

was organized in 1992, Ms. Brown started a comprehensive program to build cancer awareness and education efforts among women. Three years earlier, she started the Breast Cancer Resource Committee to cut breast cancer mortality rates in half among African-Americans by the year 2000.

Ms. Brown also has been appointed to the National Cancer Advisory Board of the National Cancer Institute. Last year in my hometown, she brought unbounded energy to Charleston as she emceed the First Annual Race for the Cure. More importantly, she now is a member of the board of the Hollings Cancer Center at the Medical University of South Carolina where her leadership and enthusiasm is contagious.

On October 27, 1995, McDonald's recognized Ms. Brown's efforts in a large ad featuring "Portraits of the City." Her story of hard work and zeal shows how one person can make a difference in improving the lives of Americans. She is most deserving of this honor and the dozens of others that have been bestowed on her.

Mr. President, we need more Zora Browns across the Nation. I hope as Americans recognize how successful Zora has been, we all will be motivated to follow in her footsteps. ●

REUBEN COHEN

● Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President, last week I submitted for the RECORD my personal statement concerning Reuben Cohen—the father of my friend and colleague from Maine, Senator BILL COHEN—who passed away in Bangor, ME, earlier this month.

Today, I would like to submit for the RECORD several items that appeared in the Bangor Daily News following Ruby's death.

The first is an article about Ruby's life that appeared 2 days after his death.

The second is an editorial that pays tribute to Ruby's well-known and admired work ethic.

And the third is an article about funeral services that were held in Bangor which contains many appropriate statements from family and friends about this remarkable man.

I believe these items remember Ruby as he was—someone who brought a lot of life into his community, and a lot of love into his family:

The material follows:

[From the Bangor Daily News, Oct. 11, 1995]

RUBY COHEN DIES IN BANGOR

SENATOR'S FATHER RAN LOCAL BAKERY FOR
NEARLY 70 YEARS

(By John Ripley)

BANGOR.—A few years ago, Oklahoma Sen. David Boren needed to talk with Maine Sen. William Cohen, his colleague on the Intelligence Committee who was home in Bangor. So he called Reuben Cohen, the senator's father.

"Well, if you're chairman of the Intelligence Committee," Cohen barked into the telephone, "you should be able to find him yourself."

And he hung up.

The story is vintage Cohen.

Cohen—baker, husband, father of three children—died late Monday. He was 86.

Reuben "Ruby" Cohen is survived by his wife of 58 years, Clara; two sons, William and Robert; a daughter, Marlene Beckwith; and seven grandchildren.

Those who knew Ruby Cohen agree that he died the way he would have wanted: He was found at 9:45 p.m. by a worker at his store, The Bangor Rye Bread Co., where he had been making the next day's batch of rolls and bagels.

To many, Cohen is known best as the father of Bill, now the state's senior U.S. senator. But as proud as he was of his eldest son and all of his children, Cohen enjoyed a reputation of his own as a man of ornery independence, who wasn't above a little mischief every now and then.

In 1974, when the U.S. House of Representatives was deciding whether to impeach President Nixon for his Watergate shenanigans, the press followed then-Rep. William Cohen to Maine, dogging him about how he would vote.

The young congressman shrugged off the questions with "no comment." Then, from the rear of the pack, came a gravelly voice. "Billy says he's guilty as hell!"

It was Ruby Cohen.

He was a throwback to the days of smoky pool halls, Saturday night fights and dollar haircuts, when Bangor was a cauldron of ethnic neighborhoods and when friends were friends for life. Like many men of his generation, Cohen was held in awe by those who watched him work 18 hours a day, six days a week, for nearly 70 years.

Hunched over and with hands like shoe leather at the end of his beefy baker's forearms, Cohen would start his day as everyone else's was ending.

Work would begin around 8:30 p.m., when he would prepare the dough for the bulkie rolls, rye bread, French bread, Italian sandwich rolls, and bagels. Surrounded by 100-pound sacks of flour, sugar and corn meal, he would work quietly through the night, guided by recipes long ago committed to memory.

Early the next morning, he would pile overflowing paper grocery bags into the back of his battered station wagon and head out on his rounds. He would shuffle into a client's store or restaurant, drop off his goods, occasionally sit down for a quick cup of piping-hot coffee, and then be on his way.

"I guess you could say he worked to live and lived to work," Sen. Cohen said Tuesday after flying home from Washington, D.C. "He wanted to work until he died, and he did."

With little prodding, Cohen could be lured into conversation, treating everyone to his unhesitating opinions on everything from the big bang theory to Celtics basketball to Workers' Compensation.

Despite the ravages of age and occasional illness, Cohen could never be kept from his work.

In April 1979, a train derailed near Cohen's shop on Hancock Street, leading police to block off the neighborhood. Cohen somehow was able to sneak in, grab some rolls, and head out as always.

When his son was sworn into the U.S. Senate, Cohen grudgingly flew down to Washington, watched the ceremony, then returned to work.

"That's the only time he ever went down," Sen. Cohen said.

Even on Tuesday, as family and friends grieved Cohen's passing, the rolls and breads were delivered.

"When you think of Bangor, you think of the standpipe, the Paul Bunyan statue, and Ruby Cohen," said U.S. Rep. John Baldacci, a lifelong friend.

The Baldaccis, as with a handful of other families in town, go back more than half a

century with the Cohens. Grandfathers knew grandfathers, fathers knew fathers, some know sons.

A lover of jazz, Cohen was known in his younger years as a sharp dresser who would dance the night away at the old Chateau ballroom, now the site of a renovation project across from City Hall. Though not a large man, he could be fearless—he once decked a man who later became a bodyguard for a California mobster.

It was at a dance hall that he met Clara, then a 16-year-old Irish girl. They courted, and then married in 1937—not a small thing for a Jewish man in those days.

"I guess he wasn't too much concerned about what anyone thought about it," Sen. Cohen said.

To Cohen, life was about devotion to work, family and friends.

For years, he and Clara would eat dinner at different restaurants with Abe and Frieda Miller, his childhood friends.

Like his own son, Bobby, Ruby followed in his father's flour-dusted footsteps. Born Jan. 8, 1909, in New York City, Ruby was essentially raised in Bangor, where his father, who emigrated from Russia, owned a bakery. As with Bangor Rye Bread, the New York Model Bakery was a family affair, where everyone chipped in to bake bread in an old, coal-fired oven.

"It's a family of hard workers," Frieda Miller said.

Cohen expected the same of his own children.

Bobby still works at the store, Marlene is married to another baker, and Bill is known to lend a hand when he's in town from Washington.

"Billy works here once in a while . . . when he's campaigning," Ruby once joked.

Sen. Cohen often tells of scoring 43 points in a high school basketball game at Bangor Auditorium. Expecting praise from his father, Ruby instead replied, "If you hadn't missed those two foul shots, you'd've had 45!"

Over the years, the Cohen bakeries could be found on Essex Street and then on Hancock, not far from the current location. Through it all—the Depression, World War II, urban renewal, generations come and gone—Cohen was a fixture in the Queen City.

"I was bred on his bread," Bangor restaurateur Sonny Miller said Tuesday. "Ruby was just one of a kind—just a real fine gentleman."

At his father's 80th birthday party in 1989, Sen. Cohen arranged for video messages from President Reagan and President-elect George Bush, among other dignitaries. As much as he appreciated the attention, Cohen was a man who thought as little of pretension and ego as he did of frozen bagels.

"If you come out to Los Angeles and see the Dodgers," manager Tommy Lasorda said in a telephone call that day, "I'd like to meet you."

"I hope you can," Cohen replied.

If Cohen's work ethic and wit were the stuff of reputation, his driving habits were legend.

"There's an old Bangor saying that you don't know Ruby Cohen until he hits your car," U.S. Sen. Olympia Snowe once joked.

Cohen himself once told of being stopped by a Bangor police officer, who didn't know that the baker's old Ford station wagon could be found traveling the city streets at all hours of night and day.

Suspecting that Cohen might have been drinking, the cop asked the octogenarian to recite the alphabet. Cohen did—backward.

Only in recent months, as his health began to slip, did Cohen relent and allow someone else to drive on the morning rounds.

With their father's passing, Bobby and the others hope to follow tradition and keep the bakery open, Sen. Cohen said.

But Bangor, he said, has tasted the last of Ruby Cohen's rye bread.

"That was something that went with him."

RUBY COHEN

For the high and mighty, the most dangerous man in Bangor was the baker at the wheel of the station wagon.

Making morning rounds with rolls and rye loaves, Ruby Cohen could cut to the core on issues and people, and often did. His insight, like his skill at the oven, was sharpened by constant use.

There is a fearlessness, a strength, a virtue that comes from devoting 18 hours a day, six days a week to labor. It's a license to speak your mind, with candor. It's courage that comes from character.

Cohen's outspokenness shocked the eavesdropper at the corner market. The man from the station wagon, arms wrapped around bags of bulkie rolls, would walk in at mid-conservation and unload on the counter and on a program or politician. Those close to him respected his power, and were in awe of it. One of his sons, Sen. William Cohen, a man not easily flustered or impressed, was visibly on guard in the presence of his father. Playing straight man to Ruby was a lifelong learning experience that involved some pain.

Beneath the crust, Cohen was a man of wit and profound work ethic. His weakness as a role model for finding purpose and dignity in labor is that in its pursuit he set an impossible pace. Few of his own generation could keep up. To his last day on the job he loved, he was an exemplar of the American dream.

Seventy years a baker, 58 years a husband and father of three, Cohen was the epitome of the individual who became a local institution. He could humble the powerful, charm the casual acquaintance and feed the hungry with the world's most perfect loaf of rye bread.

He helped give his city its character. He is missed.

RUBY'S FRIENDS OFFER FAREWELL FUNERAL RECALLS A BANGOR LEGEND (By John Ripley)

BANGOR.—Bangor bid a bittersweet farewell Thursday to the wryest Reuben in town.

Reuben Cohen, known to presidents and plebes alike as "Ruby," died Monday night at the place he loved most, the small Bangor Rye Bread Co. bakery he had owned since 1929. He was 86.

"In the Jewish view, if this was his time, God allowed death to be a soft kiss rather than a prolonged suffering," Rabbi Joseph Schonberger said during Cohen's funeral Thursday afternoon.

Outside Bangor, Cohen was known best as the father of U.S. Sen. William S. Cohen. But within this small community, particularly within the dwindling company of his own generation, Cohen was cherished for his well-honed wit and his iron constitution.

On an Indian summer day, the Beth Israel Synagogue was filled with Ruby's people—Jews, gentiles, blacks, whites, the young, the old, the famous and the anonymous.

And with so many funerals for colorful people, those who attended Cohen's service came to weep, but left laughing, grateful to have shared a slice of such an encompassing life.

Outwardly, Cohen was a simple baker who loved dancing and the saxophone, his work and his family. But as Sen. Cohen pointed out, his father also was one to dismantle barriers. He broke with his faith to marry his Irish sweetheart, Clara, and he was well informed on the issues of the day.

The essence of Cohen, Schonberger said, was the essence of friendship itself; breaking bread together is older than the ages.

His work ethic was legendary—18 hours a day, six days a week, for nearly 70 years. When his son and fellow baker, Bobby, finally decided to take a vacation after 30 years at Bangor Rye, Cohen asked, "What's he going to do with a week off?" Sen. Cohen recalled.

But as the world about him whizzed by, Ruby Cohen kept true to his core; he was, Sen. Cohen said, a man who knew no envy.

"He was an innocent in a world grown selfish and cynical," Sen. Cohen said in a eulogy marked by moving poetry and knee-slapping Rubyisms.

At times, Sen. Cohen pointed out, his father sometimes showed a knack for being a little too innocent.

If a person expressed pride for losing 20 pounds, Cohen thought nothing of suggesting a trim of 10 or 15 more. He once loudly complained that Boston Celtics games were fixed, even as coach Red Auerbach sat nearby, redder than ever.

And though an honest man, Cohen "cheated the law in the little ways," Sen. Cohen said.

He would envelop his eldest son in a large wool overcoat and sneak him into basketball games at the old Bangor Auditorium. Or, he might simply mingle with the out-going crowd and walk in backward.

If one of Bangor's finest stopped him for erratic driving—an occurrence about as common as sunrises—Cohen would admit to having two drinks. After the cop had set up a sobriety test, Cohen would come clean: "I had two, two cups of coffee."

"I loved him for his daring, and his wanting me to be with him," said Sen. Cohen.

His father's irreverence often was best expressed in his relished role as devil's advocate: alimony was "all-the-money"; Jesus knew where the rocks were when he walked on water; and Moses probably waited for a drought before crossing the Red Sea.

Through it all, Sen. Cohen said, his father dedicated his life to two loves: his family and his work. When the cost of flour and yeast rose over the years, the increases rarely were reflected in the prices of Cohen's products.

"His concern was always for the welfare of his customers," Sen. Cohen said, suggesting that some of the customers could afford a price increase or two. "And I would say, 'Sonny Miller is doing OK. Bill Zoidas is doing fine. Doug Brown, don't cry for him.'"

The future of some of these products, known to at least three generations of Bangor residents, was buried with Cohen on Thursday afternoon.

Since Cohen's death Monday night, Rabbi Schonberger joked, the oft-heard question has been, "Did he make the sourdough for the rye bread before he died?"

DIAMOND JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY OF THE TABERNACLE MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

• Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, it is a distinct honor for me to acknowledge this milestone celebration—the Diamond Jubilee Anniversary of the Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church in Detroit, MI, pastored by the Reverend Dr. Frederick G. Sampson.

The Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church has been a cornerstone in Detroit for years having grown from its roots in Georgia and Mississippi. Not only did this church persevere in the face of change and hard times during the Depression years, but it has thrived and grown to become one of the largest and most prestigious churches in this great city.

I can only believe that the kind of growth and success many of its members have witnessed is a testament to the solid and unshakable faith of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Johnson who are known as The Founding Family and all those who followed in the belief of their mission which is to provide the community with spiritual guidance.

I thank Dr. Sampson, his predecessors, his ministers, and all those who have accepted the challenge of providing guidance and spiritual education to this community by establishing such services as adult education classes, child day care, meals on wheels, housing, and other community orientated programs. Your adoption and mentoring programs at neighborhood schools are commendable. They display the importance and positive impact that you have in the community. For we know that wisdom, knowledge, understanding, and all the academic education that anyone of us can muster is useless unless there is a solid moral foundation, which is what you have provided for the past 75 years.

I ask my colleagues to extend your sincerest congratulations to the entire Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church family, and I extend my warmest wishes to them for another 75 years of success and service.

CASINOS NOT SURE BET, OTHER STATES DISCOVER

• Mr. LUGAR. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the attached article be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Washington Post, Aug. 6, 1995]

CASINOS NOT A SURE BET, OTHER STATES DISCOVER—ANALYSTS SAY AREA OFFICIALS COULD LEARN FROM SUCCESSES AND FAILURES ELSEWHERE

(By Charles Babington)

Anchored on the Mississippi River near downtown New Orleans are two massive, double-decker casino boats with the evocative names Crescent City Queen and Grand Palais.

There's nothing grand about them now, however. Both boats closed their doors last month, barely nine weeks after opening amid much hoopla and hope. The closings, forced by lower-than-expected revenue, left 1,800 people jobless and the City of New Orleans jockeying with other creditors to collect \$3 million in unpaid taxes and fees.

The turn of events has been sobering—even on Bourbon Street—and may give pause to officials in Maryland, Virginia, the District and elsewhere who are contemplating legalizing casinos. Although some southern and midwestern towns are content with their riverboat revenue, others are finding that the reality does not always match the promise.

That's especially true in New Orleans, a city that bears watching by the likes of Baltimore and Washington, according to several analysts. Aside from the loss of the two riverboat casinos, New Orleans's ambitious land-based casino has needed only a third of its projected revenue since opening in May.

The picture is brighter in the Midwest. One reason, however, is that lawmakers quickly