

in his sons, who are carrying on the family restaurant business and will help keep the Cace legend alive. Gerard operates the Longview establishment; Danny operates the restaurant in Tyler, and John operates the restaurant in San Antonio.

Mr. Speaker, it is an honor for me to pay my last respects in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD to an outstanding American and an exemplary individual who was beloved by his family, friends, and the citizens of Longview, and who will be truly missed—Johnny Cace.

EXPRESSING SORROW OF THE HOUSE AT THE DEATH OF THE HONORABLE JULIAN C. DIXON, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

SPEECH OF

HON. HOWARD L. BERMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 8, 2000

Mr. BERMAN. Mr. Speaker, on Wednesday I had the unwelcome honor of participating in the funeral service for our beloved late colleague, JULIAN DIXON. I submit the remarks I made therein the RECORD.

It is said that grief and mourning are in reality selfish emotions, because we are really overcome by what we have lost. I'm feeling pretty selfish right now because I've lost my closest friend in public office.

It's a sunny morning in November, 1972 as I board the flight to Sacramento to attend freshman orientation for the newly elected members of the State Assembly. As fate would have it, my seatmate is Julian Dixon, whom I've never met before, also newly elected. It is the start of a deep and enduring friendship, an "odd couple" relationship between the slightly self-righteous Jewish guy from the San Fernando Valley—who cut his political teeth in the left of center reform wing of our party and the more moderate and wise African-American party regular from Central Los Angeles mentored by the late Speaker Jess Unruh and then State Senator Mervyn Dymally.

Together we went through a traumatic Speakership fight, Assembly leadership positions pioneering and often successful legislative initiatives, a wild and crazy Jerry Brown governorship and developed a relationship where we could share the most intimate of details and in subsequent years wonderful social occasions with our wives, Bettye and Janis.

Thomas Jefferson once wrote "on matters of style, swim with the current; on matters of principle, stand like a rock." He describes our friend.

Julian Dixon had the uncanny ability to stake out his position, detach himself from that position, step into the other person's shoes, subordinate his own ego and shrewdly calculate how to address his advisory's concerns in order to attain his original objective. If it meant taking less credit than he deserved, so be it. He surely holds the record for fewest press conferences by a Member of Congress.

But no one who knew him could mistake his calm demeanor, his thoughtful approach and his remarkable efforts at bipartisanship for a lack of passion or commitment to a progressive pro-civil rights, activist agenda.

One of the remarkable scenes on the House floor was watching this serene and sedate man rise to levels of eloquence and con-

trolled anger at a demagogic attack or a rhetorical cheapshot. The hush that would envelope the chamber when Julian's voice rose was palpable. Be it an effort to override the decision of D.C. voters or its City Council through an amendment to his D.C. appropriations bill or an attack on the all too frequent disaster relief appropriations for Los Angeles, when the voting began Members you could never imagine would flock to his position, deferring to his judgment and moved by his passion.

But this was the unusual occasion. While I've chosen not to even attempt to enumerate them, most of his myriad legislative accomplishments were achieved behind the scenes, with little fanfare.

In the Spring, 1999, Justices Thomas and Souter appeared before his subcommittee to testify for the Supreme Court's budget request. The nearly complete absence of minorities and the under-representation of women as law clerks to the Supreme Court justices deeply disturbed Julian. In typical fashion, Julian did not seek to rectify the situation by crafting an amendment (which would never have passed), nor did he hold a high profile press conference. He did not hurl insults. Rather, with appropriate deference and a deft and direct explanation of just why this was so intolerable, he made his case and thanked them for listening. The Justices expressed their appreciation for the way he chose to deliver his message and lo and behold, in the next term the increase in minority and female clerks was dramatic, if not yet adequate—classic Julian Dixon.

As the Cold War ended, Julian left the foreign assistance subcommittee (where he had fought for foreign aid generally and aid to Israel specifically) and joined the defense appropriations subcommittee. As California slid into recession and unemployment in his own district rose, he worked with Jerry Lewis to fight for California jobs and defense conversion projects. He persuaded his colleagues and the Pentagon to fund joint school district—National Guard mathematics and technology—enrichment programs in high schools throughout Los Angeles. What good is it, he said, to have high tech weapons and inadequate training for the kids who will be using them. He was particularly proud of his success in initiating and funding residential programs for "at risk" youth from the inner city. He went where the money was, and produced for the people about whom he cared so much.

This week's Congressional Quarterly headlined its article on Julian's passing—"Remembered for Selflessness, Taking on Thankless Tasks." He chaired the Ethics Committee for six years and has been the ranking Democrat on the highly sensitive House Intelligence Committee, where he grappled on a bipartisan basis with our country's critical national security issues. Little publicity, less glory and no fund-raising potential. Add to the "thankless tasks" his many years chairing the District of Columbia appropriations subcommittee, where he fought for the city in which he was born and raised, particularly because its residents to this day are denied equal political representation.

Now this latter position did carry some clout. In the mid-1980s, I accompanied Julian to an anti-apartheid demonstration in front of the South African embassy, a sure ticket to jail. When we were booked I remarked the jail looked rather spiffy. Julian indicated that indeed it did, that before the daily demonstrations started he had suggested to key D.C. officials that they might want to give it a new paint job to impress the many Congressmen who would be passing through.

Julian's loyalty to and love for the House was apparent to anyone who knew him.

When Minority Leader Dick Gephardt asked me to take a slot on the Ethics Committee, Julian told me I had no choice—it was my obligation to the institution in which I had the honor to serve.

Julian's friends in L.A.—he loved them dearly and they loved him in return. When he first ran for Congress in 1978, he started as a distinct underdog, representing much less of the district than one of his opponents, much less well-known than the other. (Julian had mastered the art of remaining relatively unknown to the general public)—or so I thought until today. His friends came through for him like gangbusters. They set new records for fund-raising within the African-American community, providing the resources and the volunteers to send him to a substantial victory. He never forgot them.

I never met an elected official who was so attentive to people who could do nothing for him politically. He always had time to share a word with the Rayburn subway driver, the elevator operator, the committee secretary. There was always enough time to help the former staffer. He was not one to look over your shoulder to see if someone else in the room had more money, more power, more influence.

One of the true joys of my life in Washington were my frequent dinners with Julian. We glided from House business to local politics to our families effortlessly. From those dinners, Bettye, I know how much you meant to him, how strong you were, how proud he was of your tremendous success in business.

Julian was filled with good advice—but he was not infallible. One evening he indicated that he had begged Johnnie Cochran not to take the O.J. case, there was no way he could win and it would destroy his career.

Julian was a throwback to a different political era, where discourse was civil, where adversaries at work could have a drink together in the evening, where not every interaction was defined by whom was benefitted in the next election.

Perhaps, just perhaps, Julian Dixon's career and life can be instructive to us as we embark on a new Congress with a new President. I think the American people want what Julian offered—true to his beliefs and still able to see the other side, solving problems and working to make our community and country a better place—and even having a little fun while we're doing it. Dr. King once said "If a man is called to be a streetsweeper, he should sweep the streets even as Michelangelo painted or Beethoven composed music or Shakespeare composed poetry. He should sweep streets so well that the hosts of heaven and earth will pause to say, 'here lived a great streetsweeper who did his job well.'"

Julian—you were a great Congressman, and you did your job well. We'll miss you more than you could have imagined.

H.R. 4868

HON. BILL ARCHER

OF TEXAS

HON. PHILIP M. CRANE

OF ILLINOIS

HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 15, 2000

Mr. ARCHER. Mr. Speaker, on behalf of myself, and my colleagues, Mr. CRANE and Mr. RANGEL, we would like to submit the following statement for the RECORD.