

hard work at Mount Vernon Mills in Trion, GA. Hugh began his career as a helper in the laboratory, and has since worked his way to the position of lab floor manager. Louise started as a turner in the glove mill, and has now become a typist. Hugh has worked for the mill for 48 years, and Louise has been there for 52.

Even the plant where Hugh and Louise work is a symbol of steady and important economic contributions. With a history dating back to 1845, Mount Vernon Mills is the oldest continuing textile operation in one site in the entire State of Georgia. In a time when jobs and families change more often than winter weather, Hugh and Louise Denton are a model of steadfast devotion to family, job and community, for all of us.

---

HONORING THE BAILEY COMPANY

---

**HON. BOB SCHAFFER**

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, November 16, 1999*

Mr. SCHAFFER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the Bailey Company, an Arby's Roast Beef Restaurant franchisee in Colorado, of 62 restaurants and over 1,000 employees, for business excellence and commitment to public service. This commitment has translated into support for Colorado's chapter of Big Brothers Big Sisters.

The Bailey Company's efforts have included several fundraising and volunteer activities for over 15 years. In 1998, the company entered into an agreement with the Colorado Rockies of the National League featuring two Rockies players on plastic soft drink cups. Selling drinks at 25 cents over the standard price, the Bailey Company collected over \$38,000 and donated the dollars directly to Big Brothers Big Sisters. This summer, they signed on with Arby's first "Charity Tour Golf Tournament." This endeavor raised over \$200,000 for Big Brothers Big Sisters through tournament fees, promotional events, coupon-book sales, a Rockies game and auctions.

The Bailey Company's General Manager Geoff Bailey, and numerous employees, have made support of Big Brothers Big Sisters their mission. They have been a national corporate sponsor and are Colorado's largest corporate sponsor. In addition to raising funds, they have raised awareness of the valuable programs of Big Brothers Big Sisters, and have provided leadership through board membership and scholarships contributions.

It is for these reasons I rise today to honor the Bailey Company. I hold them up to the House as an example of the best of America's business. The Bailey family and employees exemplify the industrious spirit and community involvement that made America great.

THE MAGNIFICENT PEARLIE  
EVANS

**HON. WILLIAM (BILL) CLAY**

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, November 16, 1999*

Mr. CLAY. Mr. Speaker, in December 1998 my right hand retired. My St. Louis District Director, Pearlle Evans withdrew from office life after a long and distinguished career in government service. I know Pearlle cherished her many years on my staff almost as much as I cherished her able and devoted service. I also believe Pearlle Evans has enjoyed her first year of retirement nearly as much as her co-workers and I have missed her daily presence.

Mr. Speaker, by all accounts, Pearlle Evans is an outstanding St. Louisan whose contributions to our community may be never-ending. As the occasion of the anniversary of her retirement from my office is approaching, I would like to take the opportunity to share with my colleagues the following story, which appeared in A Magazine (August 1999) about the life and times of the magnificent Pearlle Evans.

[From A Magazine, Aug. 1999]

PEARLIE—A MOVER AND SHAKER

She's a mover and shaker. Here, in St. Louis, Jefferson City, Washington D.C. Everywhere she goes. Often honored as one who continually gives back to her community, she now has 40 plus awards, certificates, and plaques that reflect 26 years of dedicated service during her tenure as district assistant to Congressman Clay of the first congressional district. She is someone who has never stopped giving. She is the magnificent Pearlle Evans. When you step in her private domain, all you see are turtles, turtles and more turtles. Ceramic turtles, plastic turtles, fluffy turtles, stuffed turtles, multicolored turtles, handmade turtles, etc. . . . turtles. I attempted to count them but each time, I would lose count. Turtles, like herself, are living creatures, who are not afraid to stick their necks out she said, as she spoke in remembrance of the time she and journalism icon (the late) Betty Lee, went to Mississippi for the first year anniversary of Medgar Evers' assassination.

She reared back and glared at the ceiling. Her eyes were full of laughter as she reached out her hands as if to grasp the memory out of the air of how they all had to lay on the car floor during the entire ride to Evers' brother's house.

The town white folk were following behind them and shooting at the car. As the memories began to unfold, so did the history of a woman who was proud not only of her political and civil accomplishments, but even more, of the blessed privilege of knowing the family legacy from which she had come. With pride and gratitude she boasted with pleasure about her father's dad, grandpa Ingram. Says Evans, I love the story of the Ingram folk. She's a mover and a shaker. Here, in St. Louis, Jefferson city, Washington D.C., everywhere. A folk, she described, as being of good stock. She was reminded of this fact ever since she was about three years old. Also embedded in her heart were four generations of Ingram history whose roots trace back to a tall, herdsman people known as the Fulani tribe. A most cherished memory of her original homeland was when she first visited the tribe in 1970.

Evans said the resemblance was such that she was thought to be African by other members of the Fulani tribe. She was immediately recognized by the village mother who seemed overwhelmed by Evans' presence. The village mother immediately took Evans' into her arms and commenced to cuddle her. She held, hugged and rocked her as tears streamed down from her eyes. She was told that all the Africans taken during the slave trade had been eaten by their captives. What a spiritual catharsis it was to see Pearlle Evans as final, living proof that this had not been the fate of her people. Like the Fulani, grandpa Ingram was also a herdsman. His produce included grapes, squash, pepper, green beans, beans, and various corn crops. A well established businessman, originally from Florence, Alabama, he also owned a cafe called the Ingram restaurant. The cafe probably would have had a different title if the family name had not changed after the emancipation proclamation.

Grandpa Ingraham wanted to remove the slavery background from the family name so he changed their name from Ingraham to Ingram, explained Evans. His parents, Roxanne and Thomas, however, were laid to rest under the name they were born with. Evans boasted with dignity about grandpa Ingram and his two brothers. The one, tragic incident that did occur, involved grandpa Ingram's first wife, Sarah. She died of asphyxiation in Alabama, during a house fire which was started by the town's Ku Klux Klansman in the early 1920's. Evans remembered her grandpa describing when he first met Sarah at a local community fair. She was the prettiest girl there he told Evans. Even though her parents thought his skin was too dark completed for their daughter, he was finally allowed to marry her in 1900. From this union came one dark child, uncle Cornelius and one brown child, aunt Edmonia who, born in 1910, was the first college graduate of the Ingram family.

Due to the financial success of the Ingram Restaurant, they were able to provide a home for many poor kids by inviting them into their own home. Evans also talked about Grandpa Ingram's great compassion for grandpa Jack, who was her mother's father. Grandpa Ingram loved grandpa Jack because he was a hard working farmer like himself. She shared the story about the time the KKK was planning to kill grandpa Jackson and his family in order to steal their land. Evans said grandpa Ingram paid for four horses and a wagon so grandpa Jackson's family could be escorted to safety via a route much similar to that of an underground railroad. The NAACP also participated by covering up her mom and other family members with hay in an effort to help the family escape from the Ku Klux Klan's methods of terror. Undoubtedly, both sides of the family are loyal to this historic civil rights organization unto this very day, says Evans. This was not the first time someone from the Jackson lineage was subjected to impromptu behavior as a means to escape slavery. About three generations ago, aunt Molly, a great aunt of Evans, chose to jump ship rather than come to America as a slave. Aunt Molly was the sister of Mary, who begot Kate (grandpa Jack's wife) and was followed by Donna who mothered Pearlle. By the time grandpa Jack was born (1865) and had died (1949) he had fathered 17 children. Financially, the Jacksons were not as well off as the Ingrams, Evans expressed as she shared a family portrait. Thought, this family had very little money, they too, seemed rich in the knowledge of their family history. It was grandma Jackson who gave