

as a joint venture, with this legislation providing the model program for States to use if they so desire and the private sector picking up the additional costs involved.

Madam Speaker, I hope my colleagues will join me in cosponsoring this important bill whose stated goal is to prevent thousands of people suffering sudden cardiac arrest from dying by making the equipment and trained personnel available at the scene of such emergencies.

AMERICANS WILL STAND WITH THE CUBAN PEOPLE FOR FREEDOM

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from Florida [Mr. DIAZ-BALART] is recognized during morning hour debates for 5 minutes.

Mr. DIAZ-BALART. Madam Speaker, this Independence Day for the Republic of Cuba, May 20, finds the Cuban people still bound and gagged, more than by a Marxist-Leninist, and some have called him a fascist; more than by totalitarianism of those natures, by an Al Caponist, in his essence a gangster, an extortionist who is seeking the almighty dollar at all costs and in all ways.

My community was deeply moved, Madam Speaker, last week when the news, and actually the video taken by the Brothers to the Rescue when they passed over a rock in the Caribbean that belongs to the Bahamas, appropriately named Dog Rock, and we saw a family there, actually it was a group of 14 Cuban refugees, one of them, Rolando Martinez Montoya, a pro-democracy activist, opposition leader and independent journalist. He had been given a visa by the United States to leave with his family in 1995. However, despite the agreement between the Castro dictatorship and our Government, when the Castro dictatorship, every time it wants it, it simply ignores that agreement, and even though his family had been given a visa by the United States to come to our country, the Castro regime simply ignored the visas and did not let them out.

So he in desperation took his wife and four daughters to sea, and they landed on Dog Rock; and we saw last week how Adianet, the 11-year-old daughter of Rolando, died of exposure and lack of water and food on Dog Rock and how his youngest daughter, Camila, 4 years old, also died on Dog Rock.

So that is where the Cuban people find themselves on this Independence Day, having to flee in that type of desperation from a 38-year-old tyranny led by an Al Caponist madman.

We would expect, would we not, Madam Speaker, that the press and the international media might have had the sensitivity to cover the story of the 14 Cuban refugees last week, some of whom died on Dog Rock. No, I did not

see a single story on our networks, national or international.

What I do see is this week, interestingly, there seems to be a little campaign about visit the exotic islands. If we look at this week's U.S. News and World Report whose owner, of course, Mr. Zuckerman, is looking for a deal at a ferocious pace from the tyrant, you will see News You Can Use: Hemingway's Cuba. Go to the mojito at the Hemingway Marina. Smoke a Cuban cigar. The Washington Post, on May 18: Return to a forbidden island. Also, about how Americans can go and visit the exotic nature of the forbidden islands.

The story of Cuba, the story of the discrimination, of the degradation, of the apartheid system imposed by the tyrant on the Cuban people, anyone who does not have access to dollars or is not a member of the hierarchy of the regime, is not a tourist, does not have access to the luxurious restaurants and hotels and the health care centers that are hard cash generators for the dictatorship, but we do not read about that. No. We read about return to the forbidden islands and Hemingway's Cuba.

Madam Speaker, I would insert into the RECORD these infamous stories at the time, at the time that the real story of Cuba is the suffering of its people, the agony of its people, the fact that its people have to seek refuge, even by going to sea, risking the lives of little children, and many of them actually die. That is the real story of Cuba that because of some unwritten conspiracy of silence is simply not reported by the media. That is what we are facing.

But the reality of the matter is that despite the little campaign of visit the exotic islands and another little campaign that is going on, interestingly enough, supposedly, we are supposed to have, according to another little campaign, a prohibition on the sales of medicines to Cuba when our law says, the Cuban Democracy Act that this Congress passed, said that we can sell, American pharmaceutical companies can sell medicines to Cuba as long as the medicines are not used for torture and are not used for reexport.

So, Madam Speaker, we will continue talking about this. It is a dreadful situation, the situation the Cuban people are faced with, but we are going to stand firm, we are going to stand with the Cuban people, and we are not going to lose sight of our objectives. The American people will continue to stand with the Cuban people until the Cuban people are free.

Madam Speaker, I include the following newspaper articles for the RECORD:

[From the Washington Post, May 18, 1997]

RETURN TO A FORBIDDEN ISLAND: IN IMPOVERISHED CUBA, NOTHING—AND EVERYTHING—HAS CHANGED

(By Elinor Lander Horwitz)

Maritza smiles wistfully and passes her tongue slowly over her lips. "The '52's and '53's are best," she says. "Fifty-four was not so good a year, but '55—it was really excel-

lent." She's not talking wine: She's talking Chevrolets.

Parked randomly along a street near the Plaza de Armas in Havana's old city, where she has taken me sightseeing, is a particularly dense grouping of 40- to 50-year-old American cars, predominantly Chevrolets plus one Dodge, an Oldsmobile, a Buick and a Plymouth. These are not rich people's collectibles. They are poor people's means of transportation. Maritza, a Cuban woman whom a friend had urged me to contact, casts a connoisseur's eye on a red-and-white, wide-finned 1953 relic parked next to her midget 1972 Polish-made Fiat. How in the world do the owners get replacement parts? She laughs at my simple-minded question. "We make them, we improvise," she says. "Cubans are very good mechanics."

I feel caught in a time warp. The decaying Chevys—the very ones I might have seen hot off the assembly line more than four decades ago—suddenly take on the status of metaphor for the once elegant, now deteriorating city. This is the second visit my husband, Norman, and I have made to Havana. The first, a few years before the 1950 revolution, was on our honeymoon. I was a college student-bride who longed to go abroad, and Havana was the only patch of abroad we could afford. And it was so easy to get there!

This time we arrived via three tedious flights: Washington to Miami, Miami to Nassau, and Nassau to Havana. With long waits in between. We carried impeccable visas and letters from the U.S. Treasury Department and our sponsoring organization verifying our permission to visit (there are severe restrictions for U.S. citizens trying to travel to Cuba). Norman, a neurosurgeon, was coming as a volunteer with an international relief agency in a program it runs jointly with the Cuban Ministry of Health. He would spend a week conferring with colleagues, examining patients, teaching interns and residents, and presenting research material. I was licensed to tag along. Earlier participants in the program had given us the names of people they'd met here, which is how I came to know Maritza and a number of other engaging Habaneros.

We had always hoped to return to Havana and, according to the laminated Cubana Airlines boarding pass I handed over as I boarded the flimsy-looking old Russian plane in Nassau, the feeling was mutual. "*Cuba te espera*," it said in decorative script. "Cuba is waiting for you." The bright yellow card was decorated with three red hearts.

The 1950s Cuba, under the repressive rule of Fulgencio Batista, had plenty to offer American tourists. It was romantic, and it was glossy! Most people stayed in the pricey and glamorous Hotel Nacional, with its luxurious accommodations, highly regarded dining room and nightclub, and private talcum powder beach. We stayed at the Ambos Mundos on Obispo Street, in the heart of Old Havana.

Hemingway, still very much alive when we first visited the island, had lived in the Ambos Mundos while writing—depending on your informant—either "A Farewell to Arms" or "For Whom the Bell Tolls." We ogled the room he had occupied, dined at the rooftop restaurant where he had often dined, and drank daiquiris at the Florida, which we were assured was his favorite bar. When we had dinner at a sidewalk cafe, ragged children came up to the table and begged for the bread on our table. We gave them that and pesos and smiles, and we told each other it was wrong to be having such a good time in a country where so many lived in unconscionable splendor while others didn't have enough to eat. And then a man with a guitar strolled over to our table and began to sing while we held hands across the table and blissfully dug into dinner.

Maritza is amused by my honeymoon tales. First stop on our 1996 tour is the Ambos Mundos. The hotel was closed for many years and has been in the process of renovation for many more. The place is entirely gutted and a man on the ground is sending a small bucket of plaster up to the fifth floor on a pulley-and-rope contraption. A pamphlet I've picked up says that you can learn about the life of Ernest Hemingway by staying there. "Ambos Mundos Hotel will open up in summer 1996 with 53 rooms of which 4 suites," it promises, but it is now fall, and it still looks like it's going to be a while.

Nearby, in the palace occupied by Batista way back then, is the Museo de la Revolution. There are photographs of the rebels in the mountains, bloody shirts and pants, canteens, rifles, the engine of an American plane shot down over the Bay of Pigs, and other mementos of turbulent times. One display titled in English "The Hall of Cretins," features huge, cartoonist figures of Batista in military garb, Ronald Reagan dressed as a cowboy and George Bush dressed as a Roman senator. Above the figure of Reagan, the caption says, "Thank you cretin for strengthening the Revolution." Bush's caption is, "Thank you cretin for consolidating the Revolution."

In the nearby Plaza de la Catedral, craftspeople hawk costume jewelry, maracas, woodcarvings and other knick-knack. Che Guevara's face appears on key rings, ashtrays and T-shirts. Why doesn't Castro's face appear on T-shirts and key rings? I ask Maritza. "It wouldn't be respectful," she says and it's impossible to determine whether her inflection is dead serious or mocking.

I am trying hard to recapture the city I remember. One afternoon Norman and I journey uptown to peek furtively into the splendidly titled lobby of the Hotel Nacional, fearful of being accosted and asked whether we are paying guests. (Reopened and refurbished after years of being shut down, the hotel is as handsome and crowded as ever.) We gape at the splendid Spanish colonial mansions on the tree-lined avenues of the Vedado and Miramar districts. And then we retreat to the colorful narrow streets and shady squares of Old Havana, where we remember Cubans strolling, singing aloud. Our memories of this are so vivid, it must have been true, although there is no evidence of such today.

West of Old Havana is the Vedado neighborhood and our hotel, the Victoria, which is across the street from a row of picturesquely decaying Spanish colonial mansions, now occupied by many poor families. Up close, things aren't quite so picturesque. Laundry hangs from the windows, balusters are missing from the galleried rooftops, stairs are broken, garden statues are headless, yards are littered with trash. Nothing has been painted or repaired in decades. And venturing out at night onto the darkened, crumbling sidewalks and streets—where hordes of bikes without lights scoot by—is dangerous whether or not you encounter the street crime everyone warns about (we didn't).

Tourism has been revived in Havana, and crowds of Europeans, Asians, South Americans, Canadians and a much smaller number of Americans can be seen in the more celebrated restaurants. There is the luxurious new Melia Cohiba hotel, a joint venture between Cuba and Spain; much talk of further foreign investment in tourism; and work is going on around the clock on a new airport. Baseball games and performances by the excellent national ballet company provide stimulating entertainment, yet information about schedules is difficult to glean.

Restaurant food ranges from so-so to bad. The Cubans we invited to dine with us all

chose paladares—the small, often-excellent restaurants families are now permitted to run in their own apartments. Families licensed to establish a paladar may set up no more than 12 chairs, arranged in whatever grouping of tables they prefer. Some paladares have signs, but most are known only through word of mouth. You ring a doorbell and enter a lobby, push the button for the proper floor and walk into someone's living room, where tables are prettily set and family members graciously rush to serve you.

At one paladar, we are seated on a breezy balcony, overlooking the water. At another, a particularly pleasant three-course dinner with assorted tasty appetizers set up on a small buffet table, a roast lamb entree and dessert of a rich fig pudding costs \$12 a person, including beer and coffee.

These paladares, named for a family-run restaurant dubbed Paladar in a popular Brazilian TV sitcom, are one of the few forms of self-employment now permitted in Cuba. Since they accept payment only in U.S. dollars, paladar owners have the means to buy a wide range of foods at the hard currency stores.

The Hemingway shtick is still going strong here. Several restaurants and bars in the old city claim to have been his favorite. One of these, the tiny, crowded La Bodeguita del Medio, a block from the cathedral, still has ambiance aplenty. Since the 1920s, customers have carved their names on wood paneling, and there's no more space. Above the bar is a blow-up of a scrawled message by the great man himself. "The best mojitos are at the Bodeguita," it reads. "The best daiquiris at the Florida, Ernest Hemingway."

Squeezed into a corner, in full view of this snippet of immortal prose, we order a mojito. It arrives in a tall glass, jammed with what appears to be seaweed but is, in fact, very soggy mint, and filled with a watery rum, lemon and sugar mixture. An undistinguished meal is tossed at us irritably. It is almost heartening to find that there still are tourist traps in Havana.

Just about everything is in short supply in this underdeveloped island country. Everyone is short of soap, and I lift a few tiny bars from the hotel maid's cart and pass them along to my new friends. All food is rationed. Staples—rice and beans—are cheap and abundant, although milk is available only for children under 7. At the Hotel Victoria, the milk is made from powder and manages to be foamy and lumpy at the same time. Meat, chicken and fish are not generally available, and at the time of our visit, the egg ration was seven a month. Each person is permitted one piece of bread a day.

Cubans call this is a periodo especial, a special period that dates from the dissolution of the Soviet Union in 1991 and the sudden cessation of what had been lavish subsidies. Gas, electricity, public transportation—all are in very short supply. When the periodic blackouts occur, not only the lights go out, but also the water, which is pumped by electricity.

The glittering and bustling tropical city I remember is a drab and quiet place today. For decades, there has been no money to maintain buildings and streets. Automotive traffic is light at all times. Gas, at \$4 a gallon, is too expensive for most Cubans, who earn on average \$12 to \$15 a month.

I ask a highly placed government official what he hopes, expects, fears the future will bring if Castro, now a fit-looking 70-year-old, retires? He laughs at the notion of retirement. "When Fidel dies," he says, "people won't be ready for raw capitalism. That's certain. They think they want more free enterprise, but they are too accustomed to free education and health care to ever give that up. It will be some sort of socialism.

"Don't misunderstand," he adds, when I ask about the one piece of bread a day. "Things here are difficult now, but there is absolutely no question that life under Batista was far worse for most Cubans. What you have to recognize is this: Cuba has always had one corrupt form of government or another."

While we are in Havana, everyone is talking about the International Trade Fair, an annual event that showcases products from countries worldwide (72 of them at this fair). Finally, I decide to go to the new exposition grounds outside the city with Roberto, a translator for the medical program that brought us to Cuba. The fair is jammed with people. Cuba is displaying pharmaceuticals, rum and cigars, and there are sparkling new cars from Japan and France, shoes from Italy, tablecloths from Mexico, furniture from Canada and children's clothing from Panama. As Roberto seats himself longingly behind the wheel of a shiny little yellow Fiat mounted on a revolving stand, my eyes falls on an Argentinean food exporter's display of Oreo cookies, Ritz crackers, Libby's Vienna Sausages, Wrigley gum, M&M candies, Kellogg's Frosted Flakes and Froot Loops.

Will Cuban children get to eat Froot Loops despite the U.S. embargo? Roberto rolls his eyes, but declines further comment.

I buy lunch at a sunbaked outdoor cafe, and we dine greedily on a cholesterol nightmare of fried chicken, french fries, beer and ice cream. Four musicians—two guitar players, a man on a bongo drum and another on maracas—suddenly appear at my elbow, grinning with mock flirtatiousness and breaking into the songs their fathers sang to diners in the cafes of Obispo Street in the 1950s: "Besame Mucho" and "Perfidia." I am overcome with nostalgia and tip generously, and they repeat the two songs over and over. And then, with almost manic zest, they break into a long song about Che Guevara.

The next day, at the airport gate, waiting hours for our return flight, we Americans—doctors, missionaries, journalists—exchange stories about the charm of the people we've met and the hardships we've witnessed. No one has answers.

The airport's air conditioning has been turned off to save electricity. Everyone is hot and avid to leave. But everyone wants to return "someday."

"Bring soap," we remind each other. "next time don't forget to bring everyone a few bars of soap."

A NATION FOR ALL TIME

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 21, 1997, the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. GEKAS] is recognized during morning hour debates for 5 minutes.

Mr. GEKAS. Madam Speaker, if we were to take a poll of the American people on the question, should the Government of the United States ever be allowed to shut down, everyone knows that the overwhelming answer would be no, of course not. Perhaps a 98-percent return on such a poll would indicate that response.

Benjamin Franklin and John Adams and George Washington and James Madison and their colleagues in Philadelphia in 1789 established a nation which they conceived to be one that would last for all time, never to be shut down, not even for 5 minutes. Yet, since I have been a Member of the Congress, and it has happened many times