

target their roads, bridges, dams, or electric grid. That is not what we targeted. We did not try to bomb Iraq in a way that destroyed their infrastructure.

It is my judgment the American taxpayers should not be required to rebuild the Iraq infrastructure. Iraq has the second largest reserves of oil in the world, next only to Saudi Arabia. In fact, one of the troops who came back from Iraq with the National Guard unit from North Dakota told me one day he was standing in an area in Iraq, in some sandy area, and the bottom of his boots became black with oil.

There is a great deal of oil in the country of Iraq. I believe, based on Ambassador Bremer's testimony of how much oil they would be pumping this year and next year, that when they get to 3 million barrels of oil a day, which is something they will reach very soon, they will have \$16 billion of net export value of oil in Iraq—\$16 billion a year. That is \$160 billion of net export value of oil in 10 years. That is above and beyond that which they need to use in Iraq.

It seems to me with respect to the reconstruction of Iraq, it makes a great deal of sense for a country with the second largest reserves of oil in the world to be told the Iraq people ought to use Iraqi oil to reconstruct Iraq. It is not the job or the burden or the responsibility of the American people to reconstruct Iraq.

I lost that debate in the Senate and lost the vote. So now we have just under \$20 billion available to reconstruct Iraq. There is a very thick booklet that describes the reconstruction of Iraq. There is a jobs program for Iraq paid for by the American taxpayers. There is a housing program for Iraq paid for by the American taxpayers. There is a highway program for Iraq, a health care program for Iraq, a security program for Iraq, all paid for by American taxpayers. There is marsh restoration and there is the creation of ZIP codes, all paid for by the American taxpayers.

Since I lost that vote on the floor of the Senate and since nearly \$20 billion was then appropriated for the reconstruction of Iraq, paid for by the American taxpayers, I have watched the progress of that reconstruction and I noticed, for example, some of the things that were happening in Iraq with respect to expenditures. I have been bothered about it, but nonetheless I had my vote and I lost that vote.

Then last week, I learned we are short of money for the troops in Iraq, and it is very likely an emergency supplemental request will need to be passed by the Congress and, indeed, we will pass it if it is necessary to support the troops in Iraq. I checked and discovered at the last count, somewhere close to \$17 billion—\$16-plus billion—remains unspent with respect to the reconstruction funds that were appropriated by the Congress for Iraq. It seems to me what we ought to do is

transfer that unexpended reconstruction funding and use it for the benefit of the support of the American troops in Iraq.

If, in fact, we are short of money, if we are going to need to expend additional emergency funds in Iraq, why not use the funds that are unspent at this point for the reconstruction of Iraq and, indeed, use that for the support of the American troops in Iraq, and then engage the Iraqi government—first of all the provisional government and, second, the government that takes effect on July 1—and have that government securitize future production of Iraqi oil and raise their own funds to reconstruct this country. It is their job, not the job of the American taxpayers, to have a program for housing, health care, jobs, and highways in the country of Iraq. That ought not be the burden of the American taxpayer.

When we have a fiscal policy that is desperately out of balance and we are borrowing money at a record pace—\$530 billion this year alone—I think it is responsible for us to take a look at how we might ease that burden and at least one small portion of that ought to be to revisit this proposition of a reconstruction fund for Iraq. A substantial amount of that money is as yet unspent.

Incidentally, while I am on the subject, let me also say with respect to the military funding, we need to do a much better job with that expenditure. I noticed, for example, the Halliburton Corporation—I held a hearing on this subject in the Democratic Policy Committee a couple of months ago—the Halliburton Corporation has had to now restore funding for kickbacks they made for inappropriate expenditures.

Here is a company, for example, that was billing the U.S. Government, the Defense Department—therefore, the U.S. taxpayers—they were billing us for serving 42,000 meals a day. The problem was they were only making 14,000 meals a day for the American troops. Somehow 28,000 meals got lost. They were overbilling by 28,000 meals a day. I come from a small town of about 300 people. I can understand somebody overbilling for 10 meals, maybe 100 meals, but 28,000 meals a day? That is absurd.

That is the sort of thing that the American taxpayer reads about and is angry about, and should be because there is a substantial amount of money being wasted, yes, even in these defense contracts. That is something the American taxpayers expect better of with respect to the use of their funds.

I want to come back to this central point. I think it is time we revisit this question of reconstruction funds for Iraq. I suggest we do that by deciding that which is yet unspent be used to support the American troops because we are told there is not sufficient money to do that at this point, and I believe, because it is not the American taxpayers' burden to reconstruct Iraq but it is the American taxpayers' bur-

den to support troops who we have asked to go in harm's way on our behalf, that this would represent a positive step and would also help with fiscal policy that now is creating the largest deficits in history.

We will be on the subject of the Internet tax issue soon, and I will have more to say on that subject later, but in the meantime I yield the floor, and I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mrs. DOLE). The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ON THE DEATH OF STAFF SERGEANT CORY W. BROOKS

Mr. DASCHLE. Madam President, South Dakotans have a proud tradition of military service and volunteerism. Today, in Iraq, a new generation is carrying that tradition forward. South Dakota's percentage of its citizens serving in active duty in Iraq is among the highest in the Nation.

The spirit of service and volunteerism runs throughout South Dakota's towns and neighborhoods, and young children grow up learning that they have an obligation to one another, to their communities, and to their country. The families of South Dakota look upon the service of our young men and women with great pride, because they are carrying the values of South Dakota across the world and bringing freedom to the people around the world and the people of Iraq.

Alongside our pride for our soldiers' service comes an awareness of the cost. As our soldiers shoulder much of the burden of battle, so, too, must our communities shoulder a greater burden of grief.

We were reminded of this yet again this past week.

On April 19, SGT Keith O'Donnell, a native of McIntosh, SD, and a member of the 141st Engineer Combat Battalion in the North Dakota National Guard, was injured when an explosive device detonated during his patrol.

South Dakota this week also mourns the death of Staff Sgt. Cory Brooks, from Philip, SD. SGT Brooks was a Combat Engineer in the 153rd Engineer Battalion. SGT Brooks' death comes just 1 week after the death of another member of the 153rd, Specialist Dennis Morgan, from Winner, SD.

Cory Brooks was typical of South Dakota's youth. He grew up playing backyard wiffle ball in the summertime and football in the fall. He was a loving son, a good student, and a caring friend.

Ray Rhodes, the father of Cory's closest friend and one of Cory's high school football coaches said, "He was just like family. He was one of those kids you love to work with. He was

very happy-go-lucky." Cory's friend, Ray Coyle, remembered him for his sense of fun and his friendship. "He was a very loyal friend. I could count on him for whatever," he said. "We shared a lot of laughs. Cory was up for anything to have fun."

Perhaps what made Cory most typical of South Dakota's children was his eagerness to serve his country. He joined the National Guard after high school, in 1989, and served continually for the past 15 years. His battalion was deployed in February. Staff SGT Brooks and his comrades were stationed at Forward Operating Base Chosin, south of Baghdad. They were engaged in the difficult and dangerous work of defusing roadside bombs and other explosives. It was the kind of service the friends of Sgt. Brooks would have expected from him: He put himself at greater risk in order to make things safer for those around him.

Forty years ago, President Kennedy noted that no nation "in the history of the world has buried its soldiers farther from its native soil than we Americans or closer to the towns in which they grew up." Cory Brooks learned the values of service growing up in South Dakota. And it is the measure of those values that he and so many other children of my State have volunteered to put their lives at risk to bring freedom and security to people all across the world.

Cory Brooks, like those who preceded him in Iraq, was a hero in the truest sense. His Nation mourns his loss and offers his parents, Darral and Marilyn Brooks, its prayers, its condolences, and its gratitude.

TRIBUTE TO MARY MCGRORY

Mr. DASCHLE. Madam President, today is the funeral of another American. This American fought for 50 years, in her own inimitable way, to defend the ideals of our democracy.

Mary McGrory was the most elegant political writer I have ever known, and one of the bravest. She loved many things in life: a well-told tale, a good joke, good books, good dogs, orphans, lazy August days in Italy, time with her family in Boston, and almost everything about her Irish-American heritage. Most of all, Mary McGrory loved politics and newspapering. I sometimes thought she had newspaper ink in her veins. She never tired of asking questions, chasing stories or writing truth.

I can't count the number of times that I have held press briefings in the hallway just off this floor, surrounded by two or three dozen reporters, all jostling for position. And there, among them, was Mary, reporter's notebook in hand. She was 40, 50 years older than some of the other reporters, but there she was, in the thick of it. She didn't

need to be there. She could have asked a colleague to pose her question for her and relay the answer to her. But that was not the way of Mary McGrory. She had an extraordinary eye for the telling detail. She wanted to see and hear things herself, and form her own judgments. President Nixon put her on his enemies list, but many of us adored her.

In the last year, a stroke robbed Mary of her legendary ability to find just the right word. But she remained a passionate observer of politics and of life. Many of us hoped that she might regain her mastery of words and resume writing. If anyone could conquer the ravages of a stroke, Mary seemed like a likely candidate. But Mary will live through her words. She was an American treasure.

Many times this past year, I have missed Mary's wise voice. I am sure I will miss her often in the future, too. These are hard times for our Nation. We could use Mary's insight, her passionate commitment to peace and her fierce belief in democracy. Fortunately, Mary has left us more than a half-century of extraordinary work—work for which she won a Pulitzer Prize and the respect of untold millions. There is more than enough beauty, wit and wisdom in her words to last a lifetime.

I am honored to have known Mary McGrory. My thoughts and prayers are with her family and her many, many friends. We have lost a legend.

Mary's cousin, Brian McGrory, is a columnist for the Boston Globe. Last November, he wrote a column for the Washington Post about what he called "the amazing journey that is Mary McGrory's life" and "one of the most important, colorful and enduring newspaper careers that the American public has had the pleasure to experience." The headline on the column was "The Best I'll Ever Know."

I ask unanimous consent that his column be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Washington Post, Nov. 11, 2003]

THE BEST I'LL EVER KNOW

(By Brian McGrory)

Today, I ask your indulgence. I'm about to commit the boorish act of bragging about a relative, and I'm hoping you'll understand why.

Mary McGrory is my cousin. Merely typing those words fills me with pride. For the unknown, she's a Post columnist, a lion of the left, winner of the Pulitzer Prize.

Born in Roslindale and educated in Boston, she has written about the world's most significant events for nearly 50 years. People still quote her words from the Kennedy assassinations. She landed prominently on President Nixon's enemies list. The elder George Bush once lamented in his private journal, "She has destroyed me over and over again."

I raise these points because in the amazing journey that is Mary McGrory's life, this has

been a bittersweet week. Wednesday in New York she received the John Chancellor Award for Excellence in Journalism, but a sad reality came clear amid the laudatory words and the applause.

Mary fell ill in March, and eight months later she has yet to fully recover. Barring a breakthrough, she has probably written the last of her syndicated columns, ending one of the most important, colorful and enduring newspaper careers that the American public has had the pleasure to experience.

While most Washington pundits closet themselves with their own profound thoughts, interrupted only by lunch at the Palm with the secretary of Something, Mary employs old-fashioned tools: a sensible pair of shoes, a Bic and a notebook. She haunts congressional hearings. She sits with the unwashed in the back of the White House briefing room.

And after finding her perpetually lost keys and remembering where she parked, she rushes back to The Post to create elegantly understated prose, on point and on deadline.

Times have changed in the news business, but Mary never has. Technology baffles her, and I'm not talking about Palm Pilots and Blackberries. I mean the answering machine and the computer. I've received countless voice mails from her that proceed: "Hello?" Pause. "Cousin?" Pause. "Click." In a rant against Toshiba, she once wrote, "I came along in an era when the transmission of one's copy did not require an advanced degree from MIT," adding of the old days, "all I had to carry was my portable typewriter, and I never really carried that."

Indeed, from the very beginning, she mastered the role of the helpless naïf. On her many campaign trips, if her colleagues aren't carrying her jumble of bags, then the candidate probably is. No one is exempt; to her, I'm more porter than reporter.

But that's just part of the deal. The reward is an invitation to Sunday supper. Members of Congress from both parties, diplomats, newshounds and activists gather regularly to dine on her lasagna and sing Irish songs. Newcomers are first sent to work in her garden; George Stephanopoulos might still be fertilizing her impatiens but for Bill Clinton's victory in 1992.

Her one true love was the Washington Star—"just a wonderful, kind, welcoming, funny place, full of eccentrics and desperate people," she once told an interviewer. Star editor Newby Noyes plucked her from the anonymity of the book section in 1954 to cover the Army-McCarthy hearings with the advice, "Write it like a letter to your favorite aunt."

When the Star closed in 1981, she went to the more formal newsroom of The Post, where she liked to remind people of the fun they didn't have. Still, its staff and owners have poured out their hearts to her since she fell ill, with a generosity like a throwback to another time.

Hers is a world of soft irony. She checks into elaborate spas in Italy every year, but while there always gains a few pounds. She was audited during the Nixon administration and got a refund. At a stiff Washington party, she once whispered to me, "Always approach the shrimp bowl like you own it."

Blood aside, in my chosen field, she's the best I'll ever know, and that's the joy and the sadness of it all.