

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

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

THE BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

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

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

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

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

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

CHINA AND HUMAN RIGHTS

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

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

death under orders from the local Chinese family planning office.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(By Dr. Yin Wong)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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