CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—SENATE 14111

Mr. KENNEDY. Madam President, I urge my colleagues in Congress to help us pass it and the President to sign it into law. But it is only the beginning. We simply cannot ignore the fact that with trade, a rising tide does not always lift all boats. Our laws are not the laws of nature, but rather, the laws of mankind. We cannot say that distribution through government is inevitable and just throw up our hands, leaving millions of American workers behind. We have an obligation to them and to their families, to craft trade policies that are to their benefit and which help them prepare for the future. It is an obligation that we simply cannot ignore.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Madam President, at the close of business Friday, July 20, 2001, the Federal debt stood at $5,723,280,631,657.09, five trillion, seven hundred twenty-three billion, two hundred eighty million, six hundred thirty-one thousand, six hundred fifty-seven dollars and nine cents.

One year ago, July 20, 2000, the Federal debt stood at $5,665,503,000,000, five trillion, six hundred sixty-five billion, three hundred million, five hundred thirty-six billion, three hundred fifty-two billion, two hundred ten million, three hundred ten million, two hundred fifty-two billion, two hundred sixty-one million, five hundred thirty-six million, five hundred fifty-eight million, two hundred ninety-six million, three hundred forty-eight million, four hundred sixty-two million, eight hundred sixty-four million, eight hundred sixty-eight million, five hundred forty-one million, three hundred eighty million, one hundred ninety-six million, one hundred twenty-one million, six hundred twenty-three million, one hundred sixty-five million, five hundred thirty million, forty-two million, four hundred thirteen thousand, seven hundred seven dollars and forty cents.

Twenty-five years ago, July 20, 1976, the Federal debt stood at $619,038,000,000, six hundred nineteen billion, thirty-eight million, which reflected a debt increase of more than $5 trillion, $5,104,242,631,657.09, five trillion, one hundred four billion, two hundred forty-two billion, six hundred thirty-one million, six hundred fifty-seven dollars and nine cents.

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Additional Statements

MINIMUM WAGE

Mr. KENNEDY. Madam President, I ask that the following article from the Wall Street Journal, dated July 19, 2001, be printed in the RECORD.

[From the Wall Street Journal, July 19, 2001]

By Rick Wartzman

Falling Behind—As Officials Lost Faith in the Minimum Wage, Pat Williams Lived It

Shreveport, La.—Night had fallen by the time Pat Williams, hungry and bone tired, arrived home to find the little red ticket, a $10.75 note, and the note from her bank, $477 overdrawn. Two subsequent increases have nudged it back up to its present $5.15.

While the robust job market of the '90s thinned the ranks of minimum-wage workers—only about 1% of hourly employees earn exactly $5.15 an hour now, down from more
and was run over and died. The authorities.

25–caliber pistol. He staggered into traffic with a knife. Ms. Williams shot him with her to police records, came at two of her kids Williams's boyfriend snapped and, according to

fested neighborhood. as a must, she says, in her crime-in-

fater'' if the administration recommended that he would abolish the minimum wage if he could. ''I'm not in favor of cutting any-

body's earnings or preventing them from ris-

ing,'' he said, ''but I am against them losing their jobs because of artificial government inter-

vention: As businesses raise their wages, they're apt to suffer less turnover and will often find that their employees are more 

diligent, leading to a jump in output that more than makes up for the extra cost to the payroll.

As the Eisenhower plan moved to Capitol Hill, the action unfolded in a manner typical of the era. Democrats, and by large, wanted a higher minimum wage than did their GOP counterparts. But the divide was barely partisan. Southern Democrats rallied against a raise, while "liberal Republicans" favored one.

In July 1955, a bill emerged from Congress to increase the minimum wage to $1. A couple of weeks later, Mr. Eisenhower signed the legislation into law. "I think 'fairness' is a good word" to express what the president hoped to achieve, says Maxwell Rabb, who was Mr. Eisenhower's cabinet secretary. "He did not want a divided nation," and lifting wages for those at the bottom was part of that larger agenda.

The minimum wage went up again during each of the next two administrations—those of presidents Kennedy and Johnson—and coverage also was extended to more than 12 million workers, including retail and restaurant employees and farm hands who previously had been exempt. By 1968, as Richard Nixon was elected president, the value of the minimum wage had hit its apex: $6.62 an hour in today's terms. Yet other analysts have disagreed, touting the minimum wage as an effective means for helping working people to escape poverty. Those in this camp contend that as long as it isn't excessive, an increase in the minimum wage will destroy few, if any, jobs. Their reasoning, stored at the Eisenhower Library, suggested that the president listened intently to the numbers being bandied about. George Stigler, a plain-spoken man who had once been in the business community. All eyes were on the big mahogany table. The discussion on this morning, Dec. 10, 1954, quickly turned to the workaday business of running the country: an initiative to add 70,000 units of public housing, by the numbers being bandied about. The president turned to his economic adviser, the cautious Arthur Burns, and asked how much the idea would cost. "A few hundred million," was how the president thought the estimate would come out. "I'm not in favor of cutting anybody's earnings or preventing them from rising," he said. "Why is it so hard to get a pay increase?" she asked. "I would make $7 an hour. I'd think I was doing good."

Over on Illinois Avenue, Ms. Williams gazed at the simple wooden house she grew up in, with its white curtains in the front porch with her daddy, watching him sell watermelons—three for $1—in the 1950s. "They were good and sweet," she said. It was a different world back then.

One by one, President Eisenhower's top ad-

visers paraded into the Cabinet Room of the White House and took their places around the big mahogany table. The discussion on this morning, Dec. 10, 1954, quickly turned to the workaday business of running the country: an initiative to add 70,000 units of public housing, by the numbers being bandied about. The president turned to his economic adviser, the cautious Arthur Burns, and asked how much the idea would cost. "A few hundred million," was how the president thought the estimate would come out. "I'm not in favor of cutting anybody's earnings or preventing them from rising," he said. "Why is it so hard to get a pay increase?" she asked. "I would make $7 an hour. I'd think I was doing good."

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part, by a fundamental belief: People who get up and go to work each day should be able to make enough money to cover their essential needs. Employers that aren’t productive enough to provide such a basic level of compensation—chisels, some detractors have called them—don’t belong in an affluent society.

This way of thinking, recalls Eugene Mittelmann, who served as labor counsel to GOP Sen. Jacob Javits of New York from the late 1960s through the mid-1970s, transcended all the conflicting studies about how the minimum wage would reduce unemployment and reduce inflation and poverty. “It was a more general feeling that if people worked, they ought to make a living wage,” he says. “This wasn’t economically driven. It was morally driven.”

The Shreveport that Pat Williams was born into in the spring of 1955 was an oil-and-gas boomtown, where folks swayed to the music of Elvis Presley, the young star of the “Louisiana Hayride,” a radio show aired right from the city’s own Municipal Auditorium.

The Williams household didn’t partake in the good times, however. The family never had much money, and Pat was raised under the loving but strict hand of a Jehovah’s Witness. She was, she says, “a good kid” until, at age 13, she made a startling discovery: The couple she thought were her parents—the domestic and retired carpenter she had known her whole life as “Mommy and Daddy”—were actually her aunt and uncle. Pat’s real mother had abandoned her as a baby.

The revelation “totally messed me up,” she says. “I went from getting A’s and B’s in school to D’s and F’s, when I showed up at all.”

By 19, Ms. Williams was a 10th-grade drop-out with three children, no husband and no job. Then, one day in 1979, she says, “something inside me clicked.” Bored with just lounging around, living off welfare, and overwhelmed by a sense that “I wanted my children to have more than I did,” Ms. Williams set out to make a better life for herself. She landed a job at the Hollywood Tourist Courts, a rooms-by-the-hour motel where she cleaned up and checked in patrons, some of them there because they were female and “not wanted”—she cleaned up and checked in patrons, some of them there because they were female and “not wanted.”

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In the spring of 1974, Congress passed a new minimum-wage bill, which still lacked a floor vote. On April 8, Mr. Nixon signed it, a deed that would get a little lost on the next morning’s front page given other news out of Atlanta: Hank Aaron had just smashed his record-setting 715th major-league home run.

Few in the president’s party protested the raise, which took the minimum wage to $2.30 an hour ($6.25 in 2001 terms) from $1.60 over three years. That made up for much of the inflation that had eaten away at it since the last increase in 68. The president himself “did not go as far as I wished in protecting . . . work opportunities for youth,” the fight had dragged on long enough. Improving the wages of whose “workmanly, static for six years,” he said, “is now a matter of justice that can no longer be fairly de-

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The administration’s antipathy was fueled by scholarship similar to that which Mr. Nixon had zeroed in on earlier: The minimum wage was in effect a “living wage.”

At one point, Mr. Reagan proposed his own version of a youth minimum. But unlike the traditional minimum wage, the minimum wage for teenagers was capped at three hours a day. The minimum wage for teenagers was capped at three hours a day.

In the summer of 1968, an analysis written by a former commissioner of labor statistics named Ewan Clague crossed President Nixon’s desk. The analysis held that the minimum wage was exacerbating one of the most vexing problems confronting the nation at the time: a skyrocketing youth unemployment rate. Mr. Clague wrote, “Here is a problem that does not need to be solved by legislation. The minimum wage, Mr. Clague wrote, “here is a problem that does not need to be solved by legislation.

On July 23, 2001, CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—SENATE 14113
CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—SENATE

July 23, 2001

THE FACES OF LOW-WAGE WORK

Gussie Canneday

Age: 61

Home: Philadelphia.

Occupation: Answers phones at the American Red Cross.

Hourly wage: $5.15.

Gussie Canneday, a widow who retired as a clothing-factory supervisor in 1983, works at the Red Cross to supplement her $715 in monthly Social Security income. Yet it isn’t really enough. “If it weren’t for my children sending money every so often,” she says, “I couldn’t get over the hump.”

Name: Mary Anne Thomas.

Age: 40.

Home: North Little Rock, Ark.

Occupation: Personal care and home-health aide.

Hourly wage: $5.60.

Ms. Thomas, who works about 18 hours a week, says she is doing okay, thanks to her husband’s $7.50-an-hour job as a liquor-store salesman. Still, she has been actively campaigning for a “living wage” area, after seeing so many colleagues struggling to stay afloat.

Name: Trae Sweeten.

Age: 18.

Home: Newport, Tenn.

Occupation: Does everything from making burgers to cleaning the parking lot at a Wendy’s restaurant.

Allowed to erode too much in general, Mr. Motley says, meddling in the marketplace as anathema. The president “believed that the government should not have the right to step in and bar employment opport-

unities” says John Coogan, who served as an assistant secretary in the Reagan Labor Department. “The moral issue was very clear in his mind. It was wrong.” Many of the Re-

publicans who rode on Mr. Reagan’s coattails in 1980 “thought just like he did” on the minimum wage, says John Motley, who was then an intern for the National Federation of Independent Business, a group rep-
esting small enterprise. In fact, he says, about two dozen lawmakers elected to Con-
gress that year—far more than ever before—were NFIB members. On Capitol Hill, entre-
preneurs were treated increasingly as “he-

rolic figures,” Mr. Motley says. “The govern-
ment needed to help them, not saddle them with mandates and regulations.”

As the NFIB and other minimum-wage ad-

versaries such as the National Restaurant Association ascended, the policy’s greatest guardian fell on hard times. Following Presi-

dent Reagan’s firing of striking air-traffic controllers,商家 unions went on the defensive and were unable to fight as tena-

ciously as they had in the past for a higher minimum wage. All the while, the portion of the work force that’s unionized declined steadily, edging under 20% in 1984.

When Mr. Reagan took office in 1981, the minimum wage was at $3.35 an hour. When he left eight years later, it was still at $3.35. In real terms, its value had sunk almost 27%, to $4.46 in today’s dollars.

Back in Shreveport, Pat Williams grappled with the consequences. After a couple of years at the Hollywood Courts, she left the motel for a better job, cooking soul food at a restaurant called the Riverboat Inn for the comparatively lofty pay of $5.75 an hour. But the place shut down in the mid-1980s, and Ms. Williams wound up as a nursing assistant at Harmony House, back on the minimum wage.

As her purchasing power dwindled, Ms. Williams scrimped. Where her family once enjoyed and paid all its vegetables, by the late ’80s they ate strictly chick-

en—so much of it that her kids would break out in song around the dinner table:

Chicken fly high

Chicken fly low

Chicken fly Mamma’s way

Don’t fly no mo’

When the chicken money ran out, the chil-

dren recall, they subsisted on beans and rice.

The worst, though, was the holidays. Ms. Williams and the kids—Theresa, Yolonda, and Darrell—all still vividly remember the Christmas that they couldn’t afford a single gift. Yolonda says that she and her siblings tried to comfort their mom, telling her it was all right. “I understand,” Ms. Williams just sat on her bed and cried. Eventu-

ally, she came out of her room and turned on the stereo. She doesn’t remember exactly what she played that December afternoon, but she’s sure it was her favorite music: the blues.

“Do you really listen to the blues,” she says, “you find out it’s nothing but the truth.”

A half dozen Harmony House workers sat on Ms. Williams’s porch that evening last April, sipping beers and peering through a cigarette haze, as union organizer Zack Nauth offered up something rare in their lives: a laugh.

Louisiana nursing homes, which had been complaining that deficient Medicaid reim-

bursements were the main culprit for their problems, suddenly received a $60-

million infusion from the state. Mr. Nauth, of the Service Employees International Union, told the women that they needed to speak up and make sure they got their fair share. As one of his shipmates put it, “we would ‘just as soon put it all into our own bank accounts.’

The workers were skeptical that any of it would come their way, however, and spent most of the night venting. One worker, Shirley Vance, was particularly testy and ques-
tioning why they even have a union at Har-

mony House. “I don’t see no results,” she said, griping about her biweekly dues of $6.50. But Ms. Williams and her friend, Annie Freeman, maintained that the union has been a real plus. Workers had fewer rights and virtually no benefits, they said, before the SEIU got there. “We’ve had to fight for what we have,” said Ms. Williams.

Of the six women at the meeting, all were making less than $6 an hour, including one who has been at Harmony House for 18 years. “We can’t even afford the bus fare,” said Ms. Freeman, a nursing assistant who, after more than a decade at the home, earns $5.60 an hour.

“We sure can’t,” echoed Ms. Vance. “It’s pitiful.”

Before the meeting broke up, the conversa-
tion turned to the minimum wage. Mr. Nauth told them that according to rum-

blings that Congress may vote on an increase this year. Ms. Williams said she gets “all ex-
icted” at the prospect but knows better than to count on it. She last time lawmakers de-
liberated on such legislation, just last year, it died.

Since Ronald Reagan left office, the mini-
mum wage has shriveled to $4.46 an hour. The stay that “because of market conditions,” it was raised twice: with great reluctance by President Bush in 1989 and by President Clinton in 1996. Both followed drawn-out battles defined by the kind of par-
tisan sniping that has come with the changed complexion of Congress. Many of the seats once held by Southern Democrats have been seized by Republicans, and the numbers of GOP moderates who used to sup-
port the minimum wage has shriveled in the conservative tide.

One new twist, added to the debate in re-
cent months, is that tax breaks for small businesses are now routinely linked to any minimum-wage bill. The only low-wage workers get help is if company owners do, too. In earlier years, “that would have been laughed out of the room by both sides,” says Ken Young, a long-time AFL-CIO official. No one thought about business breaks “when you were talking about the people at the very bottom end of the economic ladder.”

With the minimum wage worth less today than it was all through the ’60s and ’70s, a backlash has developed around the nation. Ten states and the District of Columbia now have their own minimum wages that are higher than the federal government’s. And in a host of cities, so-called living-wage cam-

paigns have been undertaken to raise work-

ers’ pay to anywhere from around $8.00 an hour—what it takes for someone to support a family of four and escape the poverty line—to more than $10.

The immediate aim of the Harmony House workers, though, was far more modest: a $1-

an-hour increase. Mr. Nauth asked the women to devise a slogan that they could use to rally the public to their cause. Ms. Free-
mann’s entry: “Take Care of the People Who Take Care of You.”

Several of the women said they think from time to time about finding another job. The Shreveport economy has been strong lately, Mr. Motley says, “that’s got some get-up- and-go” should be able to find work that pays satisfactorily, says Mayor Keith High-

tower. The median pay for telemarketers in the area is $8.50 an hour. Housekeepers at the casings earn up to $7. But for someone like Ms. Williams, who burns up so much energy just trying to make it day to day, job hunt-

ings are hugely daunting.

Besides, she and the others say that, save for their wages, they feel good about what they do. The nursing home residents “are always sweet,” says Ms. Williams, who keeps photographs of her patients who’ve passed on. In the mid-’90s, Ms. Williams left Har-

mony House for a hospital job that paid a bit better, but she came back a couple of years later because she didn’t like the atmosphere at the new place nearly as much.

Over at Harmony House, a low-lying edif-

cife that’s antiseptic-clean inside, officials say they’d love to pay their workers more, but the Medicaid system has made it impossible. “We’ve really been in a pinch,” says Janice Janston, a supervisor at Central Man-

agement Co., a Winnfield, La.-based firm whose principals own and operate Harmony House along with other nursing homes around the state. Nevertheless, the com-

pany’s president saw his own pay go up 44% in 1999. According to the latest available records from the state health department, Teddy Price’s salary soared to $492,869 that year from $279,282 in 1998. A spokeswoman says the increase reflects Mr. Price’s height-

ened responsibilities during the past few years as Central Management has added five new facilities to its portfolio.

Less than a week after The Wall Street Journal asked Central Management about its workers’ wages, Harmony House announced that “because of market conditions,” it was raising the pay of its certified nursing assist-

ants. Housekeepers, laundry workers and kitchen personnel got no increase.

Ms. Williams says she’s “grateful.” She now makes $6.35 an hour—and pay’s that’s about 25% in value to that of her first minimum-wage job, 22 years ago.
Her contributions to the legal profession are extensive. Judge Van Tine was an adjunct professor for Trial Advocacy at the College of Law, and has served as a mock judge for local and national moot court competitions. She has written a book chapter in the American Bar Association’s publication of “Dear Sisters, Dear Daughters: Words of Wisdom from Multicultural Women Attorneys Who’ve Been There and Done That.” She also assisted in establishing a legal clinic at the Indo-American Center, which has been providing legal assistance to the Asian American community since 1997.

Judge Van Tine has made numerous appearances at law schools, bar programs, and symposiums to educate law students, attorneys, and community members about laws and issues affecting Asian Americans, such as hate crimes. She has also discussed the issue of running ethical judicial campaigns on a cable program aired by the Illinois Judges Association.

Judge Van Tine is a member of the Fourth Presbyterian Church where she has participated in conducting Cabrini Green Health workshops for children, serving as a Cook County Hospital candy stripier, and volunteering as a Sunday nursery school teacher.

Judge Van Tine earned her law degree at New York Law School and her undergraduate degree from Oakland University. She has completed several graduate courses at Michigan State University focusing on inter-cultural communication. Judge Van Tine has been married for 13 years to Matthew Van Tine, an attorney specializing in commercial and antitrust litigation. They have a young daughter named Kristen.

As the senior Senator of the State of Illinois, I ask my colleagues to join me on the occasion of her appointment to the bench in congratulating Rena Marie Van Tine for all of her accomplishments.

TRIBUTE TO DONNA CENTRELLA

Mrs. CLINTON. Madam President, I rise today to pay tribute to Donna Centrella, a very special woman whom I met 2 years ago during my campaign in New York. Donna died on Monday after a long, brave battle with ovarian cancer.

I first met Donna in September 1999 when I visited Massena Memorial Hospital in Massena, NY. Donna had been diagnosed with ovarian cancer in August, but did not have health insurance to cover her treatment. Miraculously, she found a doctor who would treat her without charge and able to afford care through a variety of State programs.

Perhaps even more astounding was her doctor’s statement that she was actually better off without managed care coverage because he could better treat her this way. Without HMO constraints, they were free to make the decisions about the best procedures to follow for her treatment and care: Her doctor could keep her in the hospital as long as needed and he would not have to get pre-approval for surgery.

I have retold Donna’s unbelievable story many times since meeting this extraordinary woman. Hers is a story that underscores the profound need in this country for immediate reform of the way we provide health coverage to our citizens. We owe it to patients like Donna to sign patient protections into law as soon as possible to ensure that we can provide the best medical treatment possible to everyone who needs it.

We have lost an ally, but I have faith that we will not lose the fight for greater patient protections. It saddens me greatly that Donna will not be here to see this happen. She was an amazing soul whose determination and strength I will never forget.

MESSAGES FROM THE PRESIDENT

Messages from the President of the United States were communicated to the Senate by Ms. Evans, one of his secretaries.

EXECUTIVE MESSAGES REFERRED

As in executive session the Presiding Officer laid before the Senate messages from the President of the United States submitting sundry nominations which were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

(REPORTS RECEIVED TODAY ARE PRINTED AT THE END OF THE SENATE PROCEEDINGS.)

REPORT ON THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY WITH RESPECT TO TERRORISTS WHO THREATEN TO DISRUPT THE MIDDLE EAST PEACE PROCESS—MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT—PM 36

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the following message from the President of the United States, together with an accompanying report; which was referred to the Committee on Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs.

To the Congress of the United States

As required by section 401(c) of the National Emergencies Act, 50 U.S.C. 1641(c), and section 304(c) of the International Emergency Economic Powers Act, 50 U.S.C. 1703(c), I transmit hereewith a 6-month periodic report on the national emergency with respect to terrorists who threaten to disrupt the Middle East peace process that was declared in Executive Order 12947 of January 23, 1995.

GEORGE W. BUSH.