

into the new Mississippi Valley Division in April, 1997. In addition, he has served as the Congressional Liaison for the Mississippi Valley Division. In this capacity, he has ensured that federal legislation has served the interests of the entire Mississippi Valley.

He has been recognized for his outstanding career, receiving the Army's decoration for meritorious civilian service and the Earnest P. Blankenship Engineer/Scientist Award.

I know that the Senate joins me in thanking Dean for his years of distinguished service and in extending our best wishes to him in retirement.●

SUPERVISOR ANDREA MEAD
LAWRENCE

● Mrs. BOXER. Mr. President, today I would like to honor Andrea Mead Lawrence, who is retiring from the Mono County Board of Supervisors after 16 years of distinguished service to her constituents.

Andrea personifies the great American tradition of public service that is the backbone of our governmental system. As a County Supervisor, she was a member of the Great Basin Unified Air Pollution District since 1984, serving as its chairman in 1989, 1993 and 1996. She played a key role in that capacity in the negotiations with the City of Los Angeles that will lead to reversing the worst particulate air pollution problem in the United States, cause by the dry bed of Owens Lake in Southern Inyo County.

She also successfully worked with others for the restoration of Mono Lake and its priceless ecosystem. In that and other efforts, she testified before Congress in support of creation of the Mono Basin National Forest Scenic Area to save Mono Lake. Over the years she also testified before Congress on behalf of the Bodie Protection Act, the San Joaquin Wilderness Act, and the California Desert Protection Act. Andrea was the founder of Friends of Mammoth, a citizen's advocacy group that was formed to fight environmentally damaging development in the Town of Mammoth Lakes, her home. She also founded the Southern Mono Historical Society.

Understanding that regional problems require grassroots and local involvement to bring effective long term solutions, Andrea was a co-founder and Past President of the Sierra Nevada Alliance, a group dedicated to the preservation of the "Range of Light" and its economy.

Her public involvement is seemingly endless and certainly on going. Early in her career she distinguished herself as a member of the United States Olympic Ski Team in 1948, 1952, and 1956. In 1952 she won two Olympic Gold Medals in the Slalom and Giant Slalom in the Olympic Games in Oslo, Norway.

Andrea Mead Lawrence exemplifies so much that is good in America. I wish her and her family all the best as she enters a new and productive part of her life.●

SUZANNE MARIE HAYDEN

● Mr. COVERDELL. Mr. President, I rise today to commend Suzanne Marie Hayden for her commitment to excellence in academics and as an outstanding young person. Suzanne is a junior at Gilmer High School in her hometown of Ellijay, Georgia. Throughout Suzanne's schooling, she has maintained an A average and is Treasurer of the Beta Club. She received the 1996 United States Achievement Academy and was named the 1996-1997 Family and Consumer Science Most Outstanding Student.

In addition to maintaining an outstanding academic record, Suzanne has been involved in several sports, organizations, and other extracurricular activities. Currently serving as the Student Senate Secretary/Treasurer, she has been a leader in student government. She is also a member of the Future Homemakers of America where she is Georgia State President and was named a 1996-1997 Outstanding FHA Member. In sports, she participated on the high school cross country and track teams.

Suzanne's commitment to excellence also extends to the community. She is an active member of First Baptist Church in Ellijay, Georgia. She has also volunteered at the Gilmer Nursing Home.

Once again, Mr. President, I would like to thank Suzanne Marie Hayden for her commitment to both academic and civic excellence. As we discuss possible education reform, we can use Suzanne as a model for the type of student our schools should be producing.●

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF
HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

● Mr. WELLSTONE. Mr. President, I rise to speak today to honor a great Minnesota Senator and a great American.

U.S. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey died on January 13, 1978. On that day, a piece of Minnesota died—a piece of the nation died.

In many ways, Senator Humphrey embodied the best of our state and our nation. He was a visionary who never lost sight of people in the here and now; he was a prophet who spoke with authority and compassion; he was a leader who never lost sight of the "... extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people." Whether as the Mayor of Minneapolis or the Vice President of the United States, Senator Humphrey was a person of dignity, integrity and honesty. Even during our darkest days of segregation and war, he never lost his humor or his commitment to improve the lives of people. And this Happy Warrior did improve the lives of countless people throughout my state and our country. Indeed, he fulfilled his own pledge that "we must dedicate ourselves to making each man, each woman, each child in America a full participant in American life."●

My state and our nation owe a debt to Senator Humphrey that can never be paid.

I owe a debt to Senator Humphrey: In the back of my mind, I continually aspire to the standard he set for Minnesota Senators. I attempt to fulfill his goal that our "public and private endeavor ought to be concentrated upon those who are in the dawn of life, our children; those who are in the twilight of life, our elderly; and those who are in the shadows of life, our handicapped."

My thoughts on Senator Humphrey's passing are even more poignant this year because his wife—Senator Muriel Humphrey—died this past fall. As friends and family gathered at her funeral, I was struck by how blessed we were to have these two incredible people pass through our lives.

I close very simply in honor of the memory of this very great public man: We all are better off because of his life.●

TRIBUTE TO POLICE CHIEF STEPHEN R. MONIER ON HIS RETIREMENT

● Mr. SMITH of New Hampshire. Mr. President, I rise today to commend Police Chief Stephen R. Monier on his outstanding career as a law enforcement agent in Goffstown, New Hampshire. I congratulate him on his twenty-eight years of tireless service and his retirement from the police force on December 31, 1998.

Chief Monier's record of achievement is worthy of outstanding honor. As an officer, he served as a Patrol Officer, Director of the Juvenile Division, Administrative Services Officer, Sergeant, Lieutenant and, ultimately, Chief. Chief Monier was a Commissioner with the Commission on the Accreditation of Law Enforcement Agencies, Inc., a past president of the New Hampshire Association of Police (NHACP), a member for nine years on the Council at New Hampshire Police Standard and Training and a member of New England Association of Chiefs of Police and International Associations of Chiefs of Police. He also had the honor of being selected as a member of the 1996 Centennial Summer Olympic's Security Team in Atlanta, Georgia, and was selected as a security team leader for the Athens' Olympics.

Along with this prestigious law enforcement career, Chief Monier was President and a member of the Rotary International's Goffstown Chapter, founding member and Board of Director's member for Crispin's House, Inc., a nonprofit organization designed to assist at-risk youths and families, and assistant coach for the Goffstown Parks and Recreation Youth Basketball League. His philanthropic record is an outstanding achievement.

Police Chief Stephen R. Monier is an asset to his community as well as the State of New Hampshire. His remarkable record of service has made him a

well-known and well-respected man. New Hampshire has always been fortunate to have great law enforcement agents, and Mr. Monier exemplifies this ideal. I am proud of his achievements and his long and honorable commitment to law enforcement. I would like to wish Chief Monier, along with his wife Sandra and their two teenage sons, the best of luck as he embarks on this new stage in his life. It is an honor to represent you in the United States Senate.●

A TRIBUTE TO RUSSELL BAKER

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, Thomas Carlyle remarked, "A well-written Life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." Carlyle could have written these words, if construed as a double entendre, about my rare, dear friend, Russell Baker. Baker's last "Observer" column appeared in the New York Times this past Christmas, ending a 36-year run. Over the course of some 3 million words, by his own reckoning, Russell Baker has displayed grace, gentle wit, decency, and profound insight into the human condition.

Nearly fifteen years ago, I stated that Russell Baker has been just about the sanest observer of American life that we've had. He has been gentle with us, forgiving, understanding. He has told us truths in ways we have been willing to hear, which is to say he has been humorous . . . on the rare occasion he turns to us with a terrible visage of near rage and deep disappointment, we do well to listen all the harder.

He leaves a huge hole I doubt any other journalist can fill. As Boston Globe columnist Martin F. Nolan observed last month, "the most bathetic braggarts and most lubricated louts among us never thought we were as good or as fast as Russell Baker."

A life well-spent? He's a patriot, having served as a Navy flyer during World War II. For nearly fifty years, he has been married to his beloved Miriam. They have three grown children. His career has taken him from the Baltimore Sun's London Bureau to the Times' Washington Bureau. He has covered presidential campaigns, and he has accompanied Presidents abroad. He has met popes, kings, queens—and common people, too, for whom he has such enormous and obvious empathy. And now he is the welcoming presence on Mobil Masterpiece Theatre.

A life well-written? The Washington Post's Jonathan Yardley calls Russell Baker "a columnist's columnist," writing, "Baker broke his own mold. He was, simply and utterly, sui generis." I would not use the past tense, because I doubt Russell Baker is done putting pen to paper. But the sentiment is spot on.

A life well-written? Baker has won two Pulitzer Prizes—one in 1979 for Distinguished Commentary and another in 1983 for his 1982 autobiography, "Growing Up." He has written thirteen other books and edited The Norton Book of Light Verse and his own book

of American humor. Russell Baker isn't just one of the best newspaper writers around, as Yardley puts it; he is "one of the best writers around. Period."

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Russell Baker's last regular "Observer" column entitled "A Few Words at the End" (New York Times, December 25, 1998) appear in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD following my remarks. I further ask unanimous consent that Martin F. Nolan's column, "A Journalist, a Gentleman," (Boston Globe, December 9, 1998) and Jonathan Yardley's column, "Russell Baker: A Columnist's Columnist," (Washington Post, January 4, 1999) also appear in the RECORD following my remarks.

[From the Boston Globe, December 9, 1998]

A JOURNALIST, A GENTLEMAN
(By Martin F. Nolan, Globe Staff)

SAN FRANCISCO.—American journalism has marinated in wretched excess in 1998, and the year closes with the ultimate deprivation and indignity. This month, Russell Baker files his final column for The New York Times.

For readers, this means losing that rare sense of anticipation, glancing at a byline as a guarantee. Baker's byline delivers good writing, good humor, and a ruthless honesty about himself. He does not bluff or pontificate. Readers know: Character counts. Russ Baker's sensibilities have enriched the op-ed page of the Times since 1962, longer than any other columnist on that newspaper.

Ink-stained wretches still in harness will miss him as a role model, which in journalism means an object of fierce and unrelenting envy. The green-eyed monster squats daily over every newsroom word processor, presiding over pointless arguments: "I may not be good, but I'm fast" vs. "I may not be fast, but I'm good." But the most pathetic braggarts and most lubricated louts among us never thought we were as good or as fast as Russell Baker.

He has written 3 million words for the "Observer" column, few of them out of place. His lasting contribution to American letters was "Growing Up," his 1982 memoir, which ignored politicians to focus on his mother, Lucy, who hectored him about "gumption" and often said, "Don't be a quitter, Russell."

He's hardly that. He began reporting for the Baltimore Sun in 1947, as he wrote, "studying the psychology of cops, watching people's homes burn" while trolling the same precincts as H.L. Mencken 50 years earlier. Instead of Mencken's bile, he infused his prose with bemusement. He moved from street reporter to rewrite with no illusions: "I knew that journalism was essentially a task of stringing together seamlessly an endless series of clichés." Gulp. Also ouch.

A profile in The Washingtonian this year quoted Calvin Trillin on Baker as a 1950s guy: "No complaining, no dancing in the end zone." One lesson of "Growing Up" is that war and depression are more character-building than peace and prosperity, so Baker sought no slack and no other short cuts, which were notoriously unavailable at the Washington bureau of The Times, which he joined in 1954.

"In those days plain English was under suspicion at the Times," he once recalled. "Many stories read as if written by a Henry James imitator with a bad hangover. Incomprehensible English was accepted as evidence of the honest, inarticulate, reporter; plain English bothered people."

But the copy desk yielded. Because Baker knew the difference between "disinterested"

and "uninterested," because he could navigate the perilous waters between "flaunt" and "flout," his news stories penetrated the philistine phalanx with lines like: "Senator Everett M. Dirksen, the Illinois Republican and orator, looking Byronically disheveled . . ."

Such a phrase would vanish in the hyena cacophony that passes for political discourse on television today. It is all the more fitting that Baker has become a TV star as host of "Masterpiece Theatre." In 1993, when PBS searched for Alistair Cooke's successor, Christopher Lydon and other lobbied heroically for Baker, one of the best-read reporters ever to meet a deadline.

Baker admired his fellow Virginian, Murray Kempton, the columnist who set out in New York every day to take the luck of the day. Writing in retirement, Baker hopes to "take the luck of the year."

In an ancient newspaper joke, a butler informs his employer that "Some reporters are here to see you, sir, and a gentleman from The Times (or Transcript or Tribune)." He may still identify with the typical Washington correspondent of his day, a dirty-fingernailed hustler "who services a string of small papers in the Gadsden Purchase." But Russell Baker adorns this increasingly rude trade because he is a true gentleman.

[From the Washington Post, Jan. 4, 1999]

RUSSELL BAKER: A COLUMNIST'S COLUMNIST
(By Jonathan Yardly)

Christmas 1998 was bright and beautiful here on the East Coast, but the happy day also brought a great loss. The announcement of it was made that morning on the Op-Ed page of the New York Times, under the chilling headline, "A Few Words at the End," and under the byline of Russell Baker.

The headline told the story, and the opening of Baker's column confirmed it. "Since it is Christmas," he wrote, "a day on which nobody reads a newspaper anyhow, and since this is the last of these columns titled 'Observer' which have been appearing in the Times since 1962 . . ." at which point it was all I could do to keep on reading. But read I did, out loud, right to the end—"Thanks for listening for the past three million words"—when I could only blurt out: "Well, my world just got a lot smaller."

That is no exaggeration. I cannot pretend to have read all 3 million of those words, for there were periods when my peregrinations up and down this side of the North American continent put me out of touch with the Times, but I read most of them and treasured every one. Baker's columns were the center of my life as a reader of newspapers, and it is exceedingly difficult to imagine what that life will be without them.

Thirty-six years! Has any American newspaper columnist maintained so high a standard of wit, literacy and intelligence for so long a time? Only two come to mind: H.L. Mencken and Walter Lippmann. But Mencken's columns for the Baltimore Evening Sun were on-and-off affairs, and Lippmann struggled through a long dry period during the 1950s before being brought back to life in the 1960s by the debate over the Vietnam War. Baker, by contrast, was, like that other exemplary Baltimorean Cal Ripkin Jr., as consistent and reliable as he was brilliant. For all those years he was my idea of what a journalist should be, and I strived—with precious little success—to live up to this example.

Not that I tried to imitate him, or not that I was aware of doing so. One of the many remarkable things about Baker is that, unlike Mencken or Lippmann—or Baker's old boss, James Reston, or Dorothy Thompson, or Drew Pearson, or Dave Barry—he really has