

THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF
WALTER SHERIDAN

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, all of us who knew him, respected him, and loved him were saddened by the death last month of Walter Sheridan. Walter was the outstanding investigator on the staff of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee for nearly two decades, and before that, he had been one of Attorney General Robert Kennedy's most trusted and effective aides in the Department of Justice.

Walter Sheridan lived an extraordinary life, and all of us who worked with him have many warm memories of his achievements and his friendship.

I ask unanimous consent that my tribute to Walter last month at Holy Trinity Church in Georgetown, an earlier tribute I made to Walter on the occasion of his final hearing at the Labor Committee in 1990, and other materials may be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the materials were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

TRIBUTE TO WALTER SHERIDAN, BY SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, WASHINGTON, DC, JANUARY 17, 1995

"Some men see things as they are and say, 'Why?' I dream things that never were and say 'Why not?'"

These words that Robert Kennedy loved were words that Walter Sheridan lived by. And what a magnificent life he lived.

Walter and my brother were exact contemporaries, born on the same day, November 20th, 1925. It took them a little over thirty years to find each other. But it was inevitable that they would, and now they have found each other again.

I suspect some grand investigation is under way in heaven, and that Bobby and Carmine Bellino finally decided last week, "We need Walter up here on this one."

My brother loved to tease Walter about his mild demeanor and quiet manner. But as Bobby wrote in "The Enemy Within," Walter's angelic appearance hid a core of toughness. As any wrongdoer well knew, the angelic quality also represented the avenging angel.

All the Kennedys have lost one of the finest friends we ever knew. Walter Sheridan was an extraordinary investigator and an extraordinary human being. He had a heart as large as his ability, and his courage and dedication to justice and the public interest were unmatched by anyone. Everything he touched he left better than he found it.

Walter was also family, far and wide. His wife, Nancy, his daughter Hannah, his sons Walter, John, Joseph, and Donald, and all their families and all his fourteen grandchildren know how much Walter loved them and how deeply he cared for them. The Sheridan home was always warm and welcoming, a continuously open house and gathering place for the legions of friends he made across the years.

Everyone Walter worked with loved him too. He lit up every room he entered, and there was an obvious mutual affection that made people not only want to work with him, but work harder because of him. He had a famous and well-deserved reputation from the Hoffa years for ability, integrity and loyalty—and he was a legend for his modesty about it.

He lived up to the Sheridan mystique all his life and in everything he later did. You

could sense the power of his commitment to justice and honesty in public and private life. You knew he would go to the end of the earth to sustain those standards against any who tried to undermine them. The cynical view that everyone has his price met its match and its defeat in Walter Sheridan.

As Bobby knew, and as those on the other side learned to their dismay, when the going got tough, Walter Sheridan got going. His highly principled convictions about the public trust ensured the criminal convictions of those who violated that trust. His book about those years is among his lasting legacies—a call for constant vigilance to protect the public interest against corruption.

In any fight, my brother said, he would always want Walter on his side. You wanted Walter with you in any foxhole, and that is why he always seemed to get the most difficult assignments. He had been in the service in World War II, and his exploits reminded me of a famous slogan of those years—the difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer.

In the Senate years, each time we settled on the subject of a new investigation, Walter would do his famous disappearing act. He'd be away for three or four weeks. "Walter's gone fishing," we would wink and say, and everyone knew what that meant. When Walter surfaced with his catch, all the networks and reporters were there, ready to record it at our hearings.

Walter knew how to follow a paper trail, find the unfindable document, and make it speak truth to power. Once, when the mine owners persuaded the federal agency to drastically weaken protections for health and safety, it was Walter who uncovered the irrefutable document. The agency had simply tried to write the mine owners' wish list into law—complete with the same spelling and grammatical mistakes.

Walter was also a hero to workers in the many industries he investigated. I especially think of his coal mine safety investigations. Miners and mine safety officials who testified in our Labor Committee hearings would continue to call up Walter for many years, eager to tell him about the new births and marriages and grandchildren in their lives. They knew Walter never stopped caring about them, and they loved him for it and made him part of their family too.

For all his warmth and wit, Walter was rightly feared by certain kinds of industry leaders and government officials—by anyone misusing their position or abusing their high office. His mission in many of his Senate investigations was to see that federal regulators did not become captives of the industry they regulated.

Once, a mine worker who worshipped Walter told us that an official of the Mine Safety and Health Administration had walked into his agency office one day and resigned immediately—when he saw the pink message slip with the notation that "a Mr. Walter Sheridan" had called.

His unique combination of high intelligence, low-key manner, and warm personality was an irresistible asset in all his work, and he loved to tell his war stories. During his investigation of the pharmaceutical industry, two drug company executives told him extensive details they never intended to disclose about their company's operations. They said Walter just kept asking simple, understated questions and nodded politely at their responses. As one of the officials later said, "It took us about ten minutes after we walked out of the room to realize that Walter Sheridan had just picked both our pockets clean."

He had a flair for the dramatic too. For several years, he served as a Special Correspondent for NBC and made documentaries

on many issues, including crime and gun control. He liked to tell of the time he went into a gun shop, plunked down a couple hundred dollars, and walked out with an anti-tank weapon. He later loaded and fired it on camera to demonstrate the shocking laxity of our gun control laws. He said he couldn't remember what finally happened to the weapon, but he kept it stored somewhere around the house for a while and thought Nancy finally threw it out.

Another of his documentaries dealt with organized crime. Walter persuaded a key informant to speak on camera for the first time about the activities of one of the crime families. Later, a few of Walter's friends who had gathered to watch the broadcast at the Sheridans' home thought the informant on the screen looked familiar, and he was. He was sitting on the couch in Walter's living room, watching the program too. He told Walter it was the first time he felt truly safe, because no one would dare try to harm him while Walter was on the case.

Of course, all of us who knew Walter understood something else as well—that we would never know everything he knew. Business or pleasure, secrets were safe with Walter. Whether working on an investigation or planning a surprise party, nothing ever leaked. On that point we all agreed—Walter Sheridan kept his mouth shut.

Genius, it is said, is the capacity for taking infinite pains, and Walter passed that test with flying colors. No one worked harder or longer or more effectively. But sometimes even that wasn't enough. One of my brother's and Walter's favorite stories from the McClellan Committee days was about the time they were driving home together after working very late one evening. As they drove past the Teamsters Building, they saw the light still on in Hoffa's office. So they turned the car around and went back to work themselves.

It has been said that all men are dust, but some are gold dust. And that was true of Walter. In those great years with my brother on the McClellan Committee and in the Justice Department, he was a regular for touch football at Hickory Hill. Everyone wanted to be on Walter's team, including Bobby. To new friends there, he was always "Walter," never "Mr. Sheridan," even though they felt the first name was somehow disrespectful after reading about Mr. Sheridan in "The Enemy Within." Walter made sure that everyone got to play, no matter how young or unathletic. He also mastered the most important rule for those games, which was that there were no rules.

And in the sad months and years after June of 1968, Walter continued to be a fixture at Hickory Hill, helping Ethel, helping all of us, to carry on. We loved you, Walter, as a brother and as a member of our family.

In a sense, Bobby lived on through Walter. In the nearly 20 years that he worked with me in the Senate, I never met with Walter or talked with Walter or laughed with Walter that I didn't think of Bobby. As the poet wrote: "Think where man's glory most begins and ends, and say my glory was I had such friends." Our glory is that we had Walter as a friend.

In so many ways, he lived up to the ideals of dedication to family, country, and service to others. His contributions to integrity in government and the private sector are immense. His achievements are proof that each of us can make a difference—and what a difference Walter Sheridan made.

His life is symbolized in the inspiring words my brother used: "Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different

centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

You left us too suddenly and too soon, Walter, and we miss you all the more.

CLOSING STATEMENT OF SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY, HEARING ON ADVERTISING, MARKETING AND PROMOTIONAL PRACTICES OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRY, SENATE COMMITTEE ON LABOR AND HUMAN RESOURCES, WASHINGTON, DC, DECEMBER 12, 1990

The testimony in these hearings raised troubling questions about the marketing practices of the pharmaceutical industry and their corrupt relationship with physicians.

Commendably, as the committee investigation began to uncover these abusive relationships, both the AMA and the PMA endorsed new guidelines on the eve of the hearings, in order to correct these problems and ensure the confidence of patients and the public.

The committee intends to monitor these reforms closely, in order to determine whether the abuses covered by the guidelines are truly corrected.

Finally, I want to pay tribute to the person who deserves the real credit not only for these hearings—but a thousand other contributions to the Senate, the country, and the public interest.

In a sense, these hearings are his swan song. But he'll never really retire. He was also our chief investigator in the initial committee hearings on this issue in the 1970's. And I have no doubt he'll come out of retirement in the year 2000, or whenever the industry steps out of line again.

There's a famous saying that there's no limit to what you can accomplish in this town if you're willing to give someone else the credit. That may be the secret of how he's been able to accomplish so much.

We've known each other for over 30 years, and worked together for nearly 20. Robert Kennedy discovered him in the 1950's in the McClellan Committee investigations. It turned out they were both born on the same day in the same year.

My brother took him with him to the Justice Department in the 1960's. He may well have been the best and most tenacious investigator the Senate or the Department ever had. I inherited him from my brother, and he's been the same way ever since.

As Robert Kennedy once said in the 1950 investigations, "Investigators are the backbone of the hearings. Without their work, we'd have nothing." Those words are still true, and all these years he has continued to make them true.

We'll have a chance to pay a proper tribute to him at another time. But I wanted to make at least these few remarks now.

He's also a beautiful human being. His family and some of his children and grandchildren are here today, and I think they know how much we admire him and love him—Walter Sheridan. We'll miss him.

[From the Washington Post, Jan. 14, 1995]

WALTER SHERIDAN DIES; HELPED TO INVESTIGATE HOFFA

(By Martin Weil)

Walter Sheridan, 69, a prominent federal investigator for many years who played a key role in the epic struggle between the government and Teamsters union leader Jimmy Hoffa, died of lung cancer Jan. 13 at his home in Derwood.

He was a staff member of the Senate rackets subcommittee of which Robert F. Kennedy was chief counsel and on which John F. Kennedy served as a senator. He was also an associate of Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.), who lauded him yesterday as "an extraordinary investigator and an extraordinary human being."

By 1960, years of contentious investigation and dramatic, nationally televised hearings had made celebrities of the Senate subcommittee's lawyer, Robert Kennedy, and Hoffa. Hoffa had become one of the best-known labor leaders of the postwar era.

After John Kennedy became president in 1961 and his brother became attorney general, Robert Kennedy asked Mr. Sheridan to become his special assistant. In that job, he and a small group of lawyers were made responsible for prosecuting federal crimes associated with the Teamsters.

The lawyers in the unit described themselves as the "Get Hoffa Squad," and Mr. Sheridan, though himself not a lawyer, was their chief, Arthur A. Sloane wrote in "Hoffa," his 1991 biography of the labor leader. In his 1971 book "Kennedy Justice," Victor Navasky also described Mr. Sheridan as the unit's chief.

In 1962, Hoffa was brought to trial in Nashville. The chief prosecutor and his assistants, according to Sloane's book, operated "under the overall direction of . . . Walter Sheridan . . . who himself was in daily telephone contact with Attorney General Kennedy."

In a brief interview last night, Navasky said Mr. Sheridan "knew the worst things there were" about Hoffa and "devoted those years to doing something about that."

The trial, on a misdemeanor charge, ended in a hung jury.

But that trial led to a second trial on a charge of jury tampering, based at least in part on evidence gathered and investigated by Mr. Sheridan, according to Sloane's book. In 1964, Hoffa was convicted of jury tampering and began serving a prison term three years later.

In 1960, Robert Kennedy published a book called "The Enemy Within," based on his Senate committee investigations into labor matters. In it, he described Mr. Sheridan this way: "A slight, quiet friendly-faced man" who "was one of our best and most relentless investigators."

"His almost angelic appearance hides a core of toughness and he takes great pride in his work," Kennedy said.

"In any kind of fight, I would always want him on my side."

Mr. Sheridan was born in Utica, N.Y., served in the Submarine Service during World War II and later graduated from Fordham University. He was an FBI agent for four years and spent three years with the National Security Agency.

He was a regional coordinator for John Kennedy in the 1960 presidential campaign and had key roles in the political campaigns of Robert and Edward Kennedy.

As a Senate investigator in the 1980s, he helped show that clinical data submitted to the Food and Drug Administration had been tampered with, which led to new safeguards. He also led investigations into improper payments to physicians to influence how they prescribed medicines. His investigations into mine and on-the-job safety and health and into exploitation of farm workers also were credited with leading to new federal protections.

From 1965 to 1970, he was a special correspondent for NBC and his unit received a Peabody Award for a documentary on the 1967 Detroit riots.

He was the author of "The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa."

In his statement yesterday, Edward Kennedy said Mr. Sheridan "had a heart as large as his ability, and his courage and dedication to justice and the public interest were unmatched by anyone."

Survivors include his wife, Nancy; five children, Walter Sheridan of Gaithersburg,

Hannah Shorey of Dallas, John Sheridan of Germantown, Joseph Sheridan of Lansdale, Pa., and Donald Sheridan of Harrisburg, Pa.; and 14 grandchildren.

[From the New York Times, Jan. 15, 1995]
WALTER J. SHERIDAN IS DEAD AT 69; HELPED BUILD CASE AGAINST HOFFA

(By David Stout)

Walter J. Sheridan, a Federal investigator who was an associate of the Kennedy family and pursued the teamsters' union leader James R. Hoffa, died on Friday at his home in Derwood, Md. He was 69.

The cause was lung cancer, friends said.

Mr. Sheridan worked closely with Robert F. Kennedy in the 1950's when Mr. Kennedy was chief counsel to the Senate rackets committee and John F. Kennedy was a committee member. Mr. Sheridan and Robert Kennedy spent much time investigating labor corruption, especially in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

When Robert Kennedy became Attorney General, he recruited Mr. Sheridan as a special assistant to investigate Federal crimes, particularly involving the teamsters.

In March 1964, a Federal Court jury in Chattanooga, Tenn., convicted Mr. Hoffa of tampering with a Federal jury two years earlier, and he went to prison. He was released in 1971 when his sentence was commuted by President Richard M. Nixon.

Mr. Sheridan was the author of a 1972 book, "The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa." Mr. Hoffa disappeared in 1975.

Mr. Sheridan was an agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation for four years but resigned, he said later, because J. Edgar Hoover's fierce brand of anti-Communism made him uneasy. He was also an investigator for the National Security Agency for three years.

As a principal aide for the Senate Judiciary and Labor and Human Resources Committees in the 1970's and 80's, Mr. Sheridan led investigations into drug companies that tampered with data submitted to the Food and Drug Administration, working conditions in mines and exploitation of farm workers.

Mr. Sheridan was a regional coordinator for John F. Kennedy's 1960 Presidential campaign. He also worked in the senatorial and Presidential campaigns of Robert and Edward M. Kennedy.

From 1965 to 1970, he was a special correspondent for NBC, producing documentaries on crime, gun control and other issues.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy; four sons, Walter, of Gaithersburg, Md., John, of Germantown, Md., Joseph, of Lansdale, Pa., and Donald, of Harrisburg, Pa.; a daughter, Hannah Shorey of Dallas, and 14 grandchildren.

[From the Utica Observer-Dispatch, Jan. 14, 1995]

SHERIDAN, FORMER FBI AGENT DIES AT 69

Utica native Walter Sheridan—once listed among possible successors to J. Edgar Hoover to head the FBI and a close friend of the Kennedy family—died yesterday. He was 69.

Sheridan worked side by side with the late Sen. Robert Kennedy to fight racketeering, particularly to bring James R. Hoffa to justice. His career as an investigator included four years as a special agent with the FBI, three years each with the National Security Agency and the Senate Rackets Committee.

Sheridan died at his home in Derwood, Md., of lung cancer. He was born in Utica, Nov. 20, 1925.

"He was one of the finest men I ever met in my life. He was sincere, honest, upright,"

said Michael McGuirl of Ballantyne Brae, Utica.

"I can't tell you the grief I feel" over his death, said McGuirl, who has maintained a friendship with Sheridan's family.

Through his career—which included working five years as a special correspondent for NBC and publishing a book on Hoffa—Sheridan kept his links to Utica.

McGuirl, who worked 14 years as commissioner for Oneida County Social Services, said Sheridan helped the county receive the country's first Work Experience Program, which helped put people in jobs.

Sheridan returned to Utica to speak at his class reunion in 1973 and the the Knights of Columbus in 1977.

"He was a fine assistant to Robert Kennedy and a very intelligent and capable individual," said Vincent J. Rossi, Sr., a Utica lawyer who worked with Sheridan on Democratic politics in Utica.

In response to his death, Sen. Edward Kennedy said yesterday "all the Kennedys have lost one of the finest friends we ever had. Walter Sheridan was an extraordinary investigator and an extra-ordinary human being. He had a heart as large as his ability and his courage and dedication to justice and to the public interest were unmatched by anyone."

Sheridan graduated from Utica Free Academy in 1943, was president of the senior class and a quarterback on the football team.

Sheridan is survived by his wife, Nancy, and five children, Walter, of Gaithersburg, Md., Hannah Shorey of Dallas, Texas, John, of Germantown, Md., Joseph of Lansdale, Pa., and Donald, of Harrisburg, Pa. and 14 grandchildren.

FROM "THE FALL AND RISE OF JIMMY HOFFA"
(1972)

(By Walter Sheridan and Introduction by
Budd Schulberg)

A specter is haunting America. No, it is not communism. Despite Wallace, Goldwater and the right-wing doomsday criers, it is not even creeping socialism. It is, as readers of this book will find alarmingly documented, an altogether different sort of creeping disease. Creeping, hell, it's now boldly up on two feet and running. Toward what goal? More. More houses? More schools? More daycare centers? Forget it. More money. More power. Power to do what? Enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Not as Jefferson and our eighteenth-century idealists imagined it in those simpler times, today it is the high life, the deal that brings liberty in the form of "commutation" from the federal pen and the pursuit of the easy buck—be it at the gangster Xanadus of Las Vegas, or at millionaire retreats built with Teamster money like Moe Dalitz's La Costa Country Club, or at the various White Houses, Dicknixon style. There the Big Money, that unholy alliance of over-and-under-the-table, has enjoyed the friendship of the man who grasped early in his checkered career the sharp-edged triangle of money, power and politics.

Throughout our history Big Money has been decried, by Andrew Jackson, William Jennings Bryan, both the Roosevelts. . . . There are periodic appeals to our idealism, compassion and sense of community. Reform movements rise and fall like the tides. Today our children's crusade turns its back on the sources of wealth and power and wanders into the desert to smoke its pot and live the good life to the music of Led Zeppelin, James Taylor and Joe Cocker. They have chosen to abandon the system rather than reshape it. The old system, their gypsy lifestyle is telling us, is a rat-race is a money-game is a war-machine conceived in materialism and dedicated to the proposition that

the race is to the swift and the poker pot to the swift at hand.

Left behind to fight the network of graft-organized greed that has infected our profit system are the Walter Sheridans of this land, unlikely Don Quixotes who tilt not at windmills but at syndicates and are willing to take on single-handed an army of hoodlums, fixers, purchasable politicians and business opportunists, to go it alone if their leaders are shot down and a Mitchellized Justice Department moves to deliver them and their witnesses to the enemy.

I first came to know Walter Sheridan in the early sixties when I went to Washington to discuss with the then Attorney General, Robert Kennedy, the possibility of adapting his book, *The Enemy Within*, as a motion picture. Our irrepressible producer, the late Jerry Wald, had called me in Mexico to say that Kennedy had chosen me from a list of film writers Wald had submitted. Kennedy had been impressed with *On the Waterfront* and *The Harder They Fall* and felt that I would be particularly responsive to the job of dramatizing corruptive power in America.

It is true that the subject had fascinated me from my high school days. And *The Enemy Within*, a hard-hitting account of Kennedy's experiences as chief counsel for the Senate Rackets Committee, would give me the chance to write not merely a sequel to *Waterfront* but a significant extension of that film on a national scale. Kennedy's book presented startling evidence of the collusion between Jimmy Hoffa (plus other crooked union leaders), Mafia racketeers and their "respectable" allies in the world of business.

At Kennedy's home in McLean, Virginia, it took time to break the ice, but gradually we established good rapport. Then, characteristically, young Kennedy asked me when I could begin and how soon my screenplay would be ready. I told him that I had researched the New York waterfront for more than a year before I had begun that script; I would not feel ready to plunge into the writing of *Enemy* until I had fully absorbed this even more complicated material. "But it's all in the book," Kennedy said with an author's pride. I told him I would like to read the entire hearings of the Senate Committee. "That's fifty-nine volumes," Kennedy warned. "Millions of words." When I held out, he passed me on to his lieutenant in charge of the Hoffa investigation, Walter Sheridan.

Sheridan turned out to be the most unlikely of G-men. Television and movie fans accustomed to Lee Marvin or Rod Steiger and Efrem Zimbalist as their gangbuster heroes would be badly let down by Mr. Sheridan. So quiet-spoken you literally have to lean forward to hear him, on the surface a diffident, even shy and eminently gentle man.

But Kennedy's book had indicated the tiger that lurked within the deceptively bland exterior, praising Walter as tireless and unbendable, committed to the principle of integrity in government and labor-management. Outraged by the labor racketeering encouraged by political and business connivance, he would work around the clock day after day to stitch together a collar of evidence to fit even the thickest, toughest necks of the Jimmy Hoffas.

Until the Kennedy investigations, the robber barons of the labor movement had carved up their million dollar pies with impunity. It is one thing merely to dream the impossible dream, quite another to gather together for a convincing indictment all the little jigsaw facts buried by professional deceivers. How Walter Sheridan persevered in this quest, despite bribes, threats and government roadblocks, provides an encouraging lining for an essentially discouraging story.

For months, after Walter sent me the Rackets Committee material, I immersed myself in the testimony of thousands of witnesses who talked (or balked) about pension funds looted of millions of dollars, with a majority of those six- and seven-figure loans going to notorious Mafiosi, of "sweetheart" contracts arranged between greedy company executives and union officials on the take (including, as this book makes clear, President Hoffa himself), of once respectable industries and unions infiltrated by a blatant army of extortionists and enforcers, terrorizing the would-be honest into silence or connivance. It was material, I realized, that made waterfront crime-evil as that was—seem like very small potatoes.

Now I understood more clearly the conclusion Bob Kennedy had reached in his book—that the real enemy within was the increasingly effective alliance of big money, labor racketeers, the mob, and dishonest prosecutors, judges and government officials, without whom billions could not be stolen from our economy—and that this nationwide conspiracy was poisoning the wellspring of the nation. From my talks with Bob Kennedy, Walter Sheridan and their colleagues in the Justice Department, I was convinced of their passionate devotion to this theme—and to the conviction that we could never defeat an external enemy unless we first cut from our body politic the growing cancer of corruption that would finally destroy our society as Rome was eaten away from within two thousand years ago.

When I returned to Washington with all fifty-nine volumes of testimony buzzing in my head, I outlined a possible story line to Bob Kennedy and his staff. But now I felt a further step in research was necessary: to move on from the transcripts to the people behind the transcripts, those who had endured the pressure of belonging to a union whose dictatorship they despised and whose goon-squad violence they feared.

When I discussed this request with Kennedy he again passed me on to Walter, who, in his calm, cautious way, put me in touch with a fascinating union leader, a highly placed officer who had been secretly cooperating with the Kennedy investigation because he had lived his life as an honest trade unionist and had become disgusted with the wholesale looting of union funds, the terrorizing of union members who protested, the Mafia leaders allowed to pass themselves off as union leaders. The roster of Teamster vice presidents read like a Who's Who in American Crime, and "Max," as we shall call our inside contact, had had a bellyful.

Here, through Walter's sensitive liaison, I was to get a one-on-one insight into the ongoing drama—the tension that runs through so much of Walter's book—a man's conscience struggling to keep afloat in a sea of fear. For the next few months I was to meet Max under conditions that reminded me of my World War II days in the O.S.S. We met in Los Angeles, in a small town in Florida, and in Mexico—using pseudonyms and even taking the precaution of meeting in a third, neutral room in case we were being followed or bugged. His nerves were shot and he was drinking himself through the day, terrified of Hoffa and his henchmen, yet driven by the gut-conviction that mobsters like Johnny Dio and Red Dorfman and Joey Glimco and Tony Provenzano and all the rest of the tribe were poison to the labor movement to which he had dedicated his life. Through Max, I met other Teamster dissidents, all hating Hoffa's guts and all afraid to face his wrath.

Thanks to Max, I was able to personify in my script a reluctant, tormented thorn in the tough hide of the composite labor boss I

call Pete Bonner. Alas, the film for reasons that bring me very close to the spirit of this uncompromising book, has never reached the screen. Jerry Wald, who alone had had the courage to produce it, died suddenly, at a time when 20th Century-Fox was fighting for survival after its spendthrift *Cleopatra*. A labor tough walked right into the office of the new head of the studio to warn him that if the picture was ever made drivers would refuse to deliver the prints to the theaters. And, if they got there by any other means, stink bombs would drive out the audiences.

With Bob Kennedy's encouragement, I tried to produce the film myself. One film star phoned to say he loved the script, then came to my house drunk to tell me he was afraid he might be killed if he did it. There have been ever-increasing ties between the mob and some of the film studios and, of course, those studios rejected it out of hand. Finally, I had firm interest from Columbia, the company that had released *On the Waterfront*. On the eve of the meeting with Columbia executives to which I had been invited, every one of the people who was to attend that conference received a letter from William Bufalino, whose activities on behalf of Hoffa are a matter of record (as Sheridan's book confirms). Bufalino is, among other things, a lawyer, but this letter was disturbingly extra-legal. It stated flatly that 20th Century-Fox had wisely abandoned the project as soon as all the possible eventualities had been pointed out to them, and he felt confident that Columbia would be smart enough to do likewise. On the morning of the meeting, a studio secretary called to tell me that it had been canceled, indefinitely. Apparently Hoffa and Bufalino had decided what the American people could and could not see. And the Hollywood "front office"—notorious for its vincibility—had meekly complied.

But that was only a taste of the frustration that Walter Sheridan had suffered over the years as he battled against the invisible empire. The jury tampering in Nashville reads like *Police Gazette* fiction, but it's all too true. The Chicago trial, in which Jimmy Hoffa was finally convicted of stealing more than a million dollars from his Teamsters Pension Fund, is the stuff of high social drama. And the trials and tribulations of Ed Partin, the big and tough Teamster from Baton Rouge who turned on Hoffa, helped to convict him, and then was offered a million dollars if he would perjure himself and retract his testimony—or be destroyed if he refused; all of this must be read, and then reread and digested, to be believed. And remembered. The incredible cast of those working to gain a pardon for Hoffa, and a buy-off or conviction of Partin, includes governors, federal judges, Louisiana Mafiosi, Chicago gangsters, Pension Fund lawyer-grafters, senators, congressmen, administration officials, con-men, sleazy go-betweens. Even Audie Murphy and George Murphy get into the act, not to mention gun-totin' William Loeb and his infamous Teamsters-financed Manchester Union Leader.

Here is the enemy within, in all its star-spangled ugliness.

The enemy walks among us, not as an underworld fugitive but as an adornment of cafe society, enjoying the best tables in New York and Miami, Las Vegas, Hollywood and Acapulco. You'll find him chumming with the celebrities at Le Club or "21" or the Sands, or in the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Instead of fearing government pressure, he'll boast of his in with the White House. And the "cream" of our society don't shun him, they invite him to their parties. And they hope he will return the favor.

In this painstaking book, Sheridan faces up to the reality that, after all the convic-

tions and sensational disclosures, corruption flows on. George Jackson rotted in jail for nearly a decade for heisting \$70. Jimmy Hoffa cops a million, bribes juries, runs with the most dangerous gangsters in America and, thanks to the intervention of his good friend Dick Nixon, does an easy five. This, after the parole board had rejected Hoffa's appeal three times in a row. This, in an election year when Nixon has become anathema to the legitimate labor movement and the Teamsters wind up as his only big-labor support.

The Nixon-Hoffa friendship, beginning when Nixon was Vice President, was emphasized again by his recent attendance at the executive board meeting of the Teamsters. And his Secretary of Labor gave fulsome praise to that gang-ridden union at its most recent convention. "A strange love affair," The New York Times has described it. One might call it something even stranger. Sheridan doesn't go in much for adjectives. He's fact man and his step-by-step account of the Hoffa-Nixon romance will make you want to weep for an America that is now challenged—as Bob Kennedy had begun to challenge her—to reach deep down and rediscover her soul.

Will the dry rot of moral decay leave the field to the Hoffas, the J.T.T. and the Syndicate? The enemy within seems to grow stronger every day. Whether or not a Jack Anderson, a Ralph Nader, a Walter Sheridan can arouse our people from their complacency is the question on which the future course of America may depend.

TRIBUTE TO MR. ELLAND ARCHER

Mrs. HUTCHISON. Mr. President, I am pleased to pay tribute to the exemplary life of Mr. Elland Archer of Mesquite, TX. Mr. Archer was born on December 17, 1932 to Frank and Jimmie Archer of Van Zandt County. His early years were spent in Terrell and Van Zandt Counties during the Depression. In order to assist his family, he quit school in the eighth grade and later received his GED in the U.S. Army.

He served our Nation honorably in the U.S. Army from 1953 until 1955 and completed his Army Reserve obligation in 1961 in the rank of private first class. He graduated from Baylor University Law School in 1963.

Following his work for the Dallas County attorney and district attorney, he served as city attorney for the city of Mesquite from 1970-87. From 1989-93, he was the city manager and attorney for the city of Balch Springs. He was married for 35 years to the late Virginia Lois Archer.

Elland Archer passed away on September 1, 1994 and is survived by five children and two grandchildren in addition to his mother and six brothers and sisters.

Mr. Archer will be remembered by his family and friends for his dedication to our Nation, our State, and to the many citizens he served during his career. In setting high standards during his public service, his life was a model for others to follow.

HOMICIDES BY GUNSHOT IN NEW YORK CITY

Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise today, as I have done each week of the

104th Congress, to announce to the Senate that 14 people were killed by gunshot in New York City this past week, bringing the total for 1995 to 89.

Mr. President, in an introduction to a published series of editorials on America's gun epidemic, Los Angeles Times editorial writer and research director Molly Selvin, writes:

People do kill people—but they can do it more efficiently, more potently and more massively with guns. And guns, these days, are killing more people on the streets and in the homes, schools and workplaces of America than ever before * * * We can let the gun violence continue unabated, or we can do something and do something dramatic, effective, historic.

Ms. Selvin is quite correct. It will take dramatic measures to bring an end to the plague of gun violence. But the Senator from New York is compelled to point out that the solution proposed by the editorial series—a near-total ban on ownership and possession of guns—is simply not plausible. We have a two-century supply of guns. Unless abused, guns last almost indefinitely. Even if we could succeed in banning further production and sale of guns, it is unrealistic to think that we could reclaim the 200 million guns already in circulation today.

On the other hand, we have a very limited supply of bullets—perhaps only a four-year supply. I have repeatedly attempted to make the case that it is here we should focus our attention. By banning or taxing out of existence those calibers of bullets used most often in crime, the millions of guns already in the hands of criminals would soon be rendered useless.

To date, I have had difficulty convincing the Congress and past and present administrations of the merits of ammunition control. But as we sit idly by and watch bullets take the lives of nearly 40,000 Americans each year, I urge my colleagues to consider this sensible approach.

U.S. ARMY 2D LT. CURT SANSOUCIE—A NEW HAMPSHIRE HERO

Mr. SMITH. Mr. President, I rise today to salute U.S. Army Second Lieutenant Curt Sansoucie, from Rochester, NH, who died February 15, 1995, during a training exercise at Eglin Air Force Base Ranger School in Florida.

The accident that took the life of this fine young man was a terrible tragedy for his family and for the State of New Hampshire. Curt is the son of Gary and Theresa Sansoucie. He graduated from Somersworth High School where he was a member of the National Honor Society and a varsity football player.

I had the privilege of nominating Curt to West Point in December 1989.