

counted for the purpose of determining the presence of a quorum. Unless further limited, a proxy shall be exercised only upon the date for which it is given and upon the items published in the agenda for that date.

(c) Each Committee report shall set forth the vote on the motion to report the measure or matter involved. Unless the Committee directs otherwise, the report will not set out any votes on amendments offered during Committee consideration. Any Member who did not vote on any rollcall shall have the opportunity to have his position recorded in the appropriate Committee record or Committee report.

(d) The Committee vote to report a measure to the Senate shall also authorize the staff of the Committee to make necessary technical and clerical corrections in the measure.

#### SUBCOMMITTEES

Rule 8. (a) The number of Members assigned to each Subcommittee and the division between Majority and Minority Members shall be fixed by the Chairman in consultation with the ranking Minority Member.

(b) Assignment of Members to Subcommittees shall, insofar as possible, reflect the preferences of the Members. No Member will receive assignment to a second Subcommittee until, in order of seniority, all Members of the Committee have chosen assignments to one Subcommittee, and no Member shall receive assignment to a third Subcommittee until, in order of seniority, all Members have chosen assignments to two Subcommittees.

(c) Any Member of the Committee may sit with any Subcommittee during its hearings and business meetings but shall not have the authority to vote on any matters before the Subcommittee unless he is a Member of such Subcommittee.

#### SWORN TESTIMONY AND FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

Rule 9. Witnesses in Committee or Subcommittee hearings may be required to give testimony under oath whenever the Chairman or ranking Minority Member of the Committee or Subcommittee deems such to be necessary. At any hearing to confirm a Presidential nomination, the testimony of the nominee and at the request of any Member, any other witness shall be under oath. Every nominee shall submit a statement of his financial interests, including those of his spouse, his minor children, and other members of his immediate household, on a form approved by the Committee, which shall be sworn to by the nominee as to its completeness and accuracy. A statement of every nominee's financial interest shall be made public on a form approved by the Committee, unless the Committee in executive session determines that special circumstances require a full or partial exception to this rule. Members of the Committee are urged to make public a statement of their financial interests in the form required in the case of Presidential nominees under this rule.

#### CONFIDENTIAL TESTIMONY

Rule 10. No confidential testimony taken by or confidential material presented to the Committee or any Subcommittee, or any report of the proceedings of a closed Committee or Subcommittee hearing or business meeting, shall be made public, in whole or in part or by way of summary, unless authorized by a majority of the Members of the Committee at a business meeting called for the purpose of making such a determination.

#### DEFAMATORY STATEMENTS

Rule 11. Any person whose name is mentioned or who is specifically identified in, or who believes that testimony or other evidence presented at, an open Committee or Subcommittee hearing tends to defame him

or otherwise adversely affect his reputation may file with the Committee for its consideration and action a sworn statement of facts relevant to such testimony or evidence.

#### BROADCASTING OF HEARINGS OR MEETINGS

Rule 12. Any meeting or hearing by the Committee or Subcommittee which is open to the public may be covered in whole or in part by television broadcast, radio broadcast, or still photography. Photographers and reporters using mechanical recording, filming, or broadcasting devices shall position their equipment so as not to interfere with the seating, vision, and hearing of Members and staff on the dais or with the orderly process of the meeting or hearing.

#### AMENDING THE RULES

Rule 13. These rules may be amended only by vote of a majority of all the Members of the Committee in a business meeting of the Committee: Provided, that no vote may be taken on any proposed amendment unless such amendment reproduced in full in the Committee agenda for such meeting at least three days in advance of such meeting.●

#### RETIREMENT OF JOHN C. GOODMAN

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, I rise today to acknowledge the retirement of one of my constituents, John C. Goodman. John is stepping down from his post as gateway district manager for customer service and sales at the U.S. Postal Service.

A 39-year veteran of the Postal Service, John was appointed as gateway district manager in September 1992. In making this appointment, Postmaster General Marvin Runyon said at the time, "We are pleased to have John Goodman serving our customers." John's outstanding record of service has made Mr. Runyon's 1992 observation even more meaningful and accurate.

John began his postal career as Postmaster in O'Fallon, IL after which he was elected secretary/treasurer of the National Association of Postmasters of the United States [NAPUS]. He was then elected NAPUS president, serving at the Organization's Washington, DC headquarters. Having completed his term, John returned to the Midwest in 1978 and was assigned to positions in Granite City, IL and later in Columbia, MO.

John also served as acting manager of the Grand Rapids Post Office as part of the Executive Exchange Program, and was the executive assistant for customer relations in St. Louis, MO where he was appointed St. Louis Field Division General Manager/Postmaster in 1986.

John's extensive management and operational expertise has yielded an impressive array of honors and citations. Under John Goodman's supervision, the St. Louis Division won the prestigious Regional Postmaster General's Quality Award. John also won the Postmaster General's Award for Excellence for the Union/Management Pairs [UMPS] program, as well as the National Postal Forum's Partnership for Progress Award for his dedication to customer service.

A native of O'Fallon, IL, John served in the Air Force and attended both the University of Denver and Southern Illinois University in Edwardsville, where he earned a bachelor of science degree in business administration.

Mr. President, I join John Goodman's family and many friends in congratulating him on an exemplary career, and wishing him all the best for the future. Illinois, Missouri and the country have benefited greatly from his superb service.●

#### TRIBUTE TO NOKOMIS REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWPORT, ME

● Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President I would like to recognize the outstanding work being done by both students and faculty at Nokomis Regional High School in Newport, ME.

What is happening at Nokomis is truly exciting. Students and faculty, in their commitment to educational excellence, are making vital links between the classroom and the world around them. Whether in clubs that foster an appreciation for wildlife, testifying before legislative committees, conducting research for State agencies, or helping to save the black tern, Nokomis students are already making a positive difference in the world while at the same time gaining valuable skills and knowledge.

Nothing mankind does occurs in a vacuum—neither should our education. It is important that students and educators alike have a strong feel for how knowledge gained today can have a direct impact on the world of tomorrow. It is not simply enough to memorize information—you must also know why the information is important, and how it can be used for the betterment of our world.

It is clear that the students and faculty at Nokomis High School have positioned themselves at the forefront of this philosophy. Educators at Nokomis should be acclaimed for nurturing a love for learning; students deserve credit for opening themselves to the opportunities presented to them. All are to be commended for innovative and pro-active approaches to education. They are giving all of us perhaps the greatest gift of all—the chance for a brighter future, and a better world for generations to come.

The importance of what is happening at Nokomis cannot be overstated, particularly in an age which will increasingly require skilled and knowledgeable professionals in a wide variety of fields. In particular, scientists with an environmental background will be in great demand as the strain on the world's resources increases with global population. Indeed, efforts at Nokomis are an ideal model for others to follow, and I would encourage anyone in the field of education to look closely at what is being done at Nokomis.

Education is a top priority to me as a United States Senator, and I want to thank the students and faculty of

Nokomis High School for setting the standard by which educational initiatives should be judged. I believe that as the Nation charts a course for education, we need look no further than Nokomis Regional High School in Newport, ME as a shining example of our goals. ●

MASSACHUSETTS CRANBERRY  
GROWERS CLARK AND GERALDINE  
GRIFFITH

● Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, my home State of Massachusetts is the leading producer, year in and year out, of cranberries in America and in the world. The economic contribution cranberries make to Massachusetts is impressive, with more than \$200 million in payroll to Massachusetts workers and about 5,500 jobs for Massachusetts citizens. I am also proud that Ocean Spray's corporate headquarters are located in Middleboro, MA.

I invite the attention of my colleagues to the article which follows from the November 1994 edition of *Yankee* magazine. It tells a poignant and all-American story of one cranberry growing family, that of Clark and Geraldine Griffith. Mr. Griffith's family goes back to the 1700's like many multigenerational cranberry families around our Nation. The article tells an impressive story of the mechanization and modernization of what remains, after all, a small family farming operation. It also reminds us of the vulnerability to weather and governmental actions of an important crop that is not subsidized by the Federal Government. And, most of all, it captures the spirit and the hard work of Massachusetts cranberry growers.

Both Clark and Geraldine Griffith are fine citizens of my State, and I commend this article to your reading. I ask that it be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From *Yankee* magazine, November 1994]

WAITING FOR THE FROST IN CRANBERRY LAND

Clark Griffith works one row of cranberry vines at a time, driving his water-reel tractor back and forth in a decreasing spiral. The ride is rough and swaying, and he has to brace his legs and keep a secure grip on the wheel so as not to fall. The water reflects the light up into his eyes, and Griffith squints to see the long stake that marks the submerged row just combed and the red and yellow flags that indicate the location of irrigation ditches. At the end of a row he bends forward, pulls out the stake with one hand, quickly turns the wheel with the other, and hurls the stake back into the bog. Water mists the air as the metal rods of the cylindrical beater comb the vines, and berries bob through the white foam to the surface. Amorphous, blood-red trails foam in the wake.

Griffith, who owns 90 acres of bog, flooded this three-acre section two days earlier and is now harvesting his cranberry crop. A strapping man of 62 with peppery hair and a squarish face, he runs the Griffith Cranberry Company in the town of Carver, Massachusetts. Located about an hour's drive southeast of Boston and just inland from historic Plymouth Bay, the three precincts compris-

ing the town—North, Center, and South Carver—have more than 3,500 acres of active bogs: Nearly half of the taxable land is directly or indirectly cranberry related, and almost all of Carver's 121 growers are members of the huge Ocean Spray cooperative. It is a town where police cars sport the logo "Cranberry Land USA" and cranberry vines are stenciled on the walls of the post office.

Carver is justifiably called the Cranberry capital of the world. From Labor Day through Halloween, the town's farmers bring in their crop, flooding fields late at night and working bleary-eyed days. In the late fall of 1993 Griffith knows the harvest will be disappointing. He frowns as he reaches into a bin and scoops up glistening berries. The weather has made for a year of small berries. "It takes a lot of small fruit to fill a box," Griffith says. He drops the berries and watches as they bounce in the bin.

Cranberries have always been a part of Carver. Up through the 19th century, when Carver was a community of lumber mills, gristmills, and iron furnaces, people gathered wild cranberries solely for personal consumption. Griffith's family moved here from Rochester, Massachusetts, around the time in 1790 that the 847 souls who lived in Plympton's South Precinct decided to secede from that community and form Carver. His ancestors forged stoves, heaters, pans, and sinks from the bog iron excavated from nearby Sampson Pond. But in the late 19th century, as the iron industry began to wane, his grandfather Alton and his great-uncle Lloyd decided to start farming cranberries. Alton and Lloyd's first bog was inconspicuously christened Bog One in 1902, and it still produces good berries behind Griffith's house.

Griffith started serious work in the fields when he was 13 and labored along with the 40 to 50 workers the family hired at harvest time from the nearby mills in New Bedford. Pickers then used hand scoopers, small wooden boxes with metal or wooden teeth that were combed through the vines. "When your back got tired, you kneeled," recalls longtime Carver grower Albertina Fernandes, "and when your knees got tired, you stood up." But for Griffith, the work was exciting. "I always considered harvest season to be fun," he says. "I grew up with it, and there was always a gang around laughing and joking."

Mechanization in the mid-1950s revolutionized the industry. "It used to take 60 days to do 60 acres. We can now do four to six acres in a day," says Griffith, who employs only four fulltime workers. Most equipment is handmade, much of it cannibalized from old cars and trucks. "When someone discards a piece of equipment, that is what we use," says Wayne Hannula, a grower who constructs sanders from old Dodge pickups. "We all built our own equipment because we all know what we want."

If the temperature drops too low, it can kill the berries, so there are now daily frost reports. Many farmers have a Chatterbox, an electronic monitoring device that calls them on the phone if it gets too cold. If that happens, the grower has to flood the bogs so that the berries will not freeze. "The frost can come anytime," says Griffith. "Sometimes it is 4:30 in the morning, and you dash out. Fortunately, I have all electric sprinklers, so all I have to do is snap switches." Yet even with the innovations, the work still has its hardships. "If you have worked all day and the frost comes early, you don't get any sleep," says Griffith. "By three o'clock in the morning, you are pretty tired. You try not to stumble over things and fall in the water while jumping ditches."

Even with machinery there are losses. "I had an evening when I got caught flat-footed," Griffith recalls of a night in the early

1970s. "The frost came early in the evening, and I didn't have sprinkler systems on all the acreage. I had to flood a lot of it. We did everything we could, but we lost a lot of cranberries that night." One of the area's smaller growers lost part of his crop when a neighbor—a newcomer to town—shut off his sprinklers and left a note: "Water your crops in the daytime; the noise of the engines keeps us awake."

Griffith has experienced all the unexpected calamities that have racked cranberry farmers. The worst event to befall the industry, though, was not a natural calamity but a simple government pronouncement. On November 9, 1959, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare announced that an experimental weed killer, Aminotriazole, that was used by some cranberry growers, had caused cancer in laboratory animals. The market immediately dried up.

"We were done picking," recalls Griffith, "and we had a nice crop of berries sitting in the screen house. Of course no one knew what was going to happen to them until the decision was made by Ocean Spray and the government to dump the berries. They came to us and counted the boxes. Then the berries were just poured into dump trucks and taken away."

Aminotriazole is no longer sprayed on crops, and growers are required to keep detailed records on the chemicals they use. Griffith has files in his office dating back decades. The office is located just up the street from his home. There are maps of the bogs on the wall, a computer linkup to Ocean Spray, and a stained-glass window of a cranberry scooper. He stops by in order to retrieve from his computer information on the previous day's delivery to the Ocean Spray processing plant. He then picks up a stack of papers and drives to the town hall in center Carver. He hitches himself out of his pickup, and bog soil flecks off his shoes as he lumbers toward the building. A gray-haired man greets him in the hall.

"Clark, how is your crop?" he nervously inquires.

"Terrible," Griffith frowns as he shakes his head. "How about you?"

"I got about three-quarters of what I got last year."

"Everyone says that it is going to be down," Griffith shrugs his shoulders. "It's not what Ocean Spray estimated. It can't be a bumper crop every year."

When Griffith finishes at the town hall, he heads back to his bogs. Around noon Griffith's wife, Geraldine, brings coffee and brownies to Bog 20. The men and women emerge from the water and enjoy a few moments of rest. After the break Angel Vasquez mounts the water reel and starts harvesting the rows. Workers smooth the floating fruit carpet with shiny aluminum pushers while others corral the berries with a series of long, white wooden booms. Water presses against the sides of their chest-high rubber waders as firm cranberries bob against their calves. Swarms of small black spiders scamper over the thickening red mass toward the shore. Swallows flock to the water to gather the unexpected bounty.

Griffith drives the winding series of bumpy one-lane dirt roads, checking on his other crews, tending the levels of his various bogs, flooding some and draining others. Before he eats dinner with Geraldine, Griffith checks on the latest frost report and plans for the evening vigil. He talks of slowing down, of doing less work. His house is backed by the moss-covered pines that surround the land. It has a beautiful view of the bog, of the dark green vines that his family has spent generations tending and harvesting. One day it will make for a tranquil retirement spot. But now, after dinner, Griffith drives over to a