

The remarks follow:

REMARKS OF BETH MACY

When a friend of mine, a writer who is in her 80s, heard I was going to give a speech about having been a Pell grant recipient, her first reaction was to joke: "Don't do it," she said "Unless they promise to forgive any outstanding loan payments." And then she said: "You always hear about Fulbrights, but nobody ever says how much they appreciated their Pell grants." That was my thought exactly. And it has been my thought since the day I realized just how much the Pell grant has done for me and thousands of other people like me. They say the G.I. bill changed America; that thousands of people became the first in their families to go to college, turning education from an elites-only business to a more democratic enterprise. Well, the Pells did the same thing a little later and went deeper, helping more women and minorities than the G.I. bill did. And I say this to you unequivocally because I believe it: Had I not gone to college, I don't think I'd have any of the things I treasure most today—my husband, my sons, my friends, my work, even my psychological well-being.

I am not a rich person now, by any means. I drive a used Volvo station wagon with 122,000 miles. My husband drives to the inner-city school where he works in a 1986 Mustang convertible—with a roof that leaks every time it rains. We live in a three-bedroom, four-square house in Roanoke, Virginia, with questionable floor joists and cranky plumbing. The house was built in 1927, the same year my mother was born. Both my house and my mother have character, as they say of things that charm you and annoy you and sometimes make you laugh. My mother was too poor to go to college, and my father dropped out of school in the seventh grade. He told me once that serving as a cook in World War II was the best thing he'd ever done, but he came home from the war to a life of alcoholism, depression and scattered employment. My three older siblings—whose early-adult years predate the founding of the Pell grant—didn't go to college, either; they didn't even consider it. It was just not something people in our family did. I don't want to give you the impression that we grew up hungry or physically abused; we didn't. But we were afflicted with the most serious side effect of growing up poor: the inability to dream. We felt inferior to the kind of people who took vacations and drove cars that started every time.

A few years ago I was reminded of how small my world used to be before I went away to college. My husband and I were driving my 16-year-old niece, who lives in Ohio, to our house in Virginia—on her first trip across state lines. We stopped in Charleston, West Virginia, to refuel the car and our bellies, when Sara removed her requisite teenage earphones, bolted upright in her seat and gasped, "You mean they have McDonald's here, too?!"

Today I teach personal-essay and memoir writing as an adjunct instructor at Hollins University. I also teach freshman comp and remedial writing part-time at our community college. When any of my students complain that their stories aren't worthy of the written word—or that nothing significant has happened to them—I have them make a list of the defining moments in their lives. To find your plot, I tell them, try to think of one event in your life that has fundamentally changed the way you think and act.

This is mine: I am riding through the flat cornfields of Northwest Ohio on my way to Bowling Green State University. I am in my mom's rusting Mustang, which is packed to the roof with stolen milk crates and cheap

suitcases containing my life's belongings: my clothes and books, my Neil Young album collection and my beloved stuffed Ziggy. The year is 1986, and I am 18 years old. I have never seen the beach, nor written a check, nor spent the night any farther from home than Mary Beth Buxton's house on the outskirts of town. As we drive, there are thousands of station wagons packed with thousands of suitcases; thousands of grinding stomachs converging on universities across the country. As we drive, I'm certain that I'm the only college freshman who fears getting lost, not making any friends, failing courses, being shipped back home. And I know I'm the only one arriving on campus with a lucky buckeye from my Grandma Macy's tree in the pocket of my brand-new too-blue jeans. Courage, as defined by Emerson: having the guts to do the thing you've never done before. The one time I drove off the city-pool high dive, I land flat on my belly. They said you could hear the smack at the tennis courts a quarter-mile away. Sure, I tried something new, but I never climbed that ladder again. In my mom's Mustang, my heart soars and plummets with every mile crossed. I'm excited that I just might break into the ranks of the Official Middle Class, but I fear being found out as the impostor I believe I am. I consider asking my mom to turn around and take me home, but for the life of me I can't even talk. Courage, as defined by me: having the guts to dive in over and over again, until the belly flop becomes a perfect plunge. I climbed back up the high-dive ladder the day I went to college. But I couldn't have done it without the Pell grant, which paid my tuition. To cover room and board, I worked two, sometimes three jobs at a time, and I received several National Direct Student Loans.

This is why last year, on my first night of teaching—after working as a journalist for 12 years and earning a master's degree in creative writing at Hollins—the following people inspired me: Sandy and Teree, sisters who both drive school buses and dream of earning associate's business degrees so they can help their truck-driver husbands start their own company; Amy, a single mom who spoke of what it was like to be diagnosed as having ADD (at age 30) and, with the help of medicine, finally being able to THINK; Charles, who'd recently moved to Virginia from a drug-treatment center in Connecticut, ready to try life without drugs; Beth, mother of four, who said she came to college because she doesn't want her kids to grow up thinking she's stupid; And Randy, a mechanic who came to class without first washing his greasy hands. For our first in-class exercise, Randy wrote about the best job he'd ever had, in construction. His ideas were developed, his examples full of detail. But he didn't have a single period or comma on the page. He said he had no idea where to place a period. "If I get me a computer," he asked, "won't that put in all the periods for me?" Randy wasn't exactly Hemingway by the semester's end, but he did know how to punctuate a sentence. He came to every class early, stayed late and never missed dropping by during office hours to show me his work. He improved more than any student I've ever taught, and I'm told he's still in school—plugging away at "The Great Gatsby" and "Once More to the Lake" after his eight-hour shift fixing cars. He wants to buy his own business, too, and I believe some day he will. He was one of several who stayed late that first night to get me to sign his Pell Grant form.

I know there are people who like to bash Pell grant recipients. About 10 years ago, on our way to cover a newspaper story, a photo-journalist friend and I were riding in a company car, when the subject of lost loves and

old boyfriends reared its ugly head. The daughter of a doctor, my friend confided that she still pines over one ex-beau in particular—but added that he was not worthy of her angst, on account of, as she put it: "He was a total loser. I mean, he went to college on a Pell grant." Back then I was too ashamed of my roots to confront that kind of elitism, so I stewed and said nothing. But a few months ago at a teaching conference I attended, a colleague made a similar comment. He said that most of his Pell students are slackers; that they take advantage of government hand-outs; that they don't have what it takes to make it in a white-collar world. This time I could not keep quiet. I told him that most of my Pell students are even more driven than my middle- and upper-class students, with a lot more riding on the success of their papers than a letter grade or the refinement of their creative-writing skills. Most of my Pell students are working toward not only a degree and a decent job, but also a fundamental shift in the direction of their lives. They want to worry not about paying the bills, but about whether their kids are more suited to playing soccer or the violin. When you're mired in poverty's problems, you don't have the luxury of worrying about basic "quality of life"; it wouldn't occur to you to even use that phrase.

I am not rich now by any means. But most of the time I am happy, and I am productive, and I am not ashamed. I thank you, Senator Pell, for your gift of education—on behalf of myself, my students and all the rest of the people out there who might yet get a shot at a life better than the one they were born into.●

WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH

● Mr. SARBANES. Mr. President, today I rise in recognition of Women's History Month—a time to honor the many great women leaders from our past and present who have served our Nation so well. They have worked diligently to achieve social change and personal triumph usually against incredible odds. As scientists, writers, doctors, teachers, and mothers, they have shaped our world and guided us down the road to prosperity and peace. For far too long, however, their contributions to the strength and character of our society went unrecognized and undervalued.

Women have led efforts to secure not only their own rights, but have also been the guiding force behind many of the other major social movements of our time—the abolitionist movement, the industrial labor movement, and the civil rights movement, to name a few. We also have women to thank for the establishment of many of our early charitable, philanthropic, and cultural institutions.

In Maryland, we are proud to honor the many women who have played such critical roles in the development of our State heritage. They include Margaret Brent, who, in 1648, became America's first woman lawyer and landholder, and Harriet Tubman, who saved thousands of lives during the Civil War through the Underground railroad. Other great Maryland women include Henrietta Szold, the founder of Hadasah, the Women's Zionist Organization

of America and Dr. Helen Taussig, who developed, in 1945, the first successful medical procedure to save "blue babies."

Now more than ever, women are a guiding force in Maryland and a major presence in our business sector. As of 1996, there were over 167,000 women-owned businesses in our State—that amounts to 39 percent of all firms in Maryland. Maryland's women-owned businesses employ over 301,000 people and generate over \$39 billion in sales. Between 1987 and 1996, the number of women-owned firms in Maryland is estimated to have increased by 88 percent.

During Women's History month we have the opportunity to remember and praise great women leaders who have opened doors for today's young women in ways that are often overlooked. Their legacy has enriched the lives of us all and deserves prominence in the annals of American history.

With this in mind, I have co-sponsored legislation again this Congress to establish a National Museum of Women's History Advisory Committee. This Committee would be charged with identifying a site for the National Museum of Women's History and developing strategies for raising private funding for the development and maintenance of the museum. Ultimately, the museum will enlighten the young and old about the key roles women have played in our Nation's history and the many contributions they have made to our culture.

However, we must do more than merely recognize the outstanding accomplishments women have made. Women's History Month also is a time to recognize that women still face substantial obstacles and inequities at every turn. Access to capital for female entrepreneurs is still a significant stumbling block, and women business owners of color are even less likely than white women entrepreneurs to have financial backing from a bank. A female physician still only earns about 58 cents to her male counterpart's dollar, and female business executives earn about 65 cents for every dollar paid to a male executive. At every age, women are more likely than their male contemporaries to be poor, and the average personal income of men over 65 is nearly double that of their female peers. Tragically, the incidence of AIDS among black and Hispanic women and teenage girls is far out of proportion to their percentage of the population.

On the other hand, we have made great strides toward ensuring a fairer place for women in our society. The college-educated proportion of women, although still smaller than the comparable proportion of men, has been increasing rapidly. Black and white women's death rates from heart disease have dropped significantly since 1970. Women are now the majority in some professional and managerial occupations that were largely male until relatively recently.

Mr. President, as we begin a new millennium, it is my hope that our progress in securing women's rights will accelerate. As we celebrate Women's History Month, let us reaffirm our commitment to the women of this Nation and to insuring full equality for all of our citizens.●

RECOGNIZING PHYLLIS
MARCKWORTH OF THE PORT
TOWNSEND SCHOOL DISTRICT

● Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, I would like to recognize the outstanding achievements of a local educator, Phyllis Marckworth, from Port Townsend in Washington State. Phyllis has been brought to my attention for her devoted efforts in singlehandedly taking charge of efforts to create an integrated system of technology throughout the Port Townsend School District. Indeed, Superintendent Gene Medina credits Phyllis' enthusiastic efforts for literally transforming the fundamental nature of student learning in the district. It is individuals like Ms. Marckworth that should remind all of us here in the U.S. Senate of the indispensable role that the innovation of local educators play in our children's education.

Phyllis is the kind of rare and special educator which schools across this country cherish. She serves as a teacher, a technology administrator, and a staff developer. Thus, her contributions to the better education of students of Port Townsend are noteworthy for several reasons: first, her incredible zeal in tirelessly laboring on behalf of the students she serves. In 1993, she was coordinating plans to purchase computers and telephones for the Port Townsend District. Rather than follow the tradition path of initial hardware investment to supply individual classrooms, Phyllis embarked on a bolder and eventually more rewarding task of assembling an entire telecommunications network for all the students in the district to utilize and learn from. That network has since become the backbone of the improved communication and learning in Port Townsend that all schools hope technology will bring to our classrooms.

Secondly, her visionary innovation in implementing an integrated system of technology within the Port Townsend school district has resulted not just in a "technology curriculum" but technology that is fully integrated within the entire district's curriculum. This integration has resulted in better education for students who now understand and utilize technology as a part of every aspect of their lives and learning, not just a computer that is used for typing term papers or biology lab reports.

Finally, this integration which Phyllis sparked has also corresponded with a direct focus on developing the ability of staff throughout the Port Townsend district to make technology a part of their classrooms. Hence, teachers can

make technology a part of the whole education process rather than simply a small piece student learning. Too often technology is brought in to the classrooms of today without the training necessary for our teachers to best use that technology to train our students for tomorrow. Phyllis Marckworth has met that challenge head on and has made her district and its students better because of the creative and dedicated way in which she has done so.

It is individuals like Phyllis Marchworth that make education across this country and in our local schools great, not more rules and regulations from Washington, DC. As we in the Senate work on important education legislation, I hope my colleagues will remember the innovative work of educators like Phyllis Marchworth who show how local communities create education success stories when we give them the flexibility they need and deserve.●

BRUMIDI IN NEW YORK

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise today to call the Senate's attention to works of an artist with whom we are all quite familiar. Constantino Brumidi is famous for having painted much of the fine murals here in the Capitol. What is not as yet known, however, is that his other major body of work, in fact the only other great body of work in the United States, is at the Our Lady of the Scapular & St. Stephen's Church (St. Stephen's) in New York City. Located on 29th Street and Third Avenue on Manhattan's East Side, St. Stephens is home to many Brumidi masterpieces, including a mural of the crucifixion which is believed to be the largest of its kind in the world. At one time, St. Stephen's was home to the New York City Arch Diocese and the largest Catholic Church in New York.

Unfortunately, many of the paintings and murals have fallen into disrepair and are in need of restoration. The church has undertaken a campaign to raise the funds necessary to complete this task. I am hopeful that some government funds may be available as well, perhaps through the Save America's Treasures program. Our own Barbara Wolanin from the Architect of the Capitol's office is familiar with St. Stephen's and their efforts to preserve their collection of Brumidis. I invite my colleagues to visit St. Stephen's the next time they are in New York and see the other body of work by the artist we have all come to love.

Mr. President, I ask that an article written by members of St. Stephen's about their Brumidi collection be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

CONSTANTINO BRUMIDI—ARTIST OF THE CAPITOL—CLASSICAL ARTIST AND DECORATOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH

In a new publication, Constantino Brumidi: Artist of the Capitol, Barbara Wolanin (curator for the architect of the Capitol) and a host of other scholars present the first in