

America. That boy was my father who will be 94 years old in a few more weeks. I'm honored and proud to have him here today.

Dad married another Italian immigrant whose family also sought greater opportunity here. My parents made sacrifices for me. They wanted me to have all the benefits of American citizenship. They were proud of their roots but loved America and all it stands for.

Their story is not unique. Many of you in this audience have similar stories—beginning in the peat bogs of Ireland, the ghettos of Poland and Russia, Greek fishing villages, Philippine rice fields, remote African villages, Welsh coal mines, and many other places. Our forbearers found an opportunity and vitality here which enabled us to serve in the noblest of professions. Furthermore, as radiologists, we have been blessed to experience the queen of medical specialties. Think a moment. Would you be here today without the opportunity which is America. I know that I would not be.

Indeed, only in America could such a dream come true.

Following is a profile written about Dr. Marasco describing him as a "man for all seasons."

JOSEPH MARASCO NAMED ACR GOLD MEDALIST

(By Thomas F. Meaney)

A man for all seasons and the College had more than four a year during Joe Marasco's active involvement with the ACR. Not many have borne the pressures of recurring problems and challenges and have led the organization to rational and successful conclusion of events.

During his time on the Council, problems with the financial health of the College were uncovered. We were making decisions based on imperfect data. While things seemed to work well as a mom and pop operation, the sophistication of newer College activities required a change to a solid business footing. One example was that our production and inventories of teaching materials had grown excessively, placing a hidden burden on our finances. Joe Marasco took a leadership role, working with members of the Board of Chancellors and the issue was quickly clarified. His wisdom was apparent to all and he became the first member of the Council to serve on the Budget and Finance Committee. This pervasive insight into financial matters was rewarded by his election to the Board of Chancellors and to the position of treasurer.

But that was just the spring season and an unusually hot summer followed! He was one of the first to recognize that radiology had been ignoring a vital partner in our specialty—the radiological industry. We were interdependent but only casually speaking about our mutual interests and needs at a time when radiology's advances were exploding. We had to work together on a serious basis to reach our goals. This insight led to the formation of the Industrial Liaison Committee and the needed closer interaction of the profession with industry.

If June was warm, August was sweltering. The College offices were in Chicago and the action was in Washington, DC. While we had a superb branch office in Washington with excellent and effective staff, the division of our staff resources and duplication of our facilities could no longer be economically maintained. The only solution was consolidation of offices in Washington where legislators and regulators lived and worked, often on our business.

Moving our operation was not a trivial matter. Questions arose: where to locate and how to pay for it! Joe Marasco played a central role as chairman of the Site Selec-

tion Committee. His previous efforts in forming the Industrial Liaison Committee now came to center stage in planning for financing of a consolidated headquarters in Reston, Virginia. The sum of \$10 million was an unrealistic goal scoffed at by skeptics on the board. The Radiology 2000 campaign began with the solid support of our members and industry. It was Joe Marasco who arranged a pledge of \$1 million from Eastman Kodak which assured success. An amount of \$8.5 million was raised!

A fifth season then arrived with the resignation of our executive director just prior to our move to Reston. Joe Marasco had just assumed the chairmanship of the board. Through his efforts, calm prevailed and a new executive director, John Curry, was named, with Otha Linton as associate executive director.

Fall and spring sometimes merge in Washington. Looking for cuts in Medicare costs, Congress was again considering RAPs. They were intent on placing the specialties of radiology, anesthesiology and pathology (RAPs) in Part A of Medicare, meaning that we would be a hospital service. His testimony before the House Ways and Means Subcommittee on Health was salutary. Calling for a "level playing field" and vowing to help in working out the problems as a partner with the subcommittee, the issue was defused. But fall is dangerous in the Congress as they reconcile the budget. RAPs could get back in. But, under the watchful eye of the chairman, it did not.

Had enough of the seasons? Just one more, a harsh winter. The relationship between diagnostic radiologists and radiation oncologists was not the best. Some were calling for the complete separation of the American College of Radiology and the Association of Therapeutic Radiology and Oncology (ASTRO). Working closely with the president of ASTRO, Joe Marasco and ASTRO President Jerry Hanks agreed to develop a constructive relationship that has resulted in a strong bond today.

Of course, there are pleasant seasons that often go unnamed. Joe Marasco's work with the ACR's self-evaluation project on skeletal radiology in the emergency radiology group was a satisfying contribution and a teaching success to students of all ages. Following his term as president of the ACR, he was elected to the board of the International Society of Radiology and now serves as treasurer.

Somehow, he managed to do many other things in his home town of Pittsburgh, PA—like participating in an active practice of radiology with a residency program, serving as program director and managing partner of his group. Or, take the Pittsburgh Opera, where he served on the board and became president. Or, when he was vice president of the United Methodist Church Union. And, let's not forget his prowess as an eight handicap golfer.

These incredible seasons could only have been weathered with the support, encouragement and devotion of his lovely wife Carrie and very understanding family, friends and colleagues.

572D ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY BATTALION

HON. PAUL E. KANJORSKI

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 10, 1995

Mr. KANJORSKI. Mr. Speaker, on October 6, 1995, a proud group of veterans will reunite in my district in Wilkes-Barre, PA. The reunion

will commemorate the 50th anniversary of their service to their country in World War II. I am pleased to welcome the members of the 572d Antiaircraft Association and proud to bring the story of the battalion known as the Helltracks to the attention of my colleagues.

The 572d Antiaircraft Artillery Automatic Weapons Battalion, Self-Propelled, was activated on June 10, 1943, at Camp Edwards, MA, on Cape Cod. After 3 months of training, fillers arrived from the New Cumberland Reception Center, making the outfit about 95 percent Pennsylvania men. On June 8, 1944, the 572d departed Camp Edwards for Camp McCain, MS, where they spent 4 weeks. Their next stop was Camp Livingston LA, which they left on August 24, 1944, for their last stop in the United States, Camp Shanks, NY.

On September 29, 1944, the 572d set sail aboard the HMS Chitral, an old East India freighter, with its lower depths jammed with bunks stacked four high. After an 11-day voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, which included a submarine scare, the Chitral docked at Greenock, Scotland.

From Greenock trains brought the men to Poole, Dorset, England. From there they marched to Parkestone, making the Sandscotes School for Girls its Headquarters, with the battalion billeted in homes in the neighborhood.

The 572d made its channel crossing on November 26, 1944, landing in the harbor of LeHavre, where they made camp for 6 days. They received orders to march on December 1, 1944, and march they did, crossing northern France in a single day. After V-E Day, May 8, 1945, the battalion regrouped and convoyed its way to Mannheim, where the half-tracks became patrol wagons as the battalion turned into the Security Police for the metropolitan area.

Because of their mental attitude and state of training the Helltracks fought with fury and determination, making all of us Pennsylvanians proud of their role in our victory in Europe.

Mr. Speaker, the history of the Helltracks as excerpted here from the Story of the Helltracks is an inspiring testament to the fighting men and women of World War II. Ninety-five percent of this heroic battalion was from Pennsylvania. Once again, I am pleased to welcome the Helltracks to Wilkes-Barre on the occasion of their 50th anniversary.

TRIBUTE TO THE HONORABLE NORMAN Y. MINETA

SPEECH OF

HON. ESTEBAN EDWARD TORRES

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 27, 1995

Mr. TORRES. Mr. Speaker, I rise to honor NORM MINETA, a great American. In the spring of 1942, Sidney Yamaguchi, a schoolmate of mine, was absent on Monday morning at Soto Street School. The teacher informed us that Sidney was going on a long trip to Utah or Wyoming. I don't recall which State for sure.

After school I walked across the street to the Yamaguchi house to see Sidney and learn more about his move. Too late, the Yamaguchi family was gone. I never saw Sidney again. I later learned from my mother the fate of the Yamaguchi family, they had been

removed to an internment camp for Japanese-Americans.

The incident had a lasting effect on me and throughout my growing up I continued to believe that our country had carried out a grave injustice to Japanese-Americans.

NORM MINETA, much like Sidney, had become a victim of President Franklin Roosevelt's Executive Order No. 9066 which gave the U.S. military authority to take action against aliens. It is important to note that while the Executive order did not mention Japanese-Americans by name, General L. DeWitt, the west coast commander recommended Japanese removal. U.S. Attorney General Biddle had already declared German and Italian citizens living here not to be considered enemy aliens.

With few days to dispose of their possessions, the Mineta family was initially removed to Santa Anita, CA, and later transferred to Heart Mountain, WY.

Those were sad and painful years for our Japanese-American citizens. Our Government was wrong to act in this way against citizens which had manifested no disloyalty, but in fact had contributed so much to the building and the defense of our Nation.

In 1945, the internment camps closed and the Japanese-Americans began the long, sad trek back to the businesses, farms, jobs, and homes they had now lost. There was never an apology, a sign of regret or an attempt of compensation for their losses.

Years after, as a Representative in Congress, I was proud to stand with my colleague, NORM MINETA, and cast a vote on H.R. 442, the bill providing redress and compensation to the many Japanese-Americans who had suffered innumerable losses during their internment. In voting along with NORM MINETA and BOB MATSUI, I felt that I was vindicating Sidney.

NORM MINETA rose to the occasion and courageously guided the critical legislation through troubled waters never relenting against the arguments that it was a money grab that would establish a terrible precedent for the United States. NORM stood in the well of the House and declared:

I realize that there are some who say that these payments are inappropriate. Liberty is priceless, they say, and you cannot put a price on freedom. That's an easy statement when you have your freedom. But to say that because constitutional rights are priceless and they really have no value at all is to turn the argument on its head. Would I sell my civil and constitutional rights for \$20,000? No. But having had those rights ripped away from me, do I think I am entitled to compensation? Absolutely. We are not talking here about the wartime sacrifices that we all made to support and defend our nation. At issue here is the wholesale violation, based on race, of those very legal principles we were fighting to defend.

In the end, the legislation prevailed in large part to NORM's shaking discourse which struck the conscience of the assembled House. Days later, President Reagan sent a letter to the Speaker announcing his change of position on redress. He later signed the act and it became the law of the land. Such has been the leadership role that I remember NORM MINETA best. He stands tall in the defense of civil rights; to this he's never been a stranger. His position on the Civil Rights Act and the Wards Cove amendment reflect his passion for equality.

As the founding chair of the Congress of Asian Pacific Americans, he has become a mentor to the young men and women who follow in his political leadership footsteps.

I am proud to have served with him, to have known his family, to have shared his dreams for America.

HONORING PHILIP COHEN, CIVIC ACTIVIST

HON. E. CLAY SHAW, JR.

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 10, 1995

Mr. SHAW. Mr. Speaker, on Sunday, October 15, 1995, the Northeast Dade Coalition, American Red Magen David of Israel and Admiral's Port Condominium along with the entire community of northeast Dade County, FL, will honor Mr. Philip Cohen for his many years of civic service and outstanding achievements.

Mr. Cohen is a world traveler and has been a successful CPA and businessman all his life, carrying three very diverse portfolios which employed several hundred employees. In addition, Mr. Cohen has earned a place in a Marquis publication, "Who's Who in the USA," as well as in the International "Who's Who of Cambridge, England."

He has taken his business expertise to the local community of northeast Dade County where he resides and is highly regarded. He remains quite active fulfilling his duties as president of the Magen David Adom Blood Bank, he raises funds for the Northeast Dade Coalition of over 80 condominiums, and he writes a monthly column called "Let's Talk Taxes" in various publications. It's hard to believe that this man is considered to be retired.

As a Member of Congress I represent hundreds of condominiums spanning some 97 miles of my district in southeast Florida. Although Miami may be viewed as the retirement capital of the world, I am proud to say that it is involved, dedicated activists like Mr. Philip Cohen who comprise the most active and respected representatives of our senior population in the United States of America. Congratulations to Mr. Cohen and to all of northeast Dade.

PROMOTING WORLD PEACE

HON. BILL RICHARDSON

OF NEW MEXICO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 10, 1995

Mr. RICHARDSON. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to draw attention to the efforts of my constituent the Reverend Eric Schneider of Santa Fe. Eric is a dedicated promoter of fundamental steps designed to foster world peace. I commend and support his efforts to further such a noble cause. More importantly, I call on all Members to read Reverend Schneider's eloquent proposal to ask the United Nations to declare 1999 "The International Year of Forgiveness."

I concur with Reverend Schneider's premise that regardless of one's religious or philosophical view, all people want world peace. As we near the end of one of history's bloodiest centuries, we should actively devote ourselves to

a recognition of the positive role played by human forgiveness. I submit Rev. Eric Schneider's piece titled "Forgiveness: The Last Alternative" for all Members of Congress to consider.

FORGIVENESS: THE LAST ALTERNATIVE

(By Rev. Eric Schneider)

All people want permanent world peace, no matter what they think must be done as the means to that peace. But none of the military, economic, social, philosophical, humanitarian, political or even religious solutions to violence and war have succeeded, as newspapers and news broadcasts show us every day.

These proposed solutions have never gotten to the root of violence and war. It is this: Human beings hold deep, emotionally-charged grievances against members of other races, religions, genders and professions, as well as residents of other nations, and even neighborhoods. And much of our science fiction literature has prepared us to hold grievances against, and be enemies of, any residents of other planets we may contact.

Grievances are judgments that another has done us a wrong, or that others—or even the grandparents of others—have done us wrong. Our response to this judgment is a constant, low-grade feeling of anger that those people are thwarting our intentions to have a good life, or threatening to, by their very existence.

Almost any seeming provocation then becomes a justification for "preemptive" or retaliatory violence against them. This condition exists on every level of human relationship, from family, to community, to planet.

The one practice that cuts through and eliminates grievance of any kind, with anybody, is Forgiveness. But Forgiveness is not some far-off Christian ideal, to be held as a fond wish but highly impractical. Rather, it is a very practical method of resolving grievances and eliminating violence.

Forgiveness is—in this context—the recognition that it is an illusion to think that someone's actions in their own seeming interest are a threat to the quality of your life. (Of course, we're not talking about initiatory military, or other violent, action some group may take, since we are working prior to that stage, to prevent it.)

How we recognize this, it turns out in every case, is to:

(1) Be willing to give up being "right" in our judgments about people. Not to do them a favor, but to promote our own inner and outer peace and happiness.

(2) If this is difficult, then we ask ourselves, "What do I do that's like what I think they did, or are doing?" We will always find an answer. Then we ask, "Am I willing to forgive myself—or ask my God to forgive me—for being human enough to have done that?" When the answer is truly, "Yes," Forgiveness is present and the grievance shortly disappears. Anyone who doubts this simple practice will find it works every time you truly do it.

Let us North Americans—the most powerful military and economic people in history—take the lead in finally bringing peace to our world, by asking the United Nations to declare 1999 "The International Year of Forgiveness." We would invite members of every religious, racial, language, philosophical, political, geographical, trade and age group to forgive members of any other group—or any other individuals—against whom they'd been holding grievances.

To whatever extent we could—over the next 4½ years—educate and convince the people of the world to do this, we could start the next century—the next Millennium—with a globally clean slate for our children