

a weak feeling in the pit of my stomach," he reported; he and the sheriff "were not qualified to say it was a part Negro child, but we could say it was not 100 percent Caucasian." After that visit, the woman's two older boys were removed from her custody.

You can read about how a local legislator reported to the Commission that a married white woman had given birth to a baby girl with "a mulatto complexion, dark hair that has a tendency to 'kink,' dark hands, and light palms." A doctor and an investigator were immediately dispatched to examine the child, then shelled out \$62 for blood tests to determine its paternity. The tests came back inconclusive but a couple of months later shots were fired at night into the family's home and a threatening letter signed by the KKK, referring to "your wife and Negro child," showed up on their doorstep. They moved out immediately.

It was crazy—and it was official. This was the rampant and unchecked abuse of state power turned against citizens of the United States of America. And this was the background music to Lyndon Johnson's 1964 Civil Rights bill, which called for the integration of public accommodations, authorized the attorney general to sue school districts and other segregated facilities, outlawed discrimination in employment, and further protected voting rights. When Hubert Humphrey accepted the assignment as floor manager for this bill, he knew how crucial as well as how difficult it would be to gather enough votes to end the southern filibuster; no one had ever managed to invoke cloture with a civil rights bill before. He also knew his own career was again on the line, since LBJ was using the assignment to test Humphrey's worth as his vice presidential candidate.

The filibuster began on March 9 and went on, it seemed, forever. But Humphrey was prepared and organized. A couple of times during those long months of debate I slipped into the gallery of the Senate to watch him lead the fight. The same deep fire of justice that burned in him at the 1948 convention, burned within him still. He was utterly determined. He had regular strategy meetings. He issued a daily newsletter. He enlisted one colleague to focus on each title of the bill. He schmoozed and bargained with and coaxed and charmed the key men whose support he needed. He persuaded the Republican Leader, Everett Dirksen, to retreat from at least 40 amendments that would have gutted the bill. He orchestrated the support of religious organizations until it seemed the corridors and galleries of Congress were overflowing with ministers, priests, and rabbis. "The secret of passing the bill," he said, "is the prayer groups." But the open secret was Hubert Humphrey. As Robert Mann reminds us in *The Walls of Jericho*, "his good humor and boundless optimism prevented the debates from dissolving into personal recrimination. Once again he kept the faith. As he told his longtime supporters at the ADA after more than two months of frustration and delay, "Not too many Americans walked with us in 1948, but year after year the marching throng has grown. In the next few weeks the strongest civil rights bill ever enacted in our history will become the law of the land. It is not saying too much, I believe, to say that it will amount to a second Emancipation Proclamation. As it is enforced, it will free our Negro fellow-citizens of the shackles that have bound them for generations. As it is enforced, it will free us, of the white majority, of shackles of our own—for no man can be fully free while his fellow man lies in chains."

As we know, his skills and commitment paid off. Seventy-five days later, on June 10, the Senate finally voted for cloture with four votes to spare. A California senator, ravaged

with cancer, was wheeled in to vote and could manage to vote yes only by pointing to his eye. After cloture ended the filibuster, the bill passed by a wide margin. On July 2 President Johnson signed it.

During all that time Hubert Humphrey broke only once—on the afternoon of June 17, two days before the historic vote. Summoned from the Senate floor to take an urgent call from Muriel, he learned their son Robert had been diagnosed with a malignant growth in his throat and must have immediate surgery. There in his office, Hubert Humphrey wept. As his son struggled for his life and the father's greatest legislative triumph was in sight, Hubert Humphrey realized how intermingled are the pleasure and pain of life.

We talked about this the last time I saw Hubert Humphrey. It was early in the summer of 1976. He came to our home on Long Island where I interviewed him for Public Television. We talked about many things . . . about his father who set such high standards for the boy he named Hubert Horatio; about his granddaughter Cindy (a little pixie, he called her); about waking up on the morning after he had lost to Richard Nixon by fewer than 511,000 votes out of 63 million cast; about the tyrannies of working for Lyndon Johnson (Said Humphrey of Johnson: "He often reminded me of my father-in-law and the way he used to treat chilblains. Grandpa Buck would get some chilblains and he said the best way to treat them was put your feet first in cold water, then in hot water. And sometimes [with LBJ] I'd feel myself in hot water, then I'd be over in cold water. I'd be the household hero for a week and then I'd be in the dog house.")

We talked about the necessity of compromise and the obligation to stand firm against the odds, and the difficulty of making the distinction. We talked about the life-threatening illness he had himself recently endured and what kept him going through the vicissitudes of life. Growing up out here on the great northern plains had made a difference, he said: "I used to think as a boy that in the Milky Way each star was a little place, a sort of light for somebody that had died. . . . I used to go pick up the milk—we didn't have milk delivery in those days—I'd go over to Dreyer's Dairy and pick up a gallon of milk—I can remember those cold, wintery nights and blue sky, and I'd look up and see that Milky Way and I'd think every time anybody died they got a star up there. And all the big stars were for the big people. You know, like Caesar or Lincoln. It was a childhood fantasy. But it was a comforting thing."

He was called "The Happy Warrior" because he loved politics and because of his natural ebullience and resiliency. I asked him: "Some people say you're too happy and that this is not a happy world." He replied: "Well, maybe I can make it a little more happy . . . I realize and sense the realities of the world in which we live. I'm not at all happy about what I see in the nuclear arms race . . . and the machinations of the Soviets or the Chinese . . . the misery that's in our cities. I'm aware of all that. But I do not believe that people will respond to do better if they are constantly approached by a negative attitude. People have to believe that they can do better. They've got to know that there's somebody that's with them that wants to help and work with them, and somebody that hasn't tossed in the towel. I don't believe in defeat, Bill."

He lost some elections in his long career, but Hubert Humphrey was never defeated. More than any man I know in politics, he gave me to believe that in time, justice comes . . . not because it is inherent in the universe but because somewhere, at some

place, someone will make a stand, and do the right thing, and seizing the helm of history will turn the course of events.

So the next time you look up at the Milky Way, look past the big stars, beyond the brilliant lights so conspicuous they can't be missed . . . the Caesars and the Lincolns . . . and look instead for the constant star, a sure and steady light that burns from some deep inner core of energy . . . and remember how it got there and for whom it shines. He was one of your own.

THANKS FOR "RIGHT TO LIFE"
SUPPORT

HON. JOHN SHIMKUS

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 24, 1998

Mr. SHIMKUS. Mr. Speaker, today I rise for two purposes. First to honor three women who have dedicated their lives to the rights of the unborn, and secondly to thank the 296 Members of this body that voted yesterday to protect the right to life. Felicia Goeken, Mary F. Jones, and Christy Holt have served the Illinois Federation for Right to Life in countless ways, and it is women like these that made yesterday's vote to ban partial birth abortions possible. I have had the pleasure of knowing each of these women personally, and I have witnessed first hand their dedication, compassion, and leadership.

Tomorrow these women will be honored for their outstanding service and I wish them the utmost congratulations and thanks for their efforts. It is through the work of caring individuals like Felicia, Mary, and Christy, that the rights of the most vulnerable members of our society will be protected. I know the hard work these women have contributed to the fight, and on their behalf I am proud to say that a overwhelming majority of this Congress has finally proven its dedication to the unborn.

IN SUPPORT OF THE SHIPPING RELIEF FOR AGRICULTURE ACT,
H.R. 4236

HON. NICK SMITH

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 24, 1998

Mr. SMITH of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I rise in support of the Shipping Relief for Agriculture Act, H.R. 4236. U.S. domestic maritime law is embodied in section 27 of the Merchant Marine Act, known as the Jones Act. The Jones Act requires that all cargo transported from one U.S. port to another (even via a foreign port) must travel on vessels built, owned, manned, and flagged in the United States. While initially sounding pro-American, the Jones Act has not protected the fleet. According to the U.S. Maritime Administration, there are only 119 deep-sea ships left in the domestic fleet (down from over 2,500 in 1945) and only three of these are dry bulk vessels.

Only two bulkers have been built in U.S. shipyards in the last 35 years. To contract for a new ship would cost an American operator over three times the international market rate before any type of export subsidy was applied. This practically assures no new bulkers will be

built in this country. It is time that we stop fooling ourselves that a renaissance in U.S. shipbuilding is just around the corner.

Because of the Jones Act, U.S. agricultural producers today do not have access to domestic deep-sea transportation options available to their foreign competitors. There are no bulk carriers operating on either coast of the United States, in the Great Lakes, nor out to Guam, Alaska, Puerto Rico, or Hawaii. This puts American producers at a competitive disadvantage because foreign producers are able to ship their products to American markets at competitive international rates whereas U.S. producers are not.

American agricultural producers also need access to deep-sea transportation options because other modes of transportation are saturated. Last year's rail woes would have been averted if just 2% of domestic agricultural production could have traveled by ocean-going vessel. With an expected record harvest on the way, the bottlenecks and congestion of last year will in all likelihood be revisited. Burlington and Union Pacific have already notified agricultural shippers to expect delays. This raises rail rates to artificially high levels at a time when commodity prices are already depressed—directly impacting farm income.

The Shipping Relief for Agricultural Act will eliminate the U.S. build requirement for deep-water dry bulk vessels for the carriage of agricultural products, dry bulk cargo, and forest products. All vessels would still be required to obey all U.S. law, including environmental, safety, labor, and tax regulations. This bill brings more ships to the U.S. fleet, allows U.S. Agricultural shippers access to ships, and will also provide much needed jobs for the American Merchant Marine.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. JUANITA MILLENDER-McDONALD

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 24, 1998

Ms. MILLENDER-McDONALD. Mr. Speaker, on Friday, July 17, and Monday, July 20, 1998, I filed an official leave of absence and was not available to cast votes on either of those days. However, had I been present on Friday, July 17, I would have voted "aye" on rollcall vote 295, and "nay" on rollcall vote 296.

Had I been present on Monday, July 20, I would have voted "aye" on rollcall votes 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 303, 304, 305, and "nay" on rollcall votes 302, 306, 307, 308.

TRIBUTE TO SUSAN GAIL YOACHUM

HON. ANNA G. ESHOO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 24, 1998

Ms. ESHOO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Susan Gail Yoachum, a magnificent human being and extraordinary journalist of the San Francisco Bay Area who passed away on June 22, 1998. She was the devoted wife of Mike Carlson, the daughter of Betty and the late Charles G. Yoachum, and the sis-

ter and relative of Charles Yoachum and his family of Dallas.

Susan Yoachum was a star from the moment she was born in Dallas, Texas on May 12, 1955. Her passion for writing emerged early in her life as she became the National Spelling Champion in 1969. She pursued her talent at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, from which she graduated in 1975 with Bachelor of Arts degrees in journalism and political science.

She was a reporter for the Dallas Morning News, the Independent Journal in Marin County, the San Jose Mercury News, and the San Francisco Chronicle, covering some of the largest political stories of her era. Her talent for seeking out and delivering breaking stories went unmatched in political journalism. This talent was recognized in 1990, when she was part of a team that won a Pulitzer Prize for breaking news, and again in 1994, when she was honored as Journalist of the Year by the Northern California chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists. She earned a reputation amongst her peers and those about whom she wrote as a tenacious, witty, and sophisticated reporter, armed always with a penetrating question and a warm smile. Since 1990, she had covered national, state, and local politics for the San Francisco Chronicle, where she was promoted to Political Editor in 1994. As a popular political analyst, she was often a guest on TV and radio programs, from CNN's "Inside Politics" to a myriad of Bay Area radio shows.

In 1991, Susan Yoachum was diagnosed with metastatic breast cancer. During her seven-year struggle with breast cancer, she not only continued to produce brilliant work, but she also became a breast cancer activist. In an effort to raise awareness about this horrible disease, she frequently spoke to women's organizations, political groups, and fellow victims. In 1997, she courageously wrote about her own battle with cancer, announcing that after being in remission since 1992, her cancer had returned. She strove to humanize the statistic that 180,000 women get breast cancer every year, personalizing the cold facts with her own face.

Mr. Speaker, Susan Yoachum was an inspiration to us all. She educated us with her sharp journalistic talent, she personalized and publicized what breast cancer is about, she fought for a cure, and she made lasting contributions to our community and our country.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in paying tribute to a woman who lived a remarkable yet all too brief life. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mike Carlson and the entire Yoachum family. Susan Yoachum's life was an example of the strength of the human spirit, and because of her, hope lives on.

A SALUTE TO COLONEL JOSEPH A. HAIG (U.S. ARMY, RET.)

HON. THOMAS M. BARRETT

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 24, 1998

Mr. BARRETT of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, today I am pleased to recognize a patriot and honorable American from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. As family and friends gather today to honor Colonel Joseph A. Haig on the occasion

of his 100th birthday, I would like to take a moment to acknowledge Colonel Haig's long-time service to our country.

Joseph A. Haig was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on August 24, 1898, and enjoyed a typical turn of the century boyhood. In the summer of 1918, however, with the "war to end all wars" still raging in Europe, Joseph crossed the threshold into manhood, and joined the United States Army, as part of the Officers Candidate School. As one of the "60 day wonders", he received his commission when he was only twenty years old.

After the war, Joseph returned to civilian life, but remained active as a reservist. In 1923, he became a charter member of the Reserve Officers Association. Today, he is the sole surviving charter member.

In the summer of 1940, before the United States officially entered World War II, Joseph was called to active duty as a major. He was made the assistant commanding officer of the Recruit Reception Center at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. During the next three years, he processed nearly a quarter of a million draftees. In 1945, then Major Joseph Haig was assigned to a camp in Pennsylvania as deputy post commander. In that position, he had the pleasant duty of facilitating the discharge of about 400,000 men, until he was discharged from active duty.

Once again, the end of active duty did not mean the end of his military career. Now Colonel Joseph Haig continued on as a reservist and remained involved and prepared to serve his country, when needed, until his mandatory retirement forty years ago.

Colonel Haig still attends the annual Reserve Officers Association meetings. Ten years ago, when he was a mere 90 years old, Colonel Haig was honored at the Association's annual meeting, as hundreds of generals and admirals greeted him with a tremendous standing ovation.

Another source of pride for Colonel Haig is his family, which includes his children Janet, Douglas, and Jerry, along with 20 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren. Colonel Haig's sons share in their father's sense of service to country and have served in the military. Douglas is a retired Air Force colonel. Jerry is a retired Naval Lieutenant Commander. The Haig family's combined years of military service is a staggering 176 years.

I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join me in extending my appreciation to Colonel Joseph A. Haig for his many years of service to the people of the United States and in offering a hearty congratulations on the occasion of his 100th birthday.

POLITICALLY DRIVEN MANAGED CARE REFORM DEBATE

HON. JAMES L. OBERSTAR

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 24, 1998

Mr. OBERSTAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to express my grave concern that the debate today on managed care reform has deteriorated into a politically-driven exercise to serve the narrow and partisan goals of the majority party.

Neither the Republican leadership bill nor the Dingell/Ganske substitute were subjected