

working in the fields. He saved up and was able to buy 40 acres of land and several hogs. He planted potatoes and fed his hogs with a homemade feed recipe that allowed him to use his own spuds and meat from wild horses. That saved him some money on feed; moreover, as luck would have it, a harsh winter depleted the grain stock, and come market time, J.R.'s fat, home-fed hogs stood out against everyone else's skinny pigs, and the young man reaped the rewards.

He expanded his hog business, and by the time he sold it, he owned roughly 500 hogs. He took his earnings and put them into horses, farm machinery, and seed potatoes. From there, he rented some land and began to build what would later become his empire.

In 1928, at the ripe old age of 19, Simplot learned of a machine that had been built in eastern Idaho. It was an electrically driven potato sorter. J.R. saw potential and found a partner, and together they spent \$254 on the new piece of equipment, which enabled them to sort not only their own crops but the crops of other farmers as well—for a price.

A dispute between J.R. and his partner forced them to decide who would keep the machine. J.R. said "I'll flip you for it," and wouldn't you know it—he won the coin toss. He was off on his own.

Winning the toss was luck, but the rest of his success throughout the years can only be attributed to his devotion to hard work and his incredible resourcefulness. For years the young Simplot built hog pens, dug potato cellars, tilled soil, hauled sacks of potatoes, and did countless other tasks.

It was after the Great Depression, though, when Simplot's chance came to make a name for himself in the potato business. The Bureau of Reclamation was created, and projects like dams and canals began along the Snake River in Idaho. The projects would bring more water to the valley, which would lead to more farms, more crops, and more opportunity to diversify within agriculture. By 1940, J.R. had 33 potato warehouses and had also gotten into the business of onions and onion-drying.

When the United States entered World War II, there were only five companies that could dehydrate vegetables, and no one could dehydrate potatoes at least not until J.R. Simplot found a way. He began producing dry potatoes for U.S. troops and by 1945 was producing an average of 33 million pounds of dried potatoes a year. That was one-third of the U.S. military's consumption during the war.

As his success in potatoes expanded, his ability to save money by producing his own raw materials grew. In 1943, he didn't have enough boxes to ship out his dry potatoes, so he started his own box plant. When that company needed more lumber, he bought a lumber company. And when his supply for fertilizer for his potatoes was cut off, he devel-

oped his own. He went to the Fort Hall Indian Reservation looking for phosphate rock for his new fertilizer and ended up tapping into the largest phosphate mine in the West. He leased the land and built a fertilizer plant.

In 1945, J.R. Simplot became a cattleman when he built a small feedlot for the purpose of getting rid of the potato waste coming from his processing plants. Peelings and sprouts were mixed with alfalfa and barley to make feed for cattle, and yet another Simplot business flourished.

A huge discovery in the 1950s propelled the empire forward even further when Simplot discovered a way to freeze potatoes—and the frozen french fry was born. It was the 1960s when J.R. went into business with a man by the name of Ray Kroc. Kroc was a fast food operator who had begun a chain. That chain was McDonald's, and soon the Simplot Company became the largest supplier of frozen french fries to the fast food giant.

By the late 1960's, J.R. Simplot grew more potatoes, owned more cattle and land, and employed more people than anyone else in Idaho. He was the largest processor, drier, and freezer of potatoes in the world and owned processing plants, fertilizer plants, mining operations, and other enterprises in 36 States, Canada, and overseas—making him the largest industrialist in Idaho and one of the largest in the world.

But he continued to get into new businesses. Using his potatoes, he began producing ethanol in the 1970s, and with the manure from his cattle operations, he began fueling methane gas plants in the 1980s. At the same time, he invested in a small computer chip company that is today Micron Technology.

He left his footprint on Idaho perhaps more than anyone else in history. Dubbed "Mr. Spud," he provided countless jobs for Idahoans in so many areas. He seemed to have his hand in everything that is Idaho, and everything he touched seemed to succeed.

But that is not the reason I admired the man. Even with all his success, J.R. Simplot had his failures. The difference between many people and Jack, though, was his never-ending drive and determination to get up and do something again, and to do it better. It was his persistence in wrangling successes from failures that made J.R. the kind of man everyone should admire.

He wasn't just a brilliant business man. He loved Idaho, and in fact, a few years ago, signed his home over to the State of Idaho to use as the new Governor's mansion. He also loved his fellow Idahoans. And although he never received a formal education, he always believed in getting one and therefore gave millions of dollars to universities and students in Idaho. He was also a major supporter of the arts.

Recently, at the young age of 99, J.R. Simplot passed away at his home in Boise. He had risen that Sunday morning, walked into his kitchen and in-

sisted to his wife Esther that he was going to go to the office. That was the kind of man J.R. Simplot was. Even at the age of 99, even with billions of dollars, his last thought was that he needed to go to work.

I am going to miss my friend Jack, and my sincere condolences go out to Esther and his family. But it is important for the record to show that his passing has significance well beyond his immediate community in Boise. J.R. Simplot should be celebrated for the tremendous impact he had, not only on Idaho's history but on U.S. history. That impact, and his legend, will live on.●

100TH ANNIVERSARY OF RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

● Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, today I congratulate Rutgers University-Newark in honor of their 100th anniversary. From its roots as the New Jersey Law School, Rutgers-Newark has evolved into a premier urban research university with a tradition of outstanding scholarship and diversity.

Students from across New Jersey, the United States, and from all over the world come to Rutgers-Newark to work and study with a world-class faculty. Its global student body has earned it the designation by U.S. News and World Report as the most diverse national university in the United States for 11 consecutive years.

As Rutgers-Newark has grown, so has their commitment to the local community and the entire State of New Jersey. The expansion of Rutgers-Newark has added to the growing redevelopment of Newark. With the celebration of its first 100 years in Newark, plans abound for expanded development of the university and its connections and commitment to the great city of Newark.

The faculty, students and alumni of Rutgers-Newark have much to be proud of after a century of outstanding educational achievement. Rutgers-Newark is still dedicated to maintaining the highest standards of research and scholarship, educational opportunity, urban mission, and diversity. I applaud Rutgers-Newark for their "Century of Reaching Higher" and wish the university continued growth and success for many years to come.●

REMEMBERING JOHN W. KEYS

● Mr. CRAPO. Mr. President, unfortunately, a tragic accident is the occasion of my remarks today. On May 30, recently retired Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, John W. Keys, was killed, along with his passenger, when his plane crashed in Canyonlands National Park in Utah. John worked for the Bureau of Reclamation for close to 40 years, serving in most all regions including in Boise as regional director of the Pacific Northwest region. In