

the Nation, especially those over the past three years. Thanks to his efforts, NOAA is stronger, more efficient and will carry out its invaluable mission into the next century.●

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN ROBBIE BISHOP

● Mr. COVERDELL. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Captain Robbie Bishop of the Villa Rica Police Department in Villa Rica, Georgia, who was tragically slain in the line of duty on Wednesday, January 20, 1999, bringing his service which spanned a decade to the people of Georgia to an end. In addition, I would like to honor Captain Bishop's family for the sacrifice that they have made in the name of Freedom. He was a husband and father of two.

Captain Bishop, I understand, was known to have an extraordinary ability to detect drugs during the most routine traffic stops and was considered by some to be the best in the Southeast at highway drug interdiction. He was known to have seized thousands of pounds of illegal drugs and millions of dollars in cash. Police departments around the country solicited Captain Bishop's help to train their officers. In fact, it is believed that it was a routine traffic stop where he had, once again, detected illegal drugs that resulted in the sudden end to his remarkable career.

Once again, Mr. President, the work of law enforcement is an elegant and lofty endeavor but one that is fraught with terrible dangers. Captain Bishop knew of these threats, but still chose to serve on the front line, protecting Georgia citizens. As we discuss ways to continue our fight with the war on drugs, let us remember the lives of those like Captain Robbie Bishop who have fallen fighting this war.●

TRIBUTE TO PAUL MELLON—GIANT OF THE ARTS

● Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, America lost one of its greatest citizens and greatest patrons of the arts last week with the death of Paul Mellon. All of us who knew him admired his passion for the arts, his extraordinary taste and insights, and his lifelong dedication to our country and to improving the lives of others.

He was widely known and loved for many different aspects of his philanthropy in many states, including Massachusetts. Perhaps his greatest gift of all to the nation is here in the nation's capital—the National Gallery of Art. The skill and care and support which he devoted to the Gallery for over half a century brilliantly fulfilled his father's gift to the nation. He made the Gallery what it is today—a world-renowned museum containing many of the greatest masterpieces of our time and all time, a fitting and inspiring monument to the special place of the arts in America's history and heritage.

I believe that all Americans and people throughout the world who care about the arts are mourning the loss of Paul Mellon. We are proud of his achievements and his enduring legacy to the nation. We will miss him very much.

An appreciation of Paul Mellon by Paul Richard in the Washington Post last week eloquently captured his philosophy of life and his lifelong contributions to our society and culture, and I ask that it be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

[From the Washington Post, Feb. 3, 1999]

APPRECIATION—PAUL MELLON'S GREATEST GIFT: THE PHILANTHROPIST LEFT BEHIND A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF LIVING

(By Paul Richard)

Though it never came to anything, Paul Mellon once considered fitting every windowsill in Harlem with a box for growing flowers.

Mellon understood that Titians were important, that magic was important, that thoroughbreds and long hot baths and kindness were important, that thinking of the stars, and pondering the waves, and looking at the light on the geraniums were all important, too.

In a nation enamored of the lowest common denominators, what intrigued him were the highest. He spent most of his long life, and a vast amount of money, about \$1 billion all in all, buying for the rest of us the sorts of private mental pleasures that he had come to value most—not just the big ones of great art, great buildings and great books, but the little ones of quietude, of just sitting in the sand amid the waving dune grass, looking out to sea.

He died Monday night at home at Oak Spring, his house near Upperville, Va. Cancer had weakened him. Mellon was 91.

Twenty-five years ago, while speaking at his daughter's high school graduation, that cheerful, thoughtful, courtly and unusual philanthropist delivered an assertion that could stand for his epitaph:

"What this country needs is a good five-cent reverie.

Mellon's money helped buy us the 28,625-acre Cape Hatteras National Seashore. He gave Virginia its Sky Meadows State Park. In refurbishing Lafayette Square, he put in chess tables, so that there's something to do there other than just stare at the White House. He gave \$500,000 for restoring Monticello. He gave Yale University his collection of ancient, arcane volumes of alchemy and magic. He published the *I Ching*, the Chinese "book of changes," a volume of oracles. And then there is the art.

I am deeply in his debt. You probably are, too.

If you've ever visited the National Gallery of Art, you have felt his hospitality. Its scholarship, its graciousness, its range and installations—all these are Mellonian.

It was Mellon, in the 1930s, who supervised the construction of its West Building, with its fountains and marble stairs and greenhouse for growing the most beautiful fresh flowers. After hiring I.M. Pei to design the East Building, Mellon supervised its construction, and then filled both buildings with art. Mellon gave the gallery 900 works, among them 40 by Degas, 15 by Cezanne, many Winslow Homers and five van Goghs—and this is just a part of his donations. His sporting pictures went to the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, and his British ones to Yale University, where Louis I. Kahn designed the fine museum that holds them.

At home, he hung the art himself. He never used a measuring tape; he didn't need to. He had the most observant eye.

"I have a very strong feeling about seeing things," he said once. "I have, for example, a special feeling about how French pictures ought to be shown, and how English pictures ought to be shown. I think my interest in pictures is a bit the same as my interest in landscape or architecture, in looking at horses or enjoying the country. They all have to do with being pleased with what you see."

He would not have called himself an artist, but I would. It was not just his collecting, or the scholarship he paid for, or the museums that he built, all of which were remarkable. Nobody did more to broadcast to the rest of us the profound rewards of art.

He was fortunate, and knew it. He had comfortable homes in Paris, Antigua, Manhattan and Nantucket, and more money than he needed. His Choate-and-Yale-and-Cambridge education was distinguished. So were his friends. Queen Elizabeth II used to come for lunch. His horses were distinguished. He bred Quadrangle and Arts and Letters and a colt named Sea Hero, who won the Kentucky Derby. "A hundred years from now," said Mellon, "the only place my name will turn up anywhere will be in the studbook, for I was the breeder of Mill Reef." His insistence on high quality might have marked him as elitist, but he was far too sound a character to seem any sort of snob.

His manners were impeccable. Just ask the gallery's older guards, or the guys who groomed his horses. When you met him, his eyes twinkled. He joked impishly and easily. Once, during an interview, he opened his wallet to show me a headline he had clipped from the Daily Telegraph: "Farmer, 84, Dies in Mole Vendetta." He liked the sound of it.

There was an if-it-ain't-broke-don't-fix-it spirit to his luxuries. They were well patinaed. His Mercedes was a '68. His jet wasn't new, and neither were his English suits or his handmade shoes. The martinis he served—half gin, half vodka—were 1920s killers. There was a butler, but he shook them himself. He said he'd always liked the sound of ice cubes against silver.

Nothing in his presence told you that Paul Mellon had been miserable when young.

His childhood might easily have crushed him. His father, Andrew W. Mellon—one of the nation's richest men and the secretary of the Treasury—had been grim and ice-cube cold.

Paul Mellon loved him. It could not have been easy. "I do not know, and I doubt anyone will ever know," he wrote, "why Father was so seemingly devoid of feeling and so tightly contained in his lifeless, hard shell."

His parents had warred quietly. Paul was still a boy when their marriage ended coldly, in a flurry of detectives. His sister, Ailsa, never quite recovered. Paul never quite forgot his own nervousness and nausea and feelings of inadequacy. It seems a stretch to use this term for someone born so wealthy, but Paul Mellon was a self-made man.

Most rich Americans, then as now, saw it as their duty to grow richer. Mellon didn't. When he found his inner compass, and abandoned thoughts of making more money, and said so to his father, he was 29 years old.

First he wrote himself a letter. "The years of habit have encased me in a lump of ice, like the people in my dreams," he wrote. "When I get into any personal conversation with Father, I become congealed and afraid to speak. . . . Business. What does he really expect me to do, or to be? Does he want me to be a great financier. . . ? The mass of accumulations, the responsibilities of great financial institutions, appall me. My mind is not attuned to it. . . . I have some very important things to do still in my life, although I am not sure what they are. . . . I