

wear when we fish for these trout?" My father said, "No, I think we need something more than that, something a little different." Off they went to enjoy a remarkable 2 days together.

My father loved John Stennis, and when my father was the recipient of the Milward L. Simpson Chair of Political Science at the University of Wyoming, John Stennis served as his honorary chairman, and said, "If there is anything I can do for my friend, Milward Simpson, I will do it." So it was a great affection and relationship, a true friendship. Then when I, of course, came to the Senate, John Stennis was the first to greet me. He said, "If there is anything I can do to help you or smooth your path here, let me do it." And he did.

He was more than charitable, kind, and attentive to me except, of course, when I tried to kill off the Tennessee Tombigbee Waterway. Then there was a definite strain in our relationship—momentary, fleeting. But he said, "ALAN, I cannot believe that you would do that." And he was right. I did not believe I could, and did not. That great waterway is a great tribute to personally the perseverance of John Stennis.

But what he told me—and I shall never forget—he said "ALAN, I have been watching you." I had been here maybe 4 years at the time. "I have seen you work. I know how hard you work." He really buoyed me up. He said, "You want to remember something in the Senate." He said, "People come here, and some grow and some swell." I shall never forget the phrase. "Some grow and some swell." Indeed, we know both categories. I think I have done a little of both. But when I did swell, I was put down a peg or two, to get back to growing instead of swelling.

So I want to just pay tribute to John Stennis, and I know my dear parents, both gone, too, would have wanted me to pay tribute to a very dear and lovely friend, and to his memory, which will certainly be present in this Chamber for the remainder of time. He was deeply loved, a man of great stature, and truly a wonderful gentleman, truly a gentleman.

So God bless his son and his daughter who survive him. They have a wonderful heritage.

SENATOR DAVID PRYOR

Mr. SIMPSON. Mr. President, let me just say a word about my friend, DAVID PRYOR.

DAVID PRYOR has determined that he will now retire from the Senate, and we came here together. We came here in the class of 1978. There was a class of 20, the largest class ever to come into the U.S. Senate at one time, 11 Republicans and 9 Democrats. We were very close. Those of us who are still here are still very close. In fact, in January of this year, the remaining group of us met together and had dinner together with our spouses, and shared the attitude of how can we make the place

work a little better instead of just chopping ourselves to pieces, as we sometimes do. But that goes with the territory. That is politics. It was always a little rough and tumble, and it still will be, and ever shall be, world without end.

But DAVID PRYOR and Barbara—and there is a remarkable woman. She has chosen to take a little of a secondary role in the life of this wonderful man. Let me tell you, she is in every sense as much a part of DAVID's success in life and fiber as my own wife, Ann, is of mine.

So DAVID and I came here, and I was placed in the basement of the Russell Building because it was thought that I was No. 100. Well, the senior Senator from Wyoming had resigned an hour before the deadline of midnight of the New Year. So I was not 100; I was No. 88, which was a significant leapfrog. We have since changed that. We do not do that anymore. But nevertheless, thinking I was No. 100, they placed me in the basement of the Russell Building, with bars on the windows, which were not unfamiliar to me from some of my activities in youth. But, nevertheless, it looked like the sewers of Paris down in there.

But I was glad to have any kind of opportunity to be here, thrilled as we all are, and hope always will be, or we shall get out. DAVID PRYOR, who I had come to know in those early days, came to visit me in my dungeon surroundings, the durance vile. He said, "This is quite an office you have here." I said, "It is. But at least I am here." He said, "You need something to brighten it up." I said, "Well, that would be lovely. I think you are right." So later in the afternoon he mailed to me, hand carried by courier, a dead plant with the leaves dangling in grotesque, yellowish brown fashion. He said he thought that the plant matched the surroundings of what I had there. And then he later showed up personally to assure himself that I had received this beautiful plant to grace my new surroundings.

Well, that is part of DAVID. He is a wonderful friend, and he is a very serious man. He comes to this floor, and he defends his friend, his principal friend, who is a man named Bill Clinton, President of the United States. I used to come to this floor and defend my friend, a man I had known for 35 years named George Bush, President of the United States. And DAVID and I have often laughed at how it is when you are a close friend of a President, because when somebody is here tearing them up, your staff says, "Get over there; they are doing something bad," and you end up dropping what you do and you come over to defend your friend. I have done that with George Bush, and I have seen DAVE do it with great loyalty for his friend Bill Clinton.

I have always admired him. I have worked with him. There is not a finer, more principled man, a man of remarkable honesty and directness, and a man to whom I once said, "DAVID, did you

run for president of the first grade? Because I don't think you have missed any part of politics. I think you have been in this since your birth." When you look at the public record that he leaves behind as a legislator, as a member of the Arkansas Assembly, a Congressman, a Governor, a Senator, the people of Arkansas love this man, and he could have been here as long as he wished. He has decided, however, to do something many, many of us think about more and more often, and that is stepping away, not with irritation or hostility or angst or anguish, just knowing that there are other things to do in life, stepping away just as a person such as Jack Danforth of Missouri—no regret, no recrimination, just stepping away.

That is what DAVID has chosen to do, and I just want to say that I wish him well. And he will do well. He looks spirited and relieved and released, had a snappy tan to his face, lilt to his step the other day—he had gone golfing, a shocking revelation.

And so to DAVID and to Barbara, special people of special depth, special substance and sensitivity, and their children, David, Jr., Mark, and Scott, who are great friends of our daughter Susan—they grew up together here in Washington—to DAVID and Barbara Pryor, with whom we have shared much, spent time together, talked of things much deeper than legislation, I say Godspeed. I join in wishing them well in a new chapter of their lives which will be very, very fulfilling to them, I am sure, knowing the type of people they are.

I thank the Chair.

Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. COVERDELL). Without objection, it is so ordered.

RECESS UNTIL 1:50 P.M.

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, and my colleagues who are not on the floor but are probably in their offices, we are waiting for an amendment to be drafted. It may be another 15 to 30 minutes. Rather than have the Senate in session, I will move in a second that we recess for 30 minutes.

It is our hope to have an amendment prepared on which we will vote Monday, followed by a cloture vote on Tuesday. We are trying to reach that agreement, and right now they are in the process of drafting the amendment.

I move that we stand in recess until 1:50.

The motion was agreed to.

Thereupon, the Senate, at 1:16 p.m., recessed until 1:51 p.m.; whereupon, the

Senate reassembled when called to order by the Presiding Officer (Mr. COVERDELL).

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair, in his capacity as a Senator from the State of Georgia, suggests the absence of a quorum. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. DEWINE). Without objection, it is so ordered.

MOVED BY TRIBUTE TO SENATOR JOHN C. STENNIS

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, recently I received a letter from a Dr. Wayne M. Miller of Killeen, Texas. The letter was in reference to my recent eulogy for the late and beloved Senator John Cornelius Stennis.

Dr. Miller wrote that he was deeply moved by the tribute, so much so that he sat down and composed a poem after hearing it. I call attention to the letter and to the poem enclosed with it because it demonstrates not only the sensitivity and talent of the writer, but also the power and the passion which words can evoke.

In these days of often destructive, rude, and even dangerous rhetoric, let us stop and reflect on the tremendous power of our words.

Such reflection may help those of us in public life and in the media to strive to use our voices to inspire rather than to enflame.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Dr. Wayne M. Miller's letter and poem be printed in the RECORD.

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

KILLEEN, TX.
April 27, 1995.

U.S. Senator ROBERT C. BYRD,
Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC.

DEAR SENATOR BYRD, when I tuned in to a C-Span telecast last night, I caught the latter part of your eloquent tribute to the late Senator Stennis. It was truly one of the greatest speeches I have ever heard. To be sure, it had the two basic ingredients of a great speech: substantive thinking, and rhetorical skills to effectively express it.

Although I am not a West Virginian, I have admired your accomplishments and the stature of your leadership. I was reared just eighty miles north of Wheeling, in a small town of Harmony, Pennsylvania. After serving as chaplain in the Air Force, I became a field director for American Red Cross—and am now retired with that organization. For the past sixteen years I have been teaching composition and rhetoric at Central Texas College.

Would it be possible to have a copy of your outstanding speech? I would be ever so grateful!

I am so happy that we still have statesmen of your caliber in our nation's capital. I am enclosing a poem which I wrote after listening to you on television. It reflects, in some

small measure, my responsiveness to your deeply, moving words.

Respectfully,

WAYNE M. MILLER.

Enclosure.

To the Honorable Mr. Byrd, Distinguished U.S. Senator from the State of West Virginia, after hearing the stirring tribute delivered on the floor of Congress for the late Senator John Stennis of Mississippi (1901-1995):

Your well selected words, like highly polished marble

(Uniquely Mr. Byrd's!)

Were fitted in a pyramid of architectural marvel—

Arousing such a sentiment in the shaping of your thoughts

Keen emotions were unharnessed from what common birth allots

And, untouted, undergirds

The daily warp and woof of our fabric of existence.

You talked about our too brief pilgrimage,

And you pricked our unsuspecting Achilles Heel

When you sharpened our awareness of fragility

That stamps the mold of our mortality—

And your sobering reflection of the little bird

That fluttered through the crack from the raging storm

Into the blinding light of the banquet hall,

And then, so very soon, fluttered out again—

Demonstrated our fitful wandering,

Our groping sightlessness, our straining stammering,

Our hurried exit from the ever-blinding light

Of the babbling banquet hall and "much ado about nothing."

You addressed so poignantly the human predicament

In the never ending journey "east of Eden"—

Never ending, that is,

Until that special day of reckoning

When all our shattered dreams, our broken vows . . .

Will have their consummation

In all-glorious transformation

From the ugly to the beautiful

And the painful to the joyful

Where there will be no night,

No parting and no sorrow.

You led us like thirsting sheep

To the oasis of our being—

The wells of spiritual refreshment

Where first we saw the mirroring of our impoverished selves

And then experienced the waters that revive us

And show us the way of day.

You showed us what we are—

And what we can become

In the "long journey into night"

While we suffer in our little rooms,

Waiting for the fateful end—

To be transposed by the Great Composer

From our dischords into harmonies,

Rejoicing with the Children of the Light.

WAYNE MEREDITH MILLER,
1995 Nominee for Poet of the Year.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

TRIBUTE TO NAOMI NOVER

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, on April 22, the Washington journalism community lost one of its most enduring figures. For decades, Naomi Nover was a distinctive presence on Capitol Hill and at the White House, often claiming a front-row seat at Presidential news conferences. Known for her perseverance and her determination to continue her passion for journalism, Naomi fell ill last month while renewing her Senate press credentials. It was the first day for gallery members to renew their press cards, and as usual, Naomi was one of the first in line.

A native of Buffalo, NY, she and her husband Barney moved to Washington in 1936. After receiving a masters degree from George Washington University, she worked with her husband for the Denver Post, wrote a column called "Washington Dateline," produced a radio program called "Views and Interviews," and when Barney Nover retired from the Denver Post in 1971, Naomi cofounded the Nover News Bureau. After her husband passed away in 1973, Naomi established a journalism prize in his memory, the Barnet Nover Memorial Award, given for journalistic excellence at the annual White House Correspondents Association dinner.

Naomi's perseverance was legendary. Sam Donaldson tells an admiring story about the time Naomi was hit by a truck while crossing Pennsylvania Avenue. "The vehicle was almost totalled," Donaldson says. "She walked away without a scratch." President Clinton called her "years of dedication to her craft and her efforts to cover events * * * a lesson to us all in hard work and the persistence of the human spirit."

Mr. President, I know all my colleagues join me in sending our warmest condolences to Naomi's friends and family.

ORDER OF PROCEDURE

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, I say for the benefit of my colleagues and others who would probably like to get out of here, we are waiting for an amendment to be drafted. It is almost complete. Upon completion, it will be sent to the desk. Then there will be a cloture petition filed, and we will be able to leave for the day.

It should not be long. I am told 15 or 20 minutes.

THE STAKES IN LEGAL REFORM

Mr. DOLE. Mr. President, as we continue the legal reform debate, I think it is important to take a few minutes and focus on what is and is not at stake here.

What is at stake is whether we are going to continue with a legal system that is too costly, too long, and too unfair. What is at stake is whether the