make sure that their losses are accorded the same respect as those associated with accidents over land. Family members should know that their children have value in the eyes of the law. The recent aviation tragedies only highlight the need for prompt action.

IMMIGRATION ESSAY CONTEST

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, each year, the American Immigration Law Foundation and the American Immigration Lawyers Association sponsor a national writing contest on immigration. Thousands of fifth grade students across the country participate in the competition, answering the question, “Why I’m Glad America Is a Nation of Immigrants.”

In fact, “A Nation of Immigrants” was the title of a book that my brother President Kennedy wrote in 1958 at a time when he was a Senator. All his life, he took pride in America’s great heritage and history of immigration. As one of the judges of this year’s contest, I was impressed with the quality of the students’ writing and the pride of the students in America’s immigrant heritage. Many of the students told the story of their own family’s immigration to the United States.

The winner of this year’s contest is Crystal Uvalle, a fifth grader from Pennsylvania. She wrote about her father’s immigrant background and how he came to America 20 years ago. Other students honored for the high quality of their essays were Leif Holmstrand and Eugene Yakubov of Chicago, Samantha Huber of Fredonia, Wisconsin, Alexa Lash of Miami, and Daniel Rocha of Media, Pennsylvania.

Mr. President, I believe these award winning essays from the “Celebrating America” essay contest will be of interest to all of us in the Senate, and I ask that they be printed in the RECORD.

The essays follow:

WHY I AM GLAD AMERICA IS A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS

(By Crystal Uvalle, Grand Prize Winner)

It was about 20 years ago,
A man come here from Mexico.
He sought a better way to live,
And found he had a lot to give.
He didn’t speak a word of English,
So he took a job busing dishes.
To learn his new country’s ways,
He worked and studied everyday.
He made Dallas his new home,
And before he knew it he was in the know.
He worked his way up in that restaurant,
And a lady there, his eye she caught.
She was a native of another state,
And he asked her out on a date.
She liked pierogies and roast beef,
He liked tamales and spicy meat.
It didn’t take long, they were in love,
Then God sent them a baby from heaven above.
I’m so happy for them you see,
That man and woman and I make three.
I’m so happy America let him in,
He’s my father and my friend.

I love you Daddy! __

AMERICA, AMERICA—THEY CAME TO BE FREE

(By Leif Holmstrand, Chicago, Illinois)

I dedicate this song to my Farfar (father’s father), who came to America from Sweden in 1930. His boat arrived in New York, at Ellis Island, where he spent some time. He told my father stories about his trip: friends dying of tuberculosis, lice, over crowding. He went to Nebraska to try farming, but finally settled in Chicago, where he was a fine painter and woodworker.

America, the land of the free;
The immigrants made it strong with their diversity.
First from England, came the Pilgrims, to worship as they pleased,
Next came the Germans, Irish, the French, the Swedes.
The Finns, the Danes, the Polish and Portuguese,
The Welsh, the Dutch, the Scots and the Chinese,
America, America, they came to be free.
The immigrants made it strong with their diversity.

As indentured servants looking for opportunity,
Stolen from West Africa as slaves without liberty,
They came for land, they came for gold.
From tyranny,
War and famine, they fled to this country.
America, America, they came to be free.
The immigrants made it strong with their diversity.

A dangerous, relentless journey across the sea,
The immigrants landed at Ellis Island wanting to be free.
They worked in mines and factories, on farms and railroad.
Men, women, children, they carried a heavy load.
America, America the land of the free.
The immigrants made it strong with their diversity.
The IMMIGRANTS made it what it’s come to be:
The U.S.—proud and free.

America, America, land of the free,
The immigrants made it strong with their diversity.
Mexico, Korea, Bosnia, the Sudan
From Haiti, the Hondurans, Afghanistan.
They’re still coming from many other lands,
They come to America, they want this country.
America, America, from sea to shining sea,
America, America, the immigrants’ country.
America, America, the land of the free.

WHY I AM GLAD AMERICA IS A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS

(By Samantha Huber, Fredonia, Wisconsin)

Africans, coming to America on slave ships Whipped and beaten
No choice.
French, looking for gold and other treasures
Claiming land that was not up for sale
Indentured servants, looking for a new life
Finding it.

America, A nation of immigrants
Spain, France, Mexico, England, Africa condensed into one
Freedom, education, equality, and justice for all
Diversity, teaching us tolerance
Variety
Differences in customs, holidays, foods, games, language, and clothing
Even ideas and thoughts differ

Everyone with a different life story
Giving us a taste of the rest of the world
I’m proud of my country
Glad to live in a nation of immigrants
Accepting and welcoming people of the world.

WHY I AM GLAD AMERICA IS A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS

(By Alexa Lash, Miami, Florida)

I am alone,
Unprotected by the evil that stands before me.
I am alone,
Without home or a road to freedom.
I am afraid.
Walking through the blackened street of fear
I am afraid.
Going to a new world where my language is not spoken.
I am transparent.
I am seeking a place with no one to be my guide.
I am transparent.
People see an ugly girl.
I am new.
Seeing new people who can help.
I am new.
Going to be free.
I am loved,
By my friends who I will trust.
I am loved,
By the family I will miss.
I am leaving.
I am going on the ship to freedom.
I am leaving.
Going to a street of gold.
I am crying.
Saying my goodbyes.
I am crying.
From tear to dangeling tear.
I am forming.
I am becoming a woman on my own.
I am not fear.
I am looking to see who I really am.
I am reaching.
Hearing the call of an eagle.
I am reaching.
Getting closer to the destination I have longed for.
I am observing.
Seeing the ocean bloom into waves along the shore.
I am observing.
Seeing the sun rise and the birds chirp.
I have arrived.
Feeling the warmth of the sand
I have arrived.
In America.

AMERICA

(By Daniel Rocha, Media, Pennsylvania)

America a land of hope,
America a land of freedom.
Immigrants come from far and near.
To taste the freedom we have here.
They come for freedom of religion,
Freedom of speech.
Freedom of press, they come for freedom from dictators and laws.
America a land of freedom.
America a land of family, people come from different lands,
to see their family that lives here.
America a land of family.
America a land of hope.
November 17, 1999

Imigrants who come here, hope for freedom from unfair rules, hope to escape their fears, hope to stop their endless tears, America a land of hope.

America a land of people.

many people

some have similarities, some have differences

some have both

America a land of people.

America a land of different languages

Spanish, English, Portuguese, Scottish

Chinese, Japanese, many languages.

America a land of different languages

America a land of all,

America a land of difference.

America a land of freedom,

On my first day of school I was afraid I

America a land of hope,

America a land of people.

America a land of different languages.

America a land of all.

WHY I AM GLAD AMERICA IS A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS

(By Eugene Yakubov, Chicago, Illinois)

My family came to the United States in 1996 because life in Ukraine was getting worse and was getting worse. There were no jobs, no food, and no money.

My friends' parents didn't have jobs for two years. In America his father got a job right away. Many people left their countries even though they had to change their professions.

In Ukraine my father was a tinsmith. Now he repairs air conditioners. My mom went to "Beauty School.""

It is great that America is a nation of immigrants because when new immigrants arrive they meet people just like them. No one laughs at their English or their misery.

On my first day of school I was afraid I didn't know English. In class I saw children from all around the world. A Russian boy helped me a lot.

In America people have to work hard because life is not easy. This is the country that is built with hard labor.

New immigrants are new-borns in the family. They bring happiness and joy.

I am grateful to America because my parents could find a job, and I may go to school where teachers don't faint because they are hungry.

Once President Kennedy addressed his fellow Americans. I address my fellow immigrants. Don't ask what America can do for you ask what you can do for America, a Promised Land for many of us.

EXECUTIVE CALENDAR

EXECUTIVE SESSION

Mr. SESSIONS. Mr. President, on behalf of the majority leader, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate immediately proceed to executive session to consider the following nominations on the Executive Calendar: No. 271 and No. 274. Further, I ask unanimous consent that the nominations be confirmed, the motions to reconsider be laid upon the table, that any statements relating to the nominations be printed in the RECORD, the President be immediately notified of the Senate's action, and the Senate then return to legislative session.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The nominations were considered and confirmed as follows:

THE JUDICIARY

Ronald M. Gould, of Washington, to be United States Circuit Judge for the Ninth Circuit.

THE JUDICIARY

Barbara M. Lynn, of Texas, to be United States District Judge for the Northern District of Texas.

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I am pleased to support the confirmation of Ronald Gould to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Since 1975, Ron has practiced law at the Seattle law firm of Perkins Coie, specializing in commercial litigation, and the numerous letters of support and recommendation that I have received throughout this long process attest to the high regard in which he is held by the legal community in Washington state.

Ron's admirable professional and academic record, however, alone enough to qualify him for the federal bench, is only a small part of what will make him an asset to the Ninth Circuit. While distinguishing himself professionally, Ron has actively participated in volunteer legal, civic, and community organizations and projects too numerous to recite in full.

In addition to being a former President of the Washington State Bar Association, Ron Gould has served on the historical societies for the Supreme Court and the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, has co-chaired, with Washington state Attorney General Chris-"High School Hall of Fame" for her courage in conquering challenges following an auto accident in which she was seriously injured.

Mr. Gould also has been supported in this and all other endeavors of his life by his mother, Sylvia Gould. She is an active 81-year-old walker and swimmer who justifiably takes some credit for her son's accomplishments since she encouraged him to do well in school and succeed as a Boy Scout.

Mr. Gould graduated the Wharton School of Business and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania with a B.S. in economics. He received his J.D. degree in May 1973, graduating magna cum laude from the University of Michigan Law School where he won academic awards and served as editor-in-chief of the Michigan Law Review. During law school he was honored to have been a part of his journey to the Federal bench.

I would like to highlight some of Mr. Gould's personal history. He married his wife Suzanne more than 30 years ago, and they have two children, their 23-year-old son Daniel, who is also an Eagle Scout, and a jazz saxophone performer and technology student who recently graduated from Stanford University and founded his own Internet business.

Mr. Gould is an advocate for the legal profession, a community booster, a dedicated family man, a Distinguished Eagle Scout, and a man who has overcome much in his personal life to continue to be all of these things. I am honored to have been a part of his journey to the Federal bench.

Mr. President, I am pleased to support the confirmation of Ronald Gould to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Since 1975, Ron has practiced law at the Seattle law firm of Perkins Coie, specializing in commercial litigation, and the numerous letters of support and recommendation that I have received throughout this long process attest to the high regard in which he is held by the legal community in Washington state.

Ron's admirable professional and academic record, however, alone enough to qualify him for the federal bench, is only a small part of what will make him an asset to the Ninth Circuit. While distinguishing himself professionally, Ron has actively participated in volunteer legal, civic, and community organizations and projects too numerous to recite in full.

In addition to being a former President of the Washington State Bar Association, Ron Gould has served on the historical societies for the Supreme Court and the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, has co-chaired, with Washington state Attorney General Chris-"High School Hall of Fame" for her courage in conquering challenges following an auto accident in which she was seriously injured.

Mr. Gould also has been supported in this and all other endeavors of his life by his mother, Sylvia Gould. She is an active 81-year-old walker and swimmer who justifiably takes some credit for her son's accomplishments since she encouraged him to do well in school and succeed as a Boy Scout.

Mr. Gould graduated the Wharton School of Business and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania with a B.S. in economics. He received his J.D. degree in May 1973, graduating magna cum laude from the University of Michigan Law School where he won academic awards and served as editor-in-chief of the Michigan Law Review. During law school he was honored to have been a part of his journey to the Federal bench.

Mr. President, I am pleased to support the confirmation of Ronald Gould to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals.