

I believe we can look forward to seeing develop in the future. I wish her all the best.

TRIBUTE TO HERB CAEN, SAN FRANCISCO'S BELOVED "BOSWELL BY THE BAY"

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 11, 1997

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, I invite my colleagues in the Congress to join me in paying tribute to San Francisco journalist Herb Caen, who died last week at the age of 80. For 60 years, he has been a staple of San Francisco journalism, and, in the words of the New York Times, he is "a columnist known for his ardor for San Francisco." He began his career in the bay area in 1936 when he joined the San Francisco Chronicle, and his well-known column first appeared on July 5, 1938. Last year, as my colleagues will recall, Mr. Caen was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his "continuing contribution as a voice and a conscience of his city." I called the attention of my colleagues in the Congress to Herb's honor on that occasion and paid tribute to him in the RECORD in April of last year.

Mr. Speaker, I invite my colleagues to join me now in honoring the memory of Herb Caen for his contribution to the uniqueness of our delightful city of San Francisco and for his contribution to journalism. Mr. Speaker, I also invite my colleagues to read the obituary of Mr. Caen that appeared in the New York Times.

[From the New York Times, Feb. 2, 1997]

HERB CAEN, NEWSPAPER WRITER, DIES AT 80

(By Michael J. Ybarra)

SAN FRANCISCO.—Herb Caen, whose 60-year journalism career was devoted to doting on San Francisco and whose affections were more than amply requited by legions of ardent readers, died this morning at the California Pacific Medical Center here. He was 80.

To call Mr. Caen "Mr. San Francisco," as was sometimes done, was redundant. No other newspaper columnist has ever been so long synonymous with a specific place. To his fans, Mr. Caen (pronounced cane) was sui generis, a towering icon in his adopted hometown—although he was largely unknown in much of the nation, his column of stubborn localisms not even traveling well across the San Francisco Bay.

But in the city, and no one ever doubted what city he was talking about, Mr. Caen enjoyed the status of a beloved Boswell by the Bay.

Part of his appeal seemed to lie in the endless bonhomie he projected, always nattily turned out in suit and fedora, often with a martini glass in hand. Mr. Caen exuded a whiff of elegance from a bygone era.

Indeed, his role model was Walter Winchell, the legendary gossip monger, but with the malice shorn off. And unlike Winchell, who outlived his own celebrity and doddered on into obscurity, Mr. Caen's status as a living landmark grew with his longevity.

In April 1996, Mr. Caen turned 80, won a special Pulitzer Prize for his "continuing contribution as a voice and a conscience of his city" and married his fourth wife. In May, he told his readers that he had inoperable lung cancer—he smoked for 40 years but quit 25 years ago—and 5,000 letters poured in.

The city proclaimed June 14 Herb Caen Day and 75,000 people turned out to shower the writer with affection.

Mr. Caen was born in Sacramento on April 3, 1916, although he often said he had been conceived while his parents were visiting San Francisco. He wrote a high school gossip column called "Raisen' Caen" and after graduation he went to work as a sportswriter at The Sacramento Union. In 1936, he landed a job at The San Francisco Chronicle, arriving in town when Coit Tower was only three years old and ferries were the only way to cross the bay.

Mr. Caen began writing his column on July 5, 1938, and wrote it six days a week until 1991, when he cut back to five and later to three. "I can't find a way out: too many bills and ex-wives and a kid in school, things that chew up the income," he told an interviewer just before he turned 80. "I never intended this to be permanent, but it looks like it's going to be."

He is survived by his wife, Ann Moller, and a son, Christopher, from a previous marriage.

Except for an eight-year sojourn at its rival, The Examiner, Mr. Caen has been a fixture of The Chronicle, and, according to surveys, better read than the paper's front page. Editors had even estimated that as many as a fifth of the paper's 500,000 readers might cancel their subscriptions after Mr. Caen's death.

So avid were his fans that for years The Chronicle even ran old columns on Sunday, packaged as "Classic Caen." Local bookstores are full of still in-print copies of old columns recycled into tomes.

The columns combined gossip, news, word play and love to San Francisco and those lucky enough to live there, even when acknowledging the unpleasant side of the city. "The hookers are brazen, the abalone is frozen, and every night is Mugger's Day," he wrote in 1971. "Yet, in spite of it all, San Francisco remains one of the great tourist cities. Most triumphantly, there is life in the streets—raw, raucous, roistering and real."

Over the years Mr. Caen's journalistic work habits became as effortless as breathing: he wrote in the morning, held court in bars or cafes in the afternoon and took the pulse of the city at A-list events in the evenings, where the man with the cherubic smile and bald pate fringed with curly gray hair was as much a star as anyone he wrote about.

Though the self-deprecating Mr. Caen referred to his daily output, pounded out with two fingers on a Royal typewriter, as journalistic stoop labor, he tossed out more than a few enduring bons mots. Baghdad-by-the-Bay and Berserkeley were his coinage. "Don't call it Frisco," he admonished readers once, and locals never did again.

A play has been based on his columns and a mention in the same spot has been said to have saved numerous productions and restaurants.

At the same time, critics complained that he did not pay for his own meals or clothes or even always write his own column—charges that Mr. Caen never failed to shrug off, along with criticism that he was getting bitter in his old age. "That started when I was about 30," he recalled once. "Herb, you're getting old and bitter."

But on Herb Caen Day, when a three-mile stretch of waterfront sidewalk was named in his honor, the columnist was all honey. "I've loved this town before I was born, and I'll love it after I'm gone," he told the crowd. "One day if I do go to heaven, I'm going to do what ever San Franciscan does who goes to heaven—he looks around and says, 'It ain't bad, but it ain't San Francisco.'"

LEGISLATION TO EXTEND COMMUNITY NURSING CENTER DEMONSTRATIONS INTRODUCED

HON. JIM RAMSTAD

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 11, 1997

Mr. RAMSTAD. Mr. Speaker, as a strong supporter of home- and community-based services for the elderly and individuals with disabilities, I rise to introduce legislation I sponsored in the 104th Congress to extend the demonstration authority under the Medicare program for Community Nursing Organization [CNO] projects.

CNO projects serve Medicare beneficiaries in home- and community-based settings under contracts that provide a fixed, monthly capitation payment for each beneficiary who elects to enroll. The benefits include not only Medicare-covered home care and medical equipment and supplies, but other services not presently covered by traditional Medicare, including patient education, case management and health assessments. CNO's are able to offer extra benefits without increasing Medicare costs because of their emphasis on primary and preventative care and their coordinated management of the patient's care.

The current CNO demonstration program, which was authorized by Congress in 1987, involves more than 6,000 Medicare beneficiaries in Arizona, Illinois, Minnesota, and New York. It is designed to determine the practicality of prepaid community nursing as a means to improve home health care and reduce the need for costly institutional care for Medicare beneficiaries.

To date, the projects have been effective in collecting valuable data to determine whether the combination of capitated payments and nurse-case management will promote timely and appropriate use of community nursing and ambulatory care services and reduce the use of costly acute care services.

Authority for these effective programs was set to expire December 31, 1996. Mr. Speaker, while I was glad to Health Care Financing Administration [HCFA] extended the demonstration authority for the CNO projects using administrative means, I was disappointed this extension was only for 1 year. HCFA stated that the authority was extended to allow them to better evaluate the costs or savings of the services available under the program, learn more about the benefits or barriers of a partially capitated program for post-acute care, review Medicare payments for out-of-plan services covered in a capitation rate, and provide greater opportunity for beneficiaries to participate in these programs.

Frankly, in order to do all this analysis of the program, we need more than one year. We need to act now to extend this demonstration authority for another 3 years.

This experiment provides an important example of how coordinated care can provide additional benefits without increasing Medicare costs. For Medicare enrollees, extra benefits include expanded coverage for physical and occupational therapy, health education, routine assessments and case management services—all for an average monthly capitation rate of about \$21. In my home State of Minnesota, the Health Seniors Project is a CNO serving over 1,500 patients in four sites, two of which are urban and two rural.