

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.