

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

MR. STUDDS IS LEAVING
CONGRESS

HON. ANTHONY C. BEILENSEN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 19, 1995

Mr. BEILENSEN. Mr. Speaker, the decision of the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. STUDDS] not to seek re-election next year saddened and distressed many of his colleagues. His announcement means that this body will lose one of our very best, and most capable, Members.

Mr. STUDDS made his decision public at his open meeting at the Old Whaling Church at Edgartown, MA. I was greatly moved by his words of farewell to the people of his district, and I should like others to have the opportunity to read those words.

No one, Mr. Speaker, can read the gentleman's remarks and not appreciate how special and valuable a really good Member of Congress is.

No one can read the gentleman's remarks and not gain some insight into the best of this Congress, and the best of our constituents.

No one can read the gentleman's remarks and not gain some understanding of the close and healthy relationship that develops between Members of Congress and their constituents when there is the kind of trust and mutual respect that has clearly developed between the gentleman and the people he has represented so well these past 23 years.

I urge my colleagues and others to read these wise and humane words of a Member of Congress of great magnanimity and decency.

REMARKS OF CONGRESSMAN GERRY E. STUDDS
AT OLD WHALING CHURCH, EDGARTOWN, MA

Good morning. From the warmth of your welcome, I can only conclude that you've forgotten where I work.

Those of you who have been to our Open Meetings in the past already know that these are totally informal settings in which the only rule is that there are no rules. In the unlikely event that this is your first, perhaps you can ask your parents—or grandparents—since we've hosted well over a thousand in the last 23 years. In fact, our very first Open Meeting was right here on Martha's Vineyard, during my initial visit home after taking office in 1973.

I want to test your patience by amending the second rule that has always governed these meetings—the one that forbids me from speechifying. We'll get on with the Open Meeting in a moment, but first: I learned in Politics 101 always to show up prepared to make news.

There's no reason for melodrama. You must have suspected there was some reason that, after 23 years of these gatherings, we finally offered coffee and donuts.

Throughout my tenure representing this District, we have enjoyed a remarkable rapport that is based on one fundamental principle: mutual respect. We have looked each other in the eye, and talked directly and civilly about matters of importance. Over time, that trust has been more important than any single vote or issue or campaign.

That is why I want to take some time this morning to talk with you about why I have decided that this will be my last term in the United States Congress.

It will be my privilege to continue to represent this District vigorously for the next 14 months. Then I will move on to other fields of battle.

When this news spreads, I suspect some will ascribe it to the results of last November's elections—although it is a little unclear why we ought to be dissatisfied with 69 percent of the 1994 vote.

It's true that I have less than unbridled enthusiasm for the wrecking ball of the 104th Congress, and that I am as deeply troubled by the direction we're heading as when I first had the then-original idea of challenging an entrenched incumbent. But the basis for my decision goes much deeper.

Every two years, I have considered afresh whether I could summon the energy and enthusiasm to give the people of this District the kind of effective representation you deserve. Contrary to conventional political wisdom—since we have rarely observed political convention—I have always been entirely open and candid about these reassessments.

To everything, as the Biblical verse goes, there is a season—a time to plant and a time to harvest.

It is now time for me to chart a new course: by no means to retire, but to find new endeavors, both public and private, that will allow more than an occasional weekend or evening to catch up on thing neglected for a quarter century, like reading and writing and actually using my tide chart; to be a better partner, brother, uncle and friend; and to be a useful human being in new ways that the demands of elective office have precluded for most of my adult life.

There are few jobs on the fact of this earth which offer as much to, and require as much from, the right person. The work of a Congressman, if done properly, is all-consuming. If it does not take every ounce of strength—intellectual, emotional and physical—then it probably isn't being done right.

That's why our renowned grassroots army has endured even in the age of overpriced media campaigns; and why, year in and year out, after successive late-night Congressional sessions, we'd barnstorm the District for weekends of constituent meetings squeezed between field hearings, issue forums, plant tours, testimonials, press interviews and political events.

Perhaps that is what John Randolph, who preceded even me as a Member of Congress, was thinking two centuries ago when he said that "Time is at once the most valuable and the most perishable of all our possessions."

Since embarking on this improbable journey, I have been very conscious that each of us is allotted only so many hours and so many days on this earth.

Together, we have worked our hearts out; together, we have overcome odds and obstacles that would have discouraged most others; and together, you and I have strived to make many things better than we found them.

I never anticipated serving for 24 years, and it's probably divulging no great secret to admit that I do not thrive on what some consider indispensable parts of the job.

I am not by nature a particularly gregarious person. I get annoyed by frequent interruptions. I get tired of hearing myself talk.

And there are already far too many people in Washington who confuse themselves with the monuments.

In recent years, some of my political opponents have wondered—that's a polite way to put it—about a bill I apparently authored early on to limit the years of Congressional service. I've tried for several years to explain to them that, because term limits are such a good idea, I'd better stick around as long as it takes to see them enacted into law.

So I suppose, with the new majority in the House and Senate, I can now rest easy on that front. In fact, perhaps we should limit Members of Congress to a single term. That way, the freshman Republicans can go home still knowing everything.

Last November, the American people, or at least the few who voted, sent those freshmen to Washington.

Hard-working taxpayers—and not just "angry" white males—feel their government is more responsive to 'special interests' than to the real problems of ordinary Americans—which was the very reason I first ran for Congress.

Of course, the special interests I ran against are the ones the Republicans have put back in charge. When the House earlier this year gutted the Clean Water Act, the bill was drafted by the very industries it was supposed to regulate. The NRA and the Christian Coalition are riding high, and the House is so efficient that we frequently hold committee hearings after enacting bills into law.

One of my committees this month managed to dismantle Medicare in 48 hours. Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond have been transformed from fringe caricatures into committee chairmen.

The changes underway at this moment in Washington are based on the dangerous misperception of this country and its people. Perhaps you heard one Republican Congressman say this week that the proposed \$500-per-child tax credit to families earning up to \$200,000 was not a tax cut for the rich.

They're not rich, he said, they're lower-middle-class. He went on to define "middle-class" as an annual salary of \$300,000 to \$750,000, and anyone above that as "upper-middle class".

When the time comes, I will join you in doing what I can to require our next Congressman to be more tightly tethered than that to the planet the rest of us inhabit.

A great deal has happened since 1992, when I came very close to the decision I'm announcing today.

We had barely escaped alive from the previous, unusually vitriolic campaign, only to be greeted that summer by the chain-saw of Congressional redistricting. The new lines removed a third of the electorate, and half of the Democrats, by amputating our New Bedford family from this District for the first time since the founding of the Republic.

Suddenly we faced a tough primary, seven weeks away, in a substantially new District—as the price of admission to a hotly contested general election.

Had it not been for the prospect of a young presidential candidate named Clinton, working with a Democratic Congress and a new Committee Chairman named Studds, I would probably be sitting with you in the audience today.

But that constellation seemed so well aligned—and the opportunity to make a real

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

difference so clear—that Dean and I committed ourselves to yet another all-out reelection campaign and, if successful, to work through the first term of a Clinton Presidency.

I envisioned two years to launch the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee on an aggressive new course and two more to work with the Administration to complete that agenda, before returning home.

One out of two isn't bad.

Still, while I have deep—nearly unfathomable—reservations about the direction the new Congressional majority is pulling this nation, my decision is at its core personal, not political.

I chose to discuss my plans here on Martha's Vineyard because, in a way, this is where that special trust I mentioned earlier began—in that first Open Meeting in 1973.

This is how you and I have always done our business—together, without fanfare, taking time to ask and explain and maybe even argue a little, and then rolling up our sleeves to get back to work.

That first trip home was a three-day swing through the Islands. In case your grandparents failed to mention it, we returned home that winter day feeling pretty good. In losing the 1970 election by the thinnest of margins, we have failed to carry a single town on either Nantucket or the Vineyard; in fact, we have won a total of one town in all of the Cape and Islands.

Then came the electoral earthquake of 1972. Not only did we win, again by a handful of votes, but we astonished everyone by taking Provincetown, Truro and West Tisbury!

I think it's fair to observe that times have changed.

What has not changed are the bedrock principles of wisdom, honesty and friendship on this Island, personified for me by two people who are not with us today: Betty Bryant, who could drown you in Portuguese guilt if you spent less than 20 of any 24 hours improving the lives of others—because she never had such days; and Gratia Harrington, proud Yankee daughter of an Island sea captain, whose strength, dignity and wit reserved her a front-row-center seat at every one of our Vineyard Open Meetings, well past her 100th birthday.

As everyone here knows, Betty took personal responsibility for our showing at the polls on the Vineyard and everywhere else. On the night of the 1992 primary, she colared me to report that we had won in Gosnold by 33-0 and in Chilmark by 251-2—and that she had already identified the misguided Chilmark couple.

Both Betty and Gratia would understand the reason I brought my news to this Island today, just as I will bring it to friends in Quincy, Hingham and Hyannis tomorrow: that by ever measure—geographical, historical, commercial, cultural and spiritual—this Congressional District is about the sea.

From the Irish moss I gathered off Cohasset and Scituate ledges as a boy and the lobster traps I pull these days in Provincetown Harbor, to the marine environmental notches on our proud legislative belt, nearly everything of consequence that you and I care about derives from a deep love and respect for the ocean.

If you visit the Race Point visitors center in the Cap Cod National Seashore, you may hear a recitation of these words from Harry Kemp, poet-laureate of the Cape:

There is battle here.

There is clean and vigorous war.

There are bivouacs visited by night's every star.

There are long barren slopes of enchantment burned clean by the sun, and ramparts of strange new dreams to be stormed and won.

Here the five-petaled wild rose blossoms more sweet

Because the earth is barren

and the heat intolerable for lush domestic grass.

The ocean shines like many discs of brass,

Or between white hollows it lapses great and green

Where solitude sifts slowly in between the hills of sparkling waste that rise and fall.

Hills whose one music is the seabird's call.

And there is all space that ever I can see.

The ocean completing all immensity,

and the sky—mother of infinity,

Where greatness on smallness jostles till both are one,

And a grain of sand stands doorkeeper to the sun.

Not everyone, however, shares our devotion to salt water.

You may have noticed, for example, that the new majority has not only eliminated the Congressional Committee that makes oceans policy, but also targeted the federal agency that administers it.

The kind of "reform" will undermine everything from Pacific tsunami warnings to the million-dollar-a-year whale-watching industry on Stellwagen Bank. And just think—a lot of the damage was done in a legislative vehicle called Reconciliation.

But we are not new to changes in the political tides. You and I know a little something about real reform. In 1970, we took on a Republican supporter of the Vietnam War in a District that had never before elected a Democrat to Congress—assembling a textbook grassroots campaign, before there even was a textbook for these things.

The stakes were so high, the commitment so deep and the coffers so empty that, by election day, we had 60 people working full-time on an entirely volunteer basis, directing our organization in every community in this District—often reaching down to the ward and block level.

My mother converted our modest home into a 24-hour staff hotel, restaurant and laundromat. For countless weekends, my sister Gaynor commuted from Buffalo to campaign in New Bedford supermarkets with my brother Colin, who carried a card, in Portuguese, saying "Eu sou o seu irmao"—"I am his brother."

My dad, a talented architect who kept his Republican roots very private, was working entire function rooms by the end of that race. One of my few regrets is that he was no longer with us by the time I was elected.

Dad was with us as we waited—and waited, until the afternoon following the election—for the Hingham totals, only to learn that we had fallen short by a half of one percent of the District-wide vote.

After a few hours of sleep, we started right back in. Two years later, after re-living our all-night vigil for Hingham's final count, ours was again the second closest race in the nation. This time we had prevailed.

That spring, when the House voted 202-202 to defeat an amendment on Vietnam War funding, every single person who had stuffed an envelope, held a sign, or contributed a dollar knew their work was helping to keep youngsters from Weymouth or Falmouth or New Bedford out of harm's way.

Since the original thrust for our candidacy was the appalling lack of official candor about Vietnam, it seemed self-evident that a Representative should actually engage his constituency in an ongoing dialogue about things that matter.

We pioneered the idea of weekly reports on every vote and twice-a-year Open Meetings in each of our four-dozen communities. For the first time in its history, we opened of-

fices in *each* of the three regions of the District; in fact, we now have four.

Since you can do only so much well, we chose our battles carefully and developed expertise to carve out a national leadership role in coastal and marine issues. The philosophy has always been to stress the practical over the purely rhetorical or partisan, so our work would relate directly to the lives people lead, the places we work and the schools we attend.

And we somehow got by without poll-driven, consultant-crafted sound-bites.

As disorienting as Washington can be, there is no way you would ever let me drift too far off course. All it takes is a stroll through Quincy neighborhoods like Squantum or Hough's Neck, where people understand the *real* meaning of roots and family values.

And not too long ago, I came from Washington to Vineyard Haven in order to tour a marine pump-out facility—that's sort of a politically correct porta-potty on the water. The event was ripe for pretentious pomp, since the project was funded under a law I had written. Leave it to Jay Wilbur, the town harbormaster to flash a half-smile while pointing to the vessel's name: the PU-E-2.

Then there was the elderly gentleman who rose after a particularly lively Open Meeting in Harwich, pointed his finger at me and said: "Young man, I disagree with everything you just said, and I want you to know I intend to support you as long as I live!"

I wasn't quite sure what to make of that comment until coming across—of all things—the words of a Republican. Theodore Roosevelt wrote that "the most practical kind of politics is the politics of decency".

You don't hear him quoted too often these days on the House floor or on the campaign trail.

I still subscribe to the notion that public discourse and political campaigns are supposed to help articulate and illuminate matters of importance so citizens can make intelligent decisions in their lives and at the polls.

Many of our political adversaries over the years have agreed, which is the source of our longstanding tradition of challenging *them* to debate the issues. In one memorable campaign, my opponent and I had so many debates—13 in all—that we joked that we knew each other's positions so thoroughly we could just as well trade places.

It is increasingly difficult today to imagine sharing a laugh, a constructive exchange, or anything else remotely genuine with a political opponent. Attack, distortion and demagoguery are now the tools of the trade.

In this era of pandering, pontificating and potential third parties, it occurs to me that the rationale for our first candidacy remains hauntingly relevant. As I said in announcing our 1972 candidacy:

"The people of this District—like the people of this country—are far ahead of the politicians who are supposed to represent and lead them.

"The basic assumption seems to be that we, the American people, are too stupid to know and too heartless to care what our country is doing and what it is leaving undone. They count on our being too apathetic to insist that our government represent the best that is in each one of us, rather than pander to the worst. They think we will accept conventional politicians playing the cowardly game of conventional politics.

"There is a hunger in this country. It is a hunger for leadership—for candor, for courage, and for compassion. It is a hunger for leaders whose vision extends further forward than the next election and whose memories go further back than the last."

If working with six Presidents has taught me anything about leadership, it is that the world is not divided into good guys and bad guys. Human nature is not that simple.

We all have the capacity for insecurity, prejudice and fear. It is to this darker side that the demagogue plays.

Each of us can also evince strength, tolerance and compassion, and it is on these "better angels of our nature" that the leader calls.

I am making my decision public today, more than a year before the next election, to ensure plenty of time for voters and—brace yourselves—potential candidates to assess its consequences.

At the same time, I want to underscore my commitment to our full plate of issues for the coming year.

When I see assaults on education, child nutrition and Medicaid; plans to revive Star Wars, build B-2 Bombers and legalize corporate raids on employee pension funds; and "reforms" that increase taxes only on people with annual incomes under \$30,000; you can be assured that my voice will be as strong as ever.

I will continue to affirm our highest priorities—restoring shipbuilding to the Quincy Shipyard and cleaning up toxic pollution at the Massachusetts Military Reservation.

I will give special attention—as a Member of Congress, and then as a private citizen—to realizing our dream of making the Boston Harbor Islands a national park.

And as one who marched 30 years ago with Dr. King from Selma to Montgomery, I will advance, in every way I can, the cause of civil rights for all Americans—black and white, gay and straight.

When confronted each day by life's crises, there are always two basic responses—despair or determination. Despair sometimes seems more logical, but determination is far more productive and far better for the soul.

Many of my colleagues were shocked when, nearly ten years ago, I sent a copy of Surgeon General Koop's Report on AIDS to every household in this District. (That, incidentally would be moot today; aside from curtailing use of the Congressional frank, the House recently voted to abolish altogether the position of Surgeon General.)

I did so because 20,000 American—including 800 Massachusetts residents—had already died from the epidemic. President Reagan had yet to even utter the name of the disease, and Dr. Koop was told to let his life-saving information gather dust on a warehouse shelf.

Too many people in my own life have been touched by HIV. For Dean and me, there are periods of time when our most common social gatherings are funerals of friends who have died far too young.

The concerns of the gay community, like those of a Congressman who happens to be gay, are far broader than AIDS. To me, however, it is impossible to look back at the last quarter-century, or ahead to the next, without considering why this public health emergency has been handled so negligently.

My colleagues called the District-wide mailing political suicide—until I started sharing the overwhelming response. What you told me was, "What took so long?"

This constituency has always had a keen understanding that actions in Washington have consequences at home—that if you gut environmental protections, you can smell and taste dirty air and water in Plymouth and Yarmouth; that if you decimate education programs, kids in Brockton and Wellfleet may never be able to afford college; that if you are too timid, too closeted or too bigoted to confront a public health epidemic, you could pull the plug on AIDS housing in Provincetown and Marshfield.

At one Open Meeting in New Bedford, one young man got up, visibly shaking. He said that his wife had lost her job and that he was scared to death of losing his own: "You've got to do something," he said. "I've got kids. How am I going to stand it?"

Apologizing for taking too much time, he then added that he wanted to leave me with a letter. It wasn't until later that I read it—an impassioned plea to stop U.S. involvement in El Salvador.

It was a demonstration, reflected over and over across this Congressional District, of people's capacity not simply to experience their own pain, but to reach out and see beyond it.

I'll never forget the words of the Mayor of Cordova, Alaska, at a Congressional hearing on the oil spill in Prince William Sound. He told members of the Subcommittee that the two most beautiful places in the world were his home—and each of ours. "Whatever you do," he said, "go back and never let what happened here occur where you're from."

This District is a microcosm of the nation—rich in human resources and rich in human problems. We are cities and suburbs, countryside and islands—and we are a living reminder of the origins of us all, with a substantial and continuing immigration of new Americans, whether they arrive speaking Portuguese or Vietnamese.

Never has an elected representative been so blessed by the beauty of his District and by the decency and common sense of his constituents. You have stood with me in times of triumph and in times of extraordinary personal challenge. For that I am profoundly grateful.

In turn, you and I both owe another debt of thanks to a small number of remarkable people whose labor, by definition, goes unnoticed and unheralded. The truth, however, is that so very much of the real work is done by—and the real credit for the considerable success we have enjoyed belongs to—the members of my staff.

I could not name a single accomplishment over the last two decades that would have come to fruition without the competence, creativity and sweat of these dedicated individuals. They are devoted public servants, who spend inhuman numbers of hours to see that the potential of this region is realized in the federal arena. These are my friends and my colleagues, whom it has been a privilege to work beside. They have meant more to the cities and towns of this District than will ever be fully acknowledged.

As I gathered my thoughts to chat with you today, I thought a lot about an Island resident who taught many of us about things of lasting value, Henry Beetle Hough. Because my favorite of his book was "Tuesday Will Be Different," I would always ask him whether he was really sure the next one would be different.

As if this surprises anyone, Henry now gets the last word. For me at least, the first Tuesday of November 1996 will be very different indeed.

For the privilege of being allowed to speak and vote in your name—for the last 23 years and over the next 14 months—I thank you with all my heart.

GEORGIA MEDICARE ADVISORY GROUP, SENIOR CITIZEN TASK FORCE REPORT FINDINGS

HON. NEWT GINGRICH

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 19, 1995

Mr. GINGRICH. Mr. Speaker, in the Sixth District of Georgia, we formed a Medicare Ad-

visory Group and a Senior Citizens Task Force to help make policy recommendations to preserve the Medicare Program. Part of the learning process for us was developing a Communications Team that went out to the people of the Sixth District and asked for their ideas based on first-hand experiences. Our findings were not surprising, but were different from what we had heard from those who had initiated a scare campaign against seniors.

The truth was that when the public knew the facts, they overwhelmingly supported Republican efforts to reform Medicare. One finding that you will not hear the scare tacticians using is that 79 percent of those we asked believe that seniors should have greater choices in health care. Compare the findings which the Communications Team presented to me on July 9, 1995, with our Medicare Preservation Act of 1995, and you will see that our plan reflects the beliefs of a majority of those we polled.

I am submitting for the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the findings of the Report that I believe represent what my colleagues are hearing all over the Nation.

MEDICARE ADVISORY GROUP AND SENIOR CITIZEN TASK FORCE COMMUNICATIONS TEAM SUMMARY REPORT

In July 1995 Congressman Newt Gingrich appointed a group of citizens to The Georgia Sixth District Medicare Advisory Group and Senior Citizens Task Force. The purpose of the group was to obtain grass roots input and feedback on issues related to strengthening and improving Medicare, thereby allowing the citizenry to be actively involved in upcoming legislation related to Medicare.

The group was composed of thirty-eight constituents, consisting of the following:

1. Senior citizens;
2. Doctors, nurses and other health care providers with experience in dealing with Medicare and with senior citizens;
3. Senior service experts, particularly directors or representatives of community-based programs, such as senior service centers;
4. Government officials familiar with the current Medicare program;
5. Representatives from private industries who could provide knowledge regarding medical costs or novel solutions, particularly employing innovative technology; and
6. Volunteers and advocates for senior citizens.

The entire group met with Congressman Gingrich on four occasions, to ask questions and to provide feedback to him. Following their initial meeting with Congressman Gingrich, it was decided by the group members that they would divide into four working groups, which would meet separately, to tackle the four areas they considered most vital. These were: Medicare Fraud, Medical Technology, Alternatives to Medicare, and Communication. Each group reviewed information and sought input from citizens throughout the district, prior to producing and submitting its final report to Congressman Gingrich on September 9, 1995.

The Communication working group was made up of 12 members, 6 of whom were senior citizens. The group was chaired by Laura Linn, a registered nurse currently employed as a clinical specialist.

The group developed a questionnaire, which they administered to 565 seniors throughout the Sixth District. In order to collect data, several senior centers throughout the Sixth District were visited. In addition to administering the questionnaire, the group also made available a letter from Congressman Gingrich and a Contract with Seniors. Those materials, along with results of