

in pulling back the Soviet Union and the United States from what may have been the brink of war in 1962.

Mr. President, John Scali kept this episode a secret, and at this point, I shall bring to the Senate's attention a column by my longtime friend, Max Freedman, himself an erudite gentleman whose very credible thoughts appear regularly in the Jewish Journal published in New York City. At this point, Mr. President, let Max take over.

I therefore ask unanimous consent that the Max Freedman column of November 24 be printed in the RECORD at the conclusion of my remarks.

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

[From the Jewish Herald, Nov. 24, 1995]

HE PUT OUR RIGHT TO LIVE OVER OUR RIGHT TO KNOW

(By C.H. Freedman)

The greatest tribute to John A Scali in his recent obituary was that most readers had not been that familiar with him.

Such relative non-celebrity status was what made the former ABC correspondent one of the noblest Americans ever.

Scali could have been a "superstar" journalist had he so chosen. Next to him, such names as Cronkite, Donaldson, Woodward and Bernstein would now be comparative bush leaguers had he embraced the same "journalistic ethic" many of them do.

Scali had what was arguably the greatest scoop of all time during the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962—and forwent it for the sake of America and civilization.

I recall the time all too vividly. With city-obliterating Soviet missiles pointed at us and ours at them, and our next day's very existence predicated on national egos and on two posturing leaders' flashpoints, most of us were shaking in our pre-L.L. Bean boots.

In the midst of this national trauma, the Washington-based Scali unexpectedly received a call from one Aleksandr Fomin, counselor of the Soviet Embassy, Fomin, whom Scali knew to be the head of Soviet intelligence in this country, invited him to lunch.

"I'd already had lunch," recalled Scali, "but his voice was so urgent and insistent that I decided to go immediately."

At the Occidental Restaurant, almost in the shadow of the White House, Fomin made an astonishing proposal.

"After the waiter had taken our order," Scali recounted, Fomin "came right to the point and said, 'War seems about to break out; something must be done.'"

Scali recalled answering, "Well, you should have thought of that before you introduced the missiles" in Cuba.

"There might be a way out" of the impending conflict, said Fomin. Suppose that "we would promise to remove our missiles under United Nations inspection and promise never to introduce such offensive missiles into Cuba again? Would President Kennedy be willing to promise publicly not to invade Cuba?"

Scali judiciously replied that he didn't know, but was "willing to try and find out."

To Scali's eternal credit, he forsook his journalism "ethic"—which, to many, demands such story be propagated forthwith—and instead assumed the role of patriot. In the days that followed, he became an unnoticed, unheralded courier shuttling between the White House and the Soviets until the crisis was peacefully resolved.

Not until 1964, when the lines in the sand were long since washed away, did Scali go public with the story.

He received no great tributes then—or at any time since—for the noble career sacrifice he had made two years earlier.

Imagine, especially if you're a devotee of what-if fiction, what the scenario might have been if, say, Fomin had gotten a steady busy signal on Scali's line and in his urgency called one of the dozens of other such correspondents in Washington.

Not necessarily someone like Lyle Denniston of the Baltimore Sun—who once told an interviewer that if he'd been old enough for World War II he would have reported the atom-bomb secret or the time and place of the upcoming D-Day invasion; indeed, he boasted, he would have even stolen such war-forfeiting information. "They would have made good stories," he explained.

No, Fomin needn't have reached a Lyle Denniston to risk turning us into radioactive cinders; a much more moderate practitioner of the craft would have done just fine—say, one of the thousands of Denniston's colleagues who would never publicly proclaim what he did, but who condone, if not heartily approve of, his stance.

Such reporter would have solemnly agreed to Fomin's request, finished lunch, smiled reassuringly as he or she waved poh-kah (friendly, informal Russian "goodbye") to Fomin, then established a world's record dash—not to the White House, but to his or her newsroom.

There, a pious morality play would be staged by reporter and editors: national security versus that pompously invoked "public's right to know!"

And don't you dare even think that we idealistic journalists, in making such solemn decision, would consider such crass things as instant personal fame, skyrocketing circulation and the like.

But, blessedly, Fomin did not get that busy signal. And thus did not turn to someone who would have broken the story that, given the lost "face-saving" element, could well have led to this city and others becoming Hiroshima II.

It's sad enough to note here that John Scali was never given a fraction of the tribute he would have received had he sold out his soul and America by breaking that story. But besides being denied his moral due, he was treated shabbily in a more direct way.

Based on Scali's expertise in international matters, in 1971 President Nixon appointed him special consultant for foreign affairs and communications; two years later, Nixon named him to replace George Bush as our representative to the United Nations.

But when Gerald Ford assumed the presidency, he unceremoniously dumped this man who had performed so admirably at the post.

To be charitable toward Ford, such action demonstrated that playing football without a helmet does indeed diminish one's reasoning ability.

To be less charitable, it provided further insight into the character of a president who owed his career and prominence to conservatives—and showed his gratitude by choosing as his vice president, the original "Rockefeller-liberal Republican," Nelson.

Had Scali, 33 years ago, embraced the "ethic" of many journalists, there's an excellent chance Ford wouldn't even have been around to take over the Oval Office in 1974; indeed, there might not have even been an Oval Office. Or much of a citizenry left to care about one.

That concept is probably beyond the capacity of Gerald Ford. But maybe some less-dense influential Americans might show belated appreciation to a newsman, John A. Scali, to whom this scared-silly-in-'62 American, for one, feels eternally grateful.

THE BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, the skyrocketing Federal debt is now slightly in excess of \$13 billion shy of \$5 trillion.

As of the close of business Friday, November 24, the Federal debt—down to the penny—stood at exactly \$4,989,260,237,257.80 or \$18,939.32 on a per capita basis for every man, woman, and child.

PRESENTATION OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE WITH SILVER STAR TO GOV. HUGH L. CAREY

Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, of the many commemorative ceremonies held on Veterans Day, November 11, one event had particular significance for the Honorable Hugh L. Carey, the former Governor of the State of New York, and for his family and many friends.

More than 50 years ago, Hugh Carey, then a young officer with the "Timberwolves" of the 104th Infantry Division, United States Army, led a patrol near the Elbe River in Germany. The patrol encountered an encampment of German soldiers who, unaware that Germany had surrendered several days earlier, were holding a large number of French prisoners. A fight broke out, and the Germans were overtaken by the American patrol. This capture by the American soldiers led to the discovery of some 35,000 French prisoners, who were then freed by the Allies.

For his extraordinary valor in this mission, Hugh Carey was awarded the Croix de Guerre with Silver Star, one of France's most esteemed military decorations. Yet, owing to the unpredictabilities of war, he was unable to attend the presentation ceremony for the Croix de Guerre.

Time passed, and Hugh L. Carey continued his service to his country. He was ultimately discharged from active duty with the rank of colonel, and went on to serve as a Member of the House of Representatives and as Governor of New York, raising 14 children with his late wife Helen along the way.

Last Saturday, in a special ceremony at Dacor Bacon House here in Washington, Governor Carey finally got that medal. He was presented the Croix de Guerre with Silver Star by Brig. Gen. Gerard de Bastier on behalf of the Republic of France. The decoration was given in recognition of Governor Carey's "outstanding services during the operations of the liberation of France."

Earlier that day, Governor Carey joined President Clinton at the dedication of the site for the World War II Memorial at The Rainbow Pool on The Mall. As vice chairman of the American Battle Monuments Commission, Governor Carey pursued the establishment of this memorial with his usual vigor and unbounded enthusiasm. His commitment to the project has been such that at one point he even telephoned this Senator about it from his