Mulhair passed away when a roadside bomb exploded near his vehicle in Taji, Iraq. He was 35 years old and had been serving in Iraq since October.

Giving his life in service to our country, Sergeant Jeremy Mulhair is the paradigm of courage and selflessness. He is survived by his wife Suzie and three children, Celina, Jeremy, and Maybel, of Fort Hood, TX; his parents, Jerry and Mildred, of Kimballton, IA; his brother, Robert Mulhair, of Mead; and his sisters, Tammy Lines and Dixie Heisner, both of Omaha.

I offer my prayers and thoughts to Sergeant Mulhair's family. He made the ultimate sacrifice to ensure that his children and others realize a peaceful and free world. Sergeant Mulhair was a soldier of incredible purpose and all Americans will never forget what he gave to our country.

LANCE CORPORAL MICHAEL SCHOLL

Mr. President, I rise today to honor LCpl Michael Scholl of Lincoln, NE.

Corporal Scholl will be remembered as a brave marine, a good friend, and a loving father and husband. He graduated from Lincoln High School in 2002, where teachers and classmates knew him for his easygoing personality and intelligence. He was also interested in cars, participating in a local car club, Camaros, Inc.

Friends say Corporal Scholl had dreamed of serving as a marine since he was young. When he enlisted it was only after being denied at first because he was diagnosed with a kidney condition as a toddler. His ability to overcome this obstacle set the precedent for his reputation as a reliable, courageous marine. Corporal Scholl's company commander told Scholl's family that the corporal had saved his life during a battle in October.

Corporal Scholl met his wife Melissa on a beach in Hawaii while training there. The couple married before his overseas assignment in Afghanistan. A few weeks after his deployment to Iraq, Melissa gave birth to their daughter, Addison. Sadly, Scholl was never able to see his infant daughter.

On November 14, 2006, while serving with the Marine Corps' 2nd Battalion, 3rd Marine Regiment, 3rd Marine Division, III Marine Expeditionary Force based out of Kaneohe Bay, HI, Corporal Scholl passed away from wounds received from a roadside bomb in Haditha, Iraq. He was 21 years old.

In addition to his wife and daughter, Cpl Mike Scholl is survived by his mother and stepfather, Debora and Jackson Chandler of Lincoln, and his father and stepmother, Steve and Donna Scholl of Friend.

Sacrificing his own life so that others could live, Corporal Scholl was the embodiment of bravery and the finest example of selflessness. I extend my deepest condolences to Corporal Scholl's family and friends. His unfaltering patriotism and his dedication to his family will remain a source of hope and inspiration for all Americans. Corporal Scholl was a man of exceptional honor, and we will not forget what he gave for our Nation.

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS SCOTT E. NISELY

Mr. President, I rise today to honor SFC Scott E. Nisely, 48, of Marshalltown, IA.

Sergeant First Class Nisely will be remembered as a man of faith, a compassionate father and friend, and a dedicated soldier. Originally from Syracuse, NE, Sergeant First Class Nisely graduated from Doane College in Crete, NE, where he was a decorated track star, excelling in hurdles. His alma mater is renaming an annual track and field event as the Scott Nisely Memorial Track Classic. While in college, SFC Nisely enlisted with the Marines Corps Reserve, later rising to the rank of major, and serving in Operation Desert Storm.

After leaving the Active-Duty Marines, he worked for the U.S. Postal Service in Marshalltown, IA. In 2002, he enlisted in the Iowa Army National Guard. On September 30, 2006, while serving in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom in Al Asad, Iraq, with C Company, 1st Battalion, 133rd Infantry Regiment, 34th Infantry Division, Iowa Falls, then-Staff Sergeant Nisely passed away when his military vehicle encountered small arms fire. He was posthumously promoted to sergeant first class.

Sergeant First Class Nisely is survived by his wife Geri of Marshalltown, IA, his son Justin of Greeley, CO, his daughter Sarah of Ames, IA, and his parents J.C. and Norma of Syracuse, NE.

I offer my sincere condolences to Sergeant First Class Nisely's family. He made the ultimate and most courageous sacrifice in the name of freedom and hope to defend liberty. Sergeant First Class Nisely was a man of incredible bravery; he will be forever remembered as a hero who sacrificed everything for his fellow country men and women.

RETIREMENT OF GENERAL JAMES L. JONES, U.S. MARINE CORPS

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I would like to take this opportunity to commend GEN James L. Jones and to congratulate him on his retirement. General Jones has served this country through landmark events, including the Cold War and September 11, with consistent skill and with dedication, energy and intelligence. The country has greatly benefited from his service, and his clear-eyed counsel will be greatly missed.

I have known Jim Jones for almost 30 years. I was immediately impressed with his calm manner and obvious intellect when I first encountered him as a major in the Senate's Marine Corps liaison office. I had heard of his distinguished background to that point, which included service in Vietnam, where he earned a Silver Star, and years as a company commander, motivating his marines with his steadfastness.

Over the years, I, along with all of my colleagues in the Senate, have watched Jim Jones grow into a stellar leader. There are two sides to military service—the field operations and the administrative side. While each presents its own challenges, both are absolutely essential to a strong Marine Corps. Jim Jones has been simply superb in both roles.

I remember encountering then Colonel Jones in northern Iraq after the first gulf war during Operation Provide Comfort, which sought to provide food and supplies to the Kurds. At one point, I accompanied him into the town of Zaku. While you would think that this would be one of the more dangerous places, with multitudes of refugees and harassing Iraqi forces, I must admit I have never felt safer as Marine helicopter gunships, Air Force A–10s, and well-orchestrated groups of marines provided cover. General Jones was utterly comfortable, and completely confident, in that environment.

Yet he was just as at home in the conference rooms at Corps Headquarters, at the Pentagon, and walking the historic Halls of Congress. Serving as the 32nd Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, General Jones provided remarkable leadership to the Corps before and after the September 11 attacks. The marines under his command took on critical counterterrorist activities, forging strong ties with our special operations forces. General Jones' leadership led to the Marine Corps' successful operations in southern Afghanistan. Always a persuasive advocate for adequate resources for the Corps, he was an equally outstanding contributor to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, where he could only ''partly'' wear his service hat.

For someone with such multifaceted talent, skill and experience, it is little surprise that General Jones performed in equally spectacular fashion in his last, two-pronged position as Commander of U.S. European Command and as the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe. The 14th Supreme Allied Commander, he has encouraged our NATO allies to take on greater military responsibilities outside of Europe, including more leadership in ongoing operations in Afghanistan. His clear, well-spoken manner and obvious credibility have made General Jones an invaluable asset.

Through it all, General Jones has had no greater partner, confidant, and friend than his wife Diane. The commitment that they have shown in the good and bad times, to their children and to all who know them, is simply remarkable, and it is inspiring.

I join with my wife Marcelle, my fellow Vermonters, and all Americans in expressing our deep thanks to General Jones and his family. We owe this outstanding American, great marine, and dedicated representative of the very

best aspects of our Nation, a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

LANDMINES IN COLOMBIA

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, as someone who has been concerned about the problem of landmines for nearly two decades, I was heartened when every nation in this hemisphere, except, regrettably, the United States and Cuba, joined the Ottawa Treaty banning antipersonnel landmines. Many of them had experienced the human misery and economic hardship that landmines cause. Today most people in Central and South America can walk in safety thanks to the treaty and thanks to the efforts of the Organization of American States, with assistance from the U.S. Government, to remove the mines in those countries.

Today Colombia is the only country in Latin America where landmines are still being used. They are a persistent problem in almost every department, including some of Colombia's richest coffee-growing areas. According to the 2006 Landmine Monitor report, landmines in Colombia claim an average of three new victims a day. Colombia has the third highest incidence of mine victims in the world, behind only Cambodia and Afghanistan.

In Colombia the mines are used by rebel and paramilitary groups, and they are rudimentary in design. They kill or maim whoever comes into contact with them, whether it is a soldier or a young child. Many of the victims live in remote areas, hours or days from any medical services, so there is a high risk of bleeding to death.

Several initiatives are under way to help Colombia's mine victims with artificial limbs and rehabilitation and vocational services. Among them are the Polus Center for Social and Economic Development, the Colombian Coffee Federation, the OAS, Centro Integral de Rehabilitacion de Colombia, the Observatorio de Minas Antipersonnel, and the Colombian organization TECNOVO.

In addition, the Colombian organization United for Colombia has been working on a shoestring budget, and recently with assistance from the U.S. Government, to bring Colombian soldiers who have been grievously injured from landmines to the United States for reconstructive surgery.

I applaud the efforts of organizations that are working to assist victims of landmines in Colombia.

It is tragic that any of this is necessary. Landmines are inhumane, inherently indiscriminate weapons which should be relegated to the dustbin of history. The FARC rebels and AUC paramilitaries who use mines should be condemned. The use of these weapons is a gross violation of human rights and a crime against humanity.

On December 3, 2007, the world will mark the 10th anniversary of the signing of the Ottawa Treaty. Great progress has been made during the past decade in ridding the world of landmines. Let us hope that those who continue to insist on their right to use these indiscriminate weapons—in Colombia and in other parts of the world including the United States—will finally recognize that too often their victims are innocent people and that this cannot be justified.

FIGHTING MALARIA

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, earlier this year, the widely read, widely respected Sports Illustrated columnist Rick Reilly launched his Nothing But Nets campaign after learning that thousands of Africans—including about 3000 children—die each day from malaria and that simple mosquito netting could save many of these lives.

When I saw recently that his readers had kicked in more than $1.2 million for this effort—enough to buy 150,000 nets—I had to give that dollar total a double-take before it sunk in. His campaign has collected enough to buy thousands and thousands of nets, enough to save thousands and thousands of lives. Those nets, distributed by the United Nations Foundation and the World Health Organization, already are accomplishing that.

What Rick Reilly's crusade shows is that if you give Americans a clear and worthy goal, just about anything is possible.

Government and private relief agencies should be taking notes—and a lesson—from Rick Reilly. There are so many other devastating diseases that we could control or even conquer, if we summon the will.

I ask unanimous consent that Rick Reilly's column about this project be printed in the RECORD. There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.

[Sports Illustrated, Nov. 28, 2006]

NOTHING BUT THANKS

(By Rick Reilly)

Seven months ago you and I found out that each day 3,000 African children die of malaria for the very sad reason that they can't afford mosquito nets over their beds. Didn't seem right to us. Sports is nothing but nets—lacrosse nets, cutting down the nets, New Jersey Nets. So SI started the Nothing But Nets campaign. Doctors guaranteed that if you sent in $20, you'd save at least one kid's life, probably two.

It was the alltime no-brainer. Skip lunch; save a life. Buy the Top-Flites instead of the Titleists; save a life. Don't bet on the Redskins; save a life. Nothing to research. No government to topple. No warlords to fight.

Bless your little hearts, all 17,000-plus of you who chipped in more than $1.2 million—enough to buy 150,000 nets, which the United Nations Foundation and the World Health Organization started hanging all over Nigeria, where kids younger than five are getting murdered by mosquitoes that come out only at night.

I know, because I saw the nets. Just got back. Feel a little bad about going without you. After all, it was your money. So let's pretend it was you who made the trip, not me.

Remember? Everywhere you went, people mistook you for King Tut. Women got down on their knees and kissed your hand. Whole towns threw festivals. The king in every ward summoned you to his one-room, one-lightbulb palace. One pointed his horsehair scepter at you and pronounced, ''Thank you for dee nets. All my wives use dem!'' Turns out he has four wives and 23 kids, and they're all under the nets, which is a good thing because the open sewer that runs right outside his shack is a kind of one-stop malaria center.

Everywhere you went, 40 people followed: doctors and nurses and random government suits and guards with AK–47s and vice-kings. You rode in an eight-truck caravan past unimaginable squalor, vans on fire and guys selling caskets on the street—a very good business in Nigeria, where the average life span is 47. And every time you opened your car door, two drummers beat a skull-busting welcome. You'd pull into a school, and the principal would hang a ribbon around your neck and say something you couldn't hear. ''What?'' you'd holler over the drums.

''We humbly fumalk apoplia!''

And you'd shrug, and he'd gesture to the 200 kids behind him, who were chanting something over and over, their faces beaming. Later you'd find out it was, ''Thank you, white person!''

And they'd play a soccer game in your honor that featured nine-year-olds who played like 14-year-olds in the U.S., on fields full of weeds and trash, with goals made of tree branches. In three games the closest thing you saw to a boy with shoes was a set of brothers who wore one sock each.

And they'd hand you the mike, and you'd try to say how blown away you were and how you wished you could raise 100 times more in donations, because already one hospital in Nigeria is saying that since the nets went up, outpatient cases of malaria have dropped from 80 a month to 50. But they'd all put their hands to their ears and go, ''What?''

When you bribed the drummers into taking a union break, you finally met the people you'll never forget: the mothers. Turns out they're nothing but nuts about the nets. In fact, so many mothers want the nets that to get one, the World Health Organization requires them to bring their kids in for a measles vaccination. How often do you get two for one on diseases?

You met a mother who walked half a day to get a net. You met a woman who sleeps with her four kids under her net, maybe because she knows that three out of every 10 child deaths in Nigeria are from malaria.

In the fetid slums of Lagos you met a woman named Shifawu Abbas who's had malaria twice. ''Everybody wants the nets here, everybody!'' she said, beaming. ''My sister visited from the country and tried to steal it from me!''

Still, as you were climbing back into your air-conditioned SUV, she yanked back your hand and begged, ''Please? Can I come with you?''

Sorry, you said.

On the last day you met Noimot Bakare, a mother whose youngest child died of malaria. She was so grateful that she trembled as she spoke. ''Malaria is killing our children,'' she said, holding her toddler. ''There is so much need here. God will bless you for the work you are doing.''

Please go to NothingButNets.net and keep it up.

For that, we humbly fumalk apoplia.

INDIAN GAMING LEGISLATION

• Mr. MCCAIN. The 109th Congress ends with many missed opportunities, and among them is the opportunity to enact necessary amendments to the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act, IGRA.