

[From the New York Times, Feb. 21, 2014]

A BILLIONAIRE PHILANTHROPIST IN WASHINGTON WHO'S BIG ON "PATRIOTIC GIVING"

(By Jennifer Steinhauer)

WASHINGTON.—The expansive reach of David M. Rubenstein into the public life of the nation's capital can be seen during a brief excursion from his downtown office at the Carlyle Group, the private equity firm that he co-founded and that made him a billionaire.

Begin across the street at the National Archives, the site of the new gallery, named after him, where Magna Carta, which he bought in 2007 for \$23 million, is on permanent loan. Then head to the Library of Congress, and see the first map of the United States, also his, in the Great Hall.

Make your way to the earthquake-damaged Washington Monument, which will reopen this spring after a \$15 million repair, half paid for by Mr. Rubenstein, then zip to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, where his \$75 million has bought, among other things, a new pipe organ. End up at the National Zoo, where baby Bao Bao frolics in the panda habitat Mr. Rubenstein endowed, part of a \$7 million Smithsonian gift.

Over the years, Mr. Rubenstein, who has a fortune estimated at \$3 billion, has made gifts to the usual array of universities, hospitals and cultural organizations beloved by wealthy donors. But he stands nearly alone in shoring up institutions generally under the purview of the federal government. About \$200 million of the \$300 million he has given away has been what he calls "patriotic giving."

"The United States cannot afford to do the things it used to do," Mr. Rubenstein said, "and I think it would be a good thing if more people would say: 'My national zoo needs money, the archives need money. I think we're going to have to do more for them.'"

And there is plenty more to do in a city that has not only suffered from cutbacks in federal spending but which historically has lacked both the wealth and the philanthropic traditions of places like New York. While there were wealthy and civic-minded men like Duncan Phillips and Eugene Meyer who left their mark on Washington in the last century, it was the federal government that built and maintained the parks and museums that in other cities donors endowed, according to Steven Pearlstein, a professor of public and international affairs at George Mason University and a columnist for The Washington Post. "The federal government was the sugar daddy," he said.

For the most part, according to Mr. Pearlstein, Washington has been a place where the currency has been power more than money. In the past two decades, that has begun to change as government contracting, banking and the law have created a new wealthy class in the city and its suburbs, but no one has given his money away quite like Mr. Rubenstein.

"This kind of giving is starting to happen more often because governments are really suffering," said Stacy Palmer, the editor of The Chronicle of Philanthropy. "But the extent of Rubenstein's giving sets him apart."

Such giving, she said, is a subject of feverish debate in the philanthropy world, where many believe that private money should not permit government to abdicate responsibilities and in turn drain cash from food banks, hospitals and other services in need. There are "concerns about whether it is a good idea for philanthropy to step in for government," Ms. Palmer said.

Mr. Rubenstein, 64, who first came to Washington to work in government, offers a simple explanation for what he has done: "I

felt I owed my country a lot. I also felt I owed the city a lot. I built my company here; I met my wife here."

He grew up in modest means in Baltimore; his father sorted mail for the Postal Service and his mother was a homemaker. After college and law school, he worked in a New York law firm before getting a job on Capitol Hill for the Senate Judiciary Committee. In 1977, he joined the Carter administration, where he spent his days toiling over domestic policy as a White House aide, and met his wife, Alice Rogoff, who worked at the Office of Management and Budget. Newsweek once called him "the White House workaholic."

After his stint ended, Mr. Rubenstein took another corporate law job but reassessed and concluded that he was "a mediocre lawyer." With some partners, he set out to found Carlyle, named after the hotel in New York City, quickly accruing a fortune in the world of leveraged buyouts.

Ten years ago, Mr. Rubenstein said, he began to consider his legacy, and after learning from some actuarial tables that white Jewish males were likely to live to 81, decided to start plowing a lot of his money—and his time—into philanthropic causes. "There are other wonderful donors in Washington," said Michael M. Kaiser, president of the Kennedy Center, "but it's the range of his giving and his collection of interests that is staggering."

In choosing his beneficiaries, Mr. Rubenstein relies on his interests and his gut. He has a passion for American history and can lecture extemporaneously and at length about presidents, historic documents, the civil rights movement and beyond—and has no staff or foundation to vet requests.

He spends little time agonizing over a donation. "To some extent when you've made the money, you feel you can give it away more rapidly," he said.

In January 2013, Curt Viebranz, the president of George Washington's Mount Vernon, took Mr. Rubenstein around the museum to show him how it had displayed some of his documents.

Over lunch, Mr. Viebranz recalled: "I felt emboldened to ask him for a large gift, and much to my surprise and happiness, he made that \$10 million gift in February. It was a remarkably efficient process." He added, "It can take years of cultivating a donor to get a gift of that size."

If you don't call Mr. Rubenstein, he might call you. If you do "make the ask," expect to get an answer in weeks. While Mr. Rubenstein likes to see results—and despite his unassuming manner, is not averse to seeing his name on the doors of his beneficiaries—he does not use the complex success metrics of philanthropists like Eli Broad in Los Angeles. He tends not to check in, but if beneficiaries send an update, they hear back from him, no matter his time zone (he travels roughly 250 days a year).

The donations can be transformative. Mr. Rubenstein will endow the expansion of the Kennedy Center, which otherwise would have had to go to Congress for an appropriation. At Monticello, his \$10 million gift allowed Leslie Greene Bowman, president of the Thomas Jefferson Foundation, as she puts it, "to return the mountaintop of Monticello to something Jefferson would have recognized in just a few years what I would venture to say would have taken at least a decade to accomplish."

Mr. Rubenstein says he likes to apply the "mother standard" to giving. "When I built Carlyle, my mother didn't call to say, 'I'm so proud,' he said. "When I give a gift to some place of importance, she calls and says, 'I'm proud.'"

**REMEMBERING STRATTON
"STRATTY" LINES**

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, today I remember a dear friend to Marcelle and me. Stratton "Stratty" Lines was for more than 40 years the proprietor of the Oasis Diner in Burlington, VT. Throughout its history, the diner was the center of many a political discussion over a hearty breakfast or tasty lunch and lots of laughs too. At the center of all the activity was Stratty, a first-generation American who, with his family, built a successful business in downtown Burlington. One of Stratty's sons, David, describes his father as the "quintessential Vermonter." Stratty was that and so much more. He was a good family man and a hard worker who cared about working people.

I have many fond memories of the Oasis Diner, perhaps chief among them, eating breakfast there, celebrating with Stratty, and thanking voters the morning after I was first elected to the Senate in 1974. The diner was a popular stop among visitors to Vermont, including President Bill Clinton and Vice President Walter Mondale. During their visits and during my many trips to the diner, Stratty imparted the wisdom and common sense for which he was so well known and will be long remembered.

In memory of Stratty Lines, I ask that the article by Mike Donoghue of the Burlington Free Press, "Oasis Diner proprietor Stratton 'Stratty' Lines remembered as quintessential Vermonter," be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Burlington Free Press, Feb. 17, 2014]

OASIS DINER PROPRIETOR STRATTY LINES REMEMBERED AS "QUINTESSENTIAL VERMONT"

STRATTY LINES, LONGTIME OWNER OF BURLINGTON'S OASIS DINER, REMEMBERED FOR FOOD AND CONVERSATION

(By Mike Donoghue)

When Stratton "Stratty" Lines helped opened the Oasis Diner more than 40 years ago, coffee was a dime, and hamburgers cost 25 cents. Over the years, Lines served up food to the rich and the poor, the famous and the infamous.

His customers included local politicians and the president of the United States. The food was always good, and so was the conversation.

"I could learn more in 20 minutes with Stratty than I could with any polls," said U.S. Sen. Patrick Leahy, D-Vt. "Stratty heard everything. He knew what was gossip and what made sense."

Lines often was spotted in a white short-order-cook hat trimmed in red, a white shirt and an apron over his pants. He also was a well-known Democratic supporter.

His health had been failing in recent months, one of his sons, David, said, and he was found dead of natural causes Friday at his Williston home. He was 84.

"He was the quintessential Vermonter, a first-generation American who established a small business that became an institution in this community," David Lines said.

The Oasis Diner was a popular breakfast and lunch spot just east of Church Street for

the movers and shakers of greater Burlington, but also for common folks. The draw was more than just the food—and more than just politics. Stratty Lines would follow sports, community events and all the other headlines of the day.

Leahy said a visit to Burlington was incomplete without a stop at the Oasis to learn the latest. When he offered condolences to David Lines, “I said I loved going in there,” Leahy recounted. “I could learn more going in there by having breakfast.”

The Oasis remained a local institution until 2007, when the business was sold to become a New York-style delicatessen. The building now is home to El Cortijo.

Even in death, Lines sought to ensure people were properly fed. The Chittenden County Meals on Wheels, along with the Department of Veterans Affairs, are two organizations the family has suggested people make donations in Lines’ memory instead of sending flowers.

Lines was born in Greece, graduated from Burlington High in 1947 and served as a military policeman in the U.S. armed forces in Germany from 1951–53.

Leahy, Vermont’s senior senator and a former Chittenden County prosecutor, said lots of political debates were held in the 17-by-40-foot diner. He said Lines enjoyed hearing the hot-button topics of the day.

Lines was a gracious host, Leahy said, and always asked about his wife, Marcelle, and their children before anything else. Leahy said he believes he began frequenting the Oasis as a student at St. Michael’s College, where he graduated in 1961, but he became more of a regular following law school and returning to Vermont in the mid ’60s.

When he served as Chittenden County state’s attorney, Leahy said, he would sometimes run names of potential jurors past Lines.

“He’d say, ‘You might want to avoid that one,’ or ‘That would be a good one,’” Leahy said.

Lines was as popular with house-painters as he was with politicians. Alden Cadwell, 56, of Burlington said he always enjoyed his stops at the diner.

“Stratty was a big-hearted man with the biggest welcoming smile in Burlington,” Cadwell said. “He ran a diner that a regular patron came for the theater as much as the food.”

Cadwell said patrons got to hear cooks, waiters and other customers exchanging orders and quips.

“You did not leave the Oasis hungry or unentertained,” Cadwell said.

Former federal Judge Albert W. Coffrin often could be seen sitting on a revolving stool at the counter. Coffrin once confided to a Burlington Free Press reporter that the Oasis was among his favorite stops.

Lawyers, bankers, merchants, the clergy and others also frequented the Burlington landmark.

Leahy said he brought President Bill Clinton into the diner during a visit to Burlington on July 31, 1995, to speak at the National Governors Association convention in South Burlington.

After a picture-taking event that included Clinton, Leahy, Lines and then-Gov. Howard Dean outside the diner, the nation’s commander-in-chief stepped inside to enjoy lunch. The Oasis served up a hand-carved, overstuffed sandwich of fresh turkey on seeded rye, a Diet Coke and a slice of apple pie. “Thanks for a great lunch,” Clinton said when he departed.

“This was the highlight of my life, after the birth of my children,” Lines would say later—especially significant, he added, for the son of Greek immigrants who arrived in the country without a dime.

His parents opened the diner in 1954, and Lines, who worked briefly at General Electric, soon joined the family business.

Lines would later say proudly he picked up the tab for President Clinton’s meal.

“I don’t think he ever got over that,” Dean said Monday as he recalled the presidential visit.

“Stratty was an important guy. The ordinary person listened to him. He would rarely endorse somebody. He would say, ‘So and so was a good guy,’” the former Vermont governor said.

“He would be more blatant once he got to know you better. He was the best of the old guard. He was socially conservative and business conservative,” Dean said. “He was very much for the working class. It was a family business, and his kids were working in there. It was kind of cool.”

Clinton wasn’t the only brush with greatness for Lines.

A picture of him shaking hands with President Jimmy Carter also was displayed at the diner.

Vice President Walter Mondale stopped for pancakes shortly before the March 1980 primary. Tipper Gore, wife of Vice President Al Gore, enjoyed a slice of apple pie and ice cream in July 1999. A few other celebrity customers included Susan Sarandon, Tim Robbins, Lyle Lovett and Elliot Gould.

Lines was a longtime New York Yankees fan, but he said in 1977 that he converted to the Toronto Blue Jays after his veteran sportscasting friend Tom Cheek left WVMT-AM in Colchester and became the voice of the Blue Jays. Lines would visit Cheek during spring training and during the regular season.

Leahy said after he was elected to Congress, he would receive phone calls from the White House or from ambassadors and others while he was having breakfast at the Oasis. The ambassador from Russia called once.

A few days later, a political friend called the diner and, speaking with a put-on Russian accent, claimed to be a phone operator in Moscow. He confirmed with Lines that Leahy had taken the ambassador’s call. The prankster told Lines the politician’s call was made collect, and he owed \$437.84, and then he hung up.

“Stratty loved to tell the story to everyone about the calls,” Leahy said.

A celebration of Lines’ life is planned for 4–7 p.m. Thursday at the Corbin and Palmer Funeral Home in Essex Junction. A brief service is planned at the funeral home at 10 a.m. Friday followed by a private interment.

Survivors include three sons, Jon, Gary and David, all in the Burlington area, and daughter Maria in California.

HOLZER BOOK BINDERY

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, in this age of digital readers and electronic books, the fine craft of bookbinding may seem to some archaic. On the contrary: the fine skills, patience, and dedication required to mend the pages of some of our greatest treasures have become all the more critical to preserving printed books—for classics printed decades or centuries ago, to cookbooks or children’s books that have been in our families for generations.

At Holzer Book Bindery in Hinesburg, VT, Marianna Holzer, a third-generation bookbinder, is doing just that. Her shop is lined with leather bound books, many restored by her own hand, and hand operated cast-iron

presses that help her with her handcraft. Her clients range from towns and municipalities, to personal collectors, and extend far beyond the mountains of Vermont.

In 1960, her father, 30 years her mother’s senior, closed down his own bindery business in Boston to settle in Putney. Marianna was in high school when, years after her father passed away, her mother set up their own bindery in the basement. Here, Marianna learned the basics of bindery from her mother, using the storied tools of her father. After studying plant and soil science at the University of Vermont, Marianna found herself working at Four Seasons Garden Center in Williston before longing for something new. She ultimately returned to her bookbinding roots, joining a small bindery in Jericho before opening her own shop in 2008.

Marianna now works alongside her husband and folk musician, Rik Palieri, who assists her. Today, her challenges are even greater, as she battles multiple sclerosis. People send their books and heirlooms from around the country, seeking her dexterity and her expertise. For Marianna, it is her true love of preserving the past and the sentiment it brings others that makes her excel at her craft. She honors her family legacy by using her grandfather’s logo as her own.

I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD an article about this exceptional Vermonter who has dedicated her life to bringing joy to others by repairing those precious keepsakes we chose to pass on to our loved ones: “At Holzer Book Bindery, Repairing Old Volumes Is a Labor of Love.” [Seven Days, February 19, 2014]

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[From Seven Days, Feb. 19, 2014]

AT HOLZER BOOK BINDERY, REPAIRING OLD VOLUMES IS A LABOR OF LOVE

(By Ethan De Seife)

Any author who gets a publishing deal these days knows the importance of e-books: Many readers now opt for pixels over ink. At Holzer Book Bindery in Hinesburg, though, the book’s the thing. Owner Marianna Holzer, a third-generation bookbinder, appreciates books as objects. Her love for beautiful volumes and the increasingly rare craft of making them by hand is evident in her shop, located on the ground floor of her home. The place is filled with drawers of old metal typesetting letters, rolls of buckram and leather, and hand-operated, cast-iron book presses. Many of the hand tools that Holzer, 58, uses were inherited from her father, Albert, and grandfather, Ulrich, both of whom ran bookbinding shops in Boston. Both men were known not only for the high quality of their work, but for their personal investment in the books they repaired. Said Holzer, “My mom used to say that people would bring their books to have them bound at the Holzer Bindery, but they’d have to wait until everybody in the family had read the book before they got it back.”

As a child, hanging around her father’s shop, Holzer picked up many of the finer points of this specialized art. A career shift in the early 1980s brought her to Brown’s