

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

teamster named Sam Baron, who was in a hotel room with Hoffa one night in 1956:

Hoffa went into another room to take a phone call and then came back into the room where Baron * * * and others were gathered. According to Baron, Hoffa walked up to him and poked his finger in his chest, saying, "Hey, Baron, a friend of yours got it this morning."

"What do you mean?" Baron asked.

"That son of a bitch Victor Riesel. He just had some acid thrown on him. It's too bad he didn't have it thrown on the goddamn hands he types with."

Despite his blindness, Riesel continued writing his syndicated column until his retirement in 1990. Sheridan, who moved to the Justice Department when Robert Kennedy became Attorney General, continued pursuing Jimmy Hoffa, and the Teamsters leader finally went to prison in 1967. He served 58 months before being released by Richard Nixon. None of this was simple. The "Get Hoffa" squad, commanded by Sheridan, often seemed obsessive; even some liberals objected to its relentlessness. But Sheridan always denied that he and Kennedy were engaged in a vendetta. "For Kennedy to have done less than he did," he wrote in his book, "would have been a violation of his own public trust and a dereliction of duty."

By the time Sheridan wrote those words, John and Robert Kennedy had been murdered. A few years later, on July 30, 1975, Jimmy Hoffa went to meet a guy in a restaurant outside Detroit and was never seen again. The labor movement hasn't vanished, of course, but by any measurement, it is greatly diminished. Not even the most giddy union idealist offers hope that it can become in the future what it should have been before the hoodlums cut into its heart. We do know this: Victor Riesel and Walter Sheridan spent years of their lives trying to save the labor movement from the enemy within, trying to help thousands of people who would never know their names.

Pete Hamill's journalism career began in 1960 at *The New York Post*, a union shop. "Piecework," a collection of his articles, is being published this month.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MARSHALL B. WILLIAMS

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, last week, as most people visited family and friends, enjoying the especially festive days between Christmas and New Year's, hundreds of South Carolinians, including myself, were saddened to learn of the death of a truly remarkable and legendary person—Marshall B. Williams. For almost 50 years, this man faithfully served the people of the Palmetto State as a member of the South Carolina House of Representatives and the South Carolina Senate. His easy going style and desire to build consensus among his colleagues made him an especially effective legislator and helped to ensure his re-election year after year. As a matter of fact, his longevity in the South Carolina Senate earned him the distinction of not only serving as that body's President pro tempore, but the Nation's longest serving State official.

While I have known the Williams family much of my life, I did not really come to know Marshall until 1928 when he visited his sister who lived in Ridge Spring, SC. About 20 years later, in

1947, we both found ourselves serving in State government. I had just been elected as Governor of South Carolina and Marshall was in his first term as a member of the House, being close in age as well as single, we quickly became good friends. It was a friendship that I valued and one which literally lasted a lifetime.

Marshall was born of a different era and was the product of the values and traditions of the Old South, where manners and civility were stressed, and kindness was not an aberration. Such characteristics personified Marshall throughout his personal and public lives, he treated everyone with whom he came in contact with respectfully and kindly. His geniality and desire to build alliances and friendships earned him the respect and admiration of the men and women with whom he served, his constituents, and citizens throughout South Carolina. It also helped him to become an effective and strong leader within the South Carolina State House, where he chaired some of the most important and influential committees in the Senate. He was a figure who commanded deference and respect, both because of his position and seniority, and also because he accorded others those same courtesies.

With his bow tie and gentle manners, someone who passed Marshall on the street might confuse him for a professor or a retired accountant rather than a strong and capable political leader. During his tenure in the South Carolina Legislature, Marshall helped to create an era of unprecedented growth and change for our State, helping South Carolina become one of the leading centers for commerce and industry in the Southeast. It takes an especially unique man to be born in an era when most of the citizens of our State had little formal education and earned their living by farming, and in later years have the vision to help prepare South Carolina to compete in the high-technology global marketplace of the 21st century. It was the work of a handful of leaders—of which Marshall Williams was one—in the public and private sectors, that prepared South Carolina to meet the challenges of the future and Marshall can be proud of the legacy he left.

Mr. President, this past Saturday over 1,000 people gathered in Marshall's hometown of Orangeburg, SC, to pay their last respects to this man. I was among those who had the honor of eulogizing him and I began my remarks by noting that "A giant has fallen". This truly describes Senator Marshall Williams, he did so much for the State and Nation that created him. I know that his wife Margaret, and his children, his grandchildren, and a large circle of friends will miss Marshall a great deal, and I certainly join them in their mourning for this very special man. He touched the lives of thousands through his work and efforts, and South Carolina will never be the same place as a result of his passing.

THE IMPACT OF THE GOVERNMENT SHUTDOWN

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, the irresponsible Government shutdown has brought havoc to the lives of millions of working Americans.

For the past 3 weeks, House Republicans held the Government hostage in an effort to force harsh and excessive cuts in Medicare, education, the environment, and other vital programs in order to pay for their lavish tax breaks for the wealthy.

From coast to coast, the repercussions from the shutdown were felt not only by Federal workers but by contractors who depend on the Government for their income, and by large numbers of other citizens and firms who depend on the Government for their livelihood.

Massachusetts was hit hard by the shutdown. Over 15,000 of the State's 32,000 Federal employees had either been furloughed or were working without pay since December 15.

The various stop-gap funding bills the Senate is now adopting will ease some, but far from all, of these problems. It will pay Federal workers through January 26 and permit a number of essential programs to resume. But many other important Federal services, which families have already paid for with their hard-earned tax dollars, will not to be funded under today's stop-gap bills.

The stop-gap bills still provide no funding for Head Start, which serves 2,000 children in Massachusetts. Nor does it provide assistance to low-income families to insulate their homes. The Foster Grandparents Program, community health centers, the Ryan White AIDS Program, and clean water inspection will also continue to go unfunded.

At the same time, the stop-gap bills will send thousands of Federal workers back to work—without the funding to administer these programs. Republicans talk about making work pay, but under their stop-gap funding bills, far too many Federal employees will be forced to sit idle at their desks while taxpayers demand these important services.

Republicans claim that they want to reduce the deficit and balance the budget, but the Office of Management and Budget has found that over the 3 weeks the Government has been closed, the Federal Treasury has lost \$945 million—or \$45 million a day. If that's not inefficient, I don't know what is.

Instead of these defective stop-gap bills, we should have passed an honest bill to reopen the Government while the budget negotiations continue. Responsible Republican leaders have tried in good faith to end this irresponsible shutdown, and I wish they had been more successful.

Mr. DOLE. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.