

University of Michigan where she was named "Intern of the Year," the first woman to ever receive such an award. Detroit would also be the starting point for Jose Feliciano's musical career. A native of Puerto Rico, Feliciano was born blind, but he mastered multiple instruments like the 6 and 12 string guitars, the bass, banjo, mandolin, organ, bongo drums, piano, harpsichord, harmonica and trumpet. He would achieve stardom with his Latin-soul version of "Light My Fire." However, he would gain even more popularity with his unorthodox blues-rock rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" during the 1968 World Series game in Detroit.

These are just a few outstanding examples of Hispanic contributions to American society. It is a pleasure for me to stand today with my Senate colleagues as we continue to recognize the contributions of our Hispanic community during National Hispanic Heritage month.

Mr. WELLSTONE. Mr. President, I rise today on behalf of this year's Hispanic Heritage Month, commemorated annually between September 15 and October 15. This celebration is an opportunity to honor a community devoted to family, faith, country and hard work. It is also a demonstration of patriotism as we appreciate the diversity from which our country derives its strength.

This month, and all year, we honor the courage, talent, determination, leadership and vision of Hispanic men, women and children who have done so much for our Nation in the face of incredible obstacles. We also honor the rich culture and heritage of the Chicano/Latino community and the tremendous gifts the community has given to our country.

Our greatness lies in the diversity of our beliefs as well as in the strength of our common ideals. The history of our country, its values and beliefs, are thus intertwined with the Chicano/Latino community.

In acknowledging the rich heritage of the Chicano/Latino community, I would like particularly to acknowledge the outstanding contributions of four Chicano/Latino institutions in my State of Minnesota. Their efforts have helped shape the social, economic and political landscape of their vibrant community as well as the community at large.

The Chicanos Latinos Unidos en Servicio, CLUES, has provided critical services to advance the Chicano/Latino community. Founded in 1981 in St. Paul to provide culturally appropriate and bilingual mental health services, CLUES has just opened a new office in Minneapolis that provides mental health, chemical health, education, employment and elder wellness programs.

The Chicano Latino Affairs Council, CLAC, advises the Government and State legislature on issues of importance to the Minnesota Chicano/Latino

community. CLAC consists of 15 members appointed by the Governor of Minnesota from all different levels of government. The CLAC educates the legislature, the general public, the media, and agency heads on the contributions of Chicano/Latinos and the issues facing the community.

In addition, Minnesota has funded a bi-lingual charter school, El Colegio, designed to improve the achievement of high school students. Its mission is to engage students in experiences that help them find meaning and purpose in their lives. This experimental education uses Hispanic, Chicano and Mexican perspectives to study art, environment and technology. The school helps students take pride in who they are and in what they can do for American society. One student, David Juanez is currently helping me with legislation which would allow States to create permanent resident status for undocumented students in good standing, enabling them to receive state funding when applying to college. This is only an example of what these students can do when given the opportunity.

A further great contribution to the Chicano/Latino community has been the opening of Mercado Central in August, 1999 and its ongoing operation since then. The market features 45 Latino merchants offering authentic foods, housewares, gifts, and groceries. The entrepreneurs that have opened this market have changed the face of Minneapolis' Lake Street forever. Its addition is a celebration of the Hispanic, Chicano, and Mexican community here in Minnesota.

At a time when we are faced with national challenge, we must strive even more to continue building a society in which people of diverse backgrounds are valued for the richness of their contributions. I hope that we can use this special occasion of Hispanic Heritage Month to bring the American people closer together.

#### FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Mr. SMITH of Oregon. Mr. President, ever since the days of the pioneers, when folks would gather from miles around to participate in community barn raisings, the spirit of neighbor helping neighbor has been an Oregon tradition.

I rise today with great pride in my State to tell you that the tradition of neighbor helping neighbor reached new heights these past few days in a remarkable project entitled "Flight for Freedom".

Spurred by New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani's call that New York City was open for business, Portland Mayor Vera Katz and Portland businessman Sho Dozono came up with the idea of sending a delegation of Oregonians to New York City to lend whatever support they could to the residents of the Big Apple.

It wasn't too long before 100 Oregonians signed up, and then 200, and then

500, and then 750, and when all was said and done, over 1,000 Oregonians from every corner of my state boarded planes and traveled to New York City last weekend.

This delegation brought a great deal of business to New York hotels, restaurants and stores. But more important than that, they brought a great message. A message that we are one Nation. A message that the 3,000 miles between New York City and Oregon was made non-existent on September 11. A message that as New Yorkers move forward in the days and weeks ahead, Oregonians and Americans will stand with them.

It was a message expressed in the tee-shirts that members of the Flight to Freedom wore and distributed as they marched in the Columbus Day Parade. The shirt said simply "Oregon loves New York."

Many participants in the Flight for Freedom have described the trip as the most moving and most memorable of their life. They will always remember the gratitude New Yorkers extended to them. They will always remember the words of a New York policeman who said, "The gap in the New York skyline is incredible. It can't ever be replaced. But we'll bounce back with the help of people like you in Oregon."

I know my colleague Senator WYDEN joins with me in saying to Senator SCHUMER and Senator CLINTON that we share the sentiments expressed by our fellow Oregonians last weekend. We, too, love New York, and we, too, will stand with you every step of the way.

The State motto of Oregon is "She flies with her own wings." And it seems to me that Oregon, New York City, and all of America are flying just a little bit higher today because of the spirit and leadership of Mayor Vera Katz, Sho Dozono, and all those who made the Flight to Freedom such a remarkable success.

#### IN MEMORY OF KARLETON DOUGLAS BEYE FYFE

Mr. EDWARDS. Mr. President, at 8:48 a.m. on September 11, 2001, America lost one of its finest citizens, one of the many who gave their lives in the senseless acts of terror visited upon our country that day. His name is Karleton Douglas Beye Fyfe, and he deserves to be remembered. He died aboard American Airlines Flight 11, scheduled to fly from Boston to Los Angeles. He died at the age of 31 in the service of his family, of his profession and of his country. He died among the very first victims of this tragedy which has so unsettled our Nation. He would have had strong views about the aftermath of this tragedy, and he would not have been shy about expressing them.

Mr. Fyfe's loss leaves his many survivors devastated. He was a devoted father and loving son, a constant husband and loyal friend, an outstanding student and solid professional.

Mr. Fyfe grew up in North Carolina and attended the University of North

Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he majored in economics and philosophy. At Chapel Hill, Mr. Fyfe's lightning intellect flourished; he was equally at home both inside and outside his chosen disciplines. His instructors describe Karleton as a prodigy, the kind of student who makes teaching exciting, rewarding, and easy.

Mr. Fyfe served his family and his country as a successful member of America's financial community in Boston, working as an analyst with Fidelity Investments for eight years before joining John Hancock as a telecom analyst in January. As a financial analyst, he would tell his friends of the seriousness with which he took his important work: "These are people's lives" is how he would describe the retirement accounts in his care.

Mr. Fyfe's family and friends all remember his unique, disarming sense of humor, a quality he used to overcome awkward moments and often to make a point. He died, and his voice has been silenced, but those who had the honor of knowing Karleton are certain that he would have views about his country's reaction to the horror that took his life.

A close friend imagined that Karleton might say: "If you must go to war, be sure somebody is in charge of protecting the innocent. Make sure that our country emerges from this enterprise having improved the condition of all the women and children it will inevitably affect."

Let us take a moment to hear those words. If he thought they could be heard in this forum, Mr. Fyfe would have been glad to give his life in the service of his family, his profession, his country, and the innocent.

I ask consent that two important insertions into the RECORD be in order. The first will be the text of Mr. Fyfe's death notice as published in the Raleigh News and Observer on Thursday, September 13, 2001; it reiterates the profound loss suffered by his family and friends, and it emphasizes the message, which must emerge from his death, of protecting the innocents. The second is an account of Mr. Fyfe's character, friendship, and sense of humor, written by his dear friend, Ric Schellhorn, as published in the Raleigh News and Observer on Tuesday, September 18, 2001; it characterizes Karleton's humanity and humor as only a best friend can.

I now ask consent, that the two documents be printed in the RECORD.

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

#### KARLETON DOUGLAS BEYE FYFE

DURHAM.—Karleton Douglas Beye Fyfe's life was taken yesterday on AA flight 11 by the hatred that so poisons part of our humanity—he would not want us to take revenge on innocent people for this cruel, senseless act.

Karleton was born in San Antonio, Texas on a warm, sunny February 10th in 1970. He spent his growing up years in Durham County and graduated from Southern High. He

majored in philosophy and economics at UNC and then worked for Fidelity Investments of Boston for eight years. During that time he married Haven Conley from the Chapel Hill-Durham area, earned a Masters degree in business from Boston University and a CFA certificate, and became father to Jackson before joining the John Hancock Company as a financial analyst in January of this year.

He is survived by his wonderful wife Haven, his adoring son Jackson of 19 months, his parents, Barbara and Jim of Durham, his older sister Tiffany Tanguilig and husband Larry of Alpharetta, GA, his younger sister Erin Yang and husband Carl of Cambridge, MA, his niece and nephew Sydney and Tyler Tanguilig, and his many loving relatives, friends and associates.

Karleton's quick wit, gracious friendliness, keen intelligence and loving family loyalty will be missed by us all.

A memorial service will be held at the Community Church of Chapel Hill at a time to be arranged later. In lieu of flowers the family would be happy to see any donations made to the Orange Durham Coalition for Battered Women in Karleton's name.

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#### POINT OF VIEW: ONE AMONG THE THOUSANDS (By Eric Schellhorn)

SAN DIEGO.—Three of us were on the phone the other night reminiscing about our friend when all at once, for a few long, uncomfortable seconds, everyone stopped talking.

Karleton—Karleton D.B. Fyfe, formerly of Durham and Chapel Hill—would have savored the moment: "Pretty cool awkward silence we got going here," he'd have piped up, as he always did when a sober moment rudely encroached on an otherwise loose and limber good time. It was a stock Karleton line, one of his trademarks. Try it sometime. See if anyone in the room can keep a straight face, even if you happen to be talking about the absurd, violent death of a dear friend.

"Writing about me for The N&O, huh?" I hear him saying now, deadpan as you please. "Don't forget to tell them all what a handsome devil I was. And remember to spell 'genius' right. Big newspapers hate typos."

I won't reduce a dignified and accomplished young life to a series of one-liners, but making an indelible impression on people's senses of humor strikes me as an even more lofty accomplishment than the ones you'll read in his formal bio: 31-year-old telecom-industry analyst for John Hancock, MBA from Boston University, earned at night some years back while working full-time for a major mutual fund broker. Those are just the facts, man, and they don't tell you the part of the story that's most worth remembering.

He was a junior from Durham majoring in economics and philosophy when I met him as a first-year grad student at UNC-Chapel Hill. In anyone else, you might have dismissed that incongruous pairing of academic pursuits as an affectation, or a resume-builder. For Karleton, reading Kant or Hegel was the perfect antidote to a steady diet of Keynes and Adam Smith. He'd say: "The best part about reading brilliant economists and brilliant philosophers is that now I have no clue what people in two completely different disciplines are talking about."

Most lives worth remembering embody just these kinds of contradictions: economics and philosophy, class-clown with a work ethic that kept him away from his wife and young son far more than he would have liked, new-era Southern gentleman who inexplicably found himself working shoulder-to-shoulder with Harvard grads in the financial heart of Boston Brahmin country, connoisseur of both Tar Heel baseball caps and fine European-tailored suits.

Back at school, you might have watched him schlep his 6-foot-4 frame around in khaki shorts and T-shirts for three straight months, but you wouldn't have considered trucking out to a morning job interview without rousing him from a sound sleep and asking if the jacket or slacks you'd picked out for yourself made you look like an apprentice televangelist. On one such occasion, I wandered into Karleton's room in the house we shared at school for just this kind of fashion consultation. Chucking diplomacy to the breeze, he wordlessly sized me up, went to his own closet and picked out a necktie of his own that, as he later put it, was a little less "Carnaby Street."

There are people you're proud to call friends, and then there are people whose friends you're proud to be. I always felt I got the better end of our bargain. When Karleton asked me to be the best man at his wedding in 1994, it was like being nominated to an elite inner circle. I repaid the distinction by getting the flu on the morning of his nuptials and passing out cold, mid-ceremony in the early October North Carolina heat. An hour later, the vows exchanged in my absence, he came inside to the couch where I was recovering, threw his arms around me, and said, without a trace of annoyance, "Thanks for giving us the only wedding video in history that'll be worth watching in slo-mo."

Armchair psychologists will tell you people who respond reflexively to tragic or unpleasant events with a joke or offhand remark are invoking a classic little pain-saving defense mechanism called "reaction formation."

Karleton was a world-class reaction-former. I can't say for sure, but my guess is that if he'd been watching Tuesday's events on TV at home, rather than sitting on a plane bound for Los Angeles, he would have summed everything up with a vintage understatement: "Man, whoever did all this . . . they're gonna have to give back a lot of those humanitarian awards."

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#### IN MEMORY OF CLYDE L. CHOATE

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, I rise today with great sadness to mark the passing of an American hero and an Illinois legend. Clyde Choate spent his 81 years in service to his country and to his State, and we are fortunate indeed to have known him.

Clyde Choate was an Illinoisan through and through, born in downstate Franklin County and a lifelong resident of nearby Union County. Southern Illinois is the heart of coal country, and Clyde came from a family for whom mining was both a way of living and a way of life. Perhaps we can trace his later ability to stand up for himself as a State legislator to the fact that he had 11 brothers and sisters. Anyone growing up in a 14-member household would feel right at home in a large deliberative body.

Shortly after the outbreak of World War II, Clyde enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army and found himself deployed to the European theater, where he spent some 31 months. It was there, on the battlefields of France, that Staff Sergeant Clyde Choate demonstrated a determination and pride that would mark his public service for the rest of his life.

In late October of 1944, the tank destroyer battalion Choate commanded