

was recently named Vermont's second Cartoonist Laureate. A resident of Brookfield, VT, Mr. Koren is best known nationally for his distinctive creature cartoons that appear in the *New Yorker*. His work has also been featured in many other publications.

Mr. Koren grew up in Mount Vernon, NY, and attended Columbia University, where he first began sketching cartoons for the university's magazine. Encouraged by a favorable review of one of his earliest works, Mr. Koren then dedicated himself to drawing investigative and satirical cartoons. His hard work, quick wit, and unique social commentary are evidenced in his work. In true Vermont tradition, he has also found the time to volunteer as a firefighter in his small community for the past 26 years.

I am proud to recognize Ed Koren's achievement as Vermont's Cartoon Laureate. The Vermont Digger recently published a profile of this accomplished man who has adopted Vermont as his home that captures all that is so unique about his character and creativity. I ask that the article, "Cartoonist Ed Koren earns a Vermont laurel, but don't expect him to rest on it," be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Vermont Digger, Feb. 16, 2014]

THIS STATE: CARTOONIST ED KOREN EARNS A VERMONT LAUREL, BUT DON'T EXPECT HIM TO REST ON IT

(By Andrew Nemethy)

From his rambling 1840s farmhouse in Brookfield in central Vermont, Ed Koren looks out on Sunset Lake and a quintessential Vermont village whose famed floating bridge is an icon of the state. But as a cartoonist, Koren's off-beat, pinballing mind is focused on a different view, as he scans the strange landscape of human foibles, fads, social mores and culture. It's a scene that has sustained him for more than five decades.

"There's something always new, or quirky or nutty or outrageous," he says, describing the lode of material that keeps inspiring his cartoons. "To me, it never ends, and it's great for that."

By a cranial alchemy that even he is hard-pressed to explain, what he sees out in the world gets distilled into cartoons populated by fuzzy big-beaked creatures and captions that capture the essence of whatever tickled his perceptive fancy. What emerges in his cartoons is at once universal but also artisanal and localvore because of the settings, which reflect the terroir of his adopted state. Take a recent *New Yorker* cartoon whose locale was instantly recognizable to any patron of the Three Penny Taproom in Montpelier, from the layout to the bartender to the list of beers, which included "Curtis India Pale Ale" (his wife's name is Curtis) "Onion River Saison" and "Camel's Hump Imperial Stout."

"I kind of bring it home," he says simply. "It's like a tribute to friends. It's capturing what I like about living here."

It's entirely fitting, then, that on Feb. 27, Koren will be recognized as Vermont's Cartoonist Laureate at the Statehouse, and will give a talk at the Center for Cartoon Studies in White River Junction, which nominated him for the award. (Burlington's James Kolchanka was the first.)

Koren is honored and, typically, quick to riff humorously about the nomination, quipping that he may have to wear a neck brace. "It's a weighty thing," he says of the honor and a potential swelled head. He then dredges up a quote from his literary mind, attributed to politician and UN ambassador Adlai Stevenson: "Flattery is all right so long as you don't inhale."

Truth is, there's little danger of flattery going to his head. Koren lives a well-grounded rural life in Brookfield: For 26 years he has served in the volunteer fire department, a job he loves, though he admits at 78, hauling hoses and pouring water on house fires, the "real grunt work," is beyond his capacity today.

"I'm getting to be too old," he says.

When it comes to cartoons, few artists have a style as distinctive and easily recognizable as Koren's squiggly creatures, which have appeared all over Vermont, his donation to nonprofits and other organizations he deems worthy. Koren himself is small-beaked and not very large, with a bushy gray mustache, a frequent twinkle in his eye and a sprightly gait that reflects his exercise pursuits, which range seasonally from cross-country skiing to biking and paddling. He's famed for exercising daily, which he says refreshes his mind and his sense of the beauty in the world.

Imagine a lean, fit fatherly elf with a curmudgeonly tinge, and you're not far off (though it's more grandfatherly these days, thanks to grandkids from his first marriage). He now lives with his wife Curtis and an elderly Siamese feline named Catmandu.

Koren, who was raised in Mount Vernon, N.Y., was doing a teaching gig in graphic arts at Brown University when Vermont beckoned and he moved here permanently.

"I fell into this house in Brookfield from a year-old copy of *Country Journal*," he explains. He saw an ad for the house in the magazine, checked it out, fell in love with its village location, and, while living in New York City, bought the place in 1978 as a second home.

His ties to the Green Mountains go much further back, however, to his teens when he attended a summer theater camp in Waitsfield. The lush landscape and way of life was beguiling. "Like a lot of kids, it stays with you," he says.

While Vermont offers fodder and settings for his cartoons, he admits to living a yin and yang existence. "I've always been a New Yorker because I've spent so much of my life there. I'm at a heart a city guy, but I'm at heart a country guy," he says. And like many a Vermont country guy, he's now, in mid-February, admitting to being weary of winter as he lugs in firewood from the shed to keep his Vermont Castings stove going and his house warm.

Koren was drawn to the arts early. As a kid, he was inspired to draw by Al Capp's *Li'l Abner*, especially the simple lovable cartoon characters known as "Shmoos." He began drawing cartoons in the mid-1950s at Columbia University for the college humor magazine, "Jester," and then went on to study graphic arts in Paris and to receive an MFA from Pratt Institute. He was feeling tugged in several career directions—city planning, architecture, and graphic arts—when a "kindly response" from *The New Yorker* about looking at his cartoons put his future on course.

Koren landed in the magazine's pages in its literary heyday when the legendary William Shawn was editor. His illustrations and cartoons began appearing in *The New York Times*, *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines, as well as in ads for financial publications and *Fortune* 500 companies, and in a wide range of books. Always a freelance artist, for a

number of years in the late 1990s he fell out of favor at the *New Yorker* (it was "an unreliable family member") but now seems to be back in the magazine's cartoon graces.

Koren is vague in describing how he came up with the creatures in his cartoons, which he roughs out and then refines in a lengthy process using pen and ink on large pieces of art paper measuring about two feet on each side. Those squiggly lined creatures of his just sort of happened, he says, explaining his style had a "lax way of evolving" and that he "wasn't trying to do any of what I achieved."

Koren draws in a spacious and cluttered studio at one end of his house, with two tables, stacks of books and walls pinned with illustrations, hand-written quotes and mementoes. Underneath one table is a bank of 40 drawers that hold decades of his life in pen and ink.

"I save everything. I'm a pack rat. I hate to throw things away," he admits.

As for his captions, which often nail smug and self-important people and modern life in general, he says he keeps his ears open "like two giant antennas," especially when he is visiting New York City. At home he reads a lot and listens to radio (WDEV, VPR and NHPR.)

Does he ever think of retiring? "Never!" he says, recollecting at the idea. Besides, humanity is constantly providing inflated egos to puncture and trends to lampoon.

"It's part of my life. If I didn't do that, what would I do?" he asks.

TRIBUTE TO DAVID RUBENSTEIN

Mr. LEAHY. Madam President, in recent years, as difficult budget questions have beset the debate in Washington about how best to rein in spending while meeting our shared responsibilities to Americans, our communities, and the world, our Nation's treasures—from the monuments that dot the National Mall to the historic relics that line the halls of the Smithsonian museums—have had to shore up spending and face the reality that the government simply can't foot the bill the way it used to.

Tough decisions in Washington have led many with the means to increase their charitable giving, but none compare to the generosity of David Rubenstein, businessman, family man, philanthropist. He is also a friend to many. But most importantly, he is a friend to many of America's national treasures. I cherish his friendship.

You need not walk far in Washington to find Mr. Rubenstein's mark. I hear often from Vermonters who have come to Washington, for work or a family vacation, who visit such iconic places as the National Zoo, the Kennedy Center, the Library of Congress, and, of course, the Smithsonians. All bear some sign of Mr. Rubenstein's generosity.

The *New York Times* recently featured a profile of this man and what he calls "patriotic giving." I ask unanimous consent that a copy of that profile be printed in the RECORD.

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

[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 VERMONTER"

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