

birthday was observed in a rousing rendition of "Happy Birthday."

It should be little surprise to anyone who has known Major Venning over the years—in his years growing up in South Carolina and Virginia or at college at the Virginia Military Institute—that he would become such an asset to the Corps. I have no doubt that he will bring the same sterling qualities in his next assignment with Company A, 4th Amphibious Assault Vehicle Battalion at Norfolk, VA.

Major Venning will go far in his future endeavors with the Corps and beyond. I know that all Senators join in wishing him all the best and in expressing our heartfelt thanks for a job well done.

REMEMBERING RICHARD AND JEAN DEWINE

Mr. McCAIN. Mr. President, today I pay tribute to the parents of our good friend and former colleague from Ohio, Mike DeWine. Richard and Jean DeWine died just a few weeks ago, 4 days apart from each other. Dick was 85, and Jean was 83. They were together almost their entire lives, sharing a beautiful love story and 65 wonderful years of marriage.

I had the honor of meeting Mike's parents in February when I was visiting Young's Jersey Dairy in their hometown of Yellow Springs, OH. It was a privilege to talk to them. They were so gracious and kind. I could see how proud they were of their son and how proud they were of our Nation.

Mike spoke about his parents' lives and especially their love of family at their joint funeral service held on November 5, 2008. In tribute to Dick and Jean, I ask unanimous consent that the entirety of his remarks be printed in the RECORD at the conclusion of mine.

There were no two finer Americans than Dick and Jean DeWine. May God bless them and their family.

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

Thank you all so much for coming today and for your friendship and love. Thank you to JoFranny, Patty, Jocelyn, and the choir for the music, and to our grandson Albert for playing the piano before Mass.

Thank you Father Geraci and Father Hagan for being the celebrants today, but I have to say to Father Tom that right now, Dad must be thinking: "This Mass is much, much too long!"

I once asked Dad why he kept going to Fairborn to Mass. He told me he found a great priest there, whose homilies were exactly 3 minutes long!

Fran and I thank all of you who helped care for my parents, enabling them to stay in their home the last few years, especially Patrick, Jamie, Megan, and Barbara—thank you. All of my parents' care givers have been just great.

And, thanks to all of you who stopped by to visit my parents. Cousin Jerome, we thank you for always being there to brighten my parents' day.

When I was growing up, I always thought that I had the greatest parents in the world.

I never changed my mind.

My parents both grew up in Yellow Springs and both lived on Xenia Avenue. Dad was born at home in a house, which is the present day Wind's Cafe Wine Cellar. They lived next door to the family feed store. Growing up practically in the feed store, itself, and right in the heart of Yellow Springs, Dad was surrounded by a colorful cast of characters who would make a novelist proud! He could remember watching out his bedroom window on Saturday nights, as fights would erupt between patrons of the local bars.

One time, when Dad was a young boy, my grandfather asked him if he wanted to ride with his employee, Jimmy, when he took a feed delivery to Springfield. He told Dad he could drag the bags from the back of the truck up to the front, so that Jimmy wouldn't have to get on and off the truck to get them.

Before leaving town, Jimmy and Dad each had a dime and bought a 5-cent Bluebird pie. Since they both had a nickel left over, Jimmy asked my young Dad if he wanted to play the numbers. And, he did!

Later that day, when they got back to the feed store, my grandfather, shouted, "Dick, the Sheriff's been looking for you! Were you playing the numbers? Dad ran out of the store, screaming, "The Sheriff will never find me!"

He went out and hid among the stacks of feed sacks. When my grandfather finally found him, all he said was, "Here's your \$25—you won!"

At the same time, my mother was growing up not far up the street. Mother's father was a professor of literature at Antioch College. He was an expert in Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton. He and my grandmother greatly influenced my mother, particularly instilling in her a great love and appreciation for words.

My grandfather had grown up on a farm in upstate New York, and every summer, he would take his family back there so he could help with the farm work. Some of Mother's fondest memories were of those idyllic summers—playing with her sisters, Judy and Dorothy, in the ice house on hot summer days, riding hay wagons, walking to get groceries at the local general store, and watching her grandmother milk cows on a one-legged stool!

As a young girl, Mother loved to ride horses. In fact, her parents kept a horse at their house on Xenia Avenue! They called the horse Cheyenne. Once when Mother was about 11 years old, she rode Cheyenne all alone from Yellow Springs to Wilberforce, some 7 miles away, using only the directions and map that my grandfather drew for her.

In the summer of 1940, one of my father's best friends was Herbert Berger. That year, Herbert went away for the summer. He had asked Dad to "look out for" his girlfriend, who happened to be 15-year-old Jean Liddle. Well, Dad did. And, my parents were inseparable from then on.

Dick DeWine and Jean Liddle married 3 years later on September 2, 1943. Dad was 20, and Mother was 18.

World War II, of course, was raging at this time. Dad went in as a replacement. He was a Private with K Company and saw combat in France, Germany, and Austria. Captain Bell was their leader. About five years ago, Dad sent an email about first seeing Captain Bell when he and his buddy, Ernie Dessecker, had arrived in Europe and were awaiting their company assignment. This is what my dad wrote:

"We were told that the next morning, we would be assigned to some infantry company. That night, we went into a bar and were bought some beer by some GI's who knew we were—for want of a better word—

very uptight. All they talked about was Captain Bell and his K Company. They told us that if we wanted to do a lot of fighting that would be the company to be assigned to. That was not really what [Ernie] and I had in mind!"

The next day, we were loaded on a truck and at each town, it would stop and some names were called to get off. When Dess and I were told to get off, the first thing we asked was, "What company is this?" When told it was Company K, we both wished we could climb back on that truck and head for the rear echelon! Of course, in a very short time, we were so very proud to be part of Captain Bell's Company K. . . ."

Dad never forgot the men with whom he served, maintaining friendships for over six decades. He also never forgot the horrific things he saw when K Company was sent to the Dachau concentration camp shortly after it was liberated in April 1945. From the time I was just a kid, Dad told me stories about Dachau and how people in the nearby town would tell the soldiers that they hadn't really known what the Nazis were doing. Dad could never quite comprehend that.

On the day before the German surrender in Europe, Dad spent the night in a fox hole near Innsbruck, Austria. He heard rumors that the War was nearing an end. But still, Dad stayed awake all night in that fox hole, fearing that the enemy would attack. He remembered thinking that he saw German troops coming at him. When he compared notes with all his buddies later, they, too, had experienced the same thing.

When the War did end that next day, they rode into Innsbruck, where people greeted him and the other soldiers with a shower of flowers. Meanwhile, Mother and Aunt Judy celebrated the German surrender by riding on a fire truck in an impromptu parade down the streets of Yellow Springs. Dad's two younger siblings, my Aunt Mickey and Uncle Jerry, watched the parade with pride.

Last week, I started reading my parents' letters to each other when Dad was fighting in Europe. They are letters of great passion and love, written by two young kids, who were only married a year when the War separated them. They write of their plans and dreams and of the child they hoped to conceive as soon as Dad got home. Dad's letter refers to that child as "Mike," while Mother's letter references Michael—a distinction they would each make throughout my life.

Dad came home in April, in time for Reds Opening Day, and I was born on January 5th, that year.

Dad taught me to fish, to hunt, and to love OSU football and Dayton Flyer basketball. But, his real passion was the Cincinnati Reds!

When Dad was 16, he and one of his buddies camped out in line for 36 hours to get tickets for the 1939 World Series, when the Reds were playing the Yankees. They ended up in two different ticket lines, but had made a deal that whoever got up to the ticket counter before the tickets ran out would buy two. Dad was able to get two tickets, but then he couldn't find his friend. It got close to game time, and Dad had to go inside the ballpark.

When he was inside, though, he went up to the top deck at Crosley Field and searched again for his friend. He looked down below, outside the ballpark, and there was his buddy, walking away in tears, empty-handed.

Dad reached into his pocket and pulled out the silver dollar that his father had given him and wrapped the other baseball ticket around it. Then, he threw it over the railing, hoping and praying that it would fall at the feet of his friend.

Amazingly, it did—and they both watched that game together.

Mother taught me about different kinds of things. She passed on to me her love of books and taught me about the power of language and the written word. She also taught me how to debate and argue.

You see, Mother loved words—and knew how to use them. When I was growing up, the conversations at our dinner table covered a whole range of topics—books and music and sports and movies and, of course, current affairs and politics. Both Mother and Dad were always interested in politics, but Mother took her positions to the public.

In the early 1960s, after seeing several of her Letters to the Editor in the Yellow Springs News, then-editor Keith Howard persuaded Mother to write a weekly column articulating a conservative viewpoint—a position that was certainly not then—and certainly not now—especially popular here in Yellow Springs. She titled her column, “A View from the Right.”

In an October 21, 1964, column, she articulated her strong support for Barry Goldwater and conservative philosophy. She opened the column with this line, “If I were to give one, and only one, reason for voting for Barry Goldwater, it would be because of his firm stand against the frightening growth of the federal government, its power-grabbing programs, and its insidious intrusion into virtually every phase of our lives.” And that was back in 1964.

Mother was such a bright, articulate, well-read, knowledgeable woman, with the most sophisticated and clever wry wit. Her amazing, light-hearted rhyming poems always made you smile. Take this one, for instance, that ran in her column at Christmastime in the early 1960s. She titled it, “Love One and All—Right, Center and Left!”:

’Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the town, ev’ry creature was stirring—both uptown and down.

The stores were all fancied with tinsel and things, and somewhere a highly-fi’d caroler sings.

While I at my battered old typewriter sit, my brain in a quandary, my brow tightly knit.

I can’t seem to think now on Cuba or Adlai, or the state of the world—either goodly or badly.

I cudgel my brain for the newsworthy fellas, the Stevensons, Goldwaters, Khans, and Ben Bellas.

Not a thought do they bring to my brain sore and lame, tho’ I whistled like crazy and called them by name:

“Now Hoffa, now Bobby, now Rocky and Barry,

On Jack and McMillan and ‘Fidel-the-Hairy.’”

To the top of my head to the top of the page The gears in my brain simply will not engage.

It’s Christmas and I am opinion-bereft, and I love one and all—Right and Center and Left.

So I’ll leave you with this thought (at least for tonight), Merry Christmas—that’s all—from “A View from the Right.”

My mother was unique and extraordinary. She had many sides to her and many interests. In her youth, she was a vibrant, strikingly beautiful woman. She and Aunt Judy were varsity cheerleaders at Bryan High School. She rode horses, and early in their marriage, Dad and Mother fished and camped, often taking Uncle Jerry and Aunt Mickey with them, and also camped with Aunt Judy and Uncle Leo. Later, Dad and Mother would stay out on their old houseboat on the Ohio River.

Mother loved music. I can remember her playing the accordion when I was a kid. Mother always had an LP record playing—

Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford, the Kingston Trio.

Mother could have been a professional writer. All of our kids got their ability to write from their grandmother (it skipped a generation). The kids didn’t inherit her abilities so much as they learned to write through Mother’s presence in their lives and by listening to her and how she chose her words in their conversations. She read prolifically herself, and loved to read books to our kids.

My dad could talk to anyone, and that is because he had a genuine interest in people. He was naturally curious about them. It didn’t matter whom he was talking to, he wanted to know all about the person. How did you make a living? Where did you grow up? What about your family? Many times, I marveled that Dad knew more about my own friends than I did. That is because he asked them questions and talked to them and listened.

As our son, John, wrote to his grandparents,

You taught me how to treat people. Employees, the guy at the paint shop, whoever—regardless of their social status, you treat everyone the same. And it is a good way to treat people.

And that is part of what made Dad such a brilliant negotiator, trader, and investor. Like his parents before him, he built DeWine Seeds and the Ohio Twine Company on close personal relationships—whether they were with local farmers, seed dealers, elevator operators, or international businessmen. Dad took the business his parents were so successful at and took it to a new level. These relationships, which he maintained until his death, allowed him to keenly understand the markets and to gather information to make trades and deals across the country and around the world in places as different as Uruguay, Poland, and Ireland.

Dad was a real dealmaker. Our oldest son, Patrick, put it best, “It didn’t matter if he was buying a new lawnmower or selling seed in Europe, no one was better than Dick.”

Dad was always an optimist. He told me that he just couldn’t wait to get up every morning. He loved life immensely. When my mother a few months ago expressed the hope that they would leave this Earth together, he looked at her and allowed as how he was not about to leave anytime soon.

At the end of each day, he looked forward to the next and to working on the list of things on his legal pad that he wanted to accomplish. Dad never stopped working and never stopped looking ahead. In fact, in the last month of his life, after battling cancer for over 3 years, he still had his list. He went through his files and sent out old photos and newspaper clippings to friends.

And, in those last days, Dad even bought a farm.

Mother and Dad loved their home on their 24 acres on Fairfield Pike. After they sold the seed business, my dad and mother would be found each day out in their office in the barn working. You would go out there, and there they would be—one at one desk and one at the other.

They had purchased that property—which was part of Whitehall Farm—from Martha Rankin. Along with my grandfather, they rebuilt the dam that had been blown in 1912, and created a pond, which attracted countless ducks and Canada Geese. They spent years converting a pasture field into a mosaic of grape vines; berry thickets; vegetable and flower gardens; and fruit, nut, and state trees, including sugar maples, spruce, red oak, hemlock and bald cypress. Dad grew many of the plants himself in the greenhouse he built with bricks from the old St. Brigid Church, which he, Mother, and some of the

grandchildren gathered after the 1974 Xenia tornado.

My parents were extraordinary grandparents. They gave our children the best gift of all—and that was the gift of their time.

Mama and Dick, as all my kids called them, were always involved in their lives. They put each of their eight grandchildren to work as they were growing up, teaching them how to weed; paint fences; prune trees; pick apples, cherries, and raspberries; and mow grass. My parents were both phenomenal teachers who taught their grandchildren how to enjoy hard work and appreciate a job well done.

All of our children have such fond memories of Mama and Dick, whether the kids were working in the greenhouse; fishing in the pond; or picking fruit and berries on hot summer days. They can still smell the fire burning outside when they would help Mama and Dick make bean soup and maple syrup from their own trees.

Dick would tell the kids fantastic stories about the Giant Mouse, who would fly him around the pond, and the leprechauns living under the trees. And Dick and Mama both played countless games of checkers with the kids.

And then, there were the muddy feet that Mother tried so hard to keep off her floor. As she wrote in a limerick for her grandchildren:

To all grandkids great and small
Muddy feet don’t walk in the hall
Take off your shoes and make it snappy
If Mama’s mad, nobody’s happy

Our daughter, Alice, remembers “picking berries and selling them at the Farmers Market” and “Mama’s Crustless Sandwiches” (cut into fourths) and “Mama’s Fettuccini.” Our daughter, Anna, remembers painting Mama and Dick’s fence with her brother Mark and nephew Albert and “being covered head to toe in paint!”

The kids also remember “all of the fires Dick made in the fireplace—so comforting and always done just right.” As our daughter, Jill, recalled, “We could sit for hours alternating between warming our backs and backing away for a few moments long enough to cool off enough, and then going back for more.”

There were also all the conversations that took place in the back of their car when Mama and Dick would take the kids to and from lunch on their work breaks. As our son Mark described,

“The stories that I have heard there have always stuck close to me. They can be about my seven unique siblings, the way things used to be, or maybe even a lesson learned in grammar. The tales I hear, some are the same, and some are new. The old ones never lose their luster; because every time I hear them, they take on a new meaning. No radio could ever replace the great anecdotes I have listened to [in the back of that car].”

One of our son Brian’s favorite memories was when we were visiting Mama and Dick in Florida once and, as Brian says,

“My sister, Jill, threw me in the pool with all my clothes on (she still denies it!). For some reason, I think Dick thought I deserved it. Then Mama had to take me shopping to get new shoes so we could go out and to eat.”

Our daughter, Becky, was also very close to Mama and Dick. They visited her when she was studying in Britain. They met Becky and her friend, Kim, in Cornwall. That trip always had special meaning for my parents.

When I woke up this morning, I realized that I won’t be able to go tell my mother and father about how our son Patrick was just elected Judge yesterday and how our daughter Alice passed the Bar Exam. . . .

When I look back at my parents' lives, they have left a very tangible legacy. It is visible in the land—the trees and the flowers and the plants that they grew on their 24 acres and the improvements they made to their farmland.

But their more important legacy is their grandchildren. That is the lesson of my parents' lives: There is no substitute for the time spent with family and with people.

They were an integral part of our children's lives. They worked with our kids, talked with our kids, listened to our kids. It was a wonderful relationship and a wonderful gift that dramatically influenced each of them—in ways obvious and not so obvious—and will, in turn, influence each of their children.

The last thing my father did before he died was have our son, John, order several bushels of flower bulbs. Up until the very end, Dad was planning for the future. He wanted the bulbs to be planted in his yard and in Aunt Judy's yard and in our yard. His great-grandchildren helped plant those bulbs just a week before his death.

And when those flowers bloom next spring, we will think of Mama and Dick.

For over 65 years, my parents loved each other and took care of each other. They had fun and loved their life together. They were quite a team. Mother always considered herself "Dick's straight man." And she was. They made us laugh. They made us smile.

I would like to conclude by reading from one of Mother's letters to Dad, as she waited for his return to Yellow Springs from World War II. This one was numbered 407. She wrote:

I can have patience, though, in this matter [of your return], specially since, if the news is good, and I think it will be, I know what the outcome of it all will be—it'll be exactly what I've been, and of course, my darling, you, too, [have been] waiting for, for so damned long—the perfect set-up of Jeanie and Dick, together for ever and ever.

Remember that, "As long as you both shall live?"

That's right, honey, that's us 100%—and if nothing else, I'm sure of that.

NOMINATION OF NEIL BAROFSKY

Mr. BAUCUS. Mr. President, I am pleased to have supported the nomination of Neil M. Barofsky to be the Special Inspector General for the Troubled Asset Relief Program, or TARP, at the Treasury Department.

I have a great interest in the Special IG for the TARP. I raised the idea in the first place, the first weekend that we were examining the Treasury financial bailout proposal.

As many will remember, the Treasury's original proposal for the TARP was three pages long. It gave the Secretary of the Treasury unlimited power over \$700 billion. And it provided no oversight by anyone.

The House and Senate spent 2 weeks hammering out a better bill. That better bill included strong oversight, and it included the office of a Special IG for the financial rescue program, as I proposed that first weekend.

The size and complexity of this effort is unprecedented in recent memory. It is essential to have a team that focuses exclusively on the TARP program as managed by the Treasury Department, and it is essential for that team to re-

port to Congress on the status of this new program.

My proposal for a Special IG was based on the Iraqi Reconstruction Special Inspector General. That was another massive oversight challenge. As the Congress debated what to include in the rescue package, 33 Senators signed a letter to the congressional leadership endorsing the idea of a Special IG to oversee the troubled asset program.

During the negotiations, the Treasury Department resisted. But then the administration and Congress agreed that the Special IG should be part of the final legislation. Congress passed it, and the President signed it into law.

The law gives the Special IG a \$50 million budget. He will have the duties and responsibilities of inspectors general under the Inspector General Act of 1978. He will have the power to supervise and coordinate audits and investigations of TARP activities. He will have the power to appoint staff to carry out the activities of the office. And he may enter into contracts for audits and studies. We expect a report to the Finance Committee every 120 days on the activities of the TARP, and the law also directs the Special IG to report to Congress if information he requests is refused.

I support the nomination of Mr. Neil Barofsky. I congratulate him for his willingness to serve his country. It is going to be a demanding job. For some time, he is going to be playing catchup. I believe Mr. Barofsky's experience as a prosecutor with the U.S. Attorney's Office in the Southern District of New York will serve him well in his new role as the Special IG.

The financial rescue program is huge—\$700 billion. The number and variety of financial institutions receiving money from Treasury is extensive. Tracking the path of the bailout dollars through these institutions is going to be a difficult task.

The harsh reality is that almost half the \$700 billion is already out the door of the TARP. The new Special IG will be looking back at Treasury's use of about \$290 billion dollars in 45 days.

Anyone who has seen a number of the congressional hearings this week, including our Senate Finance Committee on November 17, knows there are a lot of questions about how the TARP is operating.

We know that the Treasury Department has named Neel Kashkari, Assistant Secretary for International Economics, to head the financial rescue program.

Treasury has decided to send \$125 billion to nine major banks, including Citigroup and JPMorgan Chase. Another \$125 billion will be allocated for thousands of small and midsize banks. The American International Group, or AIG, will receive around \$40 billion of TARP funds in return for issuing preferred shares to the Treasury Department.

Secretary Paulson has also announced a policy regarding preferred

shares and warrants for common stock. Standards for restrictions on executive compensation are being developed. Those include a clawback provision and a ban on golden parachutes during the period that Treasury holds equity issued through this program.

Several senior posts have been filled. And the law firm Simpson Thacher & Bartlett has been selected as a legal adviser.

Treasury has announced that the Bank of New York Mellon will serve as its custodian for the implementation of the Troubled Asset Relief Program, and PricewaterhouseCoopers and Ernst & Young have been hired to help with accounting and internal controls services.

These decisions made by the Treasury Department are critically important to the financial rescue program. Yet the Treasury has made them all without any oversight by a Special IG.

As for the use of the funds, the bottom line, frankly, is that the Secretary of Treasury told Congress and the American people that the Bush administration needed \$700 billion to purchase troubled assets. Yet last month, the Treasury Secretary announced that, in fact, there were no plans to purchase troubled assets. To say that this was a surprise is an understatement. Congress needs to find out why the first plan was rejected and a new plan was developed. What is the theory behind the new plan for providing equity to these financial establishments? What exactly are the agreements with the financial institutions who have received TARP funds? And what conflict of interest standards were followed? Once the Special IG is in place, we can start to answer some of these questions.

Half the money is gone. And it is way past the time when we should have had a Special Inspector General on the job overseeing the program.

I am pleased that the Senate has confirmed Mr. Barofsky, and I look forward to helping him conduct aggressive oversight of the TARP program.

IDAHOANS SPEAK OUT ON HIGH ENERGY PRICES

Mr. CRAPO. Mr. President, in mid-June, I asked Idahoans to share with me how high energy prices are affecting their lives, and they responded by the hundreds. The stories, numbering well over 1,200, are heartbreaking and touching. While energy prices have dropped in recent weeks, the concerns expressed remain very relevant. To respect the efforts of those who took the opportunity to share their thoughts, I am submitting every e-mail sent to me through an address set up specifically for this purpose to the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. This is not an issue that will be easily resolved, but it is one that deserves immediate and serious attention, and Idahoans deserve to be heard. Their stories not only detail their struggles to meet everyday expenses,