

on highways? Would utilities be able to provide the essential life-giving heat to our shivering people. For how long would the utilities get the oil and coal they would need? What other sources of heat and energy could we tap? Could factories continue to produce goods? Could emergency police and fire protection continue? How could we assure that we could keep our hospitals open? Obviously, if this country or any country should be hit by an all-out superpower nuclear attack, these questions might all be academic. But such an attack would be the least likely nuclear war development. Far more likely is the kind of localized and limited but still environmentally disastrous nuclear war that could have profound worldwide environmental consequences that have not been discussed or speculated about outside of scientific laboratories. But, Mr. President, this is a real possibility.

None of us enjoys dwelling on the horror of nuclear war. This latest nuclear winter revelation makes the terrible nightmare even worse. Obviously, all of us recognize that we should do everything we can to prevent such a nuclear war from ever occurring. We disagree on how to achieve that. But we should be able to agree that we should have the courage to face the full gamut of nuclear war possibilities. We should recognize that some genuine possibilities growing out of the most likely kind of nuclear war may leave a genuine opportunity for our taking thoughtful measures now that could enable millions of Americans to survive. So what do we need now? We need to study the full implications of a nuclear winter and then determine just what we can and must do about it.

A TRIBUTE TO PAUL TSONGAS

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, the junior Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Tsongas] has announced that he will leave this body at the end of the current session. It is a real loss to the Senate; not only to the members of his party, but to all Americans who desire an intelligent discussion of the issues that face our country.

PAUL TSONGAS is a liberal in the best sense of the word. He is a true believer in the rights of the individual and, most importantly, in protecting the rights of disadvantaged. America has benefited from PAUL TSONGAS' insights into legislation being considered by both Houses of Congress during the past decade.

Mr. President, Senator Tsongas is an attorney from Massachusetts by trade; but above all, he is a devoted husband and father. He leaves public life—at least temporarily—to spend more time at home with his loving family.

The Senator from Kansas is joined, he is sure, by every Member of the Senate, in offering PAUL TSONGAS best

wishes in his new private and public endeavors.

TRIBUTE TO SENATOR PAUL TSONGAS

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, as the 98th Congress prepares to adjourn, I want to take this opportunity to pay tribute to my friend and outstanding colleague from Massachusetts, PAUL TSONGAS, who is retiring from the Senate as this session ends.

All of us respect the decision PAUL has made to leave the Senate after only a single term. But we understand his decision and we respect him all the more for it.

From the day he took his seat in the Senate, PAUL impressed us all with his unusual ability, profound commitment, and quiet passion. His uncommon eloquence in the cause of peace and his principled leadership in the search for arms control have immeasurably enriched our national debate on this all-important issue that will determine the fate of all humanity.

Time and again on the floor of the Senate, we have seen PAUL TSONGAS cut through the confusion of debate, and teach the Senate a new lesson and a new wisdom about the nuclear peril. Always, when the going has been toughest, he has summoned us to stand firm against any strategy that relies on relentless nuclear buildups and mindless nuclear militarism.

In this Chamber, PAUL TSONGAS has also been perhaps the truest and most persistent voice of our time on the issue of human rights. A quarter century ago, John F. Kennedy had the idealism and concern of young Americans like PAUL TSONGAS in mind when he created the Peace Corps. And in all the years since his own days as a volunteer, PAUL TSONGAS has generously fulfilled the dream my brother had for a new generation of American leaders who would dedicate themselves to the cause of hope and progress for all peoples everywhere.

In the Senate, PAUL TSONGAS has been a powerful voice for an end to the conflict in Central America, for freedom for Soviet Jews, for majority rule in South Africa, and for all those on this Earth who suffer from tyranny and oppression.

There was no finer moment in recent years in the U.S. Senate than when PAUL TSONGAS took the floor a few months ago, and in simple words of powerful eloquence made an irrefutable case to halt the flow of American dollars for terrorism against innocent civilians in Nicaragua. By the narrow margin of two votes, PAUL's position failed. But, I suspect that everyone on the Senate floor who heard that debate understood in their heart—however they may have voted—that PAUL TSONGAS was right.

We will also remember PAUL for his extraordinary facility in dealing with new and complex economic principals, his dedication to education and high technology, and his perseverance in achieving compromises that others had found impossible on deeply divisive issues like the Alaska lands legislation, the rescue of Chrysler, and the future of the auto industry.

But most of all, PAUL TSONGAS left an indelible mark in the Senate through his leadership in urging a new agenda for the Nation that would be equal to the new challenges of the 1980's. And in all of these endeavors, PAUL has sought to point us to the future without losing sight of the values of the past. This is the lesson of his service—that if we seek new ideas—and we do—it is in order to advance the abiding principles of progress and justice, compassion and peace.

Truly, it can be said of PAUL TSONGAS that everything he touched, he left better than he found it. He gave something back to America in return for all it has given him.

Massachusetts will miss him in the Senate, and so will each of us. I am proud to have had him as a colleague and a friend, for he is one of the best Senators Massachusetts has ever had.

TRIBUTE TO JOHN C. DONOVAN

Mr. MITCHELL. Mr. President, the recent and untimely death of one of Maine's most public-spirited and best-loved citizens brought grief to his friends, his former colleagues and his students and readers throughout our State.

John Donovan's career and work spanned the Senate, when he worked for Senator Muskie; the Labor Department, when he headed up the manpower administration office, and Bowdoin College, where he taught and wrote for many years.

Judge Frank Coffin's words on the occasion of John's memorial service express for all of us who knew John Donovan the kind of citizen he was, and the kind of friend he was. I ask unanimous consent that the text of Judge Coffin's remarks be reproduced in the RECORD.

FAREWELL TO OUR FRIEND

(Remarks by Judge Frank M. Coffin at the Memorial Service for John C. Donovan)

To talk to you today of our friend John Donovan is one of the highest honors and saddest duties that I have ever had. We come to pay homage, not to one who has lived the fullness of his expected years, but to one taken when he had so much yet to contribute . . . and to savor. Taken quickly and without warning. So we feel for him everything from anguish to bitterness.

We also feel for ourselves. Each of us in this outpouring of friends from places far and near, positions lofty and humble, is here because we feel a personal loss. Something precious seems suddenly to have gone out of our lives.

In my case I miss the friend I first met on the Bates campus 46 years ago, whose life and mine ever since proceeded in tandem: Bates; Navy; graduate work at Harvard; living on the same street in Lewiston, he professing, I lawyering; then politics with each of us in turn chairing our party's state committee and running for Congress; then Washington, I in the House and he as Senator Muskie's key assistant; then the executive branch, he in the Labor Department and I in the Agency for International Development; finally, home for both of us, he to his beloved Bowdoin and I to my beloved bench. Each of you cherishes your own pattern of relationship and your own agony of loss—as college mates, Navy buddies, students, former students, faculty colleagues, co-authors, political and governmental co-workers, neighbors . . . and most of all as brother, sisters, and especially as devoted wife and loving children.

So this has been a time for grieving—for the bonding of remembrance, restoring with however fitful a light how he was, looked, and talked; for the fabricating of a future we would have liked for him and for us; and for the sorrowing that this cannot be. We cannot and should not wish this away. We are told and believe that grieving is part of the human condition, that it tests, case hardens, and ennoble the human spirit.

But grieving is something each of us will do alone or with others—and, whatever we do or say here, each will grieve deeply and long. Were we, however, to devote our brief time together simply to exchanging and augmenting or griefs, we would, I believe, be faithless to our reason for being together.

In the first place, we would be irritating a certain irrepressible, feisty, congenitally insouciant gentleman, born of formidable stock. As John recently wrote, "Both my parents were born in the Berkshires in the 1800's; one Irish-American; the other an authentic Yankee. In each case the background was Western Massachusetts yeoman-farmer—the folks who are likely to encourage a Shay's Rebellion. On my mother's side the tribe had hacked their way on October Mountain, if you know where that is, before the American Revolution." Add to this heritage the fact that John grew up in the resilient rough and tumble of "the rubber city" of Naugatuck, Connecticut, where the generations had learned to live with death and relish life. Such a gentleman, therefore—armed with a vigorous vocabulary—would be the first to move us to more positive, life-enhancing themes. I do not want to cross such a man.

In the second place, this is the unique occasion to solidify the precious essence that will never leave us, so long as we live—the presence of the man, now no longer to be sustained by new encounters but to be nourished solely by our own efforts.

What kind of a man was this John C. Donovan? When we had him for the asking, we took him for granted. Let's look at him with more care.

The first thing we remember is his relaxed and spontaneous fellowship. He always had time for people at all levels from Senators and Governors to store clerks, janitors, and cleaning ladies. After a chat with him, anyone felt better. The second thing was his penetrating conversation. In every meeting with him there was a nugget, whether it was his own serious thought, or his ardent wit pinioning some pomposity of doctrine or person or exposing the irony in a highly touted public policy, or simply a memorable anecdote. After such a chat, anyone felt a bit wiser.

Part of what John was saying is what he had seen and done. His wisdom and sanity stemmed from living and working in four separate fields of socially relevant action. As college teacher he brought the old fashioned virtue of unflinching analysis to 32 years of Bates and Bowdoin students; as co-author of textbooks he brought his broad and perceptive views of our government institutions and processes to thousands of secondary school students. As political activist, organizer, a Senator's key assistant, and Congressional candidate, he did more than his share, in what he called "The Golden Years", to enrich and make relevant political life in this old state. As bureaucrat and top administrator initiating our first Manpower program under Secretary Wirtz, he earned the Labor Department's coveted Distinguished Service Award. Finally, as scholar and author, he ranged with rare authority across the three fields of political science, political economy, and history in that great trilogy, *The Politics of Poverty*, *The Policy Makers*, and *The Cold Warriors*. In these books and other writings he addressed the immensity and danger of our problems of poverty and the inadequacies of our ways of dealing with them, the tragedy of our obsession with Vietnam, and the distortions in official talk about national budgets. It was clear that beneath all of John's joviality, with, and irreverence, he was deadly serious about and reverent toward his pantheon of things that matter.

Three themes that he came to see as dominant in his thinking were: first, that American history should be interpreted honestly, that all was not and never had been sweetness, light, virtue, and harmony and that not only liberty and equality were in tension but also property and equality, daring to inject property as a prime American value; second, that a subtle threat to the integrity of the nation as a democracy lay in the effect on foreign policy of an elite, a small group of intimates from a narrow and privileged base, unwilling, as he put it, to "question official, bureaucratic dogma frozen in its own vacuity"; and third, that a similar threat lay in the influence of the meritocracy, whom he called "the new mandarins, the managers and manipulators of technology", whose techniques seem "to be able to solve every problem except the ones that are tearing us apart."

Earlier this year, John ended his valedictory address as President of the New England Association of Political Scientists, by saying, typical of the Shay's Rebellion kind of person he was, "The best advice I have to offer . . . is to stay true to your own special angle of vision, especially if you share my faith in the importance of having a colony of conscience somewhere within this dear old democratic-republic of ours." Intrepid colonist in this conscience was our friend John.

Well, this is part of John Donovan, the part I call the public man. But he was a whole, an integrated man, illustrating what I am coming to believe, that the best men and women in any era are not necessarily, nor even often, those on whom the bright and evanescent spotlight of fame has shone. John had his own queer genius for friendship; we ourselves are the proof, that we who are all so different could each be the special objects of his friendship. He was a good and caring neighbor, as Federal Street in Burnswick and Potts in South Harpswell know. There, on the highest point of Hurricane Ridge sits his cottage. In his end of the glassed-in porch, he could be seen at his an-

cient typewriter on any early morn from May to September. There he would be crafting not only his books, articles, letters to the editor, but also, beginning in 1976, "Harpswell Notes", an affectionate journal about the comings and goings of ducks and dogs, family and friends, weather, politics, and other disasters, a journal evocative of a serene and happy man.

Perhaps the true measure of this man is his finest product, his family: a community consisting of his beloved and equally vibrant partner, Bea, and Carey, Chris, Martha, and John, four affectionate, self-reliant, independent-minded, lovable, generously dedicated children. With more striving than we shall ever know, he, with their help, lived to see all of them complete splendid college educations.

This summer John bought himself a tacky blue and gold yacht captain's hat. But when he donned it, it suited him perfectly; he looked both commanding and jaunty. So, as we take leave of him, for the time being, in this place, let us imagine him in this hat—giving to all of us his memorable, untranslatable farewell of affection and solicitude: "Take it easy going through Bridgeport."

WHO IS TEACHING OUR CHILDREN?

Mrs. HAWKINS. Mr. President, last year, Mark Vogler, a reporter for the Florida Winter Haven News Chief began research into how an admitted child molester could be certified to teach in a Winter Haven School. His original series of articles on the "bad apples" in the Florida school system prompted the Florida State Legislature to enact child protection reforms which require a criminal background check as a prerequisite for teaching in Florida. In an attempt to discover if these teacher certification problems exist in other States, Mr. Vogler spent 6 months, and traveled over 4,000 miles to 14 States to develop this excellent expose on child molesters within the school system.

I ask unanimous consent that the entire series of articles be printed in the RECORD.

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

WHO IS TEACHING OUR CHILDREN?

(By Mark Vogler)

Individuals with criminal backgrounds could easily become classroom teachers throughout the nation because most states don't conduct thorough screening of applicants for teaching certificates.

And even when some of them become teachers and are identified, there is a good chance they will stay in the profession because of wide-spread poor handling of teacher misconduct cases by education administrators across America.

The likelihood of this situation happening appears to be greater in states like Maryland, Arkansas and Louisiana where sex offenders, child molesters, drug peddlers—and even murderers don't have to hide their criminal records because felony convictions haven't been considered grounds for revocation of a teaching certificate in those states.