House Judiciary Committee pursuant to House Resolutions 525 and 581. Such record will be admitted into evidence, printed, and made available to Senators. If the House wishes to file a trial brief it shall be filed by 5 p.m. on January 11th.

The President and the House shall have until 5 p.m. on January 11th to file any motions permitted under the rules of impeachment except for motions to subpoena witnesses or to present any evidence not in the record. Responses to any such motions shall be filed no later than 10 a.m. on January 13th. The President may file a trial brief at or before that time. The House may file a rebuttal brief no later than 10 a.m. on January 14th.

Arguments on such motions shall begin at 1 p.m. on January 13th, and each side may determine the number of persons to make its presentation, following which the Senate shall deliberate and vote on any such motions. Following the disposition of these motions, or if no motions occur then at 1 p.m. on January 14th, the House shall make its presentation in support of the articles of impeachment for a period of time not to exceed 24 hours. Each side may determine the number of persons to make its presentation. The presentation shall be limited to argument from the record. Following the House presentation, the President shall make his presentation for a period not to exceed 24 hours as outlined in the paragraph above with reference to the House presentation.

Upon the conclusion of the President's presentation, Senators may question the parties for a period of time not to exceed 16 hours.

After the conclusion of questioning by the Senate, it shall be in order to consider and debate a motion to dismiss as outlined by the impeachment rules. Following debate it shall be in order to make a motion to subpoena witnesses and/or to present any evidence not in the record, with debate time on that motion limited to 6 hours, to be equally divided between the two parties. Following debate and any deliberation as provided in the impeachment rules, the Senate will proceed to vote on the motion to dismiss, and if defeated, an immediate vote on the motion to subpoena witnesses and/or to present any evidence not in the record, all without intervening action, motion, amendment or debate.

If the Senate agrees to allow either the House or the President to call witnesses, the witnesses shall first be deposed and the Senate shall decide after deposition which witnesses shall testify, pursuant to the impeachment rules. Further, the time for depositions shall be agreed to by both leaders. No testimony shall be admissible in the Senate unless the parties have had an opportunity to depose such witnesses.

If the Senate fails to dismiss the case, the parties will proceed to present evidence. At the conclusion of the deliberations by the Senate, the Senate shall proceed to vote on each article of impeachment.

## ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

### TRIBUTE TO RUSSELL BAKER

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, Thomas Carlyle remarked, ''A well-written Life is almost as rare as a well-spent one.'' Truer words never were written, 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.

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 Mimi. 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 that Russell Baker's last regular ''Observer'' column, which appeared in the December 25, 1998 edition of the New York Times, appear in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD following my remarks. I further ask that Jonathan Yardley's ''Russell Baker: A Columnist's Columnist,'' which appeared in the January 4, 1999 edition of the Washington Post, also appear in the RECORD following my remarks.

The material follows:

[From the New York Times, Dec. 25, 1998]

A FEW WORDS AT THE END

(By Russell Baker)

Since it is Christmas, 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, I shall take the otherwise inexcusable liberty of talking about me and newspapers. I love them.

I have loved them since childhood when my Uncle Allen regularly brought home Hearst's New York Journal-American with its wonderful comics, Burris Jenkins cartoons and tales of rich playboys, murderous playgirls and their love nests. At that age I hadn't a guess about what a love nest might be, and didn't care, and since something about ''love nest'' sounded curiously illegal, I never asked an adult for edification.

On Sundays Uncle Allen always brought The New York Times and read himself to sleep with it. Such a dismal mass of gray paper was of absolutely no interest to me. It was Katenzjammer Kids and Maggie and Jiggs of the King Features syndicate with whom I wanted to spend Sunday.

At my friend Harry's house I discovered the New York tabloids. Lots of great pictures. Dick Tracy! Plenty of stories about condemned killers being executed, with emphasis on what they had eaten for their last meal, before walking—the last mile! The tabloids left me enthralled by the lastness of things.

Inevitably, I was admitted to practice the trade, and I marveled at the places newspapers could take me. They took me to suburbs on sunny Saturday afternoons to witness the mortal results of family quarrels in households that kept pistols. They took me to hospital emergency rooms to listen to people die and to ogle nurses.

They took me to the places inhabited by the frequently unemployed and there taught me the smell of poverty. In winter there was also the smell of deadly kerosene stoves used for heating, though their tendency to set bedrooms on fire sent the morgue a predictable stream of customers every season.

The memory of those smells has been a valuable piece of equipment during my career as a columnist. Columnists' tendency to spend their time with life's winners and to lead lives of isolation from the less dazzling American realties makes it too easy for us sometimes to solve the nation's problems in 700 words.

Newspapers have taken me into the company of the great as well as the greatly celebrated. On these expeditions I have sat in the Elysee Palace and gazed on the grandeur that was Charles de Gaulle speaking as from Olympus. I have watched Nikita Khrushchev, fresh from terrifying Jack Kennedy inside a Vienna Embassy, emerge to clown with the press.

I have been apologized to by Richard Nixon. I have seen Adlai Stevenson, would-be President of the United States, shake hands with a department-store dummy in Florida.

I have been summoned on a Saturday morning to the Capitol of the United States to meet with Lyndon Johnson, clad in pajamas and urgently needing my advice on how to break a civil-rights filibuster. I have often been played for a fool like this by other interesting men and, on occasion, equally interesting women.

Pope John XXIII included me in an audience he granted the press group en route to Turkey, Iran and points east with President Eisenhower. The Pope's feet barely reached the floor and seemed to dance as he spoke.

Newspapers took me to Westminister Abbey in a rental white tie and topper to see Queen Elizabeth crowned and to Versailles in another rental white-tie-and-tails rig to share a theater evening with the de Gaulles and the John F. Kennedys.

Thanks to newspapers, I have made a four-hour visit to Afghanistan, have seen the Taj Mahal by moonlight, breakfasted at dawn on lamb and couscous while sitting by the marble pool of a Moorish palace in Morocco and once picked up a persistent family of fleas in the Balkans.

In Iran I have ridden in a press bus over several miles of Oriental carpets with which the Shah had ordered the street covered between airport and town to honor the visiting

Eisenhower, a man who, during a White House news conference which I attended in shirtsleeves, once identified me as ''that man that's got the shirt on.''

I could go on and on, and probably will somewhere sometime, but the time for this enterprise is up. Thanks for listening for the past three million words.

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

RUSSELL BAKER: A COLUMNIST'S COLUMNIST

(By Jonathan Yardley)

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 Ripken 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 no imitators. Other journalists may envy what he did, but in a business where imitation is the sincerest form of self-promotion, Baker broke his own mold. He was, simply and utterly, sui generis.

This made him, in the cozy and self-congratulatory world of journalists, odd man out. His colleagues and competitors may have admired and respected him, but few understood him. While they chased around after ephemeral scoops and basked in the reflected glory of the famous and powerful, Baker wrote what he once called ''a casual column without anything urgent to tell humanity,'' about aspects of life that journalists commonly regard as beneath what they fancy to be their dignity. Looking back to the column's beginnings, Baker once wrote:

''At the Times in those days the world was pretty much confined to Washington news, national news and foreign news. Being ruled off those turfs seemed to leave nothing very vital to write about, and I started calling myself the Times' nothing columnist.' I didn't realize at first that it was a wonderful opportunity to do a star turn. Freed from the duty to dilate on the global predicament of the day, I could build a grateful audience among readers desperate for relief from the Times' famous gravity.''

That is precisely what he did. As he noticed in his valedictory column, Baker's years as a gumshoe reporter immunized him from ''columnists' tendency to spend their time with life's winners and to lead lives of isolation from the less dazzling American realities.'' Instead of writing self-important thumb-suckers—''The Coming Global Malaise,'' ''Nixon's Southern Strategy,'' ''Whither Cyprus?''—he concentrated on ordinary life as lived by ordinary middle-class Americans in the second half of the 20th century. He wrote about shopping at the supermarket, about car breakdowns and mechanics who failed to remedy them, about television and what it told us about ourselves, about children growing up and parents growing older.

Quite surely it is because Baker insisted on writing about all this stuff that failed to meet conventional definitions of ''news'' that not until 1979 did his fellow journalists get around to giving him the Pulitzer Prize for commentary. Probably, too, it is because he insisted on being amused by the passing scene and writing about in an amusing way. He was only occasionally laugh-out-loud amusing in the manner of Dave Barry—who is now, with Baker's retirement, the one genuinely funny writer in American newspapers—but he was always witty and wry, and he possessed a quality of which I am in awe: an ability to ingratiate himself with readers while at the same time making the most mordant judgments on their society and culture.

There were times in the late years of his column when mordancy seemed to hover at the edge of bitterness. This struck me as inexplicable, but the inner life of another person is forever a mystery, and in any event there is much in *fin de siècle* America about which to be bitter. But mostly Baker dealt in his stock in trade: common-sensical wisdom, wry skepticism, transparent decency. He wasn't just the best newspaper writer around, he was one of the best *writers* around. Period.●

## MORTENSEN WINS NATIONAL FINALS RODEO

● Mr. BURNS. Mr. President, I rise today to bring your attention to Dan Mortensen's fifth National Finals Rodeo Championship. Dan Mortensen hails from Manhattan, a small Montana town just off Interstate 90 near the headwaters of the Missouri River. He made the decision to ride saddle broncs on the pro rodeo circuit—and Montana is proud that he did.

In a year when Montana's agriculture community saw many defeats, we thank Dan for inspiring us. He gave us a great show and a championship to boot. We were there with him for his ten white knuckled rides. However, we had stationary seats while he had the notorious saddle bronc horse of the year, Skoal's Wild Card, trying to buck him off in a breaking 88 point ride in the final round. The 88 point ride earned Mortenson one more National Finals Rodeo Championship.

In winning his fifth world saddle bronc title, Dan is working toward a record established by the famous Casey Tibbs for consecutive world titles; a record established in the early days of professional rodeo in America.

I would like to personally thank Mortensen for entertaining us with his breathtaking rides and wish him the best of luck in upcoming rodeos. He is truly an inspiration to competitors in any sport.●

## ORDER OF PROCEDURE

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The majority leader is recognized.

## ORDERS FOR TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, AND WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1999

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today, it stand in adjournment until the hour of 12 noon on Tuesday, January 12, for a pro forma session only. I further ask that the Senate then stand adjourned to reconvene at 1 p.m. on Wednesday, January 13, to consider the articles of impeachment.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

## PROGRAM

Mr. LOTT. For the information of all Senators, the Senate will convene on Tuesday, January 12, for a pro forma session only. We will reconvene on Wednesday at 1 p.m. to consider the articles of impeachment. Rollcall votes on motions are possible if any were filed.

## ADJOURNMENT UNTIL TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1999

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I now ask unanimous consent that the Senate stand in adjournment under the previous order.

There being no objection, the Senate, at 4:46 p.m., adjourned until Tuesday, January 12, 1999, at 12 noon.