

the current conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan as predominantly ground engagements, our Navy is there too. Twelve hundred Navy personnel are on the ground in Iraq (200 of these are Reservists), with a total of 21,800 deployed to the region aboard ships at sea, on bases, and air stations in the region supporting Iraq operations. Forty-six hundred sailors and officers are on the ground in Afghanistan and a total of 7,700 are deployed aboard ships at sea, on bases, and air stations in the region supporting Afghanistan operations (Operation Enduring Freedom). One thousand four hundred and thirteen Navy personnel have been killed in action in these conflicts, 576 in Operation Enduring Freedom, 820 in Operation Iraqi Freedom and 17 in Operation New Dawn as the Pentagon now refers to the Iraq war.

This year marks not only the 236th Navy birthday, but also the 100th anniversary of naval aviation. On May 8, 1911, Cpt Washington Irving Chambers, USN, Officer-in-Charge of Aviation, prepared the requisition for the Navy's first aircraft to be purchased from aviator and inventor Glenn H. Curtiss. The Navy is commemorating that historic event throughout the year at its "Navy Weeks," one of which was held in Indianapolis in August.

The 20 Navy Weeks conducted annually across the Nation exemplify the respect and proud heritage that the U.S. Navy commands. Navy Week gives the Navy a chance to show off its heritage and hardware and allows Americans to learn more about their Navy and its heroes.

No matter the cause, location or magnitude of future conflicts, the Nation can rely on its Navy to produce well-trained, well-led, and highly motivated sailors to carry out the missions entrusted to them.

As a Navy veteran myself, I speak with no small measure of pride in calling attention to the significance of the 236th birthday of the U.S. Navy and expressing the appreciation of the people of the United States to the Navy and its men and women who have dedicated 236 years of service. The honor, courage, commitment, and sacrifice that generations of Americans have made throughout the history of the Navy and the sacrifices shared by the extended Navy family of civilians, family members, and loved ones who have served for the past 236 years are extensive and greatly appreciated.

#### TRIBUTE TO DR. BRIAN SCHMIDT

Ms. MURKOWSKI. Mr. President, I speak today in honor of Brian Schmidt, one of three individuals who were awarded the Nobel Prize for physics this week. Dr. Schmidt, of the Australian National University, along with Dr. Adam Reiss, of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Saul Perlmutter, of Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory, completed groundbreaking work on the expansion of the universe. The

scientific achievement of these three men deserves to be recognized. I am pleased to acknowledge that the scientific career of Dr. Schmidt was encouraged through his tenure in high school in Alaska.

Dr. Schmidt, originally from Montana, moved to Alaska in 1981, where he attended Bartlett High School in Anchorage, AK, graduating in 1985. At Bartlett, many teachers took note of his academic achievements and strong work ethic, and encouraged him to excel in his studies. Dr. Schmidt has remarked on the great experience he had attending school in Alaska, crediting his high school teachers for helping him cultivate an interest in science that has brought him to where he is today.

After leaving Alaska, Dr. Schmidt attended the University of Arizona, receiving a bachelors of science in both physics and astronomy, before continuing on to receive his doctorate in astronomy at Harvard University. He has since relocated to Australia with his wife Jennie and is a researcher at the Research School of Astronomy and Astrophysics at the Australian National University.

Dr. Schmidt, Dr. Reiss, and Dr. Perlmutter are receiving the Nobel Prize for a discovery that has greatly changed the field of astrophysics and made great furloughs into the understanding of dark matter, the term for the force that is driving the universe apart. Conventional understanding was that rate of expansion of the universe has slowed. However, these three scientists turned this theory on its head by proving that, in fact, the rate of expansion is actually accelerating. This change in understanding affects predictions regarding the conditions of future galaxies, and the discovery has been lauded by some as one of the greatest discoveries in science.

Those who knew Dr. Schmidt in Alaska were not surprised to learn of his accomplishment. His teachers at Bartlett knew his intellect and passion for science would take him far. I, along with many others in my State, am proud to recognize this Alaskan who has made valuable contributions to our understanding of the universe.

I offer warm congratulations to Dr. Schmidt, Dr. Reiss, and Dr. Perlmutter on their Nobel Prize and scientific achievements.

#### REMEMBERING THOMAS P. FOY

Mr. BINGAMAN. Mr. President, last Saturday, Thomas P. Foy died at his home in Bayard, NM, a few weeks shy of his 97th birthday. A native of Grant County, he lived most of his outstanding life there, except for the years he spent as a prisoner of war in Japan including the Bataan Death March. It was a life largely devoted to public service and completely devoted to the public good.

The word "survivor" is used rather freely these days, but he and his com-

rades, many of them fellow New Mexicans who managed to live through the horrors of years of internment, deserve the title if anyone does. But Tommy didn't just survive, he triumphed and prospered in a life well-lived.

He had graduated from Notre Dame, and received a law degree from there a year before he joined the New Mexico National Guard in 1940. Assigned to the Philippines, the 200th Coast Artillery Battery surrendered after holding out for 5 months against the Japanese and began their gruesome forced march to prison. In 1945, the war was ended and he was rescued.

His postwar life was full of accomplishment and service. Practicing law, marrying, running for—and winning—public office, founding a bank and raising five children with his wife Joan, and doing it all with a stout, cheerful heart brought him admiration and affection from all quarters. He served in the New Mexico State Legislature for 28 years.

For many of us from Grant County, this is the loss of a beloved family member. My parents, now deceased, and my wife Anne and I certainly share that view. A stalwart figure, he was true to his faith, his family, our country and Notre Dame, and deeply loved and respected in return. He is already greatly missed.

#### REMEMBERING MAJOR THOMAS E. CLARK

Mr. TOOMEY. Mr. President, today I pay tribute to Air Force Major Thomas E. Clark, from Emporium, PA, whose aircraft was shot down during a combat mission over Laos in 1969.

Thomas graduated from the U.S. Air Force Academy in 1963. He served with the 416th Tactical Fighter Squadron, 37th Tactical Flight Wing.

He was the beloved son of Otto and Josephine Schager Clark. He was married to his high school sweetheart, Kathleen Mottern of Emporium.

On February, 8, 1969, Major Clark was flying an F-100D aircraft from Phu Cat Air Base, Republic of Vietnam, in a flight of four on a combat mission over Laos. The flight engaged a 23mm anti-aircraft artillery battery and his aircraft was hit, burst into flames and crashed. No parachute was observed. Visual and electronic searches detected no sign of life. Subsequent to the incident the U.S. Air Force determined Major Clark to be Killed in Action, Body Not Recovered.

In his career, Major Clark was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star Medal, Purple Heart, Air Medal with Two Oakleaf Clusters, National Defense Service Medal and the Vietnam Service Medal with One Bronze Service Star.

On October 14-20, 2009, a joint U.S./Laotian team investigated the crash site for the fourth time and recovered a human tooth which was later identified as the remains of Major Clark.

During a ceremony at Emporium, PA, on October 22, 2011, his remains

will be interred in a plot beside his parents.

My thoughts and prayers are with Major Clark's family and friends as we honor the life and service of this Pennsylvanian hero.

All Americans are deeply indebted to Major Clark for his service and sacrifice.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### REMEMBERING JOE GARLAND

• Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, over the course of the past half century, Joe Garland served as the unofficial historian of Gloucester, MA—its fishermen, its boats and its life. But Joe Garland not only wrote history in his books and newspaper column—he was part of history, guiding his beloved hometown through headwinds and troubled waters. Joe Garland passed away August 30, and his family and friends gathered October 1 for a memorial service. I would like to share with the Senate the thoughts and memories of Joe that I shared with those who were part of that service honoring this great champion of all things Gloucester.

If you visit the Fisherman's Memorial on Gloucester's waterfront on a stormy winter day, the statue of the Heroic Mariner seems to be steering the whole town into the wind toward fair weather. And if you look closely at the statue, you can almost see Joe Garland in its carved granite face, full of grit and determination, guiding his beloved Gloucester through headwinds and troubled waters.

"Beating to windward" is the art of sailing into the wind. "Beating to Windward" is also the name of the column Joe wrote so many years for the Gloucester Times. And it is no surprise to any of us who knew him that Joe used the column to champion all things Gloucester. Joe didn't just chronicle Gloucester's history—he was a part of it. In his column and in his books, he brought to life the era of the great schooners—like the 122-foot *Adventure*, the flagship of Gloucester, and the larger-than-life Gloucestermen—like the "Bear of the Sea," Giant Jim Patillo, and the "Lone Voyager," Howard Blackburn.

But he also used the sharpness of his pen to make his case on all kinds of civil causes—opposing unbridled economic development, warning about the loss of local control of the hospital and water supply, complaining about compromises on the environment or demanding the preservation of Gloucester's beauty. And trust me—Joe never hesitated to offer his advice to a certain U.S. Senator, if he felt like I needed it.

Joe wrote with passion, conviction and humor, never with ill will or with the intent to wound. He was a gentleman. And always, whether in his column or in his books, he promoted the interests of Gloucester's fishing fleet. In my office in Washington, I

have a copy of the book he wrote in 2006, "The Fish and the Falcon," about Gloucester's role in the American Revolution. His inscription to me expresses his appreciation "for your efforts to relieve the fiscal crisis that has long haunted our beleaguered fishing industry." He urged me to keep up the fight, and I have.

Joe wrote 21 books, and I always enjoyed his sharing the latest with me. In my Boston office, I have a copy of his book about the *Adventure*, which he helped to restore. It arrived with an invitation from Joe to tour the schooner and, of course, I didn't waste any time accepting his invitation. He welcomed me aboard, and his tour made the *Adventure's* history come alive—from its construction in 1926 through its career as a "highliner," the biggest money-maker of them all, landing nearly \$4 million worth of cod and halibut during her career.

But the book that spoke to me the most was his last, "Unknown Soldiers," his memoir of World War II and his journey from a student at Harvard to a "dogface" with a close-knit infantry in Sicily, Italy, France and finally Germany. It is a clear, eloquent and unflinching panorama of the mundane and the horrific in war. It is, by turns, humorous, poignant and gut-wrenching, with the common soldier perspective long associated with journalist Ernie Pyle or cartoonist Bill Mauldin, a point of view with which soldiers from my war, from any war—a band of brothers stretching through generations of Americans—can identify.

I was deeply saddened to learn of Joe's passing. But I am glad that his passing was gentle, his last moments of his life near the window of his beloved house by the sea, surrounded by loved ones and squeezing the hand of the woman he loved—Helen, his wife, his World War II pen pal. And how fitting that in those final moments, the schooner *Landon* fired a farewell cannon salute to Joe as it headed out to sea. Joe loved the tradition of cannon salutes, so much so that he fired one at the wedding of his stepdaughter, Alison, only to have it backfire, burning a hole in his jacket and covering his face with gunpowder, just in time for the official wedding photos. But that was Joe, and a face smudged with gunpowder underscored what we all know—truly, his was a life well lived.

There is an anonymous quote I once read which may well describe how we should think of Joe's passing. It says:

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "There! She's gone."

Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she

left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her, and just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There, she's gone,"—there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!" And that is dying.

Because Joe loved the sea so much—and because he enjoyed watching seagulls soar—I close with a special poem. It is titled "Sea Joy" and it was written in 1939 by a little girl named Jaqueline Bouvier. America eventually came to know her as Jackie Kennedy. But when she was 10 years old, she wrote:

"When I go down by the sandy shore  
I can think of nothing I want more  
Than to live by the booming blue sea  
As the seagulls flutter round about me  
I can run about—when the tide is out  
With the wind and the sand and the sea all about  
And the seagulls are swirling and diving for fish  
Oh—to live by the sea is my only wish."

To Helen and Joe's family, I extend my deepest sympathy, but with a reminder that Joe's work, like the sea he loved, is eternal and booming, and that Joe's life, like the seagulls he enjoyed so much, swirled and soared.

And to Joe, from one sailor to another, I wish him "fair winds and following seas."•

##### RECOGNIZING MOTHER'S MOUNTAIN

• Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President, across the country one of the most treasured and comforting thoughts of home is our own family's homemade cooking. Regardless of whether this delicious homemade cooking is a main dish, a condiment, or a dessert, we will always remember the wonderful way it tastes. In my home State of Maine, one small business has taken the fond memories of home cooking and developed a successful small business. Today, I commend Mother's Mountain, located in the coastal town of Falmouth, which this month will celebrate its 30th anniversary.

Growing up during the Great Depression, Carol Tanner remembered her mother making homemade mustard for her father, and in later years she too acquired a fondness for this delectable condiment. In 1981, Carol Tanner and her then business partner now husband, Dennis Proctor, took Carol's childhood memories and turned that single mustard recipe into a business which now offers over 30 appetizing specialty products. Today, they make dozens of award winning jams, jellies, sauces, marinades and honeys. They also emphasize healthier alternatives by producing natural, gluten free, salt free, and fat free products.

As a family-run small business, Mother's Mountain employs three generations, who are instrumental in maintaining the quality and customer