

As a student at Yale University, President George H.W. Bush played in the College World Series in Kalamazoo, MI, in 1948, 2 years before the games found their permanent home in Omaha.

In 2001, President George W. Bush came to Omaha to throw out the first ball at Johnny Rosenblatt Stadium. The stadium, named in honor of a former Omaha mayor and avid baseball fan, serves as the home ballpark for the Omaha Royals, which is the Pacific Coast League AAA farm team of the Kansas City Royals.

Since the College World Series came to Omaha in 1950, there have been 799 games played at Rosenblatt Stadium with 5,692,950 fans in attendance. The attendance shows remarkable growth from that first year when fewer than 18,000 fans showed up for the entire series. Today, the average attendance for the entire 10-day event approaches 230,000 with an average per-session attendance of nearly 23,000.

Credit for this phenomenal success story goes to College World Series of Omaha, Inc., a nonprofit organization which has captured the imagination of the people of Omaha, its business leaders, city officials and volunteers.

We are often asked by fans that follow their teams here and are attending their first College World Series, "Why Omaha?" The answer is easy. The entire city rolls out the red carpet for visiting teams and their supporters. Baseball fans, most from the Omaha area, fill the stadium for each game. They cheer all participating teams equally, making players, families and fans from other parts of the country feel welcome. Even when hometown favorites, the Nebraska Cornhuskers or Creighton Bluejays make it to the series, fans continue to cheer for teams coming from other States.

Many Omaha supporters take time off from work during the 10-day event, tailgating on the stadium grounds and attending games each day. They will often wait in line all night to buy tickets which remain low in price despite sellouts and the fact that games are telecast nationwide on ESPN and ESPN2. A book of 50 general admission tickets sells for \$50. Even box seats for the championship games sell for only \$30.

The College World Series in Omaha has become as much of a tradition as baseball itself. Even the name, Omaha, has become synonymous with championship baseball. Instead of referring to it as the College World Series or the NCAA Division I Baseball Championship, teams competing to play here all refer to Regional and Super Regional tournaments as the "Road to Omaha."

In the same year that baseball returned to Washington, DC, I am proud that the College World Series returns to Omaha for its 56th consecutive year with contractual assurances that it will remain here at least through 2010.

I'd like to extend a warm Nebraska invitation to all of my colleagues and baseball fans everywhere to come to

Omaha from June 17 through 27 to enjoy college baseball's finest tradition. You are certain to enjoy yourselves, and like many of the players who earn the right to participate in the College World Series, you, too, will find yourself part of the "Road to Omaha" experience.●

SOL M. LINOWITZ

● Mr. SARBANES. Mr. President, when Sol M. Linowitz died recently, at the age of 91, this country lost a distinguished citizen and his family lost a loving, wise and generous husband, father, brother and grandfather. Those who had the privilege of working with him—and there are many of us—lost a colleague and wise counselor and, above all, a dear friend.

It says much about Sol Linowitz that he opened his 1985 memoir, *The Making of a Public Man*, with a citation from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.: "It is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived." That is precisely what Sol did over the course of what his brother, Bob Linowes, described—too modestly—as Sol's "exemplary and productive life." Indeed, it can be said of Sol Linowitz that almost from his birth in 1913 until his death earlier this year, he reflected in his own life the highest ideals, aspirations and achievements of 20th-century America.

Sol Linowitz was the eldest of Joseph and Rose Linowitz's four sons. Both his parents had come to this country as adolescents from what was then the Russian empire. They met and married in this country, settling in Trenton, NJ, and raising their family there. Of his parents Sol has written simply but eloquently: they "were not highly educated people; they had come across the ocean . . . bringing their hopes and little more . . . their life was a struggle." From his parents he received the priceless gift of principles by which to live his own life: the fundamental importance of education; values taught by example, not rhetoric; people helping others in need. He grew up in a neighborhood of families similar to his own, except that they had come from Ireland, and Italy and in an earlier time and under different conditions, from Africa. He could see that his parents "most of all loved and trusted this country."

On the strength of advice from a high school teacher and a modest scholarship, Sol Linowitz went to Hamilton College, where he went on to become the Class of 1935 Salutatorian. Advice from a distinguished Hamilton alumnus, Elihu Root, led him to law school; when he told Root that he was thinking of becoming a rabbi or studying law, Root replied: "Become a lawyer. I have found that a lawyer needs twice as much religion as a minister or rabbi." Once again, this time at Cornell Law School, he rose to the top of his class, finishing first and serving as

editor-in-chief of the Cornell Law Quarterly. A number of his law-school friends, like Senator Edmund Muskie and Secretary of State William Rogers, went on to become eminent public servants and practitioners of the law. But Sol wrote with typical understatement in his memoir that "the most significant social contact" of his years at Cornell was Toni Zimmerman, a Cornell student. All who know Toni Zimmerman Linowitz would certainly agree. Sol and Toni were married for 65 years.

Sol chose to practice law in Rochester with the small family firm of Sutherland and Sutherland. Following government and military service during World War II, he and Toni returned to Rochester. Sol resumed his law practice. At the same time, he entered into the sustained engagement in community and national affairs that was to illuminate his entire life.

Sol Linowitz's commitment to public service extended far beyond his government service, which began with his OAS ambassadorship, in 1969. He found an extraordinary range of opportunities to serve. For many years he was a trustee of Hamilton College and of Cornell University, which had both served him so well—and also of Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, and the University of Rochester and the Eastman School of Music, in Rochester. He was chairman of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. He served as president of the National Urban League. He was a co-founder of the International Executive Service Committee, in 1964, and the founder of the InterAmerican Dialogue, in 1982. He was an advisor to three U.S. Presidents, and was President Carter's representative in the Israel-Egypt negotiations following the Camp David Accord.

With Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, Sol Linowitz led the U.S. team that negotiated the Panama Canal Treaties. It has been reported that years later Sol said of this daunting challenge, "In retrospect, I'd have to say that assignment was probably the most difficult and the most challenging of my life. It is also the accomplishment of which I am most proud." Sol had reason to take pride in his achievement. The treaties were brilliantly drafted and negotiated. They put an end to a growing source of friction in U.S. relations not just with Panama but with all of Latin America, and assured the continuing, smooth operation of the Canal.

It was in my capacity as a manager of the floor debate over the Senate's advice and consent to the treaties that I worked closely with Sol Linowitz over many months and got to know him well. He was an extraordinarily skillful diplomat, an honorable and dedicated public servant. He was also a person of singular intelligence, integrity, and human compassion. It was my privilege to consider him a friend.

Sol opened his memoir with the quotation cited above from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. In closing, he

turned to Archibald MacLeish. MacLeish, he noted, "once said that 'America is promises,' but these promises have not been kept equally to all. Those of us for whom the most extravagant promises of this land have become a reality are, I think, required to seek appropriate expressions of their gratitude." Sol Linowitz never ceased to find opportunities to express his gratitude. Again and again over the course of his long and productive life, he found innumerable ways to make our Nation a better place for all its people.

At a memorial service at Adas Israel Congregation on March 29, 2005, Sol Linowitz was remembered in a series of moving tributes from members of his family, friends and colleagues. Every tribute reminded us yet again how deeply the loss of Sol Linowitz is felt. He was "a man comfortable with himself, and thus everyone was comfortable with him," said Jim Lehrer. "He asked questions and then he listened to the answers." Bernard Kalb observed, "Sol Linowitz may have been the president of Xerox but no one has yet succeeded in making a copy of Sol." Mr. President, I ask that the service be printed in the RECORD.

The service follows.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

MEMORIAL SERVICE

RABBI JEFFREY A. WOHLBERG

We begin with a poem:

To the living, death is a wound,
It's name is grief, it's companion loneliness.
But death belongs to life
As night belongs to day
As shadow belongs to substance
As the fallen leaf belongs to the tree,
So does death belong to life.

Death is normal and natural, it is part of reality—we know that. And yet, when it comes, when it touches someone close to us, when it takes someone, that is beloved we are somehow not ready and unprepared no matter what we know, no matter what we think we know and no matter what the age of the person who is gone. This is the difference between intellect and emotion.

So we gather to mourn and to eulogize and to share memories, vignettes and strength as we come together for Sol Linowitz. There is a void in your lives, an unfillable hole for which we feel unprepared.

We have all lost someone precious, a man who was extraordinary, quite unique and very special. Your loss is shared by many of us outside the family, not merely because we knew Sol or because he had done something for us, but because of what he's done for all including many who never knew him, and yet who are in his debt. Outside the family he was known, admired and respected by world leaders, by people of prominence, by people of stature. He was a quintessential attorney, an accomplished businessman, an effective diplomat, a trusted counsel to presidents and prime ministers, as well as to rabbis and the public in general. He served as Chairman of the Board of the Jewish Theological Seminary and that of course brings him added distinction.

But beyond all his successes—as an attorney at Xerox, in service to our government, on boards and boards at universities—and other accomplishments, it all comes down to

family. Our condolences are extended to brothers David, Robert, and Harry, who remember parents Joseph and Rose, growing up in Trenton, New Jersey, Hamilton College and Cornell University and so much more that they shared over these many years. Our condolences are extended to Toni, his wife of 68 years. Theirs was a love affair which began when she was in college and he was in law school. She remembers wearing a green dress and that she signed up for archery so that she could meet him on the path when he came out of law school and would see her. Our condolences are extended to daughters, to Anne, June, Jan, and Roni as well as their spouses who have always been close and supportive as well as supported by his love. And of course to eight grandchildren, Judy, David, another David, Michael, Steven, Danny, Jessie and Sandy, who were the dividends of his life. He shared their trials, challenges and successes. The family was of critical importance to him no matter what was going on. You said that after dealing with family he was ready to deal with anything and it made him a great negotiator. And so there is a great deal of pride, pleasure and strength that you shared as you gave each other mutual support.

Long after the violin is set aside the music plays on. And so it is with a human life. Sol (who played the violin) is gone, but the music of his life will remain with us forever.

Servant of God well done;

Rest thy loved employ

The battle fought, the victory won

Enter the martyrs' joy.

The pain of death is past,

Labor and sorrow cease,

Life's long warfare closed at last,

May thy soul now rest in peace.

May the memory and name of Sol Linowitz bring comfort to all who hold it dear.

JUNE LINOWITZ

Hello and welcome. On behalf of my family I want to thank everyone for being here. It means a lot to us.

My name is June Linowitz and it is my honor to speak on behalf of my sisters—Anne, Jan and Ronni. What I'm going to say is the result of the conversations with my sisters. I assume that other speakers this afternoon will discuss my dad as diplomat, humanitarian, businessman and sage. I just want to talk about Sol Linowitz—our dad. Implied in this discussion is, of course, our mother Toni Linowitz. My parents were married for 65 years and had a remarkable marriage. My parents respected each other, supported each other, encouraged each other, adored each other and truly shared their lives. As far as we kids were concerned they presented a united front. So often when I talk about my dad, I'm talking about my mom too.

I can't talk about Dad without mentioning his sense of humor. A lot of you know he had a story for every occasion but what we kids remember is was how funny he could be. My dad loved to laugh and to make other people laugh. He felt that one of the best ways to relate to a person was through laughter and he was very good at making that happen.

My sisters and I remember a routine from when we were little and he'd put us to bed. He'd tuck us in, say "goodnight" turn off the light and—walk into the closet. He'd come out of the closet saying "oh, oh, sorry" and bump into a wall. Flustered he'd walk into another wall. Then he'd say "ok now, enough. I'm leaving now" and (walk down imaginary stairs). We'd howl with laughter! My dad was our favorite playmate! And a routine like that was psychologically pretty savvy for small kids because we knew no monsters were hiding anywhere. He'd been everywhere trying to get out of the room!

My dad was a great amateur psychologist. For example—My sister Jan used to be painfully shy. My dad would talk with her saying "A woman visited me in the office today. She's concerned about her son Johnnie because he's afraid of meeting people. She doesn't know what to do. What do you think I should tell her?" Jan would confer with dad and come up with a way to tackle Johnnie's shyness and of course her own. It was a very effective tactic.

My dad the amateur psychologist even devised behavioral charts. With Jan he devised a chart where she would get a star each day she shook somebody's hand and if she did that for 2 weeks she'd get a treat.

No big surprise! My sister Jan has grown up to be a psychologist!

My parents wanted us to know the value of money. We got what we needed but not necessarily what we wanted. We were given allowances (small ones, I might note) that were defendant on our performing certain chores. Unfortunately my parents would also dock us if we didn't do certain things or if we misbehaved and I was the kind of kid who at the end of the week often ended up with nothing. At holidays, or our birthdays, our gifts weren't extravagant. We got socks and underwear wrapped as presents for Chanukah. We got other gifts too but at least some of our presents were things we needed and should have been grateful to receive. Because my dad didn't want us to take things for granted. He wanted us to know how fortunate we were. We had food on the table and clothes on our backs and a place to sleep and he knew and wanted us to know that most of the children in the world weren't as fortunate.

We talked about current events at the dinner table. My dad made it a priority to be with us at dinner time. He was a busy man but he had time for his family. We'd talk about the events of the day, not just what happened with us kids at school, but what dad had experienced and what had happened in the world. And my dad would be interested in our opinions. He'd question our views and so taught us how to think.

He wanted us to think for ourselves and be independent. And of course he paid for that. When we got older, and we realized what a big shadow he cast, we fiercely stated our independence. When we started looking for jobs—we wouldn't use his contacts. When we had problems—we wouldn't take his advice. We didn't really want to be seen with him. We wanted to be successful and respected on our own terms and to my dad's credit, he respected us for that. We made him kind of crazy, but he was proud of us.

And as we've made our way in the world, Anne is a social worker, Jan is a psychologist, and Ronni and I are artists, he became our biggest fan. He was our good friend and wise counsel. No matter what was going on in his life, no matter how busy he might be, our dad was always available if we needed him. He would listen to us and we listened to him too.

We would discuss our careers, our marriages, our families and our lives. We would talk about the nature of death and the purpose of life. We would discuss the state of the world and the current conflicts. And, as many of you know, my dad's outlook would always be hopeful. He would acknowledge the difficulty of the situation but he'd believe in man's capacity to prevail. He looked for the best in people and so he would bring out the best in people. He was both a realist and an optimist. He was quite simply an exceptional human being.

My dad used to say that he felt closer to his own parents after they died. My sisters

and I are hoping and praying that we'll find that true too. Because we miss our dad a lot.

RONNI LINOWITZ JOLLES

I am honored to be here today, as one of Sol Linowitz's daughters, to speak about our father. My sister June spoke so well about the wonderful father he was to the four of us. I think you know of some of his tremendous accomplishments that truly made the world a better place. I want to share with you a conversation that I had with him that will give you a different perspective about the kind of person he was.

I called him one Sunday morning—about 15 years ago, although I remember it clearly—and asked him if I could come talk to him about something that was bothering me. Without hesitation, he instantly said, "Yes, of course. Your mother and I will be here all afternoon so come on over." He had a certain excitement in his voice; he loved to talk about things that were deep, or meaningful, and he loved to help you to work through a problem and find solutions.

I came over that afternoon and went up to the den. I talked to both mom and dad for a while, and then my dad and I went to talk. When I came into the study, I could see that my dad had set things up for our talk; he had cleared off his desk, except for a big yellow legal pad and a pen. He was prepared to do what he did better than anyone I have ever known; to listen. And I was lucky enough to be listened to by the wisest person I will ever know in my life.

So, I began to talk: I went over the most important things in my life, because I knew that those things all would have an impact on what was bothering me; I talked about my marriage, my kids, my job, my synagogue, my close friends. I talked about the balance I was seeking to find as I lived my life.

Then I got to the issue at hand: "Dad, " I said, "... I've been really struggling with this: I hope you don't think this is silly, but ... I don't think I'm making a difference in the world. I just don't feel like I'm doing enough.

If I weren't here tomorrow, have I left a mark?

Have I made the world a better place?

I don't think I'm doing as much as I can to make a difference.

He looked at me and started with what I knew he would say first. "Being a mother is one of the most important jobs you'll ever have. ... your teaching is such a gift." We went back and forth about a few things, but it just wasn't feeling right.

"You know, Dad, this may just be due to having someone as amazing as you as a father. I mean our dinner conversations were a little unusual ... I grew up hearing about world peace, solving world hunger, starting new companies, building new organizations!

"Maybe I just have to come to terms with the fact that I'm not you, and I am not going to be able to be do the kinds of things that you did and are still doing. Maybe you can just help me reach a peace about it so it won't bother me anymore."

He just looked at me for a few minutes, and finally said, "OK. I want to talk to you about, something. I know exactly what you're feeling."

He went on—"You know, you think I'm such an important person. I know that you think I'm doing all of these important things, and sometimes maybe I am, but I also wonder if I'm making a difference."

He went on, "The truth is; I don't know if what I'm doing is making a difference. I hope I'm making a difference, and some days, after something very positive has happened, I do feel like I'm really making a difference.

But I honestly don't know if the treaties I'm helping to implement will be here in 50, or 100 years.

I don't know if the peace that I've worked towards will last.

I don't know if the organizations that I'm working with will still be here years from now.

No one can know that. So I also worry if I'm really doing enough in this world.

Then he stopped and just looked at me and said, "So I'm going to tell you about something that I do that has helped me. "Every day I try to do things. Sometimes I'm not able to do it, but I always try. 2 things."

I may know of someone who is ill, so I'll send some flowers and write a note.

Or I may know someone who has just lost a loved one, so I'll write something meaningful and look for a quote that I may have that may bring them some comfort.

It could be that I just went to a concert, saw a play, or an art exhibit and I was touched by it and I wanted to write something and say thank you.

As he was talking, I drifted off and thought about all of the notes I had received from my dad over the years—the notes telling me how great he thought I was in that play or how much he enjoyed having me at that Passover seder or how he always sent me flowers on my birthday with the most loving of cards. I wonder how many of you have received a note or two from my father.

He then continued, "I try to do two things like that every day—2 things that are reaching out to someone who I can either appreciate or help or comfort or just say I love you to. Those things I try to do every day give me a feeling that I'm making a difference in the world and I find them very fulfilling—perhaps more fulfilling than any of the other things that I'm doing on a much grander scale.

Today, as I look at the people who are here—some of you may be here because you respect my father and admire his many public accomplishments—but I'll bet that most of you are here because you loved him. Maybe he touched you in a very personal and meaningful way that made you so appreciate him. Maybe you were a part of his "2 things."

That is what I think made our Dad, Sol Linowitz, the truly amazing man that he was.

And as we all think about his life and as we try to think about ways we can remember him, it may be that some of us might try to do 2 things every day—2 things for people we know in your own lives that might make them feel comforted or loved or appreciated, and we can think about Sol Linowitz every time we do that. And truly, I can't think of anything that would make him happier than knowing that the people he touched throughout his life are remembering him by doing kind things for others.

We have all been blessed by knowing Sol Linowitz.

WILLIAM BRODY

Some years back, John Updike wrote a short poem, titled "Perfection Wasted," which begins with these words:

And another regrettable thing about death is the ceasing of your own brand of magic, which took a whole life to develop and market—

Ambassador Linowitz's life was so long, and so varied, and so full of marvelous adventures, that his own brand of magic was, as a result, inexpressibly unique.

Of course, there were many stories. Who could live through such times, and frequently be at the center of things, and not have stories to tell?

One time in the 1960s, when he was ambassador to the Organization of American States, he went on a particularly grueling trip through Central and South America accompanied by Lincoln Gordon, who had served as ambassador to Brazil and was assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, and was not far off from becoming the ninth president of Johns Hopkins University. They were making arrangements for a summit meeting that President Lyndon Johnson was planning to attend, so the hours were very long, the work was hard, and it involved traveling to many different countries in a very short period of time.

When they finally arrived back in the United States, they landed in San Antonio late in the evening, and were scheduled to report to President Johnson at his ranch the next morning. But at 11:30 at night the phone rang, and it was the President, who said, 'I want you out here tonight.' So Sol got out of bed, woke up Lincoln Gordon, and they got on a helicopter and flew out to the LBJ ranch in the middle of the night.

When they landed there was a station wagon waiting for them with a driver in the front seat. The helicopter people loaded the bags in the back of the station wagon, and then Sol and Lincoln Gordon climbed into the back seat. And the driver of the station wagon said, 'Welcome back home, Sol' and turned around and it was the President of the United States. With not a secret service agent anywhere in sight.

When Sol told that story, he said, you know, 'I've worked with several presidents, and there aren't many who would drive out in the middle of the night and pick someone up.'

Which is a story that says more, perhaps, about Sol Linowitz, than about Lyndon Johnson.

When someone of Ambassador Linowitz's stature and renown dies, the articles in the New York Times and the Washington Post have a favorite epithet they like to use: he or she was 'an advisor to presidents.' This signifies that these people were not only powerful, but also sagacious. That they had wisdom to share.

This was doubly true of Sol Linowitz, who shared his insights not only with United States presidents, but also, for many, many years with the presidents of a select and lucky few colleges and universities. I count myself as extremely fortunate to have been among that group, as were presidents Dan Nathans, Bill Richardson and Steven Muller before me at Johns Hopkins, and the presidents at Cornell University, Hamilton College, the University of Rochester and the Eastman School of Music, where he also serve as a trustee and advisor.

We were fortunate in one respect because of Sol's often shrewd analysis and penetrating insights. When Bill Clinton awarded Ambassador Linowitz the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1998, he said "Receiving advice from Sol Linowitz ... is like getting trumpet lessons from the angel Gabriel." And he was right.

Sol was the quintessential Renaissance man: distinguished lawyer, businessman and statesman, part-Rabbi, part-psychiatrist. Sol was an accomplished violinist. But above all, he was a true scholar. His passion for learning enhanced the depth of his wisdom, compassion and insight into people's behavior. And to this day, I have never met anyone other than Sol who had given a college salutarian address at commencement in Latin.

Sol Linowitz truly admired and valued higher education. He was a champion of America's colleges and universities. He believed that what we do is not only important, but it also serves a higher cause. Later

in his life he would say that when he enrolled in Cornell Law School during the Great Depression, he went there "burning with a desire to do good." Colleges and universities, he believed, could be instruments of social justice. They could be bastions not only of learning, but also of the will to do that which is needful and right.

Many years back, long before the cost and expense of a college education had become a national obsession, Sol wrote an article titled 'A Liberal Arts College is Not a Railroad' in which he very eloquently defended the utility and need for a liberal education, even as it became more and more costly. At one point in the article he wrote the following: 'A college may offer a course in Persian history, for example, which only five students will attend during a particular term. Should we abolish the course? Or should we hope that the few students who do learn something of Persian history will thereby become uniquely qualified to perform some important service for which this particular aspect of their education has especially fitted them?'

There he was; years and years ago, saying that it may not appear needful, but that someday we may want to have some people around who knew the history and culture of Persia—modern day Iran. How prescient that was. How thoughtful. And how like Sol Linowitz.

Which is why today, though we have come to celebrate a life lived greatly, yet we cannot help but feel saddened that one like this has passed from our midst. Sol's brand of magic cannot be replaced. And John Updike, ending his poem, says it all:

The jokes over the phone.

The memories packed in the rapid-access file.

The whole act.

Who will do it again? That's it: no one; imitators and descendants aren't the same.

MARTIN MAYER

I am grateful to Robert Linowes for this opportunity to give public thanks for forty years of friendship with his brother Sol.

When I met Sol he was the non-executive chairman of the board of Xerox and the senior partner in a Rochester law firm built significantly but by no means entirely on work for Xerox. Bobby Kennedy and James Perkins, president of Cornell, had suggested to The New York Times that Sol would be a good candidate for the Democrats to run against Nelson Rockefeller for Governor of New York in 1966, and Sol had not yet declined the invitation. So the Times asked me to write a profile of this unknown fellow in Rochester who had so brilliantly used the patent laws and the anti-trust laws to give his friend Joe Wilson's little company so large a lead worldwide in the burgeoning business of copying. But Sol did not define himself as a businessman. He was first of all an attorney, and as such, like Brandeis, he was always a professional who had clients, never just somebody's lawyer.

Joe Wilson wanted Sol at his side as Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter, various secretaries of state and the clients of Coudert wanted him in later years, because his judgment was always intelligent, widely focused, uncontaminated by self-interest, and responsive to the problem. And generous. Sol was a great man, but also—it is not a common combination—a good guy. He was always looking for nice things to say about someone, and even when he couldn't find any—which happened—he remained reluctant to speak ill of anyone.

I worked with him on his memoirs and again only a dozen years ago on his book The

Betrayed Profession, his cry of anguish at the desiccation and corruption of lawyering. I told him I would help on this book only on his promise that when the book was published there would be people at the 1925 F Street Club who would no longer smile at him when he walked through the door. Instead, they had to tear down the F Street Club.

Especially when dealing with questions of urban blight, social justice, hunger and the obligations of successful businesses, which he did from leadership positions, Sol could slip into the trite and true, but he had a gift of expression and an occasionally puckish irreverence. My favorite Linowitz line was his last laugh at Arthur D. Little, which had saved Xerox from the bear-hug of IBM by telling IBM that there wasn't going to be any mass demand for copying machines. In the Xerox case, Sol said, "invention was the mother of necessity."

Having pulled off the near miracle of negotiating the Panama Canal Treaty and selling it to the Senate, Sol was lured by Jimmy Carter after the first Camp David accord to take charge of closing the deal with Anwar Sadat and Menachim Begin. He hung on his wall at the State Department Casey Stengel's comment on the Mets, "They say you can't do it, but sometimes that doesn't always work." Arafat, as people forget, was not then in the picture. In late 1980—and, indeed, the last time we talked about it, only a couple of years ago—Sol thought he was close to a deal that Begin and Sadat could sign, including his invention of a "religious sovereignty" that would allow Muslims to place a Muslim flag, not a national flag, over the Muslim holy places on Israeli soil ("What does 'religious sovereignty' mean?") Begin asked, and Sol replied, "Exactly"—but Ronald Reagan and Alexander Haig thought it best to let the Middle East stew in its own bloody juice; and Sol, still a young man at 67, went back to the practice of law and the chairing of civic organizations.

One thought he would always be around, to call and ask how a book was coming or to tell me what great things he'd heard my wife was doing as the American executive director of the IMF, to which she had been appointed in part because he had lobbied Lloyd Bentsen on her behalf. "You know," he'd say, "people talk to me." And so they did: this city is full of people whose balance was restored by talking with Sol. His lesson was that straightforwardness can get you there. Of course nobody is always around, and Sol wouldn't have wanted to be forever. Not fair; you have to get out of the way and make room for the next crowd. But there won't be a Sol Linowitz in the next crowd; there was only one of those.

R. ROBERT LINOWES

We are here today to say good-bye and pay tribute to a great human being—Sol Myron Linowitz.

As most of you know, Sol was my brother. He was also my closest friend and confidant. I admired Sol for many reasons. He lived an exemplary and productive life. Much has justifiably been said and written about his remarkable, history-making achievements.

I'd like to just take a few minutes to talk about him—as a person, as a brother, and as a man.

Sol sincerely cared about people and wanted to do whatever he could to help. His compassion, his thoughtfulness and his humility will be well-remembered by many. His advice and counsel were constantly sought by people from all walks of life, and he gave freely of his time and efforts. He listened when people spoke to him, and he paid attention. He tried to help everyone who called upon him,

and if he couldn't do it himself, he tried to enlist others who might be of help. I know—I received a number of those calls to be of assistance.

He had an unparalleled sense of humor, and his story-telling and quips were memorable. He was much sought after as a speaker.

Many of you are aware that our family is very close. We are each available and responsive when any one of us needs help or guidance—and that includes not only the brothers, Sol, Dave and Harry, and our wives, Toni, Dorothy, Ada, and Judy, but also all the sons and daughters, and nieces and nephews—quite a tribe, I might add. Sol was particularly nurturing of this relationship and continually showed it.

Sol and I, however, had a special relationship. We would meet once or twice each week for lunch at the Hay Adams or the Cosmos Club, and solve all the problems of the city, the Nation, and the world. Unfortunately, those solutions rarely got any farther than our table.

For more than 40 years, Toni and Sol, and Ada and I would vacation together, generally twice a year.

I remember every so often when things got a little boring, we would be, sitting at a table or in a room with a number of people around, none of whom obviously knew us, and Sol and I would start talking to each other loudly in a made-up language. We would talk with great animation and conviction for about 15-20 minutes. You could see people looking at us oddly, trying to understand who we were and what we were saying. Meanwhile, our wives were trying to distance themselves from us as much as possible.

When we travelled together, it was our regular practice to exercise in the morning. I remember once on a cruise, Sol was taking his exercise walk around the deck, while I was in the fitness center on the treadmill. Later over breakfast, Sol told me he looked in the window of the fitness center and was amazed that there were six men all walking at the same intensely vigorous pace as I. He marveled even more that they all had the same shiny bald spot on the backs of their heads. I told him that was impossible—there was nobody else in there. He was adamant and demanded that we go up to the fitness center to see. We made our usual bet of \$100,000. As it turned out, Sol had observed me reflected six times in the fitness center mirrors. He used some convoluted logic to avoid paying the debt.

We used to kid and get kidded often about the change of names. I claimed he changed his name and he would point to me and respond—How could anyone blame him with a brother like me. I recall a dinner at which I was being honored by The National Conference of Christians and Jews. Sol had been similarly honored some years previously, and he was asked to make the presentation. He noted in his introduction that he was not sure whether or not this was the first time two brothers had received this honor, but he was certain that it was the first time that two brothers with different last names had received this award.

Sol and I would talk on the phone frequently. It was one of the highlights of the day. We would often call to tell each other a story, or just talk, and often we would break out in uncontrollable laughter, and not be able to continue the conversation. People who would walk by my office thought I needed an ambulance—or a strait jacket.

Let me just mention one other part of Sol's life that is not generally known. We do know that Sol played the violin and played it well, but what many of you do not know is that during summer vacations when he was attending Hamilton College, Sol organized, led, and played in a band in one of the small hotels located at a New Jersey beach.

The name of that outstanding entertainment enterprise was Chick Lynn and his Chickadees. Sol never included that in his bio.

Sol and Toni were married 67 years and it remained a love story from start to finish. Toni committed and dedicated herself completely to him, and Sol to her. Toni rarely left his side the last year of his life while he was in failing health.

Sol loved his four daughters and their husbands. He regarded them not as sons-in-law, but rather as sons. His grandchildren were the light of his life. He suffered terribly at the tragedy endured by Judy.

Many people strive to leave this world a better place than when they entered it. Sol was one of the few who actually did. For this, we all owe him a debt of gratitude.

All of us have been most fortunate to have had the opportunity to know Sol and to love him. All of us have benefited from that relationship. All of us will sorely miss him. The world has lost a great man, and I have lost my best friend.

Closing Prayer

Rabbi Wohlberg and Hazzan Tenna Greenberg
Exalted, compassionate God,
Grant infinite rest, in your sheltering Presence,

Among the holy and the pure,

To the soul of Sol Linowitz
Who has gone to his eternal home.

Merciful One, we ask that our loved one find
perfect peace in Your eternal embrace.
May his soul be bound up in the bond of life.
May he rest in peace.

And let us say: Amen.●

AIDS

● Mr. SMITH. Mr. President, I discuss the recent announcement by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention that the number of Americans living with HIV has now surpassed 1 million. An estimated 1.039 million to 1.185 million people nationwide were HIV-positive as of December 2003, an increase over the estimated 850,000 to 950,000 cases at the end of 2002. While the number of persons with HIV in my state of Oregon is small relative to other states, Oregon still saw an 85 percent increase in the number of cases between 2002 and 2003. Not since the height of the AIDS epidemic in the 1980s has there been so many Americans living with this terrible disease.

The latest estimate reveals both our success and failure at combating this disease. On a positive note, the increase reflects the significant advances in antiretroviral drug therapy that have allowed persons diagnosed with HIV to live longer, healthier lives. On the other hand it also reflects our shortcomings in preventing the spread of this disease. Despite the Federal government's goal to cut in half the number of new HIV cases each year, the figure continues to hold steady at about 40,000—the same rate of infection as in the 1990s. Moreover, some researchers believe that the number of new infections may actually be as high as 60,000 a year.

To be fair, responsibility for reducing the spread of HIV does not rest solely with the Federal government. According to the CDC, those at highest risk of

contracting HIV have become far too complacent in their behavior, particularly as it relates to the practice of safe sex. Nevertheless, there is much the Federal government can do to help stem the spread of HIV.

One way to reduce the number of new HIV cases is to ensure that those infected with HIV have access to treatment. Such treatments not only prevent individuals from developing full-blown AIDS, but also significantly lower the risk of transmitting the disease to others. Unfortunately, the cost of these treatments is prohibitive, especially for those who are uninsured or underinsured. For this reason, it is critical that Congress reauthorize and bolster the Ryan White Care Act this year. Among other things, the act includes the vitally important AIDS Drug Assistance Program, ADAP, which helps low-income and uninsured HIV/AIDS patients afford their costly drug treatments. An estimated 150,000 people—30 percent of all Americans receiving treatment for HIV currently receive their care through ADAP. Even with this program, however, States and local communities are overwhelmed. That is why I am requesting that Congress provide an additional \$300 million for ADAP for the 2006 fiscal year.

As successful as ADAP has been, critical gaps in our approach to HIV treatment and prevention remain. For example, HIV positive individuals have access to treatment under Medicaid only after they have developed full-blown AIDS. To remedy this flaw, I introduced the Early Treatment for HIV Act, ETHA, S. 311, with Senator HILLARY CLINTON. By providing access to HIV therapies before such persons develop AIDS, ETHA would reduce overall Medicaid costs and, as important, reduce the likelihood of additional infection.

By reducing the amount of virus in the bloodstream, early access to HIV therapies is a key factor in helping curb infectiousness and reducing HIV transmission. Strengthening ADAP and enacting ETHA will help put us on the right track to providing both adequate treatment for those with HIV, as well as reducing the number of new HIV cases.●

MESSAGES FROM THE PRESIDENT

Messages from the President of the United States were communicated to the Senate by Ms. Evans, one of his secretaries.

EXECUTIVE MESSAGES REFERRED

As in executive session the Presiding Officer laid before the Senate messages from the President of the United States submitting sundry nominations and a withdrawal which were referred to the appropriate committees.

(The nominations received today are printed at the end of the Senate proceedings.)

MESSAGES FROM THE HOUSE

ENROLLED BILL SIGNED

At 12:22 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Ms. Niland, one of its reading clerks, announced that the Speaker of the House of Representatives has signed the following enrolled bill:

S. 643. An act to amend the Agricultural Credit Act of 1987 to reauthorize State mediation programs.

The enrolled bill was signed subsequently by the President pro tempore (Mr. STEVENS).

At 6:23 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Ms. Niland, one of its reading clerks, announced that the House has passed the following bill, in which it requests the concurrence of the Senate:

H.R. 2862. An act making appropriations for Science, the Departments of State, Justice, and Commerce, and related agencies for the fiscal year ending September 30, 2006, and for other purposes.

MEASURES REFERRED

The following bills were read the first and the second times by unanimous consent, and referred as indicated:

H.R. 1042. An act to amend the Federal Credit Union Act to clarify the definition of net worth under certain circumstances for purposes of the prompt corrective action authority of the National Credit Union Administration Board, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs.

H.R. 2862. An act making appropriations for Science, the Departments of State, Justice, and Commerce, and related agencies for the fiscal year ending September 30, 2006, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Appropriations.

PETITIONS AND MEMORIALS

The following petitions and memorials were laid before the Senate and were referred or ordered to lie on the table as indicated:

POM-87 A joint memorial adopted by the Legislature of the State of Washington relative to the importation of Canadian beef and the reestablishment of export markets for United States beef; to the Committee on Agriculture, Nutrition, and Forestry.

SENATE JOINT MEMORIAL 8010

Whereas, On January 4, 2005, the United States Department of Agriculture proposed a rule to reopen on March 7, 2005, the United States border to the importation of Canadian live cattle and processed beef products; and

Whereas, On January 11, 2005, Canada announced that yet another cow in Alberta tested positive for bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE); and

Whereas, The United States Department of Agriculture has dispatched a technical team to Canada to investigate the circumstances that resulted in this additional infection including effective enforcement by Canada of the 1997 ruminant-to-ruminant feed ban; and

Whereas, The only incident in the United States where a cow tested positive with BSE