

U.N. ARREARS PACKAGE

• Mr. GRAMS. Mr. President, I have come to the floor today to call on Congress and the President to make sure the UN reform package is signed into law before we recess. As Chairman of the International Operations Subcommittee, I have worked hard to help forge a solid bipartisan United Nations reform package.

Our message in crafting this legislation is simple and straightforward. The U.S. can help make the United Nations a more effective, more efficient and financially sounder organization, but only if the U.N. and other member states, in return, are willing to finally become accountable to the American taxpayers.

The reforms proposed by the United States are critical to ensure the United Nations is effective and relevant. Ambassador Holbrooke has been pushing other member states to accept the reforms in this package in return for the payment of arrears. He has succeeded beyond all reasonable expectations, by gaining our seat back on the budget oversight committee—the ACABQ. But he needs this bill signed into law in order to convince the UN that reform will bring certain rewards.

But passing this UN package is not just about a series of reforms for the future. It impacts directly on the ability of the US mission to achieve our goals at the United Nations right now. The US does not owe most of these arrears to the UN. It owes them to our allies, like Britain and France, for reimbursement for peacekeeping expenses. And our arrears are being used as a convenient excuse to dismiss US concerns on matters of policy. Depriving the US government the ability to use these funds as leverage is irresponsible; after all, our diplomats need “carrots” as well as reasonable “sticks” to achieve our foreign policy goals.

Unfortunately, the Clinton Administration and my colleagues in the House of Representatives are jeopardizing the payment of our arrears over a policy that I call “Mexico City lite.” While I support the proposal to prohibit US government grant recipients from lobbying foreign governments to change their abortion laws, I do not believe it should be linked to the payment of our UN arrears. If these unrelated issues continue to be tied, then there is a good chance neither proposal will be enacted.

I am hopeful that my colleagues in the House and the Administration will see the wisdom of adopting measures that will enhance America's ability to exert leadership in the international arena with the revitalization of the UN. The State Department Authorization bill should be allowed to pass or fail on its own merit—not on the merits of the Mexico City lite policy. This agreement is in America's best interest, and the best interest of the entire international community.●

MAYOR JOE SERNA

• Mrs. BOXER. Mr. President, a great American died this past weekend: Mayor Joe Serna Jr. of Sacramento, California. Mayor Serna was much beloved by his constituents, family, and friends. We will all miss him terribly.

Joe Serna and I became friends while working closely together on gun control, education, and other issues of mutual concern. He was a man of great vision, courage, energy, warmth, and humor.

He was also a living embodiment of the American Dream: a first-generation American who helped to reshape the capital of our Nation's largest state.

Joe Serna Jr. was born in 1939, the son of Mexican immigrants. As the oldest of four children, Joe grew up in a bunkhouse and worked with his family in the beet fields around Lodi.

Joe never forgot his roots. After attending Sacramento City College and graduating from California State University, Sacramento, he served in the Peace Corps and went to work for the United Farm Workers, where Cesar Chavez became his mentor and role model.

In 1969, Joe managed the successful campaign of Manuel Ferrales for the Sacramento City Council. After serving on the city's redevelopment agency in the 1970s, Joe was elected to the Council himself in 1981. He was elected mayor in 1992 and re-elected in 1996, winning both races by wide margins. Throughout his terms in office, he continued to work as a professor of government and ethnic studies at his alma mater, Cal State Sacramento.

Mayor Serna virtually rebuilt the city of Sacramento. He forged public-private partnerships to redevelop the downtown, revitalize the neighborhoods, and reform the public school system. He presided over an urban renaissance that transformed Sacramento into a dynamic modern metropolis.

Joe Serna died as he lived: with great strength and dignity. Last month, as he publicly discussed his impending death from cancer, he said, “I was supposed to live and die as a farmworker, not as a mayor and a college professor. I have everything to be thankful for. I have the people to thank for allowing me to be their mayor. I have society to thank for the opportunity it has given me.”

Mr. President, it is we who are thankful today for having had such a man serve the people of California.●

CIVIL RIGHTS LEADER DAISY BATES

• Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. President, I rise today before the Senate to praise one of the true heroes of the civil rights movement, Daisy Bates. In her death yesterday at age 84, America has lost one of the most courageous advo-

cates for justice and equality between races.

Daisy Bates' life was one of conviction and resolve. Her character was a model of grace and dignity.

Mrs. Bates was born in 1914, the small town of Huttig, Arkansas in the southern part of the state. Her life was touched by the violence of racial hatred at a young age, when her mother was killed while resisting the advances of three white men. Her father left soon thereafter, and Daisy was raised by friends of her family.

Daisy moved to Little Rock and married L.C. Bates, a former newspaperman, in 1942. For eighteen years, the two published the Arkansas State Press, the largest black newspaper in the state. The Arkansas State Press was an influential voice in the state of Arkansas which played a key role in the civil rights movement. Daisy and L.C. used the State Press to focus attention on issues of inequity in the criminal justice system, police brutality and segregation.

In 1952, Daisy was elected president of the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It was from this position that she was thrust into the national spotlight, as a leader during the crisis of Central High School in 1957, when black students attempting to enter the school were blocked by rioters and the National Guard.

Throughout the crisis, the Little Rock Nine would gather in her tiny home before and after school to strategize about their survival. It was her home from which the Little Rock Nine were picked up from every morning by federal troops to take them to Central High, to face the rioters and the hatred. It was her home that was attacked by the segregationists.

Even after the Little Rock Nine finally received federal protection to attend Central High, Daisy Bates continued to face violence and harassment. Threats were made against her life. Bombs made of dynamite were thrown at her house. KKK crosses were burned on her lawn. On two separate occasions, her house was set on fire and all the glass in the front of the house was broken out.

It's hard to imagine how difficult it must have been for Daisy Bates to continue pursuing her convictions under such circumstances, but her perseverance is true testament to the strength of her character. Despite the violence, harassment and intimidation, Daisy Bates would not be deterred. She spent several more decades actively advancing the cause of civil rights, and helped the town of Mitchellville, Arkansas to elect its first black mayor and city council.

I am saddened that Mrs. Bates will not be on hand next week when the Little Rock Nine is presented the Congressional Medal of Honor. That honor

is truly one that belongs to her, the woman who shepherded those brave young men and women through those extremely difficult days forty years ago. My prayers go out to the family and the many friends of Daisy Bates. I know that God is throwing open the gates of heaven today for Daisy, a woman who helped so many others enter doors that were once barred to them.●

THE DEPARTURE OF A.M. ROSENTHAL FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, Please read these remarks! A.M. Rosenthal has just this past Friday concluded fifty-five years as a reporter, editor, and columnist for The New York Times. There has been none such ever. Nor like to be again. Save, of course, that this moment marks a fresh start for the legendary, and although he would demur, beloved Abe.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that A.M. Rosenthal's last column and an editorial from Friday's Times be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

[From The New York Times, Nov. 5, 1999]

ON MY MIND

(By A.M. Rosenthal)

On Jan. 6, 1987, when The New York Times printed my first column, the headline I had written was: "Please Read This Column!" It was not just one journalist's message of the day, but every writer's prayer—come know me.

Sometimes I wanted to use it again. But I was smitten by seizures of modesty and decided twice might be a bit showy. Now I have the personal and journalistic excuse to set it down one more time.

This is the last column I will write for The Times and my last working day on the paper. I have no intention of stopping writing, journalistically or otherwise. And I am buoyed by the knowledge that I will be starting over.

Still, who could work his entire journalistic career—so far—for one paper and not leave with sadnesses, particularly when the paper is The Times? Our beloved, proud New York Times—ours, not mine or theirs, or yours, but ours, created by the talents and endeavor of its staff, the faithfulness of the publishing family and, as much as anything else, by the ethics and standards of its readers and their hunger for ever more information, of a range without limit.

Arrive in a foreign capital for the first time, call a government minister and give just your name. Ensues iciness. But add "of The New York Times," and you expect to be invited right over and usually are; nice.

"Our proud New York Times"—sounds arrogant and is a little, why not? But the pride is individual as well as institutional. For members of the staff, news and business, the pride is in being important to the world's best paper—you hear?—and being able to stretch its creative reach. And there is pride knowing that even if we are not always honest enough with ourselves to achieve fairness, that is what we promise the readers, and the standard to which they must hold us.

I used to tell new reporters: The Times is far more flexible in writing styles than you

might think, so don't button up your vest and go all stiff on us. But when it comes to the foundation—fairness—don't fool around with it, or we will come down on you.

Journalists often have to hurt people, just by reporting the facts. But they do not have to cause unnecessary cruelty, to run their rings across anybody's face for the pleasure of it—and that goes for critics, too.

When you finish a story, I would say, read it, substitute your name for the subject's. If you say, well, it would make me miserable, make my wife cry, but it has no innuendo, no unattributed pejorative remarks, no slap in the face for joy of slapping, it is news, not gutter gossip, and as a reporter I know the writer was fair, then give it to the copy desk. If not, try again—we don't want to be your cop.

Sometimes I have a nightmare that on a certain Wednesday—why Wednesday I don't know—The Times disappeared forever. I wake trembling; I know this paper could never be recreated. I will never tremble for the loss of any publication that has no enforced ethic of fairness.

Starting fresh—the idea frightened me. Then I realized I was not going alone. I would take my brain and decades of newspapering with me. And I understood many of us had done that on the paper—moving from one career to another.

First I was a stringer from City College, my most important career move. It got me inside a real paper and paid real money. Twelve dollars a week, at a time when City's free tuition was more than I could afford.

My second career was as a reporter in New York, with a police press pass, which cops were forever telling me to shove in my ear.

I got a two-week assignment at the brand-new United Nations, and stayed eight years, until I got what I lusted for—a foreign post.

I served The Times in Communist Poland, for the first time encountering the suffocating intellectual blanket that is Communism's great weapon. In due time I was thrown out.

But mostly it was Asia. The four years in India excited me then and forever. Rosenthal, King of the Khyber Pass!

After nine years as a foreign correspondent, somebody decided I was too happy in Tokyo and nagged me into going home to be an editor. At first I did not like it, but I came to enjoy editing—once I became the top editor. Rosenthal, King of the Hill!

When I stepped down from that job, I started all over again as a times Op-Ed columnist, paid to express my own opinions. If I had done that as a reporter or editor dealing with the news, I would have broken readers' trust that the news would be written and played straight.

Straight does not mean dull. It means straight. If you don't know what that means, you don't belong on this paper. Clear?

As a columnist, I discovered that there were passions in me I had not been aware of, lying under the smatterings of knowledge about everything that I had to collect as executive editor—including hockey and debentures, for heaven's sake.

Mostly the passions had to do with human rights, violations of—like African women having their genitals mutilated to keep them virgin, and Chinese and Tibetan political prisoners screaming their throats raw.

I wrote with anger at drug legitimizers and rationalizers, helping make criminals and destroying young minds, all the while with nauseating sanctimony.

As a correspondent, it was the Arab states, not Israel, that I wanted to cover. But they

did not welcome resident Jewish correspondents. As a columnist, I felt fear for the whitening away of Israeli strength by the Israelis, and still do.

I wrote about the persecution of Christians in China. When people, in astonishment, asked why, I replied, in astonishment, because it is happening, because the world, including American and European Christians and Jews, pays almost no attention, and that plain disgusts me.

The lassitude about Chinese Communist brutalities is part of the most nasty American reality of this past half-century. Never before have the U.S. government, business and public been willing, eager really, to praise and enrich tyranny, to crawl before it, to endanger our martial technology—and all for the hope (vain) of trade profit.

America is going through plump times. But economic strength is making us weaker in head and soul. We accept back without penalty a president who demeaned himself and us. We rain money on a Politburo that must rule by terror lest it lose its collective head.

I cannot promise to change all that. But I can say that I will keep trying and that I thank God for (a) making me an American citizen, (b) giving me that college-boy job on The Times, and (c) handing me the opportunity to make other columnists kick themselves when they see what I am writing, in this fresh start of my life.

[From The New York Times, Nov. 5, 1999]

A.M. ROSENTHAL OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

The departure of a valued colleague from The New York Times is not, as a rule, occasion for editorial comment. But the appearance today of A. M. Rosenthal's last column on the Op-Ed page requires an exception. Mr. Rosenthal's life and that of this newspaper have been braided together over a remarkable span—from World War II to the turning of the millennium. His talent and passionate ambition carried him on a personal journey from City College correspondent to executive editor, and his equally passionate devotion to quality journalism made him one of the principal architects of the modern New York Times.

Abe Rosenthal began his career at The Times as a 21-year-old cub reporter scratching for space in the metropolitan report, and he ended it as an Op-Ed page columnist noted for his commitment to political and religious freedom. In between he served as a correspondent at the United Nations and was based in three foreign countries, winning a Pulitzer Prize in 1960 for his reporting from Poland. He came home in 1963 to be metropolitan editor. In that role and in higher positions, he became a tireless advocate of opening the paper to the kind of vigorous writing and deep reporting that characterized his work. As managing editor and executive editor, Abe Rosenthal was in charge of The Times's news operations for a total of 17 years.

Of his many contributions as an editor, two immediately come to mind. One was his role in the publication of the Pentagon Papers, the official documents tracing a quarter-century of missteps that entangled America in the Vietnam War. Though hardly alone among Times editors, Mr. Rosenthal was instrumental in mustering the arguments that led to the decision by our then publisher, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, to publish the archive. That fateful decision helped illustrate the futile duplicity of American policy in Vietnam, strengthened the press's First Amendment guarantees and reinforced