

millions of survivors would starve. If there is to be a sequel for the ABC show, the "Nuclear Winter" would be a logical subject. The consequences of a nuclear war would not be as bad as the ABC program depicts, it would be worse.

HEALTH CARE FINANCING ADMINISTRATION RECEIVES GOLDEN FLEECE OF THE MONTH AWARD

Mr. PROXMIRE. Mr. President, I am giving my Golden Fleece of the Month Award for November to the Health Care Financing Administration (HCFA) for callously clipping the taxpayer of \$45 million a year by allowing medicare to foot the bill for cutting toenails. In my "o'bunion," HCFA should toe the line instead of standing by while podiatrists trim the toe.

Health care costs have increased at double-digit rates for many years. Here is one of the reasons why.

Medicare does not usually pay for routine foot care such as cutting toenails. But if patients have a fungus infection around the toenail, then medicare will pay for a procedure called debridement of mycotic toenails—in other words, cutting infected toenails. The taxpayers pay about \$90 million a year for this treatment. HHS estimates that \$45 million of that total could be saved if abuses were stopped.

According to the Inspector General of HHS, studies conducted in Pennsylvania, Florida, and Illinois show significant overutilization of debridement of mycotic toenails. His investigators found solid indications that some podiatrists in these three States are misdiagnosing the medical condition of beneficiaries in order to obtain medicare reimbursement for routine toenail cutting, which is generally not a covered service.

In another study, conducted in Virginia, the Inspector General discovered that podiatrists billed the medicare program \$791,000 for their services, over 70 percent of which were for the debridement of mycotic toenails. A professional debridement should take about 15 minutes to complete, but some podiatrists, seeking reimbursement for 1 day's work, billed for 50 to as many as 116 debridements which, in the latter case, is virtually impossible to accomplish within a 24-hour period. Some might ask what kind of a clip joint are the taxpayers financing.

How can these abuses be stopped? Two effective reforms—no petty cure—would save the taxpayer that \$45 million a year. First, limit reimbursements for debridements to once every 60 days unless a doctor documents the need for more frequent treatment. Second, require that doctors, not podiatrists, diagnose that the toenail is really infected.

HCFA has archly refused to implement these reforms and therefore has no kick coming about this fleece. Congress has now stepped up to the prob-

lem and the budget reconciliation bill will put a 60-day limit on this treatment.

HCFA has been footloose with the taxpayers' money. Instead of allowing some podiatrists to get a foothold on this program, HCFA bureaucrats should have done a lot more soul searching. These bureaucrats gave the podiatrists an inch but they took a foot. HCFA should be nailed to the wall and brought to heel for this footing expenditure.

THE GENOCIDE TREATY AND THE PLIGHT OF GUATEMALAN REFUGEES

Mr. PROXMIRE. Mr. President, Victor Perera wrote an alarming article for the Nation magazine last week on the plight of Guatemalan Indian refugees. His account of this tragic persecution is based on personal observations and interviews of refugees in border camps in Chiapas, Mexico, where nearly 100,000 Indians are being kept.

Perera graphically described the conditions he witnessed, including starvation, rampant disease, rape, and murder. He estimated that on average three infants die daily and as many as five adults succumb every week because of the lack of food and care. He noted:

The picture that emerges from my experiences and from the interviews I conducted is appalling: aside from massacres and the systematic burning of villages, all of the conditions that forced the Indians to flee Guatemala are being reproduced in the camps.

"Salt and soap are luxury items," Perera observed, "and at night the moans of starving children drown out the omnipresent jungle sounds." In Perera's opinion, "the Indians I saw in 1982 were better off than those who are refugees today."

Mr. President, if Mr. Perera's story is accurate, we can neither ignore nor tolerate such a despicable situation. This blatant abuse of human rights through persecution and death must not continue.

The cruel treatment of Guatemalan Indians is clearly an affront to the values of cultural freedom that we in the United States hold so dear. We must never forget or ignore the fact that in other parts of our world human rights and freedoms are arbitrarily refused, and those who seek them are often starved, tortured, and even murdered. Our Nation has consistently struggled against these types of inhumane actions. Ratification of the Genocide Treaty would only strengthen our denunciation of such acts of cruelty. We have before us an instrument of peace—a tool to help shape world opinion. We have the Genocide Treaty. But without U.S. ratification and ardent support, the treaty is not the powerful and influential document it could be, and our voice on human rights is diminished. Therefore, I urge ratification of the Genocide Treaty.

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, in this month when we commemorate America's tragic loss on that November 22, 20 years ago, articles, books, and television programs are pouring forth in tribute.

The best one I have seen is an article that appeared this past Sunday in Parade magazine, by our colleague **SEN. JOHN F. KENNEDY**. It needs no introduction or embellishment, and I rise simply to request that it be printed in today's edition of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

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

THE SPARK STILL GLOWS

(By Senator Edward M. Kennedy)

It was January 1932, three weeks before I was born and the night before semester exams for 14-year-old John Kennedy, who was then a ninth-grader at Choate School in Wallingford, Conn. During a break from the books, he wrote a note to Mother which now hangs in my Senate office. The end of it reads: "P.S. Can I be Godfather to the baby?" It was the beginning, even before I was born, of a special relationship I had with Jack all his life, until I last saw him the weekend before he died.

Many things will be written about Jack on this anniversary 20 autumns later. We are startled that so much time has passed since that November day in 1963, and our surprise reveals how vividly his life touched so many others. I still think of Jack very often—of the President, the person, the brother I knew and loved. For me, the pain of his loss will always hurt, and yet my memories of him are happy ones.

My earliest recollections are of the morning pillow fights we had when Jack came home from school. I was only 3, but after we wrestled and played until breakfast, he would take me down to the shore and tell me stories about the sea. In the years ahead, I went sailing with Jack on one of the small boats he loved—the "Tenovus," named for the first 10 in the family, and the "One More," christened after I was born. My job at the end of the day was to fold and pack the sails away. It was long and tedious, and I complained to Jack.

"I had to do it for Joe," he said, referring to our oldest brother.

"Well, why doesn't Bobby have to do it for you then?" I asked.

"If Bobby has to do it for me, then you'll have to do it for him," Jack answered. Years later, during his Senate and Presidential campaigns, I would often be sent to some out-of-the-way stop to speak for him. "Teddy," he would laugh, "it's time to pack the sails again."

Jack dared me to do some crazy things that my father thought were too reckless for a 6- or 8-year-old—like jumping from the roof of our garage with a sheet as a parachute, or diving off a steep cliff when I was learning to swim.

"It's a long way down," I yelled to Jack, who was waiting in the water.

"Don't you think you can depend on me?" he replied. I was still doubtful, but I held my nose and jumped. Jack cajoled me into doing it again and again, and soon, that summer, we were diving and swimming together.

For me at the age of 9, World War II meant that Joe and Jack and then Bobby all went off to the service. Joe never came back. It was the hardest, saddest time I had ever seen in my family. Jack, who was home