

to Warsaw, Poland, where on September 6, 1939 at the age of 25 Mr. Weinrib was arrested by the Nazi's.

For the next 5½ years, he was sent to a total of nine concentration camps.

In Hanover, Germany, he was a slave laborer at the Continental rubber factory, where he made tires for Nazis to use against the Allied troops.

At Bergen-Belsen, he was forced to drag dead prisoners to a ditch to be buried in mass graves.

On April 14, 1945, Mr. Weinrib, weak with typhus, fell asleep on top of one of these mass graves. That night, he woke up from the open grave and stumbled into nearby barracks. There he found English troops liberating the camp.

Unfortunately, Mr. Weinrib's parents, two older brothers, and most of his extended family were among the more than 6 million Jews who perished during the war.

Mr. Weinrib spent the next year in a Swedish hospital recovering from years of starvation, beatings, and a gunshot to his forehead.

After regaining his strength, Mr. Weinrib began to attend events through a Holocaust survivor's club in Sweden. There he met a young woman named Anna who was freed from Auschwitz in 1945. Together, they spent more than a year recovering in the hospital and several more years recovering at home in Sweden. By 1950, Anna and Abraham Weinrib married and had their first child, Ruth, in 1952.

In 1954, after living with his sister Hela who also survived the war Mr. and Mrs. Weinrib left Stockholm and moved to Columbus where Mr. Weinrib's brother's Morru and Chaim lived. In Columbus, Mr. Weinrib was hired by Sam Melton to work at a Capitol Supply factory. Mr. Weinrib quickly rose through the ranks from line-worker to manager. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Weinrib raised three children, sending them to school and working hard to ensure they had every opportunity that was robbed from their own youth.

Prior to Anna's passing in 1979, Mr. Weinrib rarely spoke of his experiences during the war. But since then, he uses his own experience to ensure that future generations never forget the tragedy of the Holocaust.

Abraham Weinrib has become a fixture at the Jewish Community Center in Columbus and frequently speaks to students throughout the community. At one recent speaking engagement, a student asked Mr. Weinrib what his experiences during the Holocaust can teach younger generations. Without hesitation, he responded with his thick Polish accent, that "life is short; you have to be nice to each other."

Then, Mr. Weinrib referred to a heartbreaking experience he remembers during his time at Auschwitz. The Nazi's were separating prisoners into two lines, those who were old enough and healthy enough to work, and those who were not. One young mother was unwilling to be separated from her

young daughter. Both were sent to the crematorium.

Abraham Weinrib has seen firsthand what intolerance, prejudice, and hate can do to undermine our basic humanity. He talks about how unfair and challenging life can be but does not attribute his survival or the survival of three of his siblings to any sort of miracle. Instead, he attributes his survival to the ability to persevere.

His own children have also used the strength of their father to succeed. The three Weinrib children—Bruce, Ruth, and Irene—overcame many of the hardships often faced by first-generation children: parents with a limited understanding of English, low paying jobs, and the feeling of being an outsider. By any measure, all three children have succeeded. Ruth and Bruce are both graduates of the Ohio State University. All three children have postsecondary degrees, and all have made Abe a proud grandfather of seven grandchildren.

The impact Abraham Weinrib has had on his family and community is clear and the message he shares is powerful. Elie Wiesel said "Not to transmit an experience is to betray it." Abraham Weinrib is helping to ensure that generations to come will learn his enduring lessons.

Thank you, Abraham Weinrib, for all that you do to make our State and Nation live up to our highest ideals.●

#### TRIBUTE TO JIM WEATHERLY

● Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I am pleased to commend Jim Weatherly of Pontotoc, MS, for his contribution to American music through prolific song writing and the attention that he has brought to the many talented artists in my home State of Mississippi.

This weekend, Pontotoc County will celebrate Jim Weatherly's accomplishments at its annual Bodock Festival. Governor Haley Barbour has designated a "Jim Weatherly Day" as part of the festival. I believe this is a fitting tribute to a man who is a source of pride for many in Mississippi.

Jim Weatherly has not only excelled in the arts; he has also excelled both academically and athletically. While I was a law school student at the University of Mississippi, Weatherly was a member of the Ole Miss football team. As quarterback, Weatherly led the Ole Miss Rebels to an unbeaten and untied season, resulting in a national championship in 1962 and Southeastern Conference Championships in 1962 and 1963. As a star quarterback at my alma mater, Weatherly earned three letters and was honored as a member of the All Southeastern Conference team in 1964.

Jim Weatherly first started writing songs around the age of 12. He moved to Los Angeles, CA, in 1966 to pursue a career in the music industry. Weatherly has written pop, R&B, country, gospel and jazz songs, some of which have become classics. Weatherly has authored numerous hits for artists

such as Gladys Knight and the Pips, Dean Martin, Kenny Rogers, Reba McEntire, Kenny Chesney, Hall & Oates and The Temptations. Some of his well-known hits include "Midnight Train to Georgia," "Love Finds Its Own Way" and "Where Peaceful Waters Flow." He was nominated for a Grammy in the R&B Songwriter of the Year category and helped win numerous Grammys and awards for other artists. He has released seven albums, including a Christmas album that he wrote and recorded.

The American Society of Publishers, Authors, and Composers named Weatherly Country Songwriter of the Year in 1974. Weatherly is also a member of the Nashville Songwriters Hall of Fame and the Mississippi Musicians Hall of Fame.

Weatherly's "Midnight Train to Georgia" was inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame in 1999. In 2001, The National Endowment for the Arts and the Recording Industry Association of America ranked this song 28th among 365 Songs of the Century.

Since moving back to the Southeast, Weatherly has continued to write, publish and record songs. Weatherly recently cowrote an album with Vince Gill that sold over 5 million copies, and he continues to have No. 1 country hits on the charts.

I congratulate Mr. Weatherly on being honored by his hometown of Pontotoc, MS, and on his long, illustrious career. I wish him the best in his future endeavors.●

#### TRIBUTE TO MICHEL BAIK

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, it is with a heavy heart that today I pay tribute to fire fighter Michel Baik, who sadly lost his life on July 24, 2010.

A lifelong resident of Bridgeport, Michel graduated from Central High School, where he played football. Throughout his life, he remained engaged in sports playing softball and basketball and was also an active member of the St. Nicholas Antiochian Orthodox Church congregation.

He was well known as a loving husband and father who was very engaged in the lives of his children, Andrew, Thomas, and Margaret. He coached Junior Varsity basketball, volunteered with the Boy Scouts, and was a constant presence at their various school plays, sports events, and dance recitals.

For many years, Michel worked for companies like Norelco and Alcon Data, as well as at the Connecticut Post newspaper as distribution manager. He also helped teach computer skills to the unemployed as an instructor at a nonprofit workforce development organization called Career Resources.

Then, in 2007, he decided to take on a new challenge. He trained hard, studied hard, and ultimately became—at the age of 47—the oldest "probey," or rookie, member of the Bridgeport Fire Department. It was a job he loved, and he

was proud to have been able to serve his community as a member of the department and the Ladder 11 team.

When a person becomes a firefighter, they are not simply taking a job; they are following a calling.

We have all felt our chests tighten and our pulses quicken with anxiety at the sound of a fire engine screaming through town. For most of us, this signals two important things: There is an emergency somewhere nearby, and—more importantly—that help is on the way.

Of course, for the people riding on those rigs, all the commotion is just another day at the office. They are focused solely on the task at hand.

When the unthinkable happens—a devastating hurricane, industrial accident, terrorist attack, or three-alarm fire—these brave men and women are the first on the scene and the last to leave. In between, they give all they have to make sure the emergency is contained and our communities are safe.

For Michel Baik and firefighters all over our Nation, the call to serve means facing danger every day. The commotion of an emergency becomes secondary to the need to help people, and the dangers they personally face must take a backseat to the task at hand.

That was the case on the afternoon of July 24, 2010, when Michel and his colleague, fire lieutenant Steven Velasquez, were conducting a search-and-rescue mission on the third floor of a burning house in Bridgeport. They were deepest into the blaze, looking for people in need of assistance and trying to ventilate the structure. None of the inhabitants of the home were injured. But tragically, both of these courageous men lost their lives, despite the quick action of their colleagues to pull them out of danger and get them to the hospital.

Tragedies are inherent in this profession, and the risks are shared by every single person who has ever gotten the call, rushed to their gear, and has run headlong into danger in order to save the life of someone else. These shared risks help to bind those called to take them together in a solemn way.

Firefighters will do anything for one another, both on the job and when the worst happens. The more than 7,000 of their fellow firefighters—from as far away as western Canada—who attended the memorial services for Fire Fighter Baik and Lieutenant Velasquez were an impressive testament to that bond.

I believe that the eulogy offered in tribute to Michel Baik by International Association of Fire Fighters president Harold Schaitberger at his memorial service speaks well of this solemn commitment. Through these difficult times, the community which Michel served, and those he served with, can provide support and comfort to his loved ones, and I will ask that President Schaitberger's words be printed in the RECORD.

Of course, no tribute will ever be enough to ease the suffering of their families. I offer my deepest condolences to Mich's wife Laurie, his children, and his entire family. Their sacrifice is unimaginable, and they will always be in our thoughts and prayers.

I know that we can never make this right for them. But we must celebrate the life and service of Firefighter Michel Baik and make sure that his memory—as a role model and true hero—lives on and helps to inspire others to take up the call to serve.

I ask that President Schaitberger's words to which I referred be printed in the RECORD.

The information follows:

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FIRE  
FIGHTERS

President Harold Schaitberger

EULOGY FOR FIRE FIGHTER MICHEL BAIK,  
BRIDGEPORT LOCAL 834, JULY 30, 2010

To Fire Fighter Michel Baik's mother Mary, to his wife Laurie, to his children Andrew, Thomas and Margaret, and to his sister Rania—thank you for allowing me the honor of taking part in this beautiful service to commemorate Mitch's life, his service, and his sacrifice.

To Mitch's family, to his friends, to his brothers and sisters in the Bridgeport Fire Department and Local 834, and to his extended fire fighter family, I stand before you like the man we honor today, a servant unto God, to offer the thoughts and prayers on behalf of our General Secretary Treasurer, our Executive Board, and the 298,000 fire fighters we represent across two great nations.

These are the times that words are a poor substitute as we try to make sense of such a profound loss and provide comfort to each other in this time of great sadness. I know words can do little to heal the heart-wrenching pain that we all feel. But I also know that I—and that all of Mitch's brothers and sisters in the fire service who traveled from across two nations to be here—want you, Mitch's family, to see and feel the love and the sorrow that each and every brother and sister in the fire service family feels today.

These emotions are as strong and as heartfelt as anything I can say. They are as genuine as anything I've written on these pieces of paper in my hand.

I want you to know that all of us have come here today to put our collective arms around you. Many of us are gathering for a second time today. We also paid tribute to Lieutenant Steven Velasquez.

Sadly, we are back together again and it's no easier the second time to say goodbye to one of our own.

Many outside of our ranks will refer to Mitch and Steven as heroes. But they didn't set out to be heroes and they didn't think of themselves that way. No, if they were here they would simply tell you they were just doing their jobs.

I did not have the honor of knowing Mitch personally, but I do know who he was. I do know that like many who came before him Mitch was drawn to "The Job" like countless young men and women who follow their childhood dreams—who experience the calling to service to become fire fighters. But for much of his life Mitch pursued other dreams, and at age 47—two years ago—he answered the calling.

He entered this close knit profession like so many of his brothers and sisters in dress blues who surround us now, with a humble confidence, eager to put in the hours with no expectation or desire for public recognition.

He summoned the quiet courage that resides in all who come to this work, and he decided he could do it. He was determined—not only that he wanted to do it—but that he needed to do it. And at age 47 he realized a life-long dream, and he joined us on "The Job."

Mitch was so excited and so proud when he became a fire fighter. He held up his badge to show his kids what Dad had done. He was Local 834's oldest probey.

Though he was a rookie, Mitch approached the job like the man he was—accustomed to hard work and long hours and eager to sacrifice for his family and his community.

The journey he took to get on the job is remarkable.

Sadly, it takes a tragedy like this to remind us just how fragile life can be and how our own journeys can end all too quickly.

Sadly, too often it takes a tragedy for a community and its citizens to recognize the courage, dedication, commitment, sacrifice, and service that people like Mitch make day in and day out.

And sadly, it takes a tragedy for the rest of the world to see the sacrifice that their families make.

So today as we pay our respects to Mitch we also pay our respects to his family—for giving more than you should ever be asked to give. And we pay our respects to you for the sacrifice you have made.

Remembering and honoring our fallen is the most solemn, most revered tradition in the fire service.

Every year across the United States and Canada a hundred or more fire fighters make the ultimate sacrifice. And when one of our brothers or sisters falls, the fire service family comes together.

We come together no matter how near or how far to make it clear to you—Mitch's family—that our hearts ache.

We want you to know that his brothers and sisters in the fire service loved him—but we understand that you loved him more.

We want you to know that we will miss him tremendously—but we know you will miss him more.

We have gathered to embrace you and let you know that your extended family is here, standing with you—and we're not going away.

For almost a century we've come together in times of loss to show the love and respect we have for our family and to stand strong for our IAFF brothers and sisters, including here in Bridgeport.

We use the tradition-bound symbols of our profession—the men and women in their crisp dress blues, the bagpipers and drummers who play their mournful songs, the Honor Guard standing at attention—to salute those we have lost. And then the ring of the Bell sends them home.

This is how we cope.

This is how we mourn.

This is also how we salute YOU.

From all of us in this great union—this brother and sisterhood called the IAFF—we want you to know that your loved one may be gone—but he will never be forgotten.

Mitch's name will remain, forever etched in the granite walls of our Fallen Fire Fighters Memorial in Colorado Springs.

We do that to show that he left an indelible mark on our lives, that he will forever be a part of our fire fighter family—and so will all of you.

Thank you Brother Baik for the gift of your life.

May you rest in peace. God bless you and may God bless the fire fighters on the front lines everywhere.●

# REMEMBERING THEODORE H. FOCHT

• Mr. DODD. Mr. President, today I wish to honor the life of Theodore H. Focht, a former lawyer, educator, and public servant who passed away on April 22, 2010, at the age of 75. I extend my deepest condolences to his wife of 53 years, Joyce, his sons, David and Eric, and his grandson Jason.

Over the course of more than four decades, starting with his graduation in 1959 from law school at the College of William and Mary, Theodore—or Ted, as he was more commonly known to his family and friends—enjoyed an illustrious legal career that took him from academia to the halls of Congress to senior leadership positions at the Securities Investor Protection Corporation, or SIPC. Throughout his career, Ted earned a well-deserved reputation as an extremely knowledgeable and experienced voice on matters related to securities law and as a dedicated and hardworking public servant.

Following a stint as a legal assistant at the Securities and Exchange Commission in the early 1960s, Ted became a faculty member at the University of Connecticut School of Law in my home State, where he taught classes on securities regulation, administrative law, and property law. In 1969, Ted took a leave of absence from his work at UCONN and moved to Washington, DC, to take on a temporary assignment as special counsel to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

When Ted took that position on Capitol Hill, the House Commerce Committee was in the middle of working to pass legislation that would provide critical new protections to U.S. investors from bankrupt and financially troubled brokerage firms. As the committee's special counsel on securities policy, Ted jumped right into the issue, playing an absolutely instrumental role in crafting the Securities Investor Protection Act. This legislation, which was signed into law by President Nixon, created the SIPC—a nonprofit entity that insures the assets of investors against brokerage firm failures—and with it, an important new layer of security and sense of confidence for Americans who wanted to invest in the stock market.

But Ted's work on investor protection issues did not end with the enactment of that landmark bill. Following its creation, Ted became the SIPC's president and general counsel, where he successfully shepherded the corporation through its first two decades of existence. Between 1971, when he took the helm at the SIPC, until 1994, when he retired from the corporation, Ted became inextricably linked to the organization's work and mission. Indeed, I believe that Ted's work with SIPC, both in helping to build the organization as a young congressional staffer and run it after establishment, are among the most striking aspects of his impressive professional legacy.

And so I would like to take this opportunity today to thank Ted for his years of dedication to the law—whether as a professor helping to shape the minds of young law students at UCONN, or as a senior executive at the SIPC working to build a safer environment for Americans to invest.

And I once again extend my most heartfelt condolences to all of the people who knew and loved him.●

# REMEMBERING SERGEANT ORVILLE SMITH

• Mr. DODD. Mr. President, today I honor the life of a true American hero. Police SGT Orville Smith, a 39-year veteran of the Shelton, CT, Police Department, died July 7, 2010, of injuries he sustained while in the line of duty. I express my deepest condolences to his family, colleagues on the Shelton Police Force, and the entire community of Shelton for this tragic loss.

It goes without saying that American law enforcement officers such as Sergeant Smith are a very rare and special breed. Every day, police officers around the country go to work with a singular objective—to selflessly protect the communities and the people that they know and love. It is an incredibly rewarding career, but one fraught with potential dangers and sacrifices. And unfortunately, men and women in law enforcement are all too often forced to make the ultimate sacrifice, giving their own lives in defense of their fellow citizens.

That is exactly what Orville Smith, the first Shelton police officer to be killed in the line of duty since 1964, did. Late in the evening on July 3, while directing traffic outside of a local fireworks event commemorating the July 4 holiday, Sergeant Smith was struck by a drunk driver. He passed away 4 days later, leaving behind a loving wife, two children, four grandchildren, and a legion of fellow police officers who, during his nearly four decades of service on the force, came to know Sergeant Smith for his fearlessness and unflinching dedication to his job.

Indeed, to say that Sergeant Orville Smith was committed to public service and helping his fellow citizens regardless of the personal sacrifice required is, in my view, a bit of an understatement. From his service as a U.S. marine in the Vietnam war to his work as a volunteer firefighter, Sergeant Smith made protecting and defending his community and countrymen his life's mission.

While he planned to retire from the force next year, his heart truly belonged to the Shelton Police Department. It is therefore fitting that Shelton Police Chief Joel Hurliman called him “one of the bravest guys I ever met” and went on to say, “He wasn't scared of anything, except retirement.”

It was that kind of professional dedication and unwavering commitment to public service that made Sergeant

Smith not only an exemplary police officer but a wonderful human being. He spent his entire life devoted to helping others and relished every minute of it. Several weeks ago, on the eve of Independence Day, he died that way, too—loyally and courageously fulfilling his duty to “protect and serve” until the very end.

I express my deepest gratitude to Sergeant—Smith or “Smitty”, as he was more commonly known by his friends at the Shelton Police Department—for his tremendous record of service to the people of my State and the Nation. I once again extend my most heartfelt condolences to all those who knew and loved him. While the death of a loved one is never easy to accept, it is my hope that the fact that Sergeant Smith died doing what he loved will bring them some measure of comfort during the months and years ahead.●

# REMEMBERING LIEUTENANT STEVEN VELASQUEZ

• Mr. DODD. Mr. President, it is with a heavy heart that I pay tribute to LT Steven Velasquez, who sadly lost his life on July 24, 2010.

We have all felt our chests tighten and our pulses quicken with anxiety at the sound of a fire engine screaming through town. For most of us, this signals two important things: There is an emergency somewhere nearby, and—more importantly—that help is on the way.

Of course, for the people riding on those rigs, all the commotion is just another day at the office. They are focused solely on the task at hand.

When the unthinkable happens—a devastating hurricane, industrial accident, terrorist attack, or three-alarm fire—these brave men and women are the first on the scene and the last to leave. In between, they give all they have to make sure the emergency is contained and our communities are safe.

They do this every day of the week, every week of the year. Being a firefighter certainly isn't a job for the faint of heart. In fact, it is not so much a job as it is a calling.

At least it was for Steven Velasquez. His 20-year career took him from a position with the Fire Department of Prince Georges County, MD, to the rank of Lieutenant in the Bridgeport Fire Department in my home State of Connecticut.

Along the way, he built a reputation as a tremendously dedicated team member and as someone whose discipline and bravery made him a leader. This reputation, and the urging of many of his colleagues, helped secure him a place on the department's elite Rescue Squad—despite the fact that there were others in line for the prestigious assignment before him.

In his 16 years in Bridgeport, Velasquez never took a sick day. He was committed to his family, his community, and to his fellow firefighters.