

in terms of the wages and benefits they receive.

Today, almost a third of the Nation's workforce—31 percent—is employed at poverty level pay. The current minimum wage, at \$4.25 an hour, buys 26 percent less in purchasing power than the minimum wage did in 1970. Is it any surprise that a recently-published study found that low-paid American workers are the lowest paid workers in the industrialized world?

Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan insists that creating more jobs, and reducing unemployment, is bad for the economy. He is dead wrong.

What we need is more jobs. We need to create millions of decent-paying jobs, not encourage massive corporate downsizing. We need a bold and courageous Congress who will fight for the needs of the average American worker, not timid politicians whose vision is circumscribed by the campaign contributions of big money interests. It is time to address the jobs crisis that America, and American workers, are facing.

The Progressive Caucus is leading the way to a brighter future and taking the first large step forward, and today we invite others to join us in this effort. We encourage our colleagues to become cosponsors of this bedrock bill in our Progressive Promise—The Job Creation and Invest in America Act of 1995.

We call upon all Americans who want to build a stronger and more fair America to join in our commitment to create millions of jobs by investing billions of dollars to rebuild and upgrade America's physical infrastructure, clean up the environment, and improve the skills of our workforce. In keeping with the fiscal challenge confronting our Nation in these times, we do not add a penny to the deficit, but pay for our investment program by cracking down on corporate welfare. We close tax loopholes for offshore production while rewarding U.S. companies that invest, produce, and create jobs in the United States. We require the wealthiest U.S. corporations and citizens to pay their fair share of taxes.

Finally, let us underscore that the jobs we seek to create are good-paying jobs. They are jobs rooted in upgrading our Nation's physical infrastructure and improving our Nation's human capital. They represent investments in restoring real, long-term, sustainable economic growth in America.

Retooling our national economy and basing it upon real economic growth and economic justice also requires that working Americans have more real income to spend. In sponsoring this legislation, members of the Progressive Caucus are endorsing our Nation's 50-year national commitment to full employment. In the coming weeks and months, all of us who belong to the Progressive Caucus will be steadfast in offering low-income and middle-income Americans genuine hope for real jobs with livable wages and a chance to participate in the American dream.

TRIBUTE TO WALTER H.
SHORENSTEIN

HON. ANNA G. ESHOO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 2, 1995

Ms. ESHOO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Walter H. Shoreinstein on the occasion of his 80th birthday and to celebrate his exemplary life of extraordinary contributions to our community and our country.

Walter Shoreinstein began his career in real estate in 1946 after serving as a Major in the U.S. Air Force. Over the years, he has built the Shoreinstein Co. into one of the oldest, largest and most well-respected privately owned real estate firms in the country, currently employing over 1,400 people.

Beyond his business success, Walter Shoreinstein is a valued adviser to Presidents, a philanthropist who has given both time and money for the benefit of others, a lecturer of note and an ardent supporter of education. He was appointed by President Clinton to the Board of Directors of the Corporation for National Service and served as senior adviser to Presidents Johnson and Carter. He serves as an adviser to the Democratic leadership of the House and Senate. He is Chair of the San Francisco UN50 Committee to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the signing of the United Nations Charter in San Francisco. His numerous sponsorships, board memberships, and honors are a reflection of his dedication to art, culture, education, government, and philanthropy.

Walter Shoreinstein's life has been enriched by his family: Carole, renowned producer of Broadway shows, a son, Douglas, President of the Shoreinstein Co., his grandchildren—Walter, Gracie, Brandon Jona, Sandra Joan and Daniella—have brought even more joy into his life. His lifelong partner in life, Phyllis, died in 1994, and their beloved and brilliant daughter, Joan, died in 1985.

Mr. Speaker, Walter Shoreinstein is an outstanding citizen and a national treasure, and I am privileged to call him my friend. I ask my colleagues to join me in thanking Walter Shoreinstein for his incomparable generosity and tireless service to our Nation, and in saluting him on yet another milestone in his life—his 80th birthday.

A SALUTE TO THE AMERICAN NEGRO LEAGUE: JAMES "COOL PAPA" BELL

HON. WILLIAM (BILL) CLAY

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 2, 1995

Mr. CLAY. Mr. Speaker, this is Black History Month. Many black Americans who lived in the First Congressional District of Missouri, which I now represent, contributed significantly to the development of this great Nation. To name a few, Scott Joplin, Josephine Baker, W.C. Handy, and one in particular, James "Cool Papa" Bell.

Cool Papa, as he was affectionately called, will long be remembered in baseball as one who set early records by which future players were measured. He was such a fast runner

that his friends often described his speed with comments like "He stole two bases at one time." However, his talent was not limited to running. Cool Papa was an all-around player.

Sports Illustrated recognized the outstanding talents and contributions of James "Cool Papa" Bell in a June 20, 1994, article entitled "No Place in the Shade." I would like to share that informative and entertaining tribute with my colleagues during our observance of great black Americans.

[From Sports Illustrated, June 20, 1994]

NO PLACE IN THE SHADE

(By Mark Kram)

In the language of jazz, the word gig is an evening of work; sometimes sweet, sometimes sour, take the gig as it comes, for who knows when the next will be. It means bread and butter first, but a whole lot of things have always seemed to ride with the word: drifting blue light, the bouquet from leftover drinks, spells of odd dialogue and most of all a sense of pain and limbo. For more than anything the word means black, down-and-out black, leavin'-home black, gonna-find-me-a-place-in-the-shade black.

Big shade fell coolly only on a few. It never got to James Thomas Bell, or Cool Papa Bell as he was known in Negro baseball, that lost caravan that followed the sun. Other blacks, some of them musicians who worked jazz up from the South, would feel the touch of fame, or once in a while have the thought that their names meant something to people outside their own. But if you were black and played baseball, well, look for your name only in the lineup before each game, or else you might not even see it there if you kept on dreamin'.

Black baseball was a stone-hard gig. It was three games a day, sometimes in three different towns miles apart. It was the heat and fumes and bounces from buses that moved your stomach up to your throat and it was greasy meals at fly-papered diners at three a.m. and uniforms that were seldom off your back. "We slept with 'em on sometimes," says Papa, "but there never was enough sleep. We got so we could sleep standin' up."

Only a half-mad seer—not any of the blacks who worked the open prairies and hidden ball yards in each big city—could have envisioned what would happen one day. The players knew a black man would cross the color line that was first drawn by the sudden hate of Cap Anson back in 1883, yet no one was fool enough to think that some bright, scented day way off among the gods of Cooperstown they would hear their past blared out across the field and would know that who they were and what they did would never be invisible again.

When that time comes for Papa Bell—quite possibly the next Hall of Fame vote [he was, in fact, inducted into the Hall in 1974]—few will comprehend what he did during all those gone summers. The mass audience will not be able to relate to him, to assemble an image of him, to measure him against his peers as they do the white player. The old ones like Papa have no past. They were minstrels, separated from record books, left as the flower in Thomas Gray's Elegy to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." Comparisons will have to do: Josh Gibson, the Babe Ruth of the blacks; Buck Leonard, the Lou Gehrig of his game; and Cool Papa Bell—who was he?

A comparison will be hard to find for Papa. His friend Tweed, whom Papa calls the Black Historian, a title most agreeable to Tweed, says that you have to go all the way back to Willie Keeler for Papa's likeness. Papa's way was cerebral, improvisational; he was a master of the little things, the nuances that are