

The amendments are as follows:

AMENDMENT NO. 502

(Purpose: To strike the provision relating to the Treasurer of the United States)

On page 55, strike lines 12 through 22.

AMENDMENT NO. 503

(Purpose: To strike the provision relating to the Director of the Mint)

On page 55, line 23, strike all through page 56, line 5.

VOTE EXPLANATION

Mr. MORAN. Mr. President, today, I was unavoidably absent for votes No. 95 and No. 96. At the time of the votes, I was attending a memorial service at Fort Riley, KS, for six soldiers of the 2nd Brigade, 1st Infantry Division. Had I been present, I would have voted yea on the Vitter amendment No. 499 and the DeMint amendment No. 510 to S. 679.

Mr. BROWN of Massachusetts. Mr. President, I rise today to speak in support of the Presidential Appointment Efficiency and Streamlining Act of 2011. This is a good, commonsense piece of legislation that has bipartisan support.

When President Kennedy came to office, he had 286 positions to fill with the titles of Secretary, Deputy Secretary, Under Secretary, Assistant Secretary, and Administrator. By the end of the Clinton administration, there were 914 positions with these titles.

Today, there are more than 1,200 positions appointed by the President that require the advice and consent of the Senate.

The large number of positions requiring confirmation causes long delays in selecting, vetting, and nominating these appointees.

I strongly believe the confirmation process must be thorough enough for the Senate to fulfill its constitutional duty, but it should not be so onerous as to deter qualified people from public service.

The Presidential Appointment Efficiency and Streamlining Act removes the need for Senate confirmation for only 205 positions by converting these positions to Presidential appointment-only. They include positions involved with internal agency management and positions that are already accountable to other Senate-confirmed positions, such as internal management and administrative positions and deputies or nonpolicy-related Assistant Secretaries who report to individuals who are Senate-confirmed.

Some have argued that, through this bill, the Senate cedes some of its constitutional power to the executive branch. However, this bill actually represents an exercise of the Senate's constitutional prerogatives.

The Constitution gives Congress the authority to decide whether a particular position should be categorized as an inferior officer that need not go through the Senate confirmation process.

The Senate has a number of important responsibilities that it must un-

dertake, and it is questionable whether spending time confirming, for instance, the Alternate Federal Cochairman, Appalachian Regional Commission, is the most appropriate use of our limited time and resources. Prioritizing our work for the American people, by eliminating some Senate-confirmed positions, does not diminish the Senate's authority.

MORNING BUSINESS

TRIBUTE TO CLYDE BROCK

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I rise today to honor one of Kentucky's inspirational treasures. Ninety-four-year-old Clyde Brock is one of four residents of Laurel County, KY, who was chosen to share his remarkable story as part of London, KY's Living Treasures Project. Looking back, Clyde Brock has remembered for us the monumental events and cherished memories that helped shape his life.

Born April 9, 1917, in a small town called Roots Branch in Clay County, KY, Clyde Brock was the eldest of 10 children of Johnny and Mary Brock. Suffering from a staph infection in his leg, Clyde endured a childhood of doctor visits and constant operations. Though his disability left him with one leg shorter than the other, Clyde refused to let it hinder his ability to experience life to the fullest. He can recall the excitement of seeing his first Model T Ford, the growth and development of his hometown, the constant changes in prices, the Great Depression, and the effects of war. After being turned down for the draft, due to his leg, Brock went on to pursue a career in teaching after graduating Sue Bennett College in 1940.

Clyde also took the position of postmaster and remembers well when customers would bring eggs to pay for their stamps instead of money. Three eggs paid for a letter; eggs sold for 12 cents a dozen back then. Clyde also ran a rationing board during World War II. He can remember folks standing in line half a day to get their pound of lard.

Soon after, Clyde married his late wife Ada Brown and they had three children. Sadly, Ada passed away earlier this year after suffering a severe stroke. After many years together, Clyde says that his greatest accomplishment in life was getting her to marry him.

After 32 successful years at eight different schools teaching history and civics, Mr. Brock retired. While recollecting his memories of walking to school through the snow and the enjoyment of seeing his students become excited about learning, it's clear Clyde Brock still has a passion for teaching.

Clyde is a member of Providence Baptist Church, where he is a deacon and trustee. Realizing that life is short, Mr. Brock says that it has only been "by the grace of God" that he has been able to live for so long.

I know my U.S. Senate colleagues join me in saying Mr. Clyde Brock, who can look back with pride at a full life well lived, is an inspiration to us all. He is not only a living treasure to London, but a living treasure to the State of Kentucky.

Mr. President, the Laurel County Sentinel Echo recently published an article illuminating Mr. Clyde Brock's long life and career. I ask unanimous consent that the full article be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Laurel County Sentinel Echo,
May 11, 2011]

LONDON'S LIVING TREASURES: PART 1
(Transcribed by Tara Kaprowy)

Following is the life story of 94-year-old Clyde Brock, who is one of four Laurel Countians chosen to be part of London's Living Treasures project. Over a two-hour interview, while sitting in an easy chair in his Bush-area home, Brock shared many memories, from the day he saw his first car to the day his beloved wife Ada died "with just a curtain between them."

"I was born April 9, 1917 in Clay County in a place called Roots Branch because so many Roots lived there. I was born in a big log house. I was the first of 10 children to a young couple called Johnny and Mary Brock.

My dad bought a farm, I was about 5 years old when we moved from there. Then he decided to leave the farm and got a public job and we moved to Corbin. It must have been about 1924. I went to school one year there, Felts School.

I remember my grandfather had a brother that fought on the southern side during the Civil War. I just remember him. He'd come to see my grandfather and he had a mule and I just remember that. He didn't draw a pension. Then I saw one soldier that fought on the northern side and he drew \$100 a month.

In 1926, I had the misfortune of getting a staph germ. It was one Sunday evening, I was just out fooling around outside and it hit me, all at twice. The next morning there was a knot in my leg.

Well, they took me to Corbin Hospital. They scraped the bone, but it didn't help. Brought me to London, you know where the First National Bank is now. There was a little bank and it had a little hospital over it. Well, they took me in there and my temperature was 105.5. This doctor, he saved my life, Dr. H.V. Pennington. The kind of surgical tools he used was a hammer and chisel to chisel bone out.

I stayed there a month until they got the new hospital over on the hill. There was eight of us moved into that new building. There was four doctors in it: Dr. J.W. Crook, Dr. G.S. Brock, Dr. O.D. Brock and Dr. Pennington. I had two more surgeries there, and I stayed there from last of March in 1926 until some time in August. With staph going on up, they performed surgery on my knee. That didn't check it, and it got to my hip. They come in, all four of them one day with a big needle, they went into my hip and they found it had got up there. So, they told my mother and my father to come up because they'd have to perform surgery again. My dad picked me up in his arms and carried me to the operating surgery table. They took the ball out, I don't have that ball in my hip. It made my leg shorter so they put a 10-pound weight on a roller on the foot of the bed and held it six weeks to try to pull it down. It didn't work. They didn't have therapy then, they didn't have penicillin then, so that staph, it left my leg short and stiff.

We moved to Cane Creek and I had C. Frank Bentley as a teacher at Union Grade School. Then my father, he wanted a bigger farm so he swapped that farm in to one about 200 acres and we moved there. I start Bush School in the seventh grade. I had eight brothers and sisters graduated from Bush. I was about an average student—no, I didn't shine.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

Let me tell you a bit about the Great Depression. If you live down on the farm, it didn't affect you because you didn't have any bills to pay. Everybody had their own meat and killed their own hogs, they had their cows where they got their butter or their milk, they had their chickens, had their eggs. You was almost independent.

My job was to go to the mill on Saturday evenings. We'd shell a bushel of corn on Friday night. I'd take that corn to mill and everybody else did too and get it ground into meal and it made that good, ole cornbread. It was over here on Black water Road, Henry Hale run the mill. I'd ride on a mule. You either walked or rode a mule or horse.

I saw my first car when I was about 5 years old. It had come over from London to Manchester. A man come along walking. He said, "There's a car coming up here." Well, I was out to see it in the yard and here it comes. One of those old Model-T Fords in the wagon tracks.

I got out of high school, I went to Sue Bennett College, 1938. London used to be a lot of wooden buildings down each side there. Over on Broad Street, straight across from the courthouse where those annex buildings are now, there used to be two dwelling houses there. And they had a theater up there that you could go to the movies, 15 cents in 1938, '39. You went in and had to go up some steps and it had about two rows of seats, aisle down the middle. Next block over from Weaver's pool room. You could get you a hamburger and a bottle of pop there and it would cost about 15 cents.

WAGES AND WAR

They had Hackney's, Daniel's, Woody's, 10 cents stores, they had a lot of them. Then they had pool rooms. Laurel County was wet at one time, about '38, '39, '40, they had beer joints. Where Scoville's office is, when you go down in a hole, that was called Underworld, they had a beer joint down there. Then they had one in east London over by Benge Supply, used to be a liquor store. Go in and bottles were sitting up on the counter.

There used to be a lot of people go to church on Sunday because they didn't have anywhere else to go. They'd stay outside and fight and things; I was outside too. There'd be more people outside than there were in. Blackwater Church, I've seen the preacher come right out and his son and the other preacher's son were fighting right at the door. He just walked out and tried to get them separated.

Going to Sue Bennett, I stayed in the dorm, the boys would sit up all night and play poker, blackjack for a penny. Cigarettes used to you could buy for 11 cents, you could get Camels, Lucky's for 15 cents. On Sunday, if you want to get out, if you got a pack of cigarettes and a pack of chewing gum, you was doing pretty good.

I graduated from Sue Bennett in 1940 and got my teaching diploma. That was the quickest thing you could do then. That was after the Depression. I made \$73.74 a month. When I was about 23, I got to be postmaster. There would be people to bring three eggs to the post office to mail a letter. Eggs was 12 cents a dozen at one time. My dad had a store and he'd take the eggs and he'd sell them and put 3 cents in. He could get all the men he wanted to work for 50 cents a day and their dinner.

War started. In addition to being postmaster, I was also deputy clerk. People had to come to register when they rationed everything. They'd come and sign up and you'd give them a ration book with stamps in it. Coffee was rationed and people used lard back then. They'd stand in line about a half a day to get about a pound of lard.

I was called in January before the War started. With my leg, I got so I could work and do things, I didn't have to go on crutches. I done about anything anybody else used to do. I'd a liked to go, I told them they could use me anywhere, I'd have gone. I was the second one called in the county before the War started, but I was turned down. A teacher I was teaching with, he told me I would pass. He said, "They don't want you to run, you're not supposed to run when you're in a war."

LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN

In 1940, I met a girl that meant more to me than all the rest that I knew. Named Ada Brown, who lived over in Pigeon Roost in Clay County. We married in 1941, I must have been about 20. I had a good friend I'd run around with, and he was dating her sister. We went to Freedom United Church one Wednesday night, and after church he and her sister was walking in front. He was down leading a mule. I was riding behind this other one and she was walking by herself. I asked about getting down, and we got together. That was the best thing that happened to me in my life, she marrying me. We went to Jellico, Tenn., went into the clerk's office to get the license. He said \$10, \$5 for the license, \$5 for the preacher.

We had a four-room house and about four acres of ground and had a cook stove. Then we had a kitchen cabinet, a little dining room set, we had two beds and a few chairs.

SEVEN MILES IN THE SNOW

The second year I started teaching, they sent me to a school called Darl Jones, and it was about seven miles away. I had to get a horse, cost me about \$75. In wintertime, one morning, I got up and you had to be there at 8 o'clock. I thought, "It's too cold to ride, it's way below zero," so I said, "I'm going to walk." I left walking, snow on the ground, moon shining bright, I walked that seven miles. You know what I was wishing? I wished that someone would ask me to stay all night with them. Just about before we turned out for lunch, a fellow by the name of Willie Martin that lived in the community, he come in and sit down and he said, "I want you to stay all night with me." He didn't have to twist my arm.

In 1941, I had 44 students in school, 16 in the sixth grade. Now, a lot of them's already passed on. On Friday afternoon, used to young people would come around because after school you had a ballgame or you had a ciphering match. We'd see which side could add the columns the quickest. Well one Friday night, a man come there and when it started to rain he went outside and got his gun, a pump shotgun, and set it in the corner of the schoolhouse. We paid no attention to that. When it quit raining, he got his gun and went up the road.

The day my first son was born, I was gone up to get my pay that day at a teacher's meeting. My brother had to go and get the doctor. He had an old bicycle, but one pedal was broken off, it just had that rod that came out, and his foot kept slipping off and it would cut his leg. And it was hot, it was in September, he rode all the way and back with that old bicycle and burned up and he always said, "And look what we got." Well, I felt good, and you know I had a pay day that day. You know how much it cost? \$20. He's a pretty good boy, never had to go to the jailhouse or anything like that.

I have three children, Larry, Janice and Gary.

I was about 25 or 26 when I got my first car, a 1936 Chevrolet. I didn't know how to drive. On Monday morning I started out and I had to go up a little bank. Well, I says, "I'll put it up in second." Well, I didn't put it in second, I put it in reverse. It went back with me. I had a time driving.

In 1946, that's when I built this house. I was going to build it out of wood. Couldn't find it, couldn't get wood. Corbin had a cement block factory, and I got a man to lay the block 50 cents an hour. Rationing was so bad, you couldn't buy a car. When we got the house up, we couldn't get any windows. It was a year before I could get windows.

THROUGH FAITH AND GRACE

We got saved in 1951, been members of Providence Baptist Church now for 60 years. I taught Sunday school for 36 years. And you know they gave me an honor? They named the class after me. And I'm still a deacon and a trustee.

In 1955, we started raising chickens. I guess we raised chickens 20 years and we always had chicken to eat. Then we raised tobacco. And Ada always had a big garden, and she always had a big freezer. She froze everything.

I retired in 1972, taught 32 years. I taught at eight schools, Blackwater, Darl Jones, Bennett Branch, Lake, White Hall, Pace's Creek, Boggs, Head Beech Creek and Bush Junior High. I liked teaching history and civics, but not English, didn't like diagramming and analyzing. I couldn't tell a dangling modifier now from anything else. But I liked when I could see progress in some of them, you knew you was doing maybe something good. Those little fellers, I'd like to watch them. They'd get up to the board, we loved going to the board and make ABCs back then. Now you don't do that, you don't memorize nothing now.

A lot of my students came to me when I was up in that nursing home in December last year. They said, "You had a lot of company." Some of them come in there with old, grey beards, and I didn't recognize them. They said, "Well, I went to school with you." I stayed about 31 days up there. I was there with Ada.

In 1992, one day my wife, she cooked a big dinner. We ate dinner, we watched Price Is Right, she says, "I'm going in here to freeze some beans." I got up and went through there and she laid on the floor. No response. I called 9-1-1 and when they come they thought it was a stroke and that's what it was. It took her speech and paralyzed her right side.

She stayed in the hospital and nursing home. From the time she went in to the day she passed away was 18 years, six months and 9 days. And she stayed in Laurel Heights in London 18 years. I had already retired. We was together for about 51 good years. She was a quilter and a good cook. She was noted for her fried apple pies. She'd take them to the homecomings at church. She'd made 60 pies one morning.

After I got sick this December, I had to go for rehab and they had me go to Laurel Heights. The lady that was in with Ada passed away and they said, "You go be in the room with your wife." So I went. They'd get me up in the wheelchair. They let me sit by her on Sunday. After I'd been there a while, she passed away, just a curtain between us. That was the 22nd day of January this year.

See I'm 94 years old now. My wife was 88. Now I stay here by myself. But I gave up driving. Just six months ago. I thought I'd better quit while I was ahead.

How does it feel to be 94? You know one thing, you know your time is getting shorter, and you don't have too long to stay here.

I say it's been by the grace of God that I've been blessed to live this long. I don't want to take any honor or anything, as if I've done something myself to stay healthy. It's all for the grace of God."

TRIBUTE TO MARVIN CLEVINGER

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I rise today to honor the heroic efforts of an honored Kentuckian. Known for his service and his allegiance to his country, PFC Marvin Clevinger is a true World War II hero in Pike County, KY.

Born March 18, 1922, to James and Dollie May Clevinger, Marvin was the eldest of eight. Growing up on a farm in eastern Kentucky, Mr. Clevinger, also known as "Garl" around his family, was an intelligent young man who dropped out of the 7th grade to help provide for his family. Working as a timber man and a farmer before his days as a soldier, "Garl" did all he could to help his family as well as his community.

After enrolling in the war, Private First Class Clevinger, also known as "Zeke" to his platoon, fought in numerous battles, putting his life on the line for his country. Clevinger was said to be amongst the strongest and most agile of the soldiers and was honored with the privilege of being a scout for his platoon. In one battle, when his platoon found itself pinned by German machine gun fire, Private First Class Clevinger advanced 150 yards under intense fire and threw several grenades to silence the enemy. He received a Bronze Star for his heroic actions.

Private First Class Clevinger spent a month in the hospital in Paris after receiving multiple wounds in his legs during battle. He received numerous medals, awards, and decorations, including the Bronze Star with Three Oak Leaf Clusters, the Purple Heart, the Good Conduct Medal, the Rifle Sharpshooter Badge, the Combat Infantryman Badge, the American Campaign Ribbon, the World War II Victory Medal Ribbon, and the European/African/Middle Eastern Theatre Campaign Ribbon.

Marvin Clevinger returned to Belcher, KY, after the war and worked for the Russell Fork Coal Company Preparation Plant for 32 years. Currently, Marvin is an active member of Ferrell's Creek Church of Christ, and he serves as an inspiration to his family. Because of his hard work and all he has achieved and overcome in his 89 years, Marvin Clevinger is a hero to us all.

Mr. President, the Appalachian News Express recently published an article highlighting Marvin Clevinger's life and service. I ask unanimous consent that the full article be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Appalachian News Express, May 28, 2011]

MARVIN CLEVINGER: A WORLD WAR II HERO
(By Nancy M. Goss)

BELCHER.—Over 66 years ago 89-year-old Marvin "Garl" Clevinger of Belcher fought in the European Campaign during World War II.

Because he suffered a stroke 10 years ago that affected his ability to converse fluently, Marvin allowed family members to tell his story, adding comments from time to time. His nephew, Phillip Ratliff, is an authority on his uncle's role in World War II and provided most of this information.

"I fought in Germany," Marvin said. Then added, "I was shot three times."

"Marvin never really talked about his war time experiences when I was young, but I'm familiar with the battles he was in," Phillip said. "I was always fascinated by soldiers and military stuff so I just read a lot and later on, I had the little campaign book Garl brought back from the war and I read it a couple times."

Marvin is mentioned in the book by the nickname his platoon gave him, "Zeke" Clevinger.

Phillip said there were probably only about 200 copies of the campaign booklet of Marvin's company's actions during the war; they were given to the men at the end of the fighting.

Marvin's rank and unit: PFC Marvin Clevinger, 1st Rifle Squad, 2nd Platoon, Company B, 61st Armored Infantry Battalion, 10th Armored Division, 3rd Army, USA.

He was also a scout for his platoon.

"Only a couple men in a platoon were scouts," Phillip explained. "Back then, if there was a man like Marvin, who was agile and able to move through heavy woods and rough terrain, he was pretty much sought out."

Many of the men were city boys and not used to tramping through woods as was Marvin, who grew up in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

"Garl was a deadly shot when he was a young man and came back from the war," Phillip said. "I feel sorry for any human that got in front of his rifle sight because you're talking about a man who could shoot squirrels out of a tree with a 22 rifle. And in the army, those men were pretty valuable, I'd say."

"He got the medal for sharp shooter," added Marvin's brother Paul. "And the Purple Heart and Bronze Star."

According to a paper accompanying his Bronze Star:

"Private First Class Marvin Clevinger, Company B, Armored Infantry Battalion, United States Army. For heroic achievement in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States in Germany on March 26, 1945. During an attack on Schoden, Germany, an infantry platoon was suddenly pinned down by machine gun and sniper fire from a well-concealed pillbox. Private First Class Clevinger, scout, advanced 150 yards under the intense fire to within five yards of the enemy position from where he threw grenades through an embrasure in the pillbox, silencing the enemy fire. PFC Clevinger's intrepid action reflects great credit upon himself and the military forces of the United States. Entered the military service from Belcher, Kentucky."

Marvin was shot twice in one leg and once in the other, but still managed to walk and crawl about three miles to an aid station that was back down the side of the mountain. He spent a month and a half in Paris at the hospital and then went straight back to the front lines and saw heavy action again.

Phillip said the winter of '44, during the Battle of the Bulge, was the coldest winter of the 20th century and Marvin got frostbit, as did most of the men in his unit.

Besides the battle at Schoden and the Battle of the Bulge, Martin also fought in the Battle of Bastogne, and at the Saar-Moselle Triangle, Trier, Berdorf, Consdorf, Echtemach, Landau, Oehringer, Heilbronn, Ulm, Inst, Oberammergau and countless other sites.

Marvin was born March 18, 1922, the son of the late James and Dollie May Clevinger. He was raised at Belcher, close to where he lives now, and according to Paul, attended Belcher Grade School up to seventh grade. He had to quit to help on the family's farm. He is the oldest of eight children. He, his sister Faye Potter, and Paul, are the only ones living.

Before Marvin went to war, he timbered and farmed. After the war, he was employed in the preparation plant at the Russell Fork Coal Company, owned by A.T. Massey, where he worked for 32 years. He was a member of United Mine Workers of America, Local 8338, at Beaver, which closed many years ago.

Marvin said he remembers working at the coal company.

"He would come home from work at the tiddle and hoe corn until dark," Phillip said. "For his size, Garl was the strongest guy and the hardest working man I ever saw."

"He had been out pulling brush and trees down on the road on the day he had the stroke," said Gloria Sweeney, Marvin's cousin and caretaker.

"And he knew the woods," Phillip said. "If you went into the woods any time of the year with him, whether there were leaves on the trees or not, he could look at the tree and tell you, 'that's a black oak, that's a chestnut oak, that's a red oak . . .'"

"He was an expert on ginseng, too," added his nephew Jason Clevinger. "Every time we went into the woods—and he was much older than I—he could find much more than I could."

Marvin was an active member of DAV Chapter 140, Elkhorn City, until he had the stroke and is a member of the Ferrells Creek Church of Christ.

"You'll never find a more humble man than this one right here," Gloria said. "Best man in the world."

"He was always my hero," Phillip said.

Then he added, "There's a much larger story here really, even than Garl. He deserves to be the centerpiece because of what he did, but Garl had two first cousins and they all grew up in this holler here. One of his cousins was named Clyde Clevinger and he was killed in action during the first Allied landings in North Africa. His other first cousin's name was Gordon "Bennett" Clevinger. Bennett enlisted in the Navy and was on an American submarine right after Pearl Harbor and was captured by the Japanese. He spent about three and a half years in a Japanese prisoner of war camp. But he did survive and came home."

"Of those three boys who grew up in this little narrow holler here, all of them were heroes. You can't find men like that anymore," Phillip said.

NLRB

Mr. CARDIN. Mr. President, I rise today to praise the National Labor Relations Board for issuing new proposed rules that will modernize the process that workers use to form a union. These new rules will improve the consistency and efficiency of the election process, protect workers' right to a