

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 Louis 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