

Peace Corps and went to work for the United Farm Workers, where Cesar Chavez became his mentor and role model.

In 1969, Joe managed the successful campaign of Manuel Ferrales for the Sacramento City Council. After serving on the city's redevelopment agency in the 1970s, Joe was elected to the Council himself in 1981. He was elected mayor in 1992 and re-elected in 1996, winning both races by wide margins. Throughout his terms in office, he continued to work as a professor of government and ethnic studies at his alma mater, Cal State Sacramento.

Mayor Serna virtually rebuilt the city of Sacramento. He forged public-private partnerships to redevelop the downtown, revitalize the neighborhoods, and reform the public school system. He presided over an urban renaissance that transformed Sacramento into a dynamic modern metropolis.

Joe Serna died as he lived: with great strength and dignity. Last month, as he publicly discussed his impending death from cancer, he said, "I was supposed to live and die as a farmworker, not as a mayor and a college professor. I have everything to be thankful for. I have the people to thank for allowing me to be their mayor. I have society to thank for the opportunity it has given me."

Mr. President, it is we who are thankful today for having had such a man serve the people of California.●

CIVIL RIGHTS LEADER DAISY BATES

● Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. President, I rise today before the Senate to praise one of the true heroes of the civil rights movement, Daisy Bates. In her death yesterday at age 84, America has lost one of the most courageous advocates for justice and equality between races.

Daisy Bates' life was one of conviction and resolve. Her character was a model of grace and dignity.

Mrs. Bates was born in 1914, the small town of Huttig, Arkansas in the southern part of the state. Her life was touched by the violence of racial hatred at a young age, when her mother was killed while resisting the advances of three white men. Her father left soon thereafter, and Daisy was raised by friends of her family.

Daisy moved to Little rock and married L.C. Bates, a former newspaperman, in 1942. For eighteen years, the two published the Arkansas State Press, the largest black newspaper in the state. The Arkansas State Press was an influential voice in the state of Arkansas which played a key role in the civil rights movement. Daisy and L.C. used the State Press to focus attention on issues of inequity in the criminal justice system, police brutality and segregation.

In 1952, Daisy was elected president of the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Col-

ored People. It was from this position that she was thrust into the national spotlight, as a leader during the crisis of Central High School in 1957, when black students attempting to enter the school were blocked by rioters and the National Guard.

Throughout the crisis, the Little Rock Nine would gather in her tiny home before and after school to strategize about their survival. It was her home from which the Little Rock Nine were picked up from every morning by federal troops to take them to Central High, to face the rioters and the hatred. It was her home that was attacked by the segregationists.

Even after the Little Rock Nine finally received federal protection to attend Central High, Daisy Bates continued to face violence and harassment. Threats were made against her life. Bombs made of dynamite were thrown at her house. KKK crosses were burned on her lawn. On two separate occasions, her house was set on fire and all the glass in the front of the house was broken out.

It's hard to imagine how difficult it must have been for Daisy Bates to continue pursuing her convictions under such circumstances, but her perseverance is true testament to the strength of her character. Despite the violence, harassment and intimidation, Daisy Bates would not be deterred. She spent several more decades actively advancing the cause of civil rights, and helped the town of Mitchellville, Arkansas to elect its first black mayor and city council.

I am saddened that Mrs. Bates will not be on hand next week when the Little Rock Nine is presented the Congressional Medal of Honor. That honor is truly one that belongs to her, the woman who shepherded those brave young men and women through those extremely difficult days forty years ago. My prayers go out to the family and the many friends of Daisy Bates. I know that God is throwing open the gates of heaven today for Daisy, a woman who helped so many others enter doors that were once barred to them.●

THE DEPARTURE OF A.M. ROSENTHAL FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, Please read these remarks! A.M. Rosenthal has just this past Friday concluded fifty-five years as a reporter, editor, and columnist for The New York Times. There has been none such ever. Nor like to be again. Save, of course, that this moment marks a fresh start for the legendary, and although he would demur, beloved Abe.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that A.M. Rosenthal's last column and an editorial from Friday's Times be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

[From The New York Times, Nov. 5, 1999]

ON MY MIND

(By A.M. Rosenthal)

On Jan. 6, 1987, when The New York Times printed my first column, the headline I had written was: "Please Read This Column!" It was not just one journalist's message of the day, but every writer's prayer—come know me.

Sometimes I wanted to use it again. But I was smitten by seizures of modesty and decided twice might be a bit showy. Now I have the personal and journalistic excuse to set it down one more time.

This is the last column I will write for The Times and my last working day on the paper. I have no intention of stopping writing, journalistically or otherwise. And I am buoyed by the knowledge that I will be starting over.

Still, who could work his entire journalistic career—so far—for one paper and not leave with sadnesses, particularly when the paper is The Times? Our beloved, proud New York Times—ours, not mine or theirs, or yours, but ours, created by the talents and endeavor of its staff, the faithfulness of the publishing family and, as much as anything else, by the ethics and standards of its readers and their hunger for ever more information, of a range without limit.

Arrive in a foreign capital for the first time, call a government minister and give just your name. Ensues iciness. But add "of The New York Times," and you expect to be invited right over and usually are; nice.

"Our proud New York Times"—sounds arrogant and is a little, why not? But the pride is individual as well as institutional. For members of the staff, news and business, the pride is in being important to the world's best paper—you hear?—and being able to stretch its creative reach. And there is pride knowing that even if we are not always honest enough with ourselves to achieve fairness, that is what we promise the readers, and the standard to which they must hold us.

I used to tell new reporters: The Times is far more flexible in writing styles than you might think, so don't button up your vest and go all stiff on us. But when it comes to the foundation—fairness—don't fool around with it, or we will come down on you.

Journalists often have to hurt people, just by reporting the facts. But they do not have to cause unnecessary cruelty, to run their rings across anybody's face for the pleasure of it—and that goes for critics, too.

When you finish a story, I would say, read it, substitute your name for the subject's. If you say, well, it would make me miserable, make my wife cry, but it has no innuendo, no unattributed pejorative remarks, no slap in the face for joy of slapping, it is news, not gutter gossip, and as a reporter I know the writer was fair, then give it to the copy desk. If not, try again—we don't want to be your cop.

Sometimes I have a nightmare that on a certain Wednesday—why Wednesday I don't know—The Times disappeared forever. I wake trembling; I know this paper could never be recreated. I will never tremble for the loss of any publication that has no enforced ethic of fairness.

Starting fresh—the idea frightened me. Then I realized I was not going alone. I would take my brain and decades of newspapering with me. And I understood many of us had done that on the paper—moving from one career to another.

First I was a stringer from City College, my most important career move. It got me inside a real paper and paid real money. Twelve dollars a week, at a time when City's free tuition was more than I could afford.

My second career was as a reporter in New York, with a police press pass, which cops were forever telling me to shove in my ear.