

What the Boston campaign will try next remains under discussion. Among some ideas mentioned: persuading private employers to give employees four hours off for cancer screening, making it easier for Bostonians to bicycle or job to work and making programs that help smokers quit available to anyone who wants them.

As for immediate results, Mayor Menino said that the four hours off for screening had already led to the early detection of some cancer and that nearly 5 percent of the women who used the mammography van had found suspicious lumps. Nearly one-fourth of those who used the van said the mammogram was their first, the mayor added.

For the most part, the campaign is expected to yield only gradual results. Certainly, the immediate effect of the brochure mailing seemed a bit underwhelming: Of more than a dozen people interviewed on the streets of Dorchester, most said they had paid little if any attention to the brochure, although some said they had set it aside to read later.

"Sometimes I'm just too tired to read," said Esther Ellis, 72, who nonetheless was having her annual mammogram at a local health center. "I just leave it to God. God respects my body."

Jose Navarro, a flea market vendor, said he did not recall getting the brochure. But when he read it in Spanish on the spot, he expressed surprise at what he learned.

"Drinking?" he exclaimed. "I know it's bad for you, I know it's bad for your liver, but I didn't know it causes cancer."

David Sheets, a 45-year-old friend of Mr. Navarro, said that he had saved the brochure at his South End home to read later but that the idea of cancer "doesn't bother me yet."

"My mother died of it, my father died of it," Mr. Sheets said. "It doesn't faze me."

He smokes and refuses to quit, he said. Then, referring to cancer, he added, "I just think that it won't happen to me."•

RECOGNIZING THE MT. BAKER PTA

• Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I take the floor today to applaud the members and volunteers of the Mt. Baker Parent-Teacher Association that have successfully raised over \$100,000 for its schools. Mt. Baker is a small, rural community just south of the Canadian border that lacks a sufficient tax-base to cover the costs of buying new technology for its schools.

In an effort to raise funds to purchase up-to-date resources for their students, volunteers from the PTA opened a small restaurant with their own time and resources. To date, this venture has provided over \$100,000 to improve education in Mt. Baker. For that reason, I am pleased to present one of my Innovation in Education Awards to the Mt. Baker PTA.

In January of 1989, 20 parents took out a loan and purchased a run-down restaurant booth at the Northwest Washington Fair Grounds. Parents and volunteers spent countless hours cleaning and preparing the restaurant for its opening in March of 1989. For the past 10 years, volunteers and parents have worked at hundreds of community events to feed the fairground visitors, raising money that funded new research and learning equipment for math and science students, field trips across western Washington, and count-

less other tools for learning that have enhanced the education at all Mt. Baker schools.

The volunteers at the Mt. Baker PTA demonstrate that local educators and parents know what their students need to succeed and deserve the freedom and flexibility in the Federal education funds to better educate their children.

The innovative thinking and hard work of the Mt. Baker community teaches its students of the importance of a good education and how a community can work together to achieve a common goal. The Mt. Baker PTA is an example for all of us to follow. I hope that my colleagues will join me in commending the people of this community for their hard work to improve the education for their children.●

IN RECOGNITION OF LUIS ALBERTO ROBLES PADILLA, JR.

• Mr. BINGAMAN. Mr. President, on September 9, 1999, I had the pleasure to be one of the keynote speakers at the Sixth Annual Scholarship Awards Banquet sponsored by the Hispanic College Fund, Inc. The Hispanic College Fund selects a student among the group of scholarship recipients to convey remarks on their behalf at the Annual Awards Banquet. Mr. Luis Robles, who attends Stanford University, where I attended Law School, spoke to the crowd of over one hundred people which included Members of Congress, Hispanic Business Leaders, friends of the Hispanic College Fund and family members of the award recipients.

Even though Luis is not from my home state of New Mexico, I feel that it is important to recognize the dedication, hard work, and commitment that this young man has undertaken in his academics and in his life despite great adversity. The remarks that Luis made to those in attendance that night left the room in utter silence. His remarks, and those of the teacher who nominated him for the scholarship, show that nothing in life is unattainable. This young man serves as an example that if you believe in yourself, believe in hard work, and believe you can achieve your goals, you can do anything and be anyone you want to be.

Mr. President, I respectfully ask that the attached statement which Mr. Robles made to the Sixth Annual Scholarship Awards Dinner and that of his teacher, Mr. David Layton, be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. The statement follows:

REMARKS BY LUIS ALBERTO ROBLES

I remember the day well . . . a few weeks after weeks after Thanksgiving in 1986. The gray Seattle morning smelled like drizzle as my father, Luis, and my mother, Maria, escorted me along evergreen-lined 8th street, to the school bus stop for the very first time. The other children laughed and frolicked. But without knowing English, without knowing what they said, my parents and I only stared in wonder.

Next thing I know the enormous school bus is pulling away, with me on

board; frightened and alone. Hot tears streamed down my cheeks. The window was cold against my nose. My parents smiled worriedly, waved, and off I went . . . to Cherry Crest Elementary.

I had no idea what the future held.

I had no idea what graduation was, let alone college.

I had no idea that some day in the distant future I would standing here before you tonight.

Good evening.

Buenas Tardes.

My name is Luis Alberto Robles Padilla, Jr. I am a sophomore majoring in Industrial engineering at Stanford University. I feel very privileged to join you tonight, and am honored to be speaking on behalf on this year's scholarship recipients.

On their and my behalf, I would like to offer a heartfelt thanks to the Hispanic College Fund, the corporate sponsors, the Board of Trustees, and American Airlines.

I would also like to thank the Lockheed Martin Corporation, in particular, for my scholarship. The scholarship is a tremendous help to my family, and I am truly thankful.

I would also like to share a part of my story: personal experiences that have shaped my life, ideas that have shaped what I believe, and people that have made me into the person that I am today. I will begin on December 17th, 1997, my 17th birthday:

"Dr. Johnson. . . . Dr. Johnson. . . ." As I wearily walked down the artificially lit corridor, I realized someone was paging my father's doctor. I turned and ran towards the intensive care unit that I had left only a few minutes ago, towards my terrified mother and toward my father's labored breathing. The sterilized odor of Harrison Memorial Hospital overwhelmed me as I raced through a maze of white walls to confront his death.

After bolting through heavy metal doors, I saw doctors and nurses rushing frantically around the room. I could only hear one sound. It filled the air, was audible above all the commotion, and drowned out the heavy pounding of my heart. The monotonous beep of the monitor meant "Pappy" was gone forever.

While sitting next to him, a body drained of the warmth and energy I had always known, I focused at the crimson drops that stained the yellow linoleum floor and the crisp white sheets; slowly remembering what a terrible ordeal the past six weeks of hospitalization had been. My life had changed forever since the day I sped through traffic, with my Dad shivering in the back seat next to my worried mother. I was scared to death without even knowing that the killer was Leukemia.

Although the chemotherapy proceeded well, it also gradually wore my father away. The first side effects were a loss of appetite, accompanied by nausea and vomiting. His hair fell out next, and I could tell my father's courage was beginning to waver. A look of

pain and anguish had replaced his usual smile, and with each passing day, he looked more like my grandfather. It all seemed like a bad dream, both frightful and surreal.

While packing his belongings, hours after he had passed away, I found a note intended for me. It was in Father's handwriting; blurry scribbles because the medicine made his hands shake. I sat down and cried because it said in Spanish, "ya es tiempo de luchar," which means, "it is time to take up the struggle."

The poem he wrote to me, titled "Oda a mi Hijo," "Ode to my Son" goes like this:

Quiero cantarte una cancion,
(I want to sing you a song)
Desde lo mas profundo de mi alma,
(From the deepest part of my soul)
Brisa suave, que refresca y calma,
(Soft breeze that refreshes and soothes)
Tu tierra fecunda que riega mi oracion.
(Your fertile soil that showers my prayer)
El agua se hizo luz y dio una planta,
(The water turned to light and created a plant)
La tierra hecha vida, dio on rosal con un boton,
(The soil transformed into life and bore a rose in full blossom)
Carne de dos almas hecha con amor,
(Flesh from two souls, made with love)
Fue la suave brisa, que refresca y canta.
(It was the soft breeze that refreshes and sings)
Con el correr de los años, pajarito se volvio,
(As the years passed, it transformed into a bird)
Dejar el nido quiere, hace el intento de volar,
(Yearning to leave the nest, it attempts to fly)
La brisa, el amor, el cielo derramo,
(The breeze, the love, the heavens overflowed)
El destino esta en tus manos, ya es tiempo de luchar.
(Destiny is in your hands, its time to take up the struggle)

I find it hard to understand Dad's absence, and that he left exactly on my seventeenth birthday. But though I miss him everyday, I am grateful for all the time we spent together and everything my father taught me. Through my family's Mexican restaurant, he showed me what Hispanic business leadership is: hard work, dedication, and most importantly, helping others and the community.

My father pointed me in the right direction, and made me believe in myself. There is good in this beautiful world, and life will always receive my best effort. Rather than cause embarrassment, my heritage will always instill pride within me, and I will succeed. I know he is proud of me.

Ultimately, by succeeding I hope to influence other Hispanics. When I look at many of my Hispanic peers, I see them giving up on school, giving up bright futures, and giving up their dreams. Their intellectual capacity has nothing to do with it, and the issue is complicated, yet they also do not have the support or the opportunities.

At this point, I would like to thank my parents for their unending love, my family for their constant encourage-

ment, and all of my friends for their help and support. I would also like to thank Mr. Paul Torno, who worked with me even after retiring. Special thanks to Mr. David Layton . . . even though I lost my father, a great man and teacher, I am lucky to have found another great teacher, another great man. Finally, I thank my mother, an incredibly brave and strong woman. Most of all, however, I thank God all the blessings.

I and the other scholarship recipients, as well as countless other Hispanics, are yearning to fly . . . trying to fly . . . learning to fly . . .

Once again, I would like to thank the Hispanic College Fund, and its sponsors.

We want to demonstrate that anything is possible by working hard and following our dreams.

We want to see more Hispanics graduating from high school and college.

We want to have more Hispanics in business and government positions.

We want to truly thank all of you for helping us strive towards our goals.

Thank you and good night.

March 25, 1999.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, Luis Robles has asked me to recommend him for acceptance for your scholarship. Few tasks will be as easy for me to do. I have known him as a student for two years in both honors history and honors English classes so I feel quite qualified to speak about his application.

It is impossible for me to recommend Luis without telling his story first. No other student in my 19 years of teaching has accomplished more with such adversity. An only child of immigrants from Mexico, Luis learned more than values from his parents; he learned who he was, who he could become, and what he could give back to his community. His father ran a small restaurant on our island and hired family and friends who needed work; but to keep dreams alive he insisted they go to night school and paid their tuition if they maintained a B. This pride and dignity wrapped in such strong humor are his legacy. Tragically last year his father died of Leukemia in his son's arms on his son's 17th birthday. As the only one who spoke clear English, Luis sold the restaurant, managed his mother's accounts, supported her till she finished her AA degree, and found work at the local hospital.

His commute to Bainbridge is 60-80 minutes each way. But he knew what he wanted—to be blunt we run one of the hardest programs in the state. He has aced every honors or AP course we offer. His maturity is beyond his years. He seeks out criticism and he listens and grows with suggestions. Specifically he has worked hard on his writing knowing that here his voice needs to be clear and purposeful. In both independent and group projects, Luis has had the discipline and creativity to make the connections between ideas, events, and more importantly to things in his own life. His work has shown original thought and a true conviction to understand the complications of individuals struggling to find meaningful solutions to their problems. Luis embodies the belief that this is his life, his chance to make a difference, his chance to give back far more than he takes. Make no mistake, he will take advantage of all you offer.

Luis has shared with my family the poetry his father wrote and the poems he has now written back. It is his genuineness that I

wish to commend most. His 4.0 G.P.A. has been matched, the high marks on the SAT equaled, but none have his vision.

It should be obvious how strongly I feel about Luis; his heart separates him from the rest. If you have the chance to talk with him, you will understand.

Sincerely,

DAVID LAYTON,
Faculty, Honors Program.●

HONORING ANNE KANTEN

● Mr. WELLSTONE. Mr. President, I speak today to say a few words about a remarkable farm leader and humanitarian, Anne Kanten.

Anne has served for 18 years on the board of directors of the Farmers Legal Action Group (F.L.A.G.), a non-profit law firm based in St. Paul, Minnesota, and dedicated to helping family farmers obtain economic and social justice. I salute Anne Kanten for her enlightened guidance to F.L.A.G. during her years as a director and her years on the board. But far more than that, I want to take this moment to acknowledge Anne Kanten's lifetime of service to others.

Anne served as Minnesota's Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture and as Chief Administrator of the Minnesota Farm Advocate Program during the years of farm crisis in the 1980's. She was a founding member of the American Agriculture Movement who, with her husband Chuck and son Kent, helped plan and carry out the Washington, DC Tractorcade of 1979. In addition, Anne has been a long time spokesperson for stewardship of the land and its people through her various leadership roles in her church.

Her efforts to achieve justice for farm families continue to this day.

Anne Kanten grew up on an Iowa farm, the daughter of immigrants who came to our country in pursuit of a better life. By her own admission, she longed to escape the 1930's Depression of her rural childhood. After attending college and becoming a teacher, Anne became re-connected to the land when she married Chuck Kanten, a young farmer from Milan, Minnesota. Anne and Chuck Kanten represent the best of American Life. They raised a wonderful family on their farm home. They believe strongly in giving of themselves.

I consider myself honored and fortunate to count Anne Kanten as my friend. I ask the Senate today to join me in recognizing Anne Kanten for her years of service to the Farmers Legal Action Group and to farm families everywhere.●

DELAWARE WELL REPRESENTED AT AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

● Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, I rise today to salute four Delaware golfers who continue to make the citizens of my State proud.

Last June, Margaret Butler, Mary Kaczorowski, Joyce Ruddick and Alice Wooldridge played in and won the