

of the tragic assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. If the Wye talks succeed in producing an agreement, it will surely add yet another dimension to the Prime Minister's legacy as a peacemaker. I only lament the fact that the price would have been so dear.

It is too early to tell what result these talks may have, but already there have been suggestions from the participants that they are operating in an unprecedented environment of comity, seriousness, and creativity. While a positive atmosphere does guarantee success on the important questions of substance, it does lend hope to those who watched the failure of the previous, stale rounds of discussions.

In the next few weeks, it is expected that the Syrian and Israeli delegations will consult with their governments, Secretary of State Christopher will shuttle to the capitals of the Middle East, and the talks will reconvene. At the same time, everyone associated with the talks knows that the Israeli and American electoral cycles afford precious little time for a deal to be concluded. Under these circumstances—a high level of activity, a small window of opportunity, and a new spirit of cooperation—progress is likely to occur quickly or not at all.

Secretary of State Christopher and his Middle East peace team clearly understand their opportunities and their limitations, and have made every effort to steer Israel and Syria in the proper direction. While ultimately it remains the decision of the parties themselves to make peace, there is indeed a place for American leadership and engagement. Secretary Christopher, Ambassador Dennis Ross, and their colleagues at the State Department deserve the Nation's highest respect and gratitude for the energy, devotion, and intellect they have brought to the peace table.

THE BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, as of the close of business January 4, the Federal debt stood at \$4,988,799,676,202.14, about \$12 billion shy of the \$5 trillion mark, which the Federal debt will exceed in a few months.

On a per capita basis, every man, woman, and child in America owes \$18,937.57 as his or her share of that debt.

THE DEATH OF ADM. ARLEIGH A. BURKE, U.S. NAVY

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, on Thursday, January 4, 1996, the Nation paid its final tribute to a naval hero and patriot whose profound influence spanned more than 70 years and who laid down the blueprint of today's balanced fleet almost 40 years ago. I want to take this opportunity to honor the truly vital contributions made by that man, Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, who died on January 1, 1996, at the age of 94. He

was buried on the grounds of the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, MD where he graduated in 1923. At sea and on land he was among the finest leaders that our country has produced. He stood watch on active service to our country for more than 40 years, rising from a meager farm at the foot of the Colorado Rockies to serve as Chief of Naval Operations for an unprecedented 6 years during the bleakest days of the cold war.

Admiral Burke defined himself by an unwavering commitment to making the most of every opportunity presented and giving the best he had to every challenge that confronted him. When reminded of his earliest days of commissioned service, leading cleaning teams through the bilges of the USS *Arizona* (BB 39), he once observed, "You have only one job. Very seldom do you get the job you want. Do the best you can with the job you have. If it isn't very important, do it better. When you do a job well, it makes itself important." This straightforward approach to life, combined with an unwavering commitment to those with whom he served, produced an exceptional naval officer and leader who, in the words of our current Chief of Naval Operations, Adm. Mike Boorda, "—defined what it is to be a naval officer: relentless in combat, resourceful in command, and revered by his crews." He was a man who received all the honors a grateful nation could bestow during his lifetime, yet chose for his burial marker the simple phrase "Sailor" to capture the sum and substance of his life.

As commander of Destroyer Squadron 23, "The Little Beavers", during World War II, he carried the fight to the Japanese navy night after night in the Solomon Islands, earned the nickname "31 Knot Burke" from Admiral Halsey, and did as much as any man to turn the tide of battle against an Imperial Japanese Fleet that was flushed by an unbroken series of victories. Over a sustained campaign of 4 months, his squadron turned the tide of battle in the Solomons at Empress Augusta Bay, off Cape St. George. In "The Slot" and in 22 desperate engagements they produced a rich harvest of sunken ships and downed aircraft.

As commander of the "Little Beavers," Admiral Burke showed a remarkable ability to absorb the lessons of experience and then distill them into battle orders and combat tactics that inspired his men and took maximum advantage of every weapon at his disposal. He taught his squadron to fight at night, to fight with stealth through the use of torpedoes over guns, to strike quickly with maximum power, and to seize the initiative in battle and never let it go. He instructed his commanders concisely that, "The difference between a good officer and a poor one is about 10 seconds" and set their priorities clearly. "If it helps kill the enemy it is important. If it will not help kill the enemy it is not important."

Serving on the Chief of Naval Operations staff after World War II, Arleigh Burke played an extraordinary and vital part in clearly explaining the pivotal role the Navy could have in preserving national security during the cold war. He was not a controversial man by nature, but he never shunned it when the needs of the Navy and our country made their demands. During a postwar period of intense and bitter interservice rivalry that almost cost him his career, Arleigh Burke was a clear voice of logic and sanity in stating the case for a Navy that time and again responded to emerging cold war crises worldwide.

It was my great privilege to have served as a member of the Armed Services Committee and worked with Admiral Burke during his tenure as Chief of Naval Operations. I speak from first hand experience when I reflect on the vision, forcefulness, intellect, and leadership that he brought to bear on his duties. From his razor sharp mind came the concepts of a balanced multi-mission Navy that could deal with crises on short notice yet stay for the long haul when needed, antisubmarine warfare and tactics as a top priority, the tremendous potential of nuclear power for naval ships, *Polaris* missiles at sea as an essential element of nuclear deterrence, and an unwavering commitment to "training as we'll fight and fighting to win."

Many able naval leaders have served our country well since Admiral Burke retired in 1961. I have worked with them all. They have been men of great talent and commitment, but they have all had the advantage of following a course that was clearly charted for them by Arleigh Burke, combat hero of World War II, a great naval leader of the cold war, a man who stepped down willingly when offered a remarkable fourth term as CNO to make way for younger men. He was a "sailor's sailor."

The Navy shares my admiration. It honored him in his lifetime by naming the most powerful class of surface combatant in the world, the *Arleigh Burke* class destroyer, for him. His legacy to the crew of the first ship was the simple observation, "This ship was built to fight, you had better know how."

I want to express my condolences to Mrs. Roberta Burke, Admiral Burke's widow and wife of 72 years. She cherished and sustained her husband in peace and war, a "Sailor's Wife". She has set a standard of service and commitment for thousands of naval families who must daily endure the stress of family separation that accompanies service at sea. Without the sacrifices that Mrs. Burke and many other spouses have shouldered, our Navy could not have been the force for freedom that has helped guard this country and support our allies for so many years.

I had the privilege of working with Arleigh Burke for several years. I came to admire him immensely. I always

knew where he stood and what he stood for. I was struck anew by his simple eloquence when I read the following words in his funeral pamphlet: "Life has been good to me. I didn't die young. I wasn't killed in the war. I did most everything I wanted to do, and some things I didn't want to do. I had a job I liked and a woman I loved. Couldn't ask for more than that." Such a powerful summation of an extraordinary life.

Mr. President, I thank my colleagues for the time and I yield the floor.

VICTOR RIESEL AND WALTER SHERIDAN—"IN DEFENSE OF HONEST LABOR"

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, the New York Times Magazine began a tradition a year ago of devoting its year-end issue to essays on the lives of some of the most interesting people who died during the year. The December 31, 1994 issue of the magazine contained reflections on 51 men and women who died last year. I commend all of these essays to my colleagues for their eloquence, grace, and insight. They make excellent and inspiring reading.

One of the essays, by Pete Hamill, paid tribute to Victor Riesel and Walter Sheridan for their leadership on behalf of American workers and the integrity of the American labor movement. Walter Sheridan worked with my brother Robert Kennedy in the Justice Department in the 1960's, and later spent many years on the staff of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee as one of the finest investigators the Senate has ever had. I believe the essay will be of interest to all of us in Congress who knew Walter, and I ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the New York Times Magazine, Dec. 31, 1995]

IN DEFENSE OF HONEST LABOR
(By Pete Hamill)

They spent many years fighting the same fight; trying to give the American worker a fair shake and keep the unions clean. 1913-1995 Victor Riesel, in his newspaper column that ran for more than 40 years and on his radio show, fearlessly exposed labor corruption (and paid dearly for it). 1925-1995 Walter J. Sheridan, as a government investigator with Robert Kennedy in the Senate and in the Justice Department, helped send Jimmy Hoffa to prison. In the end, neither Riesel nor Sheridan was able to stem the downward slide of the labor movement, but it can't be said that they didn't try.

When they died within days of each other in January, Victor Riesel and Walter Sheridan seemed like figures from a lost America. In their separate ways, they were shaped by that brief, romantic time when millions of Americans still believed that the labor movement would serve as the cement of the social contract.

The theory was relatively simple. Unions—not government—would establish hard limits on the powerful. Braided together into a mighty national force, unions would guaran-

tee lives of security, decency and personal pride to ordinary citizens. Unions would provide a sense of community. And unions would be the ethical watch-dogs of the society, casting cold eyes on slippery politicians and predatory businessmen. Those ambitions were paid for with the blood of union members, from Ludlow, Colo., to Flint, Mich., and in hundreds of other places where a picket line was seen as a moral necessity.

By the time Riesel and Sheridan followed their separate trails into our social history, the union movement was a sewer. They knew it better than almost all others, for Riesel and Sheridan were among the few Americans who carried torches into that sewer and came back to tell us what they had seen.

Riesel was better known than Sheridan because for most of his adult life he was a labor columnist, first at The New York Post, where he began in 1942, and after 1948 at The New York Daily Mirror, with syndication in some 300 newspapers. It is one measure of how much our society has changed that even the job description "labor columnist" sounds as rare now as that of blacksmith.

Riesel came to his life's work with superb credentials. He was born in 1913 on Manhattan's Lower East Side, that nursery of union organizers, artists, prize-fighters and hoodlums. His father was a union activist whose work carried the family on the familiar journey to the more serene precincts of the Bronx when Victor was 13. He graduated from Morris High School just as the Great Depression was beginning and immediately went to work. Over the next decade, he managed to earn a bachelor's degree in the night school of the City College of New York, while working in hat factories and lace-makers' lofts and steel mills. He learned journalism on college and union newspapers.

As Riesel was starting his labor column, when American industry was gorged with wartime profits, the hoodlums were everywhere. Lepke Buchalter and Gurrah Shapiro had corrupted and terrorized the garment industry. The leaders of the waterfront unions were brutal and cynical in their alliances with the men who controlled the East Coast ports. Other unions were run as businesses by faceless men protected from scrutiny by the death of union democracy. Union treasuries were looted; pension funds were eaten by the mob. Dissidents had their heads broken or were dropped in swamps in New Jersey. In the postwar boom, union leaders began buying yachts. They played a lot of golf. They had become an oligarchy, as remote from the rank and file as the men who ran the great corporations. Riesel went after them in his column and on his radio program and would eventually pay a severe price.

If Riesel was formed by the Depression, Walter Sheridan's character was shaped by World War II. He was born in 1925 in Utica, N.Y. His father ran a small hotel called the Monclair and a restaurant named Sheridan's, and though the Sheridans were far from rich, the Depression did not force them into soup kitchens. At the Utica Free Academy, a public high school, Walter was senior class president and quarterback of the football team. He joined the Navy, quickly volunteered for the submarine service and was on board the U.S.S. Pargo in the Sea of Japan on the day the war ended. After the war, he came to New York City and enrolled at Fordham on the G.I. Bill. In 1948, while a student, he married Nancy Tuttle; they had met in high school in Utica (and would go on to have 5 children and 14 grandchildren). After graduation in 1950, Sheridan briefly tried law school in Albany, then decided to enter the Federal Bureau of Investigation, where he would spend four disillusioning years. The F.B.I. was then in the iron control of J. Edgar Hoover, whose anti-Communist obsessions, private intel-

ligence files and bureaucratic genius made him as permanent, a fixture in Washington as the average union leader was in Bayonne. I once spent an hour with Sheridan during Robert F. Kennedy's 1968 campaign and asked him casually why he'd left the F.B.I.

"Because Hoover was more interested in guys who were Communists for 15 minutes in 1931," Sheridan said quietly, "than he was in guys who were stealing New Jersey."

After resigning from the F.B.I., Sheridan joined the National Security Agency, where he refined his skills as an investigator. These included a willingness to endure tedium, a stoical tenacity when faced with dry holes or disappointment and, above all, an ability to gaze at often purposefully obscure documents and discover a story line. Most great investigators have two other qualities: a passion for anonymity and a belief in the righteousness of the enterprise. Sheridan, by all accounts, was a great investigator.

In 1957, his life was permanently changed when he was recruited by Robert Kennedy to join the staff of the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field, better known as the McClellan Committee. The chairman was Senator John McClellan, a Democrat from Arkansas. John F. Kennedy was a member of the committee, and Robert Kennedy was the chief counsel. Sheridan established almost instant rapport with Bobby. They laughed when they discovered they were born on the same day—Nov. 20, 1925. Kennedy quickly recognized in Sheridan characteristics he admired in others who joined his team: tenacity, courage, a respect for detail and hard work and an absence of self-importance.

The basic task of the committee was to dig into the mob takeover of the unions. It quickly began to focus on the complex, gifted and corrupt Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters, which, with almost two million members, was the nation's largest and richest union. The hearings had been called, in part, because of widespread national revulsion the year before at what had been done to Victor Riesel.

On April 5, 1956, on his late-night radio show, Riesel attacked racketeering in Local 138 of the International Union of Operating Engineers, based in Long Island. He singled out William C. DeKoning Sr., recently released from prison after doing time for extortion, and his son, William C. DeKoning Jr., who had inherited the presidency of the local when his father was sent to jail. Riesel had also attacked Hoffa, who was maneuvering from his Middle Western base to take over the national leadership of the Teamsters.

After the broadcast, Riesel went to Lindy's, the most famous of the late-night Broadway restaurants of the era. He stepped outside at 3 a.m., was fingered by a shadowy figure and then a young man stepped up and hurled sulfuric acid into Riesel's face. He was permanently blinded.

The police learned that the acid thrower was a 22-year-old apprentice hoodlum named Abraham Telvi, who disappeared for a while. They arrested a second-level labor hoodlum—and Hoffa crony—named John DioGuardia (better known as Johnny Dio) and charged him with ordering the attack. But witnesses suddenly developed amnesia and Johnny Dio went free. When Telvi, who had been paid \$1,175 by middlemen to do the job, understood the importance of his victim, he demanded more money. He was murdered on July 28 on the Lower East Side, not far from where Riesel grew up.

There is no record of Riesel and Sheridan working together, but in Sheridan's 1972 book, "The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa," he relates a tale told to him by an honest