

Director of the Marine Geology and Geophysics Division. For this work, he received a NOAA Corps Special Achievement Award.

Admiral Stubblefield returned to sea duty in December of 1975 as Operations Officer aboard the NOAA Ship *Researcher*, which conducted oceanographic and atmospheric research in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

From January 1978 to May 1979, Admiral Stubblefield attended full-time university training at Texas A&M University receiving his Ph.D. in geological oceanography. He returned to the Environmental Research Laboratory as a research oceanographer until 1981, when he was summoned back to sea as the Executive Officer of the NOAA Ship *Researcher*.

Following his sea assignment Admiral Stubblefield had tours of duty as the Scientific Support Coordinator of the southeastern Atlantic and Gulf coastal areas for the NOAA Office of Marine Pollution Assessment Hazardous Material Program and Technical Specialist for the NOAA Office of Sea Grant in Washington, D.C. Admiral Stubblefield was then assigned to the position of Chief Scientist for the NOAA Undersea Research Program.

He returned to sea in 1988 as Commanding Officer of the NOAA Ship *Surveyor* which conducted oceanic research from the Arctic to the Antarctic, including the north and south Pacific Ocean, Gulf of Alaska, and the Bering Sea. At the time, the *Surveyor* had attained the award of traveling the farthest north and south of any NOAA vessel at its time.

In 1990 he was assigned the position of Coordinator for the Fleet Modernization Study to assess the life expectancy of NOAA's ships and determine how to modernize NOAA's fleet to operate into the 21st century. For this work, he received the Department of Commerce Silver Medal, DOC's second highest award. In late 1990, Admiral Stubblefield became the Executive Director for the Office of Oceanic and Atmospheric Research, where he was responsible for the management and budget functions, international affairs, and administrative duties of this NOAA program office.

In August 1992, he was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral, Lower Half and assigned as Deputy Director, Office of NOAA Corps Operations where he was responsible for the day-to-day operations of this staff office. In 1995, Admiral Stubblefield was selected for the position of Director, Office of NOAA Corps Operations and Director of the NOAA Commissioned Corps, and promoted to Rear Admiral, Upper Half, the highest position in the NOAA Corps.

Since Admiral Stubblefield became Director, the Office of NOAA Corps Operations has undergone many changes. He re-engineered the office to become

more cost-efficient and customer oriented. He decommissioned five older ships, downsized the headquarters office by over 40 percent, both civilian and commissioned personnel, and reduced ship operating costs, while increasing the level of ship support.

Under his command, a new oceanographic ship, the *Ronald H. Brown*, was built and commissioned, and two former Navy ships were converted to conduct fisheries, oceanic, and atmospheric research. He also saw the new Gulfstream IV jet built and brought into operation to study the effects of El Niño last winter off the California coast and conduct hurricane reconnaissance this past hurricane season.

Also under his command, Admiral Stubblefield faced the most challenging task of his career, one that no head of a uniformed service would ever want to face—the decision to disestablish the NOAA Commissioned Corps. The Corps was under a hiring freeze that lasted for 4 years. Yet, Admiral Stubblefield still was able to maintain morale and fill the assignments required to operate the ships and aircraft.

This past October, when it became apparent the NOAA Corps plays a vital role for the country, the decision was made to retain the NOAA Corps. In January 1999, 17 new officers began their basic training at the Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, New York.

Admiral Stubblefield is an officer, a scientist, and a gentleman. I commend Bill for his tremendous accomplishments during his career and service to the Nation, especially those over the past three years. Thanks to his efforts, NOAA is stronger, more efficient and will carry out its invaluable mission into the next century. ●

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN ROBBIE BISHOP

● Mr. COVERDELL. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Captain Robbie Bishop of the Villa Rica Police Department in Villa Rica, Georgia, who was tragically slain in the line of duty on Wednesday, January 20, 1999, bringing his service which spanned a decade to the people of Georgia to an end. In addition, I would like to honor Captain Bishop's family for the sacrifice that they have made in the name of Freedom. He was a husband and father of two.

Captain Bishop, I understand, was known to have an extraordinary ability to detect drugs during the most routine traffic stops and was considered by some to be the best in the Southeast at highway drug interdiction. He was known to have seized thousands of pounds of illegal drugs and millions of dollars in cash. Police departments around the country solicited Captain Bishop's help to train their officers. In

fact, it is believed that it was a routine traffic stop where he had, once again, detected illegal drugs that resulted in the sudden end to his remarkable career.

Once again, Mr. President, the work of law enforcement is an elegant and lofty endeavor but one that is fraught with terrible dangers. Captain Bishop knew of these threats, but still chose to serve on the front line, protecting Georgia citizens. As we discuss ways to continue our fight with the war on drugs, let us remember the lives of those like Captain Robbie Bishop who have fallen fighting this war. ●

TRIBUTE TO PAUL MELLON—GIANT OF THE ARTS

● Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, America lost one of its greatest citizens and greatest patrons of the arts last week with the death of Paul Mellon. All of us who knew him admired his passion for the arts, his extraordinary taste and insights, and his lifelong dedication to our country and to improving the lives of others.

He was widely known and loved for many different aspects of his philanthropy in many states, including Massachusetts. Perhaps his greatest gift of all to the nation is here in the nation's capital—the National Gallery of Art. The skill and care and support which he devoted to the Gallery for over half a century brilliantly fulfilled his father's gift to the nation. He made the Gallery what it is today—a world-renowned museum containing many of the greatest masterpieces of our time and all time, a fitting and inspiring monument to the special place of the arts in America's history and heritage.

I believe that all Americans and peoples throughout the world who care about the arts are mourning the loss of Paul Mellon. We are proud of his achievements and his enduring legacy to the nation. We will miss him very much.

An appreciation of Paul Mellon by Paul Richard in the Washington Post last week eloquently captured his philosophy of life and his lifelong contributions to our society and culture, and I ask that it be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

[From the Washington Post, Feb. 3, 1999]

APPRECIATION—PAUL MELLON'S GREATEST GIFT: THE PHILANTHROPIST LEFT BEHIND A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF LIVING

(By Paul Richard)

Though it never came to anything, Paul Mellon once considered fitting every windowsill in Harlem with a box for growing flowers.

Mellon understood that Titians were important, that magic was important, that thoroughbreds and long hot baths and kindness were important, that thinking of the stars, and pondering the waves, and looking at the light on the geraniums were all important, too.

In a nation enamored of the lowest common denominators, what intrigued him were the highest. He spent most of his long life, and a vast amount of money, about \$1 billion all in all, buying for the rest of us the sorts of private mental pleasures that he had come to value most—not just the big ones of great art, great buildings and great books, but the little ones of quietude, of just sitting in the sand amid the waving dune grass, looking out to sea.

He died Monday night at home at Oak Spring, his house near Upperville, Va. Cancer had weakened him. Mellon was 91.

Twenty-five years ago, while speaking at his daughter's high school graduation, that cheerful, thoughtful, courtly and unusual philanthropist delivered an assertion that could stand for his epitaph:

"What this country needs is a good five-cent reverie.

Mellon's money helped buy us the 28,625-acre Cape Hatteras National Seashore. He gave Virginia its Sky Meadows State Park. In refurbishing Lafayette Square, he put in chess tables, so that there's something to do there other than just stare at the White House. He gave \$500,000 for restoring Monticello. He gave Yale University his collection of ancient, arcane volumes of alchemy and magic. He published the *I Ching*, the Chinese "book of changes," a volume of oracles. And then there is the art.

I am deeply in his debt. You probably are, too.

If you've ever visited the National Gallery of Art, you have felt his hospitality. Its scholarship, its graciousness, its range and installations—all these are Mellonian.

It was Mellon, in the 1930s, who supervised the construction of its West Building, with its fountains and marble stairs and greenhouse for growing the most beautiful fresh flowers. After hiring I.M. Pei to design the East Building, Mellon supervised its construction, and then filled both buildings with art. Mellon gave the gallery 900 works, among them 40 by Degas, 15 by Cezanne, many Winslow Homers and five van Goghs—and this is just a part of his donations. His sporting pictures went to the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, and his British ones to Yale University, where Louis I. Kahn designed the fine museum that holds them.

At home, he hung the art himself. He never used a measuring tape; he didn't need to. He had the most observant eye.

"I have a very strong feeling about seeing things," he said once. "I have, for example, a special feeling about how French pictures ought to be shown, and how English pictures ought to be shown. I think my interest in pictures is a bit the same as my interest in landscape or architecture, in looking at horses or enjoying the country. They all have to do with being pleased with what you see."

He would not have called himself an artist, but I would. It was not just his collecting, or the scholarship he paid for, or the museums that he built, all of which were remarkable. Nobody did more to broadcast to the rest of us the profound rewards of art.

He was fortunate, and knew it. He had comfortable homes in Paris, Antigua, Manhattan and Nantucket, and more money than he needed. His Choate-and-Yale-and-Cambridge education was distinguished. So were his friends. Queen Elizabeth II used to come for lunch. His horses were distinguished. He bred Quadrangle and Arts and Letters and a colt named Sea Hero, who won the Kentucky Derby. "A hundred years from now," said

Mellon, "the only place my name will turn up anywhere will be in the studbook, for I was the breeder of Mill Reef." His insistence on high quality might have marked him as elitist, but he was far too sound a character to seem any sort of snob.

His manners were impeccable. Just ask the gallery's older guards, or the guys who groomed his horses. When you met him, his eyes twinkled. He joked impishly and easily. Once, during an interview, he opened his wallet to show me a headline he had clipped from the Daily Telegraph: "Farmer, 84, Dies in Mole Vendetta." He liked the sound of it.

There was an if-it-ain't-broke-don't-fix-it spirit to his luxuries. They were well patinaed. His Mercedes was a '68. His jet wasn't new, and neither were his English suits or his handmade shoes. The martinis he served—half gin, half vodka—were 1920s killers. There was a butler, but he shook them himself. He said he'd always liked the sound of ice cubes against silver.

Nothing in his presence told you that Paul Mellon had been miserable when young.

His childhood might easily have crushed him. His father, Andrew W. Mellon—one of the nation's richest men and the secretary of the Treasury—had been grim and ice-cube cold.

Paul Mellon loved him. It could not have been easy. "I do not know, and I doubt anyone will ever know," he wrote, "why Father was so seemingly devoid of feeling and so tightly contained in his lifeless, hard shell."

His parents had warred quietly. Paul was still a boy when their marriage ended coldly, in a flurry of detectives. His sister, Ailsa, never quite recovered. Paul never quite forgot his own nervousness and nausea and feelings of inadequacy. It seems a stretch to use this term for someone born so wealthy, but Paul Mellon was a self-made man.

Most rich Americans, then as now, saw it as their duty to grow richer. Mellon didn't. When he found his inner compass, and abandoned thoughts of making more money, and said so to his father, he was 29 years old.

First he wrote himself a letter. "The years of habit have encased me in a lump of ice, like the people in my dreams," he wrote. "When I get into any personal conversation with Father, I become congealed and afraid to speak. . . . Business. What does he really expect me to do, or to be? Does he want me to be a great financier. . . ? The mass of accumulations, the responsibilities of great financial institutions, appall me. My mind is not attuned to it. . . . I have some very important things to do still in my life, although I am not sure what they are. . . . I want to do in the end things that I enjoy. . . . What does he think life is for? Why is business. . . more important than the acceptance and digestion of ideas? Than the academic life, say, or the artistic? What does it really matter in the end what you do, as long as you are being true to yourself?"

So Mellon changed his life. He gave up banking. He moved to Virginia. He started breeding horses. And then, in 1940, after having spent so many years at Cambridge and at Yale, Mellon went back to school. To St. John's College in Annapolis. To study the Great Books.

(Mellon later gave more than \$13 million to St. John's.)

His path had been determined. Though deflected by World War II—he joined the cavalry, then the OSS—Mellon would continue on it for the rest of his long life. As his friend the mythologist Joseph Campbell might have put it (it was Mellon who published Campbell's "The Hero With a Thou-

sand Faces"), Paul Mellon had determined to follow his own bliss.

He was curious about mysticism, so he studied with Carl Jung. He liked deep, expansive books, so he began to publish the best he could discover. Bollingen Series, his book venture, eventually put out 275 well-made volumes, among them the *I Ching*, Andre Malraux's "Museum Without Walls," Ibn Khaldun's "The Muqadimah," Vladimir Nabokov's translations from Pushkin, and Kenneth Clark's "The Nude."

Because Mellon liked high scholarship, he started giving scholars money. Elias Caetti, who received his Nobel prize for literature in 1981, got his first Bollingen grant in 1985. Others—there were more than 300 in all—went to such thinkers as the sculptor Isamu Noguchi (who was paid to study leisure), the poet Marianne Moore, and the art historian Meyer Schapiro.

Because Mellon liked poetry, he established the Bollingen Prize for poetry. The first went to Ezra Pound, the second to Wallace Stevens.

Mellon loved horses. So he started buying horse pictures. He had had a great time at Cambridge—"I loved," he wrote, "its gray walls, its grassy quadrangles, its busy, narrow streets full of men in black gowns . . . the candlelight, the coal-fire smell, and walking across the Quadrangle in a dressing gown in the rain to take a bath."

Though America's libraries were full of English books, America's museums were not full of English art. It didn't really count. What mattered was French painting and Italian painting. Mellon didn't care. He thought that if you were reading Chaucer or Dickens or Jane Austen, you ought to have a chance to see what England really looked like. Mellon knew. He remembered. He remembered "huge dark trees in rolling parks, herds of small friendly deer . . . soldiers in scarlet and bright metal, drums and bugles, troops of gray horses, laughing ladies in white, and always behind them and behind everything the grass was green, green, green." So Mellon formed (surprisingly inexpensively) and then gave away (characteristically generously) the world's best private collection of depictive English art.

He knew what he was doing. As he knew what he was doing when he took up fox hunting, competitive trail riding and the 20th-century abstract paintings of Mark Rothko and Richard Diebenkorn.

He was following his bliss.

He didn't really plan it that way. He just went for it. "Most of my decisions," he said, "in every department of my life, whether philanthropy, business or human relations, and perhaps even racing and breeding, are the results of intuition. . . . My father once described himself as a 'slow thinker.' It applies to me as well. The hunches or impulses that I act upon, whether good or bad, just seem to rise out of my head like one of those thought balloons in the comic strips."

That wasn't bragging. Mellon wasn't a braggart. He wasn't being falsely modest, either. Mellon knew the value of what it was he'd done.

Mellon was a patriot, a good guy and a gentleman. He had a healthy soul. What he did was this:

With wit and taste and gentleness, with the highest self-indulgence and the highest generosity, he made the lives of all of us a little bit like his.●

NUCLEAR WASTE STORAGE

● Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, I rise today to express my commitment to