

It happens I was the Democratic speaker that evening, and I had the inexpressible joy of sitting next to Miss Rogers at the head table in my white tie and tails. I took the liberty of expounding, as best I was able, Professor Joseph Reed's theory of the dramatic import of Miss Rogers' abrupt decision to dance with Astaire on that lovely day they were caught in the raid in Regents Park. She confided to me that she had to slip off to dance, that night, with Geyelin. She returned to pronounce him divine!

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the text of the above cited article be reprinted in the RECORD.

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

[From the Washington Post, Apr. 28, 1995]

WHEN I DANCED WITH GINGER ROGERS

(By Philip Geyelin)

That was a nice piece Tom Shales wrote about Ginger Rogers [Style, April 26]. He had it just right, except maybe the part about how she made it look effortless but "not for a minute did it look easy." I would have put it the other way around: It wasn't exactly effortless for me when I danced with Ginger Rogers, but she certainly made it look easy.

You heard me: When I danced with Ginger Rogers, I am not dreaming this up. Rather, I'm setting out to describe the realization of a dream of, oh, let's say close to a half-century. From the first time I saw a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movie, I had nurtured the fantasy. And then, unbelievably, there I was 14 years ago standing on stage with Ginger, before an audience of more than 600 swells, waiting for the beat that would send us gliding off to the music of "Isn't This a Lovely Day."

It was March 28, 1981, at the spring dinner of what The Post's Style section describes with relentless redundancy as the "exclusive Gridiron Club." By "swells" I mean that when you peer across the footlights on these occasions, you dimly see a head table that starts with the president and the vice president and their wives, most of the Cabinet, maybe three justices of the Supreme Court, the Joint Chiefs and a gaggle of ambassadors. The ballroom is wall-to-wall governors, members of Congress, CEOs, TV talking heads, other assorted celebrities and the publishers and editors of the newspapers whose Washington correspondent make up the Gridiron Club's membership.

So much for the setting. A dance story should be taken step by step. It was the first year of Ronald Reagan's presidency. A Hollywood touch was in order. An invitation was extended to Ms. Rogers through the good offices of Godfrey "Budge" Sperling Jr. of the Christian Science Monitor. She not only accepted but agreed in principle, to a surprise appearance on stage. In my capacity that year as music chairman (producer), I was in a position to claim the right to be Ms. Rogers' partner if there was to be any dancing. I did so at the cost of what may be the earliest onset of stage fright ever experienced by anybody.

The plot was that Ms. Rogers, who was seated at the head table, would actually proceed directly backstage and appear in the opening number of the show, which, in another bow to the Gipper, was to the tune of "Hooray for Hollywood." The cue for her to step from the wings would be the line: "Hooray for Fred Astaire—Miss Ginger Rogers made him walk on air"—whereupon there she would be, the real thing, at the micro-

phone, singing a satiric put-down of the Gridirons: "Isn't this a lovely way, to be meeting the press . . .?"

Not bad, showbizwise, wouldn't you say—for amateurs? With only mild trepidation, I called Ms. Rogers. I told her my name was of French origin. She said her favorite husband was French. It was going well. Then I got to the part of the briefing that had to do with "Hooray for Fred Astaire," and the stories that she didn't much like running as an entry turned out to have some truth to them. "Let's stop right there," she said. While I was mumbling my confusion she cut in to make her meaning clear. "If you were Abbott," she asked, "would you want people to be always asking, 'How's Costello'?" The mention of Astaire, I said quickly, will be excised.

She arrived in Washington the Friday night before the dinner, and on Saturday I sent flowers to her room, thinking that to be the Hollywood way, with the lyric tucked in among them. At an appointed hour we met, and she handed me the lyric with some pencil editing. Recklessly, I questioned whether her changes would scan, noting modestly that, while I was tone deaf and usually urged when singing as a member of the chorus not to get too close to the microphone, I did have some experience as a lyric writer.

"Honey," Ms. Rogers replied gently, with no hint of any awareness of what that salutation meant to me, "I've been singing that song longer than you've been writing lyrics for the Gridiron Club."

With only three hours to go before curtain, we repaired to the empty ballroom, where a piano player and the club's dance director put us briefly through what were, mercifully, pretty elementary paces. We parted to change for dinner, she to a ball gown, me to—you guessed it—white tie and tails.

We met again backstage and warmed up with a few practice twirls. Her introduction went precisely as planned; the song was a smash. We were perfectly poised to begin the dance, but somehow, with a full orchestra, the bar of music that was our cue didn't come through. I froze. Now, I'm not saying Ms. Rogers also missed it. But she knew what to do. Stepping to the mike, she said: "Let's try that again—We only had 20 minutes to rehearse."

The second effort was—how shall I put it?—pretty close to perfection, or at least relatively close. Things are relative when you have been contemplating the real possibility of stumbling off stage into the orchestra pit and taking Ginger Rogers with you.

My sigh of relief, however, was cut short. Ms. Rogers, was back at the microphone. "Let's see," she was saying, "if this guy can do it one more time." I did, or I should say that we did. She was then 69, but to dance with she was going on twenty-something, and she made it easy—so much so that when she graciously consented to stay over for the usual Sunday afternoon reprise of the Saturday night show, it was becoming very nearly effortless.

A few years later, she sent a message saying she was writing her memoirs and would appreciate a memorandum on some of the details of that night at the Gridiron. Ignoring my effusions on what the evening had meant to me, she wrote in her book that the dance "had brought the house down but not because of me; the audience couldn't get over Mr. Geyelin's dancing."

A classy dividend, I thought, from a classy lady who made the lifelong dream of an ink-stained wretch come true.

CARTNEY KOCH MCRAVEN

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, I was saddened to learn the news last night

that rescue workers in Oklahoma City discovered the body of Cartney Koch McRaven amid the rubble that once was the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building.

Cartney Koch McRaven was one American—not ordinary—extraordinary.

Cartney graduated from Spearfish High School in 1993. She enlisted in the Air Force, whose members believe that the protection of freedom is the highest, most important public service. With devotion and honor she served her country. Her action was a tribute to the core values that make this country great.

Cartney was only 19 years old. Newly married on April 15 to Shane McRaven, a fellow airman in the U.S. Air Force. She was stationed at Tinker Air Force Base. She had traveled to the Murrah Federal Building to register her new name on Federal documents. A new name. A new husband. About to start a new life. A life that will never be. A life cut short by the savagery of domestic terrorism. By murderers who kill their fellow citizens.

Cartney had a beautiful life ahead of her. On behalf of the people of South Dakota, my wife Harriet and I extend our condolences to Cartney's family, friends, and loved ones.

For Cartney and the other victims of the Oklahoma City tragedy, we must not let our commitment to freedom waiver. These cowards will be brought to justice. She and the others tragically killed in Oklahoma will not have died in vain.

RALPH NEAS—THE 101ST SENATOR FOR CIVIL RIGHTS

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, later this month, Ralph Neas will step down from his position as executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, after 14 years of extraordinary service as a champion of the basic rights of all Americans.

For nearly half a century, the Leadership Conference has been the Nation's conscience in meeting the fundamental challenge of protecting the civil rights of all of us. Ralph Neas joined the Leadership Conference in 1981, following 8 years of outstanding service to the Senate on the staffs of our former colleagues, Senators Edward Brooke and David Durenberger.

During Ralph's tenure, the Leadership Conference fought some of its most difficult battles, and achieved some of its most important victories. Time and again, when the forces of reaction sought to turn back the clock on civil rights, Ralph Neas rallied the coalition, and civil rights prevailed.

When the Reagan administration sought to block extension of the Voting Rights Act, Ralph Neas helped to put together a broad bipartisan majority in Congress to renew it.

When the Supreme Court in the *Grove City* case carved a hole below the waterline in laws banning discrimination in Federal programs, Ralph Neas played an indispensable role in developing the two-thirds majority needed to pass the Civil Rights Restoration Act of 1988 over President Reagan's veto.

When President Reagan nominated Judge Robert Bork to the Supreme Court, Ralph Neas assembled and led an extraordinary nationwide coalition which successfully opposed the nomination because of Judge Bork's hostility to protecting the constitutional rights and liberties of all Americans.

When the Supreme Court in 1989 issued a series of rulings severely reducing protections for job discrimination, Ralph Neas worked closely with Republicans and Democrats to fashion legislation to restore the protections, and after one unfortunate veto by President Bush, Congress enacted the Civil Rights Act of 1991.

Under Ralph Neas' leadership, we gained ground on several other important fronts during those years as well. In 1988, Congress passed the Fair Housing Act Amendments to strengthen the law banning housing discrimination and extend its reach to ban discrimination against families with children and persons with disabilities.

In 1990, we enacted the landmark American With Disabilities Act, providing comprehensive new protection for the rights of 43 million disabled Americans. Because of that law, fellow citizens across the country are finally learning that "disabled" does not mean "unable."

Ralph Neas' enormous energy, and his extraordinary talents as an advocate, strategist, and spokesperson, helped make each of those victories possible. Now he is leaving the Leadership Conference to practice law and to serve as a visiting professor at Georgetown University Law School.

Ralph Neas is being honored at a gala dinner tomorrow evening, when he will receive the Hubert H. Humphrey Award for his outstanding achievements in making America a better and fairer land. Every citizen committed to the constitutional ideal of equal justice under law owes Ralph Neas a debt of gratitude for his brilliant public service.

Truly, through all these years, Ralph Neas has been the 101st Senator for civil rights. As he leaves the Leadership Conference, I congratulate him on his outstanding accomplishments, and I extend my best wishes to Ralph and his wife Katy for continuing success in the years ahead.

U.S./CUBA MIGRATION AGREEMENT

Mr. PELL. Mr. President, today President Clinton has announced the conclusion of a new migration agreement with the Government of Cuba. This new agreement treats the more than 15,000 Cuban migrants currently

detained at Guantanamo in a very humane manner, while putting in place safeguards to ensure that a similar flood of migrants is not encouraged at some future date. I want to commend the President for his decision to enter into, what I believe is a fair and balanced approach to handling the Cuban migrant issue.

Under the terms of the agreement, Cuban migrants currently being detained at Guantanamo will now be eligible to be paroled into the United States, provided they qualify under United States immigration laws. Those paroled from Guantanamo will be counted in the annual 20,000 migration ceiling set last September in the context of the resolution of last year's Cuban migration crisis. This will mean that people at Guantanamo who have been in limbo since last year will now have the possibility of getting on with their lives. To continue to detain these people indefinitely was really inhumane, but nothing else could be done for them until this new agreement was reached with the Government of Cuba.

In contrast to the treatment of those currently at Guantanamo, any future Cuban rafters intercepted at sea will be returned to Havana. Cuban authorities have committed to accepting these migrants back without reprisal, and will allow for the monitoring of such individuals to ensure that this is the case. Obviously, any individual who might qualify for refugee status will be able to apply for asylum at the U.S. Interest Section in Havana.

Finally, those Cubans who may successfully evade interdiction and reach the United States will be subject to the same deportation procedures any other alien would face upon entering the United States illegally.

Mr. President, as you know I am in profound disagreement with our overall policy toward Cuba. I have said many times in the past that I believe that policy is outdated and ineffective and should be altered to enhance communications and contacts between the United States and Cuba. In my view this is the best way to facilitate the peaceful transition to democracy on that island.

Unfortunately, President Clinton has not yet decided to alter the overall framework of our policy toward Cuba. However, I believe that the agreement announced today is one step in the right direction toward a more enlightened Cuba policy. I hope there will be many more steps in that same direction in the very near future.

IS CONGRESS IRRESPONSIBLE? THE VOTERS HAVE SAID YES!

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, there's an impression that simply will not go away—that the \$4.8-plus-trillion Federal debt is a grotesque parallel to the energizer bunny we see, and see, and see on television. The Federal debt keeps going and going and going—up, of course!—always to the misery of the American taxpayers.

So many politicians talk a good game—when, that is, they go home to take—and talk is the operative word—talk about bringing Federal deficits and the Federal debt under control.

But, oddly enough, so many of these same politicians regularly voted for one bloated spending bill after another during the 103d Congress. Come to think about it, this may have been a primary factor in the new configuration of U.S. Senators as a result of last November's elections.

In any event, Mr. President, as of yesterday, Friday, May 1, at the close of business, the total Federal debt stood—down to the penny—at exactly \$4,860,333,100,308.86 or \$18,449.91 per person. *Res ipsa loquitur*.

THE RETIREMENT OF NORMAN PODHORETZ

Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, on the occasion of his retirement after 35 years as editor-in-chief of *Commentary* magazine, I would like to offer my concurrence with the sentiments expressed in this morning's *New York Post*, *Wall Street Journal*, and *Washington Times* honoring the career and the person of Norman Podhoretz. As a *New York Post* editorial notes: "the ideas advanced in *Commentary*—thanks to Podhoretz's editorial gifts—make it a forum for the key policy questions confronting the Nation." David Brooks of the *Wall Street Journal*, offers a similar accolade:

If there is one thing Mr. Podhoretz and his magazine have stood for all these years, it is the joy and value of ideas.

Thirty-four years ago, I first appeared as a contributor to *Commentary*. The article, entitled "Bosses and Reformers," dealt with conflict within the Democratic Party—a subject still alive and well today.

Norman Podhoretz and *Commentary* have contributed much of value to modern political discourse. We owe them both great thanks. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the full text of the above cited articles be reprinted in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the articles were ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

[From the *Wall Street Journal*, May 2, 1995]

NORMAN PODHORETZ, NEVER RETIRING,
RETIREES

(By David Brooks)

Hundreds will gather tonight in a New York hotel ballroom to honor Norman Podhoretz, who is retiring after 35 years as editor of *Commentary*. There will be toasts from Henry Kissinger, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Cynthia Ozick—and if the thing were done in true *Commentary* style, then there would be rebuttals and the whole ballroom would break into discussion groups, debating until morning "The Podhoretz Question."

If there is one thing Mr. Podhoretz and his magazine have stood for all these years, it is the joy and value of serious discussion. He