

Harry Seivwright and Tom Guare, went into the European theater and left us after training. Ernest Gibson was wounded on one of the islands we invaded in the Pacific.

My wife and new bride, Esther, anxiously waited three years for my safe return, and we were writing and exchanging letters daily. Our local post service was super and a blessing when even on a Sunday afternoon a letter from the Pacific would be delivered to her personally sometimes by the Postmaster Ed Henry or our local carrier, Stan Fournier. Esther worked for the war effort the first year I was away, making her home with her sister in Connecticut. She worked for an industry that made fine glassware but had converted to making bomb site lenses for planes and she rode a victory bike to work daily. The last two years she returned to Montpelier and worked in the state Education Department and after working hours rolled and knitted bandages, sold war bonds, mixed the coloring in the margarine, grocery shopped with meat coupons, continued her daily letter to me and bonded with other Army wives and friends.

Vermont celebrated the victory of World War II in November and the celebration and parade were held in Montpelier marching down Main and State Street. Col. Jim Walsh of St. Albans from my outfit and I were asked to lead the parade. For Esther and me, the memories and the celebration of that day are the fondest, most emotional, happiest and proudest moments of our lives. War is a bittersweet experience.

#### TRIBUTE TO STEPHEN AND GWEN HUNECK

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, recently the Associated Press wrote a great article about Stephen and Gwen Huneck and their Dog Mountain studio. I have seen this article reprinted throughout the country.

If one goes into my office in Washington, my office in Vermont, my home in Vermont, or my home here, one would see many pieces of Stephen's artwork. Both Marcelle and I are great fans of his.

One of the pleasures of living in a small State like ours is that we had the opportunity to get to know Stephen and Gwen and realize what real human beings they are. They are among our valued friends, and I want the Senate to have the opportunity to read this article as part of an insight into why we think so highly of them. I ask unanimous consent to have the article printed in the RECORD.

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

(By John Curran)

Degas had his ballerinas, Monet his water lilies. For Stephen Huneck, inspiration comes on four legs—its teeth dug into a stick, or tugging on a piece of rope, or playing on a beach.

The eclectic Vermont folk artist, who started out whittling wooden sculptures of dogs and now specializes in dog-themed furniture, woodcut paintings and children's books, has carved out a unique niche with his whimsical reproductions of Labrador retrievers and other dogs.

And his Dog Mountain studio and dog chapel—on a picturesque 175-acre hillside farm in rural northern Vermont—have evolved into a kind of doggy Disneyland,

drawing animal lovers and their pets from all over, and some to mourn.

To Huneck, dogs are more than man's best friend.

"I really believe they're the great spirit's special gift to mankind," said Huneck, 59. "Dogs teach us more than we teach them."

But his first lessons were tough ones.

He was bitten by a German shepherd as a toddler, terrorized by a St. Bernard on his newspaper route as a teenager and left heartbroken once when his father bought a puppy for the family—but took it back to the pound the next day.

"Through it all, I just loved dogs," he said.

A longtime antique collector, the Sudbury, Mass. native turned to art professionally in the early 1980s, using old-fashioned chisels, saws and planes to hand carve his first few canine creations. Much of the basswood, cherry, maple and pine he works with comes from his farm.

His woodcuts—dogs with halos, dogs peaking out from under bedcovers, dogs sniffing each other—brim with the playfulness of a 6-week-old puppy. His sculptures and furniture, meanwhile, range from his Angel Dog statues—a black lab with golden wings—to coffee tables with sculpted dog likeness legs, from night tables with dog head handles to rocking dogs.

Dog lovers fairly hound him for commissioned works. His client list includes actress Sandra Bullock (a dog sculpture wedding present for her husband), Dr. Phil McGraw of TV talk show fame (a drawing of his dog) and U.S. Sen. Patrick Leahy, whose Washington, D.C., office is decorated with Huneck art.

"I think, to describe his work to someone who has never seen it, you simply say 'You have to see it, I can't describe it to give it the credit it deserves,'" said R. Scudder Smith, publisher of Antiques and The Arts Weekly, in Newtown, Conn. "It is too full of fun, imagination and talent to put into words."

His books, including "Sally Goes to the Beach," "Sally Goes to the Farm" and the new "Sally Gets a Job," feature woodcut prints accompanied by simple, pithy captions that celebrate man's unique relationship with dogs.

"Like a dog, he has no inhibitions," said Rob Hunter, gallery manager for Frog Hollow Vermont State Craft Center. "He goes all over the place with his work. He has tapped into that playfulness you get with a dog."

The dog chapel grew out of a bit of inspiration after his 1994 hospitalization with Adult Respiratory Distress Syndrome, which nearly killed him. When he came out of it, he says, he had a vision.

"I kept thinking what a great thing it could be, for people not only to mourn the loss of a dog but to celebrate nature and their relationships with their dogs," he said.

Using wood harvested from his own property, Huneck modeled the one-room chapel after 19th-century Vermont churches, with vaulted ceilings, stained glass windows and wooden pews.

Built at a cost of "several hundred thousand dollars" and completed in 2000, it has stained glass windows with images of dogs pieced into them.

The wooden pew-style benches in the 30-by-22 foot main room have one-dimension dog likenesses at either end that are so realistic, Huneck says, that live dogs sniff their bottoms.

Outside, a sign welcomes all: "Welcome all creeds, all breeds. No dogmas allowed."

"I wanted the dogs to know this is their place," he says.

It's also a place for their owners—many of them still grieving over their loss, years later.

The walls are covered in handwritten remembrances and photographs left by owners. It's no accident: Paper and pencils are stocked on a door near the entrance, next to the statue of Artie the angel dog, a black Labrador with golden wings.

"We came with Webster, to remember Boris," reads one. "He passed this week. He was a good dog and we will miss him. Webster will miss him too. But our visit today will help us all. Thanks, Cambridge, Mass."

Another: "Roxie: you are the dog of my heart. You taught me so much about life and love. Always, N."

Another: "In memory of Rebel, our beautiful greyhound, who died when I was giving birth to my daughter, Kyra."

"I got this idea that I wanted people to be able to put up pictures of their dogs and put up a short paragraph about their dogs and that they could share that with other people and that it would always be there," said Huneck. "To my great surprise, the place is almost completely, totally full of photographs."

"It brings tears to your eyes, or you could start laughing. It's just incredible insight," he said.

Weddings and civil union ceremonies have been held in it, although whenever someone makes such a request, Huneck and his wife, Gwen, explain that the chapel has to remain open for others while the ceremony is being held.

The chapel, which is unheated and never closes, is busy and full of life in summer and fall, but quiet, empty and solemn on most winter days.

"It's just so unique," said Jennifer Goodman, 29, of Boston, who made the three-hour drive to it last month, accompanied by her boyfriend and her 7-year-old basset hound, Beans.

"My friends were like 'You're going to Vermont? Are you going to go skiing?' I'm like, 'No, we're going to a dog mountain,' and no one quite understands it. We literally just got here, checked into a hotel."

Twice a year, Huneck and his wife throw outdoor barbecues—with food for everyone, two legs or four.

"When dogs pull up in here, they may never have been here before, but it's like they saw the 'Disneyland' sign. They just get so excited, so happy," he said.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### TRIBUTE TO TEMPLE EMANU-EL

● Mr. ISAKSON. Mr. President, I wish to honor in the RECORD Temple Emanu-El in Dunwoody, Georgia.

On March 29, 2008, Temple Emanu-El will celebrate its 30th anniversary with a black tie gala. This traditional reform synagogue was founded in 1978 by a small group of families determined to create a spiritual home where they and their children could live and grow in the Jewish faith, and they certainly have grown. Temple Emanu-El now serves over 800 Jewish families in the metro Atlanta area. The members of this thriving and vibrant congregation should be commended for their dedication to their faith as well as their community.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure and it is a privilege to recognize on the floor of the Senate the contributions of Temple Emanu-El. I congratulate Rabbi Julie Schwartz and the entire