

There is compelling evidence to show that reaching middle class earnings has been on the decline since 1980. According to the University of Michigan's Panel Study on Dynamics, which has tracked the same families since 1968, they found that 65 percent of white American men who turned 21 before 1980 were earning middle class wages—twice the poverty level—by the age of 30. By comparison, only 47 percent of those who reached the age of 21 after 1980 were able to reach this same level of earning power. Blacks do not fare half as well, reaching 29 and 19 percent, respectively.

Since there are more people without a college education than people with the benefit of a higher education, these workers tend to be far more insecure and anxious.

Education can be an influential factor as to how successful an individual will be in securing a well-paid job. Education is becoming a much more important factor in finding good job opportunities than ever before. As a result, the gap in income distribution is increasing, and this is adding to blue collar anxiety.

We must find ways to encourage our workers to get the necessary jobs skills to compete in this high tech global economy. We must also find a way to provide this training to retrain our workers.

We must expand our technological base and find creative and innovative methods to create new industries. In the past, we have been able to transfer a worker's knowledge and ability into learning new skills to allow them to participate in a new job market. A good example of this is when Henry Ford created the automobile and displaced the horse and buggy trade.

What happened is a lesson that we should all try to emulate. These same workers started working in the Ford factories that had displaced them. The telecommunications bill passed by Congress and signed into law by the President will provide the same type of opportunities by creating millions of new jobs.

So far, President Clinton hasn't delivered. If we balance the budget, we will be well on our way to jump starting.

Why is a 7-year balanced budget so important? Many leading economists believe that a balanced budget would result in a drop in interest rates of up to 2 percent. For a 30-year, \$75,000 mortgage, that's \$37,000 saved over the life of the loan. Americans will have more take home pay because our budget includes a \$500 per child tax credit. We also have true welfare reform, which is a No. 1 priority for most Americans.

TRIBUTE TO WALTER W. KRUEGER, A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WHO SERVED IN WORLD WAR II AND FOUGHT FOR VETERANS' RIGHTS

HON. FRANK TEJEDA

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 6, 1996

Mr. TEJEDA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the memory of an American soldier, a man who dedicated his life to the defense of the freedoms that we enjoy and to the veterans who paid for those freedoms with their sacrifice. I respectfully request that the

U.S. House of Representatives join me in mourning the passage of Walter W. Krueger, a man of both vision and action. Having served this Nation for so long, Walter Krueger understood the problems of our noncommissioned officers. So after his service to this Nation was over, at a time when many hang up their uniforms, salute the flag, and retire, Walter Krueger went to work for the noncommissioned officers of this Nation. And when Walter Krueger went to work, good things happened.

Mr. Krueger served this Nation honorably in the U.S. Army for 33 years. When he retired, he was serving as Command Sergeant Major of the U.S. Army, Europe [ASAREUR]. He served this Nation all over the world, including assignments in Panama, Korea, Europe and Vietnam. During his long and very honorable career, he earned the Combat Infantryman's Badge and the Distinguished Service Medal.

While still serving this Nation in Europe, Mr. Krueger was appointed to the board of directors of the Noncommissioned Officers Association. Upon retirement, he was elected vice president of the association. A year later, he became president.

Walter Krueger's accomplishment as president of the association are legendary. The Organization received a Federal Charter from this U.S. Congress. The association began its medical trust, which awards funds each year to military families who need the assistance. It significantly raised the funding for and number of scholarships awarded to deserving young people. The NCOA operation appreciation program raised funds for equipment to be used by veterans in hospitals. Under his leadership, the organization began the NCOA national defense foundation, which works to ensure that active duty military enjoy their full right to participate in the democracy which they defend. Mr. Krueger received every award offered by the association, as is fitting for a man who led this organization so well and for so long, a man who fought for the rights and benefits due our noncommissioned officers, and who took every opportunity to honor and fight for our veterans.

I respectfully ask that this U.S. House of Representatives note the passage of this singular and distinguished American, and that we send our deepest condolences to Walter Krueger's wife, Betty Krueger, to his mother, Ruth Drees, to his five daughters, Kathy Logan, Karen Pagel, Judy Shaw, Pam Salada, and Patty Krueger, to his eight grandchildren, and to both his sisters. Walter Krueger was a strong family man, who loved this Nation and all that it stands for, who served all of the citizens of this country, first as a member of our armed services and then as an unparalleled advocate for our veterans. I am proud to call him my friend, and I am proud to ask that the House of Representatives of the Nation he loved so much take a moment to return to him a little of the honor and respect he showed us throughout his life.

COMMEMORATING BLACK HISTORY MONTH

SPEECH OF

HON. NICK J. RAHALL II

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, February 28, 1996

Mr. RAHALL. Mr. Speaker, I am as proud as a father today, to have this opportunity to pay tribute to Vicky L. Bandy, of Beckley, WV, during Black History Month. For more than a decade, Ms. Bandy served as my executive assistant here in Washington, and Ms. Bandy was ever as loyal and dedicated as she was a professional, at all times and in all situations. I knew that I could depend upon her in all things.

Mr. Speaker, on February 24, 1996, Ms. Bandy gave a speech at the Beckley Federal Correctional Institution's Black Affairs Banquet, as part of its celebration of Black History Month.

I am privileged to place in the RECORD at this point, Ms. Bandy's stirring words as she encouraged and surely inspired her sisters as she spoke eloquently about their theme: African-American Women: Past, Present and Future. Mr. Speaker, I commend Ms. Bandy's remarks to my colleagues for their reading and their remembrance.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMEN: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

(By Vicky L. Bandy)

"Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod, felt in the days when hope unborn had died."

Today, we gather 370 years after the first African American landed at Jamestown, Virginia, 133 years after the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and 31 years after the Enactment of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which gave African Americans power at the Ballot Box.

Last October, the African American Community pledged itself to pursue a bold new course with the success of the Million Man March.

The success of the effort is still being felt. But today, ladies, it is our turn. The Theme for the 1996 observance of Black History Month is: African American Women: Past, Present and Future.

As I thought about what I would say, I thought about how far we as African Americans have come. I thought of the stories that were told to me by my Grandmother, Ella Bandy. I recall stories about how this Strong Black Woman worked hard in the fields of Alabama. She would leave her babies in a wagon under a shade tree, while she worked the long rows of the fields. At the end of each row, she would run back to check on her babies. Grandmama was a strong African American Woman. She never gave up, she was a woman of principle; and she never gave in. Grandmama's hands, hard and calloused from toiling in the hot Alabama Sun, so that her children and grandchildren could have a better way of life.

Earlier this week, I witnessed the Swearing-In ceremony of Congressman Kweisi Mfume, as President and CEO of the NAACP, an event that was attended by a very small but elite group of people, among them being the President and Vice President of the United States. I reflected back to the point in time when I would ride in the car with my grandfather on election day—a day that I equated to Thomas 'n Joyland carnival coming to town.

Grand daddy's car windows held many campaign signs belonging to various politicians, seeking a vote in the Black community. I suppose it never occurred to Grand daddy that his granddaughter would grow up to become a part of the Political Process. He did not know that he was molding me for a successful career with your Congressman Nick J. Rahall. Well, Grand daddy did not live to see the end results of the many rides we shared on Election Day, but I will always be grateful to him. For I did not meet the normal standards. Ladies and Gentlemen, you see, I never attended an Ivy League school. I was educated in a four room schoolhouse. My parents were not politically connected, nor did they contribute to a campaign committee. The one thing that they did, was to teach me how to seize an opportunity.

That same lesson is equally important today. Too many of us today let opportunity pass us by, because we look for it in a pretty package, delivered to our doors by Federal Express or priority Mail. Often times, when we do seize the opportunity, we take all of the credit and forget that the way was paved by someone else, who labored and toiled in the fields from sun up to sun down.

"Stony the road we trod, bitter the chattering rod". I've got mine and you get yours, never offering to lend a hand to help another. Well, I heard the songwriter say "The only time you should look down on a man, is when you are picking him up". Imagine Harriet Tubman, Conductor of the Underground Railroad, not reaching back, after seizing the opportunity to become a freed slave. Where would we be had it not been for Sojourner Truth, who traveled the country to proclaim to others the truth about slavery. Would we be able to sit in any seat on a bus today, had it not been for Rosa Parks, who refused to give up her seat in the front of the bus, when Coloreds were not allowed to ride in the front.

African American women; past, present, and future. What about Dr. Mae Jamison, first African American female Astronaut? What about Elizabeth Drewey, first African American Woman elected to the West Virginia House of Delegates? What about Carol Moseley Braun, the first female African American U.S. Senator, and my boss, Hazel R. O'Leary, the first African American and female African American to become Secretary of the U.S. Department of Energy, one who has opened many doors to expose Minority Students to the world of Science. What about your mother and my mother, strong and courageous African American Women, who made tremendous sacrifices and stood firm, despite the obstacles they faced—despite society's denial; despite low paying jobs; despite prejudice and racism—women who because of their determination, paved the way for you and me.

"We have come over a way that with tears has been watered, we have come treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered." But, I would ask you today, what profit a person to gain, if he or she does not reach back to help another? Now that we have arrived, what are we doing to ensure that we will have famous African American Women in the future?

There are young women in our own neighborhoods who need to know that there is a way off of Welfare and on to Faring Well. Each of you today has a Special Gift to give back, so that others can realize their dreams, their hopes, their goals. I challenge you to stir up your gifts, to lift up somebody, to respect each other, to love yourself and to never stop striving to reach for your goals, never give up—don't give in.

We are African American women, marching on till victory is won. Yet with a steady

beat, have not our weary feet, come to the place for which our fathers signed? African American women; past, present, and future.

Poet Maya Angelou sums it up by saying: "You may write me down in history, with your bitter twisted lies. You may trod me in the very dirt, but still, like dust, I'll rise". We will rise. African American women, past, present, and future.

TRIBUTE TO CAROL JENIFER

HON. JOHN CONYERS, JR.

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 6, 1996

Mr. CONYERS. Mr. Speaker, given that we are so frequently confronted with the troubles and the travails of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, I would like to have the following uplifting article from the May 1995 issue of Management Review inserted into the RECORD. The article, by Anita Lienert, profiles Carol Jenifer, the first African-American woman to manage day-to-day operations in an INS district office. Ms. Jenifer is the District Director of the INS district office at the United States-Canada border located in my hometown of Detroit, MI. I hope and expect that the INS will continue to attract and promote individuals of Ms. Jenifer's caliber.

Carol Jenifer does not look like a huggable person. She wears her hair in a Marine Corps-style buzz cut and shuns makeup and jewelry. Although she's six feet tall, she seems even taller, carrying herself with a military bearing that reflects her years as a police officer in Washington, D.C. She carries a gold badge that says "District Director" and has just ordered a Glock handgun to keep in her desk. To get inside her office at the U.S.-Canada border in Detroit, you need to get by a metal detector and armed employees.

So when one of her clients leaps out of a seat in the waiting room at the Detroit branch of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and gives Jenifer a big hug, it seems somewhat out of place.

"Oh, Miss Jenifer," says Chadia Haidous, a Lebanese immigrant "I just got sworn in today! I'm an American citizen! And now I don't have to worry about my daughter."

Jenifer, 45, the first African-American woman to manage day-to-day operations at one of the 33 INS district offices in the United States, hugs her back and rejoices with the Haidous family.

Moments later, loping up the back steps to her office that overlooks the Detroit River, Jenifer explains that little Alica Haidous, 11, who was born in Senegal, could have faced deportation because her mother was not a U.S. citizen.

"The family was afraid the daughter would have to go back to Senegal unescorted," Jenifer explains. "I could have stuck to the book, but why? I made a heart decision and I made it in the name of family unity. I could have sent her back and had them petition for her, but I didn't. And now it won't happen because we don't treat our citizens like that."

Jenifer, who oversees a hectic operation with a \$14 million annual budget, considers herself one of the new breed of INS managers. While the southern border with Mexico draws most of the media attention, INS officials say the northern border has its share of illegal immigrants—they just don't talk about how many.

Therefore, it's her mission to walk a tight-rope to satisfy a number of different con-

stituents, from American taxpayers who are disturbed by the large number of illegal aliens entering the country, to immigrants who complain about long lines and insensitive treatment at INS offices.

One of Jenifer's first management decisions was to improve the atmosphere by installing brighter lights in the crowded waiting room. She is considering hiring a customer-service representative to handle complaints generated by the 48 million people who pass through INS checkpoints in her jurisdiction each year, including the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel, the Ambassador Bridge and Detroit Metropolitan Airport. She is also determined to hire an inspector who is fluent in Arabic because her client base is 50 percent Middle Eastern and no one in the office is fluent in that language.

Jenifer has made it a point to get to know the names—and personal details—of the 254 employees and one drug-sniffing dog who work with her in patrolling eight ports of entry along 804 miles of water boundary between the United States and Canada.

So far, one of Jenifer's "employee" relations challenges has been communicating with the German shepherd: Gitta only responds to commands in German. Even so, Jenifer still knows how to work a room—whether it's full of customers or employees—in a charismatic style reminiscent of Ronald Reagan. She stops often to ask about sick wives or new husbands. But don't confuse her familiarity and warm-and-fuzzy approach with wimpiness. In reality, her management style is much closer to the tenets of Tough Love.

After all, her office deported 1,249 people in 1994. And shortly after the heartwarming scene with the Haidous family, Jenifer stands firm on a \$15,000 bond set by her deputy director earlier in the afternoon on a Jordanian immigrant whose wife had blurted out during his naturalization interview that she had been "paid to marry him." He also had prior felony convictions and there was an outstanding warrant for his arrest.

But to get a real feel for Jenifer, you need to see her in action at 7:30 a.m., as a single parent in Detroit getting her two daughters, Ebony and Kia, both 13, off to school. Jenifer skips breakfast and barks orders like "Kia, did you finish those dishes?" and "Ebony, give me that assignment notebook to sign."

While her girls scurry around, Jenifer straightens her simple black dress, snaps on a beeper and bundles up in a coat and scarf, stopping only to grab her ever-present black leather organizer.

Outside, it's 20 degrees and still dark, with a light snowfall. Sounding like a typical mother, Jenifer grumbles that she can't get the girls to wear their ski caps to school and that they keep pestering her to buy a dog.

"When I applied for the job a year ago, I told my supervisors that the girls were a huge part of my life," Jenifer says in the car on the way to work. "I told them I would have to limit travel because I attend games, go to parent conferences and pick them up after school. It didn't seem to hurt, because I think they wanted someone who could humanize the office."

At work, her office is decorated with striking paintings of "buffalo soldiers"—the all-black cavalry who fought and resettled the West. Jenifer explains that since taking the job last spring, she has been worried about every little detail, including whether or not she should have hung the artwork.

"I almost took the pictures down," she says. "I didn't want to overwhelm people who couldn't relate to something like that. But after I thought about it, I realized I needed those men (in the pictures) to watch my back. Management has some pitfalls."

In private, Jenifer admits that "being a tall, black female has had its problems."