not mean that the future outcome was not welcome. But it does show that a single act, however intended, can create astounding results, even without great insight.

These men from our history were magnificent figures whose actions affected the future of America, making it a better place for posterity. But we do not have to be presidents of the country to make worthwhile contributions.

We do not have to see the final picture, or even plan something remarkable for our future in order to be ''visionary.'' We needn't even focus on the results of our efforts. We only need to work toward what we believe in, making a personal effort to correct problems. The results will come, whether today or tomorrow.

Let's consider Rosa Parks. She was only an everyday-type person, a poor black seamstress who never had time for politics; she only tried to make enough to survive. One day as she sat on a bus, work out and tired, she was ordered to give up her seat to a white man. Non-violently, she refused and was arrested.

Her simple action became a catalyst for many others, starting an avalanche which turned into the Black Movement. Martin Luther King championed her very thoughts and feelings by organizing bus boycotts. Thousands of others added to the vision; many were poor, and many may have thought they had little to offer. But when all was done, the course of history was changed, once again. And equality for all minorities, not just Blacks, was promoted. But that was not the issue. The point was this: although Rosa was not the greatest martyr in history, she stood up for her beliefs, and that is how visions turn into reality.

How can you contribute to America's vision? It only takes a combination of your attitude and pride in your country. Being generous with your resources, helping out wherever possible, and using your abilities for good characterize a true contributor.

My individual piece of the final vision for America may not become as great as those of Thomas Jefferson's, Abraham Lincoln's, Rosa Park's, or even yours. But it will be just as important. I cannot guarantee world peace; I may not find a cure for the world's illnesses or put an end to starvation. I can, however, dedicate my efforts along with yours to the continued building of this great nation. After all, aren't our combined efforts today the way to create the greatest vision for America tomorrow?

A VICTORY FOR COMMON SENSE

HON. GERRY E. STUDDS

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 3, 1995

Mr. STUDDS. Mr. Speaker, some 18 months ago this House enacted legislation to codify the so-called ''Don't Ask, Don't Tell'' policy barring gay and lesbian Americans from serving openly in the Armed Forces. The law thus placed on the statute books was an unprecedented exercise in overt, state-sanctioned discrimination. It was, from first to last, an irrational policy supported by nothing more than naked prejudice.

I stated at the time that I did not believe such a policy could survive constitutional scrutiny, and that the day would come when the courts would say so. On Thursday, March 30, 1995, Federal District Judge Eugene H. Nickerson fulfilled that prediction. In a 39-page opinion that is a triumph of decency and common sense, Judge Nickerson ruled in favor of six service members who challenged this cruel and unjust policy.

In striking down the law, the district court found it ''demeaning and unworthy of a great nation to base a policy on pretense rather than truth.'' It also accurately characterized the scholastic distinctions on which the law relies as ''Byzantine'' and ''Orwellian.''

Since the decision was handed down, the court's conclusions have been echoed on editorial pages across the country. Few could surpass the editorial published on March 31, 1995 in the Cape Cod Times, which I am proud to insert in the Record.

A RICHLY DESERVED DEFEAT

It took a federal judge to tell President Clinton what a great many people have known for years to be true—his ''Don't ask, don't tell'' policy on gays in the military was a compromise full of flaws right from the start. Basically, the policy allows gays and lesbians to serve as long as they don't admit their sexuality to anyone. If they do, they will be handed an honorable discharge and booted through the gate.

Yesterday, U.S. District Court Judge Eugene Nickerson ruled that the policy is discriminatory, a violation of free speech and it forces people to lie. In short, he said, the policy is ''inherently deceptive.'' The ruling involves, and applies to, only the six service personnel who filed the suit. The Defense Department will appeal.

This is the latest twist in a three-year debate that began when then-candidate Clinton made a rock-solid promise that if elected he would lift the ban entirely. That lit the fires, and the waffling started.

His first full year in office, 1993, was not a good one for The Pledge or the president. In January, the Pentagon and its supporters in Congress went on the offensive. The Joint Chiefs of Staff met with the Commander in Chief behind closed doors. When they emerged their only word was that it was a ''constructive'' meeting.

Two months later, in the semantic equivalent of jogging backwards, Clinton told his first televised press conference that he was now considering segregating homosexuals, which surprised even the military. Clinton fumbled that one, because it soon became clear he hadn't a clue as to how segregation could be done or whether it would even work (it wouldn't have—gays and lesbians aren't lepers).

As was inevitable, the gays struck back in a most telling manner. At the same time in May, 1993, that Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, was on the road collecting comments from military and naval bases about gays in the military, Sgt. Jose Zuniga, the Sixth Army's 1992 ''Soldier of the Year,'' was packing his bags at the Presidio in San Francisco. The richly honored Sergeant Zuniga had ''come out'' earlier in the month during a gay rights march in Washington, D.C. He did so to prove to anyone who happened to care that gays and lesbians can be as good servicemen and women as any of their straight peers—and in Zuniga's case, much better than most.

The argument that Senator Nunn and so many others believe—homosexuals are a danger to morale, are incapable of doing battle, are born molesters who can't resist putting the make on their God-fearing mates in uniform and all the other stuff—is dead wrong.

Sergeant Zuniga, who could have stayed in the closet until retirement and remained a role model for his troops, is proof of that. So are two Medal of Honor recipients and an Army nurse with the rank of colonel. She served with distinction in Vietnam and has a medal to prove it, but she was later cashiered by the National Guard stateside because of her sexual orientation.

So are many others, who fought in wars or served in peace, all the while keeping their secret because of the fear of discharge or worse, should the straights find out.

One particularly egregious example of the mindset against gays resulted from the April 1989 explosion inside a gun turret aboard the battleship USS *Iowa* that killed 47 sailors. Looking for somebody to blame, the Navy settled on a young seaman who was killed, and put forth the story that he had caused the blast because he had been jilted by one of the victims.

Better that, they reasoned, than the truth, which emerged anyway, several months later: One of the propellant bags contained unstable explosive that went off when it was shoved into the breech. The story about the sailor was a crock, pure and simple.

As far back as October 1991, in a speech at Harvard, then-Governor Clinton made his position clear—at least, he thought he did—on permitting homosexuals to serve as equals in the military: It will be done. Thirteen months later came slippage. The then-president-elect said he would form a group to study the problem, ''but I am not going to change my mind on it.'' So much for his pledge.

The frustration among gays and their sense of having been betrayed by the president is understandable. There is so much anger against them from society in general and the military in particular that it's truly a wonder that any of their orientation even dare enter the services.

But the fear of gays is largely based on an ignorance that breeds intolerance and is to be found not only in government institutions but among religious conservatives, who have become a political force now and will certainly have an effect in the 1996 elections.

Judge Nickerson's ruling is a victory for gays and common sense, though in context of the war over equality, this—alas—was but a skirmish.

Mr. Chairman, the six plaintiffs and their attorneys have won an important victory, not only for themselves but for all who have served and still serve with honor and distinction. It is a victory shared most of all by those who challenged earlier versions of the ban in years past only to have their pleas fall on deaf ears.

I fully expect that the Government will appeal this decision, and that the constitutionality of the ban will ultimately be revisited by higher courts. But whatever may happen in the months to come, today's ruling is the beginning of the end for a policy that is unworthy of our country and the brave service members who offer their lives in its service.

TESTIMONY BEFORE SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS AND HUMAN RIGHTS

HON. FRANK R. WOLF

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 3, 1995

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, I just returned from one of the most moving hearings I have ever attended. Six survivors of the Chinese labor camp system, the Laogai, told their stories of life inside the prison. These are stories every Member of Congress and every American

should read. I am submitting the first three accounts for the RECORD. The others will follow in coming days.

I hope all my colleagues will take these powerful stories to heart. Our China policy does not take these brave people, and the many like them who are still suffering in China today, into account.

TESTIMONY OF TANG BOIQIAO, LAOGAI SURVIVOR, BEFORE THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS AND HUMAN RIGHTS, APRIL 3, 1995

My name is Tang Boiqiao, and I am a former student of the Hunan Teachers' College. In July of 1989, I was arrested by the Communists because of my organizing and participating in the Hunan students' movement. I was held until July of 1990 before finally being sentenced to three years detention. My ''crime'' was called ''counter-revolutionary propagandizing and incitement''. In October of that year, I was transferred to the Hunan Province Longxi Prison for reform through labor. In January 1991, I was unexpectedly released from prison.

After my release, I was again arrested because of my continued involvement in the popular movements and human rights activities. Following the summer of 1991, I fled China. In April of 1992, I entered the United States and sought political asylum. My reason for coming here today is to share with you my experiences while in the Laogai.

I was first arrested in July of 1989 in Guangdong Province, after which I was held in three different detention centers where I was forced to labor with my fellow prisoners. While at the Guangdong Number 1 Detention Center, I made toys which had the words ''Made in China'' in English written on them. I was allowed to eat only twice a day.

Next, I was transferred to Changsha in Hunan and spent more than a year at the Changsha Number 1 Detention Center. During this time, I suffered through the darkest and most hopeless of existences; for more than four months straight, I was questioned about my case an average ten hours a day, in what the Communists call ''exhaustive tactics''. This Laogai forced its prisoners to produce matchboxes. There were no labor rewards, but every month the cellmates which had the highest production numbers were given one cheap cigarette a day. The police forced the prisoners to work day and night so that they could report increased production output and receive cash incentives. We would work for at the least twelve hours a day. The longest day was one when we worked for 23 and a half hours, with a half-hour food break.

Because I would refuse to work, the public security police would often arrange for the other prisoners to abuse and beat me. One day, I was beaten three different times by seven or eight young prisoners, two of whom were convicted murderers. The first time, because I was unwilling to be forced to labor, they beat me until I bled from the eyes, ears, nose and mouth; the second time, because I resisted when they tried to force me to kneel down, they used anything they could find in the cell to beat me, including a wooden stool, heavy wooden sticks, and metal cups and bowls; the last time they beat me while I couldn't move and lay on the floor hunched over. At this, the public security police still were not satisfied, so that evening they held a ''struggle meeting'' and ordered every prisoner in the Laogai to viciously beat me. That night, I developed a fever of 104 degrees, which persisted for more than a week. I was unable even to sit upright.

While there were many methods used in torturing people at this Laogai, the most often used tools were the electric police baton and shackles. There were more than ten types of shackles, including thumb shackles, ''earth'' shackles, all kinds of wrist shackles, chain shackles, chain link shackles, door-frame shackles, heavy shackles, and others. The most simple method was to conduct a political study class where the prisoners needed to attend for long periods of time while shackled. I personally experienced electric shocks and many kinds of shackles.

The Laogai prisons used different types of abuse and control than those of the detention centers. After I was transferred to the prison, when I was first assigned to a prison brigade, we were shown the three unforgettable phrases that were written on the wall at the prison entrance: ''Where are you? What are you? What are you to do here?'' Later, in the daily ''political study'' classes, we needed to follow these questions with the responses, ''This is a prison. I am a criminal. I am here to receive reform through labor.'' We also had to sing three songs at the beginning of every ''political study'' class. The songs were ''Socialism Is Good'', ''Without the Communist Party, There Would Be No New China'', and ''Emulate Lei Feng'' (Lei Feng was a 1950's Chinese Communist martyr).

I still remember the songs. The words of ''Socialism Is Good'' begin, ''Socialism is good/ Socialism is good/ Everyone in a socialist society is improved''. The lyrics of ''Without the Communist Party, There Would Be No New China'' are ''Without the Communist Party, there would be no new china/ the Communist Party is united for the people/ the Communist Party is united to save China/ Its leaders go forward towards the light/ It is the great leader of all the people.'' The meaning of the last song is that we should all be like the Communist hero Lei Feng; ''Loyal to the revolution/ Loyal to the Party/ Standing in the field, erect and unwaving/ Communist thinking emits knowledge''. I knew that this was how they would force us to reform our thinking, so I refused to sing the three songs. The police used many methods of trying to intimidate and coerce me into cooperating, and in the end I was sent to the ''prison of prisons''—solitary confinement. Its length and height are barely enough for a man's size, and it has solid walls with only a tiny slot on the door. It very easily makes men think like an animal in a cage. It can be said that being confined in a small cage for a long period of time will certainly make any man go insane.

These are only some of the stories of my time in the Laogai. Yet all of the mistreatment and abuse I suffered in the Laogai is just a drop of water in a great river. When you think of all of the abuses of the millions of Chinese citizens still condemned to the Laogai, my story is just the tip of the iceberg. Thank you for your time in listening to my personal story of the terrors of the Laogai.

TESTIMONY OF CATHERINE HO, LAOGAI SURVIVOR, BEFORE THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS AND HUMAN RIGHTS, APRIL 3, 1995

My name is Catherine Ho, one of the goals of the Laogai camps is to break the human spirit through torture of the body. But even worse than the bodily abuses is the unceasing assault on the prisoner's thoughts and individual will. This is especially true of the suffering endured by the millions of women condemned to the Laogai.

I was born into a well-educated family in Shanghai. My decent parents sent me to an excellent Catholic high school. I became a Christian while there. I studied very hard, and should have had a bright future. Instead, I was arrested and imprisoned by the Communist government before I was even 18 years old. I was arrested on September 5, 1955, as was our bishop in Shanghai, Cardinal Kung, who is now in the U.S. receiving medical care.

Between 1953 and 1955, the church-run schools and hospitals in Shanghai were taken over by the Communists. The church's other charitable institutions were simply closed. The foreign missionaries has already been expelled as ''imperialists''. The Chinese priests and bishops were all targets of the Communists and were either killed or arrested one after another. Most Christians were forced to go through brainwashing. They faced losing their jobs or educational opportunities, and they also faced being sent to the Laogai camps or prison to suffer because of their faith. Religious people were continuously persecuted by the Communists.

We did not oppose the government. We only wanted to practice our religion. But the Communists said it was a crime against China. The sole reason I was put in jail was because I was an active Christian. I was a member of the Legion of Mary, which is a devout missionary organization. I did missionary work. I refused to renounce our church and did not want to be a part of the Communist controlled church.

Because of my faith, they put me in jail. They isolated me from the outside world. They tried to confuse me with all of their propaganda. But I knew they told lies. I could not go against my conscience. I could not deny the truth. I could not give up my most precious gift, my faith. Many Christians were willing to die before giving up their faith.

At first, they sentenced me to seven years in the Laogai as a ''counter-revolutionary''. I was not allowed legal representation. I did not even have a trial. When they found out that I had still not changed my mind after my seven years, they wouldn't let me go. They kept me in the Laogai camp for 21 years.

The Chinese Communists cannot tolerate religion, especially the Christian religion. They have a hatred for anything which involves a belief in any God above or beyond human kind. To this day, they are still persecuting and imprisoning religious believers.

I would like to now give you some examples of the systematic abuse and persecution of the Laogai camps. These Laogai camps are in no way like the prisons we know of in this country. Words are not enough to convey the horrible, day to day realities of prisoners in the Laogai.

Physically, we were always hungry, tired, and filthy. The women were forced to do heavy labor, like plowing the desert, raising cattle, or running a tea farm. They physical tortures on our bodies were so extreme that menstruation ceased in many of the women. This puts great strain on both a woman's body and her mind. There were never any medical treatments of this or other sicknesses.

Despite these exhaustive and grueling conditions, we were forced to produce high level products. For example, I was in a Laogai camp tea farm for about ten years. The women prisoners were forced to plant trees, take care of the plants, and then process the tea leaves into red or green tea. I spent another four years weaving silk and cloth in a Laogai factory. On the surface, it was a textile factory in Hangzhou, but the workers were all women prisoners doing forced labor. In the factory, there were two constant pressures upon us: first was the physical fatigue, I was forced to work very hard for fourteen hours a day. I had to fight exhaustion just to keep from falling into the machines; second was the constant supervision, since we were

told that the products we made were for export to foreign countries, they watched our every move to be sure we made no mistakes. If there were mistakes or someone did not appear to be working hard, we were severely punished. They used ankle fetters, handcuffs, solitary confinement, and other means to punish us.

Today, I often wonder if the tea I drink or the silk I weave comes from a Laogai camp and is made by all those poor Laogai slaves still suffering in China.

Daily, we were assaulted mentally. We were continually brainwashed. We were not allowed to say our prayers or to read the Bible. I remember clearly my first day in the detention center. I knelt down on the muddy ground, bowed my head, and begged to the Lord to give me strength. A warden immediately scolded me, ''Who told you to kneel down? Even at the door of death, you keep up your superstitions. This is a counter-revolutionary activity.'' In the Laogai, we were not allowed to hear and read anything but Communist propaganda. We had to spend two hours every day reading Mao's book and reciting the prison regulations. I remember one sixty-year-old Sister who made a set of small rosary beads out of a thread so it would not be discovered and be confiscated by the guards. This continuous brainwashing helped destroy all human love and was a denial of all basic human rights.

Spiritually, it was a constant struggle. We faced constant despair, and always heard the discouraging and threatening comments of the authorities. A prisoner had to confess her crime everyday, which meant scolding oneself and accusing oneself of being guilty of the greatest crimes against the people and government. Every prisoner was degraded. They minimized their own value of being human. They were separated from their families and society. They were tortured in a dark hell that had no foreseeable end. They fought the despair and hopelessness of thinking that they were to spend the rest of their lives as slaves in the Laogai.

One woman refused to work on Sundays. She would say prayers instead of singing revolutionary songs in front of Mao's portrait. One day, she was dragged out to the field where we were working and beaten to death in front of all of us.

I said the Communists aim was to torture the body and break the human spirit in every possible way and at every possible opportunity. When the warden told me my lovely sister had died, he simply said, ''The People's Government acted humanely . . . it is all over now . . . you should not cry because that's against the rules and it would have a bad effect on the feelings of the others about thought reform''. They succeeded to the point where to many it looked like there was no future and no hope. The prisoners in the Laogai camp were always in a deep depression. I myself prayed to God to let me die. I wanted to die more than I wanted to live because the circumstances were too horrible. Even if you didn't want to continue living under those circumstances, they wouldn't let you die. There was a constant suicide watch.

God sustained us nonetheless. My faith preserved me. God's Grace helped me live through this nightmarish journey. Finally, my prayers were answered. After my parents had written many, many letters to the government from Hong Kong, my husband, my son, and I were allowed to leave the Laogai in December 1978.

Today, I sit before you to take this opportunity to tell you the truth. To tell you the facts as I have myself experienced. But I speak not for myself, but for the thousands of brothers and sisters who are still living this terrible existence. Thank you for listening to my story. I hope that you may better understand the realities of the Laogai through my account of it.

TESTIMONY OF FATHER CAI ZHONGXIAN, LAOGAI SURVIVOR, BEFORE THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS AND HUMAN RIGHTS, APRIL 3, 1995

My name is Cai Zhongxian. I am a Catholic priest.

I was ordained in 1940. I was arrested and charged as a counter-revolutionary in 1953 because of my refusal to cooperate with the Communist authorities and denounce the Roman Catholic Church. I was unexpectedly released without explanation in 1956. It turned out that the Communists hoped that the leniency showed to me would convince me to collaborate with the Party to persuade other Catholics to become members of the officially sanctioned ''Patriotic Catholic Church''. This ''Patriotic Catholic Church'' is nothing more than a Communist puppet organization. When I refused to cooperate, I was once again arrested. I was detained twice for a total of seven years at the Shanghai Detention Center, without charge or trial, until I was finally sentenced to a fifteen-year term in 1960.

I was then sent to a Laogai camp in Jiangxi Province which served as a brick factory. I avoided dying of starvation mostly because I supplemented the rationed food by eating frogs, snakes, and rats.

In 1962, five other priests and I were confined in a six-by-twelve foot windowless room that was filled with four inches of standing water. Despite this ill-treatment and other inhumane conditions, I continued my services as a Catholic clergy. I even successfully converted some of the guards who were charged to watch us to Catholicism.

At the completion of my sentence, I was 62 years old. I was not fully released at that time. The government forced me to accept ''forced-job-placement'' in the Laogai camp because I was originally charged with a ''counter-revolutionary crime''. I knew that a ''forced-job-placement'' assignment meant a life sentence laboring at the Laogai. I labored at the Nanchang Number 4 Prison for eleven years as a ''forced-job-placement'' worker.

In 1981, at the age of 74, I was again arrested for my continued activities as a Catholic priest. I was sentenced to serve another ten-year term as a Laogai slave. In 1988, I was released fully as a token of good will towards Filipino Bishop Sinhemai. I was 81 years old at the time of my release.

I served a total of thirty-three years in the Laogai. I can't begin to tell you how many people disappear completely for every one that survives. Thank you for inviting me here. I hope I have helped you gain an understanding of the Communist government's willingness to use the Laogai to destroy its citizens lives.

EXTENSION OF EXPIRING NATIONAL FOREST SERVICE GRAZING PERMITS PENDING FINAL AGENCY ACTION

HON. WES COOLEY

OF OREGON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 3, 1995

Mr. COOLEY. Mr. Speaker, today I am introducing legislation to prevent bureaucratic delays from hurting working ranchers that graze their livestock on National Forest System lands. My legislation would extend U.S. Forest Service [FS] grazing permits until the FS completes its obligations under the National Environmental Policy Act [NEPA].

Roughly half of the 9,000 term grazing permits issued on 90 million acres of National Forest System lands will expire by the end of 1996. Some of these permits have already expired, and ranchers—by no wrongdoing of their own—have been denied their right to graze their livestock due to bureaucratic red tape. The FS is required to conduct analyses to ensure that permits comply with NEPA, but the sheer volume of work has resulted in the FS's denying to reissue some permits because it is unable to complete NEPA documentation. My bill would extend these permits until the FS completes its obligations under NEPA.

My legislation would ensure fair treatment of law-abiding ranchers. These ranchers ought not be punished because the FS cannot complete its NEPA obligations on time. It is patently unfair that some permits have already been denied reissuance, and thousands of ranchers with permits on the brink of expiration face the same predicament. If the law is going to require the FS to jump through bureaucratic hoops, they ought to have time to do it before the permits of honest, hard-working ranchers are arbitrarily denied.

The ranchers I know hold up their end of the bargain; they are good stewards of the land, they fulfill their obligations, and they have every right to expect the Government to get its job done. They ought not be punished because our nation's environmental laws are unreasonable and inflexible. My bill would extend their grazing permits until the FS completes its NEPA documentation, so that no rancher is denied a permit because of bureaucratic delays.

The FS, to its credit, has expressed a willingness to work out this problem, but actions speak louder than words. The fact is that ranchers are being denied permits, through no fault of their own. That is simply unacceptable and my bill will fix it.

I ask unanimous consent that a copy of the legislation appear in the RECORD after my statement.

H.R. 1375

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

SECTION 1. AUTOMATIC EXTENSION OF NATIONAL FOREST SYSTEM GRAZING PERMITS PENDING COMPLETION OF FINAL AGENCY ACTION.

(a) EXTENSION.—The term of each expiring term grazing permit issued for lands within the National Forest System is hereby extended to cover the period beginning on the expiration date of the permit and ending on the date on which the Secretary of Agriculture completes final agency action in connection with the renewal of the permit. The extension shall apply to the holder of the expiring term grazing permit, subject to the same terms and conditions as apply to the expiring term grazing permit.

(b) EXCEPTION.—Subsection (a) shall not apply if the holder of an expiring term grazing permit is not in compliance with the terms and conditions of the permit at the time the permit is originally due to expire.

(c) ADMINISTRATIVE APPEAL AND JUDICIAL REVIEW.—The extension of expiring term grazing permits under subsection (a) shall not be subject to administrative appeal or judicial review.