

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