

finally as Chancellor of the University of Mississippi. Chancellor Khayat's character is a tremendous asset to Ole Miss. As a person, he is a role model for all who know him.

Mr. President, on behalf of my fellow Mississippians, I would like to commend Chancellor Khayat for his leadership, his accomplishments, and his continued dedication to making our home state a better place. While I am recognizing Chancellor Khayat for his induction into the Mississippi Sports Hall of Fame, his many talents and abilities distinguish him in countless other areas as well.

IN MEMORY OF DR. WALTER WASHINGTON

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, today I rise to remember an admirable person and a devoted educator, Dr. Walter Washington. Dr. Washington served as a classroom teacher, assistant principal, Dean of Utica Junior College, President of Utica Junior College for twelve years, and served as President of Alcorn State University from 1969 to 1994. Dr. Washington retired as President of Alcorn State University on June 30, 1994, and was subsequently named President Emeritus by the Mississippi Board of Trustees of State Institutions of Higher Learning.

During his tenure as both an educator and administrator, Dr. Washington was a leader in the State of Mississippi and throughout the country. He was a mentor to all who met him, and he set a high standard for his successors. His impact on Mississippi was evident in his work as a representative of the state on several national commissions.

As a man of many talents, he served on the Advisory Council of the National Urban League's Black Executive Exchange Program and the U.S. President's Advisory Council on Historically Black Colleges and Universities. In 1982, he was awarded the Outstanding Presidential Cluster Citation by President Ronald Reagan.

Dr. Washington was a member of several professional organizations, including Kappa Delta Phi, Phi Delta Kappa, and Alpha Kappa Mu Honor Society. He served as president of the Mississippi Teachers Association and held membership in the Mississippi Association of Educators and the national Education Association.

Dr. Washington married his college sweetheart, the former Carolyn Carter, in 1949. In addition to his devotion to his wife, he was involved in many community organizations. Dr. Washington received the Silver Beaver Award from the Boy Scouts of America, the Distinguished Service Award and Distinguished Alumni Award from Peabody College, and the Service to Humanity Award from Mississippi College. He was listed among *Ebony's* 100 Most Influential Black Americans in 1974, 1975, and 1976, and was selected Mississippi Man-of-the-Year in Education in 1981.

Dr. Washington passed away on December 1, 1999, but his legacy will live

on as an eternal flame. I was deeply saddened to hear the news of his death.

Dr. Washington's reputation for hard work and academic excellence set an example which will continue to inspire greatness in the men and women of Mississippi. Such a reputation is the greatest tribute to a man's life. His insight on predicting the needs of future students helped to mold Alcorn State University into one of Mississippi's great universities.

Mr. President, Mississippians and Americans are grateful for Dr. Washington's public service, and I commend him for his leadership and accomplishments.

ACCESS TO INNOVATION FOR MEDICARE PATIENTS ACT

Ms. MIKULSKI. Mr. President, we are so fortunate to live in an era when modern medical breakthroughs are an almost common occurrence. Every day brings new research and insight into the human body and diseases that, unfortunately, affect our friends, families, co-workers, and ourselves. For example, there are several wonderful new therapies that help people with chronic diseases like rheumatoid arthritis, multiple sclerosis, and Hepatitis C live more active and pain-free lives. I am proud to be an original co-sponsor of the Access to Innovation for Medicare Patients Act (S. 2644), which would extend Medicare coverage to new self-injected biological therapies for these chronic diseases.

One of the most important things I do as a United States Senator is listen to the people and the stories of their lives. The story of one of my constituents, Judith Levinson of Rockville, Maryland, is a compelling example of the power of these new therapies. Judith was diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis (RA) when she was 40 years old. At first, her fingers and toes swelled up and sent sharp pains into her arms and shoulders. Over the next few years, she had multiple surgeries to place artificial knuckles in her fingers, to fuse her thumbs, and to replace both of her wrists with steel rods. Her feet have also been affected. Judith had six surgeries on her feet because bone deterioration made walking very difficult and painful. She now wears a size 2 shoe because so much bone has been removed from her feet. Unfortunately, Judith's suffering did not end with the surgeries. During recovery, her hands had to be placed in cages in order to heal properly—which made her completely dependent on others for daily activities. On a scale of 1 to 10, Judith rated her daily pain as an 8.

In January of 1999, Judith's doctor prescribed a new self-injectable drug called Enbrel, which had just been approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for the treatment of advanced RA. I am proud to add that the Johns Hopkins University's Division of Rheumatology was instrumental in the development of this breakthrough ther-

apy as one of its clinical trial sites. Judith says that, within five weeks, she had less swelling in her fingers and she had more energy. As she puts it, she is in "go mode." I am happy to report that Judith has resumed writing, takes daily walks with her family without stopping at every street corner, and truly believes that this treatment has changed her life.

Judith is fortunate in that her insurance plan covers the cost of Enbrel, with a small co-payment. Medicare, on the other hand, does not allow coverage of self-administered injectable drugs. It covers only drugs that are administered in a physician's office. That means that many Medicare beneficiaries are going without treatment because they can't afford it themselves, or that they are treated with a therapy that is covered but may not be the most appropriate or effective treatment. That doesn't make sense. I am very proud that most of the breakthroughs in medicine today were invented in the United States. But breakthroughs alone aren't enough—I believe that every American ought to have access to those breakthroughs. Medicare patients are certainly no exception.

It is gratifying that this legislation is supported by a broad range of women, senior, minority, religious, rural, and health professional organizations like the Alliance for Aging Research, the American Public Health Association, the National Farmers Union, the Older Women's League (OWL), the National Hispanic Council on Aging, and more than a dozen other organizations. OWL, the only national membership organization that works on the issues unique to midlife and older women, has stressed the importance of access to innovative medical treatments for older women and urged Congress to recognize that "73% of women on Medicare have two or more concurrent chronic conditions, which often lead to limitations in the activities of daily living and the need for long-term care. In order to improve the health of women suffering with chronic diseases . . . Congress should extend Medicare coverage to self-administered injectables."

Mr. President, we must ensure that Medicare beneficiaries have access to promising and innovative new therapies. This legislation will help thousands of people living with chronic conditions like RA, MS, and Hepatitis C live better, happier, and more productive lives. I urge my colleagues to join Senators GORTON, MURRAY, myself and the other co-sponsors in supporting it.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Monday, June 5, 2000, the Federal debt stood at \$5,642,401,863,301.59 (Five trillion, six hundred forty-two billion, four hundred one million, eight hundred sixty-three thousand, three hundred one dollars and fifty-nine cents).

Five years ago, June 5, 1995, the Federal debt stood at \$4,903,928,000,000 (Four trillion, nine hundred three billion, nine hundred twenty-eight million).

Ten years ago, June 5, 1990, the Federal debt stood at \$3,127,410,000,000 (Three trillion, one hundred twenty-seven billion, four hundred ten million).

Fifteen years ago, June 5, 1985, the Federal debt stood at \$1,776,269,000,000 (One trillion, seven hundred seventy-six billion, two hundred sixty-nine million).

Twenty-five years ago, June 5, 1975, the Federal debt stood at \$522,954,000,000 (Five hundred twenty-two billion, nine hundred fifty-four million) which reflects a debt increase of more than \$5 trillion—\$5,119,447,863,301.59 (Five trillion, one hundred nineteen billion, four hundred forty-seven million, eight hundred sixty-three thousand, three hundred one dollars and fifty-nine cents) during the past 25 years.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

A RETROSPECTIVE ON RACE

• Mr. GRAMM. Mr. President, I wish to share with my colleagues a moving autobiographical article written by Ward Connerly. Mr. Connerly's intelligence and personal experience with racism blend together into a truly insightful analysis and I encourage my colleagues to read about Mr. Connerly's uniquely American story.

Mr. President, I ask that the article which appeared in the June 2000 edition of *The American Enterprise* be printed in the RECORD.

LAYING DOWN THE BURDEN OF RACE (By Ward Connerly)

Not long ago, after I'd given a speech in Hartford, Connecticut, I saw a black man with a determined look on his face working his way toward me through the crowd. I steeled myself for another abrasive encounter of the kind I've come to expect over the past few years. But once this man reached me he stuck out his hand and said thoughtfully, "You know, I was thinking about some of the things you said tonight. It occurred to me that black people have just got to learn to lay down the burden. It's like we grew up carrying a bag filled with heavy weights on our shoulders. We just have to stop totin' that bag."

I agreed with him. I knew as he did exactly what was in this bag: weakness and guilt, anger, and self-hatred.

I have made a commitment not to tote racial grievances, because the status of victim is so seductive and so available to anyone with certain facial features or a certain cast to his skin. But laying down these burdens can be tricky, as I was reminded not long after this Connecticut meeting. I had just checked into the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco to attend an annual dinner as master of ceremonies. After getting to my room, I realized that I'd left my briefcase in the car and started to go back to the hotel parking garage for it. As I was getting off the basement elevator, I ran into a couple of elderly white men who seemed a little dis-

oriented. When they saw me, one of them said, "Excuse me, are you the man who unlocks the meeting room?"

I did an intellectual double-take and then, with my racial hackles rising, answered with as much irritation as I could pack into my voice: "No, I'm not the man who unlocks the rooms."

The two men shrank back and I walked on, fuming to myself about how racial profiling is practiced every day in subtle forms by people who would otherwise piously condemn it in state troopers working the New Jersey Turnpike. As I stalked toward the garage, I didn't feel uplifted by my righteous anger. On the contrary, I felt crushed by it. It was a heavy burden, so heavy, in fact, that I stopped and stood there for a minute, sagging under its weight. Then I tried to see myself through the eyes of the two old men I'd just run into: someone who was black, yes, but more importantly, someone without luggage, striding purposefully out of the elevator as if on a mission, dressed in a semi-uniform of blazer and gray slacks.

I turned around and retraced my steps. "What made you think I was the guy who unlocks the meeting rooms?" I asked when I caught up with them.

"You were dressed a little like a hotel employee, sir," the one who had spoken earlier said in a genuinely deferential way. "Believe me, I meant no insult."

"Well, I hope you'll forgive me for being abrupt," I said, and after a quick handshake I headed back to the garage, feeling immensely relieved.

If we are to lay this burden down for good, we must be committed to letting go of racial classifications—not getting beyond race by taking race more into account, as Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun disastrously advised, but just getting beyond race period as a foundation for public policy.

Yet, I know that race is a scar in America. I first saw this scar at the beginning of my life in the segregated South. Black people should not deny that this mark exists: it is part of our connection to America. But we should also resist all of those, black and white, who want to rip open that scar and make race a raw and angry wound that continues to define and divide us.

Left to their own devices, I believe, Americans will eventually merge and melt into each other. Throughout our history, there has been a constant intermingling of people—even during the long apartheid of segregation and Jim Crow. It is malicious as well as unreasonable not to acknowledge that in our own time the conditions for anger have diminished and the conditions for connection have improved.

We all know the compelling statistics about the improvements in black life: increased social and vocational mobility, increased personal prestige and political power. But of all the positive data that have accumulated since the Civil Rights Act of 1964—when America finally decided to leave its racial past behind—the finding that gives me most hope is the recent survey showing that nearly 90 percent of all teenagers in America report having at least one close personal friend of another race.

My wife Ilene is white. I have two racially mixed children and three grandchildren, two of whose bloodlines are even more mixed as a result of my son's marriage to a woman of half-Asian descent. So my own personal experience tells me that the passageway to that place where all racial division ends goes directly through the human heart.

Not long ago, Mike Wallace came to California to interview Ilene and me for a segment on "60 Minutes." He seemed shocked when I told him that race wasn't a big topic in our family. He implied that we were some-

how disadvantaging the kids. But Ilene and I decided a long time ago to let our kids find their way in this world without toting the bag of race. They are lucky, of course, to have grown up after the great achievements of the civil rights movement, which changed America's heart as much as its laws. But we have made sure that the central question for our children, since the moment they came into this world, has always been who are you, not what are you. When we ignore appeals to group identity and focus instead on individuals and their individual humanity, we are inviting the principles of justice present since the American founding to come inside our contemporary American homes.

I won't pretend this is always easy. While a senior at college, I fell in love with an effervescent white woman named Ilene. When Ilene's parents first learned how serious we were about each other, they reacted with dismay and spent long hours on the phone trying to keep the relationship from developing further. Hoping for support from my own relatives, I went home one weekend and told Mom (the grandmother who had raised me) about Ilene. She was cold and negative. "Why can't you find yourself a nice colored girl?" she blurted out. I walked out of the house and didn't contact her for a long time afterward.

Ilene and I now felt secretive and embattled. Marrying "outside your race" was no easy decision in 1962. I knew that Ilene had no qualms about challenging social norms, but I was less sure that she could deal with exclusion by her family, which seemed to me a real possibility. Nonetheless, she said yes when I proposed, and we were married, with no family members present.

I called Mom the day after and told her. She apologized for what she'd said earlier. Ilene's parents were not so quick to alter their position. For months, the lines of communication were down. Sometimes I came home from work and found Ilene sitting on the couch crying.

Finally her parents agreed to see her, but not me. I drove her up to their house and waited in the car while she went in. As the hours passed, I seethed. At one point I started the engine and took off, but I didn't know the area and so, after circling the block, came back and parked again. When Ilene finally came out of the house, she just cried for nearly the entire return trip.

Today, people would rush to hold Ilene's parents guilty of racism.

But even when I was smoldering with resentment, I knew it wasn't that simple. These were good people—hard working, serious, upstanding. They were people, moreover, who had produced my wife, a person without a racist bone in her body. In a sense, I could sympathize with my new in-laws; there were no blacks in their daily life, and they lived in a small town where everyone knew everything about everyone else. Our marriage was a leap nothing in her parents' lives had prepared them to take.

But their reaction to me still rankled. After having to wait in the car that afternoon I vowed never to go near their house again.

For a long time we didn't see Ilene's parents. But we did see her Aunt Markeeta and Uncle Glen. They were wonderful people. Glen, dead now, was a salt-of-the-earth type who worked in a sawmill, and Markeeta had a personality as piquant as her name. They integrated us into their circle of friends, who became our friends too. In those healing days, we all functioned as an extended family.

If I had to pick the moment when our family problems began to resolve themselves it would be the day our son Marc was born.

Not long after, we were invited to come for a visit. This time I was included in the invitation. I remember sitting stiffly through