

military during World War II. He served as a Wisconsin State senator, Governor, and then as a U.S. Senator for 18 years. As Governor, he was known for conservation efforts and preserving wetlands long before those causes became popular nationally. As a Senator, he built on his environmental reputation to further issues, including the preservation of the Appalachian Trail corridor and the creation of a national trail system.

While he left the Government in 1981, Gaylord Nelson never stopped fighting for the environment. He joined the Wilderness Society where he has worked tirelessly ever since. Even today at age 87, he is an active advocate for fragile lands around the country.

This year, Earth Day is a reminder of how much progress we have made and how much further we have yet to go. In the 1970s, the symbol of environmental decay was the burning Cuyahoga River, a waterway turned into a drainage ditch for industry. While Cleveland suffered much ridicule for that ecological disaster, they were not alone. At that time, our natural resources were being squandered and scarred in community after community.

Today such obvious examples of irresponsibility are harder to find. Now we struggle with pollution that is more diffuse and harder to track, but still dangerous. In Wisconsin, our northern lakes contain so much mercury the fish caught there are often unsafe to eat. And in the southeastern part of my State, the air is contaminated with pollutants, many of which traveled hundreds of miles before impacting our environment.

Challenges such as these require everyone in the region, the country, and even the world to work together to lower emissions and limit discharge. Global connectedness was what the original Earth Day was all about, and that message still needs to be heard today. Gaylord Nelson wanted us all to realize we could not escape the consequences of pollution by burying our garbage somewhere else or sending it up ever taller smokestacks.

Earth Day also reminds us we need to work internationally. We need to engage developing economies, such as China, India, and Russia, to head off major environmental disasters. We are not on this planet alone, and we can no longer pretend environmental damage around the globe does not come back to haunt us here at home. Senator Nelson understood that lesson almost 40 years ago, and he has been teaching it to the rest of us ever since.

We have made progress in heeding Gaylord Nelson's call to action over the last 34 years. Water quality is better off than it was in 1970. Many dangerous toxins are off the market, and some large environmental disasters of the past are clean today. But we certainly are not ready to declare we do not need Earth Day anymore, and we are not ready to let Gaylord Nelson retire. We are more aware today of the

global and long-term impact our actions have on our Earth, and with that greater awareness comes a greater responsibility to leave the planet cleaner and healthier.

Earth Day is an opportunity for Members of Congress to recommit ourselves to that goal, and Earth Day is a day to thank Gaylord Nelson for focusing us on how we impact the environment that sustains us and the legacy we owe to the generations that follow us.

Thank you, Madam President. I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Nevada.

Mr. REID. Madam President, there is no one here from the majority. I know this is time that has been set aside for morning business, and we have assigned speakers on this side. Senator DURBIN came over early this morning and expressed a desire to speak regarding Mary McGrory, who was a friend of a number of people in this body and thousands of people around the country. Senator DORGAN also came here to speak on her behalf. We have some extra time now.

Since there is no one here—and if the majority needs additional time, we will give that to them—I ask unanimous consent that there be an additional 10 minutes in morning business so that Senators on this side may speak about Mary McGrory. We also add that time in morning business for the majority. That will be an additional 20 minutes if, in fact, the majority wants that time.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The Senator from Illinois.

Mr. DURBIN. I thank the Chair.

#### TRIBUTE TO MARY McGRORY

Mr. DURBIN. Madam President, I thank the Senator from Nevada for trying to accommodate a number of us who are anxious to come to the floor and say a few words about a great woman.

America lost one of its greatest journalists last night. Washington Post columnist Mary McGrory filed her last story at George Washington Hospital. Mary McGrory has been described by her peers as a "luminous writer," "the clearest thinker in the business," "a pioneering force in today's journalism," "a lyrical writer."

She hailed from the same Boston Irish roots as Tip O'Neill. She found the love of her life in the written word. She made it to the top in a man's world of reporting and sharp-elbow politics. There are those who ply their journalistic trade with blunt instruments and short-lived prose, but there are a few who make their word march and sing. Mary McGrory was one of those few.

I first heard her name 38 years ago when I was a college intern in the Senate. I can recall Senator Paul Douglas' personal secretary telling the Senator Mary McGrory was waiting to see him.

Thirty years later, elected to the Senate, my staff would tell me, Mary McGrory is waiting to see you.

One could not help but be drawn to Mary, her Irish wit, her boundless energy, even in the later years. Her blunt criticism of hypocrisy and venality were a joy to witness.

It was my good fortune to be a member of Mary McGrory's "fruitcake club." It was a loose conspiracy drawn together for dinner at Mary's home at least once a year to celebrate the much honored but seldom eaten fruitcake which Senator Max Cleland sent to Mary at Christmas. We would all arrive late after votes on the House and Senate floor—Max Cleland, Congresswoman Louise Slaughter of New York, Phil and Melanne Vermeer, longtime friends and a few new aspirants to the club. What followed were endless rounds of wine and a beef roast that always seemed to need a return trip to the oven.

After dinner, we would move to the living room surrounded by the mementos of Mary's storied career, reminders of her proud mention on Richard Nixon's enemy's list, rollcalls from the Watergate hearing and more. Over her desk, where she sat down to write at home, was a poem by her beloved W. B. Yeats entitled "Adam's Curse."

I spotted it and started to read it one evening at the party, and Mary saw me. She walked over and recited from memory this part of the poem:

Better go down upon your marrow-bones  
And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break  
stones

Like an old pauper, in all kinds of weather;  
For to articulate sweet sounds together  
Is to work harder than all these, and yet  
Be thought an idler by the noisy set  
Of bankers, schoolmasters and clergymen  
The martyrs call the world.

Mary McGrory understood the burden of good writing. Yeats tells us in this poem that producing something beautiful is not easy, though it has the curse of looking easy. Mary McGrory did indeed make it look easy. Mary's poetry and beauty were shared in her word and in her life, and many of us were blessed to be a very small part of it.

Before she was cruelly silenced by a stroke last year, Mary would write and speak with the emotion of a poet's heart. I recall our last dinner when she turned and recited to me one of her favorite poems by William Butler Yeats. It is entitled "When You Are Old."

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this  
book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows  
deep;  
How many loved your moments of glad  
grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or  
true,

But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;  
And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

In the clear night sky over our Nation's Capital there will always be one bright star called Mary.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Nevada.

Mr. REID. I personally express my appreciation to Senator DURBIN for his remarkable words on behalf of a tremendously interesting woman. I did not know Mary McGrory when she was a young woman; I only knew her when she was an older woman. She would come to my office and say: You have got more to tell me than that.

She was a wonderful person, and I was a newcomer to her fruitcake society gatherings, but I do say that one of the things that did break her heart was the defeat of Max Cleland. She talked to me about that more than she talked to me about many other things. She cared a great deal about Max, and of all of the unfairness in life that she had seen that was at the top of her list.

Mary McGrory is somebody who stood for fairness. A lot of people in the world are for fairness and level playing fields, but very few people are gifted. She was gifted. There are gifted athletes in the world. She was a gifted writer. She could write and you would say to yourself, that is how I feel, why can I not express it the way she does?

I will miss Mary very much. She was a wonderful woman, someone I will always remember as a person who not only believed in level playing fields but created many level playing fields during her lifetime.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Utah.

Mr. HATCH. Madam President, Mary McGrory was not always easy on me. In fact, sometimes I thought she was a little tough on me. On the other hand, I have to acknowledge she was a great writer. I enjoyed her personally. We had a number of conversations where we had very pleasant exchanges.

There is no question she was truly one of the most important journalists in this town. She was critical to the Washington Post. She believed what she did, she believed what she wrote, and she wrote well and set journalistic standards for many young journalists to follow.

I personally respected her and am grieved at her death. It was not unexpected. We know she had some difficulties over the last few years. But I, for one, will grieve at her death.

Mr. KENNEDY. Madam President, the Kennedy family, the city, and the nation lost a respected and valued friend yesterday with the passing of Mary McGrory.

My brothers, Jack and Bobby, admired her, as America does and did. Mary was Boston Irish to the core. Boston is proud of its many sons and daughters who have played a role in the country's life, and Mary McGrory was certainly in our nation's Hall of Fame as one of the all-time greats in journalism.

Here in the Nation's Capital, in this city of America's monuments, Mary

McGrory belongs among them. She will always be remembered and respected for her keen intellect, her deep allegiance to the truth, her unquestioned integrity, her respect for principled leadership, as well as her impatience for empty policies and hollow politics.

Mary loved the issues, but she also loved her flowers and she loved to quote the poet Yeats. She was steeped with a keen sense of the levity of life, and she held everyone she met to the same high standards that she expected for herself. No other journalist could cut to the heart of a complicated issue as quickly or as beautifully as Mary McGrory could. Millions across the Nation eagerly looked for her writings, and the glow of her morning columns could last the entire day. I often thought she should win a Pulitzer Prize every year.

Vicky and I had the chance to visit with Mary last month. We were saddened by her long illness, but she remained the same beautiful, inquisitive, insightful, and full-of-life Mary to the very end. We'll miss her very much. We love you, Mary, and we always will.

Mr. DODD. Madam President, it is with a great deal of sadness that I rise in memory of an outstanding journalist and a good friend, Mary McGrory, who passed away last night at the age of 85.

Mary was truly one of the most accomplished journalists of our time. She was a real news reporter—one who spent enormous amounts of time and energy getting to the bottom of a story, and then spent hours more putting it into the right words. With her trademark wit and Pulitzer-Prize winning prose, Mary McGrory helped millions of Americans understand some of the most significant events of the past 50 years—from the McCarthy hearings, the Kennedy assassination, and Watergate to the attacks of September 11 and the buildup to the war in Iraq.

She began her career in journalism writing book reviews and other pieces for the Boston Herald-Traveler. In 1947, she transferred to the Washington Star, and it was there that she made her mark as a reporter. She remained at the Star until the paper shut down in 1981. From then on, she wrote for the Washington Post for over two decades. The only thing that could stop Mary from writing was the stroke she suffered a little over a year ago.

Mary's skill, integrity, and relentless effort won her tremendous esteem from her colleagues, as well as from the public figures whose lives and actions she detailed. Mary broke into a field that was very much a man's world, and she established herself as one of its giants. Her stature was clear to anyone who ever saw her during a political campaign, when fellow reporters and even the candidates themselves would literally carry her bags.

Mary came from the old school of reporting. During her later years, while many of her younger colleagues traveled with laptops, digital recorders, and cell phones, Mary made do with her pen and notebook.

Mary was never one to beat around the bush in her writing. You always knew where she stood. Her no-nonsense approach could delight those who agreed with her, and infuriate those who did not. But regardless of whether you were on her side or not, Mary McGrory earned your respect.

I was fortunate to experience not only Mary's writing, but her singular personality. She was truly someone who enjoyed life and tried to squeeze every last drop out of it.

I would like to share a few thoughts on Mary from some of her colleagues:

David Broder of the Washington Post said:

If you traveled with Mary, you watched a consummate craftsman hard at work, an interviewer whose soft purr put citizens at ease and disarmed the most hard-shelled old pols. She talked with everyone, and everyone, great and small, wanted to talk with her.

Leonard Downie, Jr., the Executive Editor of the Washington Post:

Mary was simply one of the best opinion columnists of her time.

Maureen Dowd of the New York Times called Mary:

the most luminous writer and clearest thinker in the business.

Finally, Brian McGrory of the Boston Globe, who is also Mary's cousin, described Mary's life as:

one of the most important, colorful, and enduring newspaper careers that the American public has had the pleasure to read.

I mourn Mary's passing. But I also celebrate her life. She was truly an outstanding reporter and writer, and a remarkable human being. We will all miss her very much.

Mr. REID. Madam President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. REID. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. REID. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that the time on the quorum call run equally against both sides.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. REID. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DORGAN. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. DORGAN. How much time remains in morning business on our side?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. There are 28½ minutes remaining.

Mr. DORGAN. Let me yield as much time as I may consume to myself.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. DORGAN. This morning's news is very sad news for those of us who knew and loved Mary McGrory, one of the wonderful writers of our age, one of the really interesting thinkers and warm and wonderful human beings. According to the news reports, she died last evening at a hospital here in Washington, DC.

I wrote her a letter some months ago telling Mary, after she had fallen ill:

I have been waiting and hoping that I may again see your byline in the Washington Post. I remain hopeful that we will once again be able to start the day by reading a Mary McGrory column and then shaking our fist in the air, shouting: Yes that is what I should have said.

Mary never did get back to work. Her column never again appeared. But this Capitol Building, the op-ed pages of the Washington Post, and political discourse in this country for 50 years have been affected by what Mary thought, what Mary said, and what Mary wrote.

She was quite a remarkable person. She won a Pulitzer Prize. She covered the major events for over 50 years, and she wrote columns using words that were extraordinary. She would find ways to say things that most of us are at a loss to explain.

Often in the morning I would open the newspaper to see the Mary McGrory column and think how wonderfully she wrote. More than that, she was also a very special friend to many of us, in many ways. She would stand outside this Chamber, sometimes early in the morning, sometimes late at night, and she would get the story. She would do the hard work, ask the questions, follow people until she got answers, and then she would write her column. Her cousin, Brian McGrory, wrote a piece that appeared in the Boston Globe and the Washington Post about Mary. He probably describes her best, and in many ways brings a smile to those of us who knew Mary. He said:

While most Washington pundits closet themselves with their own profound thoughts, interrupted only by lunch at the Palm with the Secretary of Something, Mary employs old-fashioned tools: a sensible pair of shoes, a Bic, and a notebook. She haunts congressional hearings. She sits with the unwashed in the back of the White House briefing room.

He also said at the end of his article—this is an article that was written last November when Mary was ill:

Hers is a world of soft irony. She checks into elaborate spas in Italy every year, but while there, always gains a few pounds. She was audited by the Nixon administration and got a refund. At a stiff Washington party she once whispered to me, "Always approach the shrimp bowl like you own it."

Mary McGrory was a wonderful human being with a great sense of humor. But she wrote like the wind. I wish I could again see her byline. David Broder in January wrote a wonderful piece about Mary Mack. He began:

I am headed out this week for my 12th presidential campaign, but unlike the first 11, I will not have the company of my favorite traveling companion, Mary McGrory. The

great liberal columnist, surely the most elegant newspaper writer Americans have read over the past half-century, has been ill since last March and recently accepted the generous buyout offer given to veteran employees by the Post. Incomprehensible as it seems, she has finished her journalistic career.

Then David Broder, in his own inimitable style, describes Mary McGrory.

I think of Mary McGrory. I think of not just seeing her here in the Capitol, or having lunch with Mary, I think of the questions she would ask politicians. I was on the receiving end of a number of those questions: Always coming from the oblique, always a bit different, from a slightly different angle, always from a slightly different perspective. Often they were the questions others didn't ask or wouldn't ask. She had a very inquiring mind and she had a wonderful ability to write.

So we will no longer be blessed with the presence of Mary McGrory here in this Capitol Building and in this Capitol of the United States, covering the major events, which she started doing 50 years ago in the McCarthy hearings. But she will be in our thoughts forever. My thoughts and prayers go out to Mary's relatives.

I attended a service once at which Senator BYRD spoke. He finished with a quote from Thomas Moore. The last two lines were:

You can shatter, you can break the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Although Mary has passed and all of us are saddened by the loss of a friend and America has lost one of the great writers in the last half century, Mary will remain with us forever.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Montana.

Mr. BURNS. It is my understanding we are still in morning business and we have about 5 or 6 minutes remaining on our side?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. There are 18 minutes remaining.

Mr. BURNS. I ask unanimous consent that I may proceed and use that time up.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Nevada.

Mr. REID. I say to my friend from Montana, that is true. We extended your side an additional 10 minutes. Your time was gone, but now you have additional time. As to when it is used now—you were to get the first half; we were to get the second half. It is kind of a jump ball right now, so you have the floor for 11½ minutes.

#### EARTH DAY

Mr. BURNS. Madam President, I thank my friend from Nevada and my good friend from Vermont. Today is Earth Day. Of course, most of us who are involved in agriculture, we don't set aside one specific day. Every day is Earth Day for those of us who use the

Earth to produce the wealth of the country.

Anyway, every year about this time they always release the index of leading environmental indicators, which gives us an overall measuring stick on how good or how bad we are doing in dealing with the environment. This press release came out of San Francisco. It is released by a group that is a think tank in Bozeman, MT. They brought out some information that we tend to forget when we talk about the environment. Steven Hayward wrote the press release. Of course we are doing better than a lot of people think we are doing.

Environmental quality is improving steadily, in some cases dramatically, in key areas with which we try to deal. Vehicle emissions are dropping about 10 percent per year as the fleet turns over to inherently cleaner vehicles, including SUVs. We are making progress. Ninety-four percent of the population is served by water systems that have reported no violation of any health-based standards.

We are getting better in trying to provide clean water for our citizens. There has been a 55-percent decline in toxic releases since 1988 even while total output of industries covered by this measurement has increased 40 percent. We are making progress. That is dramatic progress as far as quality is concerned.

Despite most popular assumptions, U.S. air quality tends to be found at least equal, if not slightly better, than in Europe. It seems we have a lot of people who distract and criticize us for our environmental policies.

This year's index includes a list of the media's best environmental reporting on that, which includes the Boston Globe, the Washington Post, the Atlantic Monthly, the New York Times, the Los Angeles Times, the New Republic, and the Wall Street Journal.

In other words, all of these folks have earned their spurs, so to speak, in keeping the public informed on such matters.

There have also been notable improvements in our Government reporting with the EPA's first ever composite on national trends and State-based initiatives to improve water quality reporting and monitoring.

Private conservation efforts, such as Ducks Unlimited, and private water trusts have been highly successful as reported this year.

The index reports one of the few areas to show a decline in the quality is that of public lands. While funding and land allotments have increased, quality has deteriorated by the most significant measures. The root of the problem is excess of political management, and the answer can be found in innovative solutions such as land trusts and resource leases.

This year's index includes a special section comparing quality between the U.S. and Europe. We are winning that also.