

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 mountaintop. 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 mid-summer haying, an October when Ken's flannel shirts were specked 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 important 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