

this special occasion, I join in the chorus of congratulations and appreciation.

TRIBUTE TO THE ITALIAN
TRIBUNE COLUMBUS DAY PARADE

HON. WILLIAM J. MARTINI

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, October 21, 1996

Mr. MARTINI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in recognition of the 26th Annual Columbus Day Celebration and Parade in Newark, NJ, sponsored by the Italian Tribune.

As we all know, Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic Ocean in search of a New World. Shunned by skeptics and ridiculed by less adventurous souls, Columbus embarked on his trek armed with little more than a vision of the future and an irrefutable desire for success.

Christopher Columbus was born to a family of weavers and merchants in the Genoa Republic of northern Italy. He soon became a man of the world as he traveled through Spain and Portugal. Throughout his travels, Columbus became fascinated with the lore of the Orient. He soon became consumed with the idea of discovering a new quicker way to the shores of Asia. He believed that way was toward the oceans of the west.

On September 6, 1492, Columbus set sail from Palos in search of a more direct route to Asia, but only God knew his journey would bring even more wondrous discoveries. Two minutes after midnight on October 12, 1492, the screams of "Land! Land!" broke the silence of the night. As the *Pinta*, sailing ahead of the other ships, approached the sandy white beach, the crew raised the flag to its highest mast and fired a cannon to alert the other ships of the discovery.

While Columbus originally thought he had found a more direct route to Asia, he soon realized that he made a more remarkable discovery—a New World.

Mr. Speaker, over the last 26 years, this parade has been a cornerstone of the Italian-American and Newark community. Similar to the way Columbus breached the gap between the Old and the New Worlds, the parade brings together members of Newark's diverse population in a celebration of Christopher Columbus. This parade, in the spirit of Christopher Columbus, shows how the Newark community can overcome cultural differences to gather and celebrate with each other.

Mr. Speaker, I would like to recognize the Italian Tribune, and thank them for their continued support of this important community event.

"I AM ME"

HON. JAMES L. OBERSTAR

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, October 21, 1996

Mr. OBERSTAR. Mr. Speaker, I am very pleased to share with my colleagues the national award winning essay of Arlene Helderman from International Falls, MN. I offer Arlene's superb presentation, "I Am Me" to serve as an enlightened statement to the Na-

tion on the sanctity of human life. I want to offer my profound congratulations to Arlene and the Koochiching County Right-to-Life Committee and the Minnesota Citizens Concerned for Life organization for their sponsorship of this annual competition.

I AM ME

(Pro-Life Speech by Arlene Helderman)

I am me.

In all the world, there is no one else exactly like me.

There are people who have some parts like me,

But no one adds up like me,

Therefore, everything that comes out of me, Is authentically mine, because I alone chose it.

I own everything about me:

My body—including everything it does,

My mind—including all its thoughts and ideas,

My eyes—including all the images they behold,

My feelings—whatever they may be,

And all of my actions—whether they be to others or to myself.

I own my fantasies, my dreams, my hopes, my fears.

I own all my triumphs and successes, all my failures and mistakes.

I own me, and therefore I engineer me,

To work in my best interests,

I can see, hear, feel, think, say and do.

I am me.

I am here today to talk about life. I am here, I am alive, and I am me because of a choice my mother made. Her choice is what accounts for many of the decisions I make now, because of the love present in her choice. I am me because my mom chose life.

Everything that makes me me, was decided at conception, when forty-six human chromosomes laid out my genetic code. All characteristics were then determined, such as sex, eye color, shoe size, intelligence—many characteristics we now take for granted. But it was then that they were laid out, to create the me that I am. Only twelve weeks later during my precious development, I had the ability to experience pain—the same pain I would one day experience at age twelve, when I would clumsily break my nose, I had tiny fingernails—the same fingernails I would paint so precariously years later, the night before my first formal dance. And my feet were perfectly shaped by this time—the same feet that I use now, to flex and point and dance and leap during my gymnastics routines. It's amazing, but at an early six weeks of my development, I had brain waves—brain waves that today enable me to create stories for English and calculate statistics for Math. And at an unbelievable three weeks, I had a heartbeat—the same heart which beats at seventeen, in anticipation of future dreams and aspirations. I am me, whether it be then or now. But I am only me because my mom chose life. The story of my mother's choice to keep my life is like no story you have ever heard, and you will probably never hear another quite like it.

Everything was so normal. My mother was twenty-nine years old, and she and my father were a young couple with a four-year-old little girl, a white house, (with no picket fence), but picture perfect in their eyes. As springtime neared, she discovered she was pregnant with her second child, which was good news. The first couple months went well, and she had lots of energy. But as time crept on into summer, she felt tired all the time and became ill with bronchitis. She started to lose weight, and she constantly prayed for the doctors to find out exactly what was wrong with her. After many tests and many wrong answers, the doctors diag-

nosed my mother with leukemia. The doctors told her it was crucial to start chemotherapy treatments right away, because she would only live six weeks without them. Unfortunately, they also said the baby would not survive with the treatment, and that her best chance would be to abort the unborn child.

It was fall, a time when things die naturally—leaves, flowers, grass; but what about—unnaturally? My mother had started her fifth month. She could feel the baby move inside her and it was like someone was trying to tear her heart out. She had to make a choice. Did she want to destroy her baby so she could have a greater chance at living, or did she want to continue on and hope, only to be told she'd have a greater chance at dying? Despite her threatening condition, she chose life.

In the next month, my mother experienced more pain than most people could ever imagine. She had a bone marrow test taken, a test so painful, that my petite mother, tore a metal railing from the hospital bed in the midst of her agony. She endured over twenty shots a day, forced herself to eat for the sake of her baby, was hooked up to IV's, and lost so much weight, that even at five months pregnant she only weighed eighty pounds. She endured so much pain, and she did it all for me. I don't know how I can ever thank my mom for the sacrifices she made for me, but the faith and love she had in me is something that will live in my heart, forever.

Another month passed, and my mother was feeling a little better. At seven months of the pregnancy, November twenty-fifth started out like any other day. She was weighed, and her IV's were changed, but by ten o'clock that morning, she was starting labor. The Doctors explained that most likely the baby would not survive, and for her safety, my mother should be flown to a larger hospital with better medical facilities. The hospital in her small town did not have the proper equipment if the baby was to survive. And so, although my mom persisted there was not enough time to make it to the hospital, they boarded her, a nurse, and a pilot onto a small air ambulance for an unforgettable journey. Halfway to the hospital I was born and I could not breathe. The nurse encouraged my mom to pray as she gave me resuscitation to try and keep me alive. The pilot radioed ahead for ambulances and to the hospital so everyone was ready for my arrival. The rest of the flight, forty minutes, was the longest forty minutes in my mother's life; but as we neared the landing, she thought she saw my tiny lip quiver, and it gave her hope.

For days, I was placed on oxygen to breathe, and time pressed on with the unavoidable question of survival. The doctors again said it did not look promising. They suggested to my parents to pick a name for me, therefore I was named after the nurse—Arlene, and the pilot—Frances, who were both so courageous during my birth. I was hooked up to oxygen and heart machines, and there were so many IV's in my tiny arm, that at fourteen inches long, two and half pounds, you could barely see me under all that equipment. When my mom entered the intensive care unit I was in, my heart monitor became extremely active, perhaps because I could feel her presence. It was then that my mom knew I would be okay.

After two months in an incubator, and weighing in at five pounds, I went home to a family that was anxiously waiting my arrival. My mom endured three more years of chemotherapy treatment. To this day, there is not a single trace of cancer in her body. Despite all of the odds and even when it looked like it couldn't get any worse, my mom and I broke medical history. We are alive, and we did it together.

And today, because my mom chose life, I am me. My mom was given practically no chance, but she still underwent painful experiences, emotionally and physically, to give me life. I am who I am today, because of her. She had to make a choice. And she chose me!

Because of the enormous obstacles overcome in my struggle, many people have deemed my birth to be a miracle. However, I have learned that life itself, is truly the miracle. Sometimes I forget how precious life is and we all tend to overlook the magic of every day. But then I remember. I remember that there are children not as fortunate as I am. I remember the dream that lies in every moment, and the expectation born in every thought. I remember that I am me. But most importantly, I remember the day I learned to fully appreciate the value of life. It was the day when my mom told me that the result of her choice had turned out to be priceless!

TRIBUTE TO SAINTS PETER AND
PAUL EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN
CHURCH ON ITS 95TH ANNIVERSARY

HON. WILLIAM O. LIPINSKI

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, October 21, 1996

Mr. LIPINSKI. Mr. Speaker, I would like to pay tribute to an outstanding church in my congressional district celebrating 95 years of service to its community this year.

Founded just after the turn of the century, Saints Peter and Paul Evangelical Lutheran Church in Riverside, IL, has served the spiritual needs of its congregation and the community at large since then.

As we know, churches are the backbone of any community and Saints Peter and Paul has been one of the more important supporting structures of Riverside for more than nine decades.

Mr. Speaker, I congratulate Saints Peter and Paul on its 95th anniversary and wish the church many more years of service to its congregation and community.

COMMENDING THE SAVE THE
DUNES COUNCIL

HON. PETER J. VISCLOSKY

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, October 21, 1996

Mr. VISCLOSKY. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to commend the Save the Dunes Council, and its executive director, Tom Anderson, as they celebrate their 44th anniversary. The Save the Dunes Council is primarily responsible for the creation of the Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore, which celebrates its 30th anniversary this year.

The Save the Dunes Council was formed to establish a dunes national park. Its main goal was to fight off plans of powerful political and economic interests to industrialize the entire Hoosier shoreline on Lake Michigan. In 1952, Dorothy Buell, a citizen of Ogden Dunes, invited two dozen area women to a meeting in her house on the first day of the summer. This fledgling group was called the Save the Dunes Council. Their main focus was to raise money to buy the 5 miles of beach and dunes gen-

erally located between the towns of Dune Acres on the east and Ogden Dunes on the west. These women did succeed in purchasing a piece of the unprotected land at a 1953 Port County tax sale, which now stands as Cowles Bog.

From these early beginnings, the council, which included Herb and Charlotte Read, and Illinois Senator Paul Douglas, traveled to Washington, DC, to fight plans to industrialize the area. As a result, on November 5, 1966, the first Indiana Dunes bill was enacted to create the 5,800-acre Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore. Since 1983, Dale B. Enquist has been superintendent of the Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore. This year, Mr. Enquist received the Department of the Interior's highest honor, the Meritorious Service Award.

The Council fought corporate interests and the entire Indiana legislative and congressional delegations in the days before the National Environmental Policy Act and open meetings law. While two steel plants and a deep water port on Lake Michigan now sit in the heart of the dunes, 14,000 acres of Indiana's dunes are forever protected as a State and national parkland.

The Save the Dunes Council developed tactics and strategies that were never used before. It stood up to corporate America and won the battle. The Save the Dunes Council has preserved one of the country's most beautiful and precious assets to ever exist. Mr. Speaker, I ask you and my other distinguished colleagues to join me in commending the Save the Dunes Council, as well as the hope it embodies in its continuing effort to preserve our environment.

TRIBUTE TO MR. J. GENE
CHAMBERS

HON. DAVID E. BONIOR

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, October 21, 1996

Mr. BONIOR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Mr. J. Gene Chambers for being honored with scouting's Distinguished Citizen award by the Clinton Valley Council, Boy Scouts of America. The award will be presented to Mr. Chambers on October 16, 1996 in Clinton Township, Michigan.

J. Gene Chambers began his career in the newspaper industry as a sales representative and was promoted through the ranks to become the business manager of a local paper. In 1982, he became publisher of the Macomb Daily and was promoted to executive vice president and CEO of South Eastern Michigan Newspapers. Mr. Chambers has been credited with rescuing the Macomb Daily and its affiliate papers from financial failure.

The list of community services that Mr. Chambers is involved with is extensive. He annually supports the Wertz Warriors Snowmobile Endurance Ride which benefits the winter Special Olympics and the Macomb County Child Advocacy Center, and was a past board member of the Macomb County Crippled Children's Association. In 1993 he was honored as "Business Citizen of the Year" by the Mount Clemens Business Association for his role in fostering community development.

Taking an active role in one's community is a responsibility we all share, but few fulfill. Mr.

Chambers' time, talents, and energy are appreciated by all of us. I thank him for his efforts and commend him for his good work. I applaud the Boy Scouts of Clinton Valley Council for recognizing Mr. Chambers. He has provided outstanding leadership to our community and I know he is proud to be honored by the Scouts.

On behalf of the Boy Scouts of America, I urge my colleagues to join me in saluting J. Gene Chambers.

TRIBUTE TO FRED LANG

HON. WILLIAM J. MARTINI

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, October 21, 1996

Mr. MARTINI. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to Fred Lang, for displaying outstanding efforts on behalf of young adults in his community.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Lang will be honored at the Allied Health Industry for the Benefit of the Exploring Division of Passaic Valley Council, Boy Scouts of America. This branch of the Boy Scouts specializes in career development, citizenship training, social activities, service projects, and outdoor and fitness activities.

Fred Lang is also extremely active in other areas of our community, Mr. Speaker. Mr. Lang serves as a member of the governing boards of the Greater Paterson Chamber of Commerce, Jewish Family Services of Northern New Jersey and Paterson Education Fund, as well as an executive board member of the Passaic Valley Council of Boy Scouts.

Mr. Speaker; as we all know, educating and preparing the youth of this country is a great responsibility. That is why I rise today and commend Frederick Lang for his efforts. His commitment to our young Americans is an investment in our country's future.

CONFERENCE REPORT ON H.R. 3005,
NATIONAL SECURITIES MARKETS
IMPROVEMENT ACT OF 1996

HON. JOHN D. DINGELL

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, October 21, 1996

Mr. DINGELL, Mr. Speaker, in connection with the passage of H.R. 3005, the National Securities Markets Improvement Act of 1996, I offer the following extension of my remarks to clarify the congressional intent underlying two key components of the legislation.

SEC EXEMPTIVE AUTHORITY AND FRAUD

The House bill and Senate amendment contained substantially identical provisions granting the Securities and Exchange Commission [SEC] general exemptive authority under both the Securities Act of 1933 and the Securities Exchange Act of 1934. See H. Rept. 104-622 at 38; S. Rept. 104-293 at 28. The conference agreement adopted those provisions.

By the express terms of the exemption provisions, any exemption must be necessary or appropriate in the public interest and consistent with the protection of investors.

In that regard, Congress intends the public interest test to include the national public interests noted in the underlying statutes, the prevention of fraud and the preservation