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 quasquicentennial the weekend of July 2–3. The town will celebrate this milestone with many community activates 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 quasquicentennial 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?

You, the Collegiate parents, are what make this day possible. You have you each raised one of the greatest children of all time, you have dealt with all of us during the most stressful times of our lives, you have helped each other through hardships, you have taught us so much of what we know; we can only hope to grow up to be nothing like you.

Surprisingly, now I would like to say a few words about my class. For many of us, Collegiate has been our life since the age of 5. That's 13 years, or 91 in dog years, looking at you Bresnick, you dog—probably the longest time most of us will ever stay in one place. So condense with me, if you will, those thirteen years into a time span of but a week here at school. On Monday morning, under this standard, we arrived at school, some of us potty trained, and some of us not quite there, Spazznick you dog, and began our Collegiate careers.

Things started fast that Monday morning. Star Sawyer introduced us all to the language of love. Abby Newlan renamed Pinsky, ''Mikey'' but was soon left due to a job opening at Oprah's famed girls school in South Africa. Wait, no, wrong joke. K1 ran train on K2, a trend that has since continued. And that afternoon, after nap time, we entered First grade. Sadly, Eliot Snyder overslept and missed moving up day.

Under the reign of Beth Tashlik, our serious academia began. We counted and estimated the number of peanut M&M's in a jar, getting our first proverbial nut. Then, Mrs. Hutchinson met Andrew Newhouse, and it took her less than a month to literally ''hit the roof'' after his contagious laughter got the better of our entire grade in an assembly featuring several videos of sumo wrestlers. That afternoon we went home, entirely unsuspecting of the rude awakening Tuesday morning and Second grade would bring us.

Second grade was a roller coaster of a year, let me tell you. I had my first kiss, and no, not with Martha Miasaka as the legend suggests, instead it came from the wonder from down under, Mrs. Brydon on Kissmiss eve. We went on ''mini-trips'' and hit all New York's hotspots. Some went to the Statue of Liberty; some went to Dannie and Eddies, and some to the Empire State building. We also got our first new kid, a great addition to our grade, William Janover. But, it wasn't all fun and games. We learned to write cursive, which none of us can still do, and we lost some real good men out there: Drew Glicker and Spensor Ong left Collegiate for the greener pastures of . . . God knows where.

We then went to lunch in the third floor cafeteria, came upstairs, and were wonderfully surprised with what the lower school handed us: Mrs. Dopp, Mrs. McCauley, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Mullis taught us 3rd grade. All were great, but only one gave Doug Gleicher the finger. We learned our times tables and got separated into reading groups. During music, Chris Cargill was crowned our major-minor king, but was soon usurped by his twin, the evil Courtland.

By the end of Tuesday, we were the seniors of the lower school. I finally had final cut on my Iktome story, and Abowitz couldn't do a thing about it. Science got interesting when Mr. Duarte mixed one of his own pellets in with the owls'. Oddly enough, that group still found a mouse's skeleton.

On Wednesday, we were thrown into the world of Tashjinian metaphors: the Canada Goose, the Pythagorean theorem, Phil the Lobsterman, and the Purple Cabbage provided us all with limitless inspiration. Needless to say, things were different in 5th grade. We were at the mercy of a new set of teachers. We were asked to turn in homework. We got four new kids, four studs, Ola, Darien, Adam, and Billy Janover. We almost got one more, but instead we were left with the four first names that still make our fingers tingle: Aaron Ashley Marshall Bob.

We then began 6th grade and had a ball. Rolling Thunder Heard our Cry when we were forced to spend three days with the George Jackson School on a wilderness trip. May Mandeep Singh rest in peace. And, in the funniest memory I have of Collegiate, David Wilks body slammed a cello, I kid you not. David felt badly, but Mr. Lastraps kindly turned his blind eye to the wreckage.

Many of us became men on Wednesday afternoon, as Bar Mitzvah season quickly changed our lives. At the time, I was not built for the hora. A portly young man with a sweet tooth, I had trouble with the chocolate fountains, the neckties, and the dance floor. Many of you felt my pain, looking at you Jeff Wilks, but others capitalized on it. Nissan moved well to hip-hop and Lynfield was built for slow songs. Still, I danced with a few cuties on those fine evenings, and all too often the party went from 6 all the way to midnight. Things got even crazier during school, we had sports teams and final exams. I never got above a B in either. Plus, no one felt safe in the lunch room, as Henri MacArthur's ridicule knew no bounds.

Finally, Wednesday afternoon and 8th grade provided our first taste of entitlement. We didn't get away with much though, as Ms. Bell made men of us boys. By then Alvin, Will Grant, Yuri David Yan and Bill Janover had joined us due to the gigantic void left by Cary Jones. Alvin and Grant sang us the ballad of Bubba Grandoo, at first this and their other songs seemed impressive, but later we found out they stole all but the nonsensical lyrics from Madonna. The other two were even more controversial. Yan took away Sam Bresnick's only claim to fame: height. And Yuri made us all look like morons.

Hump day had passed and when a new day dawned, 9th grade slapped us all across the face. Along with 11 new kids, William included, Mrs. Hansen joined our grade in entering the Upper School, and she loved everything about us from day 1. Things definitely changed for us, grades started to matter, which gave Mr. Rubin way too much leverage. The work was more demanding, but our classes and teachers were more dynamic. Yes, Biology and Mr. Wong intrigued us all, but you all know that's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about our Geometry teacher, whose name I am not permitted to say. I cannot begin to describe him to younger grades, I dare not make fun of his table manners, teaching style, physique or general disposition in front of his colleagues, and uncovering the truth behind he and Dustin Satloff's SatBat contract may require legal action. So, I decided it best to leave him out entirely. Some things didn't change though. Maybe it was something in the water, or maybe it was the fertility pills hidden in the Muenster bagels, but French teachers came and went like they had since Middle School. And even though school took over my entire life starting Thursday morning, I truly believe it was the start of a great four years, an endeavor that improved and matured us all.

There was a fire drill on Thursday afternoon. That was 10th grade.

TGIF had a whole new meaning as Junior year began. You all remember the constant work, the SAT prep, and the terrors of applying to College looming at all times. If it weren't for the constant influx of cheerful show tunes from Dr. Maglione I doubt I would have made it through the year. But we all did make it through, and we came out much stronger than we went in. We learned a lot about each other and our grade came together, especially after our trip to Shelter Island. In fact, I think the 4 time champion Collegiate Basketball team owes a lot to Shelter Island and to Matt Roth. Finally, Friday nights were filled with spirits, spirits that cheered our team to victory.

Friday afternoon was our turn to show Collegiate what we were made of. With Nissan at the helm, we made use of our final year. At first though, our future was uncertain. Overwhelmed with College apps, we rarely made time for fun or games. Some just couldn't take the stress. After his year of fine women and tanning, Jamie broke out in hives upon his first glance at the common app. But we all calmed down after a while. We slowly recuperated and got back to our roots. We cared and we shared. Cared about each other, and if you're Jesse, shared Taxis with girls. We then emerged as a talented bunch. The debate team, with outstanding speaker Hunter Ford competed valiantly at Yale and the Science Olympiads made states and traveled to West Point. Eric Judge finally decided to get a freakin' job and the basketball team made us all so proud when they brought back a 4th consecutive championship. And finally, let us not forget, we produced Upper West: the duo that has been called Sultry meets Punk meets Rap meets Techtonique meets . . . Dub Step meets Flogenic meets a lot of criticism.

To top it off, one more extraordinary thing happened, joking aside. When Carlo broke the silence last year, I thought I'd never see something more moving or inspirational. This is not something to be overlooked. It is rare. It is powerful. It is a testament both to the strength of Carlo and of our entire school. We hope we've risen to the occasion, and we thank you for your example.

I never thought we would be seniors, and certainly never imagined we would graduate, not because we're not smart—we're geniuses, and not because we're bad people—we're saints, but because 2011 was always the year that was miles away.

That brings us to this moment, Friday afternoon of our final day at school. Collegiate has made us who we are today, and we will strive to live by the values we learned here. We leave Collegiate with the hopes of a fun weekend ahead—a weekend that should last the rest of our lives. Thank you.●

WISCONSIN TECHNICAL COLLEGE

● Mr. KOHL. Mr. President, I am honored to have the opportunity to congratulate the Wisconsin Technical College System on their centennial celebration marking 100 years of contributing to my State and our Nation.

The early 1900s brought the Industrial Revolution and marked the onset of what would ultimately become a pivotal time in our Nation's history. In Wisconsin, our paper, shipbuilding and steel industries were poised for growth and required workers who were highly skilled and educated in these burgeoning trades.

It was this critical need that inspired one of Wisconsin's foremost educational pioneers, Dr. Charles McCarthy, the first director of what is now known as the Legislative Reference Bureau, to suggest a new model of education for Wisconsin. Dr. McCarthy's idea was based on the belief that, for many in Wisconsin, higher education could be obtained through a new model of learning. This model of learning would not only assist in meeting the