

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection it is so ordered.

PAUL KIRK ON "WHAT WE CAN DO FOR DEMOCRACY"

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, Paul Kirk, who is well known to many of us as a distinguished past chairman of the Democratic Party, recently wrote an eloquent and insightful article on the state of politics in America today. Entitled "What We Can Do For Democracy," Mr. Kirk's article discusses the growing political apathy of Americans, and challenges citizens to take a more active role in government. This issue goes to the heart of our democracy, and I believe that all of us who are concerned about it will be interested in Mr. Kirk's ideas. I ask that his article may be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Boston Globe, Nov. 3, 1999]

"WHAT WE CAN DO FOR DEMOCRACY"

(By Paul G. Kirk, Jr.)

Alarms have sounded; no one has panicked; the response has been universal. Much time and an estimated \$200 billion have been spent on readiness and remediation plans to avert a Y2K computer calamity. But how well are we responding to a Y2K alarm of greater consequence—the distressed health of America's democracy?

John Kennedy once admonished: "Democracy is never a final achievement . . . it is a call to an untiring effort." In this twilight of "America's Century" and before the dawn of a new millennium, now seems a logical time to take stock of our effort.

A few weeks ago the Kennedy Library observed its 20th anniversary by inviting more than 75 distinguished business leaders, college presidents, public officials, nonprofit executives, and journalists to begin the assessment. They found the following symptoms:

An all-time high level of cynicism, disaffection, and citizen disconnect from politics coincides with an all-time high level of powerful interest money being spent on political campaigns.

Money is now the all-consuming obsession of candidates and parties, the deterrent to political competition, the barrier to equal representation, the controlling factor in nominations and elections, and the corrupting influence of public policy decisions.

62 percent of Americans eligible to vote in the 1998 midterm election chose not to, while less than a majority voted in the 1996 presidential election.

Those of us who know less, care less, participate less, and vote less than other eligible voters are the 18- to 24-year-olds.

Personal consumption and borrowing are at an all-time high while our savings rate is at an all-time low.

Record market growth and new prosperity will likely result in the largest transfer of individual fortune and economic capital to the next generation in our history.

Concurrently, the abrogation of any obligation to transfer to the next generation some appreciation of civic capital and public responsibility is more palpable than ever in our history.

Writing of an earlier democracy, historian Edward Gibbon put our symptoms in perspective: "When the Athenians finally wanted not to give to society but for society to give to them, when the freedom they wished for most was freedom from responsibility, then Athens ceased to be free."

Let's face it. We, too, have become so obsessed with self-gratification and gain that

we view our rights and freedoms as entitlements and ignore the civic duties and responsibilities that ensure them.

George Santayana warned: "Those who fail to remember the past are condemned to repeat it." To avert a repeat of an Athenian calamity, Americans' attitudes must change.

When the Kennedy Library conference asked what we must do to strengthen citizenship and service for the future, the attendees responded:

The present "access for sale" culture must be replaced with comprehensive campaign finance reform that provides some public financing and free TV time to candidates who agree to reasonable spending limits. Only this can renew citizens' trust that our votes matter and our voices will be heard equally.

Civic literacy education must be ingrained from grade school through college with extra-curricular citizenship activities that include possible school credit for community service.

An attitude of welcome inclusion and continuing citizenship education must be available to all "new" Americans.

Each measure is critical, but who will assure their adoption? John W. Gardner counseled that the "plain truth is that government (and other powerful institutions) will not become worthy of trust until citizens take positive action to hold them to account." You and I can ignore the alarm, thus contributing to the calamity, or we can take positive action to rescue our democracy.

Citizens must launch a campaign to renew our national character and the spirit of citizenship and participation. One by one, our individual response can inspire a collective national chorus reminding others that our freedom and democracy are directly dependent on our own patriotism, active citizenship, unselfish service, respect for pluralism, and intolerance of the present condition.

Mark my words. If you and I commit "an untiring effort" to this national civic campaign, communities, organizations, educators, religious and business leaders, the media and opinion shapers, political candidates and parties, and, yes, the President of the United States whom we elect one year from now will follow.

Think about it. It's called "consent of the governed." It's our democracy, and it's a noble campaign you'll be proud to win.●

U.N. ARREARS PACKAGE

● Mr. GRAMS. Mr. President, I have come to the floor today to call on Congress and the President to make sure the UN reform package is signed into law before we recess. As Chairman of the International Operations Subcommittee, I have worked hard to help forge a solid bipartisan United Nations reform package.

Our message in crafting this legislation is simple and straightforward. The U.S. can help make the United Nations a more effective, more efficient and financially sounder organization, but only if the U.N. and other member states, in return, are willing to finally become accountable to the American taxpayers.

The reforms proposed by the United States are critical to ensure the United Nations is effective and relevant. Ambassador Holbrooke has been pushing other member states to accept the reforms in this package in return for the payment of arrears. He has succeeded beyond all reasonable expectations, by

gaining our seat back on the budget oversight committee—the ACABQ. But he needs this bill signed into law in order to convince the UN that reform will bring certain rewards.

But passing this UN package is not just about a series of reforms for the future. It impacts directly on the ability of the US mission to achieve our goals at the United Nations right now. The US does not owe most of these arrears to the UN. It owes them to our allies, like Britain and France, for reimbursement for peacekeeping expenses. And our arrears are being used as a convenient excuse to dismiss US concerns on matters of policy. Depriving the US government the ability to use these funds as leverage is irresponsible; after all, our diplomats need "carrots" as well as reasonable "sticks" to achieve our foreign policy goals.

Unfortunately, the Clinton Administration and my colleagues in the House of Representatives are jeopardizing the payment of our arrears over a policy that I call "Mexico City lite." While I support the proposal to prohibit US government grant recipients from lobbying foreign governments to change their abortion laws, I do not believe it should be linked to the payment of our UN arrears. If these unrelated issues continue to be tied, then there is a good chance neither proposal will be enacted.

I am hopeful that my colleagues in the House and the Administration will see the wisdom of adopting measures that will enhance America's ability to exert leadership in the international arena with the revitalization of the UN. The State Department Authorization bill should be allowed to pass or fail on its own merit—not on the merits of the Mexico City lite policy. This agreement is in America's best interest, and the best interest of the entire international community.●

MAYOR JOE SERNA

● Mrs. BOXER. Mr. President, a great American died this past weekend: Mayor Joe Serna Jr. of Sacramento, California. Mayor Serna was much beloved by his constituents, family, and friends. We will all miss him terribly.

Joe Serna and I became friends while working closely together on gun control, education, and other issues of mutual concern. He was a man of great vision, courage, energy, warmth, and humor.

He was also a living embodiment of the American Dream: a first-generation American who helped to reshape the capital of our Nation's largest state.

Joe Serna Jr. was born in 1939, the son of Mexican immigrants. As the oldest of four children, Joe grew up in a bunkhouse and worked with his family in the beet fields around Lodi.

Joe never forgot his roots. After attending Sacramento City College and graduating from California State University, Sacramento, he served in the

Peace Corps and went to work for the United Farm Workers, where Cesar Chavez became his mentor and role model.

In 1969, Joe managed the successful campaign of Manuel Ferrales for the Sacramento City Council. After serving on the city's redevelopment agency in the 1970s, Joe was elected to the Council himself in 1981. He was elected mayor in 1992 and re-elected in 1996, winning both races by wide margins. Throughout his terms in office, he continued to work as a professor of government and ethnic studies at his alma mater, Cal State Sacramento.

Mayor Serna virtually rebuilt the city of Sacramento. He forged public-private partnerships to redevelop the downtown, revitalize the neighborhoods, and reform the public school system. He presided over an urban renaissance that transformed Sacramento into a dynamic modern metropolis.

Joe Serna died as he lived: with great strength and dignity. Last month, as he publicly discussed his impending death from cancer, he said, "I was supposed to live and die as a farmworker, not as a mayor and a college professor. I have everything to be thankful for. I have the people to thank for allowing me to be their mayor. I have society to thank for the opportunity it has given me."

Mr. President, it is we who are thankful today for having had such a man serve the people of California.●

CIVIL RIGHTS LEADER DAISY BATES

● Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. President, I rise today before the Senate to praise one of the true heroes of the civil rights movement, Daisy Bates. In her death yesterday at age 84, America has lost one of the most courageous advocates for justice and equality between races.

Daisy Bates' life was one of conviction and resolve. Her character was a model of grace and dignity.

Mrs. Bates was born in 1914, the small town of Huttig, Arkansas in the southern part of the state. Her life was touched by the violence of racial hatred at a young age, when her mother was killed while resisting the advances of three white men. Her father left soon thereafter, and Daisy was raised by friends of her family.

Daisy moved to Little Rock and married L.C. Bates, a former newspaperman, in 1942. For eighteen years, the two published the Arkansas State Press, the largest black newspaper in the state. The Arkansas State Press was an influential voice in the state of Arkansas which played a key role in the civil rights movement. Daisy and L.C. used the State Press to focus attention on issues of inequity in the criminal justice system, police brutality and segregation.

In 1952, Daisy was elected president of the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Col-

ored People. It was from this position that she was thrust into the national spotlight, as a leader during the crisis of Central High School in 1957, when black students attempting to enter the school were blocked by rioters and the National Guard.

Throughout the crisis, the Little Rock Nine would gather in her tiny home before and after school to strategize about their survival. It was her home from which the Little Rock Nine were picked up from every morning by federal troops to take them to Central High, to face the rioters and the hatred. It was her home that was attacked by the segregationists.

Even after the Little Rock Nine finally received federal protection to attend Central High, Daisy Bates continued to face violence and harassment. Threats were made against her life. Bombs made of dynamite were thrown at her house. KKK crosses were burned on her lawn. On two separate occasions, her house was set on fire and all the glass in the front of the house was broken out.

It's hard to imagine how difficult it must have been for Daisy Bates to continue pursuing her convictions under such circumstances, but her perseverance is true testament to the strength of her character. Despite the violence, harassment and intimidation, Daisy Bates would not be deterred. She spent several more decades actively advancing the cause of civil rights, and helped the town of Mitchellville, Arkansas to elect its first black mayor and city council.

I am saddened that Mrs. Bates will not be on hand next week when the Little Rock Nine is presented the Congressional Medal of Honor. That honor is truly one that belongs to her, the woman who shepherded those brave young men and women through those extremely difficult days forty years ago. My prayers go out to the family and the many friends of Daisy Bates. I know that God is throwing open the gates of heaven today for Daisy, a woman who helped so many others enter doors that were once barred to them.●

THE DEPARTURE OF A.M. ROSENTHAL FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, Please read these remarks! A.M. Rosenthal has just this past Friday concluded fifty-five years as a reporter, editor, and columnist for The New York Times. There has been none such ever. Nor like to be again. Save, of course, that this moment marks a fresh start for the legendary, and although he would demur, beloved Abe.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that A.M. Rosenthal's last column and an editorial from Friday's Times be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

[From The New York Times, Nov. 5, 1999]

ON MY MIND

(By A.M. Rosenthal)

On Jan. 6, 1987, when The New York Times printed my first column, the headline I had written was: "Please Read This Column!" It was not just one journalist's message of the day, but every writer's prayer—come know me.

Sometimes I wanted to use it again. But I was smitten by seizures of modesty and decided twice might be a bit showy. Now I have the personal and journalistic excuse to set it down one more time.

This is the last column I will write for The Times and my last working day on the paper. I have no intention of stopping writing, journalistically or otherwise. And I am buoyed by the knowledge that I will be starting over.

Still, who could work his entire journalistic career—so far—for one paper and not leave with sadnesses, particularly when the paper is The Times? Our beloved, proud New York Times—ours, not mine or theirs, or yours, but ours, created by the talents and endeavor of its staff, the faithfulness of the publishing family and, as much as anything else, by the ethics and standards of its readers and their hunger for ever more information, of a range without limit.

Arrive in a foreign capital for the first time, call a government minister and give just your name. Ensues iciness. But add "of The New York Times," and you expect to be invited right over and usually are; nice.

"Our proud New York Times"—sounds arrogant and is a little, why not? But the pride is individual as well as institutional. For members of the staff, news and business, the pride is in being important to the world's best paper—you hear?—and being able to stretch its creative reach. And there is pride knowing that even if we are not always honest enough with ourselves to achieve fairness, that is what we promise the readers, and the standard to which they must hold us.

I used to tell new reporters: The Times is far more flexible in writing styles than you might think, so don't button up your vest and go all stiff on us. But when it comes to the foundation—fairness—don't fool around with it, or we will come down on you.

Journalists often have to hurt people, just by reporting the facts. But they do not have to cause unnecessary cruelty, to run their rings across anybody's face for the pleasure of it—and that goes for critics, too.

When you finish a story, I would say, read it, substitute your name for the subject's. If you say, well, it would make me miserable, make my wife cry, but it has no innuendo, no unattributed pejorative remarks, no slap in the face for joy of slapping, it is news, not gutter gossip, and as a reporter I know the writer was fair, then give it to the copy desk. If not, try again—we don't want to be your cop.

Sometimes I have a nightmare that on a certain Wednesday—why Wednesday I don't know—The Times disappeared forever. I wake trembling; I know this paper could never be recreated. I will never tremble for the loss of any publication that has no enforced ethic of fairness.

Starting fresh—the idea frightened me. Then I realized I was not going alone. I would take my brain and decades of newspapering with me. And I understood many of us had done that on the paper—moving from one career to another.

First I was a stringer from City College, my most important career move. It got me inside a real paper and paid real money. Twelve dollars a week, at a time when City's free tuition was more than I could afford.

My second career was as a reporter in New York, with a police press pass, which cops were forever telling me to shove in my ear.