

the courts to the detriment of the American people and the administration of justice. I urge all Senators to make the federal administration of justice a top priority for the Senate for the rest of this year.

LEGISLATIVE SESSION

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, the Senate will now return to legislative session.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. SESSIONS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to a period for morning business, with Senators permitted to speak for up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

RETIREMENT OF STEVE HEMMINGSEN

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, this day marks the retirement of a legend in broadcast journalism in South Dakota. Steve Hemmingsen, who has faithfully delivered news to living rooms in my home state for over twenty-five years, will give his last regular broadcast tonight.

There's an old story about Calvin Coolidge, told shortly after he left the White House. He was filling out a standard form, which asked for standard information. Line 1 asked for his name and address. Line 2 asked for his "Occupation", for which he answered "Retired". Line 3 was titled "Remarks." Mr. Coolidge responded "Glad of it."

I hope that Steve Hemmingsen will share that sentiment: glad to be retired from the rigors of his job—but never fully removed from his audience, the thousands of people who have relied on him for their news for more than two decades.

Steve grew up just across the border in Minnesota, and after graduating from high school, he landed his first job in broadcasting at the "Polka Station of the Nation" in New Ulm. Later, he studied at the Brown Institute and was hired by KELO-TV in 1969. He has been a fixture there and on our nightly news ever since.

It has been estimated that since Steve began working the 6:00 and 10:00 pm news at KELO, he has delivered about eighteen thousand newscasts. He's shouldered the responsibility of helping our state get through some of its most trying times—such as the devastating Rapid City flood in 1972, the tragic plane crash that took the lives of Governor George Mickelson and several of South Dakota's economic development leaders in 1993, the horrible tornado in Spencer two years ago and countless South Dakota blizzards. When South Dakotans have faced adversity, Steve's steady voice and calm demeanor brought us up to speed on

the latest events and talked us through each crisis we encountered.

But Steve has been there through the good times as well. When we celebrated our state's centennial in 1989, Steve reported on the numerous celebrations going on around South Dakota, giving us insight on where our state had been, and where it was going. When Scotland, South Dakota's own Chuck Gemar went into space, Steve helped express the collective sense of pride that was felt throughout the state. You could say that during his career at KELO, Steve's familiar voice was the first that brought news of noteworthy events to the people in South Dakota.

Over the last twenty-five years, Steve Hemmingsen has earned the trust of the people of South Dakota. Although Steve and I haven't always seen eye-to-eye on some issues, I have never had a reason to question his dedication as a broadcaster, his fairness as a reporter or his integrity as a person. In my years in public service, I have had the opportunity to work with hundreds of reporters both in South Dakota and across the nation and there is no doubt in my mind that Steve Hemmingsen is one of the best. Today we congratulate him, but tomorrow he will certainly be missed.

It brings me great pleasure to join all of KELO-Land in wishing Steve the best as he signs off tonight. The evening news will never be the same.

MITCH ROSE TO LEAVE THE HALLS OF CONGRESS

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President, Mitch Rose, my chief of staff, who before that was my press secretary, will leave the Senate within the next few days.

Mitch has been a great member of our staff, with his understanding of the nuances of legislation, his ability to articulate concerns, and his courage to challenge debate when he believes strongly in an issue. His talents with words, written and spoken, are really legendary.

But no matter how tough the argument, or how serious the discussion, Mitch's sense of humor always helps to keep things in perspective.

It's safe to say that he's not only famous for that sense of humor, but at times, he's infamous.

Born in Alaska, a product of a great family and of Alaska's public schools, Mitch came to Capitol Hill after graduation from the University of Washington, almost 15 years ago.

He first went to work for our friend and former colleague Bob Dole, and later toiled for the other members of our Alaska delegation, DON YOUNG in the House and FRANK MURKOWSKI here in the Senate.

When Mitch joined our staff, he took on the added responsibility of attending law school at night. His wife, Dale Cabaniss, attended a different law school in the evenings, while she worked for Senator MURKOWSKI.

Mitch's work on aviation and telecommunications issues has been par-

ticularly important. As chief of staff, he has kept ahead of the curve on all of our concerns, providing insight and guidance to my staff and me.

The Alaska Humanities Forum has created a program named after Mitch, based on his experience as a youngster, when his parents made sure he knew how life in a rural Alaska village contrasts with life in urban Alaska. The Rose Urban-Rural Alaska Partnership Program will take urban youth to rural villages to promote better understanding of the very different ways of life in our small communities. It will provide the same type of opportunity his parents, Dave and Fran Rose, provided for Mitch when he was a young Anchorage school boy.

Mitch is an example, Mr. President, of the best of his generation. He's worked hard, taken on heavy responsibilities at work and at home, maintained close and good relationships with Alaska and Alaskans, and with those with whom he works.

He and Dale, who is now a Commissioner of the Federal Labor Relations Authority, are the parents of Ben 5, and twins Haley and Shelby, eight months.

There is no question that we will miss Mitch. But there's also no question that he will be a valuable member of the private sector.

My thanks to him for the work he's done, the loyalty he's shown and the friendship he's shared. With so many others who have known him over the years, I wish him well.

JAROSLAV PELIKAN, STERLING PROFESSOR EMERITUS

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President, as a product of the World War II years, I rushed through my undergraduate education after that war. In the process, my education was of the Yogi Berra variety: If I came to a fork in the road, I took it.

Now, having acquired seniority here, I have privileges I never dreamed would be part of my life, and am more and more aware of what I missed by not spending more time in basic educational endeavors.

For instance, because of my service on the Senate Rules Committee, it is my honor to be chairman of the Joint committee of the Library. This position opened my eyes and ears and filled my mind with joys totally unexpected.

For instance, my increasing visits with Dr. Jim Billington, Librarian of the Library of Congress, a national treasure and our preeminent Russian scholar, have led to meeting more and more of the distinguished academics of our time.

One of these persons is Jaroslav Pelikan, Sterling Professor Emeritus at Yale university and Immediate Past President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Sadly, because of business here in the Senate, I missed Dr. Pelikan's brilliant luncheon address to the Bicentennial of the Library of Congress on April 24 of this

year. Arriving late, I was overwhelmed by the comments about his speech to the "Library Legends Luncheon" and requested a copy of it. The title of this address was: "Hospital for the Soul."

Now, I realize why we address those who have received Phd's as "Doctor". On behalf of all who have continued to support our Library of Congress, I thank Jaroslav Pelikan for all he has done to earn his "Living Legend" Award. Because of this address, I shall never again think of libraries as simply depositories for books. Our great Library of Congress is now the "World's Hospital for the Soul."

I ask unanimous consent that Dr. Pelikan's address be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

HOSPITAL FOR THE SOUL

(By Jaroslav Pelikan)

Thank you for this "Living Legend" Award; I promise to take it out and look at it whenever I get a sudden attack of humility. Seriously, though, even someone to whom humility does not come easily would have to be humbled today by the names of all these others who are being honored here—and then of those who are not! And if I ask myself the even more humbling question why it is I who have been asked to speak in the name of these men and women who are becoming my new colleagues, my first thought is that I seem to be the only one among those present whose last name puts him into the same class with Big Bird. (Big Bird's cousin Larry Bird, who is also a Living Legend, was unavoidably detained, and as a sometime Hoosier I with his Pacers well in the playoffs.) Or is the explanation simply that I am, at least as much as anyone here, the offspring of the library? Or perhaps it is that all my life I have been studying various languages, which, while only a small fraction of those represented by the collections of the Library of Congress, do manage to include the ancestral tongues of several of my classmates, as well as "the universal language" played so eloquently by Maestro Isaac Stern or by my dear friend Yo-Yo Ma.

But of all languages, there is a special place reserved in my mind and heart for Greek, the language of Plato and Sophocles and Sappho (whom Plato called "the Tenth Muse")—and the language of the New Testament and of the "Four Cappadocians" (Basil of Caesarea, his brother Gregory of Nyssa, their sister Macrina, and Gregory of Nazianzus). So let me turn, as I do so often, to the pleasures of Greek. For in Book One of a work appropriately entitled *Bibliothēke* [Library], the Hellenistic historian Diodorus Siculus reports that the inscription on the Library of Alexandria read: *Pysches iatreion*, "Hospital for the soul"—a profound and brilliant metaphor, even in a language justly celebrated for its metaphors.

The library is a hospital for the soul because it is here that the soul can find instruments for diagnosis. Those men and women, physicians of the soul, who have thought deeply and spoken movingly about the illnesses that plague us all have put their case studies permanently on deposit here. It is here in the library that Thomas Jefferson traces so many ailments to the dreadful affliction of not holding together "an honest heart" and "a knowing head"; here in the library that George Eliot devastatingly portrays in *Middlemarch*, my favorite English novel, the pedant who, she says, "dreams

footnotes" and who lurks in the soul of every scholar (present company excepted, of course!); here in the library that, in my favorite novel of all, the Grand Inquisitor propounds again the three questions in which "are united all the unresolved contradictions of human nature", here in the library that Gibbons, celebrated in the Great Hall, carries out an autopsy on "the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness" that bears implications for every other empire, also for the American empire; here in the library that Immanuel Kant probes "the radical evil that corrupts all maxims," making the worse appear the better reason; and here in the library that Beatrice, in her quiet but solemn voice, warns us that all our actions carry consequences regardless of our station, evade them though we may for a very long time. And because, in the deathless words of that celebrated scholar and philosopher Professor Pogo of Okefenokee Swamp (whose sayings are also preserved here in the library), "We got problems we ain't even used yet," men and women in generations yet to come will keep turning here for diagnosis and help. But they will be able to do so only if we in this generation have the foresight and the commitment that Joseph had in Egypt, to store up during the fat years what will be needed during the lean years.

It is likewise to the library that the soul can turn for healing, in the collective memory of the human race. Even for the healing of the soul in a special sense, the writers of the New Testament, in trying to find the most towering and luminous metaphor of all to cope with the miracle and the mystery of what had happened to them, turned to the miracle and the mystery of language: "In the beginning was the Word." But by that metaphor they were in fact attaching themselves to the far more comprehensive tradition of what Pedro Lain Entralgo has called "the therapy of the word in Classical Antiquity," the ancient and yet universal recognition that if the diseases of the human mind and spirit are to be cured, they need to be (as we still say) addressed, that means, spoken to, as they are by biography and autobiography and hagiography from many traditions and diverse cultures, including even our own past, as those can be found in the library and only there. Corny though the cynical may find it, these lives do indeed still

... remind us.

We can make our lives sublime.

But increasingly we are beginning to recognize that both diagnosis and healing can be vastly more successful if we have been using the resources of the hospital and the health care system all along for prevention, which is why the library must be, as we say nowadays, a "research hospital" and a "teaching hospital." Having spent a scholarly lifetime learning and admonishing that there is a fundamental distinction between knowledge and wisdom, I find myself today stressing the even more fundamental, and even more elusive, distinction between knowledge and information. The library functions as a hospital for the soul by teaching us both of those distinctions, making available enormous stores of information, resources of knowledge, and, to those who have the willingness and patience to learn, treasures of wisdom. (Konrad Adenauer once said that he planned to ask the Almighty, "Why is it, after putting such limitations on human intelligence, that You did not put similar ones on human stupidity?") As the chroniclers and commentators and critics of all those traditions, scholars dependent on the library, by introducing us to our grandfathers and more recently to our long lost grandmothers, can help us to bequeath these riches to our grandchildren. For in words of Edmund Burke, who still speaks in the li-

brary, it can be defined as "a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born."

On that particular program for universal health care, my old friend, Mr. Librarian of Congress—and (at least for today) Dr. Surgeon General of the Hospital for the Soul—everyone would, I hope, have to agree, even in an election year. It was, I firmly believe, providential that exactly 200 years ago today, in this city where there would eventually be so many fiefdoms and kingdoms and dukedoms and monuments, the Congress was inspired to found this monumental institution, of which Shakespeare has Prospero say prophetically, "My library was dukedom large enough." For as all the other dukedoms have risen and fallen, the Library of Congress has stood as a monument and a "hospital for the soul," pointing to the life of the mind as the antidote to the twin poisons of political tyranny and moral anarchy.

Whenever people ask me, after more than half a century of historical research, reflection, and writing (my Three R's), what are the lessons of the past, I apologize that I can't come up with very many. But there is one, which those of you who know me will not be surprised to learn I find stated most profoundly by Goethe's Faust; and it speaks of the library:

"Was du ererbt von deinen Vatern hast, Erwirb' es, um es zu besitzen."

[What you have as heritage, now take as task; For only thus will you make it your own.]

REMEMBERING THOSE WHO DIED
ON D-DAY

Mr. ROBB. Mr. President, as we approach the 56th Anniversary of D-Day, June 6th, 1944, we should pause to reflect on the valor and sacrifice of the men who died on the beaches of Normandy. In the vanguard of the force that landed on that June morning, was the 116th Infantry Regiment, 29th Infantry Division. In 1944 the 116th Infantry Regiment, as it is today, was a National Guard unit mustering at the armory in Bedford, Virginia. They drew their members from a town of only 3,200 people and the rich country in southwestern Virginia nestled in the cool shadows of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

On the morning of June 6th, 1944, Company A led the 116th Infantry Regiment and the 29th Infantry Division ashore, landing on Omaha Beach in the face of withering enemy fire. Within minutes, the company suffered ninety-six percent casualties, to include twenty-one killed in action. Before nightfall, two more sons of Bedford from Companies C and F perished in the desperate fighting to gain a foothold on the blood-soaked beachhead. On D-Day, the town of Bedford, Virginia gave more of her sons to the defense of freedom and the defeat of dictatorship, than any other community (per capita) in the nation. It is fitting that Bedford is home to the national D-Day Memorial. But we must remember that this