

he has to say. Tony's authenticity and ability to form relationships has been instrumental to his success.

Next, I put Tony's commitment to the conservative cause to good use by making him my Policy Director. One of the things that I have always admired about Tony is his real commitment to the conservative agenda. He is not in Washington, DC for power or personal gain. He is here because he believes in what he is doing and because of his desire to make America a better place. And his commitment was on display every day as he moved through my office like a whirlwind, pressing staffers to do more, to work harder. He is personally responsible for the passage of much good legislation, but more importantly he was on the lookout for bad legislation.

More than a few bad bills found an early grave because of Tony's vigilance. Finally, Tony served as my Deputy Chief of Staff. In that capacity he became a not just great staffer, but a great friend. He was my gatekeeper and my watch-guard. In many ways, too numerous to list here, he made my life in Washington, DC tolerable.

Now, Tony has decided to move on to greener pastures. For five and half years, Tony was always on call. He worked countless late nights and weekends. Now, he has a beautiful new son and is time for him to step back and spend some time with his family.

Tony's departure is a personal loss for me, but I know that it is the right thing for him to do. I wish him the best in his new career and I wish him and his family all the joy and happiness in the world. After all of Tony's hard work for me and the American people, they truly deserve it.

TRIBUTE TO WILFRID A.
GRANQUIST, JR. IN HONOR OF
HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY

HON. KAREN MCCARTHY

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 15, 2000

Ms. MCCARTHY of Missouri. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a very special husband, father, and grandfather, Mr. Wilfrid A. "Jay" Granquist, Jr. who celebrated his 80th birthday on November 22, 2000.

Born to Wilfrid A. Granquist, Sr. and Leona Ellis Granquist on November 22, 1920, young Jay became, by necessity, independent at an early age. Using his own resources, he survived and thrived during his adolescent years. Mr. Granquist served his country in defense of freedom in World War II and fought valiantly in the infantry during the Battle of the Bulge. Upon completing his service to our country, he became a metallurgical engineer of quality control with Westinghouse, which later merged with Bendix Corporation in Kansas City. He retired as a senior metallurgical engineer in 1981 after 21 years of service to the company.

Mr. Granquist met and fell in love with Margaret Lang while roller skating in 1939. During their first encounter, he cut his finger and asked his future bride to kiss it and make it better for him. On September 21, 1940 they were married and celebrated 60 years of matrimony this past September. Jay and Margaret have 3 children—Marilyn Leona Watson, John Lang Granquist, and Joyce G. Holland who

will commemorate their father's 80th birthday on November 24 along with his 13 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren.

One remarkable milestone that should be noted is Jay's 3 half siblings who he was recently reunited with—2 sisters and 1 brother. His half brother, James, celebrated his 50th birthday in 1999 and his wife, Rhonda, took it upon herself to invite Jay and Margaret to join them. This was most touching and heartwarming for all of the siblings.

Mr. Granquist has spent much of his retirement years volunteering for organizations such as Seton Center, St. Joseph Hospital, and the Red Bridge Lions Club. He has served as a lay minister in his parish, St. Thomas Moore, and is president of his homes association, Klatte Meyer Estates. His volunteer work at St. Joseph Hospital includes driving the jitney to transport patients and visitors from the parking lot to the hospital. His friendly manner is appreciated, and it is noteworthy that Jay has never met a stranger. Other volunteers who appreciate his myriad skills fondly refer to Mr. Granquist as a "Jack of All Trades." His efforts at Seton Center include collecting and transporting food and bakery items to the Center for distribution to the needy. As part of the "Share of the Harvest" program for the Missouri Department of Conservation, Mr. Granquist transports fowl and venison for use by the Center. He is an avid woodworker, building food shelves and other essential construction needs at the Center. He revels in restoring airplanes and is a member of Save a Connie. Mr. Granquist is an advocate for neighborhood concerns and active in local political campaigns in Kansas City. In his spare time he enjoys square dancing with Margaret, refinishing fine furniture, and creating special gifts for family and friends. His generosity is unmatched, and his selfless dedication to the greater good continues to motivate him to help his fellow man.

Mr. Speaker, on behalf of Mr. Wilfrid A. Granquist, Jr., his wife Margaret; his children, Marilyn, John, and Joyce, his grandchildren and great grandchildren, please join me in saluting the life of this remarkable gentleman and in wishing him a happy 80th birthday.

Thank you.

IN MEMORY OF JOHNNY CACE

HON. RALPH M. HALL

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 15, 2000

Mr. HALL of Texas. Mr. Speaker, today I speak memory of a legendary East Texan, Johnny Cace of Longview, TX, who died recently at the age of 83. Johnny Cace was a household name in East Texas. His restaurant that bears his name is part of the culture of Longview, and Johnny was known as one of Longview's leading ambassadors of good will.

Johnny was devoted to his family, his community, and his church—and he was a friend to so many from all walks of life. Born Jan. 8, 1917, in New Orleans, he grew up working with his father at their oyster camp between school years, where he learned to harvest oysters and catch fish and cook. After graduating from Buras High School in 1933 as salutatorian of his class, he attended Louisiana State University and then moved with his fam-

ily to Shreveport to open an oyster and seafood market. Johnny volunteered for the U.S. Air Force during World War II and served four years as mess sergeant of officers' mess at Moore Field in McAllen.

Following the War, Johnny married Valerie Savony, now deceased, and moved to Longview in 1949, opening Johnny Cace's Seafood & Steak House. The restaurant moved to its present location in 1964 and expanded several times to its current seating capacity of 450. It is a popular location for various civic luncheons and special events in Longview, and its reputation for excellence has attracted patrons from all over the State of Texas.

Johnny was active and involved in the restaurant until his recent hospitalization. He served as president of the Texas Restaurant Association in 1967 and received the distinguished service award that year. He also served on TRA's State Advisory Council and was a longtime member of the board of directors of the East Texas Chapter of TRA and the state board of TRA. He was chosen as Texas Restaurant Association Man of the Year in 1967, was selected as Outstanding Restaurateur in 1961 by the East Texas Restaurant Association and as Outstanding Restaurateur in the State in 1970. In 1985, Johnny was selected as a member of the Texas Restaurant Association Hall of Honor, the highest honor one can receive in TRA.

Johnny's accomplishments in Longview were just as noteworthy. He was a lifetime member of the Longview Chamber of Commerce, having served as president and two terms on the board of directors. He was a founding member of Junior Achievement of East Texas. He served as district chairman of the Sustaining Membership Drive of Boy Scouts of the East Texas area. He was a past vice president of Longview Civitan Club. He served on the board of directors of Longview Bank & Trust Co., the Good Shepherd Hospital Foundation Board and the Operations Committee of St. Anthony's Catholic Church. As a member of the Longview Council of Knights of Columbus, Johnny was a Past Grand Knight of the Third Degree and Past Faithful Navigator of the Fourth Degree.

Johnny's other honors include the Boy Scouts of America Silver Beaver Award for Distinguished Service to Boyhood; the Headliner Award from the Professional Journalists; Man of the Year award by the Longview Federated Club; the East Texas Heritage Award from the Festival in the Pines; and in 1999, the Longview Partnership Chairman's Award. Johnny was an active member of St. Mary's Catholic Church, the Elks Club, Pinecrest Country Club and the Delta Fishing Club.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret Gregory Cace of Longview; son John III and daughter-in-law Linda of San Antonio; son Gerard and daughter-in-law Cathy of Longview; and son Danny and daughter-in-law Sarah of Tyler; seven grandchildren; a sister, Rose Cace Sanders of Shreveport; and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins.

Johnny Cace genuinely liked people and always had a smile and a kind word to say to those he met. He was a friend to so many from all walks of life—and he was liked by all who knew him. He was truly one of Longview's most influential "goodwill ambassadors," and he leaves a legacy of goodwill that will be remembered for many years to come. He also leaves a powerful family legacy

in his sons, who are carrying on the family restaurant business and will help keep the Cace legend alive. Gerard operates the Longview establishment; Danny operates the restaurant in Tyler, and John operates the restaurant in San Antonio.

Mr. Speaker, it is an honor for me to pay my last respects in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD to an outstanding American and an exemplary individual who was beloved by his family, friends, and the citizens of Longview, and who will be truly missed—Johnny Cace.

EXPRESSING SORROW OF THE
HOUSE AT THE DEATH OF THE
HONORABLE JULIAN C. DIXON,
MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM
THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

SPEECH OF

HON. HOWARD L. BERMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 8, 2000

Mr. BERMAN. Mr. Speaker, on Wednesday I had the unwelcome honor of participating in the funeral service for our beloved late colleague, JULIAN DIXON. I submit the remarks I made therein the RECORD.

It is said that grief and mourning are in reality selfish emotions, because we are really overcome by what we have lost. I'm feeling pretty selfish right now because I've lost my closest friend in public office.

It's a sunny morning in November, 1972 as I board the flight to Sacramento to attend freshman orientation for the newly elected members of the State Assembly. As fate would have it, my seatmate is Julian Dixon, whom I've never met before, also newly elected. It is the start of a deep and enduring friendship, an "odd couple" relationship between the slightly self-righteous Jewish guy from the San Fernando Valley—who cut his political teeth in the left of center reform wing of our party and the more moderate and wise African-American party regular from Central Los Angeles mentored by the late Speaker Jess Unruh and then State Senator Mervyn Dymally.

Together we went through a traumatic Speakership fight, Assembly leadership positions pioneering and often successful legislative initiatives, a wild and crazy Jerry Brown governorship and developed a relationship where we could share the most intimate of details and in subsequent years wonderful social occasions with our wives, Bettye and Janis.

Thomas Jefferson once wrote "on matters of style, swim with the current; on matters of principle, stand like a rock." He describes our friend.

Julian Dixon had the uncanny ability to stake out his position, detach himself from that position, step into the other person's shoes, subordinate his own ego and shrewdly calculate how to address his advisory's concerns in order to attain his original objective. If it meant taking less credit than he deserved, so be it. He surely holds the record for fewest press conferences by a Member of Congress.

But no one who knew him could mistake his calm demeanor, his thoughtful approach and his remarkable efforts at bipartisanship for a lack of passion or commitment to a progressive pro-civil rights, activist agenda.

One of the remarkable scenes on the House floor was watching this serene and sedate man rise to levels of eloquence and con-

trolled anger at a demagogic attack or a rhetorical cheapshot. The hush that would envelope the chamber when Julian's voice rose was palpable. Be it an effort to override the decision of D.C. voters or its City Council through an amendment to his D.C. appropriations bill or an attack on the all too frequent disaster relief appropriations for Los Angeles, when the voting began Members you could never imagine would flock to his position, deferring to his judgment and moved by his passion.

But this was the unusual occasion. While I've chosen not to even attempt to enumerate them, most of his myriad legislative accomplishments were achieved behind the scenes, with little fanfare.

In the Spring, 1999, Justices Thomas and Souter appeared before his subcommittee to testify for the Supreme Court's budget request. The nearly complete absence of minorities and the under-representation of women as law clerks to the Supreme Court justices deeply disturbed Julian. In typical fashion, Julian did not seek to rectify the situation by crafting an amendment (which would never have passed), nor did he hold a high profile press conference. He did not hurl insults. Rather, with appropriate deference and a deft and direct explanation of just why this was so intolerable, he made his case and thanked them for listening. The Justices expressed their appreciation for the way he chose to deliver his message and lo and behold, in the next term the increase in minority and female clerks was dramatic, if not yet adequate—classic Julian Dixon.

As the Cold War ended, Julian left the foreign assistance subcommittee (where he had fought for foreign aid generally and aid to Israel specifically) and joined the defense appropriations subcommittee. As California slid into recession and unemployment in his own district rose, he worked with Jerry Lewis to fight for California jobs and defense conversion projects. He persuaded his colleagues and the Pentagon to fund joint school district—National Guard mathematics and technology—enrichment programs in high schools throughout Los Angeles. What good is it, he said, to have high tech weapons and inadequate training for the kids who will be using them. He was particularly proud of his success in initiating and funding residential programs for "at risk" youth from the inner city. He went where the money was, and produced for the people about whom he cared so much.

This week's Congressional Quarterly headlined its article on Julian's passing—"Remembered for Selflessness, Taking on Thankless Tasks." He chaired the Ethics Committee for six years and has been the ranking Democrat on the highly sensitive House Intelligence Committee, where he grappled on a bipartisan basis with our country's critical national security issues. Little publicity, less glory and no fund-raising potential. Add to the "thankless tasks" his many years chairing the District of Columbia appropriations subcommittee, where he fought for the city in which he was born and raised, particularly because its residents to this day are denied equal political representation.

Now this latter position did carry some clout. In the mid-1980s, I accompanied Julian to an anti-apartheid demonstration in front of the South African embassy, a sure ticket to jail. When we were booked I remarked the jail looked rather spiffy. Julian indicated that indeed it did, that before the daily demonstrations started he had suggested to key D.C. officials that they might want to give it a new paint job to impress the many Congressmen who would be passing through.

Julian's loyalty to and love for the House was apparent to anyone who knew him.

When Minority Leader Dick Gephardt asked me to take a slot on the Ethics Committee, Julian told me I had no choice—it was my obligation to the institution in which I had the honor to serve.

Julian's friends in L.A.—he loved them dearly and they loved him in return. When he first ran for Congress in 1978, he started as a distinct underdog, representing much less of the district than one of his opponents, much less well-known than the other. (Julian had mastered the art of remaining relatively unknown to the general public)—or so I thought until today. His friends came through for him like gangbusters. They set new records for fund-raising within the African-American community, providing the resources and the volunteers to send him to a substantial victory. He never forgot them.

I never met an elected official who was so attentive to people who could do nothing for him politically. He always had time to share a word with the Rayburn subway driver, the elevator operator, the committee secretary. There was always enough time to help the former staffer. He was not one to look over your shoulder to see if someone else in the room had more money, more power, more influence.

One of the true joys of my life in Washington were my frequent dinners with Julian. We glided from House business to local politics to our families effortlessly. From those dinners, Bettye, I know how much you meant to him, how strong you were, how proud he was of your tremendous success in business.

Julian was filled with good advice—but he was not infallible. One evening he indicated that he had begged Johnnie Cochran not to take the O.J. case, there was no way he could win and it would destroy his career.

Julian was a throwback to a different political era, where discourse was civil, where adversaries at work could have a drink together in the evening, where not every interaction was defined by whom was benefitted in the next election.

Perhaps, just perhaps, Julian Dixon's career and life can be instructive to us as we embark on a new Congress with a new President. I think the American people want what Julian offered—true to his beliefs and still able to see the other side, solving problems and working to make our community and country a better place—and even having a little fun while we're doing it. Dr. King once said "If a man is called to be a street sweeper, he should sweep the streets even as Michelangelo painted or Beethoven composed music or Shakespeare composed poetry. He should sweep streets so well that the hosts of heaven and earth will pause to say, 'here lived a great street sweeper who did his job well.'"

Julian—you were a great Congressman, and you did your job well. We'll miss you more than you could have imagined.

H.R. 4868

HON. BILL ARCHER

OF TEXAS

HON. PHILIP M. CRANE

OF ILLINOIS

HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 15, 2000

Mr. ARCHER. Mr. Speaker, on behalf of myself, and my colleagues, Mr. CRANE and Mr. RANGEL, we would like to submit the following statement for the RECORD.