

growth, and I would lie under a tree and I would dream. Yes, I dreamed the American Dream. And what was the American Dream?

"Frankly, at that time, I never dreamed that some day I would be a nominee for governor. I knew this great country because I had studied its history, and loved it. I knew that in this great country, any boy or girl could dream the dreams that could send them vaulting to the sky, no matter high. I knew that in America generations after generations, no matter how humble, could rise to any position in the United States of America, whether it be in private industry, in business, in the professions, or in government.

"Now, it is not important whether I win or lose—that is not important tonight at all. The important thing, ladies and gentleman, is that Abe Ribicoff is not here to repudiate the American Dream. Abe Ribicoff believes in that American dream and I know that the American dream can come true. I believe it from the bottom of my heart, and your sons and daughters, too, can have the American dream come true."

Abe Ribicoff helped make democracy work, and he served throughout his extraordinary career as he lived and as he died—with decent instincts, with integrity, and with dignity. He loved his family, his God, his state, and his country, and all of us who knew him have lasting memories of a remarkable human being.

#### ELOQUENT TRIBUTES TO "GOOSE" McADAMS

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, earlier this year, Michael E. McAdams, a respected consultant and friend to many of us here in Washington, D.C., passed away.

Mr. McAdams—affectionately known as "Goose" by his many friends and associates—was a passionate, intelligent, effective advisor and consultant. During his extraordinary career, he worked closely with me, with our colleagues Senator DODD, Senator BIDEN, and Senator PELL as well as with Speaker Tip O'Neill and many others, and we admired and respected him very much.

In addition, Goose worked abroad with the National Democratic Institute. To citizens of South Africa, Botswana, Czechoslovakia, and many other countries, he brought his vast knowledge of the institutions of democracy, and his fervent belief that democracy is the best hope for freedom and political stability.

At his funeral, the eulogies by Senator DODD and by Goose's friend Joseph Hasset recalled Goose's extraordinary life in very moving terms. I ask unanimous consent that these eloquent tributes be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the tributes were ordered printed in the RECORD as follows:

MICHAEL EGAN McADAMS

September 5, 1944—February 25, 1998

"FINAL WORDS FOR MY FRIEND"

(By Christopher J. Dodd)

Hope, Steve and Simon, Wootie and Peter—this is for you.

Walt Whitman said "Logic and sermons never convince." The same could be said of eulogies.

There's no way to say good-bye to your best friend.

A friend made at any time of life is a treasure. But a friend made in youth and kept for life is the rarest, most wonderful gift. Michael and I shared that gift for nearly our entire lives.

So, little did I suspect that cold January morning, waiting for the Georgetown Prep School bus at the corner of Wisconsin and Q Streets, that the goofy looking, gangly, string bean of a 14 year old—with arms and legs flailing like a windmill, loping down the street, would become my closest pal over the next 40 years.

I was about to meet my new classmate, Michael Egan McAdams, ever after to be known as Goose—the Goose, Gooser, the Goo, and many other variations of the name.

People often asked how Goose obtained his nickname. Like any good story, there are competing versions. Jay Hickey has his. I have mine. And since I'm the one up here speaking, I'll give you what will from now on be considered the official version.

I gave him the name.

As a schoolboy, he had long legs and a long neck. He also loved basketball, and had a special fondness for a Harlem Globetrotter named Goose Tatum.

Anyway, the name stuck with him for life and he never complained.

And when you think about it, why should he have complained?

The goose is a noble creature. The goose is loyal for life.

The goose flies in a flock to protect his fellow travelers.

And when not in flight, the goose rests in gaggles, where he builds large comfortable nests with his companions.

The goose is neither a duck, nor a swan. It is something separate, with its own classification. That was our Goose, too. He was special. And we felt special when he stretched his long arms to welcome us into his company.

There's an old saying from around the time of the Civil War: "The goose hangs high." It means that all is wonderful, and it refers to the fact that geese fly higher in good weather.

With our Goose, we, too, flew high. His enthusiasm for life was infectious. He shared with us his love of politics, language and friends. He loved the bright uncluttered light of the Eastern Shore. With him, life always offered a fresh idea, a good story, a laugh to share.

Over the next four decades of our friendship, much of Goose's physical appearance changed for the better, thank God.

The clothes he wore that January day years ago, however, remained virtually unchanged over the years. Shirt tail hanging out—shoes that defied description and pants whose cuffs were not only never introduced to his socks, but did not even come close to meeting them.

But the "piece de resistance", the trademark, the symbol, by which we could all spot Goose in a crowd for the rest of our lives, was the sport jacket.

The mangiest piece of apparel I had ever seen. Yellowish/brown in color—with holes and fuzz balls all over—lapels an 1/8 of an inch wide and a hem that hung just above his skinny butt.

While I am confident Goose must have bought several of these sport coats over the years, I'm not absolutely certain that the one he was wearing the day we met is different than the one he insisted on being buried in today.

Now, to the unacquainted, Goose must have appeared just a sloppy guy. But to those gathered here today to say good-bye to our friend, it says far less about Goose's wardrobe than it does about the wonderful person wearing that coat.

On his list of priorities, Goose has always placed himself last. Throughout the years that I knew him, Goose was always doing for others—helping plan events, talking to friends' children, or just listening to our streams of woe.

I cannot recall a single instance when Goose was not available to his friends. I can't recall a single major event in my own life over these past 40 years when my pal Goose was not at my side.

And while we had a very special relationship, I know that many of you gathered here today had a similar connection with Goose.

During those intense four days earlier this week at the Arlington Hospital, I found myself getting angry with Goose's selfishness, for not taking better care of himself. I got angry at myself and others for selfishly asking too much of Goose over the years.

And then, despite my very deep and unconsolable grief at the loss of my friend, I realized that Goose—the 14 year old boy I met so long ago, and the man I said I loved and good-bye to 5 minutes before he died—loved people, loved his friends, loved being involved in the lives of the people he cared so much about. So rather than spend time analyzing Goose's life, let us just accept the fact that more or less, Goose lived life the way he wanted to, and we, whom he called friends for however long or short a time—were given a glorious gift from God.

Now I am not going to take you on a maudlin 40 year journey of our friendship. Some of the best times Goose and I had together, I am going to enjoy remembering all by myself.

Goose's interests were not restricted. In fact, one of the most appealing qualities was his curiosity, but throughout the years of our friendship, three things have remained constant: His love of politics, his love of words and his devotion and loyalty to his friends.

Bear with me while I share a few memories. Throughout his life, Goose was a Yellow-dog Democrat.

From the time he entered the hospital, Goose would drift in and out of sleep.

On the occasions when he was awake, politics was on his mind. "Why did you vote for that Ronald Reagan Airport?" he asked. "I heard your latest polls were up, have you checked the cross-tabs?" And when I suggested that I should bow out of giving the eulogy at Senator Abe Ribicoff's funeral in New York, he waved at me with something less than all five fingers and gave me the sign to get up to New York and do my job. Always the campaign manager!

Goose's family were Adlai Stevenson Democrats and he loved being around politics. In January 1961, we hiked to President Kennedy's Gala in the snow and watched the Inaugural Parade together all the next day.

It was at Georgetown Prep that I painfully learned how not only interested Goose was in politics, but also, how adept he was at the game. My good friends Jay Hickey, Paul Bergson and I ran against each other for the office of Vice President of the Yard.

For whatever reason, probably because I characteristically got into the race late, Goose had signed on as Jay's campaign manager.

And even though Goose designed posters for me which read, "In Dodd We Trust," "Holy Dodd We Praise Thy Name," and "All Glory to Dodd"—which for obvious reasons the good Jesuits would not allow up—Jay won the race.

I did not know what the future would hold for me in those days, but I made a promise to myself that I would never enter another political contest without Goose at my side. And that is where he has been for a quarter of a century.

Today, my friend Jay Hickey works for the Horse Council and I'm entering my 24th year in Congress. I rest my case.

Over the years, Goose has also worked for Senator Kennedy, Senator Pell, Senator Biden, Speaker O'Neill, and numerous other candidates, both at home and abroad.

He was particularly proud of the work he did abroad with the National Democratic Institute teaching the fundamentals of democracy to people in such far flung places as South Africa, Botswana and Czechoslovakia.

One of my favorite Goose campaign stories was how, unbeknownst to Goose, his candidate for president in a foreign country had been found guilty of assassination in his younger years.

Goose designed the campaign and then convinced the electorate that while the charge was true, it had merely been a college prank!

For a person who was so enamored of language, Goose had the most atrocious penmanship of anyone I know.

Like his attire, Goose's handwriting is the same today as it was when I was copying his homework in the bus on the way to Prep. Goose was extremely bright and handled his schoolwork with apparent ease. Not surprisingly, his strengths were languages—Latin, Greek, and English.

Goose could roar through a crossword puzzle.

His love of words and language was also clear in his almost unquenchable appetite for books.

I have never known a better-read person or a person who was more able to retain what he had just devoured. And his taste in literature was completely eclectic—history, biography, novels, science fiction, poetry. Goose adored books.

How prophetic that his last book was a re-reading of *Moby Dick*, which he couldn't stop talking about.

But to really understand Goose's love affair with words, you only had to bring up the subject of music. From my earliest recollection of Goose, he took such pleasure from songs.

Now, I love Goose, but despite my deep affection for him and despite what he thought, any song he sang came out sounding the same—"Greenback dollar".

I can still see him standing on the hall landing on Manning Place—guitar in hand, convinced he was one audition away from joining the Kingston Trio. Then it was the Everley Brothers, Simon and Garfunkel, and countless other groups whose names I never understood, let alone their music.

I don't have the slightest idea who wrote or sang the song, "The House of the Rising Sun." But for a period of several years, it seems, the only memory I have of Goose is him singing that damn song.

Music was the only interest we did not share in common. But it made little or no difference to my pal Goose. Only a few weeks ago, he put on some music videos and insisted I watch them.

It always impressed me that Goose was open to new sounds. A few years ago, he wanted me to hear "The Cure". I thought he was involved in some kind of holistic healing!

For Goose, the most significant voice was Bob Dylan's. He deeply believed that Dylan was one of the most important poets of this century.

Goose loved Bob Dylan. Maybe because Dylan was the only singer whose voice was worse than his.

Goose must have told me a thousand times how meaningful it was for him to have been in Newport during the 1965 Folk Festival, when Dylan went electric. For Goose, it was a moment of historic importance, like the moon landing or the end of World War II.

How incredibly ironic that on the day we lose Goose, Bob Dylan finally receives the long overdue recognition at the Grammy's.

Two thoughts passed through my head:

(1) How sorry I was Goose wasn't with us to hear this news; and

(2) That old fox, Goose, didn't waste any time up there pulling a few strings for people he cared about. I bet Bob Dylan would be surprised to know he had an angel named Goose.

In Goose, Dylan would have found a person who truly was "Forever Young"—who fulfilled that song's hope of a "heart always . . . joyful" and a "song always . . . sung." Goose possessed a freshness, an honesty, a sense of mirth and wonder that grow rare with age.

It was Goose's devotion and loyalty to his friends that I will miss the most. Once he was on your side, he was immovable, and what pride and pleasure he took in his friends' success, and how incredibly comforting his silent presence could be when the news was not good.

Over the past days, as we have reminisced about our memories of Goose, one point was repeated over and over and over again:

Goose had the ability to forge strong bonds of friendship with not only a wide range of people intellectually and professionally, but also with people from completely different generations, oftentimes within the same family.

Understand what I am saying. I do not just mean being friendly to someone's children or their parents. I mean forming long, serious friendships with these people, separate and distinct from each other.

A mere glance around this church reflects what I am saying.

The reason Goose did this so easily was because he treated everyone alike.

He didn't talk down to children, or try to ingratiate himself with someone's parents. He answered questions honestly—and most importantly, he listened. Goose had an easy and natural way with his male friends—and he had long lasting and trusting relationships with women.

A friend of mine who did not know Goose that well told me a story that explains why. One summer afternoon, she and a group of women friends were sitting by his pool on the Eastern Shore. This woman said to him: "You must be in heaven surrounded by beautiful women." "No,"

Goose said, "surrounded by smart women." Goose's fondness for kids is well known. There are many young people here today who have come long distances because they wanted to say goodbye themselves.

I always loved the story of one young lady who is here today. When she was about 10 years old she decided the godfather she had been given at birth was not performing very well. On her own, she went to Goose and asked him if he would take on the job.

The night Goose arrived at the hospital, a dear friend to Goose suggested a book be kept of all the calls and visitors. When asked why, she said so Goose will know that he has friends.

Well Goose, we never kept the book and we lost you too quickly. But we know that you know this church is filled with your friends. Therefore, in the words of another great Irishman, you can say:

Think when man's glory  
Most begins and ends  
And say, my glory is  
I had such friends.

The last thing I want to tell you is how strong Goose was at the end. When given the news that there was no hope, he was furious. Then anger became resolve and very quickly he set his house in order. Goose's friends

Tom Bryant and Jackie were at his side early Wednesday morning.

Goose left us with great strength and dignity.

So dear friends—

Do not let your grief be equal to his worth

For then your sorrow

Hath no end.

"GOOSE" BY JOSEPH M. HASSETT

The essence of Goose was the total intensity with which he lived every minute of his life. So much of that intensity was invested—not in some selfish pursuit of his own—but in the sheer delight of talking with his friends—amusing them, supporting them, and glorying in their triumphs.

Goose was unnatural in our success-besotted age because he was a true believer in the ancient Roman religion summed up by Horace when he said "Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero" (Seize the day, trusting as little as possible to tomorrow). Trusting as little as possible to tomorrow was another part of the essence of Goose. He seized the day with such intensity that his life burned like a firecracker's fuse. And in the spark and crackle of that shimmering fuse lies the awful logic of Goose's early death: the fuse burned too intensely to burn too long.

William Butler Yeats revealed this logic in terms of the difference between lives that burn slowly like damp faggots and those that consume themselves in the flash of intensity. Yeats could have been writing about Goose when he wrote these lines about Robert Gregory:

Some burn damp faggots, others may consume

The entire combustible world in one small room

As though dried straw, and if we turn about  
The bare chimney is gone black out

Because the work has finished in that flare.

\* \* \* \* \*

What made us dream that he could comb  
grey hair?

What made us dream that our beloved  
Goose could comb grey hair? His life burned too brightly for that, consuming itself in the lavish gifts of his genius for friendship, his prodigal profusion of empathy for his friends, his delight in the simple fact of their being there.

Goose had a unique and precious ability to experience and communicate the sublimity of a moment of being alive. I think, for example, of the beautiful glow of pure joy radiating from Goose on a Sunday afternoon's sail on Rehoboth Bay: Coach at the tiller, the wind behind us, the late afternoon sun angling off the water in silver glitter, and Goose's exultation in this splendor of it all.

That exultant glow was Goose's special brand of magic. It was an ability to recreate the rapture the Romantics thought had vanished from the world—what Shelley called the "clear, keen joyance" of the skylark; what Wordsworth called "the hour of splendour in the grass"; what Keats heard in the nightingale singing "of summer in full-throated ease."

Every one of you, I know, experienced just such a moment with Goose—a moment in which he made this tarnished world shine; and made it shine for you—because of you, because of something you did. And so, when Goose died, a spot of joy in each of us died with him.

That is why it is such a bitter pill we swallow here this morning. We do have, at least, the consolation of our beautiful memories of our dear, dead Goose. His kindred spirits, the Romans, thought that such moments were a form of immortality, that memorable characters like Goose live on in the memories of their friends.

No doubt many of your memories will feature Goose's voice, talking the midnight through in full-throated ease. None of us will forget those nocturnal plumbings of the depths of life, the universe and everything. They may have taken place at Channing's mistake, at your house, at your parents' house, at Dolan's at Bethany, at John Sis's parents', at John and Mary Sis's at Wintergreen, at Bobby Sis's in Annapolis, at Julio and Jean's, at Baba Groom's on the Eastern Shore, at 104 West Street, at 77 Holly Road, at the Roma, Poor Roberts, the Raw Bar . . . Wherever those conversations took place, they are the stuff of beautiful memories. And better still, is the memory of waking up the next morning and gradually becoming aware that, somewhere in the depths of the house, Goose was already sounding the themes of the new day. We still have our memories of that happy voice.

The Greek poet Callimachus wrote a beautiful poem about the way in which the voices of conversations like those we had with Goose can live on in our memory. Callimachus's poem grew out of the death of his friend Heraclitus while on a journey to Caria in Asia Minor. When the bitter news reached Callimachus, he was filled with grief. But there was room amongst the tears for the comforting memory of how the two friends had talked long into the night, had, as Callimachus said in his poem, "tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky." Callimachus heard the voice of his friend from those conversations in the sound of nightingales singing, Goose-like, in full-throated ease. William Cory translated Callimachus's poem into eight lines of English. I leave them with you as a memento of our dear pal Goose:

They told me Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,  
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.  
I wept as I remembered how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.  
And now that thou art lying my dear old Carian guest,  
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

#### MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ASKS CONGRESS TO RESTORE FOOD STAMPS TO LEGAL IMMIGRANTS

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, last week, the conferees on the Agricultural Research bill made a down payment toward restoring food stamps for the needy legal immigrants. The conference report on the bill includes \$318 million for this program. It is far less than the \$2 billion proposed in the President's budget, and it covers a much smaller group of immigrants.

The conferees' proposal is a bipartisan effort. Both Republicans and Democrats urged them to take this step as soon as possible.

Yet, the Republican leadership in the Senate is ignoring the urgent need. The Republican budget does not include a single penny to restore food stamps to immigrant children, refugees, among veterans, or elderly and disabled legal immigrants, and the Republican leadership has declined to allow the Senate to pass the Agricultural Research bill.

The food stamp cut-off has hurt migrant families, and it has also hurt state and local governments, who must fill the gap. As a result, governors and state legislatures have joined Congress to restore these food stamp benefits. As Governor Bush of Texas said, "Food stamps are a federal program and the federal responsibility, but the federal government is shirking its responsibility. The rules have changed unfairly and retroactively for those least able to help themselves."

Today, the Massachusetts House of Representatives passed a resolution urging Congress to restore adequate federal funding to the food stamp program so needy immigrants in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts can receive desperately needed food aid. I ask unanimous consent that this resolution be placed in the RECORD following my remarks.

It is time for the Senate to act on the Agricultural Research bill. It is unconscionable that these benefits can continue to be denied.

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

#### THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS— RESOLUTION

Whereas, in August of nineteen hundred and ninety-six, the United States Congress enacted the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act of 1996, so-called; and

Whereas, Congress in said act forbade use of Federal funds to provide SSI benefits and food stamp benefits for financially needy immigrants lawfully residing in the United States; and

Whereas, legal immigrants pay taxes and contribute in many ways to the productivity and vitality of our communities; and

Whereas, the United States was founded and built by immigrants; and,

Whereas, Congress should be applauded for the restoration of SSI benefits for legal immigrants through passage of the Balanced Budget Act of 1997; and

Whereas, Congress must continue in this effort by resolving to restore its financial responsibility in the Food Stamp Benefits Program as the present situation imposes a financial burden on the States and needy residents of the States: Now therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Massachusetts House of Representatives requests that the President and the Congress of the United States restore to the States the authority to provide Federally funded food stamp benefits to needy, lawful residents of the United States; and be it further

*Resolved*, That the Massachusetts House of Representatives respectfully requests that the President and the Congress of the United States restore to the Commonwealth adequate Federal funding to allow for the provision of food stamp benefits for financially needy immigrants lawfully residing in this Commonwealth; and be it further

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted forthwith by the clerk of the House of Representatives to the President of the United States of America, the presiding officer of each branch of the United States Congress and each member of the Massachusetts Congressional Delegation.

#### RUNNING' UTES

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, I spent part of last weekend in San Antonio at

the Alamodome watching some of the most exciting basketball I have seen in a long time.

I was there as one of the "Runnin' Utes" biggest fans. In a state that has a strong basketball tradition, the University of Utah men's basketball team has given us an extraordinary season. Our entire state is proud of this team and proud of its coach, Rick Majerus.

It is a tribute to the exceptional skills of any college team to make it to the "Final Four." The two games on Saturday evening were a sports fan's dream. Stanford and North Carolina put their best into the games, and they were exciting to watch.

Of course, I am disappointed in the outcome of Monday's final championship game in which Utah lost to another fine team from the University of Kentucky—a team which has become known as the "Comeback Cats."

Nevertheless, Monday night's championship game caps a brilliant season for the Utes that started with the longest undefeated streak in the country and ended in a fantastic tournament run to the finals. The championship battle showcased two teams that were not favored to be there. Despite Kentucky's tremendous history and great success in the 1990s, the Wildcats were overshadowed by other teams who filled the top spots in the polls all year. Similarly, Utah was overlooked by many sportswriters for much of the year, even though it began the season with the best record in the country.

Mr. President, the University of Utah's season was a great accomplishment not only for the team, but also for the entire university community, the Western Athletic Conference, and the great State of Utah.

Since taking over the reins at the "U" in 1989, Coach Rick Majerus has made Utah one of the best teams in the country during the 1990s. He has done so by encouraging tremendous discipline and work ethic, stressing both basketball fundamentals and positive attitude. Rick Majerus is also a coach who cares about his players beyond their ability to play ball; he understands the importance of other aspects of the university mission, including academics and community citizenship. It is important to note that Utah players have excelled in other pursuits as well. Seniors Michael Doleac and Drew Hansen, for example, are headed for medical school and law school respectively.

Mr. President, I am extremely proud of the University of Utah for a tremendous year. It is said that everyone loves a winner. Well, this team has been truly outstanding both on and off the court. They have won with grace and lost with dignity. These same attributes are reflected in the loyal Utah fans. Some 4000 die-hard supporters viewed the game on a giant screen in the university's Huntsman Center. And, despite the heartbreaking loss, Ute fans have continued to be proud of their team. After the players and