

significant portion of these longevity gains stem from NIH-funded research in areas such as heart disease, stroke and cancer. If just 10 percent of the value of longevity increases, \$240 billion, resulted from NIH research, that would mean a return of \$15 for every \$1 invested in NIH.

Also according to the JEC, NIH-funded research helped lead to the development of one-third of the top 21 drugs introduced over the last few decades. These drugs treat patients with ovarian cancer, AIDS, hypertension, depression, herpes, various cancers, and anemia. Future drug research holds great promise for curing many diseases and lowering the costs of illness by reducing hospital stays and invasive surgeries. In fact, one study found that a \$1 increase in drug expenditures reduces hospital costs by about \$3.65.

We know that past medical advances have dramatically reduced health care costs for such illnesses as tuberculosis, polio, peptic ulcers, and schizophrenia. For example, the savings from the polio vaccine, which was introduced in 1955, still produces a \$30 billion savings per year, every year.

Medical advances will help cut costs by reducing lost economic output from disability and premature death. For example, new treatments for AIDS—some developed with NIH-funded research—caused the mortality rate from AIDS to drop over 60 percent in the mid-1990s, thus allowing tens of thousands of Americans to continue contributing to our society and economy.

And medical research spending isn't just about reducing the enormous current burdens of illness. The costs of illness may grow even higher if we fail to push ahead with further research. Infectious diseases, in particular, are continually creating new health costs. The recent emergence of Lyme disease, E. coli, and hantavirus, for example, show how nature continues to evolve new threats to health. In addition, dangerous bacteria are evolving at an alarming rate and grow resistant to every new round of antibiotics.

This report extensively shows the benefits of medical research and reaffirms the enormous benefits we achieve from funding the National Institutes of Health in our fight against disease. But there is still a lot more work to be done. I am hopeful my colleagues will take a few moments to look at this report and recognize the important work done by the scientists and researchers at the NIH. It can be read in its entirety on the JEC website at: [jec.senate.gov](http://jec.senate.gov).

Funding for NIH is really about—hope and opportunity. The challenge before us is great, but America has always responded when our people are behind the challenge. America landed a man on the moon. We pioneered computer technology. America won the Cold War. Now it is time to win the war against the diseases that plague our society. We have the knowledge. We have the technology. Most impor-

tant, we have the support of the American people.

I ask my colleagues to join me in the effort to double funding for the National Institutes of Health. It's good economic policy, it's good public policy, and most importantly, it's good for all Americans.

#### MORNING BUSINESS

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

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

#### PROFILE OF SENATOR JOHN CHAFEE'S KOREAN WAR SERVICE

Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise today to honor my friend John Chafee. On Sunday June 25, 2000, an article appeared in Parade Magazine entitled, "Let Us Salute Those Who Served". The article chronicled John's service in the Korean War. I ask that the article be printed in the RECORD.

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

HE WAS THE MOST ADMIRABLE MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN

(By James Brady)

(The author, a Marine who served in the Korean War, remembers his comrades in arms—and one extraordinary young leader in particular.)

Is Korea really America's "forgotten war?" Not if you ask the foot soldiers who fought there, Marines and Army both. How could any infantryman ever forget the ridgelines and the hills, the stunning cold, the wind out of Siberia, the blizzards off the Sea of Japan? How do you forget fighting—and stopping—the Chinese Army, 40 divisions of them against a half-dozen U.S. divisions, plus the Brits and some gallant others? And how can anyone forget the thousands upon thousands of Americans who died there in three years, in that small but bloody war?

Korea began 50 years ago today—a brutal, primitive war in what Genghis Khan called "the land of the Mongols," a war in which I served under the most admirable man I've ever known, a 29-year-old Marine captain named John Chafee.

Most of us who fought the Korean War were reservists: Some, like me, were green kids just out of college. Others were combat-hardened, savvy veterans bloodied by fighting against the Japanese only five years before—men like Chafee, my rifle-company commander, who would become a role model for life. I can see him still on that first November morning, squinting in the sun that bounced off the mountain snow as he welcomed a couple of replacement second lieutenants. Mack Allen and me, to Dog Company. He was tall, lean, ruddy-faced and physically tireless, a rather cool Rhode Islander from a patrician background with a luxuriant dark-brown mustache. "We're a trifle understrength at the moment," he said, a half-smile playing on his face. "We're two officers short." I was too awed to ask what had happened to them.

Chafee didn't seem to carry a weapon, just a long alpine staff that he used as he loped, his long legs covering the rough ground in

great strides. "Got to stay in the trench from here on," he said as he showed us along the front line. This sector of ridge was jointly held by us and the North Koreans, the trenches less than a football field apart. Chafee questioned the Marines we passed—not idle chat but about enemy activity, addressing each man by his last name, the troops calling him "Skipper." No one was uptight in the captain's presence, and the men spoke right up in answering. When enemy infantry are that close, both the questions and answers are important.

When I got there as a replacement rifle-platoon leader on Thanksgiving weekend of 1951, the 1st Marine Division was hanging on to a mountainous corner of North Korea along the Musan Ridge, about 3000 feet high. It took us a couple of hours to hike uphill, lugging rifles and packs along a narrow, icy footpath to where the rifle companies were dug in. As fresh meat, not knowing the terrain and nervous about mines, we followed close on the heels of Marines returning to duty after being hit in the hard fighting to take Hill 749 in September. In Korea they didn't send you home with wounds. Not if they could patch you up to fight again. These Marines, tough boys, understandably weren't thrilled to be going back. But they went. Dog Company of the 7th Marine Regiment needed them. There was already a foot of snow on the ground. When I think of Korea, it is always of the cold and the snow.

Yet the fighting began in summer on a Sunday morning—June 25, 1950—when the Soviet-backed army of Communist North Korea smashed across the 38th Parallel to attack the marginally democratic Republic of Korea with its U.S. trained and equipped (and not very good) army. Early in the war, Gen. Douglas MacArthur had bragged: "The boys could be home for Christmas." But "the boys" would be in Korea three Christmases—courtesy of the Chinese Army.

Every soldier thinks his own war was unique. But Korea did have its moments: proving a UN army could fight; ending MacArthur's career with a farewell address to Congress ("Old soldiers never die. They just fade away. . . ."); helping elect Eisenhower, who pledged in '52, "I will go to Korea"; demonstrating that Red China's huge army could be stopped; insulating Japan from attack; and enabling the South Korean economic miracle. But the war's lack of a clear-cut winner and loser may have set the stage for Vietnam.

As a junior officer, I had little grasp of such strategic matters. I commanded 40 Marines, combat veterans who had fought both the Chinese and the North Koreans. Captain Chafee led us: Red Philips was his No. 2; Bob Simonis, Mack Allen and I were his three rifle-platoon leaders.

Guided by Chafee, I saw my first combat. Mostly it was small firefights, patrols and ambushes, usually by night. I learned about staying cool and not doing stupid things. When darkness fell, we sent patrols through the barbed wire and down the ridgeline across a stream, the Soyang-Gang, trying to grab a prisoner or to kill North Koreans. Meanwhile, they came up Hill 749 and tried to kill us.

The second or third night I was there, the Koreans hit us with hundreds of mortar shells, then came swarming against the barbed wire, where our machine guns caught them. At dawn there were six dead Koreans hanging on the wire. Except for Catholic wakes at home, I'd never seen a dead man. That morning we tracked wounded Koreans from their blood in the snow. The following day, a single incoming mortar hit some Marines lazing in the sun. Two died; one lost his legs. I hadn't been in Korea a week.

Sergeants like Stoneking, Wooten, and Fitzgerald, and a commanding officer like