

ably given their hearts and their hands to ensure success in their endeavors.

Mr. Speaker, I know my colleagues join me in congratulating these fine citizens on their outstanding work. It is citizens like these, scattered across America, that provide this country with our margin for excellence, in providing services to those in need, keeping our communities clean and beautiful, and restoring the American dream to our young people. The Springfield Inter-Service Club Council and its member organizations deserve our thanks and efforts.

JACK VALENTI—ADDRESS TO THE
FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS BAR
ASSOCIATION: LESSONS OF ONE
OF WASHINGTON'S KEENEST OBSERVERS

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 5, 1996

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, Jack Valenti, the president and CEO of the Motion Picture Association of America, is one of the most distinguished and insightful observers of the Washington scene. As my colleagues know, Jack arrived in Washington aboard Air Force One with President Lyndon Johnson on November 22, 1963. In the three decades since Jack arrived at the White House, he has been a thoughtful and careful eyewitness to the administrations of seven Presidents and every Congress from the 88th to the 104th.

Jack shared his wisdom and thoughts about our National Government based on his firsthand participation and his perceptive observations in an outstanding address to the members of the Federal Communications Bar a few weeks ago. The lessons he shared with these attorneys are lessons that would be beneficial to all of us in the Congress as well. Mr. Speaker, I ask that the address of Jack Valenti be placed in the RECORD, and I urge my colleagues to give it thoughtful attention.

WASHINGTON, DC: "IT'S A MAKE YOU TOWN OR A BRING YOU DOWN AND BREAK YOU TOWN."

(By Jack Valenti)

As one who has spent his entire adult career in two of life's classic fascinations, politics and movies, I have known in both those worlds the great, the near great and those who thought they were great. The latter category outnumbers the first two by a long ton. I have become convinced that movie people and politicians spring from the same DNA.

They are both:
Unpredictable.
Sometimes glamorous.
Usually in crisis, imagined or otherwise.
Addicted to power.
Anxious to please.
Always on stage.
Hooked on applause.
Enticed by publicity.
Always reading from scripts prepared by someone else.

Constantly taking the public pulse.
Never really certain, except publicly.
Indeed, it's difficult to say which deserves more the description of entertainment capital of the world, Hollywood or Washington, D.C.

The lyrics of the song "This Town," as sung by Frank Sinatra explain most accurately what Washington is all about. Sang

Old Blue Eyes: "It's a make you town or a bring you down and break you town."

Which is why I would like to talk tonight about what I have learned since I arrived in the Federal City aboard Air Force One on November 22, 1963. In the intervening 32 years I have in turn been an intimate participant at the highest station of this government, serving my President with loyalty and fidelity, as well as a clinical observer through the administrations of seven Presidents, from the 88th Congress through the 104th Congress. Perhaps some of these musings will be some casual interest of a few of you. They are quite interesting to me.

So, let me count the lessons I have learned. Or more accurately, lessons learned as defined by my experience, not necessarily by yours.

I learned that in the White House there is one enduring standard by which every assistant to the President, every presidential adviser, every presidential consultant must inevitably be measured. Not whether you went to Harvard or Yale, or whether you scored 1600 on your SATs, or whether you are endlessly charming and charismatically enable or whether you made millions in what we sardonically call "the private sector." These are all attractive credentials which one may wear modestly or otherwise. But when the decision crunch is on in the Oval Office they are all merely tracings on dry leaves in the wind. What does count, the ultimate and only gauge, is whether you have "good judgment."

I learned that no presidential decision is ever made where the President had all the information he needed to make the decision. There is never enough facts. Very quickly, the decision corridor grows dark, the mapping indistinct, the exit inaccessible. What is not useful are precedents or learned disquisitions by Op-Ed page pundits, some of whom would be better suited to raising pigeons. Finally, the decision is made on judgment alone. Sometimes the judgment is good. Sometimes it is not.

You don't learn "good judgment" in the Ivy League or by reading the New York Times, the Washington Post or even the Weekly Standard. It is well to remember, as Oscar Wilde once said, that from time to time nothing that is worth knowing can be taught. Judgment is something that springs from some little elf who inhabits an area between your belly and your brain, and who from time to time, tugs at your nerve edges, and says, "no, not that way, the other way." This mysterious inhabitant is called instinct, intuition, judgment. It is the one ingredient on which the rest of human condition depends for guidance.

I learned that the one political component above all else which can insure electoral victory or crushing defeat is timing. A whack to your political solar plexus six to eight months before an election is survivable. Two weeks before the election, and you're dead. Ask Jimmy Carter. In politics, twenty-hours is a millennium.

I learned that economic forecasts beyond about two weeks have the same odds of accuracy as guessing the winning numbers in the D.C. lottery. If you truly believe in long-term predictions of economic activity, estimates based on so-called "real numbers," which is the mantra of the current budget debate, then you are enrolled in a defunct mythology. Economic forecasts are usually unwarranted assumptions leaping to a preconceived conclusion. Just remember, whenever an economist can't remember his phone number, he will give you an estimate.

I learned that when there is no unamiable issue like war, or prospect of war or recession or economic disaster, most people vote for a President viscerally not intellectually.

Most people choose a President romantically, a choice made in unfathomable ways which is now romance is formed. Like John Kennedy and Ronald Reagan.

I learned never to humiliate an antagonist and never desert a friend. In a political struggle, never got personal else the dagger digs too deep. Your enemy today may need to be your ally tomorrow.

I learned that nothing lasts. What is up will inevitably go down and sooner or later in reverse. It took forty years, but the House changed masters. Victory is often the prelude to defeat. President Bush can rise to testify about that. Failure is often the precursor of triumph. Ask Bill Clinton. Richard Nixon tasted both ends of those beguiling equations. The breeding ground of politics is irrigated and nourished by change. As one who has fallen from political power, I can instruct George Stephanopoulos in how quickly you lose your charm and your enticements when you no longer sit at the right hand of the Sun King.

I learned that a political poll is Janus in disguise. The life of a poll is about 10 nanoseconds. It is already in decay when it is published. A political poll, like the picture of Dorian Gray, is the face of entropy. The veteran professionals know that. The old polls use polls to raise money. When polls are up, go for the fat wallets. But the politician who persistently lifts his wet finger to test the political polls before he acts, usually leaves office with a wet finger.

I learned that if a President, a Congressman, a Senator not have convictions, he or she will be right only by accident. I must confess I have a grudging admiration for those freshmen House Republicans who won't budge from their fixed convictions. They truly believe, heavily, explicitly. Which is why Speaker Gingrich is finding out what Mirabeau finally knew: When you undertake to run a revolution, the difficulty is not to make it go. It is to hold it in check.

But I have also learned that the frustrating constant of modern day American politics is perennial gridlock, caused by forces at either extreme. It has been said that a man does not show his greatness by being at the end of one political boundary or the other, but rather by touching both at once. In our free Republic, political parties argue and shout, but finally they touch both ends of the extremes and draw them together. That is called "compromise." It is not an ignoble word. Compromise is the canopy under which men and women finally behave wisely, once they have exhausted all other alternatives. Without compromise, parliamentary bodies will "split into a bundle of unfriendly and distrustful fragments."

I have learned that if we live in the incestuous world of Washington long enough we become, in the main, skeptics, cynics, who view with lacerating contempt the boobs and the rabble, the unlearned and unlettered, who live out there, somewhere east of Beverly Hills and west of the Beltway. But those boobs are the very folks who over two centuries of cruel disjunctings have sustained this free and loving land.

I have a special feeling for the rabble. My grandparents were part of that rabble. They came to Texas from Sicily, poor immigrant peasants, strangers in a strange and wondrous land. They became unabashed patriots, which to them meant fierce loyalty and unbreakable fidelity to their new country.

These days we are uneasy with the designation "patriot." We regard it in much the same queasy manner as one does holding a wolf by the ears. Too bad. When the night is full of knives, when lightning is seen and drums are heard, the patriots are always there, ready to fight, and ready to die if need be, to defend their country and to protect

those who stayed home, for sound and convenient reasons, of course.

But the greatest lesson I have learned, the most important of my education, is really the essential imperative of this century. It is called leadership. We brandish the word. We admire its light. But we seldom define it. Outside Caen in the Normandy countryside of France is a little cemetery. Atop one of the graves is a cross on which is etched these words: "Leadership is wisdom and courage and a great carelessness of self." Which means, of course, that leaders must from time to time put to hazard their own political future in order to do what is right in the long term interests of those they have by solemn oath sworn to serve. Easy to say. Tough to do.

I remember when I first bore personal witness to its doing. It was in December, 1963. Lyndon Johnson had been President but a few short weeks. At that time I was actually living on the third floor of the White House until my family arrived. The President said to me on a Sunday morning, "call Dick Russell and ask him if he would come by for coffee with you and me."

Senator Richard Brevard Russell of Georgia was the single most influential and honored figure in the Senate. His prestige towered over all others in those years before the dialogue turned sour and mean. When in 1952, the Senate Democratic leader's post fell open, the other Senators turned immediately to Russell, imploring him to take the job. "No," said Russell, "let's make Lyndon Johnson our leader, he'll do just fine." So at the age of 44, just four years in his first Senate term, LBJ became the youngest ever Democratic leader and in a short time the greatest parliamentary commander in Senate history.

When Russell arrived, the President greeted him warmly with a strong embrace, the six-foot four LBJ and the smallish, compact Russell, with his gleaming bald head and penetrating eyes. The President steered him to the couch overlooking the Rose Garden, in the West Hall on the second floor of the Mansion. I sat next to Russell. The President was in his wing chair, his knees almost touching Russell's, so close did they sit.

The President drew even closer, and said in an even voice, "Dick, I love you and I owe you. If it had not been for you I would not have been Leader, or Vice President or now President. But I wanted to tell you face to face, please don't get in my way on this Civil Rights Bill, which has been locked up in the Senate too damn long. I intend to pass this bill, Dick. I will not cavil. I will not hesitate. And if you get in my way, I'll run you down."

Russell sat mutely for a moment, impassive, his face a mask. Then he spoke, in the rolling accents of his Georgia countryside. "Well, Mr. President, you may just do that. But I pledge you that if you do, it will not only cost you the election, it will cost you the South forever."

President Johnson in all the later years in which I knew him so intimately never made me prouder than he did that Sunday morning so long, long ago. He touched Russell lightly on the shoulder, an affectionate gesture of one loving friend to another. He spoke softly, almost tenderly: "Dick, my old friend, if that's the price I have to pay, then I will gladly pay it."

Of all the lessons I have learned in my political life, that real life instruction in leadership on a Sunday morning in the White House was the most elemental, and the most valuable. It illuminated in a blinding blaze the highest point to which the political spirit can soar. I have never forgotten it. I never will.

COMMEMORATING BLACK HISTORY MONTH

SPEECH OF

HON. NANCY PELOSI

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, February 28, 1996

Ms. PELOSI. Mr. Speaker, I thank my distinguished colleagues, Congressmen STOKES and PAYNE, for calling this special order in celebration of Black History Month for choosing this year's theme: African-American Women: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow. The theme today heralds women who have made distinctive contributions to our country. For every woman from Harriet Tubman to Rosa Parks to Myrlie Evers-Williams who have become household names, there are legions of women from past to present who have made great contributions to their communities with little or no recognition. We are here to honor all of them today.

When we examine this theme, it is only natural that our thoughts would turn to our recently departed friend and colleague Barbara Jordan. Congresswoman Jordan was a formidable force, not only in the African American community, but throughout our country. A champion of liberal causes, she was not only a role model for African American women, but also an inspiration to people of all colors.

Mr. Speaker, I am very fortunate to represent California's 8th Congressional District and to work with many outstanding African-American leaders, both women and men, and community organizations based in the city of San Francisco. These are leaders like Enola Maxwell, who has been a driving force for the Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, guiding and mentoring several generations of neighborhood youth; or like Naomi Gray, who spent many years on the San Francisco Health Commission as an advocate for health care for low-income communities; or like Sharon Hewitt, who recently helped organize a city-wide summit to find ways to prevent youth violence among communities of color in San Francisco. These women are working within the community to make it a better place. I applaud their efforts, and the efforts of the many African-American women in my district who are working every day to improve life in the city of San Francisco and in our Nation.

In just a few days, we will end Black History Month and enter a celebration of Women's History Month. Let us continue to acknowledge the accomplishments of pioneering women of the past and promote and support the goals of African-American women present and future. Their struggles deserve credit and recognition every day of the year, not just during Black History Month.

COMMEMORATING BLACK HISTORY MONTH

SPEECH OF

HON. WILLIAM (BILL) CLAY

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, February 28, 1996

Mr. CLAY. Mr. Speaker, in keeping with this year's Black History Month theme, "African American Women: Yesterday, Today and To-

morrow" I would like to pay tribute to an outstanding St. Louisan who exemplifies the highest values and qualities of leadership in the African-American community, Mrs. Margaret Bush Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson is a St. Louis native who graduated from Sumner High School and received a B.A. degree in economics, cum laude, from Talladega College. She went on to earn her LL.B. from Lincoln University School of Law. Mrs. Wilson has been a highly respected jurist in St. Louis for many years and is admitted to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court. She has also taught at the CLEO Institute and St. Louis University School of Law.

Margaret Bush Wilson has dedicated her life to the fight for civil rights and racial equality, carrying on a family tradition of community service. Mrs. Wilson's mother, Berenice Casey, served on the executive committee of the St. Louis NAACP in the 1920's and 1930's and her father, James T. Bush, Sr., a pioneer real estate broker in St. Louis was the moving force behind the Shelley versus Kraemer case which led to the landmark U.S. Supreme Court decision outlawing racial restrictive housing covenants.

In addition to being a prominent St. Louis leader, Margaret Bush Wilson has served in many national positions. She was national chairperson of the NAACP Board of Directors from 1975-84. She has also served in the following Federal, State, and local posts: U.S. Attorney, Legal Division, the Rural Electrification Administration of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, assistant attorney-general of Missouri, Legal Services specialist, State Technical Assistance Office, War on Poverty; administrator, community services and continuing education programs, title I, Higher Education Act of 1965 in Missouri, and acting director, St. Louis Lawyers for Housing.

Mrs. Wilson actively serves in numerous organizations committed to education and social justice. She is a member of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority and is the recipient of many civic and professional awards including honorary degrees from St. Paul's College, Smith College, Washington University, Kenyon College, Talladega College, Boston University, and the University of Missouri-St. Louis.

Margaret Bush Wilson is a cherished member of the St. Louis community and a distinguished black woman. She has demonstrated a deep understanding of the history of the black community and displayed the highest level of compassion for equal justice. She has truly dedicated her life to improving the future of the black community.

Mr. Speaker. I am honored to salute Mrs. Margaret Bush Wilson, a force for good in our society who has helped changed the course of African-American history.

THE DEATH OF HIS EMINENCE, JOHN CARDINAL KROL, D.D., J.D.C., ARCHBISHOP EMERITUS OF PHILADELPHIA, 1910-96

HON. JON D. FOX

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 6, 1996

Mr. FOX of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to share my thoughts about a great spiritual leader who led the archdiocese of Philadelphia for nearly 30 years.