

cost of foster care for children up to age 16 with special needs is \$971.00 per month or \$11,651 per year.

The average cost of crisis respite for families at risk of abuse or neglect is \$8.71 per hour. While the average number of hours a family receives crisis nursery or crisis respite services per month is not available, it can be assumed that it is significantly less than the average number of hours a family might receive planned respite, since crisis respite is used only in extreme emergencies when the family is at imminent risk of abuse or neglect. As a result, it can be estimated that the annual cost per family using crisis nursery or crisis respite services would be significantly lower than \$1,400.

The Senate Committee Report also suggests CAPTA Title II resources are better spent on services other than crisis respite, but like all important prevention and treatment services for at-risk families, crisis respite lacks sufficient resources to meet community need. ARCH reports that 63% of surveyed crisis respite programs and 48% of surveyed planned respite programs had to turn families away in a given year. Nationally, this represents a conservative estimate of 258,000 families who were on waiting lists for planned respite care last year alone, and 840,000 families who were turned away.

I would urge the Department of Health and Human Services to consider this evidence when it writes the program instructions for Title II of CAPTA and urge State and local community-based programs to consider it as well in implementing these services.

With this reauthorization we have made some important changes to these laws that should lead to better prevention and treatment services for children and families who need our help. We must do a better job preventing child abuse and neglect and providing services to children and families in need. Failure to help these children and families cannot be tolerated.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

HON. BARBARA LEE

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, October 16, 2002

Ms. LEE. Mr. Speaker, I want to thank Congressman Farr for organizing this tribute to John Steinbeck and this celebration of *The Grapes of Wrath*. When Steinbeck created the Joads, he created a portrait of the American family at a moment of crisis but also a moment of great strength. His words still resonate, and we still face many of the same challenges: America still has its Hoovervilles. But California is still a land of dreams and promises. I have chosen for my selection, a portion of chapter nineteen, describing the arrival of generations of migrants into California, their hopes for promised land. I am happy to join my colleague in celebrating reading and celebrating this classic novel.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Once California belonged to Mexico and its land to Mexicans; and a horde of tattered feverish Americans poured in. And such was their hunger for land that they took the land—stole Sutter's land, Guerrero's land, took the grants and broke them up and

growled and quarreled over them, those frantic hungry men; and they guarded with guns the land they had stolen. They put up houses and barns, they turned the earth and planted crops. And these things were possession, and possession was ownership.

The Mexicans were weak and fed. They could not resist, because they wanted nothing in the world as frantically as the Americans wanted land.

Then, with time, the squatters were no longer squatters, but owners; and their children grew up and had children on the land. And the hunger was gone from them, the feral hunger, the gnawing, tearing hunger for land, for water and earth and the good sky over it, for the green thrusting grass, for the swelling roots. They had these things so completely that they did not know about them any more, they had no more the stomach-tearing lust for a rich acre and a shining blade to plow it, for seed and a windmill beating its wings in the air. They arose in the dark no more to hear the sleepy birds' first chittering, and the morning wind around the house while they waited for the first light to go out to the dear acres. These things were lost, and crops were reckoned in dollars, and land was valued by principal plus interest, and crops were bought and sold before they were planted. Then crop failure, drought, and flood were no longer little deaths within life, but simple losses of money. And all their love was thinned with money, and all their fierceness dribbled away in interest until they were no longer farmers at all, but little shopkeepers of crops, little manufacturers who must sell before they can make. Then those farmers who were not good shopkeepers lost their land to good shopkeepers. No matter how clever, how loving a man might be with earth and growing things, he could not survive if he were not also a good shopkeeper. And as time went on, the business men had the farms, and the farms grew larger, but there were fewer of them.

Now farming became industry, and the owners followed Rome, although they did not know it. They imported slaves, although they did not call them slaves: Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, Filipinos. They live on rice and beans, the business men said. They don't need much. They wouldn't know what to do with good wages. Why, look how they live. Why, look what they eat. And if they get funny—deport them.

And all the time the farms grew larger and the owners fewer. And there were pitifully few farmers on the land any more. And the imported serfs were beaten and frightened and starved until some went home again, and some grew fierce and were killed or driven from the country. And the farms grew larger and the owners fewer.

And the crops changed. Fruit trees took the place of grain fields, and vegetables to feed the world spread out on the bottoms: lettuce, cauliflower, artichokes, potatoes—stoop crops. A man may stand to use a scythe, a plow, a pitchfork; but he must crawl like a bug between the rows of lettuce, he must bend his back and pull his long bag between the cotton rows, he must go on his knees like a penitent across a cauliflower patch.

And it came about that owners no longer worked on their farms. They farmed on paper; and they forgot the land, the smell, the feel of it, and remembered only that they owned it, remembered only what they gained and lost by it. And some of the farms grew so large that one man could not even conceive of them any more, so large that it took batteries of bookkeepers to keep track of interest and gain and loss; chemists to test the soil, to replenish; straw bosses to see that the stooping men were moving along the

rows as swiftly as the material of their bodies could stand. Then such a farmer really became a storekeeper, and kept a store. He paid the men, and sold them food, and took the money back. And after a while he did not pay the men at all, and saved bookkeeping. These farms gave food on credit. A man might work and feed himself; and when the work was done, he might find that he owned money to the company. And the owners not only did not work the farms any more, many of them had never seen the farms they owned.

And then the dispossessed were drawn west—from Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico; from Nevada and Arkansas families, tribes, dusted out, tracted out. Carloads, caravans, homeless and hungry; twenty thousand and fifty thousand and a hundred thousand and two hundred thousand. They streamed over the mountains, hungry and restless—restless as ants, scurrying to find work to do—to lift, to push, to pull, to pick, to cut—anything, any burden to bear, for food. The kids are hungry. We got no place to live. Like ants scurrying for work, for food, and most of all for land.

We ain't foreign. Seven generations back Americans, and

We ain't foreign. Seven generations back Americans, and beyond that Irish, Scotch, English, German. One of our folks in the Revolution, an' they was lots of our folks in the Civil War—both sides. Americans.

They were hungry, and they were fierce. And they had hoped to find a home, and they found only hatred. Okies—the owners hated them because the owners knew they were soft and the Okies strong, that they were fed and the Okies hungry; and perhaps the owners had heard from their grandfathers how easy it is to steal land from a soft man if you are fierce and hungry and armed. The owners hated them. And in the towns, the storekeepers hated them because they had no money to spend. There is no shorter path to a storekeeper's contempt, and all his admiration are exactly opposite. The town men, little bankers, hated Okies because there was nothing to gain from them. They had nothing. And the laboring people hated Okies because a hungry man must work, and if he must work, if he has to work, the wage payer automatically gives him less for his work; and then no one can get more.

And the dispossessed, the migrants, flowed into California, two hundred and fifty thousand, and three hundred thousand. Behind them new tractors were going on the land and the tenants were being forced off. And new waves were on the way, new waves of the dispossessed and the homeless, hardened, intent, and dangerous.

And while the Californians wanted many things, accumulation, social success, amusement, luxury, and a curious banking security, the new barbarians wanted only two things—land and food; and to them the two were one. And whereas the wants of the Californians were nebulous and undefined, the wants of the Okies were beside the roads, lying there to be seen and coveted: the good fields with water to be dug for, the good green fields, earth to crumble experimentally in the hand, grass to smell, oat stalks to chew until the sharp sweetness was in the throat. A man might look at a fallow field and know, and see in his mind that his own bending back and his own straining arms would bring the cabbages into the light, and the golden eating corn, the turnips and carrots.

And a homeless hungry man, driving the roads with his wife beside him and his then children in the back seat, could look at the fallow fields which might produce food but not profit, and that man could know how a fallow field is a sin and the unused land a

crime against the thin children. And such a man drove along the roads and knew temptation at every field, and knew the lust to take these fields and make them grow strength for his children and a little comfort for his wife. The temptation was before him always. The fields goaded him, and the company ditches with good water flowing were a goad to him.

And in the south he saw the golden oranges hanging on the trees, the little golden oranges on the dark green trees; and guards with shotguns patrolling the lines so a man might not pick an orange for a thin child, oranges to be dumped if the price was low.

He drove his old car into a town. He scoured the farms for work. Where can we sleep the night?

Well, there's Hooverville on the edge of the river. There's a whole raft of Okies there.

He drove his old car to Hooverville. He never asked again, for there was a Hooverville on the edge of every town.

THE PASSING OF THE HONORABLE L.H. FOUNTAIN

HON. HOWARD COBLE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, October 16, 2002

Mr. COBLE. Mr. Speaker, as the dean of the North Carolina House delegation, it is my sad duty to inform my colleagues about the death of a previous dean of our congressional delegation, the Honorable L.H. Fountain of Tarboro, North Carolina. L.H.—as he was known by one and all—died on October 10, 2002, after a lengthy illness. Congressman Fountain served the Second District and all of North Carolina with distinction for three decades. He was a member of this body from 1953–1983.

On behalf of the citizens of the Sixth District of North Carolina, I extend our condolences to the entire Fountain family. To my colleagues, I commend to you an excellent article and obituary, both of which appeared in Edgecombe County's *The Daily Southerner*.

[From the *Daily Southerner*, Oct. 11, 2002]
EDGECOMBE DIPLOMAT DIES AT 89

(By Calvin Adkins)

TARBORO.—A stretch of highway on US 64-Bypass between Tarboro and Rocky Mount bears the name of one of Edgecombe County's most decorated political leaders—Congressman L.H. Fountain.

Perhaps every yard of road on Fountain's highway could stand for a political contribution that the retired congressman made over three decades.

Fountain, 89, died Thursday after suffering from a lingering illness.

"It is very unfortunate that we have lost Mr. Fountain," Donald Morris, Tarboro mayor, said. "He was excellent in responding to the needs of the people from his district. He will surely be missed."

During Fountain's tenure as congressman, he served on domestic and foreign committees. Some of them included Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, Presidential Advisory Committee on Federalism, International Security and Scientific Affairs and senior member of the U.S. House Foreign Affairs Committee. Locally, he was a member of the Kiwanis Club, Jaycees, and the Elks Club.

Because of his outstanding leadership, a portion of US 64-Bypass was named in his honor by the state in 2000.

"That was the last time I remember seeing him," said Jenny Taylor, a Tarboro native. "As a congressman, he was always trying to look out for people. He was very helpful to the people in this area when he was the congressman. We appreciated him. I wish that we can get more people like him in office."

Fountain was born April 23, 1913, in Leggett. After attending UNC-Chapel Hill, he began his working career practicing law in Tarboro. That stint was shortlived after he entered the U.S. Army in 1942 as a private. He served four years and ended his term in service as a major. Fountain later joined the Army Reserve and retired as a Lt. Colonel.

Fountain's political career dates back prior to World War II when he served as eastern organizer of the Young Democratic Clubs of North Carolina and reading clerk for the North Carolina Senate.

In the early 1940s, the veteran's political popularity began to grow in the state. He ran for and won a North Carolina Senate seat in 1947. Fountain's political career continued to move upward. Five years later, he was elected to the 83rd Congress for North Carolina's Second Congressional District.

After becoming congressman, he was appointed to serve on several committees. One of the most notable occurred in 1967 when he was appointed by Pres. Lyndon B. Johnson as a United States delegate to the 22nd session of the United Nations General Assembly. Fountain served as assistant to U.S. Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg during the Security Council debate following the Arab-Israeli Six Day War.

Fountain's duties and commitments carried on until he retired in 1982 after serving 30 years in Congress. For his constituents, his legacy will live on.

"What I remember most about Congressman Fountain was he always wore a white suit," said Congresswoman Eva Clayton. "He always dressed nice. He was respectfully quite and a great person. My regret goes out to the family."

The family will receive friends Saturday at Carlisle Funeral Home in Tarboro. A graveside service for the family will be held on Sunday. A memorial service will also be held 3 p.m. Sunday at Howard Memorial Presbyterian Church in Tarboro following the graveside service.

Memorials in memory of Fountain may be made to Howard Memorial Presbyterian Church in Tarboro or the Institute of Government Foundation, Inc., at UNC.

TARBORO.—The family of Congressman L.H. Fountain celebrates his 89 years of life, April 23, 1913–Oct. 10, 2002. His family is most proud that his life and career were always guided by a strong and practiced faith in God, and the goodness and value of every human being. He expected only the best of himself and others, while selflessly seeking the best for those he represented. He believed that "government is and always should be the servant, not the master of the people." His love of people guided his strong desire to help those he served. We are grateful to the people of the Second District who allowed him to represent them for 30 years in the U.S. House of Representatives. It was his great joy to serve as your Congressman.

L.H. Fountain was born April 23, 1913, in the village of Leggett, Edgecombe County, N.C. He was the son of the late Lawrence H. and Sallie (Barnes) Fountain. Preceded in death in October of 2001, by his wife of 59 years, the former Christine Dail of Mount Olive, he is survived by one daughter, Nancy Dail Fountain Black of Raleigh.

Congressman Fountain is also survived by his son-in-law, William M. Black Jr.; grandchildren, Christine Chandler Black and Wil-

liam M. Black III, also of Raleigh; sister-in-law, Lucille T. Fountain of Tarboro; a niece, Vernon Fountain Smith of Raleigh; nephews, R.M. "Reggie" Fountain of Washington, N.C.; T.T. "Bubba" Fountain of Vero Beach, Fla.; Vinton E. Fountain and L. MacDougal Fountain of Raleigh, and George Adrian Dail of Calypso.

Congressman Fountain was elected to the State Senate in 1947, where he served until 1952 when he was elected to the 83rd Congress as Representative from the Second Congressional District of North Carolina. He was re-elected to each Congress through the 97th, at which time he did not seek reelection.

During his 30-year tenure in Congress, L.H. Fountain proved to be a strong advocate and creative resource, contributing to important commissions and committees.

Congressman Fountain was a pioneer in the field of federal-state-local relations. The Second District Congressman was a member of the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations (ACIR) for more than 22 years, serving from the time of its establishment under legislation he introduced in the Congress.

The ACIR was a 26-member local-state-federal organization, composed of the President's Cabinet, members of Congress, governors, state legislators, county commissioners, mayors and private citizens. Congressman Fountain was called the "father" of this commission, which had a major impact on improving dealings between our nation's levels of government.

In 1981–82, Congressman Fountain was a member of the Presidential Advisory Committee on Federalism. The committee advised the President on ways to restore proper relationships between federal, state and local governments.

In 1967, Congressman Fountain was appointed by President Lyndon B. Johnson as a United States Delegate to the 22nd Session of the United Nations General Assembly. As a delegate, he served as assistant to U.S. Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg during the Security Council debate following the June 6 Arab-Israeli Six Day War. Mr. Fountain gained an international reputation for his role in formulating our nation's foreign policy during service as a senior member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

As Chairman of the Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations and Human Resources, he championed consumer-oriented issues, conducting congressional investigations of the Food and Drug Administration through the 1960s and 1970s, forcing policy changes on birth control pills, recalls of hazardous pesticides, removal of cyclamates from the food supply and a ban on the use of the cancer-causing hormone, diethylstilbestrol (DES).

Congressman Fountain also led the fight in 1977 for the creation of the first independent, Presidential-appointed Inspector General ("Watchdog") of the former Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He advocated and secured the establishment of Inspector Generals in key Federal departments and agencies. As of 2000, the total number of Inspectors General in the federal government stood at more than 60. Because of Congressman Fountain's efforts, Inspectors General have played and will continue to play a vital role in saving taxpayers billions of dollars as they uncover waste, fraud, abuse and misconduct in the federal government.

In the 97th Congress, Congressman Fountain served on two Committees of the United States House of Representatives: the Committee on Government Operations and the Committee of Foreign Affairs.

On government operations, he chaired the Intergovernmental Relations and Human Resources Subcommittee. On Foreign Affairs, he was a member of the subcommittees on