

with Lou Gehrig's disease back in 1988. In August 1990, the disease had progressed to the point where Tim was completely immobile and Home Health Aides were ordered to assist Tim with his personal care.

Currently, Tim's nurses visit him three times a week to assist his respiratory status and to monitor his overall condition. Two Home Health Aides visit daily to assist with bathing and personal hygiene. With the assistance of Homecare Health Services, Tim has been able to remain in his family's home. I would like to insert into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD a letter that was given to me yesterday during my visit with this courageous young man, Tim Brewer of Big Sandy, TN.

I want to thank you, Representative Tanner, for your letter and for your visit. I want to also thank the nurses and aides from Homehealth. I am sure you understand how important home health is to those of us who need it. I know the nursing home industry has a strong lobby in Washington, but I believe it is better for patients to stay home if they can, as well as being more cost-efficient for taxpayers. I know I have saved Medicare hundreds of thousands of dollars by staying home. I have only been hospitalized a few times and I have never had even the slightest bed sore. Being at home has also allowed me to be more active in my daughter's life. Please remind the Speaker of the House that the first cuts should be from fraud and inflated medical supply cost. Remind the House that real people are behind all the numbers. Please fight for home healthcare.

Please come back to see me again.

Thank you.

TIM BREWER.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN C. TOWLE,
CAPTAIN U.S. AIR FORCE

HON. GLENN POSHARD

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. POSHARD. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor U.S. Air Force Capt. John C. Towle who will be laid to rest with full military honors on Wednesday, November 8, 1995 at Arlington National Cemetery. John was born January 9, 1943, in Harrisburg, IL, to a loving family. He grew up with all the hopes and dreams of any young boy. I am sure like many youngsters he played typical childhood games and perhaps he even played soldiers; unaware of his ultimate destiny. He played in the school band and was active in his church and community. In 1961, he graduated from Harrisburg High School. He went on to attend Murray State University in Kentucky, where he was a member of the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve.

In 1968, upon graduating from college, John decided to further advance his military service and assist his country with the peace efforts in Southeast Asia. He proudly accepted a commission as an officer in the U.S. Air Force.

As a copilot during the height of the Vietnam conflict, John dedicated his life to advancing the cause of freedom around the world. Tragically, John's aircraft was shot down over hostile territory in Laos on April 22, 1970. John and 11 of his fellow crew members were listed as missing in action for 8 years until U.S. officials concluded that they had been killed in action. On September 1, 1995, the Armed Forces Identification Review

Board was able to properly identify John C. Towle and his fellow crew mates, thus officially listing these honorable servicemen as killed in action while in the service of their country.

Today, 25 years after John disappeared from the skies over Southeast Asia, I join with his family and friends in bringing him to his final resting place. Arlington National Cemetery is a monument to the men and women who paid the ultimate price in order to preserve our freedom, and help bring the light of liberty to others around the world. The loss of John's cheerful and positive being was untimely and painful to those who cherished him. It is my hope that his return to American soil will bring his family and friends the peace they have long awaited.

A TRIBUTE TO DENESE ALLEN

HON. VIC FAZIO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. FAZIO of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to my longtime friend, Denese Allen. Denese is retiring from the Vacaville School Board after 12 years of honorable and highly valued service to the community.

Denese has devoted her life to enriching the lives of our youth. She has spent 31 years as a elementary school teacher where her thoughtful and caring instruction has helped guide and shape the lives of hundreds of children. Today, she continues to teach kindergarten at Fairfield, CA.

In addition to her lifelong devotion to the educational needs of our youth, Denese has also chosen to contribute her time and abilities to public service. Denese was first elected to the Vacaville School Board in 1983. She subsequently was re-elected in 1987 and 1991. Denese was appointed to the Vacaville Parks and Recreation Commission in 1982, where she served for 11 years. She was appointed to the Solano County Parks and Recreation Commission in 1992, where she served 1 year. Denese currently serves on the Solano Fair Association Board, to which she was appointed in 1994.

Denese was born in Portland, OR and educated in Portland's public schools. She earned her BA from the University of Oregon in 1964, with a teaching credential. In addition, she has done graduate work at the University of California, Davis and St. Mary's College in Moraga, CA.

Denese is married to Ward Allen, legislative representative for the Brotherhood of Teamsters in Sacramento, CA. They have a son, Mark, who is a customer service representative for AT&T in San Francisco, CA. Denese's parents, Katherine and Webb, continue to reside in Portland. Her father, retired managing general manager for Coopers & Lybrand, is currently the national treasurer for the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join me today in honoring Denese Allen as I extend my sincere appreciation for all she has done for community during her many years of dedicated services.

SENTENCING INEQUITY

HON. EDOLPHUS TOWNS

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TOWNS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to address a very prickly issue that confronts our judicial system: appropriate sentencing for distribution of crack versus powdered cocaine. This is a very important issue because current guidelines require a mandatory sentence of a 5-year prison term for possession of 5 grams of crack. However, it would take 500 grams of powdered cocaine to receive a comparable sentence. Both of these substances are illegal, and I am astounded that there is such a disparity in the sentences for distributing these substances.

The fact of the matter is that cocaine consumption and distribution is illegal. Additionally, it is a fact that crack cocaine is the inexpensive drug of choice for many inner city citizens; while powdered cocaine is consumed principally within upper income groups and suburban communities.

As our jail population explodes with additional black inmates charged with dealing cocaine, we must raise the question of why? The answer is based on simple economic principles. African-Americans dominate crack cocaine sales, whereas whites are the chief perpetrators of LSD distribution (93.4 percent), pornography (91 percent), and (100 percent) for anti-trust violations. None of these are lofty endeavors. But my point is simple. We must deal with issues of sentencing equity.

The sentence meted out for any type of cocaine distribution should be comparable, and judicial application of the law should be color-blind. Currently that is not the case. That is why the Supreme Court is reviewing this issue.

I do not condone the legalization of illicit substances. Nor do I support selective prosecution of any ethnic or economic group. But I am concerned that penal warehouses are being built, and the lion's share of the occupants are African-Americans. I say, let the punishment fit the crime, and do not favor any segment of society over another. Equity and morality require no less.

A BILL OF COMPROMISE

HON. MATTHEW G. MARTINEZ

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. MARTINEZ. Mr. Speaker, on November 2, I introduced legislation to require the EPA to consider the interests of a city in my district when placing a thermal destruction facility at a Superfund site.

This legislation, H.R. 2583, is intended to accomplish the same goals as a bill I introduced earlier in this session, H.R. 2267.

However, I have revised the original version to more accurately depict the true intent of my efforts.

As a former member of the California solid waste management board, I have an excellent understanding of this situation.

Over the history of operating industries Superfund site, EPA has consistently ignored

the concerns of Monterey Park, CA, on the placement of cleanup facilities.

In fact, I was the board member who made the motion to place the southern parcel of OIL on the national priorities list.

Against the wishes of the board, the California Health Department, and the citizens of Monterey Park, however, EPA also included the northern parcel as part of the site.

This was done despite the fact that the northern parcel did not qualify for NPL listing by itself and EPA had failed to justify its inclusion.

The disregard I mentioned was first displayed with the placement of a leachate treatment plant in the middle of the relatively contamination-free northern parcel.

Despite numerous allegations that the leachate facility is a white elephant, the EPA now wants to place a thermal destruction facility in this same northern parcel.

To make matters worse, this portion of the site has excellent redevelopment opportunities.

Unfortunately, the placement of this facility at the proposed EPA location would negatively affect the value of the parcel and drastically alter the city's future development plans.

The original version of this legislation was not worded to accomplish a responsive attitude from EPA nor did it reflect our intention which was to make sure the best solution to a problem EPA region IX created was reached, both for the environment and the community of Monterey Park.

However, H.R. 2583 reemphasizes the true nature of the bill—one of compromise.

My legislation would block funds for the construction and operation of a thermal destruction facility unless the city and EPA agree upon its location somewhere on the northern parcel that still will allow for the highest and best use of the property in conjunction with the intent of the Brownfields Act.

Throughout my involvement with this site, I have always desired a quick and efficient cleanup.

This can be done while still allowing the economic interests of Monterey Park to be fulfilled, especially when other placement locations are readily available.

The reason there has sometimes been extreme criticism of the EPA are cases such as this, where the EPA has been totalitarian in its dealing with local citizens and their local government.

I urge all Members to join me in opposition to this obvious affront to local interests and inappropriate Federal intrusion in the long-term economic viability of this city.

HAPPY 40TH BIRTHDAY LYLE
ROLOFSON

HON. GLENN POSHARD
OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. POSHARD. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Mr. Lyle Rolofson on his 40th birthday. Lyle is a self-proclaimed policeman, junior fireman, and gadfly who has quite an enviable fan club in the town of Argenta, IL. Lyle is a fixture throughout the community where he never misses village meetings, and is always eager to assist his friends and neighbors.

In honor of Lyle's 40th birthday the town of Argenta decided to throw him a spectacular birthday celebration. Argenta's mayor, Nelson Jackson, even declared September 28, 1995 Lyle Rolofson Day in Argenta. Lyle was presented with a commemorative plaque which read:

The Village of Argenta is proud to declare September 28, 1995 as Lyle Rolofson Day for being the "Good Citizen" that he is to the people of Argenta. We love you, Lyle.

I am delighted to join with the village of Argenta in recognizing Lyle for his dedication to the community he calls home. Mr. Speaker, Lyle Rolofson believes in the value of community involvement, and I am proud to represent this outstanding individual in Congress.

FREEDOM'S DRUMMER: ROSA
PARKS

HON. JOHN CONYERS, JR.

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. CONYERS. Mr. Speaker, for several decades now, I have had the privilege of knowing a woman who set great wheels of social change in motion. Forty years ago this year, she gave birth not to one life but to many lives by igniting the energies of the civil rights movement. From a single, simple act of courage, she showed those suffering in the Nation how to move from hope to determination. That woman was Rosa Parks, and she accomplished all this by refusing to sit in the back of the bus. The article I am entering into the RECORD today from the Washington Post Magazine tells her story, and I believe it will move you the way it did me:

[From the Washington Post Magazine Oct. 8, 1995]

A PERSON WHO WANTED TO BE FREE
(By Walt Harrington)

Bus No. 5726: A shell, really, a decaying hulk with its glass eyes missing from their windshield sockets, red rust marching like a conquering fungus from its roof, down and around bullet-pocket windows to its faded green and yellow sides. An era's relic, stored in the wind, rain and stultifying summer sun on the vo-tech school's back lot, stored on the chance that the people of Montgomery, Alabama, will someday reach a place in mind and heart where they will find, who knows, \$100,000 to refurbish it as a lesson from that night 40 years ago, December 1, 1955, when a city bus driver asked a prim black woman to leave her window seat so that a white man could sit, and she uttered an almost inaudible, "No." It was an ordinary evening, Christmas lights flickering, people hurrying home past the banner "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men." Even Rosa Parks, 42 then, was thinking about all she had to do in the next few days. But at the instant she refused to move, as Eldridge Cleaver once said, "Somewhere in the universe, a gear in the machinery shifted." The wonder of it: Imagine the chances that so precise a moment of reckoning would be encoded in our collective consciousness. Stop time: Look back, look ahead, jot a note, nothing will ever be the same. The stopwatch of history has been pressed now, at this instant of resonance, this flash of leavening light.

Bus No. 5726: It is not *the* bus—the bus is long lost. After all, that December 1 trip seemed like just another run on the Cleve-

land Avenue line. Business as usual, but this artifact from that time, most of its seats now gone, is still a narrow passageway from then to now, a time-tunnel. Scores of wasps inhabit the place, a few flying in and out of the missing windows, most huddling and pulsing en masse on their nests. A headlight that will never again illuminate languishes on a mantle behind the long rear seat, which was always occupied by "coloreds." The dust on that seat and others, that dust on the floor, is so thick that the interior is like a sidewalk caked with dry, powdery dirt after a flood. On the filthy floor is a red plastic bucket marked by the moment the white paint was last poured from it. Small hinges and a batch of tiny screws are strewn haphazardly about, as if a conjurer had, with the flick of a wrist, tossed them there like metal bones in an effort to read some meaning into it all, discern the mystery.

The smells are of age and dust and raging summer heat, the lessons are of change and intransigence so great it is hard now even to comprehend. The dirty air tightens the lungs, like breathing gravel. A seat is torn in a cut-away display; old wood, followed by coarse dark fiber, followed by soft white stuffing—the hidden layers, like those of America, finally laid bare.

"A gear in the machinery shifted."

Yes, but why?

Why Montgomery? Why 1955?

Most of all, why Rosa Parks?

"Yeah, I know'd her," says A.T. Boswell, an erect 79-year-old man poised in front of his house, a hardscrabble house with a tin roof and tilting chimney that sits beneath a huge sheltering water oak in Pine Level, Ala., precisely 20 miles southeast of Montgomery on Route 231. It was a long distance for Rosa Parks and America to travel. In bib overalls, Mr. Boswell stands with his giant hands planted powerfully on his hips, his eyes clear, his long face narrow at the chin and wide at the forehead a triangle standing on its tip. A thin scar, evidence of a bout with a barbed wire fence decades ago, runs the length of his left forearm. His voice, from deep in his chest, seems to roil his words before they arrive, creating a dialect almost too foreign for a stranger.

She's related to my people," he says of Rosa Parks.

"Who was her mama?" asks Julia Boswell, Mr. Boswell's wife of 52 years. She has joined him in the sunny yard, her hands clasped casually behind her back. At 69, she is short, round and relaxed to Mr. Boswell's tall, gaunt and formal. She wears a denim hat with a round brim that casts a shadow over her face, a blue-and-white house dress and a white apron. Beyond the house, her laundry is drying on the line. Mr. Boswell rumbles a response.

"Oh, Leona!" Mrs. Boswell interprets. "Leona and cousin Fannie were sisters. Well, his grandmother was they aunt. She was Leona Edwards' aunt. That was Rosa Parks' mother."

"She was raised on the farm," says Mr. Boswell.

Rosa Parks was born in Tuskegee, Ala., in 1913. By the time she was a toddler, the marriage of her mother and father was pretty much over and Leona had moved back to Pine Level to live with her parents. Leona wasn't your average country woman. She was a schoolteacher who had attended the private Payne University in Selma at a time when public education for most of Alabama's black children ended in the sixth grade. Unlike nearly all black families near Pine Level, Leona's family didn't crop for shares. The family owned 12 acres of land that one of Rosa's great-grandfathers, a Scotch-Irish indentured servant, had bought after the Civil War and another six acres one of her grandmothers had inherited from the family of a