

first coal-fueled aircraft from Morgantown, West Virginia to National airport. Senator Randolph was always looking for ways in which coal mined by his coal-mining constituents could be used to help strengthen and stabilize the economic base of his beloved State of West Virginia.

And finally, but never lastly, the Senator realized his long held dream of establishing a peace-arm of the U.S. Government. Serving under Roosevelt when the Nation was drawn into World War II, Randolph believed that the U.S. Government ought to have a Peace Department since it had a War Department (the War Department was changed to the Defense Department in 1948, the year after Randolph left the House). It took him from 1943 to 1984—41 years—but the last legislative initiative he authored and guided to enactment was the creation of the U.S. Institute for Peace, a still vital, thriving institution devoted to the waging of peace, not war.

Speaking of the U.S. Institute of Peace, the Senate's consideration of the legislation in 1984 was not an easy road. Some of the more conservative Members accused him of creating an institution that would attract communists and become a possible security risk. And one Member went so far as to call Senator Randolph the "Jane Fonda" of the Senate. Randolph did not respond to the charges, of course, for that was not his way. But he did try to get President Reagan to support his Peace Institute bill.

One day, when the Labor and Public Welfare Committee in the Senate was about to vote on whether to waive the budget act so that the Randolph Peace Institute bill could come to the floor for a vote, President Reagan called Senator Randolph. The Senator gently but firmly said to the Committee Clerk: Please tell the President I am busy here. I will have to call him back." In about 15 minutes the Committee had voted favorably on the budget waiver Senator Randolph needed, and he then turned to the Clerk and said: Please get the President for me, I can talk with him now. To which the Clerk replied: The White House is still on the line, Senator, waiting for you to finish.

Randolph still did not get the President to endorse his bill, but he spoke with him about why he should do so.

As I conclude, Mr. Speaker, I quote from Senator Randolph's maiden speech on the House floor in 1933, when he said,

Volumes have been written about kings and emperors; historians have told of the exploits of a thousand heroes of battle; biographers have packed into colorful words the life and death of our statesmen; while painters have filled galleries with the likenesses of our living great.

Some day, some enterprising young scholar will write volumes about Jennings Randolph, and historians will tell of his exploits, and biographers will pack many colorful words about the life of this mighty statesman from West Virginia, Jennings Randolph.

INTRODUCTION OF AUTO CHOICE REFORM ACT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from

Texas (Mr. ARMEY) is recognized during morning hour debates for 2 minutes.

Mr. ARMEY. Mr. Speaker, tomorrow the Subcommittee on Finance and Hazardous Materials of the Committee on Commerce will hold a hearing on my bill, the Auto Choice Reform Act, which will cut auto insurance premiums by 24 percent and save American drivers \$193 billion over 5 years.

Today we are forced to pay more than is necessary for auto liability insurance in order to be eligible to play the tort lottery, whether we want to or not. Some people see this lottery as a way to hit the jackpot. They exaggerate their real damages in order to sue for huge noneconomic damage awards. This fraud and abuse, as well as the excessive lawsuits, have helped drive up the cost of auto insurance and have led to the undercompensation of seriously injured victims.

Auto Choice addresses these problems by giving American drivers a choice in the kind of insurance they can buy. Under Auto Choice they can stay in the tort system or they can opt to collect their actual losses from their own insurance company and forego suits for economic damages. In exchange, they will see lower premiums and better compensation.

Americans should be free to buy the auto insurance policy that best fits their needs. Auto Choice gives them this freedom.

THE ARMENIAN JOURNEY TO WORCESTER

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. MCGOVERN) is recognized during morning hour debates for 1 minute.

Mr. MCGOVERN. Mr. Speaker, on Sunday I had the privilege to welcome to Worcester, Massachusetts, His Holiness Karekin I, Supreme Patriarch and Catholicos of all Armenians.

Also present were Worcester Mayor Raymond Mariano; Massachusetts Governor Paul Cellucci; Archbishop Khajag Barsamian, Primate of the Diocese of the Armenian Church of America; Reverent Father Aved Terzian, Pastor of the Armenian Church of our Savior; and many other ecumenical and governmental officials.

Worcester is a fitting site to welcome his Holiness on his Pontifical visit to celebrate the centennial of the Armenian church in the United States. In 1891, the Armenian Church of our Savior on Salisbury Street in Worcester was the first Armenian church founded in the United States.

Today, over 1,400 Armenian Americans reside in the Third Congressional District of Massachusetts. The history of their journeys to America is a proud and important part of our community heritage.

These stories were recently highlighted in a published story in the Worcester Magazine entitled, "The Ar-

menian Journey to Worcester". In honor of the visit of his Holiness to Worcester, I include the story in the RECORD:

[From Worcester Magazine, Apr. 29, 1998]

THE ARMENIAN JOURNEY TO WORCESTER

(By Clare Karis)

"Who today remembers the extermination of the Armenians?" Adolf Hitler's ominous words, spoken on the eve of his invasion of Poland on Aug. 22, 1939, launched his six-year extermination of 6 million Jews and 7 million others. His reasoning, unconscionable as it was, was chillingly clear: Not much attention was paid to that genocide, surely we can up the count this time.

Nearly 60 years later, the average American knows little of the Armenian Genocide. But that blood-soaked page of history is seared indelibly into the memories of those who survived. Those who saw their own mothers doused with kerosene and set on fire. Those who saw their brothers beheaded. Those who saw their families, one by one, drop starved and exhausted to the burning desert sands. Those who saw a river run red with blood. Those who, by whatever twist of fate or fortune, escaped with their lives.

But those survivors' numbers are fast dwindling. Children who witnessed the Armenian Genocide of 1915 are now 90 or so. And as the corps of survivors is reduced, so too is the chance that the story will be documented, recorded and passed on—and heeded.

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." George Santayana's prophecy, inscribed in the atrium of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, is darkly telling on the 83rd anniversary of the genocide, which began April 24, 1915, and before its end claimed the lives of up to 2 million Armenians.

A goodly number of the diaspora settled in Worcester. The Armenians equated the city with America; they would say, "Worcester is America." A strong and insular Armenian community sprang up in the Laurel Hill neighborhood, which reminded the emigres of the sun-splashed hills and valleys of their beloved homeland. That neighborhood was known as "Little Armenia"; after housing became scarce there the population spilled out onto nearby streets—Chandler, Bancroft, Pleasant, May, Irving—to become the colony "Big Armenia." It was a joyful day for the God-fearing tempest-tossed when the Laurel Street Church opened its doors for worship and community gatherings.

The survivors live each day with their memories. Their ears echo even now with the sound of an ax splitting a door, bullets whistling through the air, a baby crying over its mother's body. Their unrelenting mind's eye flashes back and then fast-forwards—like jump cuts in a macabre film noir—to and from images that can never be forgotten.

For some eyewitnesses, the memories run clear and pure as a mountain stream. For others, the waters have muddied; images have begun to dim and blur and overlap until it's hard to separate what happened eight decades ago from yesterday's daydream or last week's nightmare. One of our chroniclers, Dr. George Ogden, is very careful to say that he can't be quite sure that all he remembers today happened exactly the way he thinks it did. It was a lifetime ago, after all, and he was just a little boy. But how can he forget being dragged to a police station and having his hands flayed until they bled because he hummed a patriotic song?

In the book *Black Dog of Fate*, a cousin of author Peter Balakian gives this account of what she saw along the Euphrates. "We were delirious from hunger and thirst. We picked seed out of the camel dung and cleaned them

off the best we could and put them on the rocks to dry them out in the sun before we ate them. . . . Whenever we passed a eucalyptus tree I gathered some leaves so that at night I could suck on them to get water in my mouth. . . . For miles and miles you saw nothing but corpses, and the brown water sloshing up on the banks. I found corpses washed up, half deteriorated, headless, limbless, body parts floating. Hundreds of rotting bodies were piled in heaps and the black terns were feeding on them. Many women and girls threw themselves in the river rather than be abducted or raped. At several spots there were girls who had tied their hands together and drowned themselves . . . their blue bodies were still tied to each other's. Their tongues were black, half-eaten, and their hair was muddy and dry like old grass. There were dead babies too . . . when Dikran, who was delirious now, began to pick the bodies out of the water, the gendarmes whipped him and told him to put them back. Later the geese and the wildcats came down from the valley to eat them."

Turkish officials denied then—and continue to deny—that such gory tableaux were any more than the usual unfortunate sidelights of war, certainly not evidence of any premeditated plot to kill off the Armenians. At a genocide commemoration at which Balakian, a poet, spoke, Turkish people passed around pamphlets. One, published by the Assembly of Turkish American Associations, attempted to debunk Armenians' claims that they had suffered atrocities in the Ottoman Empire.

"Carefully coached by their Armenian nationalist interviewers," it said, "these aged Armenians relate tales of horror which supposedly took place some 66 years ago in such detail as to astonish the imagination. Far more Turks than Armenians died in the same war . . . consequently one cannot conclude that the Armenians suffered any more terribly or that the Ottoman government attempted to exterminate them. There was no genocide committed against the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire before or during World War I. No genocide was planned or ordered by the Ottoman government and none was carried out."

But Judith Herman, in *Trauma and Recovery*, points out, "After every atrocity one can expect to hear the same predictable apologies: It never happened; the victim lies; the victim exaggerates; the victim brought it about herself; and in very case it is time to forget the past and move on. The more powerful the perpetrator, the greater is his prerogative to name and define reality, and the more completely his arguments prevail."

The people whose stories are told here have done their best to move on. But they will never forget.

MARION DER KAZARIAN

Marion Der Kazarian was born in 1909, and is 89. She witnessed the death of her father, the Rev. Father Haroutune Der Harootunian, at the hands of Ottoman Empire soldiers in Armenia when she was 6 years old. She immigrated to America in 1921. Graduating from North High School in 1930, she opened Marion's Beauty Shop, where she worked until she married Garabed Der Kazarian and they had children. She has written a book about her experience, "Sacrifice and Redemption."

I was 6 years old when the massacres started. My father was reading the Bible to us. It was night. All of a sudden, the door broke and six gendarmes came in and dragged my father out—like a criminal. My father, who was the priest of the village. My youngest sister Rose ran after them, begging, "Daddy, Daddy, don't go! Please don't take my daddy away." Father stopped and removed a ciga-

rette case from his coat pocket and handed it to her. "Keep this for me until my return," he said in a soft voice. His cheeks were wet with tears. We were left alone.

My mother had gone to Chimishgazak [a city in Armenia, now part of Turkey]. In 1914, my father had befriended a gendarme who told him, "This time it's going to be terrible, not like before. You come over my house. I'll save all your children." My father didn't want to leave so the gendarme said, "Then separate the children." My mother took my brothers to Chimishgazak and they went to school there. When the war broke out, my father said, "We must bring the children together. If anything happens, we'll all die together." So my mother went to bring the boys back to Ashodavan.

After my father was taken, we were all alone and scared but we thought we should go outside. We knew they would find us anyway. People were gathered in front of our house. They were all crying and the gendarmes were hitting them. They used cloths [in people's mouths] to keep them from yelling. The weather was cool and damp. Everyone was crying for their father and mother. The Turkish soldiers were very mean. They wanted to keep the people quiet so they were hitting . . . hitting them hard.

The men had been tied up and taken to the Euphrates River. They lined the men up by the river, with my father in front. They were on their knees with their hands bound behind them. They told my father, "If you renounce your Christian faith, we will spare your life." But my father said, "I will die for my faith." So they killed him. Then they went down the row asking all the men the same thing. When they said "No," they killed them.

Suddenly, people started to yell and scream. They saw clothes coming down the river—the river was all bloody. My sister-in-law Anna had three young children. When she saw the priestly robes of my father in the river, she knew he had been killed. She was crazed with grief. She jumped into the current with her sons. All four drowned. The men's bodies were left on the bank, purposely, to rot and be picked over by birds and animals.

Now we waited for our destiny. What would happen to us? Toward morning, the Turkish soldiers came and took us. They wanted us to cross the river. The man who had befriended my father, the same soldier who warned us about the massacres, came over and said, "I want to take the whole family to my house. I'll keep you. Or you probably won't come out alive." So we went with him.

In the meantime, my mother was out looking for us in the Dersim mountains. She had gone to Chimishgazak to get the other children but they weren't there, so she set out to find the rest of us. She met a lady who told her, "I saw your children. I know where they are. I'll get them to you." The lady told my sister, who had gone to fetch water, "Come here next day, and I'll bring your mother." The next morning my sister told me, early, "We're going out to fetch water." So we went. These two ladies came. We could not recognize the ladies. They were all bundled up so they wouldn't be recognized.

We started walking. Halfway, we met my brother. He was looking for my mother too. We walked all day and came to a cottage in Haghtouk where everyone was staying. I found my sister there, my youngest brother. They were all there. When the lady from the well took off her disguise, Rose and I said, "Mother, mother!" We all cried.

We stayed there that winter. It was a very bad winter. In the summer we heard that the Russian Armenians were coming to save us. There were about 10,000 Armenians in the Kurdish mountains. We had to wait for our

turn. We came to Erzeroum. We stayed in the barracks. There was no food, nothing. The Red Cross came the next day and opened a cafeteria. They would give us just a cup of tea and one piece of sommi, bread.

In 1987, the Turkish government claimed that the bones and skeletons of more than 10,000 bodies found in Erzeroum belonged to Turkish citizens killed by Armenians. They built a monument over the bones and said we killed them, that the Armenians killed the Turkish people. But they lied. If the genocide didn't happen, where are all our relatives? What happened to 2 million Armenians? They didn't just disappear.

One day all the men and women were called together and told they would be separated because the Turkish soldiers were coming. So the older people were separated on one side and the younger ones on the other. There were two different roads we were supposed to take. There was fighting in back of us. We reached Baku. We stayed there three days. Again the Turkish soldiers came. Then we went on to Stavropol. We met my mother, who was already there.

We stayed there in Russia for three years. We were comfortable. Then the revolution started. It was terrible, worse than the first one. When we tried to leave, a crowd of men and women were at the railroad station. It was full of people. Everyone was pushing, pushing. I couldn't find my mother. I was crying for her. Everyone was gone, and I was screaming for my mother. This old man came and said, "Why are you crying?" He said, "Don't cry, they'll wait for you at the second station." Then he put me on the wagon, the train, and then my mother was there. From there we went to Constantinople and from Constantinople to America.

DR. GEORGE OGDEN

Dr. George Ogden was born June 5, 1911, in Armenia and is 87. He immigrated to the United States in 1920, settling in Kenosha, Wis., and earned a Ph.D. in surgical chiropody from Northwestern Institute of Foot Surgery. He relocated to Worcester, where he practiced for many years. He and his wife Mary, who was a WAC during World War II, have been married since 1941.

It was a terrible massacre. In order to hide it, the Turkish soldiers sent the Armenians to the desert. They threw them in the river. But they couldn't hide it. They would pick you at random from every family in the country where there were mostly Armenians. They would take the Armenians out and wouldn't tell them what it was all about. They colored it as if nothing serious was going to happen until they collected them all together. And then! Some of them they threw out to the desert, some they threw in the river. Any way it was convenient for them to kill the Armenians.

After the genocide, people sang the song of the misery they went through. It describes the Euphrates river flowing with blood, how awful the Euphrates river looked, flowing with blood instead of water.

I remember I was given a licking in one of the police stations because I hummed the song I was singing as I was selling pencils. The commissar had a whip and a sword on the wall and he said, "Tell your story." I told him where I heard the song and he took the whip from the wall and hit me in the hand. Oh, I was in such pain. It took weeks to heal the wounds. I was only 5 or 6 years old. He said, "Next time you say anything against the government, we're going to cut your hand off." And that's all I remember as a child. There are other things . . . but it was so long ago and I was very young. It's like a dream.

My mother used to lose her babies and she blamed it on the condition of the country,

what was happening, how terrible it was how the Turks persecuted the Armenians. She had so much milk after losing the babies that she used to feed other children.

Because of my experiences as a 5-year-old in Turkey it has been my ambition to take children at kindergarten age and teach them that human beings ought to be cherished and raised in the right way: to be proud of their heritage, believe in the sanctity of children and teach them peace—instead of when they get to high school creating their own heritage because they think they're "it," you know! And when they get to be 20, 21, they want to make all the money in the world. Proudfess doesn't come from money. It comes in taking care of the young. The kindergarten program should be revamped so by the time children graduate kindergarten they are already good citizens of America—citizens of peace.

JOHN KASPARIAN

John Kasparian was born in Van, Turkish Armenia, in 1907, and is 91. He immigrated to the United States in 1927. He married in 1932; his wife Virginia died recently. For 55 years, Kasparian owned and operated a shoe-repair shop in Worcester. He saw his 5-year-old brother die of starvation in Armenia.

I lived in Van. I was 7 to 8 years old when I noticed the fighting—24 hours steady, for three months. The Armenians didn't have any army but everyone got together to fight because the Turks were trying to get our country at any cost. They were killing us right and left. But being killed was happier than having your arm or leg cut off and suffering for God knows how long. If you say anything against them, they cut your neck. It was nothing to them to kill humans left and right. It's the God's truth.

My father was trying to protect our house and got shot in his leg. They bandaged it up and he was still fighting, fighting. Finally one of our close friends came and said, "Dick, you better get out of the house and run for your life. They're going to kill your family, without any question."

So we got out, ran out with just what we had on us. No food, nothing. For four or five days, believe me, eating grass. We lived on grass. And thirsty! You couldn't get any water until the rain came. We had to drink the dirty water that animals were going through. We traveled 11 days to reach Yerevan. Left and right, oh my God, people were dying.

Of course, in Armenia they were just as poor as we were in those days. We had to go in back of restaurants and houses and go through garbage, we were so hungry. Who would think to take a bone and bite to try to get something from it? We were six of us, two sisters, my brother, my mother and my father and myself. On the way we lost my brother. In Armenia—we got there at night, it was cold weather—we stay outside, nothing on us, until the sun comes up. Someone told us all the people from Van were in a central park so we go over there and I see my brother who was lost, 5 years old. He was delirious. He didn't know what was going on. He was hungry, thirsty. After three of four days of suffering, he died of starvation.

I have to try to make some money for the family. My mother and father had no job yet so I go around selling water for money. So help me, 2 cents, anything, just to get us by. Then my mother started to make cigarettes, wrapping cigarettes. She hung a box on my neck and I said, "What the heck is this?" She said, "People smoke—you go out, you sell cigarettes." That's how I lived until my father got a job for the American consulate as an Armenian interpreter. From then on, I was relieved! (laughs). Hey, at that time I was 9 years old.

I came here in 1927. We landed in Providence. A friend of my father who was like a brother to him, they had an apartment already, a four-room apartment. We had been living six of us in one room in Armenia, in Van. I couldn't believe it. Four rooms?!—I never saw that in my life.

I have to ask: All the world knows this [genocide] happened. Why is the American government not taking it seriously? Why?

But the only enjoyment and pleasure I get out of my life is in living in the United States. There is no other country in the world would ever be happier than here. A lot of Americans don't appreciate this life. It's a heavenly country. It's heaven on earth.

CHINA CONNECTIONS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from Florida (Mr. STEARNS) is recognized during morning hour debates for 5 minutes.

Mr. STEARNS. Mr. Speaker, over the weekend a lot of people have been calling for hearings on the emerging China scandal. I come to the well this afternoon to rise in support of the New York Times editorial on Sunday entitled, "The New China Connection", that calls for the appointment of a special prosecutor. I thought my colleagues should hear what the Times wrote:

All the disclosures about Johnny Chung, other contributors and their links to China make it clearer than ever that the Attorney General Reno needs to transfer the Justice Department's investigation to an independent counsel. The White House was intensely involved in fund-raising at the highest levels, and only an inquiry led by someone other than a political appointee of the President will satisfy the public.

Mr. Speaker, this is a major concession by The New York Times, and I thought I would call it to my colleagues' attention. These calls for an independent prosecutor come on the heels of groundbreaking and explosive reporting by the Times' investigative journalist, Jeff Gerth.

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Mr. Gerth reported on Friday, May 15, that Johnny Chung has admitted that a large portion of the money he raised for the Democrats originated with the People's Liberation Army, the PLA, of China. Mr. Speaker, this is a communist military party. Mr. Chung has identified the conduit of the illegal campaign funds as a Chinese aerospace executive and Chinese Lieutenant Colonel Liu Chaoping, who just happens to be the daughter of General Liu Huaqing, who just happened to be at that time China's most senior and top-ranked military commander in the PLA.

Mr. Speaker, General Liu was also a member of the top leadership of China's Communist Party as he served as a member of the Standing Committee, the very top circle of political leadership in China. General Liu was also vice-chairman of the powerful Central Military Commission and was in charge of China's drive to modernize the People's Liberation Army by selling weap-

ons to other countries and using the hard currency to acquire Western technology.

Newsweek goes on to point out that the latest scandal, in their May 25 issue entitled "A Strange Brew," is also very revealing. It appears on July 19, 1996, Colonel Liu, the daughter of General Liu, arrived at the Los Angeles home of financier Eli Broad, shook the President's hand, had her picture taken with him. Ms. Liu, accompanied by fund-raiser Johnny Chung, is known to have attended a military institute in China used for counterintelligence training.

What Liu did a week after meeting the President is even more interesting. She signed papers incorporating a company in California called Marswell Institute. She and Chung were the only listed directors. U.S. intelligence sources say Marswell is an affiliate of a similarly named firm in Hong Kong, which shares ownership with yet another company they describe as a "front" for the "general political department" of the PLA.

Mr. Speaker, what were China and the Chinese military leaders after? There is some evidence that what they were after was a change in U.S. satellite export policy that made it easier for China to use their missiles to launch American satellites, which also allowed China to further improve their missile capabilities. This same missile technology can be used for intercontinental ballistic missiles, which China now has fixed nuclear targets on.

So, Mr. Speaker, I come to the floor this afternoon to echo the comments from the Sunday editorial from The New York Times. It is time for Attorney General Reno to transfer the department's investigation out of their department into an independent counsel, and I ask her to do it promptly.

TRIBUTE TO SENATOR JENNINGS RANDOLPH

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from West Virginia (Mr. WISE) is recognized during morning hour debates for 5 minutes.

Mr. WISE. Mr. Speaker, today in Salem, West Virginia, in a quiet funeral service, former United States Senator Jennings Randolph comes home to his final rest, to where he grew up and lived. And indeed perhaps it is a fitting memorial to Senator Randolph that this week the Congress of the United States is working on another highway bill for another six years, because Senator Randolph, of course, was Chair of the Senate Public Works Committee. In 1937, as a Member of this body, the House of Representatives, he held hearings on creating a national highway system 20 years ahead of the interstate highway system.

With Senator Randolph's death, an era has truly passed. He was the last