

equipment, while the Black schools invariably inherited the used books and old equipment.

It is not questioned that there have been some abuses along the way of what the basic intentions of affirmative action are. Admittedly, some of its policies and remedies need reexamination. It cannot be challenged, however, that America is a better, stronger country when all of its citizens are able to compete and contribute. And this is the purpose of affirmative action!

Never let anybody convince you that you are inferior—the Bell Curve and anybody else's curve notwithstanding! Many whites are conditioned to think they are superior to African Americans and some African Americans are conditioned to think they are inferior. This is a most unfortunate myth. If intellect, survival, and progress of this Nation were based solely on skin color, this Nation would not be nearly so strong and vibrant.

Don't deal with these misconceptions in a hostile manner, even with those who seek to use African Americans as scapegoats. Most African Americans, male and female, cringed with fear as the Nation sought the head of a nonexistent Black male so vividly described by the distraught Susan Smith of Union, South Carolina, when, in fact, she, herself, had driven her two little boys down a ramp to their deaths in a lake. That was the same sort of apprehension when Charles Stuart of Boston, Massachusetts, said his wife was murdered by a Black man and he, himself, had done it.

Much of the madness which has developed in inner cities is, in fact, caused by a deep frustration of racial overtones in this Nation. We as a Nation simply must recognize it, and continue to seek solutions to solve our problems, not letting this madness consume us. This is a national problem, and white suburbia dare not keep its doors locked as if it didn't exist.

Even against these odds, African Americans have made untold contributions. Across America and throughout its history—whether in arts, literature, sports, science, politics, business, military—we have seen heroes. From Crispus Attucks to Colin Powell, we have witnessed incredible African-American contributions. African Americans have—indeed—assimilated into the American culture and strongly influenced many of its institutions. There is absolutely no end of contributors: Michael Jackson, Oprah Winfrey, Ed Brooke, Douglas Wilder, Marian Anderson, Benjamin O. Davis, Mary McLeod Bethune, Malcolm X, Jesse Jackson, Maya Angelou, Jackie Robinson, Joe Louis, Andrew Young, Roland Hayes, Sojourner Truth, and many, many others.

But do you know what? While it is easy to find fault, and while shortcomings abound, what Alexis de Tocqueville long ago called America's experiment in government is working! In so many situations, people from many ethnic backgrounds work together for a common purpose. Just as I have seen divisions based on color in my lifetime, so have I seen rich and rewarding diversity at work. And I think you also have seen what I am talking about. As a Nation, we can do better—we must do better, but maybe—just maybe—we are getting better.

My final question for you is: Where do you fit into this great American experiment—into this American dream? Have you ever seriously thought about it? You are unique. There is absolutely nobody else in all the world like you. No other person can offer the world what you can!

I leave you with the challenge as we reflect on this Black history observance this year. What will you do to keep this country strong and safe—this country we all are proud to call home?

I thank you!

CHERISHING THE IRISH DIASPORA—PRESIDENT MARY ROBINSON'S ADDRESS TO THE IRISH PARLIAMENT

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, 1995 marks the beginning of the 150th anniversary of the Great Irish Famine. Many of the 70 million men, women, and children of Irish descent around the world today, including 44 million Irish-Americans, are part of the Irish diaspora which the famine caused.

Earlier this month, President Mary Robinson of Ireland addressed both Houses of the Irish Parliament on the famine and on the larger subject of the Irish diaspora and the modern meaning of "Irishness" for peoples and communities everywhere. I believe that President Robinson's eloquent address will be of interest to all of us in Congress and I ask unanimous consent that it may be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

CHERISHING THE IRISH DIASPORA—ADDRESS TO THE HOUSES OF THE OIREACHTAS
(By President Mary Robinson)

Four years ago I promised to dedicate my abilities to the service and welfare of the people of Ireland. Even then I was acutely aware of how broad that term "the people of Ireland" is and how it resisted any fixed or narrow definition. One of my purposes here today is to suggest that, far from seeking to categorize or define it, we widen it still further to make it as broad and inclusive as possible.

At my inauguration I spoke of the seventy million people worldwide who can claim Irish descent. I also committed my Presidency to cherishing them—even though at the time I was thinking of doing so in a purely symbolic way. Nevertheless the simple emblem of a light in the window, for me, and I hope for them, signifies the inextinguishable nature of our love and remembrance on this island for those who leave it behind.

But in the intervening four years something has occurred in my life which I share with many deputies and senators here and with most Irish families. In that time I have put faces and names to many of those individuals.

In places as far apart as Calcutta and Toronto, on a number of visits to Britain and the United States, in cities in Tanzania and Hungary and Australia, I have met young people from throughout the island of Ireland who felt they had no choice but to emigrate. I have also met men and women who may never have seen this island but whose identity with it is part of their own self-definition. Last summer, in the city of Cracow, I was greeted in Irish by a Polish student, a member of the Polish-Irish Society. In Zimbabwe I learned that the Mashonaland Irish Association had recently celebrated its centenary. In each country I visited I have met Irish communities, often in far-flung places, and listened to stories of men and women whose pride and affection for Ireland have neither deserted them nor deterred them from dedicating their loyalty and energies to other countries and cultures. None are a greater source of pride than the missionaries and aid workers who bring such dedication, humour and practical common sense to often very demanding work.

Through this office, I have been a witness to the stories these people and places have to tell.

The more I know of these stories the more it seems to me an added richness of our heritage that Irishness is not simply territorial. In fact Irishness as a concept seems to me at its strongest when it reaches out to everyone on this island and shows itself capable of honouring and listening to those whose sense of identity, and whose cultural values, may be more British than Irish. It can be strengthened again if we turn with open minds and hearts to the array of people outside Ireland for whom this island is a place of origin. After all, emigration is not just a chronicle of sorrow and regret. It is also a powerful story of contribution and adaptation. In fact, I have become more convinced each year that this great narrative of dispossession and belonging, which so often had its origins in sorrow and leave-taking, has become—with a certain amount of historic irony—one of the treasures of our society. If that is so then our relation with the diaspora beyond our shores is one which can instruct our society in the values of diversity, tolerance, and fair-mindedness.

To speak of our society in these terms is itself a reference in shorthand to the vast distances we have traveled as a people. This island has been inhabited for more than five thousand years. It has been shaped by pre-Celtic wanderers, by Celts, Vikings, Normans, Huguenots, Scottish and English settlers. Whatever the rights or wrongs of history, all those people marked this island: down to the small detail of the distinctive ship-building of the Vikings, the linen-making of the Huguenots, the words of Planter balladeers. How could we remove any one of these things from what we call our Irishness? Far from wanting to do so, we need to recover them so as to deepen our understanding.

Nobody knows this more than the local communities throughout the island of Ireland who are retrieving the history of their own areas. Through the rediscovery of that local history, young people are being drawn into their past in ways that help their future. These projects not only generate employment; they also regenerate our sense of who we were. I think of projects like the Ceide Fields in Mayo, where the intriguing agricultural structures of settlers from thousands of years ago are being explored through scholarship and field work. Or Castletown House in Kildare where the grace of our Anglo-Irish architectural heritage is being restored with scrupulous respect for detail. The important excavations at Navan fort in Armagh are providing us with vital information about early settlers whose proved existence illuminates both legend and history. In Ballance House in Antrim the Ulster-New Zealand Society have restored the birthplace of John Ballance, who became Prime Minister of New Zealand and led that country to be the first in the world to give the vote to women.

Varied as these projects may seem to be, the reports they bring us are consistently challenging in that they may not suite any one version of ourselves. I for one welcome that challenge. Indeed, when we consider the Irish migrations of the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th centuries our pre-conceptions are challenged again. There is a growing literature which details the fortunes of the Irish in Europe and later in Canada, America, Australia, Argentina. These important studies of migration have the power to surprise us. They also demand from us honesty and self-awareness in return. If we expect that the mirror held up to us by Irish communities abroad will show us a single familiar identity, or a pure strain of Irishness, we will be

disappointed. We will overlook the fascinating diversity of culture and choice which looks back at us. Above all we will miss the chance to have that dialogue with our own diversity which this reflection offers us.

This year we begin to commemorate the Irish famine which started 150 years ago. All parts of this island—north and south, east and west—will see their losses noted and remembered, both locally and internationally. This year we will see those local and global connections made obvious in the most poignant ways. But they have always been there.

Last year, for example, I went to Grosse Isle, an island on the St. Lawrence river near Quebec city. I arrived in heavy rain and as I looked at the mounds which, together with white crosses, are all that mark the mass graves of the five thousand or more Irish people who died there, I was struck by the sheer power of commemoration. I was also aware that, even across time and distance, tragedy must be seen as human and not historic, and that to think of it in national terms alone can obscure that fact. And as I stood looking at Irish graves, I was also listening to the story of the French Canadian families who braved fever and shared their food, who took the Irish into their homes and into their heritage.

Indeed, the woman who told me that story had her own origins in the arrival at Grosse Ile. She spoke to me in her native French and, with considerable pride, in her inherited Irish. The more I have travelled the more I have seen that the Irish language since the famine has endured in the accents of New York and Toronto and Sydney, not to mention Camden Town. As such it is an interesting record of survival and adaptation. But long before that, it had standing as a scholarly European language. The Irish language has the history of Europe off by heart. It contains a valuable record of European culture from before the Roman conquest there. It is not surprising therefore that it is studied today in universities from Glasgow to Moscow and from Seattle to Indiana. And why indeed should I have been surprised to have been welcomed in Cracow in Irish by a Polish student? I take pleasure and pride in hearing Irish spoken in other countries just as I am moved to hear the rhythms of our songs and our poetry finding a home in other tongues and other traditions. It proves to me what so many Irish abroad already know: that Ireland can be loved in any language.

The weight of the past, the researches of our local interpreters and the start of the remembrance of the famine all, in my view, point us towards a single reality: that commemoration is a moral act, just as our relation in this country to those who have left it is a moral relationship. We have too much at stake in both not to be rigorous.

We cannot have it both ways. We cannot want a complex present and still yearn for a simple past. I was very aware of that when I visited the refugee camps in Somalia and more recently in Tanzania and Zaire. The thousands of men and women and children who came to those camps were, as the Irish of the 1840s were, defenseless in the face of catastrophe. Knowing our own history, I saw the tragedy of their hunger as a human disaster. We, of all people, know it is vital that it be carefully analyzed so that their children and their children's children be spared that ordeal. We realize that while a great part of our concern for their situation, as Irish men and women who have a past which includes famine, must be at practical levels of help, another part of it must consist of a humanitarian perspective which springs directly from our self-knowledge as a people. Famine is not only humanly destructive, it is culturally disfiguring. The Irish who died at Grosset Isle were men and women with plans and dreams of future achievements. It

takes from their humanity and individuality to consider them merely as victims.

Therefore it seemed to me vital, even as I watched the current tragedy in Africa, that we should uphold the dignity of the men and women who suffer there by insisting there are no inevitable victims. It is important that in our own commemoration of famine, such reflections have a place. As Tom Murphy has eloquently said in an introduction to his play *FAMINE*: "a hungry and demoralized people becomes silent". We cannot undo the silence of our own past, but we can lend our voice to those who now suffer. To do so we must look at our history, in the light of this commemoration, with a clear insight which exchanges the view that we were inevitable victims in it, for an active involvement in the present application of its meaning. We can examine in detail humanitarian relief then and relate it to humanitarian relief now and assess the inadequacies of both. And this is not just a task for historians. I have met children in schools and men and women all over Ireland who make an effortless and sympathetic connection between our past suffering and the present tragedies of hunger in the world. One of the common bonds between us and our diaspora can be to share this imaginative way of re-interpreting the past. I am certain that they, too, will feel that the best possible commemoration of the men and women who died in that famine, who were cast up on other shores because of it, is to take their dispossession into the present with us, to help others who now suffer in a similar way.

Therefore I welcome all initiatives being taken during this period of commemoration, many of which can be linked with those abroad, to contribute to the study and understanding of economic vulnerability. I include in that all the illustrations of the past which help us understand the present. In the Famine Museum in Strokestown, there is a vivid and careful re-telling of what happened during the Famine. When we stand in front of those images I believe we have a responsibility to understand them in human terms now, not just in Irish terms then. They should inspire us to be a strong voice in the analysis of the cause and the cure of conditions that predispose to world hunger, whether that involves us in the current debate about access to adequate water supplies or the protection of economic migrants. We need to remember that our own diaspora was once vulnerable on both those counts. We should bear in mind that an analysis of sustainable development, had it existed in the past, might well have saved some of our people from the tragedy we are starting to commemorate.

I chose the title of this speech—cherishing the Irish diaspora—with care. Diaspora, in its meaning of dispersal or scattering, includes the many ways, not always chosen, that people have left this island. To cherish is to value and to nurture and support. If we are honest we will acknowledge that those who leave do not always feel cherished. As Eavan Boland reminds us in her poem "The Emigrant Irish":

"Like oil lamps we put them out the back,
"Of our houses, of our minds."

To cherish also means that we are ready to accept new dimensions of the diaspora. Many of us over the years—and I as President—have direct experience of the warmth and richness of the Irish-American contribution and tradition, and its context in the hospitality of that country. I am also aware of the creation energies of these born on this island who are now making their lives in the United States and in so many other countries. We need to accept that in their new perspectives may well be a critique of our old ones. But if cherishing the diaspora is to be more than a sentimental regard for those who leave our shores, we should not only lis-

ten to their voice and their viewpoint. We have a responsibility to respond warmly to their expressed desire for appropriate fora for dialogue and interaction with us by examining in an open and generous way the possible linkages. We should accept that such a challenge is an education in diversity which can only benefit our society.

Indeed there are a variety of opportunities for co-operation on this island which will allow us new ways to cherish the diaspora. Many of those opportunities can be fruitfully explored by this *oireachtas*. Many will be taken further by local communities. Some are already in operation. Let me mention just one example here. One of the most understandable and poignant concerns of any diaspora is to break the silence: to find out the names and places or origin. If we are to cherish them, we have to assist in that utterly understandable human longing. The Irish Genealogical Project, which is supported by both governments, is transferring handwritten records from local registers of births, deaths and marriages, on to computer. It uses modern technology to allow men and women, whose origins are written down in records from Kerry to Antrim, to gain access to them. In the process it provides employment and training for young people in both technology and history. And the recent establishment of a council of genealogical organizations, again involving both parts of this island, shows the potential, for voluntary co-operation.

I turn now to those records which are still only being written. No family on this island can be untouched by the fact that so many of our young people leave it. The reality is that we have lost, and continue every day to lose, their presence and their brightness. These young people leave Ireland to make new lives in demanding urban environments. As well as having to search for jobs, they may well find themselves lonely, homesick, unable to speak the language of those around them; and if things do not work out, unwilling to accept the loss of face of returning home. It hardly matters at that point whether they are graduate or unskilled. What matters is that they should have access to the support and advice they need. It seems to me, therefore, that one of the best ways to cherish the diaspora is to begin at home. We need to integrate into our educational and social and counselling services an array of skills of adaptation and a depth of support which will prepare them for this first grueling challenge of adulthood.

The urgency of this preparation, and its outcome, allow me an opportunity to pay tribute to the voluntary agencies who respond with such practical compassion and imagination to the Irish recently arrived in other countries. I have welcomed many of their representatives to Aras an Uachtarain and I have also seen their work in cities such as New York and Melbourne and Manchester, where their response on a day-to-day basis may be vital to someone who has newly arrived. It is hard to overestimate the difference which personal warmth and wise advice, as well as practical support, can make in these situations.

I pay a particular tribute to those agencies in Britain—both British and Irish—whose generous support and services, across a whole range of needs have been recognized by successive Irish governments through the Dion project. These services extend across employment, housing and welfare and make a practical link between Irish people and the future they are constructing in a new environment. Compassionate assistance is given, not simply to the young and newly arrived,

but to the elderly, the sick including those isolated by HIV or AIDS, and those suffering hardship through alcohol or drug dependency or who are in prison. Although I think of myself as trying to keep up with this subject, I must say I was struck by the sheer scale of the effort which has been detailed in recent reports published under the auspices of the Federation of Irish Societies. These show a level of concern and understanding which finds practical expression every day through these agencies and gives true depth to the meaning of the word cherish.

When I was a student, away from home, and homesick for my family and my friends and my country, I walked out one evening and happened to go into a Boston newsagent's shop. There, just at the back of the news stand, almost to my disbelief, was "The Western People." I will never forget the joy with which I bought it and took it back with me and found, of course, that the river Moy was still there and the Cathedral was still standing. I remember the hunger with which I read the news from home. I know that story has a thousand versions. But I also know it has a single meaning. Part of cherishing must be communication. The journey which an Irish newspaper once made to any point outside Ireland was circumscribed by the limits of human travel. In fact, it replicated the slow human journey through ports and on ships and airplanes. Now that journey can be transformed, through modern on-line communications, into one of almost instantaneous arrival.

We are at the centre of an adventure in human information and communication greater than any other since the invention of the printing press. We will see our lives changed by that. We still have time to influence the process and I am glad to see that we in Ireland are doing this. In some cases this may merely involve drawing attention to what already exists. The entire Radio 1 service of RTE is now transmitted live over most of Europe on the Astra satellite. In North America we have a presence through the Galaxy satellite. There are several internet providers in Ireland and bulletin boards with community database throughout the island. The magic of E-mail surmounts time and distance and cost. And the splendid and relatively recent technology of the World Wide Web means that local energies and powerful opportunities of access are being made available on the information highway.

The shadow of departure will never be lifted. The grief of seeing a child or other family member leave Ireland will always remain sharp and the absence will never be easy to bear. But we can make their lives easier if we use this new technology to bring the news from home. As a people, we are proud of our story-telling, our literature, our theatre, our ability to improvise with words. And there is a temptation to think that we put that at risk if we espouse these new forms of communications. In fact we can profoundly enrich the method of contact by the means of expression, and we can and should—as a people who have a painful historic experience of silence and absence—welcome and use the noise, the excitement, the speed of contact and the sheer exuberance of these new forms.

This is the second time I have addressed the two Houses of the Oireachtas as provided under the Constitution. I welcome the opportunity it has given me to highlight this important issue at a very relevant moment for us all. The men and women of our diaspora represent not simply a series of departures and losses. They remain, even while absent, a precious reflection of our own growth and change, a precious reminder of the many strands of identity which compose our story. They have come, either now or in the past,

from Derry and Dublin and Cork and Belfast. They know the names of our townlands and villages. They remember our landscape or they have heard of it. They look at us anxiously to include them in our sense of ourselves and not to forget their contribution while we make our own. The debate about how to best engage their contribution with our own has many aspects and offers opportunities for new structures and increased contact.

If I have been able to add something to this process of reflection and to encourage a more practical expression of the concerns we share about our sense of ourselves at home and abroad then I am grateful to have had your attention here today. Finally, I know this Oireachtas will agree with me that the truest way of cherishing our diaspora is to offer them, at all times, the reality of this island as a place of peace where the many diverse traditions in which so many of them have their origins, their memories, their hopes are bound together in tolerance and understanding.

TRIBUTE TO LINDA WARD-WILLIAMS

Mr. BURNS. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a dedicated servant of the people of the United States. Linda Ward-Williams, who has an outstanding record of public service, was tragically killed in an auto accident February 7, 1995, near the family home of Fishtail, MT. She is survived by her husband, Burt, and her parents, Thomas and Ethel Ward of Hysham, MT. Burt Williams is currently with the Bureau of Land Management.

According to the Billings Gazette,

Linda was definitely an individual. She was born June 12, 1947, the daughter of Tom and Ethel Ward, and attended schools in Hysham, Billings and Missoula in Montana, culminating in a master's degree in anthropology at the University of Colorado, working toward a Ph.D.

Linda started professional life as an Old World archaeologist and worked on projects in Israel and Western Europe. She gave up the allure of the Old World and settled into Western U.S. archaeology when she married her husband in 1971.

Linda as an archaeologist, started her career with the Bureau of Land Management in 1978. She moved to the Bureau of Reclamation in 1979. She began her work as a forest ranger for the U.S. Forest Service in 1987 and was elevated to district ranger at the Beartooth Ranger District, Red Lodge, MT, in 1989.

Federal land managers have the most challenging positions of all the public service jobs in the West. They are constantly being challenged by resource managers and users, special interest groups, and folks who know very little about natural resource management but think they do, especially the great renewable resources found on our Nation's national forests. She met those challenges with intelligence and judgment. I did not always agree with her but she gave the full measure of thought before every decision.

The State of Montana has lost a friend, the Nation has lost a dedicated public servant. In the great tradition of those who are tied to the land in this

country, there will be those who will follow in her footsteps with the same degree of dedication. That is how it should be and how she would have it.

A TRIBUTE TO SENATOR J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

Mr. PRYOR. Mr. President, a constituent of mine, Clyde Edwin Pettit, was a member of the staff of the late Senator J. William Fulbright. Mr. Pettit went to Vietnam as a foreign correspondent and made many distinguished radio broadcasts from there in 1965 and 1966. He was one of the very first Americans to predict that the United States would not prevail in that tragic undertaking. He wrote what Senator Fulbright called a long and prescient letter * * * from Saigon that was a substantial influence upon my long opposition to America's adventure in Indochina. Mr. Pettit has written a moving and eloquent tribute to Senator Fulbright.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that a copy of the eulogy to which I have referred and a letter of introduction Senator Fulbright wrote regarding Clyde Pettit be inserted in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

BILL FULBRIGHT—AN APPRECIATION

Senator J. William Fulbright is dead.

He was, in every sense, an American original.

A small-town boy, who was both a scholar and triple-threat halfback on the Razorback football team at the University of Arkansas, he became, almost by chance, a Rhodes scholar in England.

Later, while a law professor, he became president of the University of Arkansas—the youngest college president in the country.

He backed into politics almost accidentally, running for the House of Representatives and winning.

In Congress in 1943 he revived the concept of the League of Nations, but a more effective one. This was the Fulbright Resolution pledging U.S. membership for a future United Nations. Arkansas made Fulbright a Democrat. Europe made him an internationalist.

After his Rhodes scholarship experience, he wanted other young men and women to have the educational opportunities he had. In 1945 he had a unique idea: the world was awash with surplus war materiel. The secretary of state could dispose of assets outside the U.S. in return for foreign credits. Since none of the countries involved had dollars to pay for the materiel, why not exchange it for credits and use them for an educational exchange program? The idea became the internationally celebrated Fulbright Act. Since that time, approximately 220,000 young scholarship students have traversed the globe—the greatest cross-pollination of learning in the history of the world.

Few remember that he cast the single vote in the Senate in 1954 against funding Senator Joe McCarthy's witchhunting subcommittee. McCarthy called Fulbright a communist sympathizer, referring to him as "Senator Halfbright." Fulbright: "I can only say that his manner and his methods were offensive to me. I thought him to be a demagogue and a ruthless boor." He said McCarthy had "done more harm to the United States than