

Five years ago, June 5, 1995, the Federal debt stood at \$4,903,928,000,000 (Four trillion, nine hundred three billion, nine hundred twenty-eight million).

Ten years ago, June 5, 1990, the Federal debt stood at \$3,127,410,000,000 (Three trillion, one hundred twenty-seven billion, four hundred ten million).

Fifteen years ago, June 5, 1985, the Federal debt stood at \$1,776,269,000,000 (One trillion, seven hundred seventy-six billion, two hundred sixty-nine million).

Twenty-five years ago, June 5, 1975, the Federal debt stood at \$522,954,000,000 (Five hundred twenty-two billion, nine hundred fifty-four million) which reflects a debt increase of more than \$5 trillion—\$5,119,447,863,301.59 (Five trillion, one hundred nineteen billion, four hundred forty-seven million, eight hundred sixty-three thousand, three hundred one dollars and fifty-nine cents) during the past 25 years.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

A RETROSPECTIVE ON RACE

• Mr. GRAMM. Mr. President, I wish to share with my colleagues a moving autobiographical article written by Ward Connerly. Mr. Connerly's intelligence and personal experience with racism blend together into a truly insightful analysis and I encourage my colleagues to read about Mr. Connerly's uniquely American story.

Mr. President, I ask that the article which appeared in the June 2000 edition of *The American Enterprise* be printed in the RECORD.

LAYING DOWN THE BURDEN OF RACE

(By Ward Connerly)

Not long ago, after I'd given a speech in Hartford, Connecticut, I saw a black man with a determined look on his face working his way toward me through the crowd. I steel myself for another abrasive encounter of the kind I've come to expect over the past few years. But once this man reached me he stuck out his hand and said thoughtfully, "You know, I was thinking about some of the things you said tonight. It occurred to me that black people have just got to learn to lay down the burden. It's like we grew up carrying a bag filled with heavy weights on our shoulders. We just have to stop totin' that bag."

I agreed with him. I knew as he did exactly what was in this bag: weakness and guilt, anger, and self-hatred.

I have made a commitment not to tote racial grievances, because the status of victim is so seductive and so available to anyone with certain facial features or a certain cast to his skin. But laying down these burdens can be tricky, as I was reminded not long after this Connecticut meeting. I had just checked into the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco to attend an annual dinner as master of ceremonies. After getting to my room, I realized that I'd left my briefcase in the car and started to go back to the hotel parking garage for it. As I was getting off the basement elevator, I ran into a couple of elderly white men who seemed a little dis-

oriented. When they saw me, one of them said, "Excuse me, are you the man who unlocks the meeting room?"

I did an intellectual double-take and then, with my racial hackles rising, answered with as much irritation as I could pack into my voice: "No, I'm not the man who unlocks the rooms."

The two men shrank back and I walked on, fuming to myself about how racial profiling is practiced every day in subtle forms by people who would otherwise piously condemn it in state troopers working the New Jersey Turnpike. As I stalked toward the garage, I didn't feel uplifted by my righteous anger. On the contrary, I felt crushed by it. It was a heavy burden, so heavy, in fact, that I stopped and stood there for a minute, sagging under its weight. Then I tried to see myself through the eyes of the two old men I'd just run into: someone who was black, yes, but more importantly, someone without luggage, striding purposefully out of the elevator as if on a mission, dressed in a semi-uniform of blazer and gray slacks.

I turned around and retraced my steps.

"What made you think I was the guy who unlocks the meeting rooms?" I asked when I caught up with them.

"You were dressed a little like a hotel employee, sir," the one who had spoken earlier said in a genuinely deferential way. "Believe me, I meant no insult."

"Well, I hope you'll forgive me for being abrupt," I said, and after a quick handshake I headed back to the garage, feeling immensely relieved.

If we are to lay this burden down for good, we must be committed to letting go of racial classifications—not getting beyond race by taking race more into account, as Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun disastrously advised, but just getting beyond race period as a foundation for public policy.

Yet, I know that race is a scar in America. I first saw this scar at the beginning of my life in the segregated South. Black people should not deny that this mark exists: it is part of our connection to America. But we should also resist all of those, black and white, who want to rip open that scar and make race a raw and angry wound that continues to define and divide us.

Left to their own devices, I believe, Americans will eventually merge and melt into each other. Throughout our history, there has been a constant intermingling of people—even during the long apartheid of segregation and Jim Crow. It is malicious as well as unreasonable not to acknowledge that in our own time the conditions for anger have diminished and the conditions for connection have improved.

We all know the compelling statistics about the improvements in black life: increased social and vocational mobility, increased personal prestige and political power. But of all the positive data that have accumulated since the Civil Rights Act of 1964—when America finally decided to leave its racial past behind—the finding that gives me most hope is the recent survey showing that nearly 90 percent of all teenagers in America report having at least one close personal friend of another race.

My wife Ilene is white. I have two racially mixed children and three grandchildren, two of whose bloodlines are even more mixed as a result of my son's marriage to a woman of half-Asian descent. So my own personal experience tells me that the passageway to that place where all racial division ends goes directly through the human heart.

Not long ago, Mike Wallace came to California to interview Ilene and me for a segment on "60 Minutes." He seemed shocked when I told him that race wasn't a big topic in our family. He implied that we were some-

how disadvantaging the kids. But Ilene and I decided a long time ago to let our kids find their way in this world without toting the bag of race. They are lucky, of course, to have grown up after the great achievements of the civil rights movement, which changed America's heart as much as its laws. But we have made sure that the central question for our children, since the moment they came into this world, has always been who are you, not what are you. When we ignore appeals to group identity and focus instead on individuals and their individual humanity, we are inviting the principles of justice present since the American founding to come inside our contemporary American homes.

I won't pretend this is always easy. While a senior at college, I fell in love with an effervescent white woman named Ilene. When Ilene's parents first learned how serious we were about each other, they reacted with dismay and spent long hours on the phone trying to keep the relationship from developing further. Hoping for support from my own relatives, I went home one weekend and told Mom (the grandmother who had raised me) about Ilene. She was cold and negative. "Why can't you find yourself a nice colored girl?" she blurted out. I walked out of the house and didn't contact her for a long time afterward.

Ilene and I now felt secretive and embattled. Marrying "outside your race" was no easy decision in 1962. I knew that Ilene had no qualms about challenging social norms, but I was less sure that she could deal with exclusion by her family, which seemed to me a real possibility. Nonetheless, she said yes when I proposed, and we were married, with no family members present.

I called Mom the day after and told her. She apologized for what she'd said earlier. Ilene's parents were not so quick to alter their position. For months, the lines of communication were down. Sometimes I came home from work and found Ilene sitting on the couch crying.

Finally her parents agreed to see her, but not me. I drove her up to their house and waited in the car while she went in. As the hours passed, I seethed. At one point I started the engine and took off, but I didn't know the area and so, after circling the block, came back and parked again. When Ilene finally came out of the house, she just cried for nearly the entire return trip.

Today, people would rush to hold Ilene's parents guilty of racism.

But even when I was smoldering with resentment, I knew it wasn't that simple. These were good people—hard working, serious, upstanding. They were people, moreover, who had produced my wife, a person without a racist bone in her body. In a sense, I could sympathize with my new in-laws; there were no blacks in their daily life, and they lived in a small town where everyone knew everything about everyone else. Our marriage was a leap nothing in her parents' lives had prepared them to take.

But their reaction to me still rankled. After having to wait in the car that afternoon I vowed never to go near their house again.

For a long time we didn't see Ilene's parents. But we did see her Aunt Markeeta and Uncle Glen. They were wonderful people. Glen, dead now, was a salt-of-the-earth type who worked in a sawmill, and Markeeta had a personality as piquant as her name. They integrated us into their circle of friends, who became our friends too. In those healing days, we all functioned as an extended family.

If I had to pick the moment when our family problems began to resolve themselves it would be the day our son Marc was born.

Not long after, we were invited to come for a visit. This time I was included in the invitation. I remember sitting stiffly through

the event, which had the tone of the recently released film, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* I was supremely uncomfortable, but I also sensed that the fever had broken. And indeed, a peace process was in place. The visits became more frequent. The frigid tolerance gradually thawed into welcome.

There was no single dramatic moment that completed the reconciliation; no cathartic conversation in which we all explored our guilt and misconceptions. Instead, we just got on with our lives, nurturing the relationship that had been born along with my son. It grew faster than he did. Within a year we were on our way to becoming what we are now—a close-knit, supportive family. Today, my relationship with my in-laws could not be better. I love them very much, and they let me know that the feeling is mutual.

The moral is clear. Distance exaggerates difference and breeds mistrust; closeness breaks down suspicion and produces connection. My life so far tells me that our future as a nation is with connection.

Most people call me a black man. In fact, I'm black in the same way that Tiger Woods and so many other Americans are black—by the “one drop of blood” rule used by yesterday's segregationists and today's racial ideologues. In my case, the formula has more or less equal elements of French Canadian, Choctaw, African, and Irish American. But just reciting the fractions provides no insight about the richness of life produced by the sum of the parts.

A journalist for the New York Times once described my bloodline as being right out of a Faulkner novel. He was right. And my family was always trying to understand how the strands of DNA dangling down through history had created their individual selves. They had their share of guilty secrets and agonized over the consequences of bad blood, whatever its racial origin. But in their actions, they, like Faulkner's characters, treated race and other presumed borders between people as being permeable.

I grew up with my mother's people. My maternal grandfather was Eli Soniea, a mixed-blood Cajun born in the tiny Louisiana town of Sulphur. He eventually settled in Leesville, not far from the Texas border, a sleepy town with hazy foothills stretching behind it like a movie backdrop.

Eli died ten years before I was born, and I never knew him. But photographs of him have always intrigued me. He was light skinned, had straight black hair, and a serious look. I've been told he spoke a pidgin French and English and was an ambitious man. He worked as a carpenter, sometimes ran a construction gang, and amassed enough money to buy some land and build a restaurant and bar in Leesville. He was evidently a no-nonsense type who didn't like anyone, especially his own kin, putting on airs.

Eli's wife, my grandmother Mary Smith—or “Mom,” as I always called her—was half Irish and half Choctaw. This latter element was clearly evident in her high cheekbones and broad features, and in the bloom of her young womanhood she was sometimes referred to as an “Indian Princess.” Mom was born and raised in Texas. She married Eli Soniea as a result of an “arrangement” brokered by her parents, after which he brought her to Louisiana.

In their early life together, the two of them lived in that part of Leesville known as “Dago Quarters” because of the large number of Italian immigrants. After Eli's early death—when I was growing up you didn't ask why or how someone died; the mere fact of it ended all discussion—Mary's only income was from the restaurant and bar he had built, which she leased to people who did business with the servicemen from the near-

by Army base. Because money was tight, she moved the family to a less expensive neighborhood, the predominantly black “Bartley Quarters.”

The complexions of Mom's own six children ranged from light to dark. (William, for instance, was always known as “Red,” because of this Indian look and coloring.) But whatever their exact coloration or facial characteristics, they all had “colored” on their birth certificates. In Louisiana in those days, being “colored” was not just a matter of blood; it was also a question of what neighborhood you lived in and what people you associated with. “Colored” is on my birth certificate.

The Sonieas' race problem came not only from whites but from blacks too. Leesville's social boundaries were reasonably porous, but if you were falling down through the cracks rather than moving up, as the Sonieas were doing after Eli died, you attracted notice. My grandmother often recalled how her new neighbors in Bartley Quarters called her and her children “high yellors,” a term coined by white Southern racists but used with equal venom by blacks too. In fact, Mom's kids had so much trouble that officials tried to convince them to transfer out of the school to escape the racial animosity. This experience left some of my relatives with hard feelings that never really went away. During the campaign for California's Proposition 209, for instance, when I was being accused of selling out “my people,” my Aunt Bert got annoyed one day and said, “When we lived back in Leesville, they didn't want to be our ‘brothers and sisters’; they didn't own us as ‘their people’ then; so why do they think we owe them something now because of skin color?”

My biological mother Grace, Bert's little sister, was the youngest of Mom's children. I wish I had more memories of her. I have only one sharp image in my mind: a face resting in satin in a casket. Old photographs show my mother as a beautiful woman with a full, exotic face. But she wasn't beautiful lying there with a waxy, preserved look, certainly not to a terrified four-year-old dragged up to the front of the church to pay his last respects. I still remember standing there looking at her with my cousin Ora holding my hand to keep me from bolting as the pandemonium of a Southern black funeral—women yelling, crying, fainting, and lying palsied on the floor—rose to a crescendo all around me.

According to family legend, she died of a stroke. But I suspect that this claim was really just my family's way of explaining away something infinitely more complex. Two other facts about my mother's life may have had something to do with her early passing. First, she had been in a serious car accident that left her with a steel plate in her head. And secondly, she had been physically abused by my father.

I didn't find this out until I was in my fifties. The information accidentally escaped during a conversation with my Aunt Bert, who said, when the subject of my father came up, “You know, your Uncle Arthur once said, excuse the expression, ‘That son of a bitch once took out a gun and shot at me!’”

I asked her why.

“Because Arthur told your father that if he ever beat your mother again he'd kill him, and your father got out a gun.”

I guess Roy Connerly was what they called a “fancy man” back then. Judging from his photos, he was quite handsome, with light skin and a wicked smile, and a reputation as a gambler, a drinker, and a womanizer. He worked odd jobs, but it seems that his real profession was chasing women. I've been told so many times about the day he got tired of me and my mother and turned us in at my

grandmother's house that it has come to feel like my own legitimate memory.

He arrived there one afternoon with the two of us and with his girlfriend of the moment, a woman named Lucy. My Aunt Bert was watering the lawn when he walked into the yard.

“Is Miss Mary here?” my father asked.

Bert said yes.

“Go get her,” he ordered.

Bert went in to get Mom, who appeared on the porch wiping her hands on her apron.

“I'm giving them back to you, Miss Mary,”

Roy said, gesturing at my sobbing mother and at me, the miserable child in her arms.

“I want to be with Lucy.”

Always composed in a crisis, Mom looked at him without visible emotion and said, “Thank you for bringing them.”

A few days later he brought my red wagon over. Then Roy Connerly vanished from my life.

Later on I learned that Roy Connerly eventually got rid of Lucy and, at the age of 39, entered a relationship with a 15-year-old girl named Clementine and had a couple of kids by her. But nothing more than that for over 50 years. Then, just a couple of years ago, a writer doing a profile on me for the New York Times called one day.

“Are you sitting down?” he asked melodramatically.

I asked him what was up. He said that in his research about my background he had discovered that my father was still alive, 84 years old, and living in Leesville. The writer gave me his phone number.

I didn't do anything about it for a long time. Then, in the fall of 1998, I was invited to debate former Congressman William Gray at Tulane University in New Orleans. One of the things that made me accept was how close it was to Leesville. But I didn't actually decide to go there until after the speech. I came back to the hotel, rented a car, and got directions from the concierge.

It was a four-hour drive in a dreary rain. I warned myself not to surrender to counterfeited sentiment that would make a fool of both me and my father.

I stopped on the outskirts of town and called from a convenience store. My father's wife Clementine answered. I told her who I was and asked if I could come by and see him. There were muffled voices on the other end of the line, then she came back on and said that I should stay put and she'd send someone out to lead me to the house.

A few minutes later, a couple of young men in a beat-up blue car came by and motioned at me. I followed them down the main street and over railroad tracks to a run-down neighborhood of narrow houses and potholed roads without sidewalks.

We got out of the car and went into a tiny, shuttered house whose living room was illumined only by a small television set. I introduced myself to Clementine, and we talked about my father for a minute or two. She emphasized that the man I was about to meet was very old, quite ill, and easily confused.

When she led me into the bedroom, I saw him, sunk down in the mattress, a bag of bones. His hands and feet were gnarled and knobby with arthritis, but in his face I saw my own reflection.

I touched his arm: “How are you feeling today?”

He looked up at me uncomprehendingly: “All right.”

“You know who I am?”

Seeing that he was lost in a fog, Clementine said, “It's Billy,” using my childhood nickname. He looked at her, then at me.

“Oh, Billy,” the voice was thin and wavering. “How long you're staying?”

I told him I couldn't stay long.

There was an awkward silence as I waited for him to say something. But he just stared

at me. We looked at each other for what seemed like a very long time. Finally, a lifetime's worth of questions came tumbling out.

"Did you ever care how I was doing?" I asked him.

"No," he replied uncertainly.

"Did you ever try and get in touch with me?"

"No," he looked at me blankly.

"Did you ever even care what happened to me?"

"No."

At this point Clementine intervened: "I don't even think he knows what you're asking."

I stood there a moment, resigning myself to the situation. I would never get an explanation for his absence from my life. Then Joseph, one of the young men who'd guided me to the house and who I now realized was my half-brother, beckoned me out of the room. In the hallway, he asked if I'd like to visit some of my other relatives living nearby. I said yes and he took me outside. We crossed the street to a narrow house where an elderly woman was waiting for us. Joseph introduced her to me as my Aunt Ethel. She cordially invited us in.

Ethel had married my father's brother and served as the family's unofficial archivist and historian. As we talked, she asked if I knew anything about my father's family. I said no. Ethel showed me some photos. She told me that his mother, born in 1890, was named Fannie Self Conerly, and that they spelled it with one n then. She said that Fannie's mother was Sarah Ford Lovely, who had died at the age of 98, when I was a boy. This woman, my great-grandmother, had been born a slave.

After I walked back to my father's house and sat for a while beside him. I stood and said, "I've got to be going. You take care of yourself."

"You too," he said to me. "You ever coming back this way again, Billy?"

I smiled and waved and left without answering, and without asking him the one question that was still on my mind: Did you beat my mother like they say? Did you hasten her death and thus deprive me of both of you?

On the drive back to New Orleans I thought about my discoveries—this sickly old man who was my life's most intimate stranger; the fact that his blood and mine had once been owned by another human being. I felt subtly altered, but still the same. My father's gift to me, if you could call it that, was a deeper realization that it is not the life we're given that counts, but the life we make of the life we're given.●

DELAWARE RT. 52—KENNETT PIKE, NATIONAL SCENIC BYWAY DESIGNATION

● Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, I rise today to offer my continued endorsement for the Federal Highway Administration's National Scenic Byways Program, and to express my support for the Kennett Pike Preservation Committee's efforts to seek both state and federal scenic byways designation for Route 52, the Kennett Pike, in New Castle County, Delaware.

The National Scenic Byways Program recognizes roadways that exhibit outstanding examples of scenic, historic, recreational, cultural, archeological or natural qualities along their routes. The Kennett Pike boasts a number of cultural, scenic, historic and

recreational values that I believe make it an excellent candidate for federal designation as a national scenic byway.

Originally constructed in the 1700's and named Doe Run, the Kennett Pike maintains much of its original character, despite more than 200 years of steady development in the area. During the Revolutionary War, General George Washington and his troops were thought to have marched along the road, and, during the Civil War, soldiers settled at Camp Brandywine, now the location of an intersection on the Pike.

Along its route, not only will you find world renown tourist attractions, including Winterthur Museum, Hagley Museum and Longwood Gardens, but also historic villages, numerous inns, farms, parks and mills. Within the Kennett Pike Corridor, over 30 sites are already listed on the National Register of Historic Places, with many more sites in the corridor also eligible for the historic designation.

In addition to its historic and cultural relevance, the Kennett Pike has been designated a greenway by the State of Delaware. A ride along the Pike reveals a beautiful landscape of rolling hills, forests and a state park. The Kennett Pike is truly a gem among the ever increasingly populated suburban landscape of the middle Atlantic region.

In the Fall of 1999, the State of Delaware received a grant from the Federal Highway Administration, in the amount of \$140,000, to establish a state scenic byways program. A roadway can only be nominated for a national scenic byway designation after it has been designated on the state level.

It is my hope that the State will act quickly and implement its scenic byways program, so I can continue my efforts to see that Route 52, the Kennett Pike, is designated the first national scenic byway in the State of Delaware.●

A TRIBUTE TO LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS

● Mr. ABRAHAM. Mr. President, on June 9, 2000, at the annual State Conference of the Fraternal Order of Police in Lansing, Michigan, there will be a memorial service honoring seventy-four law enforcement officers who have died over the past year, four of whom died in the line of duty. I rise today in their memory, and to thank them posthumously for their many courageous efforts.

There is perhaps no greater sign of dedication to a community than risking one's life to protect it. Law enforcement officers do this on a daily basis. They risk their lives to ensure that our streets and our neighborhoods are safe. We must not let ourselves forget the incredible dedication that these men and women have to the people they protect. Theirs should not be a thankless job.

Mr. President, the comfort, the protection, and the safety that we enjoy

often comes at a very high price to the law enforcement officers themselves. Last year, in the State of Michigan, four officers were killed in the line of duty. In the name of protecting our communities, and our families, they left behind their own communities, and their own families.

As a tribute to these four officers, Mr. President, I would like to have their names inserted into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

Officer Leslie (Les) Keely of the Flint Police Department, Trooper Frederick Hardy, Michigan State Police, Detroit Post, Trooper Rick Lee Johnson, Michigan State Police, Paw Paw Post, Officer Gary Priess, DeWitt Township Police.

I do this not only on behalf of myself, but on behalf of all of my constituents, as a symbol of our appreciation and our gratitude for the work that law enforcement officers do every day throughout the State of Michigan. While this is a small gesture, I hope it will hold some meaning to their families and their fellow officers.●

TRIBUTE TO JOHN P. SPUTZ

● Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, it is a distinct honor for me to pay tribute to John P. Sputz on the occasion of his retirement from BAE Systems North America.

Mr. President, for more than four decades, John has devoted his life to serving this country's defense needs. Under John's leadership, he and I worked together to further the efforts of the Link-16 program. This program, which includes systems that use secure, anti-jam, line-of-sight data radio communications, has moved from the research phase in 1971 to a major Defense Department program in the 1990s. Thanks to John, this program is about to go into service for the Army, Navy and Air Force as well as for our allies in NATO and elsewhere.

John was also responsible for developing and expanding programs like the F-22 advanced tactical fighter program, the Joint Striker Fighter Program and the programmable digital radio technologies that will one day replace all legacy radios with cost-effective and flexible communications systems.

Mr. President, John's commitment to BAE Systems North America is unsurpassed. Even after retiring, John will continue serving his company as President of MIDSCO, a multi-national joint venture company which helped manage the development of the MIDS Program. I hope the example that John set will inspire BAE Systems North America to achieve even higher goals. I know I speak for everyone who knows John when I thank him for his dedication to our country and wish him the very best in the future.●