

a pyramid, with accountability being the base that supports the federal government's grant of flexibility and funds.

For too long, we have seen a steady stream of Federal dollars flow to States and school districts—regardless of how well they educated their students. This has to stop. We need to reward schools that do a good job. We need to provide assistance and support to schools that are struggling to do a better job. And we need to stop subsidizing failure. Our highest priority must be educating children—not perpetuating broken systems.

I believe the "Three R's bill is a strong starting point for taking a fresh look at public education. We need to build upon all the progress we've made, and work to address the problems we still face. This bill—by using the concepts of increased funding, targeting, flexibility—and most importantly, accountability—demonstrates how we can work with our State and local partners to make sure every child receives the highest quality education—a chance to live a successful productive life. I look forward to working with all of my colleagues on both sides of the aisle, as well as education groups in my State, as Congress debates ESEA in the coming months.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Wednesday, March 8, 2000, the Federal debt stood at \$5,745,125,070,490.06 (Five trillion, seven hundred forty-five billion, one hundred twenty-five million, seventy thousand, four hundred ninety dollars and six cents).

One year ago, March 8, 1999, the Federal debt stood at \$5,651,493,000,000 (Five trillion, six hundred fifty-one billion, four hundred ninety-three million).

Five years ago, March 8, 1995, the Federal debt stood at \$4,848,282,000,000 (Four trillion, eight hundred forty-eight billion, two hundred eighty-two million).

Ten years ago, March 8, 1990, the Federal debt stood at \$3,023,842,000,000 (Three trillion, twenty-three billion, eight hundred forty-two million).

Fifteen years ago, March 8, 1985, the Federal debt stood at \$1,704,823,000,000 (One trillion, seven hundred four billion, eight hundred twenty-three million) which reflects a debt increase of more than \$4 trillion—\$4,040,302,070,490.06 (Four trillion, forty billion, three hundred two million, seventy thousand, four hundred ninety dollars and six cents) during the past 15 years.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

RECOGNITION OF CAMP FIRE BOYS AND GIRLS BIRTHDAY WEEK

• Mr. GRAMS. Mr. President, I rise today to honor the Camp Fire Boys and

Girls as it celebrates its 90th birthday. Founded in 1910 as the Camp Fire Girls, it focuses on educational and leadership programs to mentor America's young women, and at the time was the nation's only organization specifically for girls. My own state of Minnesota was one of the first states to develop a local chapter for Camp Fire Girls, with a small group of eight and their 21-year-old leader.

Minnesota Governor John Lind purchased 63 acres on Lake Minnewashta in 1924 to provide Camp Fire members with a permanent campground. This concept caught on, as two years later, 1000 feet of shoreline on Green Lake was purchased for the St. Paul council. Many of the early camping ventures were for girls in high school. But many councils, like Minnesota, developed a Blue Bird program to provide younger girls with activities all their own. This additional age group completed the support Camp Fire brought to girls up to age 18. To better serve all of America's youth, Camp Fire opened its doors and allowed boys to become members in 1975. In 1994, the St. Paul and Minneapolis councils merged and now serve not only the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, but most of Southern Minnesota. This partnership has provided Camp Fire the opportunity to maintain its flexibility and remain responsive to the changing needs of children.

That Camp Fire has consistently adapted to the changes necessitated by changing times is perhaps the organization's strongest asset in reaching out to America's youth.

Camp Fire was not intended to solve the problems of the world, but rather provide the right tools to the children who will. From the beginning, Camp Fire has used the ideals behind Work, Health, and Love (Wohelo) to guide our youth in developing self-esteem and responsibility. Wohelo was the name of the organization's first camp in Vermont and more than 50 years later, in 1962, the Wohelo medallion was created to bestow the highest honor to those who personify the meaning of the Camp Fire organization.

Today, there are 125 local councils in 41 States serving some 629,000 young Americans. Camp Fire provides direct access to youth through development programs in three areas: club programs, self-reliance programs, and outdoor programs.

Club programs provide children with regular, informal educational meetings in local communities led by volunteers or paid leaders. In elementary schools, self-reliance courses are led by trained, certified teachers who educate children about personal safety and self-care. Last year, more than 6,000 children were involved in this program in Minneapolis alone. And in St. Paul, teens are involved in the teaching process to broaden their community involvement. The outdoor programs provide an outdoor setting for children to better understand the world we live in while developing vision, commitment, and par-

ticipation skills in team and individual activities.

I am honored to wish the Camp Fire Boys and Girls across America a happy 90th birthday. I wish it continued success in reaching our youth by inspiring individual potential while having fun.●

HONORING SISTER AGNES CLARE

• Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, in my hometown of Springfield, IL, we have extraordinary people who have made noteworthy contributions in service to others.

Julie Cellini, a freelance writer and community activist, has written many profiles which highlight the lives of these fine neighbors in our state capital.

Recently, Julie shared the life story of such a person: Sister Agnes Clare, O.P.

At 103 years of age with a sharp mind, an enduring will to savor each day of her life and an irresistible Irish charm, Sister Agnes Clare is more than a living legend. She is an eyewitness to a century of history in Springfield; a young observer of Washington, D.C., as the daughter of a U.S. Congressman; and most of all, a vivid illustration of the legacy of a life of giving as a member of the Dominican Sisters of Springfield.

In this week before the celebration of St. Patrick's birthday, I would like to share with the Senate Julie Cellini's recent feature story on Sister Agnes Clare from the Springfield State Journal-Register. As you read it, you will learn of the Grahams, a great Irish-American family, and a woman who has touched so many lives with so much goodness.

Mr. President, I ask that this article be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

[From the State Journal-Register, March 5, 2000]

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES—SISTER AGNES CLARE

(By Julie Cellini)

Agnes Graham was 11 years old when the race riot of 1908 broke out in Springfield.

"I remember the smashed dishes and glass from the windows of Loper's Restaurant strewn across South Fifth Street," she says. "My mother tried to keep me from reading the newspapers so I wouldn't know all that happened. She always thought children should be trouble free, but it wasn't possible to avoid what was going on."

Now at 103 years old, Agnes Graham has been Sister Agnes Clare O.P. of the Cominican Sisters of Springfield for 80 years. She has lived during three centuries of Springfield history, but her voice still carries a hint of the same incredulousness she might have felt some 92 years ago when she watched her hometown erupt into violence that culminated in the lynching of two black men.

"There was a mob. They became very angry when they couldn't get to the black prisoners in the county jail. They said a black man raped a white woman, but it wasn't true. The town was just torn apart."

By the time the two-day upheaval ended, seven people, blacks and whites, were dead,

and 40 black homes and 15 black-owned businesses were destroyed.

Whether the race riot is her worst memory from more than a century of living, Sister Agnes Clare won't say. Her voice is steady, but she moves quickly to other events, often telling stories about her childhood in the leafy confines of what once was called "Aristocracy Hill."

Born in 1987 in a handsome, Lincoln-era house that still stands at 413 S. Seventh St., Agnes Graham was the youngest of seven children—three girls and four boys. She grew up in an adoring, achieving family headed by James M. Graham, an Irish immigrant who co-founded the family law firm of Graham & Graham. James M. Graham served in the Illinois General Assembly and as Sangamon County state's attorney before being elected to Congress, where he served from 1908 to 1914.

Sister Agnes Clare's earliest memories are of life in the Victorian-style, painted-brick house, where water came from a backyard pump and transportation meant hitching up a horse and buggy. She frames them from the perspective of a much loved child who appears to have been the favorite of her older siblings.

She recalls the Christmas she was 5 years old ("about the age when I started doubting Santa Clause") and too sick with the flu to walk downstairs to open gifts. Her brother Hugh, a law student at the University of Illinois, wrapped her in a blanket and carried her in his arms down the long, curved staircase with its polished walnut banister.

"My father had given me a big dollar bill to buy eight presents, she says, "I spent 30 cents for three bottles of perfume for my mother and sisters, and the place smelled to high heaven. I bought my father two bow ties for 10 cents. I think they were made of paper, and they fastened with safety pins. When I got downstairs, I saw a cup of tea for Santa Claus.

"When I was very young, my father went on a ship to Ireland to visit. I asked him to bring me back a leprechaun, but he said he didn't want me to be disappointed if the leprechauns were too fast for him to catch. What he did bring back was a leprechaun doll in a box, with gray socks and a pipe and bat. He told me it was a dead leprechaun, and that the salt water had killed him. I think I half-believed him, and I went around the neighborhood showing my dead leprechaun to my friends. One of their mother told my mother, 'Agnes' imagination is growing up faster than she is."

"The leprechaun went back into a box," she says, "but he'd get to come out on my birthdays and special occasions."

Now a family heirloom, the doll resides with her great-niece, Sallie Graham.

Sister Agnes Clare says he Springfield she grew up in wasn't a small town. There were 50,000 people living here at the beginning of the 20th century. Downtown was populated with family-owned businesses, and people tended to stay at the same job all of their lives.

The streets were paved with bricks that popped up without warning. People waited all year for the biggest event on the calendar: the Illinois State Fair.

"My mother baked hams and fried chickens so we had safe food to take to the fair. Lots of people got sick from eating at the fairgrounds because there was no refrigeration. At night, the area around the Old Capitol would be filled with fair performers who put on shows. Acrobats, singers and actors would perform on one side of the square. Then we would rush to the other side to get a front row seat on the ground. Everyone in town seemed to come out, and all the stores stayed open late so people could ship."

A rare treat was a little cash for ice cream, usually provided by big brother Hugh because there was an ice cream shop across from the Graham law office.

A change meeting with Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis was a highlight of the years Sister Agnes Clare spent in Washington as the young daughter of an Illinois congressman. She tells how Brandeis and her father worked together to investigate and remove corrupt agents who were swindling the residents of Indian reservations.

"Justice Brandeis came to our home because he was leaving Washington and he wanted to tell my father goodbye. I happened to be hanging on the fence in the front yard, so he gave me his business card and told me to give it to my father. He said my father was a great man."

"Indians would show up at my father's office in full native dress. My father spent a lot of time away from Washington inspecting the reservations. He told me stories of Indians so badly cared for (that) their feet left bloody footprints in the snow. One agent my father got removed gave an Indian a broken sewing machine for land that had oil and timber on it. The Indians were so grateful, a tribe in South Dakota made my father an honorary member with the title Chief Stand Up Straight."

Years later, when the Graham family home in Springfield was sold, she says, relatives donated her father's papers from that period to Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass.

In adulthood, Sister Agnes Clare attended college and was a librarian and a founding teacher at a mission and school in Duluth, Minn. However, her long lifetime often has been attached to a small geographic area bounded by the neighborhood where she was born and extending a few blocks west to the places where she attended school, spent much of her working career and retired to the Sacred Heart Convent in 1983.

Within those confines, she has lived most of a full, rich life that shows few signs of diminishing.

"Sister Agnes' bones don't support her, so she moves around in a wheel chair," says Sister Beth Murphy, communication coordinator for the Springfield Dominican order.

"Other than that, she has no illnesses, and her mind is sharp and clear."

The order has had other nuns who lived to be 100, but Sister Agnes Clare holds the longevity record.

"She's amazing," says Sister Murphy. "She continues to live every day with interest and curiosity. She listens to classical music and follows politics and current events on public radio. She reads the large-print edition of The New York Times every day. Recently I dropped by her room to visit and couldn't find her. She had wheeled herself off to art appreciation class."

Sister Agnes Clare's gaze is steady and assured and her face is remarkably unlined. She occupies a sunny room filled with photos and religious keepsakes. Less than a block away is the former Sacred Heart Academy (now Sacred Heart-Griffin High School), where she worked as a librarian for nearly 60 years.

"No, I didn't plan on becoming a nun," she says matter-of-factly. "I always thought I'd have a lot of children and live in a fairy-tale house. No one lives that way, of course."

"I always loved books, so when I graduated I went across the street from my family's home and got a job at Lincoln Library. The librarians were patient and put up with me while I learned how to do the work. One day I was alone when a man with a gruff voice and a face that looked like leather came in and asked to see the books written by Jack London. Of course, we had 'Sea Wolf' and 'Call of the Wild' and all the popular London

books. I showed him, and then I asked who he was.

"He said he was Jack London. I was so astonished, I forgot to ask for his autograph."

Sister Agnes Clare brushes aside any suggestion that she was a writer, despite her essays published in Catholic Digest and other publications. She once sold an article to The Atlantic Monthly. The piece was a rebuttal to one written by a nun critical of convent life. The editors asked for more of Sister Agnes Clare's work but World War II intervened and life became too busy for writing articles.

She has been a prolific letter writer to four generations of Grahams. Carolyn Graham, another grand-niece says each of her four adult children treasures letters from their Aunt Agnes.

"Whenever my kids come home," she says, "they always check in with her. They think she's extraordinary and she is."

After a lifetime that has seen wars and sweeping societal changes and the invention of everything from airplanes to the Internet, Sister Agnes Clare isn't offering any advice on how to live longer than 100 years.

An academically engaged life with good health habits probably has helped, and so has genetics. She comes from a long-lived family. Her father lived to age 93 and her brother Huge died at 95. A nephew, Dr. James Graham, continues to practice medicine at age 91.

There are, she admits, perks attached to being among the rare triple-digit individuals called centenarians.

"People ask you questions when you get to be my age," she says, smiling. "They even listen to my answers." ●

LEGISLATION CONCERNING DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

● Mr. COVERDELL. Mr. President, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was an extraordinary man who left a legacy for each of us as Americans and also as Georgians. On a hot summer day, August 28, 1963, Dr. King delivered his now famous and unforgettable "I Have A Dream" speech on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. His words will always stay with us and help remind our Nation that we must look to our own home and family, friends and community, to see what we can do to make a better world for all. As Dr. King himself said, "When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, Black men and White men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics will be able to join hands and sing in the words of that old Negro spiritual, 'Free at last, Free at last, Thank God Almighty, We are free at last.'"

Thousands of visitors come to our Nation's capital to see where Martin Luther King delivered the "I Have A Dream" speech. Unfortunately, there is not a marker or words to show where he helped change the course of our country's history. To commemorate this historic event and truly honor Dr. King, today I am introducing legislation which directs the Secretary of the Interior to insert a plaque at the exact site of the speech on the steps of the