

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

A YOUNG SPEAKER VOICES TIME-TESTED IDEALS

HON. JAMES A. BARCIA

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 5, 1996

Mr. BARCIA. Mr. Speaker, Hubert Humphrey, a distinguished former Vice President and Senator, observed over 50 years ago, that "It is not enough to merely defend democracy. To defend it may be to lose it; to extend it is to strengthen it. Democracy is not property; it is an idea." One of the best ways of extending our democratic ideals is to help more Americans, both young and old, improve their appreciation for democracy. Tracey Sierras of Bay City, MI, has exemplified this effort with her outstanding participation in this year's Voice of Democracy contest, sponsored by the Veterans' of Foreign Wars, in which she was selected as the best speaker in the State of Michigan, and this week is participating in the national finals here in Washington.

Tracey is the manifestation of what we want our young people to be. She is concerned about her community and nation, as evidenced by her efforts in this year's speaking contest. She understands the importance of the eloquence of words being followed with the commitment of action. She is vice president of Bay City All Saints High School student council, and has been actively involved with Students Against Drunk Driving. She leads by example, including her outstanding 3.5 grade point average.

Competing for achievement is nothing new for Tracey. She has done it this year in Michigan, and is facing our Nation's best here in Washington. She is planning on making her presence known internationally as she has set her long-term goal on becoming an international business lawyer. She will take more concrete steps towards the goal when she enters Saginaw Valley State University, my alma mater, this fall, putting to good use the scholarship she won as part of the Voice of Democracy contest.

Mr. Speaker, at a time when we seem to hear stories about young people who are heading down the wrong path, who have failed to set goals for themselves and do not appreciate what life has to offer to them, it is important and refreshing for us to learn about capable, energetic and focused young people like Tracey Sierras. I know her parents, Randy and Judy, are rightly proud of their daughter. I want to add for the record that all of us in Bay City and in the fifth district are proud of her, too.

I congratulate Tracey on her accomplishments, as I do all of the other State winners. I urge all of our colleagues to join me in congratulating her as we prepare to welcome this new generation of new thoughtful leaders to the proud heritage of our Nation.

HONORING VICTOR CRAWFORD, 1933-1996

HON. MARTIN T. MEEHAN

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 5, 1996

Mr. MEEHAN. Mr. Speaker, I want to take this opportunity to honor Victor Crawford, who died March 2, 1996, at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, MD. Mr. Crawford was a leader and a national spokesman in the fight to curb tobacco use.

Mr. Crawford served in Maryland's State legislature for over 26 years. After he retired from his legislative career, Mr. Crawford became a lobbyist. One of his largest lobbying contracts was with the tobacco industry, including the Tobacco Institute, which paid him over \$20,000 in fees.

As a tobacco lobbyist, Mr. Crawford used his considerable legislative and personal skills to derail a number of State initiatives that would have curbed tobacco use in public places and by young people. "I was in it for the money," he said, "and I was never concerned if people were dying."

Mr. Crawford's views on tobacco radically changed after he was diagnosed with cancer, a product of his lifelong smoking addiction. He became an eloquent and persuasive speaker on the issue of tobacco. His message was clear and sobering, "It's too late for me, but it's not too late for you."

By appearing on "60 Minutes", Massachusetts' Department of Public Health's "Let's Make Smoking History" campaign, and a radio address with President Clinton, Victor Crawford made a difference in the fight against youth tobacco use. His was a credible voice, a man who realized he had made a mistake and wanted to make amends.

Mr. Crawford will be missed not only by his family and friends but also by countless children who listened to his message and decided not to start smoking. His legacy will include thousands of healthy lives that otherwise would have ended prematurely from tobacco related illnesses.

HONORING THE SPRINGFIELD INTER-SERVICE CLUB COUNCIL AWARD WINNERS

HON. THOMAS M. DAVIS

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 5, 1996

Mr. DAVIS. Mr. Speaker, it gives me great pleasure to rise today and pay tribute to some very special people in Virginia's 11th District. These are individuals who put the good of their community above their own needs. These people received awards from the Springfield Inter-Service Club Council ISCC on February 20, 1996.

The Springfield ISCC was founded in 1986 to coordinate the good works of the numerous

service clubs and civic organizations in the greater Springfield community. Today more than 60 clubs, civic organizations, and agencies are affiliated with the ISCC.

Mr. Speaker, the following individuals who received awards for their distinguished service to the community are:

Sylvia Bonner. Sylvia has been a Girl Scouts Council of the Nation's Capital Service Unit comanager in the central Springfield area since 1992, Sylvia has worked hard to build a strong cohesive program for the youth of our community. Most recently she has picked up the banner of the Springfield Santa refurbishes experienced toys for needy children during the holidays. Under her leadership Santa's Green Elves are keeping a Springfield tradition alive.

John Garilli. John with his guide dog, Guy, has served the Springfield-Franconia Host Lions Club as secretary, vice president, flea market chairman, sight chairman, and communications chairman. He is founder and advisor for the Leo Club at Hayfield High School. John and Guy also serve as spokesman for Leader Dog in the Washington metro area.

Mr. Speaker, the following individuals who received awards for their outstanding community service are:

Dominick Caridi. Dominick has been a tireless and resourceful Boy Scout leader. He led the Scouting for Food Drive in southern Fairfax County and the city of Alexandria. Under his exceptional leadership and enthusiasm the Scouts collected more than 80 tons of food for the hungry residents of the Greater Washington area.

Robert E. Denny. Robert, an author, a Civil War historian, a tireless volunteer who has worked on the developmental programs for severely handicapped residents of the Northern Virginia Training Center.

Bob Lund. Bob serves the community in many ways. As the coordinator of volunteer efforts to maintain the grounds at the Pohick Regional Library, he has coordinated the efforts of over 35 Eagle Scout service projects, serving as mentor and role model to countless young people and saving the community untold costs.

Lt. Tyrone Morrow. Lieutenant Morrow of the Fairfax County Police Department serves his community in many ways. In addition to his unselfish service as a police officer he serves as a mentor and role model for children at risk of being lost to education. Through his personal efforts as a tutor and through his inspirational example and ability to recruit others to serve as tutors, Lt. Morrow has instituted ongoing projects to help young people in our community who had nowhere to turn.

Mr. Speaker, the following individuals received the Award for Persons of the Year:

Carl and Betty Kohlmeier. Carl and Betty have been unsung heroes in our community since 1959. In service to the victims of family violence, helping the Northern Virginia Hotline, active in the United Methodist Church, and feeding the needy through "Lazarus at the Gate." With seemingly endless energy and a gift to know what is right they have quietly and

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

ably given their hearts and their hands to ensure success in their endeavors.

Mr. Speaker, I know my colleagues join me in congratulating these fine citizens on their outstanding work. It is citizens like these, scattered across America, that provide this country with our margin for excellence, in providing services to those in need, keeping our communities clean and beautiful, and restoring the American dream to our young people. The Springfield Inter-Service Club Council and its member organizations deserve our thanks and efforts.

**JACK VALENTI—ADDRESS TO THE
FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS BAR
ASSOCIATION: LESSONS OF ONE
OF WASHINGTON'S KEENEST OB-
SERVERS**

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 5, 1996

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, Jack Valenti, the president and CEO of the Motion Picture Association of America, is one of the most distinguished and insightful observers of the Washington scene. As my colleagues know, Jack arrived in Washington aboard Air Force One with President Lyndon Johnson on November 22, 1963. In the three decades since Jack arrived at the White House, he has been a thoughtful and careful eyewitness to the administrations of seven Presidents and every Congress from the 88th to the 104th.

Jack shared his wisdom and thoughts about our National Government based on his firsthand participation and his perceptive observations in an outstanding address to the members of the Federal Communications Bar a few weeks ago. The lessons he shared with these attorneys are lessons that would be beneficial to all of us in the Congress as well. Mr. Speaker, I ask that the address of Jack Valenti be placed in the RECORD, and I urge my colleagues to give it thoughtful attention.

WASHINGTON, DC: "IT'S A MAKE YOU TOWN OR A BRING YOU DOWN AND BREAK YOU TOWN."

(By Jack Valenti)

As one who has spent his entire adult career in two of life's classic fascinations, politics and movies, I have known in both those worlds the great, the near great and those who thought they were great. The latter category outnumbers the first two by a long ton. I have become convinced that movie people and politicians spring from the same DNA.

They are both:
Unpredictable.
Sometimes glamorous.
Usually in crisis, imagined or otherwise.
Addicted to power.
Anxious to please.
Always on stage.
Hooked on applause.
Enticed by publicity.
Always reading from scripts prepared by someone else.

Constantly taking the public pulse.
Never really certain, except publicly.
Indeed, it's difficult to say which deserves more the description of entertainment capital of the world, Hollywood or Washington, D.C.

The lyrics of the song "This Town," as sung by Frank Sinatra explain most accurately what Washington is all about. Sang

Old Blue Eyes: "It's a make you town or a bring you down and break you town."

Which is why I would like to talk tonight about what I have learned since I arrived in the Federal City aboard Air Force One on November 22, 1963. In the intervening 32 years I have in turn been an intimate participant at the highest station of this government, serving my President with loyalty and fidelity, as well as a clinical observer through the administrations of seven Presidents, from the 88th Congress through the 104th Congress. Perhaps some of these musings will be some casual interest of a few of you. They are quite interesting to me.

So, let me count the lessons I have learned. Or more accurately, lessons learned as defined by my experience, not necessarily by yours.

I learned that in the White House there is one enduring standard by which every assistant to the President, every presidential adviser, every presidential consultant must inevitably be measured. Not whether you went to Harvard or Yale, or whether you scored 1600 on your SATs, or whether you are endlessly charming and charismatically enable or whether you made millions in what we sardonically call "the private sector." These are all attractive credentials which one may wear modestly or otherwise. But when the decision crunch is on in the Oval Office they are all merely tracings on dry leaves in the wind. What does count, the ultimate and only gauge, is whether you have "good judgment."

I learned that no presidential decision is ever made where the President had all the information he needed to make the decision. There is never enough facts. Very quickly, the decision corridor grows dark, the mapping indistinct, the exit inaccessible. What is not useful are precedents or learned disquisitions by Op-Ed page pundits, some of whom would be better suited to raising pigeons. Finally, the decision is made on judgment alone. Sometimes the judgment is good. Sometimes it is not.

You don't learn "good judgment" in the Ivy League or by reading the New York Times, the Washington Post or even the Weekly Standard. It is well to remember, as Oscar Wilde once said, that from time to time nothing that is worth knowing can be taught. Judgment is something that springs from some little elf who inhabits an area between your belly and your brain, and who from time to time, tugs at your nerve edges, and says, "no, not that way, the other way." This mysterious inhabitant is called instinct, intuition, judgment. It is the one ingredient on which the rest of human condition depends for guidance.

I learned that the one political component above all else which can insure electoral victory or crushing defeat is timing. A whack to your political solar plexus six to eight months before an election is survivable. Two weeks before the election, and you're dead. Ask Jimmy Carter. In politics, twenty-hours is a millennium.

I learned that economic forecasts beyond about two weeks have the same odds of accuracy as guessing the winning numbers in the D.C. lottery. If you truly believe in long-term predictions of economic activity, estimates based on so-called "real numbers," which is the mantra of the current budget debate, then you are enrolled in a defunct mythology. Economic forecasts are usually unwarranted assumptions leaping to a preconceived conclusion. Just remember, whenever an economist can't remember his phone number, he will give you an estimate.

I learned that when there is no unamiable issue like war, or prospect of war or recession or economic disaster, most people vote for a President viscerally not intellectually.

Most people choose a President romantically, a choice made in unfathomable ways which is now romance is formed. Like John Kennedy and Ronald Reagan.

I learned never to humiliate an antagonist and never desert a friend. In a political struggle, never got personal else the dagger digs too deep. Your enemy today may need to be your ally tomorrow.

I learned that nothing lasts. What is up will inevitably go down and sooner or later in reverse. It took forty years, but the House changed masters. Victory is often the prelude to defeat. President Bush can rise to testify about that. Failure is often the precursor of triumph. Ask Bill Clinton. Richard Nixon tasted both ends of those beguiling equations. The breeding ground of politics is irrigated and nourished by change. As one who has fallen from political power, I can instruct George Stephanopoulos in how quickly you lose your charm and your enticements when you no longer sit at the right hand of the Sun King.

I learned that a political poll is Janus in disguise. The life of a poll is about 10 nanoseconds. It is already in decay when it is published. A political poll, like the picture of Dorian Gray, is the face of entropy. The veteran professionals know that. The old polls use polls to raise money. When polls are up, go for the fat wallets. But the politician who persistently lifts his wet finger to test the political polls before he acts, usually leaves office with a wet finger.

I learned that if a President, a Congressman, a Senator does not have convictions, he or she will be right only by accident. I must confess I have a grudging admiration for those freshmen House Republicans who won't budge from their fixed convictions. They truly believe, heavily, explicitly. Which is why Speaker Gingrich is finding out what Mirabeau finally knew: When you undertake to run a revolution, the difficulty is not to make it go. It is to hold it in check.

But I have also learned that the frustrating constant of modern day American politics is perennial gridlock, caused by forces at either extreme. It has been said that a man does not show his greatness by being at the end of one political boundary or the other, but rather by touching both at once. In our free Republic, political parties argue and shout, but finally they touch both ends of the extremes and draw them together. That is called "compromise." It is not an ignoble word. Compromise is the canopy under which men and women finally behave wisely, once they have exhausted all other alternatives. Without compromise, parliamentary bodies will "split into a bundle of unfriendly and distrustful fragments."

I have learned that if we live in the incestuous world of Washington long enough we become, in the main, skeptics, cynics, who view with lacerating contempt the boobs and the rabble, the unlearned and unlettered, who live out there, somewhere east of Beverly Hills and west of the Beltway. But those boobs are the very folks who over two centuries of cruel disjoinings have sustained this free and loving land.

I have a special feeling for the rabble. My grandparents were part of that rabble. They came to Texas from Sicily, poor immigrant peasants, strangers in a strange and wondrous land. They became unabashed patriots, which to them meant fierce loyalty and unbreakable fidelity to their new country.

These days we are uneasy with the designation "patriot." We regard it in much the same queasy manner as one does holding a wolf by the ears. Too bad. When the night is full of knives, when lightning is seen and drums are heard, the patriots are always there, ready to fight, and ready to die if need be, to defend their country and to protect