

HARROLD, SOUTH DAKOTA

• Mr. JOHNSON of South Dakota. Mr. President, today I recognize the community of Harrold, SD, for the tremendous milestone of reaching the 125th anniversary of its founding. Harrold is a close-knit community located in Hughes County, and represents the small town spirit that makes South Dakota stand out in the Midwest.

Named after Harrold McCullaugh, an officer of the Chicago and North Western Railroad, people began settling in the Harrold area around 1883 thanks in part to the newly built railroad line and rich farm land. Harrold was incorporated in 1886. The town thrived with the creation of a post office, new businesses, churches, and a school. Through adversity over the years including crop failures, blizzards, and tornadoes, the people of Harrold have shown resiliency and maintain pride in their community.

Today the town of Harrold has become a hunter's paradise. Many hunting lodges call Harrold home and offer visitors and community members the thrill of hunting game such as pheasant. Even with the great hunting opportunities, agriculture still exists as the lifeblood of the community. In more recent years, the Global Harvest Birdseed Company has expanded their business and brought needed jobs to this Midwest community.

Harrold will be celebrating its quasiquintennial the weekend of July 2-3. The town will celebrate this milestone with many community activities including a parade, antique tractor pull, nickel in a haystack scramble, rib fest, and street dance.

Even 125 years after its founding, Harrold remains as a shining example of the steadfast spirit of small-town South Dakota. Harrold was built on hard work and solid values, and serves as a reminder of South Dakota's rich heritage. This grand achievement will serve to bring this close-knit community even closer. I am proud to honor the people of Harrold on this memorable occasion, and to extend my congratulations to them.●

TRIPP, SOUTH DAKOTA

• Mr. JOHNSON of South Dakota. Mr. President, today I pay tribute to the 125th anniversary of the founding of Tripp, SD. Tripp, a small town located in Hutchinson County, will be celebrating its quasiquintennial the weekend of July 1-3.

Tripp was incorporated in 1888 and named after Judge Bartlett C. Tripp. On his way to California, Judge Tripp fell in love with the area and chose to make it his home. Judge Tripp was later appointed chief justice of the Dakota Supreme Court in 1885 by President Cleveland, and also served as the U.S. Minister to Austria-Hungary. Although a diplomat, Judge Tripp identified with the possibilities that South Dakota offered.

Today, the importance of community to this vibrant town is evident in the presence of their well-maintained school, local businesses, and churches. The Veteran's Memorial is a popular tourist attraction and brings community pride to the residents and honors the military members that served their country. Tripp will celebrate its 125th anniversary with many activities including a race on the local fairgrounds.

Tripp is a thriving town that maintains true South Dakota values. I congratulate the citizens of Tripp on their accomplishments over the last 125 years and look forward to seeing their future endeavors.●

SCHLOSSBERG COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

• Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, any of us who have been in public life have learned—sometimes the hard way—the virtues of something our late colleague Ted Kennedy believed was a secret to success particularly in the U.S. Senate, which is the importance of taking our work seriously but not taking ourselves too seriously. We still miss the booming laughter of Ted Kennedy that seems still today to echo through the Democratic cloakroom. It was a trait Ted shared with his brother, President Kennedy, whose quick wit is still celebrated today, the self-deprecating humor which summarized his World War II exploits on PT 109—“they sank my ship”—and described the joys of the Presidency—“the pay is good and I can walk to work”—which too often is missing in a modern day Washington where self-importance can sometimes trump the important work to be done. As President Kennedy himself once said, “There are three things which are real; God, Human Folly and Laughter. The first two are beyond our comprehension so we must do what we can with the third.”

A sense of humor is not genetic, but apparently in the Kennedy family it can be inherited. In President Kennedy's grandson, Jack Schlossberg, this quality seems to abide.

I got to know Jack well when he spent time here in the Senate both as a page and as an intern in my office. It was a difficult time for the Kennedy family when Teddy himself couldn't be here as he was battling illness, but Ted enjoyed very much the stories he heard and the photos he cherished of his great-nephew hard at work in the Senate Ted loved. When Jack wasn't busy with his page duties, particularly during the late night votes when in previous years Teddy himself would have been found regaling his colleagues with stories and laughs, I enjoyed hearing from Jack about all the lessons he had learned from his uncle.

One of those lessons—the importance of humor—was clearly taken to heart by young Jack—something I learned last week reading Jack's valedictory address this month to his classmates at the Collegiate School and delivered his

speech as valedictorian. Jack's speech is flavored with all the inside jokes that will forever be the shorthand history of the 13 years he and most of his classmates spent at Collegiate—the cello body slam, the sumo wrestler videos, the ballad of Bubba Grandoo, when Carlo broke the silence—all the absurdity and antics of years fully enjoyed while learning. Jack's speech is also defined by a deep understanding of what holds real value in this life—teachers who care, friends who share, parents who love—truths that Jack and his classmates will surely carry in the years ahead after graduating from Collegiate.

Mr. President, particularly for all of us who know it is important to stop and laugh from time to time, Jack's speech really is required reading, and I would like to have printed in the RECORD, with congratulations to Jack, and the knowledge that Teddy's booming laughter could be heard echoing all over heaven following along with every word.

The information follows.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

(By Jack Schlossberg)

Faculty, parents, students, esteemed guests, present clergy, Mr. Rosenthal, I thank you for your warm welcome and for being here today. I wanted to discuss my time at Collegiate and my class, but this is neither the time nor the place. But really, it is with great honor that I make my speech as your valedictorian, looks like my hard work paid off.

I want to begin with our teachers. My class would not be sitting here, heading to the fantastic places we're going next year, without our teachers. The curiosity, the energy, the devotion . . . the tolerance that you bring to this school is what makes it so great . . . Doctor Clarke and Mrs. Heard taught us history and her story. Doctor Bresnick, Mrs. Beresford and Mrs. Hansen have introduced us to characters and explored philosophy. Mrs. Foley has taught us, well actually on the smart kids, how to understand things that I never will, and Dr. Sigismondi has brought us to appreciate the high levels math has to offer. We also thank the maintenance staff and those administrators who make our school run smoothly despite the mess we make.

We understand that we do not come by the strength and unity of our school by ourselves. Our teachers encourage us just as much as we encourage each other to—get weird. In what other school, I ask you, could El Hajj and Todd Layton be clapped offstage for no apparent reason? The things we say at Friday night games would not be tolerated on any TV show or in any public venue. We're able to act this way because our teachers love us no matter what. And, although some are more lenient than others, Hola Senor, each teacher entertains our absurdity because they understand how important it is for us to have the freedom to be ourselves. Sometimes we go too far, Hola Mrs. Aidoo, and for this we apologize, but we are grateful for all the love and support of our antics.

On a different note, Collegiate has provided me with something truly irreplaceable: a second set of parents, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and I think this is true for all of us. While my mother and father provide me with more than enough parenting, who wouldn't want 54 other sets of parents watching over their every single move?