

"Limited gaming" was defined as using slot machines or playing card games (black-jack or poker) with a maximum single bet of five dollars. The activity is restricted to just three sites in the state: Central City, Black Hawk and Cripple Creek. Two additional casinos are located in the southwestern part of the state on Indian reservation land belonging to the Ute Mountain Ute and the Southern Ute Tribes. While Colorado has a compact with the two tribes pertaining to gaming activities, their casinos are subject to taxation nor are they required to report their revenues to the state.

In the three mountain towns, however, gaming is so tightly controlled that even the casino structures must conform to pre-World War I designs so that their architectural styles fit in with the existing buildings. Gaming establishments are confined to the commercial districts of the three towns and cannot operate between 2:00 a.m. and 8:00 a.m.

The Limited Gaming Control Commission in the Division of Gaming falls under the aegis of the Department of Revenue. Commission members are appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the state Senate. The five members cannot include more than three from one political party, and no two members can live in the same congressional district, which means that five of Colorado's six congressional districts have a representative on the commission. The commission must include a law enforcement officer, a practicing attorney with experience in regulatory law, a certified public accountant or public accountant with corporate finance experience, a management-level business person, and a registered voter who is not employed in any of the preceding professions. Members serve staggered four-year terms and are compensated in a similar manner as the Lottery Commission, though there is a maximum limit of \$10,000 per member per year. Five types of licenses, which must be renewed annually, are issued by the commission. Slot machine manufacturers, distributors and operators pay \$1,000 per license, while the cost for a retail gaming license is \$250. A person in charge of all gaming activities at a casino, known as a key employee, pays \$150 for an initial license, \$100 for a renewal. Support employees pay \$100 for original licenses, \$75 for renewals.

In addition to overseeing gaming activities, the commission is required to set the gaming tax rate on an annual basis. Currently in effect is a four-tiered system under which the licensees pay percentages of their adjusted gross proceeds into the Limited Gaming Fund. From that fund, the state Treasurer pays all commission expenses and all costs of running the Division of Gaming. No state general fund-money is used to finance any portion of limited gaming, and other than keeping a required balance in the account, the Treasurer distributes the remainder in the fund at the end of each fiscal year.

Distribution of the Limited Gaming Fund is established by the General Assembly (Colorado Revised Statutes, 12-47.1-701). In addition, the General Assembly has the discretion to further designate portions from the general funds's 50% share. For fiscal year 1994-95, the lawmakers allocated portions to the Tourism Promotion Fund, the Municipal Impact Fund, the Contiguous County Fund and the Colorado Department of Transportation.

There had been concern that local government entities were ill-equipped to handle the projected increase in crime and traffic control. Some citizens worried that their towns would struggle to deliver some of the most basic necessities, including an adequate water supply, even with the increased money coming their way.

The Contiguous County Impact Fund is a response to the increased governmental services associated with gaming, including additional law enforcement and social services. Money is distributed to the eight counties immediately surrounding Gilpin and Teller Counties and also to the three counties in southwest Colorado bordering the Indian gaming areas.

Lawmakers have set aside 2.4% from the general fund allotment for the state Highway Fund beginning in fiscal year 1995-96 and continuing each year thereafter. This fund transfer is to help offset the increased cost of road maintenance due to limited gaming.

The amount earmarked for the state Historical Fund is apportioned in a 20/80 split, with 20% going to the three towns in proportion to their gaming revenues and 80% to other historical preservation and restoration projects throughout the state. (Source Colorado Division of Gaming, Gaming in Colorado—Factbook & 1995 Abstract)

LOOKING AHEAD

Every year during the legislative session, state lawmakers consider new bills related to the gaming industry. In the 1996 session these proposals ran the gamut from prohibiting anyone under 21 from being in gaming areas to establishing a Compulsive Gambling Prevention Program. One bill authorizes the use of portable, hand-held electronic bingo minders that will aid persons with disabilities.

A bill expanding simulcast coverage of horse races to additional off-track betting sites became law, while one establishing a fee, payable by owners of racing animals, to cover random drug testing of the animals did not. This function is currently being provided by the Department of Revenue at a cost in 1994-95 of nearly \$300,000 from the general fund. A resolution was proposed to earmark \$7 million or at least 25% of GOCO's annual lottery proceeds for construction and maintenance of highway rest areas. This resolution was not adopted by the lawmakers, nor was another that would have increased the maximum allowable bet in limited gaming establishments from \$5 to \$100. It would also have permitted additional games, including craps, roulette and baccarat. Similar measures will likely be introduced in future years. Immediately after limited gaming began in the three mountain towns, numerous other communities tried to gain approval to expand this revenue source to their towns. As yet, none has been successful, but the debate continues over the merits of this seemingly "easy" source of money. Some critics question whether the historical significance of the gaming towns is being gradually obscured. If this is so, is the revenue brought in a worthwhile tradeoff?

An editorial in the April 14, 1996, Rocky Mountain News was less than enthusiastic about the expansion of and dependence on gambling as a public revenue source. It stated, "the main reason for this growth is that states and communities have locked onto gambling as a quick-fix *** at a time of widespread anti-tax sentiment." It also pointed out that the poor gamble more than the affluent, citing a Maryland study which showed people with annual incomes over \$50,000 spent \$2.57 a week on lottery tickets, while those earning less than \$10,000 spent \$7.30.

While some may think using gambling as a revenue source is questionable public policy, an article in the April 16, 1996, issue of The Denver Post pointed out that, according to a recent survey, Colorado residents visit casinos twice as often as the national average. With the popularity of the gaming industry growing so quickly, the article predicts that

casinos will pass spectator sports this year and become second only to movies as a form of entertainment in the United States.

Pros and cons of the gaming industry are argued in many forums, and a consensus opinion will possibly never be achieved. It is apparent, though, that those empowered to implement gaming in Colorado have done so with a great deal of regulatory control. As the industry continues to develop, it appears certain that all of the interested parties will be monitoring it closely.

DEPARTMENTS OF LABOR, HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES, AND EDUCATION, AND RELATED AGENCIES APPROPRIATIONS ACT, 1997

SPEECH OF

HON. ROB PORTMAN

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, July 11, 1996

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 3755) making appropriations for the Departments of Labor, Health and Human Services, and Education, and related agencies, for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1997, and for other purposes:

Mr. PORTMAN. Mr. Chairman, I rise to express my strong support for the amendment offered by the gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. BUNNING].

As you know, a recent General Accounting Office [GAO] report brought to our attention the recent surge in taxpayer-financed spending for union activities at the Social Security Administration. Mr. Speaker, I strongly believe we need to protect the Social Security trust funds to ensure the security of the benefits that our seniors deserve.

I do not challenge the right of Social Security Administration employees to have representation—but I do challenge the fact that money from the Social Security trust funds, which is collected from the payroll taxes of millions of hard-working Americans, is being used to finance greatly expanded union activity over the past few years.

Let's insure the integrity of the Social Security trust funds and put an end to this abuse of taxpayer dollars. I urge my colleagues to support the Bunning amendment.

REMARKS AT THE NAMING CEREMONY FOR THE USNS GORDON

HON. JOHN P. MURTHA

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 12, 1996

Mr. MURTHA. Mr. Speaker, on July 4th I was the speaker at the naming of the USNS Gordon.

The ship was being named for a Congressional Medal of Honor winner killed in Somalia. Mrs. Gordon spoke to the audience, and I thought her words were so appropriate to the ceremony, and to describing what it means to be part of the American military, and to be part of an American military family.

I thought it was very appropriate for Mrs. Gordon's remarks to be part of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

REMARKS BY MRS. CARMEN GORDON AT THE NAMING CEREMONY FOR USNS GORDON (T-AKR 296)

Thank you for that kind introduction and the opportunity to be here with you today. I'd like to tell you about Gary.

Just behind a small door in his bedroom closet, my son Ian has stored the treasures dearest to him. The uniforms his father wore, the canteens he drank from, the hammock he slung in so many corners of the world, are there. The boots that took his dad through desert and jungle now lace up around Ian's small ankles. They are all piled neatly together by a little boy's hands and sought out during quiet times.

My daughter Brittany keeps a photograph of her daddy next to her small white bed, the big 8 by 10 of him smiling straight through to her. It is the first thing she packs when leaving home, and the first thing she unpacks when she arrives anywhere.

These are comfort to my children. And a source of pride. But most important, Gary's children can see and feel these reminders of their father to keep him close.

In much the same way, the ship that we christen here today—the USNS Gordon—gives us faith that Gary's spirit will go forward, his ideals and his beliefs honored by those who know of him and the life he so willingly gave.

The very first time I laid eyes on Gary Gordon was the second month of my thirteenth summer. I was staying with my grandparents in rural Maine. Every week we made a trip into town for supplies. One hot afternoon in front of Newberry's Department store, I saw a boy washing windows. You never forget the first time that you see your first love. I watched him as he worked, calm and purposeful and quiet. Then he looked at me, and I knew this was no ordinary boy. This boy could win my heart.

When he called my grandparents for permission to take me out, he was turned down flat. She's too young, they told him. And so, in the way that I was to find out was uniquely Gary, he set out to wait three years. Faithful and sparsely emotional letters about his new life in the Army arrived regularly. On the day I turned 16, I sat in my grandparents' living room and watched as his motorcycle pulled into the driveway, my palms sweaty on my freshly ironed dress. A few hours of talk, a quick first kiss in the rec room, and Gary left to be back at his base, miles away. So began our slow dance of love, one that would give us so much in so short a time.

We had five summers and winters together, the births of a son and daughter setting a rhythm to such sweet time. On Sunday mornings when Ian was still so small, Gary would fill a baby mug with watered down coffee. Folding a section of the newspaper to fit Ian's chubby hands, the two of them would sit together quietly, turning the pages and sipping from their cups. Gary's love for Brittany was just as strong. Every day when he arrived home from work, Brittany would run to meet him, his big hands scooping her up and rubbing her bald head where baby hair had yet to grow. We never knew when these times would be interrupted by a day that brought Gary home with his head shaved, anticipation in his voice and a timetable for leaving.

I never worried when Gary left on a mission. As I cheerfully kissed him goodbye and waved confidently from our front porch, it never occurred to me to be afraid. Because Gary was never afraid. My safe world was shaken in December of 1989 with the invasion of Panama and the realization that my husband was in the middle of it. Along with other young mothers clutching infants, I sat in a darkened living room and watched tele-

vision news around the clock. Gary came back, safe. One night when I told him of my fears, he laid a gentle hand on my cheek and said quietly, "Carmen, don't worry about things we can't change."

I know that death often leaves us with the haunting question "Why?" I know why Gary died. He died because he was true to his own code for living—trying to help someone else. Fear would have kept Gary from doing what he needed to do, what he wanted to do, what he had prepared all his life to do. There is rare strength in the creed he shared with his comrades: "I shall not fail those with whom I serve."

Gary lies buried only a few miles from where I first saw him on that sunny Maine morning. It is a spare and simple place, open to the weather and bordered by woods that change with the seasons. He is not alone now in that corner of the cemetery. His father Duane, who died suddenly of a heart attack last week, was laid to rest alongside his son, not far from the paper mill where he gave so many years of hard work.

A gentle, sometimes restless wind bends the flowers and stirs the flags that are always there on Gary's military headstone, below the chiseled words "Beloved Husband and Father," and the coin of his unit pressed into white stone. I hope that some gentle wind will always guide this ship to sea and keep her on a safe and steady course.

And when that wind strokes the cheeks of my children lying in their beds at night, and Ian and Brittany ask me to tell them what course the USNS Gordon is striking under the stars, I can tell them that she is on the same course their father chose: Headed for distant shores, answering the call of those in need.