

of my friend Clifton Daniel, of Manhattan, New York. He was 87.

Mr. Daniel was born in Zebulon, North Carolina, in 1912. During high school summers, he worked behind the soda fountain in his father's drug store and contributed stories to the local newspaper. In 1933, he graduated from the University of North Carolina and was hired by the Raleigh News & Observer as a reporter, editor and columnist. After three years, Mr. Daniel went to New York to find another journalist position. The Associated Press hired him to report from Washington, Switzerland and London during the next six years.

In 1944, Mr. Daniel joined the New York Times, beginning his 33-year career with the newspaper. He developed a reputation for graceful writing and tireless reporting while in Britain covering the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force. He left London to cover the Allied ground forces in Europe until the fighting ended. After the war was over, the New York Times named him the chief foreign correspondent in the Middle East, where he reported on the birth of Israel, the rise of Arab nationalism and the collapse of a Soviet Azerbaijani puppet state in northern Iran. He then returned to London, where he covered the death of King George VI and the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. In 1954, he served as the Times's Moscow correspondent, winning an Overseas Press Club award in 1956 for his Moscow reporting.

Mr. Daniel continued his career at the New York Times and was named managing editor in 1964, the second highest editorial position at the newspaper. During his five years in that job, he is credited with injecting renewed life into the paper, seeking improved writing and expanded coverage of arts and society. Mr. Daniel then served as an associate editor and worked in New York Times broadcasting ventures until he became the Washington bureau chief in 1973. In addition to supervising the bureau, he wrote articles that chronicled the fall of President Nixon's administration and covered the new administration of President Ford. Upon announcing his retirement in 1977, Mr. Daniel spoke highly of the variety and excitement he experienced during his distinguished career at the New York Times.

On 21 April 1956, Mr. Daniel married Margaret Truman Daniel, former President Truman's only child. They met during a dinner party in 1955 and kept their romance a secret until a month before their wedding in Independence, Missouri.

Mr. Speaker, Clifton Daniel was a true friend and great American. I know the Members of the House will join me in extending heartfelt condolences to his family: his wife of more than 43 years, Margaret; his four sons; and five grandchildren.

INTRODUCTION OF H.R. 3806 TO HONOR UNKNOWN CASUALTIES OF THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR

HON. PATSY T. MINK

OF HAWAII

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2000

Mrs. MINK of Hawaii. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to tell my colleagues about my bill H.R. 3806, which I have introduced to correct the

omission of important information on the grave markers of service members who died in the December 7, 1941 air attack on Pearl Harbor, which launched the U.S. into World War II.

Six American battleships were sunk in the attack: including the U.S.S. *Arizona*, U.S.S. *Oklahoma*, U.S.S. *Nevada*, U.S.S. *California*, and U.S.S. *West Virginia*. Six destroyers and light cruisers were sunk or damaged. On the airfields, 164 planes were destroyed, with another 128 damaged.

However, what is truly staggering to me is the sheer loss of life. Altogether, 2,403 people were killed, and 2,340 of them served in the military.

Immediately after the attack, the military worked around-the-clock to recover remains and place them in temporary graves on the island of Oahu. Tragically, 961 of the bodies were never found.

The suddenness and severity of the attack made it difficult to identify many of those casualties who were found. Sometimes only ashes were recovered. Nevertheless, the Navy graves carried wooden crosses, which provided as much information as was known about the deceased.

Later, nearly a thousand remains were moved to their final resting place at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, located at Punchbowl Crater, in Honolulu, Hawaii. In 252 graves lie the remains of 647 casualties whose identities are unknown.

Regrettably, when these unknown remains were moved to Punchbowl, the information from the wooden crosses was not inscribed on the permanent gravestone. The gravestones today carry just the word, "UNKNOWN," and a few also include "December 7, 1941" as the date of death.

Surviving comrades and family members are carrying on the fight to better preserve their memory. A leader in this effort is Raymond Emory, a retired Navy chief petty officer from my state of Hawaii. As historian for the Pearl Harbor Survivor's Association, he spent thousands of hours over 12 years to research Navy burial records to learn more about these slain service members.

Ray Emory's research has so far established that 74 of the Punchbowl Cemetery grave sites carry the remains of 124 Navy crewmen from the U.S.S. *Arizona* who died on December 7, 1941. In more than a dozen of these cases, he also found out their duty station about the ship.

Navy historians have painstakingly double-checked Mr. Emory's research and have confirmed its accuracy. This information should be placed on the grave site markers along with the word, "Unknown." Surely a sailor whom we know died on board the U.S.S. *Arizona* should have his grave site marked to show he was an unknown sailor who died in the service of his country on board to U.S.S. *Arizona*.

My bill directs the Department of Veterans Affairs to add this new information to the grave markers, so that they will be remembered for their specific service on a specific ship, on a specific day in history.

I urge all of my colleagues to support this measure, as the very least we can do to honor their supreme sacrifice for their country.

ELIAN GONZALEZ

HON. LINCOLN DIAZ-BALART

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 9, 2000

Mr. DIAZ-BALART. Mr. Speaker, I had the pleasure of reading these articles by James Taranto of the Wall Street Journal regarding the case of 6 year old Elian Gonzalez. I would highly recommend them to all who are interested in learning the truth about that sad case from someone who has thoroughly researched it with great insight and sensitivity and submit them for the RECORD.

[From the Wall Street Journal, Jan. 31, 2000]

HAVANA'S HOSTAGES

(By James Taranto)

MIAMI.—No aspect of the Elian Gonzalez debate is more galling than the way Fidel Castro and his U.S. supporters have posed as champions of family unity. Havana routinely divides families by preventing children in Cuba from joining their parents in America, with nary an objection from the National Council of Churches and its allies in the fight for Elian's deportation.

There are no official statistics on the number of separated families; Cuban-American leaders here offer estimates ranging from hundreds to thousands. Many stateside family members hesitate to go public for fear of retaliation against kin in Cuba. But in three weeks, a new group called Mission Elian has documented 32 such cases. In some, children in Cuba are separated from both parents in America.

Typical is the story of Jose Cohen, the 35-year-old owner of a e-commerce company here. He had worked in Cuba's foreign-investment office, entertaining guests from abroad. Visitors told him about the outside world and whetted his appetite for freedom. So in August 1994 he, his brother Isaac and two other men crowded into a tiny two-seat motorized raft for a three-day voyage to America. Mr. Cohen left behind his wife, Lazara Brito Cohen, and his children, step-daughter Yanelis, now 15, daughter Yamila, 11, and son Isaac, eight.

When Mr. Cohen became a U.S. resident in April 1996, he applied for and was granted U.S. visas for his family. Mrs. Cohen applied to the Cuban government for exit visas. Hearing nothing for a year, she began sending letters to Cuban officials, from Fidel Castro on down. Mr. Cohen produces a sheaf of photocopied responses on Cuban government letterhead, each informing his wife that her case is being referred to another agency. Mr. Cohen says even the evasive answers have stopped since Mr. Castro made Elian's case a case celebre.

Mrs. Cohen's experience can't be chalked up to mere bureaucratic inefficiency. When she tried to enroll Yanelis in high school in 1998, the school director told her that teens with foreign immigration visas are not permitted to study beyond junior high. Mrs. Cohen also has received menacing unsigned notes slipped under her front door. "Forget about leaving Cuba. You will never leave Cuba," one said. Declared another: "Your husband has a wife in the U.S." She once showed one of the notes to a bureaucrat at the immigration office. He read it and smiled.

Another time, a man with a government ID card appeared at Mrs. Cohen's door. "We want to help you," he said—and then tried to seduce her. She rebuffed his advances and threw him out.

"Every time we see the hope of living like every other family, it's not in the near future," Mr. Cohen says. "My wife and three children are hostage of the regime."

Bettina Rodriguez-Aguilera, a 42-year-old motivational speaker who heads Mission Elian, grew up in a family divided by Fidel Castro. She was a baby when her parents moved to the U.S. in 1959, taking her and her teen brother with them. Her father later returned to Cuba, where he wrote to her brother, who had stayed behind in America, asking him to apply for a visa waiver to speed his return to the U.S.

He mentioned in the letter that he didn't intend to join the local Communist Party cell, known as a block party. For this he was charged with "counterrevolutionary activities" and imprisoned for 14 years. Ms. Rodriguez-Aguilera didn't see him until he came back to the U.S. when she was 17. His many years as a political prisoner had broken his spirit. "Even though he was out of prison, his mind was still in prison," she says. He died in 1988.

Sometimes the Castro government boasts to families that they are being held hostage. In 1991 Maj. Orestes Lorenzo, a fighter pilot in the Cuban air force, flew his MiG-27 to the Boca Chica Naval Air Station in the Florida Keys, where he defected. He left behind his wife and two young sons. They were summoned to the office of Gen. Raul Castro, the dictator's brother, and told they would never be allowed to leave Cuba. "He has to return," Gen. Castro said. Two years later Mr. Lorenzo did just that. In a daring rescue, he flew a private plane to Cuba and landed on a road outside Havana, where his family was waiting.

Havana's practice of taking families hostage shouldn't surprise us. It is part and parcel of a totalitarian ideology enshrined in laws giving the state limitless power over the most intimate aspects of the lives of Cubans—including children. Article 5 of Cuba's Code of the Child, enacted in 1978, stipulates that anyone who comes in contact with a child must contribute to "the development of his communist personality." Article 8 calls for "efficient protection of youth against all influences contrary to their communist formation." Many Cubans here tell stories similar to that of Miami architect Ricardo Fernandez. His cousin in Cuba was summoned to meet her daughter's teacher, who demanded to know why she was sending the girl to church.

To develop the "communist personality," Havana harnesses that most potent influence: peer pressure. Mr. Cohen says Yamila, his 11-year-old daughter, was hustled with her classmates onto a bus earlier this month for an impromptu field trip. Destination: the U.S. diplomatic mission in Havana, where the children were told to join a rally demanding Elian's return. On the phone later, Mr. Cohen asked Yamila why she had gone along with the order. "I was very nervous about what the rest of the children would say," she told him.

This is the society to which the Clinton administration is trying to repatriate Elian—a society in which the government demands ideological purity even from six-year-olds. How can this be in any child's best interest?

Havana's efforts at thought control work. The image of a mental prison recurs often in conversations with Cuban immigrants here. They talk about wearing *la mascara*—the mask—to hide their true feelings. They describe a process of self-censorship in which they don't allow themselves even to think certain things, lest a counterrevolutionary sentiment slip out in an unguarded moment. Since the government controls the economy, unemployment is among the risks for those who deviate. Mr. Cohen says his brother David, once a physician at a Havana clinic, was fired for wearing a Star of David necklace. The Cuban government has also blocked David Cohen's effort to emigrate to the Dominican Republic.

It is in this context that we must evaluate Elian's father's refusal to come to the U.S. for a reunion with his son. He may well be a hostage, wearing *la mascara* and reading a government script. Sister Jeanne O'Laughlin, the nun who oversaw last week's reunion between Elian and his grandmothers, has said she sensed at the meeting that the women were being manipulated by the Cuban government. On Thursday Sister O'Laughlin issued a statement saying the meeting had changed her mind: She now believes Elian should stay.

Gen. Rafael del Pino, who was the No. 2 man in the Cuban Defense Ministry when he defected to the U.S. in 1987, knows what it's like to have a custody dispute with the Cuban government. He escaped on a small plane and brought his wife, their two children and a teenage son by his previous marriage. His former wife later appeared on Cuban television and before the National Assembly, Cuba's one-party legislature, accusing her ex-husband of kidnapping and demanding her son's return.

But in 1995 she herself escaped on a raft. Mr. del Pino says she told him her complaints had been coerced by Havana. Reached by phone at her home in North Carolina, she refuses to say, pointing out that her mother and daughter remain in Cuba.

This story leads Mr. Lorenzo, who made his own freedom flight four years after the general's to speculate: What if, like Mr. del Pino's ex-wife, Elian's father eventually decides to escape? "I wonder if we'll find that the father left the island with Elian, and they all died at sea," Mr. Lorenzo says. "Who are we going to blame for that?"

[From the Wall Street Journal, Jan. 24, 2000]

ELIAN'S JOURNEY

(By James Taranto)

MIAMI.—It's hard for people who have never lived under communism to comprehend the passions the Elian Gonzalez case has ignited in the Cuban-American community. Just as white people can't completely understand what it's like to feel the sting of racial prejudice, those of us lucky enough to have grown up in a free land can't fully fathom the meaning of totalitarianism. But the lawmakers, judges and bureaucrats who control Elian's fate have an obligation to try. By contemplating the lengths to which people will go to escape, they can at least glimpse a shadow of the horror.

Elian and his mother were traveling with 12 other people, two of whom survived. Nivaldo Fernandez, a chef in a five-star tourist restaurant who was separated from his wife, and Arianne Horta, a single full-time mom, had been dating for less than a year when they decided to leave Cuba together. They have kept a low profile until now because Mrs. Horta fears for her five-year-old daughter, Estefani Erera, whom she left behind in Cuba. On Friday Ms. Horta went public with her plight at a press conference here organized by Rep. Ileana Ros-Lehtinen (R., Fla.).

A few days earlier, I sat down with Mr. Fernandez and Ms. Horta to hear an account of their harrowing voyage. This is their story, as translated by Carlos Corredoira, Mr. Fernandez's best friend.

Fifteen Cubans from the coastal city of Cardenas boarded a 17-foot boat bound for America before dawn on Nov. 21. Along with three survivors and Elian's mother and stepfather, the group included Ms. Horta's young daughter and two families, the Muneros and the Rodriguezes. A Rodriguez family friend was also aboard. Aside from the two children, the youngest member of the group was 17.

The trip was troubled from the start. Their outboard motor failed almost immediately, and they spent the day on a small island just off the coast trying to repair it. As Elian and Estefani played together on the island, Elian was exuberant; he kept shouting "Me voy para la Yuma!": "I'm going to the United States!" (La Yuma is a Cuban colloquialism for the U.S.) But Estefani was scared and cried much of the time.

In the evening they returned and got the motor fixed. Ms. Horta decided Estefani was not up to the trip. She faced an agonizing choice: her daughter or her freedom. She decided to leave Estefani behind with her grandmother and send for her after she settled in the U.S. She had no idea the trip would turn into an international incident.

Just before dawn the next morning, they set off again. Two hours later, Elian saved their lives. Two Cuban patrol boats pulled up, one on each side. They tried unsuccessfully to capsize the little boat by moving from side to side, making waves. Then a sail or on the large vessel threatened to sink the boat with a water cannon.

"We have kids in here!" Mr. Fernandez shouted. "We have five or six kids!" He backed up his bluff by hoisting Elian. The sailor backed down. The patrol boats continued to follow for an hour, turning back when they reached international waters.

Things got much worse that night. The motor died. High waves tossed the boat about. Water splashed over the sides of the craft, threatening to sink it. A fuel tank tipped over. The gasoline burned a hole in one of the three large inner tubes the group had taken along in case of emergency. Seconds later, the boat capsized.

The 14 Cubans spent the night clinging to the hull. Several cruise ships passed by, but no one heard their cries for help. At dawn they tried to turn their boat over. Instead it sank. Their food was gone. They grabbed the inner tubes and held on for their lives.

As the boat sank, Ms. Horta snatched a jug of water. She told Elian's mother, Elizabeth Broton: "Only give this water to Elian." That selfless act may well have saved Elian's life.

By evening, the Cubans were dehydrated, and some started to hallucinate. The first to succumb was 17-year-old Jicary Munero, Elian's stepfather's brother. He swam away from the inner tube, shouting: "Look, there's a little island! I see lights!" His brother and one of the Rodriguez men swam after him.

Suddenly all was quiet. In the space of seconds, three men had died, and two women had become widows. Elian's stepfather's parents had also seen two sons perish. Mr. Fernandez struggled to keep their spirits up. "Let's pray together," he told them.

Hunger and hallucination killed more that night. The Rodriguezes' friend, a 25-year-old woman named Lirka, was starving. She swam away, shouting, "I want black beans and rice!" Mr. Fernandez tried to save her. She drowned just as he reached her. When he returned to the inner tube, it was empty. Elian's stepfather's parents had drowned, too. Later the widow Rodriguez started swimming and shouting. "There's light over there!" Her brother-in-law tried to save her. Both drowned quickly.

The group had dwindled to six: Mr. Fernandez, Ms. Horta, Elian, his mother, and the parents of the two dead Rodriguez men. Mr. Fernandez and Ms. Horta, exhausted, fell asleep clinging to their inner tube. They awoke to find that the elder Rodriguezes had drowned overnight.

All the struggle and death had worn Elian's mother down. "I want to die," she said. "All I want is for my son to live. If there's one here who has to die, it's me, not

him." Elian was begging for milk; his mother had given him her sweater to protect him from the chilly waters.

Mr. Fernandez and Ms. Horta dozed off again. Hours later they were awakened by sharks nipping at their legs. (Both showed me their scars: Mr. Fernandez has several dozen small tooth marks on his ankles; Ms. Horta has three larger wounds on her thighs.)

They were alone. The rope that held the inner tubes together had come loose as they slept. Mr. Fernandez, who had tried to lift the others' spirits, found himself losing hope. "I'm tired," he told Ms. Horta. "I can't make it. I want to die."

As night fell, the couple saw lights in the distance. They tried swimming toward shore, but the current was against them. Again they slept.

They awoke at dawn on Thanksgiving Day. Closer to shore, they began swimming toward land. They arrived in Key Biscayne, Fla., yacht harbor. They had made it.

Exhausted and dehydrated, they collapsed. Later Mr. Fernandez, lying in bed in a Miami hospital, told police there might be other survivors. A cop showed him a photo: "Did this little kid come with you?"

"Yes, Is he alive?" Elian had made it too.

After leaving the hospital, Mr. Fernandez and Ms. Horta went straight to the immigration office and began the process of becoming Americans. Their new lives are a classic immigrant struggle. Ms. Horta is going to school to learn English. Mr. Fernandez, the erstwhile five-star chef, is looking for work; last week he had an interview for a job washing cars at an auto dealership.

Nivado Fernandez is full of faith in his new country. "I was born on July 3, 1967," he says, "I was born again on Nov. 25, 1999, because that's when I came to the land of liberty." Would he do it again if he knew how harrowing the journey would be? "Yes. Even if I died in the middle of the sea, I would have died with dignity, trying to come to this country."

Arianne Horta longs to be reunited with Estefani, her five-year-old daughter. The Immigration and Naturalization Service, the selfsame agency that is demanding Elian's immediate deportation in the name of family reunification, tells Horta it can't do anything about her little girl until Ms. Horta attains residency status, which won't happen until next year. In contrast to Elian's father, last seen ranting on ABC's "Nightline" about his desire to assassinate U.S. politicians, Ms. Horta maintains a quiet dignity. "I cry a lot," she says.

This week Congress will take up legislation to declare Elian Gonzalez a U.S. citizen. It should extend the same privilege to Estefani Erera. There's no guarantee that Fidel Castro would allow her to emigrate, but such an action would remove the obstacle on this side of the Florida Straits. Making Estefani an American would be a fitting tribute to her mother's heroism—and to the memories of the 11 who didn't make it.

HONORING THE JEWISH HOME FOR THE AGED ON ITS 85TH ANNIVERSARY

HON. ROSA L. DeLAURO

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 9, 2000

Ms. DeLAURO. Mr. Speaker, it gives me great pleasure to rise today to honor an organization that has been an invaluable asset to the New Haven, Connecticut community since

its inception 85 years ago—the Jewish Home for the Aged.

In October, the Jewish Home for the Aged celebrated 85 years of care and service to the elderly of our community. Founded by the Sisters of Zion, what began as a small sanctuary for poor, elderly Jewish men and women without families, has grown into a distinguished and highly respected nursing care facility. Over the years, the home has worked diligently to address the ever-changing needs of our aging population. Throughout its history, quality care has been their prime goal, constantly expanding both in space and services.

Through personal appeals and their first Charity Ball, in 1916 the Sisters of Zion were able to raise the funds necessary to purchase a wood house at 169 Davenport Avenue in New Haven, giving the Jewish Home for the Aged its first residence. In its formative years, the Jewish Home for the Aged was run completely by women, an unique undertaking given the times. Every succession of Board members has had to grapple with the financial realities of caring for the elderly. As a non-profit, the Home has had extraordinary success through a myriad of fund-raising efforts, a strong tradition that continues today. Throughout its rich history, the remarkable success of the Jewish Home for the Aged has been due to the strong leadership and dedication of the staff and administration—our sincere thanks to them for all of their extraordinary efforts.

This past year, the Home suffered an enormous loss with the unexpected passing of its Executive Director, and my dear friend, Rick Wallace. Rick was an incredible leader, committed to overcoming the massive changes and rising costs in health care that have impeded our seniors from accessing quality care. He held a strong belief that in order to meet these new challenges, Jewish organizations throughout the community would have to work together to provide their residents with a continuum of care. Dedicated to the Home's future success, Rick ensured that the Home was a founding member of the Jewish Care Network. Rick dedicated his career to the mission of the Home and it is my hope that they will carry on his strength and vision as they move ahead into the future.

The Jewish Home for the Aged has had an invaluable impact on our community since its founding. I am indeed proud to stand today to honor them as they celebrate their 85th anniversary and to extend my best wishes for continued success.

NORTHERN IRELAND IN CRISIS AS SAINT PATRICK'S DAY APPROACHES

HON. BENJAMIN A. GILMAN

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 9, 2000

Mr. GILMAN. Mr. Speaker, next week is Saint Patrick's Day, when so many Irish and their many friends around the globe celebrate the great patron saint's day of honor. This year's Saint Patrick's day was to have held out great hope for lasting peace and justice in the long troubled north of Ireland. The Irish and peace loving people all over the world were joyous last November 29th when the

new Northern Ireland power sharing executive was finally formed and the British government devolved most of home rule to Belfast. Along with the Northern Ireland assembly, north/south and east/west bodies, the future of all of the island of Ireland was bright for peaceful democratic change in the unsatisfactory status quo that has long been the north of Ireland. The Good Friday accord supported by the people of both the north and south of Ireland was finally being implemented and change was to come through democratic means and new power sharing institutions.

It was a step backwards in the search for lasting peace and justice in the north of Ireland when the British Government on February 11, 2000 suspended the power sharing institutions that had been the best chance to produce overall change in the north, including decommissioning.

Regrettably, the Irish peace process since February 11, 2000 is once again in crisis. The most recent announcement that the IRA is withdrawing from their efforts with the arms decommissioning body is another body blow to a fragile and tenuous future in the north of Ireland.

Even after positive steps were being made to resolve the arms issue—the IRA had committed to put them beyond use—the old unionist veto by the Ulster Unionist Party (UUP) forced the suspension of power sharing under the threat of resignation by the UUP's First Minister, David Trimble from the new local government. Terms of the Good Friday Accord set out simultaneous time frames for removal of the guns on both sides from Irish politics.

Those who have unilaterally changed its terms and exercised a veto over its operation must explain their intransigence, and be held accountable for failing to carry out the terms of the Good Friday peace accord.

In order to create the climate for arms decommissioning as envisioned by the terms of the Good Friday Accord, power-sharing institutions must be reestablished, sooner rather than later.

The accord itself set a mid-May 2000 time frame for good faith efforts by all sides at getting all of arms decommission in the North Ireland. Regrettably, the institutions that should have been in place for the last 18 months has only been up and running for just the last 10 weeks. Now they have been suspended.

We soon will have the marching season again in the north of Ireland. We cannot let the political vacuum in the north go on indefinitely. We need the political institutions up and running so change can come peacefully through democratic means. Only then can we expect the political process that the Good Friday accord set in motion can help make the guns on both sides in the north, both irrelevant, and unnecessary.

The parties need to get back to the table and fully implement the Good Friday Accord. As Senator George Mitchell has wisely said, history might forgive the failure to reach an agreement in the long conflict over Northern Ireland, but will never forgive the failure to implement one that has been agreed upon by both governments and all of the parties in the long troubled region.

Let us, on this St. Patrick's Day, hope and pray for a united, peaceful Ireland.