

(6) Eliminate the time limit on the earned income disregard.

(7) Increase the cap on asset limitations from \$1,000 to \$2,000. In addition, allowed to exempt up to one vehicle.

(8) Upon mutual agreement with the participant, use funding from Food Stamps as a wage subsidy for that participant or as a direct cash payment to a participant following a full-time schedule self-sufficiency plan.

(9) Create sanctions based on poor school attendance or failure to immunize children.

In addition, the Self-Sufficiency Act outlines three changes beyond the scope of the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program:

(1) Allows States to deny any need-based benefits and services to noncitizens.

(2) Mandates that consumer credit reports include information on overdue child support payments.

(3) Provides that quarterly payments of earned income credit and dependent care credit will be made available.

SALUTING ELEANOR J. WILLIAMS DURING BLACK HISTORY MONTH

HON. LOUIS STOKES

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, February 8, 1995

Mr. STOKES. Mr. Speaker, each February our Nation celebrates Black History Month. This occasion provides us the opportunity to herald the accomplishments of African-Americans in United States history, and to honor those still setting the pace by which history is both created and measured. Today I rise to recognize one such individual, Eleanor J. Williams, who was selected to be the first black woman manager of an enroute air traffic control center. Ms. Williams oversees the Cleveland Air Route Traffic Control Center in Oberlin, OH, the Nation's second busiest such facility.

Eleanor Williams began her diligent career with the Federal Aviation Administration in 1965 as a clerk stenographer in Anchorage, AK. Those who know her never had any question of how far she would go in her career. Her determination, and sense of self and spirit have marked her personality, as well as her résumé. In 1985, she received the Secretary's Award for Excellence from the Department of Transportation. In 1990, she was a Women in Management Delegate to the Soviet Union with People to People International. And in 1991 she was the recipient of the C. Alfred Anderson Award from the National Black Coalition of Federal Aviation Employees. Eleanor Williams was listed in Who's Who of American Women 4 years in a row.

After her start with the FAA in Alaska, in 1971 she became the first black woman to certify as an air traffic control specialist. By 1979 she had become an area supervisor in San Juan, Puerto Rico before her promotion to staff specialist for the FAA in Atlanta. By the mid-1980's she moved into a staff specialist role at FAA headquarters in Washington, DC before yet another promotion to area manager of the Kansas City region Air Traffic Division Office. Two more promotions followed in Kansas City before she received her historic post in Cleveland last year.

Mr. Speaker, the awards from Ms. Williams' professional life cannot begin to match the rewards of her personal life. Eleanor, the mother of seven and a foster child, is not only a role model to colleagues, but also the employees she supervises, and to the union members she has led. Her commitment to the Air Traffic Control Association, the Gamma Phi Delta sorority, Business and Professional Women, the Second Baptist Church, and the NAACP has left these and many other organizations the richer for her involvement. Eleanor's passion for excellence and ability to reach any goal inspires those around her to strive for the stars. Her powerful spirit is fueled by her faith in God, which enables her to tackle any task before her and has navigated her into uncharted waters.

Mr. Speaker, Eleanor Williams is a perfect example of the opportunity to be won by hard work and ardor in America. Eleanor is someone of whom the African-American community, women, and indeed Americans everywhere should be proud. Let me share with you a portion of a stunning poem written by an eighth-grader named Shondel, which was composed in honor of Ms. Eleanor Williams and her pioneering spirit.

You've accomplished many things all because in life you've dared and won yourself wings.

Long ago your wings took flight, never in darkness being lost, for you saw the path with inner-sight
Your faith and freedom forever shall live, for in your life you have never believed in Never.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me during Black History Month in saluting Eleanor J. Williams, an outstanding individual with a spirit that joins her with outstanding African-Americans of the past and those who will follow.

TRIBUTE TO ORNA SIEGEL

HON. ELIOT L. ENGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, February 8, 1995

Mr. ENGEL. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to recognize the efforts of Orna Siegel, a woman whom I admire greatly.

Orna currently serves as the Outreach Chair of the Los Angeles chapter of AIPAC, however her community activities do not start and end with that organization. Orna is deeply committed to the security of the State of Israel but she is equally committed to making a difference in her community and in the lives of individuals.

For years, Orna has been actively involved in Yad B'Yad ("hand in hand"), an organization that takes critically ill people from Israel to any place in the world where they can get the medical care they need—be it transplants, surgeries, or emergency treatment. She has also been an active fundraiser for many other worthy causes in her community.

Although Orna's public service technically began in 1967, when she began a 3-year stint in the Israeli Defense Forces, her personal turning point came in 1990, years after she had married and moved to the United States. Orna witnessed the molestation of a 5-year-old boy in the darkness of a movie theater and followed the criminal out of the building until the police responded to her calls for assist-

ance. She later testified against the culprit, who turned out to be a registered sex offender.

I would like to submit into the RECORD a magazine article detailing Orna Siegel's courageous act. Her story demonstrates that ordinary citizens can affect the lives of their neighbors in a positive way if they only take the time to get involved.

Essentially, that is the story of Orna Siegel's life; she is a person who has chosen to become involved. Her actions have literally saved the lives of people in desperate need of help. It is a story worthy of commendation by this House, and a lesson worth sharing with the American people.

The article follows:

[From the Moxie magazine, September 1990]

JUST A HOUSEWIFE, UNTIL SHE HAD TO BE A
HEROINE

(By Mary Ellen Strote)

The 11-year-old boy sitting next to Orna Siegel in the movie theater just wouldn't sit still. He kicked, he jostled, he wriggled. Annoyed, she glanced sideways and saw that the blond, blue-eyed youngster was grimacing. Then she looked down and gasped. The boy's companion, a man in his middle sixties, had his hand inside the boy's shorts.

Orna had brought her children to last summer's opening of Honey, I Shrank the Kids. The theater was crowded, but she had found a couple of seats five rows from the front. Holding Jonathan, 7, in her lap, and with daughter Shana, 10, on the seat to her left, she had looked forward to the comedy. But the minute the movie had begun, the boy had started with his wriggling. Now she left her children and sought out the manager. "I told him, 'Please call the police. A child is being molested in Row 5,'" Orna remembers. "He promised to call." Orna bought a cup of soda so her kids wouldn't suspect anything, went back to her seat, and took her son in her lap again.

Then she waited for the police. And waited. And waited. All the while the boy kept kicking her. "I watched him, not the movie," Orna says. "the man was molesting him the whole time. And I watched what that son of a bitch was doing.

"Maybe I was in shock," she goes on. "It was a funny movie and everyone was laughing. It was so noisy and Jonathan was heavy on my lap and we were too close to the screen and the lights were changing so fast. I got such a big headache. I was very nervous, not knowing what to do, just waiting for a policeman to come with a flashlight, for someone to get me out of this ordeal."

But suddenly the movie was over. "The crowds were leaving," she says. "I hadn't made up my mind to follow them, but I knew at that moment: If I don't make a move now, it's all over. I told my kids, 'Please be quiet,' and I grabbed their hands and held tight, looking with my eyes straight after the guy. I would let him out of my sight. On the way out the door, I saw the manager. He looked at me and shrugged, as if to say, 'No one showed up * * *.'"

Until that day, Orna, 41, would have described herself as a housewife. More likely, she would have used the words just a housewife. She cooked. She lunched with her friends. She waited for her kids to come home from school. She dressed up to go out with her husband, a successful businessman.

She was such a relentlessly traditional wife and mother that except for the fact that she had been born Orna Tieb in Tunisia, the seventh of eight children in a family that

moved to a small town in Israel when she was just four * * * and the fact that she'd joined the Israeli army in 1967, right after the Six Day War, when she was 18 * * * except for that history, she could have passed for June Cleaver.

A pretty, perfectly coiffed redhead with an manicure to match her meticulous makeup, and color-coordinated down to her very toes, Orna at first glance seems too perfect to be real. Indeed, she has lived a Cinderella life: The poverty and hardship of her childhood vanished virtually overnight when she met tall, blond American Saul Siegel. She was 22, a student at a university in Tel Aviv. He asked her to marry him the day they met, and a couple of days later she was on a plane to America.

Today she keeps house in an airy French Normandy-style home that would be called a mansion almost anywhere in the world, although in the guard-gated, upper-class neighborhood in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley where she lives, it seems almost average. She receives a guest with the gracious ritual that is common in her homeland: cake on the table and an offer of tea. A few minutes sitting at the table in her immaculate kitchen, listening as she fields phone calls from her husband's clients in her rapid-fire Israeli-accented speech, however, less even a casual observer see the rock-hard substance beneath her polished, feminine exterior.

But until that day at the theatre, Orna herself had no idea of her own strength. "I thought I would go after the molester, follow him to his car, get his license number," she remembers, "but instead, the man took the boy next door to the magic store. Now, this happens to be a wonderful store, and my children love it. So we went inside, and I told them to go wander around by themselves."

Orna approached the store manager and asked to use the phone. "I need to call the police," she whispered. "That child was abused," and she nodded toward the boy.

But the manager refused. "I didn't see it happen," she told Orna.

"What is the matter with you people in America?" Orna asked in despair, and she started crying. "Why won't you get involved? I saw it happen! Look at that man! That's not a father-son hug."

And it wasn't. The man was buying presents for the boy and kept his arm around the child all the time. "The manager realized that if I was going to be that upset, she didn't want the trouble, so she told me to go into her office and use the phone there," says Orna.

She called 911, and the operator seemed to ask a hundred questions. What does he look like? What color are his eyes? Orna covered her mouth and the receiver with her hand: "He's only 10 feet away; I can't talk loud."

By the time Orna got off the phone, even the manager had noticed that the man was behaving oddly. He was about to buy an Indiana Jones hat and whip for the boy, so Orna suggested to the manager that she try to get a name when he paid.

The manager asked, "May I have your name and phone number?" Before the man could stop him, the boy gave a name—Richard—and a number.

"What do you want that for?" the man asked suspiciously.

The manager was very clever. "You are buying a whip," she replied. "It's like a weapon, so we need a name and number for our records."

Now Orna felt some relief; at least she had a name and a phone number. When the pair left the store, she suggested that the manager follow and get a car license number too, which the woman did. Then Orna went into the back office and called the number the boy had given her.

A woman answered. "I was very emotional," Orna says. "My hands were trembling. I was crying. I didn't want to scare her; I didn't want her to misunderstand and think her son was dead or something, so I said, 'I'm, sorry, but I was at the movies. Do you have a son named Richard?'—I gave the name the boy had said."

The woman replied no, that her son was named —. Orna was confused—whose name had the boy given?—but she went on: "I was at the movies, and your son was molested throughout the movie."

The woman became very upset and asked Orna a string of questions: "Where is he now? Can I see you? Can I talk to you?"

Orna just repeated, "I wanted you to know that I was there and I saw it."

The mother protested, "But that man is his Uncle Richard." (Aha, Orna realized, the boy had given the man's name. * * *) He took my son to the movies for his eleventh birthday. * * *

Just then, at long last, the police walked into the magic store. Orna was finally able to make her report, and the police told her the man would be apprehended when he took the boy home.

"I was still so upset," she remembers. I couldn't breathe properly, I couldn't take a regular breath. I was in the army for three years, but nothing had ever been this hard for me. Oh, it was a terrible thing to see," she says, closing her eyes at the memory.

But now it was over. She had gone as far as she could go. She had told the police. She had told the mother. Now no one could say it wasn't true.

"Then I took my two babies and went to my car," she says. "I couldn't wait to get there. I just wanted to sit in my car with them for a while." Her children were frightened; they had thought she was crying because their car had been stolen. "I had to tell them what had happened," says Orna. "They wouldn't let go of me until I did, I reminded them of what they'd been told at school: that no one else was supposed to touch their privates. Then I told them what the man had done."

The children were shocked. Her daughter asked what would happen to the man.

"He will probably go to jail," Orna said.

"Isn't that sad?" asked Shana.

"No," Orna reassured her, "they will help him there."

When Orna returned home, there was a message from the police on her answering machine. The message was very short. It went: "Thanks to your efforts, you've saved the life of a little boy. The man has been arrested."

Orna remembers feeling very high, but also scared. "It wasn't that I had done all that and nothing came of it—the man had been arrested. But I started having flashbacks, and in my mind I saw my own son having that happen to him."

She agreed to testify against "Uncle" Richard, a registered sex offender, now charged with nine new counts of child molestation. In court, she met the boy's parents and learned that Richard had been a trusted family friend who helped with carpools and babysitting. He had been molesting the boy and his older brother for about three years. She was told that the boys had been placed in therapy immediately. She also learned that the movie theater manager never had called the police. "The manager had a theater full of customers," say Orna, still angry at the thought. "He didn't want a scene." (The theater management later sent her some complimentary tickets, but she returned them.)

The boy's mother invited Orna to come home for lunch during the court's noon break. Once there, the woman called to her

younger son, "Come meet the lady who saved your life * * *."

"The whole family was very open about it," says Orna. "I admired them; they were so honest. They appreciated what I did * * *. Instead of just sending me a bouquet of flowers, the mother wanted to be close. We still call each other."

So. What started out as a horror story had a true happy ending. But for Orna, this story provided not just an ending, but a beginning.

Aside from five years as a part time volunteer at a local hospital, Orna had never done anything outside her home. Even after 18 years in America, she didn't feel comfortable expressing herself in English her second language. "I never worked since I married my prince; I never got myself out of this package deal I got myself into," she says.

Needless to say, she never did public speaking. Whenever she even thought about speaking in front of people she didn't know, she blushed so red she glowed.

But now, suddenly, this quiet little housewife was famous. A heroine! The police department honored her with a citizen's recognition award. This led to publicity, newspaper articles, and an invitation to address the Julia Ann Singer Center, a community treatment center for children and families in Los Angeles.

"There I was," says Orna, talking in front of all the therapists and Ph.D.s." She was terrified. "Who the hell am I?" she wondered. "I'm nobody with the authority to speak. But I just told them what happened, and they gave me a standing ovation."

The talk at the Singer Center was important, but it was the day that Orna received the award from the chief of police that permanently changed her view of herself. "All of a sudden I wasn't just a wife, a mother, a friend," she says. "I had done something that outsiders noticed. I was recognized! I felt taller, bigger, stronger than I thought I ever could be.

"People called, they sent notes. I have been thanked by everybody: the police, the county supervisors, the city council, the state assembly, the district attorney, the district this, the district that. . . ."

She pulls the awards down from the shelves in her den—the plaques, certificates, framed letters, and laminated newspaper clippings, all adorned with brass and seals and calligraphy and fancy signatures, and lines them up on a seven-foot sofa until they cover the cushions.

What the awards said to her, Siegel realizes now, was: You are capable. You can do something. You can save a life. "I grabbed these awards," she says with a smile. "I said thank you, and I just grabbed them."

Then she went out and started doing things; the awards had triggered more than feelings, they had triggered action. She helps with fund raising for the charity Yad Byad ("hand in hand"), an organization that takes sick people from Israel to wherever in the world they can get the medical care they need—transplants, surgeries, emergency treatment. "With 24 hours' notice, we can organize a dinner, a luncheon, an auction * * * whatever it takes to get the money to handle the emergency," she says proudly.

Her other new activities also revolve around charitable fund raising, and they all require that she speak up and speak out.

It is so easy to make a difference in the lives of others, Orna says in amazement. She often wonders why she had never done anything like this before. "I was not involved," she says. "I was nothing. I was blah. Now I'm someone who changes things for the better. Sure, the changes are tiny in the larger scheme of things, but it feels so good."

At a recent Yad Byad fundraiser dinner for which Orna was a primary organizer, an 11-

year-old boy made a speech. He told how a bone marrow transplant paid for by Yad Byad had cured his leukemia. "He got up in front of the 350 guests," Siegel recalls, "and we were all crying. And he said. * * * Siegel stops and looks away in an attempt to compose herself, but her eyes fill with tears anyway. "And he said to us, 'You saved my life'"

CLINTON POLICIES ON HUMAN RIGHTS MARRED BY INCONSISTENCY, FLIP-FLOPS, WEAKNESS

HON. CHRISTOPHER H. SMITH

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, February 8, 1995

Mr. SMITH of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, it is particularly fitting that the first hearing of the new Subcommittee on International Operations and Human Rights, which was held last February 2, was for the purpose of receiving and beginning to analyze the 1994 Country Reports on Human Rights Practices.

The subcommittee, which I chair, is an amalgamation of two Foreign Affairs subcommittees from the previous Congress. In addition to our substantial legislative responsibilities, including the crafting of the Foreign Relations Authorization Act for fiscal years 1996 and 1997, last week's proceeding marked the beginning of an extensive series of hearings, briefings, and reports by the Subcommittee on Human Rights and humanitarian concerns around the globe.

I am delighted to have my good friend TOM LANTOS serving as ranking members of the Subcommittee on International Operations and Human Rights. Previously, TOM had chaired the Subcommittee on National Security, International Organizations, and Human Rights and was eminently fair, consistent, and effective. During my 15 years in Congress, I have had the privilege to fight alongside TOM in numerous human rights battles from Romania to the former U.S.S.R. to the People's Republic of China.

It is my intention and sincere hope to leave no stone unturned in the attempt to expose, scrutinize, and seek remedies for man's inhumanity to man, wherever and however it occurs. In like manner, our subcommittee will endeavor to recognize and encourage improvements in human rights practices. Above all, I will insist that objectivity, fairness, and the pursuit of trust be at the core of our work.

In the weeks and months ahead, the subcommittee will explore policy options designed to mitigate the seemingly endless suffering and abuse endured by so many.

In my view, the Country Reports are among the most important work the Department of State does. They allow the United States Government an opportunity to bear witness, to reassert fundamental principles, and also to examine its own conscience about whether its foreign policy comports with these principles.

Mr. Speaker, let me make some general observations about human rights.

First, the very idea of human rights presupposes that certain rights are fundamental, universal, and inalienable: they are too important to be taken away or circumscribed by governments.

Second, the United States has a commitment to human rights that is unique in the his-

tory of the world. It is no accident that the signers of our Declaration of Independence rested their resistance to tyranny not on tradition, self-interest, or the balance of power, but on the conviction that all human beings are "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." More recently, President Ronald Reagan reminded us that it is the destiny of the United States to be a "shining city on a hill," a living monument to the idea of freedom.

Human rights are indivisible, mutually reinforcing, and all-inclusive. Human rights cannot be abridged on account of race, color, creed, gender, age, or condition of dependency. Inclusiveness means everyone, and perhaps especially the inconvenient: the unborn child, or the dissent, or the believer in another religious tradition.

The right to life, religion, speech, assembly, and due process are the pillars of a free, sane, and compassionate society. The moral character and depth of soul of any society is measured not by its military might, technological prowess, athletic excellence or GDP, but on how well or poorly it treats its weakest and most vulnerable members.

It is particularly ironic that the subordination of human rights to other concerns, such as trade, immigration control, or congenial relations with other governments, is often justified on the ground that these are U.S. interests. This formulation misses the point: the most important U.S. interest is the promotion of freedom and of decency. We are strong enough and prosperous enough that we have no need to accept blood money, or to send refugees back to persecution, or to seek our alliances among regimes that murder and torture their own people.

Immediately prior to Thursday's hearing I received portions of the reports and had the opportunity to read the findings concerning about 10 countries. I have some reservations concerning certain portions of the reports, which I would like to state briefly.

First, I hope that in the State Department's effort to keep pace with what it calls "the changing nature of human rights problems," you do not lose sight of the fact that some rights are fundamental. Every year the reports seem to tell us more about the extent to which various societies have developed such institutions as collective bargaining and one-person-one-vote democracy. I do not mean to suggest that these things are not important. They are. They tell us much about a society. However, we must not allow their presence or absence to deflect attention from extrajudicial killing, torture, and imprisonment on account of religious or political beliefs.

Second, and even more troubling, on some issues in some countries the 1994 reports seem to acknowledge, yet minimize, human rights abuses. In a few cases the reports seem almost to suggest excuses or justifications for such abuses. At least three instances of this forgiving approach involve cases in which the foreign policy of the present administration has also given too little attention to egregious and well-documented human rights abuses. I refer to the harsh measures taken by the Chinese Government against those, especially women, who resist its coercive population control program, and by both China and Cuba against people who try to escape from these countries.

Finally, the reports raise deep concerns about the half-hearted and inconsistent human rights policy of the present administration. On ethnic cleansing in Bosnia and the brutal killings in Chechnya, the reports fully state the extent of the human rights abuses. Unfortunately, the administration has not given sufficient weight to these abuses in formulating its policy toward the nations in question. Human rights appears not to have been the primary concern.

CHINA: FORCED ABORTION AND STERILIZATION

The 1994 report acknowledges that forced abortions have been reported in China. Indeed, it acknowledges that "most people still depend on their government-linked work unit for permission to have a child," and that the "highly intrusive one child family planning policy * * * relies on * * * propaganda, and economic incentives, as well as more coercive measures including psychological pressure and economic penalties * * * [including] fines, withholding of social services, demotion, and other administrative punishments such as loss of employment * * *". The report also clearly states that "penalties for excess births can be levied against local officials and the mothers' work units * * * providing multiple sources of pressure * * *".

The report, however, then seems to accept blindly and uncritically the Chinese Government's oft-stated lie that "physical compulsion to submit to abortion or sterilization is not authorized" by the government. This is the same story the Chinese Government has been telling for years. The 1994 report also continues—as in past years—to suggest that the one-child policy is not even enforced in rural areas of the country. This ignores the 1991 country-wide tightening of enforcement of the coercive population control program. The pervasive use of forced abortion and sterilization, particularly since 1991, has been well documented by demographers, dissidents, journalists, and human rights activists. Most recently, a series of articles in the New York Times in April 1993 showed clearly that forced abortion in China is not rare, not limited to economic coercion or social pressure, not confined only to urban areas or to certain parts of the country, and definitely not unauthorized by those in power.

The report, as in past years, also seems to excuse the excesses of the brutal People's Republic of China policy by pointing with alarm to the size of China's population and with evident approval to the general thrust of the regime's effort to minimize population growth.

Forced abortion was properly construed to be a crime against humanity at the Nuremberg war trials. Today it is employed with chilling effectiveness and unbearable pain upon women in the People's Republic of China. Women in China are required to obtain a birth coupon before conceiving a child. Chinese women are hounded by the population control police, and even their menstrual cycles are publicly monitored as one means of ensuring compliance.

The 1993 New York Times articles pointed out that the People's Republic of China authorities, when they discover an unauthorized pregnancy—that is, an illegal child—normally apply a daily dose of threats and browbeating. They wear the woman down and eventually, if she does not succumb, she is physically forced to have the abortion.