

miss you—I will truly miss you. May your life and commitment to peace be an inspiration to all mankind.

VIEW FROM CALIFORNIA: THROW PEOPLE OFF MEDICAID TO MAKE THEM GO TO WORK

HON. FORTNEY PETE STARK

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 12, 1995

Mr. STARK. Mr. Speaker, the Republican budget cuts Federal support for Medicaid by an unprecedented \$163 billion—over 10 times anything ever enacted by any Republican or Democratic President. The Republican plan achieves these savings by capping overall spending. This means that spending growth per beneficiary would fall from the current 7 to 1.6 percent annually—far below the rate of inflation. States cannot sustain coverage when Federal funds are increasing at only 1.6 percent per beneficiary. States will be forced to reduce benefits and/or provider payments and eliminate coverage for millions of people on Medicaid.

A recent column in the November 28 edition of the Sacramento Bee leaves me fearful for the poor in our California. The author, Mr. Dan Walters, was commenting on California's plans for Medi-Cal if the Republican welfare bill becomes law.

Currently, more than 5 million Californians receive their medical care through Medi-Cal. If the Republican welfare bill becomes law, California and other States will have to decide whether to maintain current eligibility and make up the shortfall with their own money or begin cutting caseloads. California may well slash Medi-Cal recipient rolls by hundreds of thousands.

The column reports that Eloise Anderson, California's social services director, is urging the Wilson administration to adopt a policy that would focus Medi-Cal benefits on some subgroups and deny benefits to others. She advocates a program of varying benefits that depends on one's suitability to obtain employment. Anderson is quoted as saying:

By denying or limiting Medi-Cal availability, families could be further encouraged to exercise personal responsibility and to obtain self-sufficiency through full or part-time work.

This philosophy is frightening. What will happen when a poor, non-Medicaid person gets sick? Won't those eliminated simply turn up in hospital emergency rooms? Are they supposed to go to work sick?

Ms. Anderson recommends cutting Medicaid for people on welfare or trying to leave welfare as a way to prod them into work. What if they have a minimum wage job—how much would it cost to buy a health insurance policy for a mother and a child? Is it realistic to expect that to happen? What about the extensive medical literature which shows that people who don't have health insurance tend to be sicker and less dependable workers? Are the types of jobs a welfare mom is likely to get the ones that offer employer-paid health insurance? Of course not.

The reduction in Federal support under the Republican plan could force States to deny coverage for nearly 8 million Americans in

2002 alone. California is considering a dramatic reduction in eligibility. How will other States respond? Will they also cut their program, to be competitive with California's reduced tax expenditures? Who knows—the Republicans have stripped away the Medicaid guarantee for the sick, elderly, poor, blind, or disabled. The States will have the choice whether to cover these vulnerable citizens. Statements like Ms. Anderson's point to a "race to the bottom"—a race which will leave the most vulnerable in our society sick or dead.

TRIBUTE TO LT. COMDR. PETER R. MCCARTHY

HON. JAMES P. MORAN

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 12, 1995

Mr. MORAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize a long time friend and constituent of mine, Lt. Comdr. Peter R. McCarthy, USMC, retired.

He has made an excellent transition from a Marine officer to a private sector businessman, providing continued support to the military, much of which is on a pro bono basis.

His philosophy is simply to pass on to the next generation for their benefit, all of the professional transition knowledge and know how that he has gained. He has been highly successful in this regard.

I am placing in the RECORD an article describing his efforts which appeared in a recent Washington Post Sunday magazine.

[From the Washington Post, June 11, 1995]

BASIC RETRAINING

(By Brigid Schultz)

"In the '60s, '70s and '80s you could carpet-bomb the marketplace with résumés and get a response." Peter McCarthy is conducting a briefing. "You could shoot a shotgun in the sky and ducks would come down." His voice is loud though his audience is small. "You could spray machine-gun fire and you'd get a hit." Eight officers are sitting posture-perfect behind oversize cards with names like Warren, Dick and Mark scrawled in big letters.

"Today you've got to be an Olympic rifle shooter." McCarthy's voice quiets and his face grows stern. "You've only got two magazines." He slams an imaginary cartridge into an imaginary rifle and holds it to his shoulder. He squints one eye, takes a step forward and aims. "You pick your targets, and boom!" He pulls an imaginary trigger. "Into the black. boom!" He fires again. "Into the black. Every time."

The officers—seven men and one woman—nod solemnly. They have reported to this room at the Radisson Executive Retreat Center in Alexandria expecting grim news, and they are getting it. The U.S. military is downsizing. These officers—Army colonels, Marine Corps majors and Navy captains—will be among those to go. They have come to learn how to search for a job.

As McCarthy's report sinks in, some of them twist their bulbous service-academy rings and stare out the window.

"P and L." He is pacing in front of them. He served in the Marine Corps for 20 years, some of them in Vietnam. "To you, that has meant professionalism and loyalty. But in the private sector, it's the 23rd of December, you've got a number of kids, and on your desk you find a pink slip. There's P and L for

you: profit and loss. A knife in the back. . . . You guys are so used to knowing who's in the next foxhole, counting on him, that you've got a built-in naivete."

McCarthy has made his own foray into the private sector as a consultant specializing in helping service personnel cross to the other side. Many of them have been in uniform since the day they got out of school. Most of them are only in their forties. After 20 years in, they can draw a pension of half their base pay; for people with children and mortgages, that isn't enough. Civilian firms are eliminating the middle-management jobs for which they would be best suited.

"There's a psychological bridge between you and the private sector. At the top of the bridge is a granite wall 12 feet high and 12 feet thick. Once you walk over that bridge, it's a whole different culture. . . ."

The first lesson is in "creative research." Before the officers arrived, they were asked to fill out a form titled "Understanding You." McCarthy asks them to identify their hidden skills, assets and interests that may translate to a civilian enterprise. "If you were recruiters, you're great salesmen," he says. The group brainstorms about growing opportunities in law enforcement, leisure, finance. "Child-abuse counseling seems to be a growth industry," offers one Marine colonel. McCarthy hands out a reading list: *Age Wave*, *Megatrends 2000*, *Powershift*, *What Color is Your Parachute?*

For the "primary attack," he says, you have to research companies, figure out what they need and tailor your résumé, appearance and demeanor to fit. But don't be too hasty: Get your act together first.

"Look, you're a battleship heading up this way." He draws a pencil-shaped ship steaming head-on toward enemy targets. "I don't want you to fire now. You've got one gun firing at the target. Instead, I want you to come here." He positions the ship closer to the target and swings it around, broadside. "Fire all your guns at all the targets. Mass your fire, just like a column of artillery. Get ready get organized and—boom!"

Networking is next. McCarthy tells them to run their friends, family, neighbors and acquaintances as if they were intelligence agents, using them as "listening posts" doing "recon" on the marketplace. Their "secondary attack" is to "explode" these "intel" networks, adding more and more listening posts to report back to them.

Then, résumés. McCarthy tells them not to use acronyms like CINCEUR and JIB and LANTCOM. Instead of saying Marine Corps, say "large international organization." He turns to the board and begins writing an outline: Situation. Goals. Parameters. Execution. Administration. Control. "This look familiar to you guys?"

Relief washes over their faces.

"This plan was used by Moses to cross the desert, by Arthur Andersen to expand globally, and by Norman Schwarzkopf to go into Kuwait." It is the field order that the military uses for combat and just about every other situation. McCarthy takes them through it point by point, and after "Control," he also asks them to add a "love statement"—family considerations.

After lunch, the officers study how to dress. For this representative of Nordstrom has been enlisted to outfit some mannequins with dark blue and gray suit coats, red patterned ties and braces. McCarthy shows off his own Hickey-Freeman suit and wingtips.

They start with the basics: Never wear a brown or olive suit to an interview. Never wear a plastic running watch. Do wear pressed French cuffs with gold cuff links, but skip the monogram. Do wear natural fibers . . .

The officers are scribbling in their briefing books.

... Never wear pilot's glasses or shoulder pads. Always wear over-the-calf socks. Unbutton your suit coat when you sit down so the collar doesn't ride up. Get used to clothes that fit more loosely than your uniform. Do not accent your new suit with Corfam military shoes.

Next, interviewing. McCarthy's first advice is to scope out where you're going the day before. "It's just like in an operation. I can remember in Vietnam, if you could go out and helicopter along the line—you're been out there, you've seen it, it makes you more comfortable when going out on attack."

And loosen up: No more yes sir, no ma'am. Get rid of the 82nd Airborne Shuffle or the Eighth & I Walk. "You're no longer the captain of the fleet on the bridge. You need to soften up." But not too much: "They may be waiting to hear your spouse say, 'Joe's worked so hard in the Army, he's ready to take his pack off.'"

Recon your interviewer. Maybe he protested against the Vietnam War. Maybe she thinks military personnel are automatons. "Assess the situation, suck up to the ego if you have to. You guys are flexible enough to adjust, because that's what you do on the battlefield."

He closes the seminar day with tips on writing thank-you notes and negotiating compensation. The officers have two more days of this to go, and already they look worn out.

TRIBUTE TO REV. RUBEN DARIO COLÓN

HON. JOSÉ E. SERRANO

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 12, 1995

Mr. SERRANO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Rev. Ruben Dario Colón who was honored on Sunday by member of the community in celebration of his 45th ordination anniversary at the Resurrection Lutheran Church in the Bronx.

Reverend Colón has lived a life of help those who have needed him. His long and fruitful career as a pastor, counselor, police chaplain, and community activist has touched thousands of individuals in our community.

Born in Puerto Rico, Reverend Colón spent most of his youth on the island. He attended the University of Puerto Rico and in 1947, he married Ms. Ramonita Orabona with whom he had a son and a daughter. Years later, he came to the United States and obtained a bachelor's degree from Alephi University. He also holds a master of divinity from the Lutheran Theological Seminary and completed courses at Fordham University.

Reverend Colón has served as pastor in many Lutheran churches in New York, including the Bronx Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Resurrection which he leads today. His ministry is faithfully committed to bringing spiritual enlightenment to the community.

As a psychiatric social worker, Reverend Colón has provided psychiatric therapy for adults and families at many institutions, including Covenant House, the Bronx Psychiatric Center, and the Puerto Rican Children Hospital. He also serves as chaplain at the Veterans Administration Hospital and is a member of the board of the Morrisania Diagnostic and Treatment Center of the New York City and Hospital Corporation.

Among the many honors bestowed upon him, Reverend Colón was sworn in as chap-

lain of the New York City Police Department with the rank of inspector by former Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward. He is also the first Puerto Rican to receive the Silver Medal of the Academic Society of Arts, Science and Literature of France.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing Rev. Ruben Dario Colón for his remarkable career serving the community and bringing hope to the many individuals he has touched.

LEWIS AND EULA ALLEN CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

HON. CARRIE P. MEEK

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 12, 1995

Mrs. MEEK of Florida. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to a wonderful couple in my district whose exemplary lives evoke the kind of family values and commitment this Nation can really be proud of. Lewis and Eula Allen, an extraordinary couple, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary last November 29, 1995.

There are two individuals who genuinely epitomize the down-to-earth human qualities that ordinary Americans, the unsung heroes and heroines of our Nation, have always engendered into their children since time immemorial. I would not feel right at all if I did not share with the Congress the hallmark of excellence and commitment that this couple left to consecrate their godly home in the service of our fellowmen. The Allens are residents of Dade County since 1945. Into this union were born four God-fearing children, Louis Larry, Francina, and Linda, who is now deceased. Five grandchildren came to bring more joys into the Allen household, Jacob, Maya, Emory, LaDonna, and Louis.

A brief description of what this couple meant to the lives of their children is so compelling as to tug at the heartfelt simplicity and awesome beauty of what countless families all over America give to their children daily, nurturing them into becoming responsible, conscientious, and productive members of society. To the Allen children, Lewis and Eula, transformed their home into as oasis of love and support and encouragement. Incessantly they prayed to have God bless their parents to weather the storms and obstacles that mark up life's vicissitudes.

With this basic belief the Allens consecrated themselves to rearing their children. As their daughter, Francina, put it succinctly, " * * * mother represented the integrity of God." It was she who instilled Judaeo-Christian principles and demanded moral excellence at all times. "Mother was our role model," she continues, "and exacted from us to do right, to be good and tell the truth—come what may."

Academic achievement in the pursuit of scholastic excellence was very important to the Allens. Mediocrity was unacceptable. The Allen children were taught to strive to be among the best. While Eula taught her children these life-long lessons. Lewis nurtured in his children's malleable minds social development and political awareness. It was Lewis who sacrificed to bring his children to PTA meetings, and chaperoned their school field trips, took them to football games, and all

sorts of kiddie parties as well as taught them how to handle money by bringing them to Burger King on Fridays.

When election time came Mr. Allen, who read the newspaper daily, would gather around the table his wife and children and discuss with them for whom they were going to vote. These family discussions enhanced the power of people's voting rights, especially when he impressed upon them that at no other time was equality exercised than during election time when the vote of the poor and the humble all over this Nation had the same worth as the vote of the rich and the powerful. As the children were old enough to exercise their right of suffrage, they looked forward to go to the polls and vote for their chosen candidates, knowing full well the issues and priorities on which they stand.

As we enter into the spirit of this holiday season, the Allen children are mindful of the wonderful times they celebrate with their parents. They are deeply thankful of the gift of love God has showered them through the blessings of such noble parents. I know that there are countless more like the Allens across this Nation. But I am indeed honored on one hand, and humbled on the other, to have been equally blessed with having the Allens give me their trust and confidence in representing them in the hallowed halls of the Congress. Truly it is people like the Allens that dignify my role as a public servant.

To Lewis and Eula Allen on their golden wedding anniversary, I say: "Warmest congratulations and best wishes. May God shower you with many more years to grace your wonderful union."

I would like to share with my colleagues a recent article that appeared in the Miami Times celebrating Lewis and Eula Allen's 50th wedding anniversary.

[From the Miami Times]

THE ALLENS CELEBRATE GOLDEN YEAR

(By Traci Y. Pollock)

They grew up together in a small Georgia town. They got married in their late teens and shared the good, the bad and the indifferent days.

And, through it all, Eula and Lewis Allen, both 69, have stayed together, comfortable in each other's company as they grew older.

This Wednesday they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

"At my age," joked Mrs. Allen, "there's no sense of my quitting. I know what I got. I don't know what's out there."

"When you got a good wife, keep her," advises Mr. Allen.

"And she's a good cook and she keeps a good house," Mrs. Allen interjects with a slight laugh.

"She's a good everything," Mr. Allen continues, "If you ask about her shortcomings, I haven't gotten to them yet. I believe through that what the Lord put together let no one separate us."

The Allens grew up together in Andersonville, Ga., population about 900. At age 19, they married and, a year later, left their closely knit community where everyone knew each other by first name.

Mrs. Allen wanted to move to Cleveland, Ohio, where her elder brother lived. But, in 1946, the couple decided to move to Miami, where her sister and two brothers resided.

She said that every once in a while she gets a chance to go up North.

"We used to work together, play together and went to school together in Georgia," Mrs. Allen said. "We really got together