

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

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, the Finance Committee requests unanimous consent to conduct a hearing on Thursday, March 11, 1999 beginning at 10 a.m. in room 215 Dirksen.

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

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Committee on Foreign Relations be authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Thursday, March 11, 1999 at 10 a.m. to hold a hearing.

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

COMMITTEE ON HEALTH, EDUCATION, LABOR, AND PENSIONS

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Committee on Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions be authorized to meet for a hearing on "Key Patients' Protections: Lessons from the Field" during the session of the Senate on Thursday, March 11, 1999 at 10 a.m.

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

SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON YEAR 2000 TECHNOLOGY PROBLEM

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Special Committee on the Year 2000 Technology Problem be permitted to meet on Thursday, March 11, 1999 at 9:30 a.m. for the purpose of conducting a hearing.

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

SUBCOMMITTEE ON ADMINISTRATIVE OVERSIGHTS AND THE COURTS

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Administrative Oversight and the Courts, together with the House Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Commercial and Administrative Law, be authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Thursday, March 11, 1999 at 2 p.m. to hold a hearing in room 2141 of the Rayburn House Office Building, on "Bankruptcy Reform."

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

STRATEGIC SUBCOMMITTEE

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Strategic Subcommittee of the Committee on Armed Services be authorized to meet on Thursday, March 11, 1999 at 10 a.m. in open session, to receive testimony on ballistic missile defense programs and management, in review of the defense authorization request for fiscal year 2000 and the future years defense program.

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

SUBCOMMITTEE ON PERSONNEL

Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Sub-

committee on Personnel of the Committee on Armed Services be authorized to meet on Thursday, March 11, 1999, at 2 p.m. in open session, to receive testimony on the defense health program in review of the defense authorization request for fiscal year 2000 and the future years defense program.

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

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

RESTORATION OF LITHUANIA'S INDEPENDENCE

• Mr. ABRAHAM. Mr. President, I rise to mark the ninth anniversary of the restoration of Lithuania's independence. I also rise to pay tribute to the Lithuanian people for their perseverance and sacrifice, which enabled them to achieve the freedom they now enjoy.

On March 11, 1990, the newly elected Lithuanian Parliament, fulfilling its electoral mandate from the people of Lithuania, declared the restoration of Lithuania's independence and the establishment of a democratic state. This marked a great moment for Lithuania and for lovers of freedom around the globe.

The people of Lithuania endured a 51-year foreign occupation. Resulting from the infamous Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939, this Soviet occupation brought with it communist dictatorship and cultural genocide. But the Lithuanian people were not defeated. They resisted their oppressors and kept their culture, their faith and their dream of independence very much alive even during the hardest times.

The people of Lithuania were even able to mobilize and sustain a non-violent movement for social and political change, a movement which came to be known as Sajudis. This people's movement helped guarantee a peaceful transition to independence through full participation in democratic elections on February 24, 1990.

Unfortunately, the peace did not last. In January 1991, ten months after restoration of independence, the people and government of Lithuania faced a bloody assault by foreign troops intent on overthrowing their democratic institutions. Lithuanians withstood this assault, maintaining their independence and their democracy. Their successful use of non-violent resistance to an oppressive regime is an inspiration to all.

On September 17, 1991, Lithuania became a member of the United Nations and is a signatory to a number of its organizations and other international agreements. It also is a member of the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, the North Atlantic Cooperation Council and the Council of Europe. Lithuania is an associate member of the European Union, has ap-

plied for NATO membership and is currently negotiating for membership in the WTO, OECD and other Western organizations.

The United States established diplomatic relations with Lithuania on July 28, 1992. But our nation never really broke with the government and people of Lithuania. The U.S. never recognized the forcible incorporation of Lithuania into the U.S.S.R., and views the present Government of Lithuania as a legal continuation of the inter-war republic. Indeed, for over fifty years the United States maintained a bipartisan consensus that our nation would refuse to recognize the forcible incorporation of Lithuania into the former Soviet Union.

Our relations with Lithuania are strong, friendly and mutually beneficial. Lithuania has enjoyed Most-Favored-Nation (MFN) treatment with the U.S. since December, 1991. Through 1996, the U.S. has committed over \$100 million to Lithuania's economic and political transformation and to address humanitarian needs. In 1994, the U.S. and Lithuania signed an agreement of bilateral trade and intellectual property protection, and in 1997 a bilateral investment treaty.

In 1998 the U.S. and Lithuania signed The Baltic Charter Partnership. That charter recalls the history of American relations with the area and underscores our "real, profound, and enduring" interest in the security and independence of the three Baltic states. As the Charter also notes, our interest in a Europe whole and free will not be ensured until Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania are secure.

Mr. President, I commend the people of Lithuania for their courage and perseverance in using peaceful means to regain their independence. I pledge to work with my colleagues to continue working to secure the freedom and independence of Lithuania and its Baltic neighbors, and I join with the people of Lithuania as they celebrate their independence.●

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT CONDON

• Mrs. BOXER. Mr. President, I rise to pay tribute to Robert Condon, one of our nation's leading child literacy advocates, who died last month, tragically, at the all-too-young age of 40. I ask my colleagues to join me in sending condolences to the Condon family.

Robert Condon was a successful businessman, but his true passion was reading. Throughout the 1980s, he took time from his career and family to read to children at local homeless shelters. He understood, far before many Americans did, that reading aloud to children is one of the most effective ways to teach literacy and improve young people's lives.

In 1991, Robert Condon quit his regular job in order to work full time promoting youth literacy. He founded the

non-profit organization "Rolling Readers USA," where he and a small cadre of volunteers read to children in public housing developments, homeless shelters, and schools in the San Diego area.

Robert Condon's passion was contagious and Rolling Readers grew exponentially. Today, it has 40,000 volunteers reading to children in 24 states. Rolling Readers has won acclaim from national organizations, including the International Reading Association and Reading Is Fundamental.

In his short life, Robert Condon touched the lives of hundreds of thousands of children. In his memory, Rolling Readers USA is sponsoring March 27 as a national read-in day, when tens of thousands of volunteers will spend part of their day reading to children, keeping Robert Condon's ideals moving forward.

Mr. President, I encourage all Americans to participate in Rolling Readers USA's national read-in day and to become involved throughout the year to promote youth literacy. Volunteering our time and energy makes a difference and is a fitting way to pay tribute to this remarkable Californian.●

REMARKS BY BETH MACY HONORING SENATOR CLAIBORNE PELL

● Mr. JEFFORDS. Mr. President, I submit for the RECORD the following remarks made by Ms. Beth Macy at an event honoring Senator Claiborne Pell, hosted by the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities (NAICU). Ms. Macy, a former Pell Grant recipient, spoke eloquently about the positive difference that the Pell grant made in her life and the difference it has made in the lives of the students she now teaches. Senator Pell, a statesman committed to education, was visionary in his creation of the grant that now bears his name. The Pell Grant still serves as the very foundation of our federal commitment to postsecondary study and it has helped make the dream of higher education a reality for millions of low-income individuals. I was pleased and honored to participate in this event for Senator Pell.

I urge my colleagues to take the time to read Ms. Macy's remarks. They remind us of why our support for the Pell grant program is important.

The remarks follow:

REMARKS OF BETH MACY

When a friend of mine, a writer who is in her 80s, heard I was going to give a speech about having been a Pell grant recipient, her first reaction was to joke: "Don't do it," she said "Unless they promise to forgive any outstanding loan payments." And then she said: "You always hear about Fulbrights, but nobody ever says how much they appreciated their Pell grants." That was my thought exactly. And it has been my thought since the day I realized just how much the Pell grant has done for me and thousands of other peo-

ple like me. They say the G.I. bill changed America; that thousands of people became the first in their families to go to college, turning education from an elites-only business to a more democratic enterprise. Well, the Pells did the same thing a little later and went deeper, helping more women and minorities than the G.I. bill did. And I say this to you unequivocally because I believe it: Had I not gone to college, I don't think I'd have any of the things I treasure most today—my husband, my sons, my friends, my work, even my psychological well-being.

I am not a rich person now, by any means. I drive a used Volvo station wagon with 122,000 miles. My husband drives to the inner-city school where he works in a 1986 Mustang convertible—with a roof that leaks every time it rains. We live in a three-bedroom, four-square house in Roanoke, Virginia, with questionable floor joists and cranky plumbing. The house was built in 1927, the same year my mother was born. Both my house and my mother have character, as they say of things that charm you and annoy you and sometimes make you laugh. My mother was too poor to go to college, and my father dropped out of school in the seventh grade. He told me once that serving as a cook in World War II was the best thing he'd ever done, but he came home from the war to a life of alcoholism, depression and scattered employment. My three older siblings—whose early-adult years predate the founding of the Pell grant—didn't go to college, either; they didn't even consider it. It was just not something people in our family did. I don't want to give you the impression that we grew up hungry or physically abused; we didn't. But we were afflicted with the most serious side effect of growing up poor: the inability to dream. We felt inferior to the kind of people who took vacations and drove cars that started every time.

A few years ago I was reminded of how small my world used to be before I went away to college. My husband and I were driving my 16-year-old niece, who lives in Ohio, to our house in Virginia—on her first trip across state lines. We stopped in Charleston, West Virginia, to refuel the car and our bellies, when Sara removed her requisite teenage earphones, bolted upright in her seat and gasped, "You mean they have McDonald's here, too?!"

Today I teach personal-essay and memoir writing as an adjunct instructor at Hollins University. I also teach freshman comp and remedial writing part-time at our community college. When any of my students complain that their stories aren't worthy of the written word—or that nothing significant has happened to them—I have them make a list of the defining moments in their lives. To find your plot, I tell them, try to think of one event in your life that has fundamentally changed the way you think and act.

This is mine: I am riding through the flat cornfields of Northwest Ohio on my way to Bowling Green State University. I am in my mom's rusting Mustang, which is packed to the roof with stolen milk crates and cheap suitcases containing my life's belongings: my clothes and books, my Neil Young album collection and my beloved stuffed Ziggy. The year is 1986, and I am 18 years old. I have never seen the beach, nor written a check, nor spent the night any farther from home than Mary Beth Buxton's house on the outskirts of town. As we drive, there are thousands of station wagons packed with thousands of suitcases; thousands of grinding stomachs converging on universities across

the country. As we drive, I'm certain that I'm the only college freshman who fears getting lost, not making any friends, failing courses, being shipped back home. And I know I'm the only one arriving on campus with a lucky buckeye from my Grandma Macy's tree in the pocket of my brand-new too-blue jeans. Courage, as defined by Emerson: having the guts to do the thing you've never done before. The one time I dove off the city-pool high dive, I land flat on my belly. They said you could hear the smack at the tennis courts a quarter-mile away. Sure, I tried something new, but I never climbed that ladder again. In my mom's Mustang, my heart soars and plummets with every mile crossed. I'm excited that I just might break into the ranks of the Official Middle Class, but I fear being found out as the impostor I believe I am. I consider asking my mom to turn around and take me home, but for the life of me I can't even talk. Courage, as defined by me: having the guts to dive in over and over again, until the belly flop becomes a perfect plunge. I climbed back up the high-dive ladder the day I went to college. But I couldn't have done it without the Pell grant, which paid my tuition. To cover room and board, I worked two, sometimes three jobs at a time, and I received several National Direct Student Loans.

This is why last year, on my first night of teaching—after working as a journalist for 12 years and earning a master's degree in creative writing at Hollins—the following people inspired me: Sandy and Teree, sisters who both drive school buses and dream of earning associate's business degrees so they can help their truck-driver husbands start their own company; Amy, a single mom who spoke of what it was like to be diagnosed as having ADD (at age 30) and, with the help of medicine, finally being able to THINK; Charles, who'd recently moved to Virginia from a drug-treatment center in Connecticut, ready to try life without drugs; Beth, mother of four, who said she came to college because she doesn't want her kids to grow up thinking she's stupid; and Randy, a mechanic who came to class without first washing his greasy hands. For our first in-class exercise, Randy wrote about the best job he'd ever had, in construction. His ideas were developed, his examples full of detail. But he didn't have a single period or comma on the page. He said he had no idea where to place a period. "If I get me a computer," he asked, "won't that put in all the periods for me?" Randy wasn't exactly Hemingway by the semester's end, but he did know how to punctuate a sentence. He came to every class early, stayed late and never missed dropping by during office hours to show me his work. He improved more than any student I've ever taught, and I'm told he's still in school—plugging away at "The Great Gatsby" and "Once More to the Lake" after his eight-hour shift fixing cars. He wants to buy his own business, too, and I believe some day he will. He was one of several who stayed late that first night to get me to sign his Pell Grant form.

I know there are people who like to bash Pell grant recipients. About 10 years ago, on our way to cover a newspaper story, a photojournalist friend and I were riding in a company car, when the subject of lost loves and old boyfriends reared its ugly head. The daughter of a doctor, my friend confided that she still pines over one ex-beau in particular—but added that he was not worthy of her angst, on account of, as she put it: "He was a total loser. I mean, he went to college on a Pell grant." Back then I was too