

IN REMEMBRANCE OF STROM
THURMOND

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, let me add my voice to those of my colleagues who last evening and this morning have expressed sympathy to the families of Senator Strom Thurmond. I was privileged to serve in this Chamber for many years while Senator Strom Thurmond was a Senator. He was quite a remarkable American. He was a hero in many ways. His life was controversial in some ways.

I talked to Strom Thurmond one day about the Second World War. Americans should know, when he was in his 40s, this man volunteered for service in the Second World War, volunteered to get in a glider to fly at night and crash-land behind enemy lines, behind German lines. All of the rest in that glider were young kids, 18, 19, 20-year-old GIs. This 40-plus-year-old lawyer and judge who volunteered for service in the Second World War was in that glider that crash-landed behind enemy lines.

He was quite a remarkable American and had a remarkable political career. In his later years as he suffered health challenges and difficulties, but he never complained, ever. He showed up for all of the votes in the Senate even at times when it appeared to us it was difficult for him to do so.

The American people, I know, will thank Senator Strom Thurmond for the service he gave to his country. I wanted to add my voice to the many others in this Chamber who wish to remember the memory of this remarkable American.

CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, I call to the attention of the Senate and the country something that is important. Some while ago I went to what is called the Congressional Cemetery here in Washington, DC. I want to state why I did that.

I went to visit a gravesite of a man named Scarlet Crow, an American Indian. He came to Washington, DC, in 1867 with some other American Indians from my part of the country, a member of the Wahpeton-Sisseton Sioux Tribe. He came here to negotiate a treaty. He was found under the Occoquan bridge one morning, dead. The death certificate said Scarlet Crow committed suicide. I actually got a record of the investigation of Scarlet Crow's death—remember, now, this is 1867—and discovered the police reports in Alexandria, VA, and the investigator who investigated Scarlet Crow's death seem to suggest that Scarlet Crow was murdered. He did not commit suicide, in fact, he was murdered. He was found lying under a bridge with a blanket neatly folded over him. They say he hanged himself. The police investigators said the branch from which they allege Scarlet Crow hanged himself could not have held a 6-year-old child.

That was a different time. American Indians came to this town to negotiate treaties. This man, Scarlet Crow, never returned to the Dakotas because he died under the Occoquan bridge under mysterious and strange circumstances. It appears his death was not fully investigated or resolved. The death certificate simply says he committed suicide.

Because I was interested in this and because he came from a part of the country where I reside, I went to the cemetery one day to find Scarlet Crow's gravesite. Here is Scarlet Crow's tombstone. It is at a place called the Congressional Cemetery. The Congressional Cemetery is a place I had not previously visited. It is here in Washington, DC. It holds the bodies of many Congressmen and Senators and others. It was founded in 1807 by a group of citizens residing in the eastern section of the new Federal city of Washington. Immediately, it became the sole burial place in Washington for Members of Congress. For over 60 years, Members of Congress and other Government officials were interred at what was known as Congressional Cemetery. The Government appropriated money to help construct some buildings, roads, and walls and to make other site improvements.

Other than relatively small and very infrequent Federal dollars, Government support ended many decades ago and the cemetery has fallen into disrepair. It is a rather forlorn place, as a matter of fact. I will show some pictures. This is the entrance to Congressional Cemetery. You can see the beat-up roads. Let me show an example of the roads inside the Congressional Cemetery. This, one would think, would be a place of honor, a place that is repaired and made to look presentable. Instead, here is what the Congressional Cemetery appears like to those who visit it. Roads in desperate disrepair. This does not look like a cemetery that has been maintained at all. It has not been.

Here is another picture of what the cemetery looks like inside. Roads in disrepair, grass growing out of the middle of those roads.

One wonders why, with a Congressional Cemetery, which was the burial place for so many Members of Congress, and many others over so many years, why the Federal Government and Congress would not restore it to its place of honor.

I am pleased that some of my colleagues, at my request, included some small amount of money in the Legislative Branch appropriations bill in FY2002, and a bit earlier, as well.

As we begin the appropriations process this year, I think in the honor of those who are laid to rest in that Congressional Cemetery, we really do need to do what is necessary to make that cemetery a place of honor.

Let me discuss a couple of the people who are buried at this cemetery. Vice President Elbridge Gerry is buried at

the cemetery. I have a picture showing his tombstone. This is a tombstone of former Vice President of the United States Elbridge Gerry. He is buried in the cemetery.

There is a term, "gerrymandering," in politics that many will recognize. Gerrymandering comes from Elbridge Gerry.

His marker describes he was born in 1744, died in 1814. It quotes on his words on his grave marker:

It is the duty of every man, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country.

These words describe how Gerry lived. In fact, the day that Gerry died he had to get to the temporary Senate Chambers in the Patent Office building so he could preside over the Senate. British troops burned the Capitol in the War of 1812 and the Senate was functioning from a temporary location in 1814. In those days, the Vice President presided over the Senate almost daily because the President pro tempore did not have a continuous office. On November 23, 1814, determined to preside over the Senate, Gerry suffered a fatal stroke.

At that time, Members of the Senate gathered in their chairs at the customary hour. Upon hearing the reports that Vice President Gerry had died, the body voted to send two Senators to the Vice President's home to "ascertain the fact." When they returned with confirmation, the Senate appointed a joint committee to "consider and report measures most proper to manifest the public respect for the memory of the deceased," and then the Senate adjourned. On the following day, the Senate ordered that the President's chair "be shrouded with black during the present session; and as a further testimony of respect for the deceased, the members of the Senate will go into mourning, and wear black crape around the left arm for thirty days."

Gerry is the only signer of the Declaration of Independence buried in Washington, DC. On the Fourth of July, there is annually an event at his tomb in the Congressional Cemetery with the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

There is another person buried at the cemetery who is an interesting person. His name is Issac Bassett. He was the second page who served in the U.S. Senate. He came to work in the Senate at age 9 in 1831. He never left. He worked there until 1895. He came to work at age 9 as a page in the U.S. Senate, and he worked here for 64 years. One wonders whether any of the current pages will work continuously for the next 64 years. I don't expect so. He was here even longer than the longest serving U.S. Senator, the late Strom Thurmond. He is buried at the cemetery. Right next to him is a larger marker for Alexander Bache, the founder of the U.S. Coastal Survey and a charter member of the National Academies of Science and its first president.

In addition to the nearly 80 Members of the House and Senate buried in the Congressional Cemetery, there are also 128 cenotaphs erected to honor former Members.

Here is what they look like.

The latest cenotaphs were for Speaker Tip O'Neill, Hale Boggs, and Nicholas Begich. It is something that has been done for quite some while. There is currently some interest in placing a cenotaph for our recently departed colleague, Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

These cenotaphs were designed by the distinguished Capitol Architect, Benjamin Henry Latrobe.

As transportation improved, it became custom to remove remains to a congressman's home state for burial, but a cenotaph was placed in the Congressional Cemetery in their memory. The practice ceased in 1877.

It is my hope that this Congress will take a look at this cemetery and understand that the Congressional Cemetery is the final resting place of nearly 80 Members of the House and the Senate, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and two Vice Presidents. It is where you will find the grave of John Phillip Sousa. You will see the gravestone of J. Edgar Hoover. It is quite a remarkable cemetery.

Let me again show a photograph that shows the entrance and the roads in this cemetery. It is in desperate, desperate disrepair. The Congressional Cemetery ought to be a place of honor. It is the final resting place for many who served this country with great distinction for so many years.

As this Congress considers what our responsibilities are and what we can and should do, it is my hope that we will invest the small amount of resources necessary to once again provide the honor and majesty that should accompany this monument of ourselves called the Congressional Cemetery.

Cemeteries have a way of casting personalities. Everywhere you go at the Congressional Cemetery, you can't help but notice strong personalities who served this country over its more than two centuries.

I indicated when I started that this cemetery doesn't belong to the U.S. Government. It is run by a nonprofit organization. But when the cemetery was started in 1807, it received financial support from the federal government. It was created by a group of citizens who wanted it to become the sole burial place in Washington, DC, for Members of Congress. And over nearly two centuries—Senators, Congressmen, and public officials who served this country in a remarkable way have found their way to this final resting place in the Congressional Cemetery. It is a shame, in my judgment, for it to have fallen into such desperate disrepair.

My hope is that in the coming couple of weeks in the appropriations process, we may once again continue to make some progress to address it. I have spoken with Mr. BYRD, the Senator from

West Virginia, at some length about this and with other colleagues. I think all recognize that this is something to which we should pay some attention. I know there are many other very big issues we deal with here in the Senate. But this is something that I think is important to the memory of who we are, who served our country, how we treat them in death, and how we respect their memories. We can and should do better to bring a sense of repair and majesty to the Congressional Cemetery.

It is not too far from this building. I encourage all of my colleagues to go to the Congressional Cemetery and drive down those roads full of potholes in great disrepair and ask yourself if we don't have an obligation to do something about it. I hope so.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Delaware.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF STROM THURMOND

Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, I would like to proceed in morning business to briefly discuss two totally different subjects, if I may.

I rise initially to acknowledge the passing of a good friend of mine. People may find it strange to hear the Senator from Delaware say that, because they are used to so much hyperbole from all of us in the Senate, in Congress, and many in public office. They find it difficult to believe that people with disparately different views, as Strom Thurmond and I had, were good friends.

I received a call not too many weeks ago from Nancy, Strom Thurmond's wife, telling me she had just spoken to the Senator. To use Nancy's phrase, she said that Strom "was now on God's time, Joe." I wondered for a moment about exactly what she meant. She went on to say that he doesn't have much time left, his body is shutting down.

She said he made a request which both flattered me greatly and saddened me significantly. She said he asked her to ask me whether or not I would deliver a eulogy for him at his burial, which is going to take place on Tuesday next—this coming Tuesday.

It might come as a surprise to a lot of people that on Tuesday, somewhere approaching 4 or 5 o'clock, people—including representatives from Strom's family—will stand up to speak of him and that I will be among them. I am a guy who as a kid was energized, angered, emboldened, and outraged all at the same time by the treatment of African Americans in my State—a border State—and throughout the South. When I was not much older than the young pages who are now sitting down there I literally ran for public office and got involved in public office and politics because I thought I would have the ability to play a little tiny part in ending the awful treatment of African Americans. I will stand up to speak about Strom Thurmond.

In the 1950s I was a child in grade school, and in the late 1950s and into the 1960s I was in high school. As hard as it is to believe now, that was an era where, when you turned on your television, you were as likely to see "Bull" Conner and his German Shepherd dogs attacking black women marching after church on Sunday to protest their circumstance, or George Wallace standing in a doorway of a university, or Orville Faubus.

This all started to seep into my consciousness when I was in grade school, as it did, I suspect, for everyone in my generation. It animated my interest, as I said, and my anger. I was not merely intellectually repelled by what was going on in the South particularly at the time, I was, as is probably a legitimate criticism of me, angry about it and outraged about it.

The idea that I would come to the Senate at age 29—to be precise, I got elected at age 29; by the time I got sworn in, I turned 30—and 2 years later to be serving on a committee with J. Strom Thurmond, him the most senior Republican and me the most junior not only Democrat but junior member of the committee. Over the next 28 years he and I would become friends. He and I would, in some instances, have an intimate relationship.

The idea that my daughter, who is now a 22-year-old grown woman, would, to this day, in her bedroom, have one picture sitting on her dresser of all the pictures she has since she was a child. From the moment she was born—her father was a Senator and her entire life I have been a Senator—she has had the privilege of being able to meet Senators and Presidents and kings and queens. She has one picture sitting on her bureau. It startled me when I realized it the other night. She does not live at home. She, like all young people, is on her own. It is a picture of her and Strom Thurmond, taken when she was 9 years old, sitting on her desk.

If you had told me—first off, if you had told me when I was 20 years old I was going to have a child, that would have been hard to believe. But if you told me when I was 29 years old—when I did have two children—that one of my children, as I approached the Senate roughly 30 years later, would have a childhood picture of her or him in Strom Thurmond's office, standing next to his desk with his arm around her, and it was kept on her bureau, I would have said: You have insulted me. Don't do that.

The only point I want to make today, as I do not intend at this moment to attempt to eulogize Strom, is that I think one of the incredible aspects of our democracy—even more precisely, our Government, our governmental system—that is lost today on so many is it has built into it the mechanisms that allow you not only to see the worst in what you abhor and fight it but see the best in people with whom you have very profound philosophic disagreement.