can verify that every last citizen, soldier, peasant, and prisoner—including the prisoners in Camp 22—can share equally in the aid we should offer generously. If Kim Jong Il refuses the just terms on which we must condition our assistance, then why should we extend the misery of his people by delaying his meeting with the ash heap of history? That is why I am resolved to oppose, to the last breath in my body, adding this country to the list of Kim Jong Il's benefactors and abettors until the prisoners of Camp 22 are fed, healed, housed, and freed.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

COMMENDING HAWAII'S LEXUS ENVIRONMENTAL CHALLENGE CHAMPIONS

• Mr. AKAKA. Mr. President, I congratulate the Dream Team, a team of eight students from Farrington High School in Honolulu, HI, for winning the grand prize in the 2007 to 2008 Lexus Environmental Challenge. The Lexus Environmental Challenge is a multi-phased national competition between 350 middle and high schools from across the country. The challenge addressed issues from global warming awareness to informing communities about the critical importance of water conservation.

Over the course of 7 months, the Dream Team competed against 350 middle and high school teams from across America in challenges addressing local environmental issues. The Dream Team was one of 55 teams invited to compete in the final global challenge where students were asked to develop a program that could potentially change the world. For their final global challenge, the Dream Team took advantage of Hawaii's ethnic diversity to educate people around the world about the benefits of clean renewable energy by creating a video message in 11 different languages ranging from French to Samoan to Tagalog and Arabic.

The members of Farrington High School's Dream Team include Genevieve Cagoan, Robin John Delim, Carmina Figuracion, Robin Monzano, Minh Trang Nguyen, Herald Nones, Maria Sheville Lee, and Princes Rosit.

The team was led by Ms. Bebi Davis, a Farrington High School chemistry teacher who was the team's adviser.

The grand prize for the Lexus Environmental Challenge is \$75,000. Ms. Davis will receive \$7,000 for various classroom projects, Farrington High School will receive \$15,000, and the remaining \$53,000 will be split equally among the eight members of the Dream Team.

I congratulate the Farrington High School Dream Team for its great accomplishment in capturing the 2007 to 2008 Lexus Environmental Challenge grand prize. I wish all of them the best in their future endeavors, and I urge them to continue to set an example for future generations. I extend the same congratulations to all students and advisers who participated in the 2007 to 2008 Lexus Environmental Challenge.●

50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOUTHEASTERN COLORADO WATER CONSERVANCY DISTRICT

• Mr. ALLARD. Mr. President, on April 29, 1958, the District Court in Pueblo, CO, established the Southeastern Colorado Water Conservancy District. That action resulted in a firm water supply for the Arkansas River Basin, providing much-needed supplemental water to communities which are home to the wonderful people of this region.

The Arkansas River Basin includes communities whose livelihoods have always depended on water: farming, ranching, steel manufacturing, small businesses. The economic tide in this region has ebbed and flowed during that 50-year period, but its riches lie not in dollars but in its people.

The Southeastern Colorado Water Conservancy District has served the region and people honorably and with diligence. The district works hard to help the Arkansas Valley realize the importance and value of a well-managed water supply.

Currently, the district is spearheading a plan to at last construct the Arkansas Valley Conduit, originally authorized as part of the Fryingpan-Arkansas Project. The conduit was deemed necessary five decades ago, and the need for clean and safe water supplies for the people of the valley has only increased as water quality is threatened and federally acceptable standards have increased. But the Lower Arkansas Valley, which this project will serve, needs assistance in providing that safe water supply and in meeting those standards.

This Arkansas Valley Conduit is a top priority to me as I near the end of my tenure in the Senate. As one of the final components of the Fryingpan-Arkansas Project and as a major goal of the now 50-year-old Southeastern Colorado Water Conservancy District, I congratulate the district on their hard work to make this project feature a reality, and thank them for all they have accomplished in their half century of commitment to the Arkansas Valley.●

PRUDENTIAL SPIRIT OF COMMUNITY AWARD WINNERS

• Mr. CARPER. Mr. President, I wish today to honor this year's Delaware winners of the Prudential Spirit of Community Award in recognition of their exemplary volunteer service. Congratulations to Anna Schuck of Wilmington, Matthew Waldman of Delmar, Alexandra Browne of Wilmington, and Taylor Folt, also of Wilmington.

I strongly believe that volunteerism is one of the cornerstones of American society. As shown on numerous occasions, volunteering is not only good for the community; it is an enriching and rewarding experience for the volunteer, as well. Anna, Matthew, Alexandra and Taylor all exemplify this spirit of involvement and giving back to their communities. They serve as models of selflessness and examples of how rewarding volunteering can be both personally and to the community they serve.

The Prudential Spirit of Community Awards was created by Prudential Financial and the National Association of Secondary School Principals to inspire and encourage youth volunteerism. Since being founded in 1995, these awards have honored more than 80,000 young volunteers at the local, State and, national levels.

Delaware winner Anna Schuck founded the H.U.G. Club, for "Helping the Underprivileged Globally," at her school, coordinating fundraising events including "Rock Uganda," a series of seven concerts. Her efforts helped to raise \$14,500 to provide necessities for a school in Uganda.

Middle school winner Matthew Waldman has participated in a variety of volunteer activities, including a charity antique show, bell ringing for the Salvation Army, and a Humane Society walk. Matthew has also organized dances instead of birthday parties, asking attendees to donate food and other items instead of bringing gifts.

High school Distinguished Finalist Alexandra Browne spent 2 years coordinating events and fundraisers, recruiting volunteers and overseeing other logistics as chair of her school's Relay for Life fundraising event. The event, which raised more than \$60,000, donates to cancer research, education, and patient support.

Middle school Distinguished Finalist Taylor Folt spent a month of her summer vacation teaching English and American History to students in India, as well as helping them with maintenance tasks around their campus.

Congratulations to this year's honorees, Anna, Matthew, Alexandra, and Taylor, who personify the spirit of giving back. These outstanding young volunteers are an inspiration to me and, I hope, to many others throughout Delaware.●