

moves on after years of outstanding service to the Congress. We are grateful for that service, and we wish him the best in the years to come.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

REMEMBERING BELLE LIKOVER

• Mr. BROWN. Mr. President, this week, the city I call home lost a great Ohioan, and Connie and I lost a friend, Belle Likover of Shaker Heights. Belle passed away at age 97, and over her extraordinary life, she saw the creation of our country's greatest social insurance programs: Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid—and fought to protect those lifelines for American seniors.

Ms. Likover was born the same year as my mother and grew up in Beaver Falls, PA. She remembered her childhood as a happy one, with one big exception: the Great Depression. In an interview several years ago, she talked about the lasting effects those memories had on her, saying, "We saw everybody else suffer. I remember the shantytowns. I remember people living in what used to be packing crates. There was a constant stream of people who came to our backdoor for food. My mother never turned anybody away."

Those experiences would shape her activism throughout her life. In high school and later in college, at the Ohio State University, she said she was "never bashful about speaking out." She joined the high school varsity debate team as a sophomore, as the only girl on the team, and learned how to marshal an argument. She told an interviewer that, "Every position of leadership I've had, I owe to that debate coach."

In college, she put that training to use, first getting involved in political causes in 1937, when she and a friend helped organize an antifascist group at Ohio State. They saw what was happening in Germany and across Europe and how dangerous that was for the world.

Growing up in that time of turmoil and as a woman at a time when her abilities would be constantly questioned, Belle faced setbacks. As a child, she asked for chemistry sets instead of dolls, but in college, a chemistry professor told her, "If you want a Ph.D., you better marry one." Her first husband laid down his life for our country during World War II, leaving Ms. Likover with a newborn daughter to raise.

She published papers without the Ph.D. that her male peers had and worked at the Cleveland Jewish Community Center's senior department, where she saw what a difference Social Security made in the lives of the elderly—and later how Medicaid and Medicare would change their lives. She went to grad school on a JCC scholarship.

Throughout the years, she never ceased in her activism. She joined me

at events many times to talk about the importance of Medicare. I interviewed Belle in the summer of 2015, marking the 50th anniversary of the passage of Medicare and Medicaid. She told me she was thrilled when it passed because she remembered how poor older people were when she was growing up—"They didn't have Medicare, they ended up in poorhouses," she told me. And she added, "Do you know how many people can't wait until they're 65 to get covered by Medicare?"

Just last fall, she joined us on a call with Ohio reporters to talk about how devastating it would be to raise the retirement age. That was Belle Likover—an activist and advocate, full of compassion but never bashful, all the way through age 97. Our family's thoughts and prayers are with Belle's loved ones. We will miss her, and we will strive to carry on her advocacy for Ohio seniors.●

TRIBUTE TO ERNEST "ERNIE" GRECCO

• Mr. CARDIN. Mr. President, today I would like to congratulate a dear friend of mine, Mr. Ernest "Ernie" Grecco, for 55 years of dedicated service to the labor movement and to working men and women and their families in the Baltimore-Washington metropolitan area and across the Nation. Ernie recently retired after serving for 20 years as president of the Metropolitan Baltimore AFL-CIO Council, which covers Baltimore City and Anne Arundel, Baltimore, Carroll, Cecil, Harford, and Howard Counties. For the last 15 years, he also served as secretary on the board of directors of the United Way of Central Maryland. Ernie's vocation and his avocation have been to make life better for other people. There is an old saying, "You make a living by what you get; you make a life by what you give." Ernie has given so much to so many for so long. It is why I feel privileged and proud to call him my friend.

Ernie became involved in the labor movement in 1962 while he was working at Calvert Distilleries. He was a member of Distillery Workers Union Local 34 and was elected shop steward. He served as shop steward until 1970, when he was elected secretary-treasurer of Local 34-D. He also served as trustee of the Distillery Workers International Union.

In 1973, then-President Nick Fornaro of the Baltimore Central Labor Council hired Ernie as a job placement officer for the Institutional Training Project. In this capacity, Ernie was responsible for helping find jobs for hundreds of men and women housed at the Jessup and Hagerstown Penal Institutions who were qualified for work-release status. In 1976, he became the director of the Metropolitan Baltimore AFL-CIO Council's Committee on Political Education, COPE. He served in this position until 1983 when he became the COP director for the Maryland State

and District of Columbia AFL-CIO. He was elected to serve as president of the Metropolitan Baltimore AFL-CIO Council in 1987, and he also served as first vice president of the Maryland State and DC AFL-CIO.

Ernie has held many other leadership positions over the course of his illustrious career. For instance, he chaired the Young Trade Unionists, which was created to bring younger people into the labor movement, and he served as president of the Union Label & Service Trades Council, which promoted the purchase of union services and products. Ernie has also served on the Baltimore Workforce Investment Board, the Maryland Transportation Commission, the Maryland Workers Compensation Commission, and the Maryland Racing Commission.

As president of the Metropolitan Baltimore Council, Ernie established monthly meetings with the mayor of Baltimore City to encourage better communications and collaboration between the city and the unions. The committee consists of all city unions and a representative from the building trades. Ernie also championed the council's community services division. The community services division provides assistance to working people through information and referral advocacy to help them solve personal and family crises. The services include education and training for union peer counselors; Baltimore Works, a job placement program for dislocated workers; and Project LEAP, an adult education literacy program.

It should come as no surprise that Ernie has received numerous awards for his indefatigable service to people. He has the distinction of receiving not one, but two, national awards for community service, the Samuel Gompers Award from the American Red Cross in 1991 and the Joseph A. Beirne Award from United Way of America in 1999. Last year, United Way of Central Maryland gave Ernie its Philip H. Van Gelder Award for Community Services. In 1995, the Baltimore City Fire Fighters Local 734 and Baltimore City Fire Officers Local 964 created the Grecco Labor Award to be given to a firefighter who "best exemplifies the continuing and complex efforts of the local union membership to build the relationship between labor and management."

During Ernie's career, he has been much loved and respected not just in Baltimore, but in Annapolis and across the State of Maryland for his steadfast commitment to the labor movement and working people. He is, understandably, an avid Orioles, Ravens, and horse-racing fan. His retirement is bittersweet because his beloved wife Dorothy—"Dot"—recently passed away, but I know Ernie will spend much of his time with his daughter, Nina Grecco Dukes, and his son, Gary, and Gary's wife, Kelly, and his grandchildren, Ashley, Adam, Katy, and Ben.

I have relied on Ernie's sage counsel on labor matters and other issues over

the years, and I treasure our friendship. I have been a better and more effective legislator because of Ernie's friendship and advice for which I am truly grateful. On behalf of the entire U.S. Senate, I congratulate Ernie on his accomplishments and his well-deserved retirement, but knowing Ernie as I do, he will find new ways to be of service to others; it is simply at the core of who he is.●

TRIBUTE TO BETTY JENEL OLSEN CARR

● Mr. CRAPO. Mr. President, today I wish to mark a wonderful occasion, a birthday that many do not live to celebrate. Today we honor the 95th birthday and wonderful life of Betty Jenel Olsen Carr, born in Kimberly, ID, on August 2, 1922. Her early life was very much what you would expect from rural Idaho in the 1920s, and in many ways, rural life there now still has some of these echoes of a strong work ethic and family values.

Betty grew up with seven siblings in a family that learned self-sufficiency and self-reliance on an 80-acre farm. Edith, Andy, Lamoin, Melba, Phil, Vera, Nina, and Betty lived cozily together with their parents, Hannah Marie Sandberg and Neils Albert Olsen, in a small, white wooden farmhouse that had no electricity or running water when Betty was a child. However, the home did have a black potbelly cast iron stove that kept everyone warm and fed.

Education figured prominently in Betty's goals, as she graduated at the top of her Kimberly High School class, even though she skipped her final year of high school to start college. She fostered her love of reading through editing the school newspaper. She also played flute in the marching band and, improbably, at just 5 feet, 4 inches tall, played forward on the girls basketball team. She headed off to college at what was then called the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho—now Idaho State University—and studied journalism, but most importantly, she followed through on something she said in high school. She had been looking through her older sister's college yearbook and spotted the photo of a handsome young man. She declared, "When I get to college, I am going to go out with that guy." She did indeed—she met and married Taylor Henry Carr a couple of years into college. Taylor served 3 years in World War II, and a family treasure is the love letters the two sent to each other during that difficult time that they were separated by his wartime service.

When Taylor returned home, he completed his education at the medical school at the University of Utah with the help of the GI bill and became a surgeon. Betty and he raised their seven children in Idaho Falls, ID. Each of those children has become remarkable in their own right, contributing to their communities, States, and country

—Katherine Ann, Taylor Douglas, Philip Olsen, Jan Elizabeth, Kenneth Wright, Steven Edward, and Gregory Curtis. Their home was filled with love, education, and adventure.

From a personal perspective, there has never been a better child psychologist or wiser parent and aunt. Betty is my mother Melba's youngest sister—my beloved Aunt Betty, who was a second mother to me. She understood teenagers in a unique manner and knew just when to encourage me at those times when young people need to hear advice from someone who loves them and is not a parent. Growing up, I always knew I would find welcoming arms and a warm shoulder just a few blocks from my home. Aunt Betty understood that, ultimately, love and the relationship with our loved ones was more important than anything else, and she epitomized that with her acceptance and encouragement of even the craziest ideas. A few years ago, I was delighted to show her around the U.S. Capitol when she made the long trip from Idaho to Washington, DC. A treasured item on display in my personal office is a photo with her from that trip.

Today Betty, the lifelong lover of reading, is as sharp as ever. At 95, she remains active, interested, and involved. She races through the crossword puzzle, tends her garden and great-grandkids, and never misses exercise class or bridge club. She recently went underwater in a diving bell in Florida. I am privileged to claim her as part of my family and honored to recognize her longevity as an Idahoan. Happy, happy birthday.●

REMEMBERING DAN FAUSKE

● Ms. MURKOWSKI. Mr. President, Alaskans will gather on August 9 to celebrate the life of Dan Fauske, a public servant extraordinaire, who lost his battle with cancer in April. Upon learning of Dan's passing, Representative Mike Chennault, four-term Speaker of the Alaska House of Representatives described Dan as "Superman." In Mike's words, "Dan Fauske leaped tall buildings in a single bound. Like Superman, there was not a challenge he couldn't take on."

Dan was a dear friend of mine, and his family is part of our extended family in the Murkowski office. Dan's son, D.J., who now serves as director of government and external affairs for the North Slope Borough, helped open my Washington office in 2003 as a staff assistant. D.J. subsequently married Gretchen Wieman, a legislative correspondent in my office during that period.

I counted on Dan for advice and counsel on important public policy issues affecting Alaska, as did many others in the State. His integrity and wisdom were unsurpassed, but Dan's greatest attribute was perhaps his humility. He was known as a straight shooter; one who was about getting the

job done and doing it right. Although he waded into many a difficult political problem, he resisted the urge to become a politician. If there was an ounce of self-promotion in Dan Fauske, I never saw it. Dan was one of the most grounded people I have ever met, and that was the key to his influence and effectiveness.

Dan Fauske, like so many builders of Alaska in the half century after Statehood, adopted our State as his home. Dan was born in Fargo on December 13, 1950. He relocated to Alaska in 1974 after serving in the Army—not to the big city, but to Barrow, now called Utqiagvik, the northernmost American city. A place where the first language was then and remains today Inupiaq. His older brother, Dave, was a teacher in the village. Dan worked construction and delivered fresh water, and he made himself part of the community. Elise Patkotak remembers him as one who approached the world as if everyone were a potential friend. Dan built a dog ramp to help Elise get her handicapped dog into the house. This is just one example of the many random acts of kindness for which Dan was known. Bridging the cross-cultural divide, his kindness was reciprocated in the community.

Dan left Alaska to study for an MBA at Gonzaga University in Spokane, WA, but it was a temporary absence. Utqiagvik was Dan's home, and upon graduation, Dan went to work for the North Slope Borough. He was chief financial officer and chief administrative officer. During his tenure, he pursued a vigorous capital construction program which brought water and sewer to many of the North Slope villages.

In 1995, Dan moved his family to Anchorage. He was named chief executive officer of the Alaska Housing Finance Corporation, AHFC. John Bitney, then a legislative staffer, remembers the day that he and the legislative auditor presented a bill in committee to liquidate AHFC. Just when the committee was about to move the bill, a man ventures forward from the audience, announces that he is the CEO of AHFC, and it is his second day on the job. He asked the committee to allow him to pursue a turnaround of the agency—and, boy, were we lucky that the committee agreed.

Over the next 18 years, Dan would not only rescue AHFC from its financial difficulties, but mold it into one of the most respected State housing agencies in the Nation. During his tenure, AHFC pioneered its weatherization and energy rebate program, which helped Alaskan families survive the challenge of high energy costs in the frozen North. He issued more than \$7.5 billion in bonds, led AHFC to avoid the subprime mortgage collapse and returned more than \$1.9 billion back to the State of Alaska through cash transfers, capital projects, and debt service payments. The AHFC building has been renamed the "Daniel R.