

particularly the goals and objectives their in aimed at providing universal access to family planning information, education and services, as well as the elimination of poverty, illiteracy, unemployment, social disintegration, and gender discrimination that have been reinforced by the 1995 United Nations International Conference on Social Development, endorsed by 118 world leaders in 1995, and by the 1995 United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Arkansas to be affixed at the Capitol in Little Rock on this 21st day of September in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred ninety-five.

THE BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, on that evening in 1972 when I first was elected to the Senate, I made a commitment to myself that I would never fail to see a young person, or a group of young people, who wanted to see me.

It has proved enormously beneficial to me because I have been inspired by the estimated 60,000 young people with whom I have visited during the nearly 23 years I have been in the Senate.

Most of them have been concerned about the enormity of the Federal debt that Congress has run up for the coming generations to pay.

The young people and I almost always discuss the fact that under the U.S. Constitution, no President can spend a dime of Federal money that has not first been authorized and appropriated by both the House and Senate of the United States.

That is why I began making these daily reports to the Senate on February 22, 1992. I wanted to make a matter of daily record of the precise size of the Federal debt which as of yesterday, Wednesday, October 11, stood at \$4,968,818,321,533.20 or \$18,861.72 for every man, woman, and child in America on a per capita basis.

CHINA AND HUMAN RIGHTS

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, a heart-rending article about China's forced abortion policy was published in September's Reader's Digest. The article emphasized the absurdity of the U.N. Fourth Conference on Women having been held in Beijing, and should be required reading for those who insist that China's human rights record should be considered only in the abstract—and should not interfere with full-scale relations with the Communist Chinese.

The Reader's Digest story, "A Question of Duty," relates a young Chinese obstetrician's courageous decision to refuse to murder a baby born illegally under Chinese law. For refusing to kill the baby (who survived a chemical abortion procedure) Dr. Yin Wong was banished to a remote Chinese province. Dr. Wong eventually escaped to the United States where he hopes to be granted political asylum. But the baby Dr. Wong fought to save was put to

death under orders from the local Chinese family planning office.

Mr. President, the thought of killing a baby is abhorrent, but it is commonplace in Communist China. The concept that the birth of a human being can be illegal is grotesque, but in China, it is the law of the land—for mothers who already have one child.

Mr. President, I will never understand how or why the United Nations chose Beijing for such a high-profile human rights meeting. It was the U.N. Population Program [U.N.F.P.A.] that helped design China's population control program 20 years ago. This cruel experiment, which uses forced abortions and sterilizations to limit each family to one child, has debased the value of human life and has forever discredited U.N.F.P.A.

For fiscal year 1995, the Clinton administration handed over \$50 million to U.N.F.P.A., and Mr. Clinton proposed another \$55 million for fiscal year 1996. If Senators will take the time to read Dr. Yin Wong's story, they will understand why many Americans feel so strongly, as I do, that further funding of the U.N. Population Program, using American taxpayer's money, should be prohibited.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that "A Question of Duty" from the September 1995 Reader's Digest be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Reader's Digest, September 1995]
WHAT IS A DOCTOR TO DO WHEN FACED WITH AN ORDER TO COMMIT MURDER? A QUESTION OF DUTY

(By Dr. Yin Wong)

(The author asked that her name be changed for fear of reprisals against her family.)

The hospital in southern China was busy in early morning of December 24, 1989. As a 24-year-old specialist in obstetrics and gynecology, I had performed two Caesareans and a difficult forceps delivery. My supervisor had put me in charge of that night's shift—a new and frightening responsibility. I was exhausted and hadn't eaten for about eight hours. Yet when I finally got to the doctors lounge at 1 a.m., I was too excited to eat or sleep.

Instead, I lay in bed marveling at the three new lives I had welcomed into the world. And I thought of my father. He had chosen a profession that, in China, paid little more than twice the wages of a street sweeper: he was a doctor. He would often say, "The most noble work a person can do is savings lives."

My father was a beloved figure in our province, famous for his humility. He wore a workman's clothes and carried his instruments in a cheap vinyl bag with a broken zipper. His reflex hammer was an ancient model with a wooden handle. He refused to throw it away. "Tools don't make a doctor," he told me "Knowledge and compassion do."

Now at last growing drowsy, I remembered that it was Christmas Eve. Like millions of Chinese, my parents were Christian. I thought of the times we had celebrated this holy day together: decorating a tiny tree, singing "Silent Night"—quietly, so our neighbors wouldn't report us—and hearing my father whisper the story of the Christ child. I'll call him on Christmas morning. I thought as I drifted off to sleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door. It was the midwife who handled routine deliveries. "Come!" she shouted. "We need you to take care of something!"

As I rushed after her, I heard the crying of a newborn baby. When I reached the delivery room, a bedraggled woman was struggling to sit up in bed. "Don't! Don't!" she shouted in a local dialect.

The midwife, a girl of 20 with a ponytail and bad acne, began drawing iodine from a clear glass bottle through a three-inch needle into a large syringe. She told me that the woman's abortion had gone awry. The mother, eight months pregnant, already had one child—a second was forbidden under China's strict population-control law. Arrested and forced into the hospital by the local Family Planning Office, the mother had been injected with rivanol, an abortifacient drug. "But the baby was born alive," said the midwife. The cries were coming from an unheated bathroom across the hall.

"I asked the orderly to bury it," she continued. A small hill nearby served as an unmarked graveyard for such purposes. "But he said it was raining too hard."

Then the full import of this moment became clear to me. As the obstetrician in charge, I had the duty of ensuring there were no abortion survivors. That meant an injection of 20 milliliters of iodine or alcohol into the soft spot of the infant's head. It brings death within just minutes.

The midwife held the syringe out to me. I froze. I had no hesitancy about performing first-trimester abortions, but this was different. In the year since joining the hospital staff, I have always managed to let more senior doctors perform the task.

On the bed next to me, the child's mother looked at me with pleading eyes. She knew what the needle meant. All women knew. "Have mercy!" she cried.

With the mother still protesting, I went across the hall to the bathroom. It was so cold I could see my breath. Next to a garbage pail with the words DEAD INFANTS scrawled on the lid was a black plastic garbage bag. I was moving, and cries were coming from inside. Kneeling, I told the midwife to open the bag.

I have imagined a premature new-born, hovering between life and death. Instead, I found a perfect 4½-pound baby boy, failing his tiny fists and kicking his feet. His lips were purple from lack of oxygen.

Gently, I cradled his head in one hand and placed the fingertips of the other on his soft spot. The skin there felt wonderfully warm, and it pulsed each time he wailed. My heart leapt. This is a life, a person, I thought. He will die on this cold floor.

"Doctor!" the mother screamed from across the hall. "Doctor, stop!"

The midwife pressed the glass syringe into my hand. It felt strangely heavy. This is just a routine procedure, I argued with myself. It isn't wrong. It's the law.

All at once, the baby kicked. His foot caught the barrel of the syringe and pushed it dangerously near his stomach. I jerked it away. This is Christmas Eve! I thought. I can't believe I'm doing this on Christmas Eve!

I touched the baby's lips with my index finger. He turned his head to suckle. "Look, he's hungry," I said. "He wants to live."

I stood up, feeling faint. The syringe slipped from my fingers and shattered on the floor, splattering brownish-yellow liquid on my shoes.

I told the midwife to carry the baby into the delivery room and get him ready to go down to Intensive Care. "I'll ask the supervisor for permission to treat him," I said. I felt certain that the senior obstetrician, a woman in her late 50s with two children, would never harm this child.

It was almost 2 a.m. when I knocked at the supervisor's office. Her voice was groggy with sleep. Opening the door, I quickly explained: "We have a baby boy who was born alive after a rivanol abortion. May I send him to IC?"

"Absolutely not!" she said from her bed.

"This is a second birth!"

"But he's healthy," I insisted. "Could you please come take a look?"

There was a pause, then she replied angrily, "Why are you asking me this? You know the policy!"

Her tone frightened me. "I'm sorry," I said as I shut the door.

In staff meetings, the supervisor had frequently reminded us how important the birth-control policy was. Usually she would disclose that someone in a neighboring hospital had been jailed for allowing the birth of a child without a government permit. But recently there had been a chilling incident involving our orderly.

He was a taciturn, shabby man in his 50s, whose sole job was to bury infants. He was paid 30 yuan apiece. Burying four infants a day, on average, the orderly earned more than twice the salary of a doctor. "Why so much?" I once asked a colleague. "Because no one else will do what he does," she replied.

When I pressed for details, she told me that in cases of abortion failure, the man sometimes had to bury the infants alive. "No matter what happens," she explained, "the birth-control policy must be obeyed."

Weeks after I learned this, a midwife sent the orderly an aborted fetus, which he stored temporarily beneath a stairwell. While the orderly was out, the baby revived and began to cry. A visiting policeman discovered the child and questioned my supervisor. She told him the infant was only an illegal child awaiting burial. The officer apologized for interfering.

At the next staff meeting, the word went out: "Don't send the orderly any fetuses that might be alive. Give the injection."

Now, filled with foreboding, I headed back toward the delivery room. A man with the weatherbeaten face of a peasant grabbed my arm. "Doctor," he pleaded, "this is the son we've always wanted. Please do not kill him!"

I continued down the hall and entered the bathroom. The baby was still lying on the floor. "Why didn't you do what I instructed?" I asked the midwife.

"Who is going to pick up this baby?" she replied. She meant a baby that was not allowed to live.

As the midwife looked on in astonishment, I gathered up the crying baby and hurried into the delivery room. I laid him in an infant bed.

Under an ultraviolet heat lamp, with the help of oxygen tubes that I taped under his nostrils, his hands and feet soon turned pink. Carefully I wrapped him in a soft blanket.

The midwife prepared another syringe—this time with alcohol—and placed it on a tray next to the newborn's bed. "Don't do this!" the mother cried again. Grasping the bed rail, she tried to haul herself over the edge. I hurried to her side.

"Calm down," I said, easing her back onto the pillow. Whispering, I added, "I don't want to harm your baby—I'm trying to help."

The woman began to cry. "Dear lady," she said softly, "I will thank you for the rest of my life."

Just then, the midwife came over with a clipboard. "What should I put on the report?" she asked. The last entry read, "1:30—born alive." The chart was supposed to be updated before the midwife went home.

"Don't write anything," I answered curtly. Exasperated, the midwife left.

I looked at the baby. His cherubic face was ringed by a halo of black hair. This life is a gift from God, I thought. No one has the right to take it away. The thought became so insistent that I had the impression it was being said by someone else. I wondered: Is this how God talks to people?

For the next two hours I stood vigil over the child. Gradually he ceased whimpering and fell asleep.

Finally, I went to see the supervisor again. "I'm sorry," I told her, "but I can't do this. I feel it's murder, and I don't want to be a murderer."

The supervisor's voice exploded: "How can you call yourself an obstetrician? Take care of the problem at once! Don't bother me again!"

With my heart beating wildly, I returned to the delivery room. The baby was still asleep, but when I touched his mouth he wheeled to suckle again. "Still hungry, little one?" I whispered. My eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly, I felt terribly alone. I thought of my father. Would he support me? Despite the early hour, I went to the pay phone in the lobby and dialed. Both parents listened at one receiver as my words poured out. "I keep hearing God's voice," I told them. "This is a life," it says. "You cannot be part of a murderer."

When I finished, there was a long silence. Finally, my father spoke. "I am proud of you," he said.

"I am, too," said my mother, crying softly. "But you must be careful! Don't write anything down or leave a record. The Party may want to make an example of you."

I understood. During the Cultural Revolution, when I was eight years old, my father was arrested for saving the life of an official who was considered a "counterrevolutionary." My father had been exiled to the countryside while my mother was sent to a labor camp. My four-year-old brother and I were left with neighbors. Those years had been hard. I remembered my mother's stories of torture and starvation.

My determination wavered. Then my father spoke again. "You are a child of God, and so is this baby," he said simply. "Killing him would be like killing your own brother."

I hung up and hurried back. The maternity ward was in chaos. The delivery-room door had been locked, and the baby's father was pounding on it and screaming. "Don't kill my child!"

I ran into the delivery room through a side door. There, beside the baby's bed, my supervisor stood with a syringe, feeling for the soft spot. The infant's blanket and oxygen tubes had been stripped away. He was crying violently. "Don't give that injection!" I shouted as I seized the syringe.

"What are you doing?" the supervisor yelled. "You're breaking the law!"

Instead of fear, I felt a sense of peace. "This child committed no crime," I replied.

"How can you kill him?"

The supervisor gaped at me. Lowering her voice, she said ominously, "If you continue to disobey, you will never practice medicine again."

"I would rather not be a doctor than commit murder," I said. "I would rather waive my right to have my own child than kill this one." Then a thought occurred to me. "Why can't I just adopt him?"

"You have completely lost your senses!" the supervisor cried. After she left, I swaddled the baby again and replaced the oxygen tubes. He quieted down and his color returned.

At 8 a.m., the hospital administrator arrived at work and was told what had happened. He summoned me to his office. "Why are you unwilling to do your duty?" he demanded. "Are these people friends of yours? Did you take money from them?"

"I don't even speak their dialect!" I said angrily. "And you can search me for money if you want."

Minutes later, a senior bureaucrat from the local Family Planning Office walked into the room and took a folder out of an expensive attaché case. He began to read the text of a local directive on birth control: "Those who obstruct Family Planning officers from performing duties shall be subject to punishment. . . ."

When he finished, he looked at me and said sharply, "Do you realize it is illegal for this baby to live?"

"None of us has the right to decide that," I said.

The man grew angry. "We are talking about government policy here. You have broken the law!"

"I don't feel I have."

"Very well, he said evenly. "Let's you and I go and give the injection."

"No!"

"You admit, then, that you are breaking the law? If so, I have the right to have you arrested right now!"

Desperately, I searched for an out. I had been on call more than 24 hours and couldn't think clearly. I felt queasy. "I am off duty," I said weakly. "My shift is over."

"Not true," he said. "You haven't finished your tasks."

"Please," I said. Then I began to cry. My legs buckled, and I fell to the floor. The last thing I remember was a spreading blackness before my eyes.

When I came to, I was lying outside the doctors lounge. It was almost noon. The baby? I leapt up and ran to the delivery room.

The tiny bed was empty. "Where . . . ?" I asked the midwife.

"The man from Family Planning ordered us to give the injection," she replied, averting her eyes.

Despite all my efforts, the little boy had been killed.

Over the past decade, accounts of hospital-sanctioned infanticides in China have shown up in numerous publications, from the Washington Post to The Wall Street Journal and Amnesty International. "Such reports are so widespread and explicit that their truth can hardly be doubted," says John S. Aird, former director of the China branch of the U.S. Census Bureau. And yet, like the scattered stories of the Holocaust that filtered into the media during World War II, these dispatches have mostly been ignored. Yin Wong's story may be the most detailed published to date.

"This is the dark underside of China's 'one child' policy," says Steven W. Mosher, director of the Asian Studies Center at The Claremont Institute in Claremont, Calif. "The PRC never actually orders infanticide. Yet its harsh demands on local family-planning officials inevitably lead to these unspeakable acts."

This month, Beijing is host to the United Nations' Fourth World Conference on Women, which draws hundreds of population-control experts from around the world. It is bitter irony that this organization has chosen to meet in a country where population-control zealotry has led to what must be described as crimes against humanity.

For interfering with China's family-planning policy, Yin Wong was banished to a remote mountain area. Eventually she escaped to the United States, where she has applied for political asylum. Her case is pending.

"I am fortunate," she says. "For now I live in a country where I am not forced to violate my conscience. My colleagues in China are not so lucky. The worst part is how it destroys their souls."