

who are working to put food on the table to support their families and loved ones. These deaths are tragedies that can and should be prevented.

Our entire Nation mourned when we learned of the terrible tragedy that killed 29 miners in Montcoal, WV. But it is important to remember that mines aren't our only dangerous workplaces. Our Nation suffered another great loss when we learned of the 11 missing oil rig workers off the coast of Louisiana, and we still mourn the lives of those workers who died in explosions in Washington State and Connecticut earlier this year. All of these incidents could have been prevented. These terrible tragedies illustrate the dangers hardworking Americans face on the job every day, and why we need to redouble our efforts to make every workplace a safe workplace.

Every April 28, for the past 9 years, Mary Davis and her family have observed Workers Memorial Day in honor of her husband Jeff Davis, a boiler-maker who was killed in a sulfuric acid tank farm explosion at a refinery in Delaware. His body was never recovered, most likely because it was dissolved in acid. The disaster also injured eight other workers and caused major environmental impact in the surrounding area. Motiva, the company that owned the refinery, pleaded guilty to discharging pollutants into the Delaware River and negligently releasing sulfuric acid into the air, both in violation of the Clean Air Act, resulting in a \$10 million fine. For the same accident, OSHA initially cited three serious and two willful violations against Motiva for Jeff Davis' death. The Agency proposed a penalty of \$175,000 that Motiva later was able to reduce through settlement for a total of only \$132,000.

I recently spoke with Holly Shaw, a school teacher living in Pennsylvania. Her husband Scott drowned after falling into the Schuylkill River while working on two barges, helping to dredge the river. The barges had no life jackets for workers to wear, and no life preservers in the event of an accident. The two barges were connected by a series of old tires that workers had to navigate to move from barge to barge. OSHA found Armco, the company that employed Scott, had committed four serious violations and was fined \$4,950. Holly later found out that Armco was given the opportunity to plead down the fine and ended up only paying \$4,000 for Scott's death. It is truly shocking that the company faced such minor consequences for its appallingly inadequate safety practices.

Unfortunately, stories like Jeff Davis's and Scott Shaw's are all too common. Although a willful or repeat violation of OSHA carries a maximum penalty of \$70,000 and willful violations a minimum of \$5,000, most penalties are far smaller. In both cases, current penalties weren't sufficient to force recalcitrant employers to take workplace safety more seriously even when

a worker is killed. To date, OSHA has cited Motiva for nearly two dozen other violations since Jeff Davis' death. In 2009, workers went on strike against the same company that leased its barge to Armco, protesting unsafe workplace practices, after a deckhand was crushed to death between two barges. As Holly said to me, "another family suffers because of the same negligence."

This has to change. We need to increase penalties for irresponsible employers who ignore the law, and give our federal agencies the enforcement tools they need to keep workers away from imminent danger. This week we held a hearing in the HELP Committee to explore these challenging issues. And, in the weeks ahead, I intend to work with my colleagues on both sides of the aisle on legislation to make our mines and all our dangerous workplaces safer.

Workplace safety is an issue that is very personal to me. My father was a coal miner, and I saw firsthand the devastating effects of the lung problems created by his work in the mines. We still have a long way to go to ensure that our sons and daughters, moms and dads, brothers and sisters all come home safe from a hard day's work, and we should not rest until workplace tragedies are a chapter in the history books, and we no longer have any need to observe a day of mourning for American workers killed on the job.

#### TRIBUTE TO FATHER RAY DOHERTY

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, on May 4, the Saint Michael's College community will celebrate the 80th birthday of a fellow Michaelman and longtime friend of many, Reverend Raymond Doherty. Father Ray, as he is known to many, graduated from Saint Michael's College in 1951, and began what has become a lifetime of service to the Saint Michael's community. A devoted member of the Society of Saint Edmund, whose members founded Saint Michael's over 100 years ago, Father Ray embodies the deep commitment to social justice that has become the hallmark of a Saint Michael's College education. It is among the many reasons I am proud to join Saint Michael's alumni everywhere in celebrating this milestone.

For the past seven decades, Father Ray has advised, counseled, and supported countless Saint Michael's students, faculty, alumni, and Vermonsters. His contributions have not gone unnoticed. In 2005, a fellow classmate established the Reverend Raymond Doherty SSE '51 Scholarship to honor Father Ray's significant contributions as a college administrator, friend, and religious leader. Saint Michael's students continue to learn and grow from Father Ray's contributions to the Saint Michael's community. Countless students, and in many cases generations of families, are lucky to know him.

As a student at Saint Michael's in the late 1940s and early 1950s, Father Ray graced the George "Doc" Jacobs baseball program as a starting and relief pitcher for the college. Later in his career, Father Ray would serve as a key member of the college's 1987 and 1996 athletic tasks forces. Last year, the Saint Michael's community honored that legacy by inducting him in to the Saint Michael's College Athletic Hall of Fame.

Saint Michael's widely recognized reputation for encouraging its students and alumni to foster peace and justice has been bolstered by Father Ray's commitment to community service and helping those in need. His frequent involvement in Saint Michael's signature service organization, the Mobilization of Volunteer efforts, MOVE, has been an example to all.

Two years ago, in 2008, Father Ray and the Edmundite community celebrated the 50th anniversary of his ordination. As Father Ray marks another milestone this year, I join with countless of fellow Michaelmen in wishing him the happiest of birthdays. We all look forward to his continued support of the Saint Michael's mission.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### REMEMBERING ERNEST BRAUN

• Mrs. BOXER. Mr. President, it is with a heavy heart that I ask my colleagues to join me today in honoring the memory of a remarkable man, Ernest Braun of Marin County, CA. Ernest was a passionate photographer and avid environmentalist who loved sharing the gifts of photography and nature with his family and community. He passed away on March 23, 2010.

Ernest Braun was born on September 13, 1921, in St. Louis, MO, to Maurice and Hazel Braun. At their home in San Diego, the Braun family celebrated the out of doors during Ernest's early years. Maurice Braun, an impressionist painter inspired by California's landscape, shared his deep appreciation of nature with his children. While still very young, Ernest was given his first camera as a Christmas gift, and his world would never be the same. The camera became Ernest's tool for sharing his perspective of the world with those around him.

During World War II, Ernest served in the U.S. Army as a combat photographer, capturing images of the atrocities of war in Europe. Ernest's photos of concentration camps and numerous battles brought the conflict home to American shores. He served his country greatly with his portrayals of the human cost of war. Following the end of the war, he lived briefly in New York before he and his new wife, Sally Long, settled in San Anselmo, CA. Inspired by the beautiful vistas of Marin County, in the 1960s Ernest discovered his true love: nature photography. He believed strongly in the importance of

humanity's relationship to the natural world, and he created images to help people see and maintain that connection.

Ernest became an award-winning photographer serving architectural, industrial, and commercial clients while nurturing his dedication to showcasing the beauty of Mother Nature. Ernest was deeply committed to his craft and worked to ensure others had the opportunity to explore photography. Ernest taught photography at several schools including the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of California, San Diego. In addition, he traveled around the world teaching environmental photography workshops in Peru, Kenya, New Zealand, Alaska, Ecuador, China, New Zealand, the Galapagos Islands, and elsewhere. Ernest was a revered and sought-after photographer whose gift for the art form was admired by many.

Ernest's photography has been exhibited in prestigious institutions all over the country, including the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the Time-Life Gallery in New York City. In 1968, Ernest was voted the Nation's top architectural photographer by the American Institute of Architects, and in 1970 he won first prize in the landscape division of Life magazine's photo contest. Many of his images have also been published in books celebrating our environment.

Ernest was a kind and decent man with whom I had the great pleasure of being personally acquainted. He will certainly be remembered for his skillful photographic representations of the world around him and for his love and dedication to nature. Although he will be dearly missed, we take comfort in knowing that future generations will continue to benefit from the timeless gifts of the photographs he left behind.

Ernest is survived by his daughter Jennifer; his sons Jeff, Christopher, and Jonathan; and his four grandchildren. Our hearts go out to Ernest's family and friends during this difficult time.●

#### REMEMBERING KEELER CONDON

● Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. President, today I wish to recognize Keeler Bud Condon, former councilman of the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe in South Dakota. Keeler passed away on March 30, 2010. The community of Cherry Creek, SD, and all of the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation lost a great leader and friend.

Keeler's Lakota name, Iktomi Kuwapi, is translated as "Cannot Be Fooled." He was born on May 5, 1941, in Porcupine, SD, on the Pine Ridge Reservation, and he spent his childhood years there. Keeler attended a number of tribal schools before graduating from Cheyenne-Eagle Butte High School in 1961.

One of Keeler's greatest joys was sports. He was an avid sports fan and athlete; in 1959, his basketball team

won the South Dakota State "B" Championship. After high school, he played with the All American Indian Semi-Pro team. Illustrating his enduring commitment to community, he maintained contact throughout his life with his high school basketball coach, Gus Kolb. Keeler worked for many years as a certified building and trades professional and also served as a bus driver for the Takini School before he was elected to the Cheyenne River Tribal Council in 2002. He served a 4-year term.

In 2003, I met Keeler when he hosted me and former Indian Health Service Director Dr. Charles Grim in Cherry Creek. We joined him for a tour and pow-wow. I remember well his constant advocacy for better health care and an improved quality of life for tribal communities. After Keeler retired from the Tribal Council, he continued to be a consistent presence at Tribal Headquarters in Eagle Butte. He would take the time to visit with many tribal members and provide guidance to the elected leaders.

I am sure that Keeler's entire family, including his wife Frieda, four children, and two stepchildren are very proud of his accomplishments, as they ought to be. Strong leaders are central to the well-being of tribal communities, and the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe certainly benefited from Keeler's contributions.●

#### TRIBUTE TO PAULETTE MONTILEAUX

● Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. President, I wish today to pay tribute to Ms. Paulette Montileaux of Rapid City, SD, on an outstanding 42 years of service to the Federal Government as an employee of the U.S. Department of Interior's Indian Arts and Crafts Board. An enrolled member of the Rosebud Sioux Tribe, Ms. Montileaux began her service in Rapid City as a clerk and typist for the Indian Arts and Crafts Board in 1967. In 1978, she was promoted to Museum Assistant, and in 1983 she was named Curator for the Sioux Indian Museum.

The Sioux Indian Museum in Rapid City was founded in 1939 and is home to the historic Anderson Collection from the Rosebud Reservation, which was gathered in the 1880s and 1890s. This museum is one of three such unique and important Museums nationwide under the care of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board. Over the years, this Museum's collections have grown into one of the most extensive collections of Lakota/Dakota/Nakota artifacts. Ms. Montileaux and her staff have worked tirelessly to preserve these possessions. Housed within the Journey Museum for the past 13 years, items from the Sioux Indian Museum are viewed by the public in a realistic travel through time.

For 42 years, Ms. Montileaux worked to preserve the history of the Lakota/Dakota/Nakota people by maintaining existing collections, as well acquiring

new pieces of art. According to Authur Amiotte, during her long career she assisted in and witnessed the beginning careers of many traditional tribal artisan and contemporary painters, sculptors, and jewelers. Among her varied responsibilities, she coordinated a number of special exhibits each year to highlight the work of emerging artists. The integrity of the collections within the museum and their existence for future generations is in no small part thanks to Ms. Montileaux.

Ms. Montileaux went about her important work each day quietly and without any self interest; all of her attention was always focused on the collections and their importance to the tribes and all residents of South Dakota. Again, I congratulate her on her retirement and wish her and her husband Don Montileaux all the best on their future endeavors.●

#### REMEMBERING CHRISTOPHER W. WHITE

● Mr. KAUFMAN. Mr. President, in the past couple of years, the economy took a turn for the worse, and the Community Legal Aid Society, Inc.—CLASI, for short—in my home State of Delaware, was hit with a triple whammy. More people needed help while there were fewer private and government contributions to go around.

CLASI's executive director, Christopher W. White, faced these new, increasing, and difficult challenges bravely and with an amazing sense of determination. Some would say Chris did his best work when the going got particularly tough.

Today, the Legal Aid Society is a wonderful and esteemed nonprofit law firm dedicated to providing advice to people with low incomes or disabilities as well as those who are elderly. The success of CLASI is in large part due to Chris's almost two decades of hard work, direction, and excellent fundraising abilities. His devotion to CLASI was clear during the recent recession, when he lowered his own salary so that others could keep their jobs.

However, the Delaware and legal communities faced a tragic blow last week when Chris's life was tragically cut short on Wednesday, April 21. He was 48.

You can't go far in Wilmington without hearing that Chris was a brilliant advocate and overall great person. When you talked with Chris, his passion and drive would rub off on you. He had the effect of making everyone who knew him want to become a better person.

Much of this was owed to Chris's charisma. He was one-of-a-kind, and his intelligence never came off as pretentious. Everything that Chris did was driven by his heart—not politics or career-climbing—and a strong desire to make things better in his community.

Chris was a preacher's son and a graduate of Boston College and Suffolk University Law School. During law