

With their father's passing, Bobby and the others hope to follow tradition and keep the bakery open, Sen. Cohen said.

But Bangor, he said, has tasted the last of Ruby Cohen's rye bread.

"That was something that went with him."

#### RUBY COHEN

For the high and mighty, the most dangerous man in Bangor was the baker at the wheel of the station wagon.

Making morning rounds with rolls and rye loaves, Ruby Cohen could cut to the core on issues and people, and often did. His insight, like his skill at the oven, was sharpened by constant use.

There is a fearlessness, a strength, a virtue that comes from devoting 18 hours a day, six days a week to labor. It's a license to speak your mind, with candor. It's courage that comes from character.

Cohen's outspokenness shocked the eavesdropper at the corner market. The man from the station wagon, arms wrapped around bags of bulkie rolls, would walk in at mid-conservation and unload on the counter and on a program or politician. Those close to him respected his power, and were in awe of it. One of his sons, Sen. William Cohen, a man not easily flustered or impressed, was visibly on guard in the presence of his father. Playing straight man to Ruby was a lifelong learning experience that involved some pain.

Beneath the crust, Cohen was a man of wit and profound work ethic. His weakness as a role model for finding purpose and dignity in labor is that in its pursuit he set an impossible pace. Few of his own generation could keep up. To his last day on the job he loved, he was an exemplar of the American dream.

Seventy years a baker, 58 years a husband and father of three, Cohen was the epitome of the individual who became a local institution. He could humble the powerful, charm the casual acquaintance and feed the hungry with the world's most perfect loaf of rye bread.

He helped give his city its character. He is missed.

#### RUBY'S FRIENDS OFFER FAREWELL FUNERAL RECALLS A BANGOR LEGEND (By John Ripley)

BANGOR.—Bangor bid a bittersweet farewell Thursday to the wryest Reuben in town.

Reuben Cohen, known to presidents and plebes alike as "Ruby," died Monday night at the place he loved most, the small Bangor Rye Bread Co. bakery he had owned since 1929. He was 86.

"In the Jewish view, if this was his time, God allowed death to be a soft kiss rather than a prolonged suffering," Rabbi Joseph Schonberger said during Cohen's funeral Thursday afternoon.

Outside Bangor, Cohen was known best as the father of U.S. Sen. William S. Cohen. But within this small community, particularly within the dwindling company of his own generation, Cohen was cherished for his well-honed wit and his iron constitution.

On an Indian summer day, the Beth Israel Synagogue was filled with Ruby's people—Jews, gentiles, blacks, whites, the young, the old, the famous and the anonymous.

And with so many funerals for colorful people, those who attended Cohen's service came to weep, but left laughing, grateful to have shared a slice of such an encompassing life.

Outwardly, Cohen was a simple baker who loved dancing and the saxophone, his work and his family. But as Sen. Cohen pointed out, his father also was one to dismantle barriers. He broke with his faith to marry his Irish sweetheart, Clara, and he was well informed on the issues of the day.

The essence of Cohen, Schonberger said, was the essence of friendship itself; breaking bread together is older than the ages.

His work ethic was legendary—18 hours a day, six days a week, for nearly 70 years. When his son and fellow baker, Bobby, finally decided to take a vacation after 30 years at Bangor Rye, Cohen asked, "What's he going to do with a week off?" Sen. Cohen recalled.

But as the world about him whizzed by, Ruby Cohen kept true to his core; he was, Sen. Cohen said, a man who knew no envy.

"He was an innocent in a world grown selfish and cynical," Sen. Cohen said in a eulogy marked by moving poetry and knee-slapping Rubyisms.

At times, Sen. Cohen pointed out, his father sometimes showed a knack for being a little too innocent.

If a person expressed pride for losing 20 pounds, Cohen thought nothing of suggesting a trim of 10 or 15 more. He once loudly complained that Boston Celtics games were fixed, even as coach Red Auerbach sat nearby, redder than ever.

And though an honest man, Cohen "cheated the law in the little ways," Sen. Cohen said.

He would envelop his eldest son in a large wool overcoat and sneak him into basketball games at the old Bangor Auditorium. Or, he might simply mingle with the out-going crowd and walk in backward.

If one of Bangor's finest stopped him for erratic driving—an occurrence about as common as sunrises—Cohen would admit to having two drinks. After the cop had set up a sobriety test, Cohen would come clean: "I had two, two cups of coffee."

"I loved him for his daring, and his wanting me to be with him," said Sen. Cohen.

His father's irreverence often was best expressed in his relished role as devil's advocate: alimony was "all-the-money"; Jesus knew where the rocks were when he walked on water; and Moses probably waited for a drought before crossing the Red Sea.

Through it all, Sen. Cohen said, his father dedicated his life to two loves: his family and his work. When the cost of flour and yeast rose over the years, the increases rarely were reflected in the prices of Cohen's products.

"His concern was always for the welfare of his customers," Sen. Cohen said, suggesting that some of the customers could afford a price increase or two. "And I would say, 'Sonny Miller is doing OK. Bill Zoidas is doing fine. Doug Brown, don't cry for him.'"

The future of some of these products, known to at least three generations of Bangor residents, was buried with Cohen on Thursday afternoon.

Since Cohen's death Monday night, Rabbi Schonberger joked, the oft-heard question has been, "Did he make the sourdough for the rye bread before he died?"

#### DIAMOND JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY OF THE TABERNACLE MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

• Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, it is a distinct honor for me to acknowledge this milestone celebration—the Diamond Jubilee Anniversary of the Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church in Detroit, MI, pastored by the Reverend Dr. Frederick G. Sampson.

The Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church has been a cornerstone in Detroit for years having grown from its roots in Georgia and Mississippi. Not only did this church persevere in the face of change and hard times during the Depression years, but it has thrived and grown to become one of the largest and most prestigious churches in this great city.

I can only believe that the kind of growth and success many of its members have witnessed is a testament to the solid and unshakable faith of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Johnson who are known as The Founding Family and all those who followed in the belief of their mission which is to provide the community with spiritual guidance.

I thank Dr. Sampson, his predecessors, his ministers, and all those who have accepted the challenge of providing guidance and spiritual education to this community by establishing such services as adult education classes, child day care, meals on wheels, housing, and other community orientated programs. Your adoption and mentoring programs at neighborhood schools are commendable. They display the importance and positive impact that you have in the community. For we know that wisdom, knowledge, understanding, and all the academic education that anyone of us can muster is useless unless there is a solid moral foundation, which is what you have provided for the past 75 years.

I ask my colleagues to extend your sincerest congratulations to the entire Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church family, and I extend my warmest wishes to them for another 75 years of success and service.●

#### CASINOS NOT SURE BET, OTHER STATES DISCOVER

• Mr. LUGAR. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the attached article be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Washington Post, Aug. 6, 1995]

CASINOS NOT A SURE BET, OTHER STATES DISCOVER—ANALYSTS SAY AREA OFFICIALS COULD LEARN FROM SUCCESSES AND FAILURES ELSEWHERE

(By Charles Babington)

Anchored on the Mississippi River near downtown New Orleans are two massive, double-decker casino boats with the evocative names Crescent City Queen and Grand Palais.

There's nothing grand about them now, however. Both boats closed their doors last month, barely nine weeks after opening amid much hoopla and hope. The closings, forced by lower-than-expected revenue, left 1,800 people jobless and the City of New Orleans jockeying with other creditors to collect \$3 million in unpaid taxes and fees.

The turn of events has been sobering—even on Bourbon Street—and may give pause to officials in Maryland, Virginia, the District and elsewhere who are contemplating legalizing casinos. Although some southern and midwestern towns are content with their riverboat revenue, others are finding that the reality does not always match the promise.

That's especially true in New Orleans, a city that bears watching by the likes of Baltimore and Washington, according to several analysts. Aside from the loss of the two riverboat casinos, New Orleans's ambitious land-based casino has needed only a third of its projected revenue since opening in May.

The picture is brighter in the Midwest. One reason, however, is that lawmakers quickly