

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.●

MASSACHUSETT'S 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 comprising

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

pump house and draws water from Sampson Pond to flood Bog 22 for the morning pick. When he returns home, he checks the weather and waits. •

PARTNERS OUTDOORS FAIR

• Mr. MURKOWSKI. Mr. President, I rise today to call to the attention of my colleagues a most unusual and informative event which took place in the Senate Energy Committee hearing room on May 8 and 9. The first Partners Outdoors Fair was hosted by the committee and organized by six Federal agencies and the Recreation Roundtable, a group comprised of the chief executives of more than 20 of the leading recreation-oriented companies in America. The fair was a great success, celebrating the imaginative and effective work taking place across the nation through partnerships involving Federal, State and local agencies, private corporations and others.

The idea for the Partners Outdoors Fair was conceived in early 1995 at the Partners Outdoors conference in Florida, an annual meeting of public and private organization leaders committed to the protection of America's wonderful outdoors resources and the enhancement of the recreational experiences of visitors to federally-managed areas. Candidates for programs to be showcased at the fair were submitted by all six Federal agencies taking part in the conference: the Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management, the National Park Service, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the Corps of Engineers, and the Bureau of Reclamation. From the dozens of submissions, 20 displays were selected to represent diversity in focus, partners and size.

As chairman for the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, I was very enthusiastic upon learning of the plans for the fair and was pleased to offer the use of our hearing room for this important 2-day event. As you might guess, Mr. President, I was particularly enthusiastic about those displays that showcased successful programs in my State of Alaska. One of these, an eye-catching display describing fishing restoration efforts and the Wallop-Breaux Fund, prominently featured the creation of a new sportfishing opportunity at Homer Spit in Alaska. Thanks to the determined efforts of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and several State agencies—as well as to the millions of Americans whose purchases of fishing equipment and motorboat fuels make the Wallop-Breaux fund viable—Homer Spit has seen a steady return of large chinook salmon and has been made more accessible to children, the elderly and those with physical disabilities.

Another display featured a successful partnership including ARCO, the Anchorage School District, the National Audubon Society, Alaska Pacific University, and the BLM. The diverse collection of entities polled its resources to design the Campbell Creek Environ-

mental Education Center, a 10,000-square foot facility that will be built by the BLM on Campbell Tract in Anchorage. Targeted for completion in 1996, the Campbell Creek facility will provide children and others with the opportunity to experience the outdoors, learn about wildlife and understand the role people play in the local and global environments. The center will also promote behaviors, practices and lifestyles that have minimal impact on the environment. Still another display described the interpretive programs used aboard cruise ships that ferry visitors to Alaska's majestic Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve. These programs greatly enhance the cruise experience and are the result of a collaborative effort between companies such as Holland America and the National Park Service.

The fair features many other outstanding displays about partnerships in operation around the country, and those who stopped by saw that the number of partners involved was breathtakingly large and diverse. For example, a program entitled "WOW—Wonderful Outdoor World," which aims at introducing city kids to the pleasures of camping and other outdoor recreational activities, was established with contributions from the Walt Disney Co., the city of Los Angeles, the Bureau of Land Management, the Coleman Co., Chevy/Geo, California State University at Long Beach, and the U.S. Forest Service, among others. Another good example was Tread Lightly, a program to help protect public and private lands through the responsible use of off-highway vehicles. Tread Lightly involves the Forest Service, Four Wheeler Magazine, the Izaak Walton League, Goodyear, Jeep, Honda, Toyota, Ranger Rover, the Perlman Group, and Warn Industries. There were many others worthy of mention. Mr. President, I would ask that a complete list and description of the featured displays appear in the RECORD immediately following my remarks.

Mr. President, there have long been, and continue to be, debates in this country over whether the private or public sector can accomplish certain tasks more effectively. And today, perhaps more than at any other time since the drafting of the Constitution, there is much discussion about whether State and local governments are better equipped for certain tasks than the Federal Government. I do not expect that a relatively small, 2-day event in the Senate Energy Committee hearing room will by itself lay these contentious debates to rest. However, I do believe the Partners Outdoors Fair made great strides in calling our attention to the fact that it does not always have to be one or the other. The public sector can work with the private sector, and the Federal Government can work with State and local governments. In fact, when the particular resources and expertise of each come together in a collaborative effort, the results are pre-

cisely what we saw on display on May 8 and 9. In addition, the projects displayed at the fair made clear that progress can be made even without large increases in Federal budgets and even without specific legislative direction.

Mr. President, I would also like to mention an important event that took place on the afternoon of May 9, as the Partners Outdoors Fair was winding to a close. At that time, I joined with Francis Pandolfi, the president and CEO of Times Mirror Magazines and chairman of the Recreation Roundtable, in a news conference at which the Recreation Roundtable released the results of its latest national survey of public attitudes regarding outdoor recreation. Joining us was Edward Keller, executive vice president of Roper Starch Worldwide, the organization that performed the study for the roundtable. One of the most interesting aspects of this event was the presentation of a new national index—the Recreation Quality Index [RQI]—which reflects public perceptions regarding changes in recreation opportunities, quality of experience and personal participation. Regarding the significance of this development, I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Pandolfi, who called the RQI "a new, important expression of public opinion which can help guide and measure the impact of policy decisions in Washington and decisions by companies providing recreation goods and services. The RQI provides the first comprehensive reflection of satisfaction with outdoor recreation in America—not just a specific service provided or a specific recreational product."

Mr. President, I strongly encourage my colleagues to heed these words and to carefully study the recreational needs of the American people when considering legislation that affects our public lands and other issues that affect the \$300 billion plus recreation industry in America.

The material follows:

PARTNERS OUTDOORS—1995 FISHERIES RESTORATION: SUCCESSES FROM COAST TO COAST

America's anglers and boaters pay special federal taxes and fees totaling more than \$300 million annually—most of which is deposited into the Wallop-Breaux Fund. A sizable portion of that money is then provided as grants to state fisheries agencies for fisheries research, habitat improvements, fisheries management activities and for expanded access to public waters by anglers and boaters. The monies have had direct and very successful consequences for fisheries from coast to coast. In Alaska, Wallop-Breaux funding was used to create a new sportfishing opportunity at Homer Spit, close to the homes of many Alaskans and accessible by children, persons with physical challenges and the elderly. Research into sensory impregnation has brought a steady return of large Chinook salmon to an area previous without any sizable run.

Similarly, federal assistance has been used on the east coast by Maryland and other states to arrest the precipitous decline in striped bass populations. Research efforts