

The Civil War is one of the most important events in our nation's history. Thanks to the brave actions of soldiers like Frederick Alber, we are a united, free country. It is only fitting that we remember the great sacrifices made by those who have gone before us. The marker dedication at Frederick Alber's grave site is a meaningful way to remember and honor the past heroes of our country and is an appropriate manner in which to salute our cherished liberties.

I join the entire community of Oregon Township and Lapeer County as they pay their respects to a real American hero, Frederick Alber.●

#### TRIBUTE TO RICHARD P. AUGULIS

● Mr. HOLLINGS. I rise today to pay tribute to Richard P. Augulis on the occasion of his retirement as director of the National Weather Service Central Region.

In Mr. Augulis' 35 years with the National Weather Service, including 13 years as director of the 14-state Central Region, he has held public safety paramount, whether as a forecaster or as a manager. He has now retired to Las Vegas, Nevada where he is able to enjoy this new venture with members of his family.

Mr. Augulis joined the National Weather Service in August 1961 as a Weather Bureau Student Trainee at WBAS Midway Airport while attending St. Louis University. He earned his Bachelor of Science in Meteorology in 1963 and added a Masters Degree in 1967. He distinguished himself in a variety of forecasting and management positions—in Salt Lake City; Anchorage and Fairbanks, Alaska; Garden City, New York; and, finally, Kansas City.

Beginning in 1974, as Meteorologist in Charge of the new Fairbanks Weather Forecast Office, Mr. Augulis presided over a staff that operated service programs during the exciting and challenging times of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline construction. Mr. Augulis' leadership was also invaluable to employees during the mid-1970s when the National Weather Service implemented the Automation of Field Operations (AFOS) communications network, making a breakthrough transition from teletype to computers.

Mr. Augulis' last decade with the National Weather Service included the largest modernization and reorganization ever undertaken by the agency. He helped guide his region through the introduction and implementation of state-of-the-art Doppler radar, computer-enhanced weather modeling and forecasting, and restructuring from more than 300 offices of varying sizes and capabilities to an efficient network of 123 21st Century Weather Forecast Offices across the United States.

Mr. Augulis has served proudly as an employee and a manager of the Na-

tional Weather Service. He is a distinguished executive branch employee whose accomplishments reflect credit on himself, the National Weather Service and our nation.

On this occasion, I am honored to join his family, friends and colleagues as we recognize Richard P. Augulis on his retirement from the National Weather Service.●

#### DAVID GRISWOLD—LOYAL STAFFER

● Ms. COLLINS. Mr. President, in the days since the untimely death of our beloved friend and colleague, Senator John Chafee, we have heard numerous testimonies to the impact Senator Chafee had on the lives of those who were fortunate enough to associate with him. From those with whom he served, both in Rhode Island and here on the floor of this august body, we have heard of his skills as a statesman and his benevolent manner as a friend. I am sure all of us are also aware of the love and pride he felt for those who were most important in his life—his family.

We would be remiss, however, if we did not also acknowledge another set of lives that Senator Chafee touched—those of his staff. His significance in their lives is perhaps best reflected in the story of David Griswold, Senator Chafee's chief-of-staff.

As a friend of Senator Chafee's, I wanted to thank Dave for the invaluable assistance that he provided the Senator over the past 23 years. A recent article in the Providence Journal reflects on the years that Dave worked with Senator Chafee for the people of Rhode Island and the people of this great nation. This article, which is a thoughtful reflection on Dave's 23 years of dedicated service, captures beautifully the loyalty, modesty and sincerity with which he did his job. I ask that it be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Providence Journal-Bulletin, Oct. 30, 1999]

AIDE BECAME A REFLECTION OF JOHN CHAFEE IN A 23-YEAR JOURNEY, DAVID J. GRISWOLD ROSE FROM BEING THE SENATOR'S DRIVER TO SERVING AS HIS CHIEF OF STAFF

(By Maria Miro Johnson)

U.S. Sen. John H. Chafee in a bowling alley.

That was a bad night, says David J. Griswold, reflecting yesterday on his life alongside the man he'd served for 23 years.

Griswold started out as his go-fer and driver, then rose through the ranks to become his chief of staff, a position he has held for 10 years.

Now he sat in the senator's sunny office on Dorrance Street, having just come from a service, which he wrote himself, at the State House rotunda. His mind, he said, was "numb." At one point, he interrupted himself in mid-sentence "It's so hurtful to be referring to him in the past tense, I cannot tell you."

But he also laughed now and then to recall certain stories. Such as the bowling alley story.

It was an October day in 1982, says Griswold, the closing days of a tense reelection campaign against Democratic Atty. Gen. Julius Michaelson. President Ronald Reagan had tumbled in the polls and people were anxious about the economy. Republicans feared people might vote Democratic simply to signal their displeasure with the president.

Griswold, working as a scheduler then in Chafee's Providence office, had an idea: Why not campaign in a Cranston bowling alley on a Saturday night? The place was sure to be full of good-natured Rhode Islanders.

Chafee had never campaigned in a bowling alley, Griswold is sure, "he said, 'All right, we'll try this.'" So they loaded up the car with brochures and headed for the lanes on Elmwood Avenue.

"And it was awful," says Griswold. The place was full of kids and teenagers, the adult leagues having bowled during the week. "They didn't know who he was. They weren't rude, but they were just not tuned in. Many of them were not even voting age."

Nonetheless, "we schlepped along down one side and baaaaaack up the other side," with Chafee shaking every hand. "He must've been just ready to burst and I was feeling like I wanted to die, 'cause I knew immediately, 'Oh boy, this was not a good idea.'"

Griswold drove the senator home to Warwick, and that's when "he let me have it."

"He said, 'Whose idea was this? That was the biggest waste of time I ever had. Don't you know how tired I am? Don't you know how stressful this is? What was the point of wasting time in there with that crowd? They weren't very friendly

'And I said, 'Senator, it was my idea. I'm sorry.' And he was very quiet. The whole way home, neither of us said anything, and I dropped him off."

The next day, Griswold returned from some errands to find a phone message: "Senator Chafee called. He called to say that he was sorry that he was cross with you last night. He appreciates everything you do, and he's very proud of you."

"I saved that note," says Griswold. "Here it was Sunday before the election. We were all in a state of terror. I would have forgiven him for being much worse to me than he had been. I would have forgiven him for hitting me. . . ."

"I fell in love with him forever at that point. That made me know I would stay with this organization for as long as the door would open."

David J. Griswold, 45, grew up in Warwick, the son of David F. and Nancy Griswold, a salesman and a secretary, both of them Republicans who "revered" John Chafee, as did so many members of their generation.

Over the years, he says, parents of younger staffers have expressed the same feeling his own parents did that working for Chafee "lifted up their families" and made them proud.

Griswold was only 14 when, in 1968, he first encountered then-Governor Chafee, who was throwing a rally at Providence City Hall for Nelson Rockefeller, who was seeking the Republican nomination for president.

"I heard about it and came downtown," says Griswold. "In those days, we didn't have C-Span and all these constant reports of everything, minute by minute. When a presidential candidate came to Providence, Rhode Island, it was a big deal."

The teenager handed out fliers directing people to City Hall, and then he went to the rally himself. The speeches were great, he said, and afterward, Chafee shook Griswold's hand. "It was thrilling."

Later, as Griswold headed to the Outlet building to catch a bus, a limo came rolling by. "And Rockefeller looks out of the car and gives me a thumbs-up. And I knew in that split second it was me that he was gesturing to. And it was magical. And then in a flash, the care was gone and the day was over and real life returned. . . ."

But "that day, I began to love politics because I had made a connection with this figure and had felt that he was reaching out to me."

Griswold kept volunteering for Republicans, kept going down to defeat after defeat. (Republicans in Rhode Island, says Griswold, are "a pathetically lonely, small community.") And it wasn't until 1975, when he was a 21-year-old Providence College student, that he encountered Chafee again.

Chafee had lost his first Senate race to Claiborne Pell in 1972, but was gearing up for a run in '76.

"Oh, he didn't know me from Adam," says Griswold of their meeting at Chafee's headquarters in the Turks Head Building. "I was one of a hundred people, but he made me feel as if he and I connected."

The day after graduating from PC, Griswold joined Senator Chafee's staff. He has never looked back.

One of his early jobs was to drive the senator to his appointments. Though Chafee was a friendly enough passenger, Griswold made it a practice to speak only when spoken to. For one thing, he was nervous about getting lost which, at time, he did.

Inevitably, he says it was Chafee who got them back on track "He knew all the roads of Rhode Island. He knew every village in the State." Realizing that Griswold felt awful about it, he'd say, "Well, you know David, if that's the worst thing you ever do, you don't have much to worry about."

"It always felt so good to hear that."

After his reelection in 1982, Chafee was aware that Griswold was a conscientious worrywart and was a bit afraid of inviting him to be one of his legislative assistants in Washington.

"He valued thoroughness," says Griswold. "He valued the willingness to stay until the job was done at night. He valued commitment and honesty. He valued when you didn't know the answer to something, you said, 'Senator, I don't know,' rather than inventing a guess about what the answer might be, because that would just be a waste of time."

Griswold went on to become Chafee's chief legislative assistant, then his legislative director, then his chief of staff.

One former colleague, Christine C. Ferguson, now head of the state Department of Human Services, worked closely with Griswold from 1981 to 1995 "some of the best working years of my life."

Unlike some chiefs of staff, who are "really political animals, operators, very slick," she says, "David is very much a reflection of John Chafee."

As Griswold recalls those days, the work of advising Chafee could be "painful."

He and Ferguson were always having to remind the senator of the political ramifications of his upcoming votes. "We would say things like, 'What good is it to know you're gonna do the right thing if in the end, you lose an election and you can't come back here and try to keep on doing what you're doing?'"

"And he struggled. I remember nights that he would pound his fist on the desk and say to us, 'Thank you. I've heard enough.'"

Griswold was seldom sure how Chafee would end up voting when he went to the floor "He had his own compass."

Griswold sometimes warns young applicants for staff jobs that it's easier to work for a conservative or a liberal than for a moderate like Chafee, "because you at least start out kind of knowing where you're headed."

On the other hand, "it made us do our jobs better. You really had to think to step back from each question and try to look at it from everybody's side."

Over the years, Griswold became "very slightly less afraid" of Chafee, but still never called him by his first name, always "Senator." Frankly, he says, he resented staffers who did otherwise, because it presumed an equality that could never exist. (Chafee, for his part, never complained about it, Griswold says.)

"This is the biggest person that has served this state in this century," he said, "in terms of length of tenure, in terms of types of jobs he's done, in terms of the barriers he's broken politically and in terms of just his statesmanship."

When it's pointed out that Griswold has given his entire adult life to serving Chafee, he says that in fact, it's Chafee who has given him something. "He's given me opportunities at every turn which I could not have expected I was ready for."

In recent years, Chafee has reminded Griswold to "smell the roses" and indeed, Griswold has eased up a bit on work. "Ironically," he says, "it is he that I wanted to be smelling roses."

Griswold had known that the senator was ailing, and that the job was requiring more of a struggle. But he was active to the end.

"He had made a wonderful speech, just three or four days before his death, at the National Cathedral to a huge gathering of the National Trust for Historic Preservation."

Chafee had worked hard on the speech, and it won him a standing ovation from the crowd of 2,000 people. "He felt pumped up and he knew he'd done a good job."

Then, last weekend, Chafee called Griswold to say he wasn't feeling well, and needed to cancel two planned events. Griswold thought he heard something different in his voice.

"I think he was always prepared for everything," he says even death. "He was a person of faith and a person with a compass that guided him and he was ready even when he was unprepared, in the sense of having no script in hand just ready to do what he was called to do, and do it with grace."

On Sunday night, at about 8, Griswold got the call from Chafee's daughter, Georgia Nassikas.

"When I heard her voice, my heart just fell to the floor. I knew this had to be something bad." But the way she said the last three words "my father died" with such composure and strength, helped Griswold.

He realized "this was where we were now," and felt prepared.

Nonetheless, as he paced around the room with the phone in his hand, he found himself double-checking his facts: "Did you tell me now that your dad has died?" he asked. "And she laughed, and said yes."

Such, he says, are the habits born of working for John Chafee.

So many logistical details are involved in helping arrange today's massive funeral that Griswold has had no time to grieve.

It's as if the funeral was one more big project, which the staff is handling as it has handled so many others through the years. "At any given point in the process, we've all thought he might walk in and say, 'Well, how's this coming along, folks?'"

Now, every morning, when Griswold wakes up, it takes him a moment to remember that "the world is different now, completely different. . . . I never thought he'd leave. I never believed that John Chafee would leave. And it's scary to me, not to have him."

In the smallest, most everyday actions just making a phone call Griswold remembers him. It's always, Hello, this is David Griswold with Senator Chafee.

"I had five names. David Griswold With Senator Chafee. I'm afraid that I will say that for a long time."●

#### DR. JOHN O. LUSINS OF ONEONTA, NY

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, a milestone will occur on Wednesday, December 15th, while the Senate is in recess, which I do not want to go unacknowledged. Dr. John O. Lusins of Oneonta, New York will celebrate his sixtieth birthday. In his five decades, this New Yorker has grown from a childhood war refugee into a beloved husband, devoted physician, respected oenophile, and caring father of five children. Suffice to say, Dr. Lusins has accomplished the American dream. I wish him hearty congratulations on this achievement.

Named after his physician father, John O. Lusins was born December 15th, 1939 in the Baltic country of Latvia. At age twelve, John and his mother, Elza, immigrated to the United States after being displaced for several years as a result of World War II. Seeking a better life after witnessing the atrocities in Europe, the two lived briefly in Greensboro, North Carolina before settling in Yonkers, New York.

John entered the Andrus Home for Children at age fifteen, and proved himself to be an anomaly among his peers by graduating from Charles E. GORTON High School in 1958. With continued perseverance, Lusins, under the aegis of a SURDNA scholarship, went on to graduate from Columbia University in 1963 and the Albany School of Medicine in 1967.

During these years, John not only excelled academically but proved himself as an athlete, leader, and a patriot. Throughout his collegiate career, John powered Columbia's varsity crew down the Harlem River and was named captain for his senior year in 1962. Following his junior year, however, Lusins was called to military duty in Germany as the Soviets erected the Berlin Wall. After fulfilling his military obligations, he returned to New York and subsequently finished college.

Before leaving for Berlin, John met a dashing young lady by the name of Anna Marie Dahlgard Bistany. Upon his return, the two promptly fell in love and were married on the 17th of