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HONORING WORLD WAR II VETERANS AT VILLA NUEVA SENIOR PARK, PICO RIVERA, CA

HON. ESTEBAN EDWARD TORRES

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TORRES. Mr. Speaker, I rise to recognize the men and women who served in the U.S. Armed Forces during World War II. These brave men and women fought to protect the freedoms and liberties enjoyed by every citizen of this great country. It was only 50 short years ago that they battled to end the rule of tyrants and dictators throughout the world.

Men and women across this Nation unselfishly answered the call of our Nation to go to war. I commend these individuals for their patriotic deeds in our Nation's time of need. We are proud of our veterans who have defended the United States of America.

On November 9, 1995, the Villa Nueva Senior Park of Pico Rivera, CA, will join thousands of ceremonies across the country in concluding our commemoration of the 50th anniversary of World War II. Mr. Speaker, it is with honor and privilege that I ask my colleagues to join me in saluting the veterans of Villa Nueva Senior Park to whom we owe a tremendous debt:

Serving in the U.S. Army; Edward Austin, Ed Baker, Grant P. Ellibee—also served in the U.S. Marine Corps, Albert Ely, Irving Fink, Frances Galyon—Army Nurse Corps, Eloy Gomez, Joe Goulet, Ernie Montes, Mac Nakata, Joe Oliver, Herman Oushani, Anthony Palucci, Benito Perez, Charles Perry—Army Air Corps, Harold Phillips, Hank Romines, Frank Ruiz, Jules Sharff—Army Air Corps, Robert W. Smith, Barry Snavelly, Andrew Varonin and Cecil E. Waddington. Serving in the U.S. Navy; Gus Garcia—Navy Submarine, Ed Gold, Warren Van Wie, George Weber and Dean Yates. Serving in the U.S. Marine Corps; Barbara Ellibee, Helen Hawk, and Gloria Trujillo.

TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN'S EXCHANGE

HON. JAMES M. TALENT

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TALENT. Mr. Speaker, it is with pleasure and a great degree of pride that I draw to your attention the accomplishments of the Women's Exchange, a volunteer organization in the St. Louis area, dedicated to the mission of helping others help themselves.

Established in 1883, the Women's Exchange was founded by a group of volunteers to help women support themselves and their families by working out of the home. In an era when males dominated the work force, the Women's Exchange provided a marketplace where creative women could display and sell

their products, while still allowing them to be at home to educate and raise their children. The organization also offered working women inexpensive lunches, and a library of resources, all in an effort to enable women to earn their own living and provide an atmosphere to change the tide.

Over the past 112 years, the need has not subsided nor has this organization's fine service and devotion to quality. They remain faithful to the founders' mission to help people help themselves by continuing to provide training and quality materials to their consignors. Approximately 100 families are supported by Women's Exchange consignors, many of whom receive up to 100 percent of the profit from the sale of their goods. Today, under the direction of president Mary Fort, the St. Louis Women's Exchange is the largest chapter in the National Federation of Women's Exchanges. They now operate a tearoom in addition to the gift shop which helps attract customers for the consignor merchandise and generates income to maintain the shop's excellence and professionalism.

Mr. Speaker, it is an honor and a privilege for me to recognize this fine organization. I commend the Women's Exchange on its first 100 years of service and dedication to the St. Louis community and wish them well on 100 more.

TRIBUTE TO THE SHELDON FAMILY AND REID-SHELDON & COMPANY

HON. SHERWOOD L. BOEHLERT

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. BOEHLERT. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor and pay tribute to those who have served us in so many ways: the Sheldon family and Reid-Sheldon & Co. in New Hartford, NY.

On November 7, 1995, Reid-Sheldon celebrated 150 years of successful business endeavors. By donating 10 percent of its sales on that day to charity, the Sheldon family maintains the store's fine tradition of sharing its fortune with the community since 1845. What started as a country harness shop has emerged as a successful luggage and leather goods store.

I submit for my colleagues history of Reid-Sheldon, written in 1945 by Artemas Barnard Sheldon whose grandfather, Ebenezer, was its founder. It is not simply a profile of one store in one locality, rather it is a welcome and unique perspective on hometown enterprises—the backbone of American business—across our Nation:

THE SHELDON BUSINESS

In giving an outline of the Sheldon business I could start with a certain Isaac Sheldon who our records show was living in Massachusetts in 1629. However, I do not know what his trade was so I will stick to the men of the family who I do know were leather workers.

My grandfather, Ebenezer Sheldon, was born in Bernardston, Massachusetts, in 1796. He learned the trade of harness maker and in 1825 migrated to the village of Burlington, New York, where he operated a country harness shop.

The city directory of 1840 shows that he had a harness shop on Catharine Street. In

1845 he had as his partner his oldest son, George, and the firm name because Ebenezer Sheldon & Son. Their store and shop was located at that time at 45 Genesee Street and there it stayed with some enlargements for eighty-five years.

In the early fifties the firm became Moore & Sheldon, Ebenezer having taken his son-in-law, LeGrand Moore, into partnership.

My own father, Artemas H. Sheldon, the youngest of eight children, was born in 1836 shortly before my grandfather moved his family to Utica. He learned the trade of harness maker and assumed his father's interest in the business in 1862.

In 1880 the firm name was again changed to Moore, Sheldon & Company when Mr. Moore's son-in-law, Robert H. Reid, was admitted to the firm.

My father died in 1899 when I was eighteen years old, and I represented my mother's interest in the firm until her death in 1917.

At that time I became a partner, and the firm name was changed to Reid-Sheldon & Company under which title we still operate.

I was married in 1901 just after I had passed my twenty-first birthday. My wife and I have been blessed with three children, a daughter and two sons.

My daughter, Rosemary, graduated from Cornell University in 1925, and my older son, Robert, was graduated from the Syracuse University the same year.

In 1928 Mr. Reid died very suddenly and my son, Robert, took over his interest and became my partner in the business.

It was in this year of 1928 that I was elected this executive secretary of the National Luggage Dealers Association, which position I still hold. My daughter who had taken a secretarial course after leaving Cornell was my secretary until her marriage in 1932.

My younger son, Richard, on completing high school came into the store as a salesman and is now serving in the Navy as a second class petty officer. His place will be here when he comes back.

My son, Robert, was married in 1933 and has four children, two girls and two boys. For a number of years they lived on a farm located about ten miles from Utica in a large old house built in 1797 and dating back to the days of George Washington and DeWitt Clinton.

During this year he purchased a comfortable home in Utica about two miles from the store in order to give his children easier accessibility to the public schools. He has, however, kept the old farm as an "ace in the hole" should we ever go through another period like, what I term as "the terrible thirties".

In 1930 about two years after the death of Mr. Reid we left the old store at 43 and 45 Genesee Street, where we had been for eighty-five years, and moved to our present location at 241 Genesee Street, a section given over to better class specialty stores.

Up to the time we moved uptown we had always maintained a harness department.

During my early days in the store this was the most important part of our business. We specialized in fine coach harness and track harness. These were always made to order, and during the years that preceded the coming of the automobile we employed a dozen or more mechanics.

As the demand for harness decreased other lines of merchandise were added. While we had always carried trunks and hand luggage, it had been a minor part of our business.

Now we were forced to expand our lines of luggage, and to gradually feel our way into kindred lines such as Personal Leather Goods, Ladies Hand Bags and Gifts.

When we move to our present location we were obliged to discontinue the harness shop, but as it was necessary to maintain a repair

department for luggage we took our oldest employee with us.

The life story of this particular man is unique because it is so different from that of the present day worker.

Joe Fairbrother came to work for my father as an errand boy when he was about twelve years old. Eventually he learned the trade of harness maker. He never worked for anyone else but my father and me for a period of over fifty three years.

He raised a family of eight children, owned his own little home in the west end, near where he was born. In later years he had a comfortable camp in Oneida Lake and an automobile which he never drove himself.

His wages never exceeded thirty dollars per week. He often told me "This job has never been a good paying one, but it has been d-n steady". When he passed away some years ago after a lingering illness, it was like losing a member of the family.

It may be of some interest that his granddaughter has been my secretary for ten years, and it is the only position she has ever held.

Our present store is now managed by my son and partner, Robert Sheldon, who has been with me for nineteen years. When the war is over my younger son will again resume his place with us.

I often wonder when I look back over almost fifty years in the harness and luggage business just why young men with fine college training decide to engage in business that shows so little opportunity for financial gain.

What has happened in our own partnership is only one of many such instances that I know of when young men with good educations have elected to follow the retailing of Luggage and Leather Goods as their life work.

Surely there must be some spirit of romance in handling fine leather goods for I see no other reason.

Why this little history of our family's business should be of interest to any one is hard for me to understand. There are probably scores of other small businesses that have equally long and honorable records.

The only unusual thing about it may be that for over one hundred years the name "Sheldon" has appeared first over a harness shop which eventually became a Luggage and Leather Goods Store and still continues.

The fourth generation of Sheldons is now in charge of our store. Possibly if one of my grandsons follow in his father's steps, we may yet crow about a fifth generation in this one business. Only time will tell us that.

At any rate I am sure that my partners grandfather and great-grandfather, though he had never seen either of them, are as proud as I am of the present management, and the manner in which it has maintained and added to the reputable standing of our firm in this our home community.

RACE RELATIONS

HON. LEE H. HAMILTON

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. HAMILTON. Mr. Speaker, I am inserting my Washington Report for Wednesday, November 8, 1995 into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

THE STATE OF RACE RELATIONS

The verdict in the O.J. Simpson trial and the Million Man March in Washington have

refocused national attention on the state of race relations in America today. Both events show that race continues to be one of the more intractable and troubling issues facing our country.

SIMPSON VERDICT

The reading of the verdict in the O.J. Simpson trial was a remarkable event. For one brief moment all Americans stopped what they were doing to hear the result. The reaction of the public to the verdict was just as striking. Most white viewers were stunned by the acquittal, thinking the evidence against Simpson was overwhelming. Many black viewers, in contrast, reacted to the verdict with joy and celebration. They believed Simpson had been framed by a rogue, racist police force.

The trial was extraordinary. Most murder trials last a week or less, not nine months, and don't involve a national celebrity and a worldwide television audience. We can talk about keeping TV out of the courtroom or reforming the rules of evidence, but we should be very careful about changing our criminal laws based on such an unusual case.

The most disturbing aspect of the trial was how differently blacks and whites reacted to the verdict. Both races appear to want the same things from our justice system—safe neighborhoods, drug-free schools, and the like—but disagree about how the system is working today. Whites generally view the system as basically fair and give high marks to local law enforcement, but say too many criminals get away with their crimes. Blacks, however, tend to think the system is biased against them and geared to lock away young black males. They believe law enforcement is racist.

Blacks often say that the high incarceration rate for black males reflects the fundamental unfairness of the system. One in three black males in their twenties has been in the care of the criminal justice system. Blacks, who make up 12% of the population, make up more than half of all people convicted of murder; blacks are also disproportionately victims of murders. Many whites respond to these statistics by saying relatively more blacks are in jail because relatively more blacks commit crimes, not because the system is inherently racist.

The basic challenge is to build confidence in the criminal justice system across racial lines. We should be able to agree on certain basic points. On the one hand, racist conduct by law enforcement cannot be tolerated. On the other hand, racism, past or present, cannot be raised as an excuse for violent conduct. Criminals, whether black or white, must be punished for their crimes.

MILLION MAN MARCH

The second event which stirred much debate on race relations was the Million Man March. The avowed purpose of the rally, which attracted over 400,000 black men to the U.S. Capitol last month, was for black men to rededicate themselves to family, personal responsibility and community. The event was an impressive gathering, marked by a sense of purpose and comradeship. Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan, who organized the event and pulled it off without incident, has established himself as a leading voice for black America.

The Million Man March sent out an equivocal message. The rally showed there is much common ground between blacks and whites. In some ways, it was a march about dignity, pride and respect. Many of the speakers talked about self-help and self-discipline; the importance of family and education; and the scourge of drug use and crime, particularly among young people. I hear many of the

same issues discussed approvingly at my public meeting in Indiana.

The rally, however, was also about racial division and separation. Minister Farrakhan spoke of a more perfect union, but he is a controversial figure; he is seen in many quarters as a bigot and an anti-semitic, someone who stokes racial fears and animosities. To most Americans he is more a symptom of our ills than a physician who can heal them.

ASSESSMENT

White and black America continue to drift apart. Many blacks feel aggrieved. They observe that black incomes are still only 60% of white ones; black unemployment is more than twice as high; and more than half of black children live in poverty. They say whites have lost interest in their plight, cutting federal programs that benefit their communities and curbing affirmative action programs that have created educational and job opportunities. The response of a growing number of blacks is not a call for more integration with white America, but separation and self-help.

Many white Americans, for their part, feel a different kind of frustration. They say this country has spent billions of dollars on fighting poverty, particularly in black communities, but poverty rates remain persistently high. They complain that affirmative action programs take jobs and college opportunities from deserving whites. They say blacks should take more personal responsibility for their actions, rather than look to the government for help. They often believe, mistakenly, that the average black is faring better than the average white in terms of access to housing, education, jobs and health.

We can argue all day about the causes of this separation—the lack of economic opportunities; racism; the burden of history; the rise of illegitimacy and single parent families—but the question Americans must answer is whether this trend toward separation is desirable. I think it is not. This country will not prosper if we do not work together to create opportunities for all of our citizens.

Sometimes I get the impression that blacks and whites live on two different planets. Both events, the trial and the march, caution that we must bridge the great divide between the two races. We must talk frankly, listen carefully, and work together across racial lines. We must talk less about separation and bitterness, and more about unity, reconciliation and shared values. We must reach out to people of different races and provide opportunity for all persons to make the most of their lives. Government can help by pursuing fiscal policies that promote job creation, enforcing anti-discrimination laws and supporting programs that are pro family—but reconciliation will mainly come through individual contacts. We should not tolerate the existence of two Americas.

NATIONAL HOME HEALTH CARE MONTH

HON. JOHN S. TANNER

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TANNER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to bring attention to the fact that the month of November is National Home Health Care Month and National Hospice Month. Yesterday, November 6, I participated in a visit to a 32-year-old constituent who was diagnosed