

focused on interoperable communications, namely the FCC, DHS, Commerce, DOD, and the Justice Department. I envision that this would be the Federal clearinghouse which would help ensure that these agencies which have access to the latest technologies and innovative strategies in interoperable communications can share and coordinate that information and technology to the benefit of the State and local agencies they work with.

I also have provisions that will help facilitate the creation of a national and interoperable alert warning system.

Basically, this bill boils down to providing the leadership needed at the top level to ensure that the technologies, best practices, and resources are flowing to the men and women on the ground.

One of the key recommendations of the 9/11 Commission was to deploy interoperable communications for all of our Nation's first responders. Indeed, this is an enormous, difficult, and complicated task, which requires and demands the immediate and coordinated attention of our Federal Government. My legislation will help ensure that this critical issue gets the attention that it deserves.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

HONORING TERRENCE J. LEARY

• Mr. CHAFEE. Mr. President, I am pleased to pay tribute to Terrence J. Leary, who has served as president and CEO of the Harmony Hill School in Glocester, RI, for the last 29 years. In all, he has worked at Harmony Hill for 40 years having begun his career as a teacher and then serving as education director under the school's founders, Edward and Laura Spring.

Terry has built upon the legacy of the Springs and led Harmony Hill to national status with a program providing an environment in which at-risk youth can prosper. In January 2000, Terry received the National Association of Private Schools for Exceptional Children's Executive of the Year Award for his outstanding contributions to private special education.

Terry Leary has served on many civic and charitable boards, including the Rhode Island Council for Exceptional Children, Big Brothers of Rhode Island, and the Lions Club of Smithfield, RI.

Terry's wife, Linda Leary, is a special education teacher in Lincoln, RI, and they have a daughter, Kara, a student at Gallaher Middle School in Smithfield.

Mr. President, Terry Leary's compassionate leadership at the Harmony Hill School is an inspiration for all who work in the field of education, and I ask unanimous consent that his achievement be recognized at an appropriate place in the RECORD.●

100TH ANNIVERSARY OF MAX, NORTH DAKOTA

• Mr. CONRAD. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize a community in North Dakota that will be celebrating its 100th anniversary. On June 30–July 2, the residents of Max will gather to celebrate their community's history and founding.

The community of Max began its century in the heartland on August 8, 1906, when it was platted by J.G. Sheldrick. The town gained its unusual name because when people would come to the post office, a shaver named Max would jokingly ask if they were coming to his post office. The name Max's Post Office stuck and was later transferred to the town.

Max prides itself on community involvement. The Community Enterprises, a group that invests in and sustains local businesses, has helped keep this small town vibrant. The annual "Great Plunge" is an example of the lively, fun-loving spirit in Max. In this event, the community places a large Dr. Pepper can on an ice-covered pond. Tickets are sold with the day and time the ice will melt, causing the can to fall into the pond.

The community has planned a wonderful weekend celebration to commemorate its 100th anniversary. Events include a street dance, children's activities, skits, presentations and fireworks.

I ask the Senate to join me in congratulating Max, ND, and its residents on their first 100 years and in wishing them well through the next century. By honoring Max and all the other historic small towns of North Dakota, we keep the great pioneering frontier spirit alive for future generations. It is places such as Max that have helped to shape this country into what it is today, which is why this fine community is deserving of our recognition.

Max has a proud past and a bright future.●

100TH ANNIVERSARY OF HANNAFORD, NORTH DAKOTA

• Mr. CONRAD. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize a community in North Dakota that will be celebrating its 100th anniversary. On June 30–July 1, the residents of Hannaford will gather to celebrate their community's history and founding.

Hannaford is a Community of Progress and Proud Heritage, located in the heart of east-central North Dakota. Since the day of its founding by Jules M. Hannaford the community has been small but very active.

Hannaford has plenty to offer its residents and visitors. There is always something to do, from visiting the park, to bowling, hunting, and playing around at the baseball complex.

The community has planned a wonderful weekend celebration to commemorate its 100th anniversary. The celebration preparation includes a

bingo fundraiser, a 2002 Centennial Historical Book sale, and a cookbook sale. The money raised will be used for the celebration festivities.

I ask the Senate to join me in congratulating Hannaford, ND, and its residents on their first 100 years and in wishing them well through the next century. By honoring Hannaford and all the other historic small towns of North Dakota, we keep the great pioneering frontier spirit alive for future generations. It is places such as Hannaford that have helped to shape this country into what it is today, which is why this fine community is deserving of our recognition.

Hannaford has a proud past and a bright future.●

HONORING RAY DOOLEY

• Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, earlier this year Boston lost a legendary political organizer, Mr. Ray Dooley, whose passion and intelligence lifted Massachusetts and everyone who worked with him. I ask unanimous consent that the remarks I delivered at his memorial service be printed in the RECORD:

The information follows.

Anne, Catroina, Conor, and Brian, in the time since your husband and father was taken from all of us, but especially was taken too soon from you who loved him best and needed him most, people across Massachusetts and Ireland have rightfully remembered Ray's social conscience, his decency, his strength, his wisdom, and his judgment.

Each of these qualities of character ought to be especially celebrated because they are as suddenly rare in public life as they were abundant in Ray Dooley.

But they don't tell us the something about Ray which brought so many of us in this room together time and again, from movements to end an unjust war, to the march for civil rights, to Ray Flynn and City Hall, to hard fought, bare knuckled Senate races in 1984 and 1996 in which Ray took center stage. I know better than anyone that they wouldn't have ended in victory without him.

Ray lived out what Winston Churchill's political right hand R.A. Butler knew: "Politics is largely a matter of heart."

But more than that even, Ray Dooley taught a generation of politicians and political organizers that idealists could be tough as nails—and that there was nobility in fighting your heart out on the political field. He shattered anyone's illusion that liberals were fuzzy headed bleeding hearts out of the Ivy Tower who floated above the fray. Ray was never defensive about being 'in politics'—he was proud of it, he wore his passion for the game on his sleeve. He was gutsy, determined, and in the finest sense of the phrase, a true believer. Ray showed us all how to win a campaign and keep your conscience.

Harry Truman, who rose through the ranks came of age of Kansas City's

Pendergast machine, was once asked if he minded being referred to all his life as a 'politician' while others were called 'statesman.' Truman laughed and said 'they only call you a statesman when you're gone.'

I have no doubt Ray would prefer to be remembered as a political organizer—for he was one of the best and he gave his talent not only for his candidates—and what a difference he made for us—but for the common good. And what a difference that made for our city, our state, and our country.

Ray had steadiness, toughness, and a willingness to ruffle feathers—along with the force of character to tell candidates when they're wrong. More than once he said to me: "John, cut the b.s." Ray, I hope I've finally learned.

He knew that in politics you can't make everyone happy and he saw those on the other side as opponents, but never enemies. He fiercely wanted to defeat them, but never to destroy them.

He also had grit, and an instinct for when to tell a loud mouth to pipe down, finally giving a reluctant activist at the end of the table the confidence to speak up—and speak out. It was leadership, the art of politics at its best; he was a man who lived for others.

No, Ray was never afraid to be 'in politics' because he knew it was politics that got things done for the people whose cares were his cause—for the poor who lacked decent housing, for a city divided over race, for women and gays and lesbians who only ask for the freedom to be who they are, for workers who deserve decent wages, and, in Ireland, for children whose rights and dignity had to be respected.

It wasn't cheering things on as they were that made the progress Ray demanded, it wasn't high fallutin words that got these things done, it was politics—it was deal-making—it was Ray Dooley and the language was Dooley-speak.

Ray was a kind of quiet Pied Piper not unlike our old friend Michael Ventresca. He loved underdogs. Tom Gallagher wasn't supposed to win, but Ray proved the wise-guys wrong. Ray Flynn wasn't supposed to win, but Dooley proved them wrong again. And I wasn't supposed to win—but Ray believed, and I'm glad that together we proved him right. And in all these underdog fights, he loved being an odd couple political matchmaker. It was Dooley and the best kind of politics in 1983 and 1984 that surprised many and puzzled some when he helped to bring Ray Flynn and me together. It was Dooley who made it possible for Susan Tracy to stand at the Jackson Mann School on primary day 1984 when Ray's first victorious candidate Tom Gallagher came to my aid. It was Ray who knew what it would mean to have a red ink stamp on all the Kerry lit that read "endorsed by Rep. Tom Gallagher." That was Ray Dooley. It was the same Dooley style politics that showed

up in Iowa in 2004—when suddenly local reporters starting hearing about nuns phonebanking voters in Dubuque as part of Catholics for Kerry. I don't envy the Bush supporter on the receiving end of that phone call!

That's how Ray Dooley won grassroots races: one house, one block, and one precinct at a time. In an era when the art of politics is abused by some in the profession and cynically dismissed by some in the press, it's important to remember—Ray showed how to do it right and for the right reasons.

Ray lived up to the words of John Kennedy—that politics is an "honorable profession." To Ray it was the worthiest of endeavors, a joyful profession. And through all the turbulence and temptations, he was always above all something he prized in others—a man of honor.

But Ray wasn't just an individual force; he leaves behind an army he enlisted to carry on his mission. He built a farm team of political professionals who have become All Stars while staying true to progressive causes. They carry a whole lot of Ray with them in the hopes and energy that fuels the work of Mary Beth Cahill, Patty Foley, Michael Whouley, Joe Newman, Kevin Honan, Susan Tracy, Marie Turley, Howard Leibovitz, and John Giesser. Anne, Catroina, Conor, and Brian miss Ray in a way beyond measure; but his political family here in America also misses a friend, a mentor, a surrogate father and adopted brother.

With his humor, his doggedness, and his rare qualities of insight, Ray fought and won great political battles. Campaign manager, chief strategist, conscience—he was all this and more in politics. And he was every bit as talented, committed, and resourceful in searching out treatments for his illness while always thinking about how medical science could help improve treatment for future cancer patients. He saved his hardest fight for the race in which he was the ultimate underdog. With humor, he laughed at his own mortality, sustaining those around him. Others might have reasonably given up, but not Ray. Why give in to the long odds of beating a tough cancer when long odds had never stopped him before? Knocked on his ass, Ray Dooley dusted himself off and kept punching. And each of us could learn a lot from that too.

So: our friend Ray was many things: an activist, a shameless idealist, an unapologetic progressive, a self-proclaimed liberal, a humanitarian, and a globalist in the best sense of the word. But it would be a mistake if his passing from man to unforgettable memory made any of us forget that Anne's husband, the father of Catroina, Conor, and Brian, was also the tough, go-to, level-headed, street-smart strategic leader who lived and breathed politics in this proudly political city—and in Dooley-speak, he was damned good at it.

Ray, we gather here now one last time as your legion of lifelong friends.

Tomorrow and tomorrow, we will miss—you and so will the world, for the injustices you would've righted, the hurts you would have healed, and the great clashes that would've summoned you to arms. Your legacy is a generation that loves politics as much as you did and fights with the same heart, conviction, and passion that are your undying gift to us, your political family. You are buried in your beloved Ireland, but for years to come your soul will be with us here in that other Irish place you loved, the city of Boston.●

(At the request of Mr. REID, the following statement was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT EDWARD HOLROYD

● Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, I wish to commemorate a man who has made a significant impact on the State of West Virginia and on his community—Robert Edward Holroyd is not only a dear friend of mine, but the work he has done for our State has been beyond extraordinary. Bob and I have been friends for a very long time and in addition to being a wonderful friend, he is also a counselor, and someone on whom I often rely for advice and wisdom.

Holroyd has been active in improving the medical practices for the State of West Virginia. He was one of the organizers of Princeton Community Hospital, where he served on the board until he became general counsel of the hospital, a position he continues to hold. Also, he is presently the chair of St. Luke's Hospital in Bluefield, WV and serves as chairman of the Mercer County 911 committee.

In 1981, Holroyd played a significant role in the opening of the Princeton Health Care Center nursing home, which is celebrating its 25th anniversary on June 16, 2006. Princeton Community Hospital opened as a general hospital on December 20, 1970, and was chartered as a nonprofit organization with its own board of directors to establish and plan for future health care centers. Since its inception, and thanks to those like Holroyd, the hospital staff has grown from 13 physicians and 125 employees to more than 100 doctors and 1,140 employees today as it celebrates this milestone. With the addition of new equipment, the adoption of new concepts in health care delivery, and the expansion of the facility, the hospital's well-trained and highly motivated professionals are able to provide quality health care services for the citizens of Mercer and surrounding counties. The hospital's many specialties and technological advancements place it on the leading edge of medical treatment in southern West Virginia.

Mr. Holroyd was born to the late Virginia Lazenby and the late Dr. Frank Jackson Holroyd on September 15, 1931, in Princeton, Mercer County, WV. Beginning in his youth in Mercer County,