

escaping reality through drugs, alcohol, sex—without-love, making unwanted babies, and turning on each other with violence.

Drugs, especially crack, have reached epidemic proportions among our youth. We must crack down on crack. We must meet the challenge of raising the price and value of life everywhere. What difference does it make if the door of opportunity swings wide open when you are too drunk or too high to through?

What difference does it make if you have an old school book or a new book, if you open neither. In our homes and churches we must teach by word and by example, that drugs are morally wrong, physically destructive and will kill you. Will power must replace pill power if we are to face the future and its difficulties head-on and overcome all obstacles. During these hours of crisis. We must reject premature death and reaffirm life. We must turn to each other and not on each other. The Bible says that "without vision the people perish."

There are no quick and easy solutions to the problems before us. Problems of public safety, a need for more housing and jobs for the unemployed; a need to better educate our children and recognize the importance of job training programs; expanded economic development, more cultural and recreational opportunities for the young and old, and the need to recognize the importance of the family, religion, justice and peace. A major part of the solution to these problems rests with a public administration that is thorough, honest, meticulous and responsible. A government that will form a meaningful partnership with the private sector. A government serving the people and not a government serving the people in government.

Government can and must work. It must work for those who have entrusted their faith in us. It must work for the poor and disadvantaged. Government must prove fiscally and programatically sound for struggling taxpayers. In this administration, we will have the courage to change those governmental functions requiring change and the courage to accept those governmental functions not requiring change. The job of moving Newark forward to take its rightful place among the great cities of this nation will not be achieved overnight, or in one year. Progress may at first be slow.

There will be pain and gains, setbacks and cutbacks, regress and progress. But, I assure you that as Mayor, there will be a change. I call upon every citizen, every block leader, district leader, ward councilman, councilperson at-large, elected official, clergy and business people to join me in a partnership for a new Newark. One that will offer new vision, new hope, and a better way of life for all citizens.

The philosophy of the James administration will be to come to work early and leave late; to demonstrate self-discipline and the disposition to make some sacrifice for the common good. We are dedicated to the principle that one man, one woman can make a difference.

We stand on the shoulders of great men and women whose dreams and struggles have brought us this far. Men and women such as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Rosa Parks, John Kennedy, Paul Robeson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Adam Clayton Powell and Harry Truman, who stated, "the buck stops here!". One man, one woman can make a difference.

In this administration we will select men and women to serve in government who are qualified to do their job. They will remain on the job and be promoted based on the quality of their performance. No employee will be required to participate in political ac-

tivity. City Hall will function as a business, and not as a social or political club. We will encourage proper dress codes, good telephone manners and will insist on sound and courteous relations with the public. Our function is to provide services not excuses. Performance not promises. We will establish a code of ethics to govern the conduct of all key officials in this administration.

We will ask large and small businesses to share in the responsibility of keeping their property free of litter. We will ask the young and old not to use our streets and sidewalks as a waste paper basket. Pride in Newark begins with pride in self.

Pride in throwing grass seeds, and in growing grass. Pride in not littering and not loitering. Pride in taking care of our family... our personal family... our community family.

Last week, I presented to the distinguished members of the Newark Municipal Council a plan for reorganization. This plan will save valuable tax dollars, consolidate responsibilities, establish clear lines of communication and improve our delivery of services. A plan for a better administration, a better city.

For too long we have looked for financial help from Washington, D.C. or the Office of the President. For too long we have looked to Trenton for miracles. In this administration we will accept the challenge of doing more for ourselves.

Without one additional federal dollar, we can sweep in front of our homes. Without one additional federal dollar, we can clean our vacant lots. Without one additional federal dollar, we can paint, repair and improve our homes and apartments. Without one additional federal dollar we can declare war against graffiti, and respect the rights and property of others. We can fight drug abuse.

With the possibility of the Gramm-Rudman bill becoming a reality and no "big brother" watching over us in Washington, we must accept the challenge of doing more for ourselves—the challenge of doing more with less.

We in government must never forget from whence we came. When we are right we want to hear from you. When we are wrong we want to hear from you also.

I can hear the words of Lord Chesterfield in *Letters to My Son*, written in 1853: "The galleries are full of critics. They play no games. They fight no fights. They make no mistakes because they attempt nothing. Down in the arena are the doers. They make mistakes because they attempt many things. The man who makes no mistakes lacks boldness and the spirit of adventure. He is the one who never tries anything. He is the brake on the wheel of progress."

We will make mistakes, because we are doers. We have entered the arena for a Sharpe change.

Both sweat and tears are wet and salty, but progress comes through sweat in ways that it will never come through tears. Tears will gain you sympathy, but sweat will allow you to make progress. We must pursue academic and more excellence. For, if we stress a moral force and a passion for excellence, we can overcome all odds. We can lift ourselves with our minds and morals.

We need social, economic and political change. But, let the change begin today, and let it begin with you and me! Let us vow together that we will excel... We will push for moral, academic, social and political excellence—even against the odds.

If we do, we can win. If we do, we can make a difference! In looking back, I decided to forfeit a council at-large seat to run for the Office of Mayor. I decided to risk what I had based on my belief in a better Newark. For the only way to protect a true

democracy is to continue to challenge those in office. For there is always room at the top for those who dream great dreams and have the courage of their convictions.

We won because of you. We won against all odds. We won because of the need for a Sharpe change.

Together we have dreamed great dreams. Together we must march to solution. Together we stand, divided we fall.

I need your help. Without you there can be no me... no city... no hope. With you as my partner in progress, there will be visible, viable and meaningful change... a better city for all citizens!

As I close, I am reminded of the words of the great American poet, Robert Frost, who wrote so eloquently:

The road is lovely, dark and deep,
and I have many promises to keep,
and miles to go before I sleep,
and miles to go before I sleep.

This is reminiscent of JFK inaugural!
Thank you and may God bless you all.

SOUTH AFRICA AFTER 6 YEARS OF CONSTRUCTIVE ENGAGEMENT

HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, August 5, 1986

Mr. RANGEL. Mr. Speaker, on June 18, the U.S. House of Representatives passed the Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986. An endorsement of full, immediate sanctions and divestment, the bill calls for an end to American trade with South Africa, and a withdrawal of American investment within 6 months. Only strategic mineral imports are exempted from the trade embargo. The bill bans the sale of krugerrands and revokes landing rights to South African aircraft except in emergencies. It also prohibits claiming tax credits or deductions for income connected with South Africa.

H.R. 997, the Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986, is the most unequivocal piece of legislation Congress could have devised. Its demand for total economic disassociation from South Africa is as forceful a signal as we can send. The House has already indicated its approval of the bill's provisions. It is now up to the Senate to determine its passage.

In the last 20 months, over 1,600 people have been killed and 38,000 arrested in growing anti-apartheid protests. In the last 3 months, the daily death rate has nearly doubled. And most recently, the South African Government responded to the escalating crisis by declaring a nationwide state of emergency, giving the country's security forces virtually unlimited powers outside the realm of the courts.

South Africa has made it legal to shoot people on sight, to arrest, search, and detain without warrant. Access by lawyers to those in jail has been prohibited. Public protests, opposition newspapers, and any remarks the Government arbitrarily deems subversive have likewise been banned. And in the few weeks immediately following imposition of this de facto martial law, some 4,000 opponents of apartheid have been arrested.

South Africa is at flashpoint, and the next several months will determine the country's future. The House's early approval of the Anti-Apartheid Act was made possible because the

sense of urgency was understood. House members voted on the conviction that the United States can be instrumental in influencing the South African Government's choice of direction—toward new negotiations or increasing bloodshed.

The Senate could claim that the apartheid regime has already made its choice, that it is slowly but steadily liberalizing the Nation, and that U.S. interference would only strengthen the arguments of extremists in the Government and thwart the cause of genuine reform. Apologists could point to the decision to allow mixed marriages, the outlawing of forced removals of blacks from forbidden areas, and the recent abolition of the pass laws that regulated blacks' movement.

These technical reforms were hoped to be enough to placate the international community to which they were really offered in the first place. But none of the reforms have changed anything for the 24 million blacks living oppressed and disenfranchised in South Africa. They were never intended to. Reforms that strike at the core of apartheid have not been considered, and even the peripheral reforms of which the South African Government so proudly boasts have had little discernible impact. The reforms were designed more for South African public relations than for the blacks themselves, and so their implementation has been predictably ignored.

Perhaps what we should do is shudder at a society so inhuman that the granting of such basic rights as freedom of movement and marriage can be hailed as great reforms. Perhaps what we should say is that we have supported and accepted this injustice for long enough. Perhaps we should refuse to have our money or trade linked with South Africa in any way.

It would be easy for the Senate to affirm its commitment to the principle of sanctions while restricting trade and investment only minimally. Reasonable, practical considerations could dictate its reasonable, practical judgment: The harshness of a full embargo and divestment, the financial impact on United States investors, the tremendous favor we do for South African blacks by giving money to the society that dehumanizes them.

It might be easy. "Prejudice is never easy, until you can justify it with reason," it was once said. But there is no reason in apartheid. There is no reason in the subjugation of a people because of the color of their skin. There is only hatred, and it cannot be easy for the United States to knowingly take part in such racism. Every dollar of our investment in South Africa, every dollar of our trade makes us culpable in the outrage that is taking place there.

We must not continue to bolster the apartheid economy and regime with U.S. money. Every antiapartheid leader and organization with popular support in South Africa has called for economic sanctions against the Government—Archbishop Tutu and Rev. Alan Boesak; the ANC and the United Democratic Front; the South African Council of Churches and the Southern African Catholic Bishops Conference; the labor federations COSATU and CUSA. The World Council of Churches and the British Commonwealth's Eminent Persons Group have both issued similar appeals for concerted international action. In the United States, action has been taken by some 17 states, 45 cities and counties, and 75 col-

leges and universities, resulting in the divestment of over \$12 billion from firms doing business in South Africa.

In the Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986, this growing public outcry is finally recognized by decisive legislation. Total economic sanctions and divestment are the sole remaining means through which the United States can influence South Africa. They are the last hope for peaceful settlement in that burning and bleeding country. And they are the only way the United States can finally make clear which side it is on, and how much justice really means to us after all.

CANCER COULDN'T WHIP J.D. MAARLEVELD

HON. MARIO BIAGGI

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, August 5, 1986

Mr. BIAGGI. Mr. Speaker, J.D. Maarleveld is 24 years old. He stands at 6 feet, 5½ inches and weighs 300 pounds. J.D. recently was selected as a fifth-round draft pick with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, and signed a 1-year contract worth \$200,000. What is so great, so special about that? J.D. Maarleveld is a cancer survivor, having been diagnosed and successfully treated for Hodgkin's disease over 4 years ago.

An article about J.D. recently appeared in *People* magazine. I wish to share with my colleagues his courageous and inspirational story. He has fought cancer, and is now battling to gain acceptance in the National Football League. His story follows:

CANCER COULDN'T WHIP TAMPA BAY'S J.D. MAARLEVELD; NOW HE'S MAKING SURE THAT THE NFL GETS THE MESSAGE

(By Jack Friedman)

Rutherford, N.J., a suburb of New York City, lies at the bitter end of Route 17. It is mostly working class and largely Italian. On Park Avenue is a neighborhood deli called Jonny Bacc's. J.D. Maarleveld's parents own Jonny Bacc's, which is lucky for both them and him. J.D. stands 6' 5½", weighs 300 lbs. and considers eating to be an inalienable right.

The Maarlevelds are a close-knit family. So when J.D. strolled into the deli one afternoon this summer, he found his mother, Marianne, behind the register and his Uncle Steve working the counter. There were also plenty of friends around, including a little guy who wandered up and playfully threw a punch at J.D.'s arm. J.D. playfully threw one back. "Oh, Jeez," said the little guy, whose arm was instantly paralyzed.

Maybe the 24-year-old football player didn't know his own strength. Or maybe he was angry.

"Angry?" says J.D., who, when he sits down, makes tables and chairs look like doll furniture. "Not really." Not really? Come on, J.D., out with it. "Ah, yeah," he says finally. "I'm pissed off. I don't understand why people lie to me. They keep saying my cancer is no problem to them."

It started back in 1982, when J.D. had just finished his sophomore year at Notre Dame. He was in Rutherford that weekend, visiting a girlfriend, when he suddenly became violently ill. He lay on the couch, delirious with fever, vomiting. The girl started to panic. She called J.D.'s mother, who said to put J.D. in the car and bring him home. But J.D. was too big to move. So Marianne and

her daughter, June, rushed over to the girl's house. They still couldn't budge him, so they summoned J.D.'s father. Finally the four of them were able to get him to the emergency room of St. Mary's Hospital in Passaic. At first pneumonia was suspected. But then X rays were taken, and doctors noticed a suspicious mass. So J.D.'s chest was cracked open, and a malignant tumor the size of a man's fist was removed.

"I'm happy to tell you J.D. has Hodgkin's Disease," the doctor told Marianne Maarleveld, who immediately became hysterical. "You're happy?" she shrieked. "This is my kid!" Of course what the doctor meant was that Hodgkin's Disease is a slow-moving cancer with a 75-percent cure rate if caught early enough. So it was good news. But the Maarlevelds went to pieces before they were able to pull themselves together. "It was the weirdest thing," says J.D. "The roles totally changed. It was the first time I saw my father cry. My mother became the strong one."

At least that's how it seemed. "I never cried in front of J.D.," says Marianne. She did her crying in private. She prayed constantly. "For a year we had no sex life," says John Maarleveld, J.D.'s father. "I had to yell at her to keep the goddamn rosary beads out of our bed."

As for J.D., he stayed calm. "You need a positive mental attitude to get through cancer," he says, "so I never thought about dying. I thought about getting better." He had plenty of incentive: Gerry Faust, then the Notre Dame football coach, told J.D. he would be back at offensive tackle as soon as he beat the cancer. "We were on the phone to Gerry Faust on a weekly basis," says Marianne. "He'd say, 'How's my boy doing? I can't wait till he gets back.'"

J.D. endured the month of radiation treatments that made him feel like a broiled lobster. He endured the weekly chemotherapy sessions that seemed to be every bit as bad as the disease itself. "For a day after, I'd be throwing up, passing out, sick as a dog," he says. But the moment the weakness passed and the nausea left him, he'd head right over to Johnny Bacc's. "My Uncle Steve would make me the biggest, greasiest omelet. I'd eat it, then I'd go work out." J.D. forced himself to eat. He forced himself to pump iron. Throughout the entire ordeal he lost only 35 lbs.

After a year the doctors pronounced him clean. The cancer was not in remission. It was gone. The odds of it coming back were 100 to 1. Because of his prodigious eating and workout schedule, J.D. was still close to his football weight of 305. Marianne Maarleveld called Coach Faust with the good news that J.D. was ready to return. Then Faust delivered the crusher: There was no place on the team for J.D. "He said, 'Mrs. Maarleveld, how many people do you know who've had cancer and come back to play football?' He'd lied to me all that time." When J.D. heard the news, he simply could not believe it. He had to call Faust himself. "He told me I'd been out of football too long, that he didn't think I could make the comeback," says J.D. "He suggested I try a Division II school."

Instead, J.D. transferred to Maryland, where he was given a full football scholarship. "Coach Bobby Ross and offensive line coach Ralph Friedgen were great," says J.D. "They told me I could be as good as I wanted to be." And when he looked inside himself, J.D. noticed there was something new. Something that hadn't been there at Notre Dame—fire. As a mother, Marianne had noticed it too. "J.D. was a very lovable, sweet, sensitive child," she says. "You couldn't holler at him. I used to hope he'd