

for in the currency of suffering, preventable illness, inadequate or unavailable care, and, yes, even the death of infants.

What we saw orchestrated on the Senate floor 11 days ago was an elaborate ritual of plausible deniability. No hearings or debate on how many infants could die because of slackened prenatal care efforts. No hearings or debate on how many elderly will languish in nursing home warehouses because of deregulation and lower provider payments.

Mr. President, that is precisely what happened when the 20 hours of debate ran out on a 1,500-page bill with no discussion, no accountability, no honest admission that cutting \$176 billion from the projected needs of human beings that millions of Americans would suffer.

In effect, the Senate sent to the States and county governments the dirty work, the painful decisions. That is what we do when we embrace the don't-ask, don't-care standard for the formulation of public policy.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent for an additional 2 minutes.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. GRAHAM. Mr. President, the standard for formulation of public policy seems to be "let the States and counties figure out who gets care and who does not. Their fingerprints will be on those decisions, not ours."

Make no mistake about it, these Medicaid cuts will cost infants and frail elderly and the disabled. Congress cannot wash its hands so easily with the pathetic refrain that "We didn't know." Congress did not know because it did not ask. It did not ask because it did not want to know. That is cowardice.

I never cease to be amazed how quickly the hands of Congress reach out to give tax breaks and favors and how quickly the same hands hide when it comes time to assume responsibility.

The record, Mr. President, is clear. The majority of both Houses of Congress, with callous aforethought, siphoned \$176 billion in health and long-term care of needy Americans without even a cursory concern for the human consequences.

Mr. President, I am sure that no Member wants to leave that kind of mark on America. There is still time to reform Medicaid without hurting people. There is still time to deliberate the actual effects of cutting \$176 billion in health and long-term care services for millions of Americans.

Such a deliberation will bring us face to face with the families, with the children, with the frail elderly, and with the disabled who will pay the price of this tax break.

Up to this point, Mr. President, the Senate has denied accountability and responsibility. That denial is not plausible.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Minnesota, under the order, will have 10 minutes.

Mr. McCONNELL. Will the Senator yield for a unanimous-consent request?

Mr. WELLSTONE. Of course.

Mr. McCONNELL. I ask unanimous consent I be allowed to proceed after the Senator from Minnesota.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the order the Senator from North Dakota follows the Senator from Minnesota.

Mr. McCONNELL. After the Senator from North Dakota, I ask unanimous consent that I may proceed.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

DEDICATION TO THE PEACE PROCESS

Mr. WELLSTONE. Thank you, Mr. President.

Please excuse me for not wanting to talk about the peace. I want to talk about my grandfather.

You always awake from a nightmare, but since yesterday I was continually awakening to a nightmare. It is not possible to get used to the nightmare of life without you. The television never ceases to broadcast pictures of you, and you are so alive that I can almost touch you—but only almost, and I won't be able to anymore.

Grandfather, you were the pillar of fire in front of the camp and now we are left in the camp alone, in the dark; and we are so cold and so sad.

I am not able to finish this; left with no alternative. I say goodbye to you, hero, and ask you to rest in peace, and think about us, and miss us, as down here we love you so very much. I imagine angels are accompanying you now and I ask them to take care of you, because you deserve their protection.

Mr. President, words of Noa Ben-Artzi Philoosof, 17, granddaughter of Prime Minister Rabin, at yesterday's service in Israel.

I ask unanimous consent that her statement at the service be printed as part of the RECORD of the U.S. Senate and therefore the record of our country.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the New York Times, Nov. 7, 1995]

GOODBYE TO A GRANDFATHER: WE ARE SO
COLD AND SO SAD

(The granddaughter of Yitzhak Rabin, Noa Ben-Artzi Philoosof, 17, spoke at his funeral. Her remarks were translated and transcribed by the New York Times)

Please excuse me for not wanting to talk about the peace. I want to talk about my grandfather.

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Grandfather, you were the pillar of fire in front of the camp and now we are left in the camp alone, in the dark; and we are so cold and so sad.

I know that people talk in terms of a national tragedy, and of comforting an entire nation, but we feel the huge void that remains in your absence when grandmother doesn't stop crying.

Few people really knew you. Now they will talk about you for quite some time, but I feel that they really don't know just how great the pain is, how great the tragedy is; something has been destroyed.

Grandfather, you were and still are our hero. I wanted you to know that every time I did anything, I saw you in front of me.

Your appreciation and your love accompanied us every step down the road, and our lives were always shaped after your values. You, who never abandoned anything, are now abandoned. And here you are, my ever-present hero, cold, alone, and I cannot do anything to save you. You are missed so much.

Others greater than I have already eulogized you, but none of them ever had the pleasure I had to feel the caresses of your warm, soft hands, to merit your warm embrace that was reserved only for us, to see your half-smile that always told me so much, that same smile which is no longer, frozen in the grave with you.

I have no feelings of revenge because my pain and feelings of loss are so large, too large. The ground has been swept out from below us, and we are groping now, trying to wander about in this empty void, without any success so far.

I am not able to finish this; left with no alternative. I say goodbye to you, hero, and ask you to rest in peace, and think about us, and miss us, as down here we love you so very much. I imagine angels are accompanying you now and I ask them to take care of you, because you deserve their protection.

Mr. WELLSTONE. Mr. President, I said to my wife, Sheila, this morning that there is nowhere on Earth I would have rather been than in Jerusalem yesterday for this service to honor a very courageous man, Yitzhak Rabin.

Mr. President, I will never forget the long lines of the people in Jerusalem in Israel as we drove to the service, as I drove to the service with my colleagues—Democrats and Republicans—to look out of the window and to see the sadness of the people, to see the sadness of the people.

Mr. President, I will never forget the words at the service, the words of our President, President Clinton, the words of the Prime Minister's granddaughter. Her words were heard and felt by people all over the world. Nor will I forget the words of King Hussein of Jordan who said, "I remember my grandfather being assassinated"—the King as a little boy was next to his grandfather—"and now my brother"—my brother; he called Prime Minister Rabin his brother. He said, "I am not afraid. I am not afraid. If I have to meet that fate," the King said, "so be it, but I am committed to this peace process."

Mr. President, I just would like to say on the floor of the U.S. Senate that I owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to my State of Minnesota for giving me an opportunity to be a U.S. Senator and giving me an opportunity to be invited to be able to go and to be at that service.

I believe that the way that I can honor Prime Minister Rabin—I believe the way that all of us can honor Prime Minister Rabin—whether we are Democrats or Republicans, as leaders in the U.S. Congress, is to dedicate our services to this peace process.

Mr. President, the Prime Minister knew that the status quo was unacceptable. He knew that the status quo extended to the future would only mean that Israeli children and Palestinian children would be killing each other for generations to come.

He gave his life for peace. He was a general. He defended his country. He was a military hero. But in the last analysis, at the very end, he gave his life for security for his country and for peace for the peoples of the Middle East.

His loss is not only the loss of Israel, his loss is the loss of the peoples of the Middle East, and his loss is the loss to all of us—all of us—who live in this world.

So, colleagues, I think that the way that we honor this man, Prime Minister Rabin, is by dedicating ourselves to the peace process. Whenever our country can facilitate negotiations, we should do so. Whenever our country can continue the work of Dennis Roth and others who have been so skillful in helping to mediate and keep these negotiations going, we should do so.

When there are terms of the agreement that we are asked to follow through on such as financial aid, economic development, aid to Palestinian people, that the Prime Minister was so much for, we should support that.

Mr. President, I hope this does not lead to a period of darkness. Certainly, it feels that way now. This is a nightmare of the world. Let us dedicate ourselves to the peace process. Let us do as public servants what the Prime Minister was able to do. He took the moral position. He did not know how the elections would turn out, but he did what he thought was the right thing.

His example of leadership was an example of leadership not just for Israel but for all us that are in public service in all countries throughout the world.

As a Senator from Minnesota, as the son of a Jewish immigrant from the Ukraine and Russia, LEON WELLSTONE, as the son of a daughter of Ukrainian immigrants, Mincha Daneshevsky, as a father, grandfather, a Senator from Minnesota, and an American Jew, I was so proud to be there yesterday.

I hope I can live my life, with my family and in my community, and as a Senator, in such a way that I honor this man.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the order, the Senator from North Dakota has 10 minutes.

YITZHAK RABIN

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, I did not hear the entire statement of the Senator from Minnesota, but I visited with him on the way to the Chamber today about his trip to Israel to the funeral. I commend him for what I did hear him say.

I think all of us join in offering our prayers and condolences to the people of Israel and the family of Yitzhak Rabin.

I have had on my desk for slightly over a year, a printed copy of the remarks Yitzhak Rabin gave to a joint meeting of Congress in 1994. The reason the remarks have been on my desk for a year is I was so moved when I heard him speak, in the House Chamber, in such eloquent terms about his search for peace in the Middle East, that I thought I had not in many, many years heard anything quite so beautiful or so profound or so powerful as those words. I have kept them near for some long while. All of us grieve for what has happened to Yitzhak Rabin and for the people of Israel in these days of tragedy.

A HOUSING PROGRAM FOR MIDDLE-AGED RICH MEN

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, in these days of government spending cutbacks there is one notable exception: public housing programs for middle-aged rich owners of professional sports teams.

Yesterday's announcement that the Cleveland Browns will move to Baltimore demonstrates once again that these rich folks who play monopoly games with their football, baseball, and basketball team franchises can play city off against city to hammerlock officials and fans to pay for expensive, new taxpayer financed sports stadiums in which they can house their privately owned teams.

There is insufficient money for public housing for poor people in America, but the sky is the limit for public housing for those rich folks who own professional sports teams and who insist the taxpayers build them a place to play.

No owner of a professional football, baseball, basketball, or hockey team will ever be homeless. Governments—local, State, and Federal—will see to it that there are enough public resources available to build stadiums worth hundreds of millions of dollars with sky boxes for the affluent. Governments will virtually guarantee that money from parking, concessions, and sky boxes will make rich owners richer and overpaid athletes financially fat and happy.

The thing about this that irritates me is that taxpayers in our part of the country: North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming—help in both direct and indirect ways to pay for this housing program for rich sports owners.

But there will never be a press conference in which a major sports team owner announces he is moving his team to Bismarck or Cheyenne or Helena.

This little monopoly game that bestows enormous economic awards on certain regions of the country is a private domain played between the wealthy sports owners and the largest cities of America. The rest of us are required, through lost tax revenue, to help pay the bills.

Yesterday's announcement about the Cleveland Browns moving to Baltimore is apparently a result of a promise of a

new \$200 million stadium in Baltimore to be used rent-free for 7 years by the Browns' owner. Skybox, parking, and concession revenues go to the owner as well. In addition, the owner apparently received \$75 million as a bonus for moving the team.

I do not know the owner of the Cleveland Browns from a cord of wood so I am not judging him. And he is not alone in moving a sports team in search of more money. And team owners are no different than athletes: they are two peas in a pod. They jump ship and leave town in search of more money. It is all about money—money for the owners and money for the athletes.

Fans are the pawns who end up paying the bills through ticket prices and taxes. Fans are reduced to rooting for uniforms rather than people. The star athlete in one city one week may well end up playing against that city the next week as a result of trades or moves by athletes and owners in search of the highest dollar.

In circumstances where monopolies rule the day—and they do in professional sports—you cannot start an NBA team in Bismarck, or you cannot start an NFL team in Sioux Falls. Money and control replace the benefits of competition, and everyone pays except the owners and the athletes.

I would not take the time to comment on this issue, except that what is happening in professional sports is a perversion. This is about big guys and big money, and the little guy is damned. And guess who ends up paying for the sports stadiums and who ends up paying for those lucrative salaries for the athletes and handsome profits for the owners? The little guy. The fact is, professional sports is sticking its finger in the fan's eye.

A story last week pointed out the cost of taking a family of four to a National Basketball Association professional game this season has risen to \$192, up 10 percent from last year. It costs about \$130 for four tickets, an average of \$32 per ticket, and you have to add some hot dogs, a program and a cap so the cost for four people adds up to nearly \$200 to attend a game. Something is wrong; something is terribly wrong in professional sports when we have come to that. And ticket prices for hockey and football are even higher.

I think that Congress ought to hold some hearings on the subject of professional sports: where it has been; where it is going; who profits, by how much, and at whose expense.

Why is it in 1995 that the only healthy public housing program is one to build sports stadiums for rich, middle-aged sports owners? Why, when so many cities would like to host a professional sports team, do the leagues restrict expansion unreasonably, so that existing teams can extract outrageous ticket prices from citizens who have no alternatives?

I think it is reasonable for our country to ask whether these monopolies,