

the effort to find solutions to our Nation's health care problems and I encourage my colleagues to support this legislation.

Mr. LEAHY addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. AL-LARD). The Senator from Vermont.

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I would like to take 10 minutes under the procedure that we now have, and I do not expect that I will require more time than that. If I do, I will take a few minutes off the bill on this side.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator has that right.

Mr. LEAHY. I thank the Chair.

JACK BARRY, A VERMONT TREASURE

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, in Vermont, you have to wait until May to see signs of life, signs of spring. But this May has been unseasonably cold, and got a little colder earlier this week when Vermont lost Jack Barry—one of the true, enduring treasures of the most special State in the Union.

Jack Barry left us on Sunday, May 4, at the age of 70, after a long struggle with cancer. He was in his third year as a senator, he was my first press secretary when I came to Washington as a 34-year-old Senator. But most of all he was an extraordinary and beloved broadcaster on radio and television whose ubiquitous presence on the Vermont airwaves has made thousands of Vermonters feel as though Jack Barry has been a member of the family.

In fact, he really was a member of thousands of Vermont families, and more welcome in their homes than just about anybody else.

Jack achieved legendary status among Vermont broadcasters. As an interviewer, he had an unparalleled ability to get to the essence of a person and an issue.

Jack's life in radio and television makes any review of his achievements read like a broadcasting directory. As you might expect, Jack had an on-air personality and voice to die for, and he was the same off the air, as fresh and genuine as the Green Mountains that he loved.

He hosted call-in shows where civility and common sense were the standard, he moderated and produced several public affairs programs where he was the most prepared person there. And he was a popular master of ceremonies for a wide range of nonprofit and public interest causes. He was Vermont's Sportscaster of the Year in 1972 and the Vermont Association of Broadcasters gave him the Distinguished Broadcasting Award in 1981 and, to make sure that everyone knew, they installed him into their Hall of Fame in 1995. He was the Rutland Herald's Vermonter of the Year in 1991. He lent his considerable talents to many community organizations including St. Michael's College—his alma mater, and mine—the Vermont Special Olympics, United Way, and the Vermont Cancer Society. He

was past chairman of the Vermont Heart Association and was serving on the national board of the American Heart Association. For the last 3 years he served in the Vermont Senate, where, as Senate President pro tempore Peter Shumlin puts it, Jack "was like a kid in a candy shop."

He loved people. He truly loved people—all people—just as he truly loved politics. And he did not shrink from controversy to act on his convictions. He embraced controversy, if need be, because he never gave up his convictions, as when he forcefully argued against the popular rush to criminalize the rare instances of flag burning. And our State agreed with him.

I want to put into the RECORD at the end of my remarks a selection of the many news accounts, columns, and editorials this week that recite so many more of his achievements. But first I want to recount some of the personal recollections about Jack from his friends and colleagues that have come my way since Sunday.

George Goldring, who works at WVMT, recalls the days when he and Jack broadcasted University of Vermont football—Jack, for WVMT, and George, for WJOY.

He fondly remembers one night after a game in Pennsylvania, when they were sitting around a hotel room with a couple of other Vermont broadcasters. Nobody went to bed. The night dissolved into morning as Jack regaled them with story after story and joke after joke, keeping everyone in stitches all night long.

Mr. President, having been one of those fortunate enough to have sat in on one of these evenings—you do not want the night to end. It is the best of Irish storytelling.

George says that Jack was a professional's professional in front of a microphone. He was never at a loss for words.

John Goodrow of my staff and Jack both worked at WJOY in Burlington in different eras. Last November, the station threw a party to mark its 50th anniversary, and through the evening all the former on-air personalities were introduced. But when Jack Barry was introduced, the applause was the loudest and the longest, the most fervent, the most heartfelt.

John's father, Goody Goodrow, recalls getting to know Jack while Goody was a student at St. Michael's College after serving in the Navy in the Second World War. He was one of the many St. Mike's students who would phone in music requests to Jack's radio show. Goody himself was a musician who once played piano in Artie Shaw's military band, and he made a living in the Burlington area as a musician—in fact, as a young student, I danced some of those times he played—including stints, after those years at St. Mike's, playing the piano on Jack's radio shows on WJOY.

Joel Najman engineered Jack's show at WJOY for years, and he now works

at WDEV. He tells about Jack's natural curiosity about the world. He was a sponge for information and ideas. Joel said he had time to read just one newspaper before Jack's morning show, but before airtime, Jack already had read four or five newspapers, and from personal experience I know he committed them virtually to memory.

Ken Horseman was an executive producer at Vermont ETV—public television in Vermont—and also produced Jack's radio show for a time. And Ken's fondest memories of Jack center on the old Vermont ETV auction which Ken produced and Jack hosted. Jack would hold forth through 10 hours of live television, and he would do this for 10 straight days. He would prime the pump for the station's coffers, and people all over the State and in nearby Canada and everywhere else would tune in to see Jack Barry.

Jerry Lewis has nothing on Jack Barry as a telethon maestro. More than 3,000 Vermonters volunteered during the auction over those 10 days. To them and to the viewing audience, Jack was the auction's symbol. I was fortunate enough to have had a chance to be on some of those auctions as a volunteer, as was, I think, the whole Vermont congressional delegation at one time or another, because Jack would just grab everybody. You could be the person who runs the gas station; you could be the Governor of the State. Jack Barry would say: "Now here is the time you are going to auction," and you would.

He thrived on the unpredictability of live television. He was steady in the midst of chaos, as Ken remembers.

Mike Donoghue of the Burlington Free Press grew up in Vermont listening to Jack on the radio. Like all of us, he remembers his signature line at the end of every radio spot: "Don't forget to tell 'em Barry brought ya." Of course, that is exactly what people did.

Jack brought us the warmth of his smile. He nourished our sense of community and purpose in Vermont. And he brought us the gift of his friendship.

Last September, Marcelle and I attended Jack's surprise 70th birthday party at his son-in-law's camp in Jonesville, VT.

Mr. President, if there is any way that I would remember Jack, it was at this party. It was vintage. He was surrounded by the family he adored and who adored him even more. Politicians and political junkies were everywhere, from both parties, and, of course, Jack was at center stage holding forth and carrying the day. I took photograph after photograph, although in one way I did not need to because the memories are as clear as the photographs are. Everybody came in, and it would be like they were the one person there with Jack. He would hug them and they would hug him. And the children were around. It was chaotic and it was fun. It was very, very, very Irish. It is that sunny day in Jonesville that sticks most in my mind when I think of Jack.

But I also think of Monday of this week when Marcelle and I went to Jack's home and visited with his wife, Bunny, a dear friend, the woman he loved so much, and with other family members, and the stories about Jack's humor and generosity and humanity rose easily and quickly to the surface as they always have when talking about Jack. One minute Marcelle and I were crying; the next minute we were laughing with everybody else there. Kathy, Maureen, and Bridget were there, Bunny's daughter Brigid and others, Tim and Wright, and we talked with Bridget and Kathy and Maureen about the time when Jack Barry was first down here as press secretary, and Marcelle was taking the kids on a ride in the car coming back from somewhere and two cars stopped in front of us—and I mean this is 20 years ago, Mr. President. Some of the people were getting out of the two cars in front of Marcelle, and they were getting into a fight and Marcelle was telling the children, "Get down! Get down!" And they were saying, "We want to see! We want to see!" And it was typical of what any one of Jack's kids would want: "But I want to see what's going on!"

I think of all the times I would call him for advice, in good times and in some very sad times. Jack was always there. We might not have talked to each other for weeks and we would pick up the conversation as though it ended minutes before. I remember calling him and asking him for a joke because I was going to be speaking somewhere, and to start off he would say, "Well, there were these two Irish guys," and we would both be laughing, and I hadn't even heard the joke. We would start laughing right away because we knew how funny it would be.

I recall a Christmas when Marcelle was on duty at the hospital and I was calling friends, and I called up Jack, after he had taken up his new duties in the Vermont Statehouse, and I said, "Hi, Senator." He said, "Hi, Senator." And we were going on calling each other Senator for a couple minutes until we were both laughing so hard we sort of lost it.

We go back a long time, Mr. President. His father and mother and my father and mother were friends. Jack and I knew each other forever it seems. I think of the days when he was down here, when we first moved down a few days before the swearing-in. It was New Year's Eve. We had rented a townhouse. And the moving van came that day. We were unloading boxes, and Jack shows up, and a couple other Vermonters were here with me, and we decided we would have a New Year's Eve party. We invited the two moving van people. We sat around on crates and boxes and opened them up trying to find a plate, a glass or silverware, ordering in pizza and soda and beer and what not. Jack put us all at ease. He started telling stories. Midnight came and midnight went, and that party went on and on.

How much I wish it could still go on today. I think of people that Jack helped during his years here in Washington, people who were cursed with the affliction that some have of drinking, and Jack would work with AA. He would be the person they would call when they really needed help and he would go. And after that time I heard from so many Members of Congress and others who would come to me and tell me, "Jack Barry really saved my life."

I remember him interviewing Cabinet Members down here for Vermont ETV and them telling me afterward that he was the most prepared interviewer they ever had.

So I have lost a dear, dear friend. Marcelle and I have spent a lot of time talking this week about how much he meant to us. We also know that Vermont has lost one of its real treasures. So Marcelle and I join all Vermonters in extending wishes of comfort and appreciation to Bunny and to all the family. I will put, as I said, items in the RECORD, but one especially from Bridget Barry Caswell—his daughter who we know and love and are so proud of, a great journalist in her own right and one who learned so much from her father—the eulogy she gave this week in his memory at St. Michael's College.

I will say this to the family, as my Great-Aunt Kate, who came here from Ireland, would say of a good Irish person when they would leave this vale of tears: "He went straight up." Jack Barry went straight up, and I cannot help but think of the Irish jokes that are going through the heavens tonight.

Mr. President, in yielding the floor, I ask unanimous consent that these other items be printed in the RECORD.

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

FOR YOU, DAD

(By Bridget Barry Caswell)

To borrow one of my father's favorite words . . . he would be just tickled to see all of you here today, to celebrate his life and his final passage into peace. He'd probably look around and say, "Fantastic! I didn't know I had so many friends." But he certainly did . . . and then some.

My Dad was truly one of a kind, as you know. He was enthusiastic, he was warm . . . he was a true humanitarian and he was the most optimistic person I know.

I am so proud to be a part of my Dad. We are all so proud to say we are of him . . . we are a product of Jack Barry.

He was a passionate man. He was passionate about public service and his career . . . a news junkie to the bone. And he was passionate about learning and his family.

My father's life was dedicated to public service . . . he was absolutely loyal to everything he cared about and fought for. We will probably never know all of the people he influenced or aided in one way or another . . . either through his thousands of programs on issues affecting everyday Vermonters . . . or the endless speaking engagements he said yes to year after year. He couldn't say no and he was able to use his public persona in so many good ways. And he didn't do it for his own gratification . . . that didn't matter to him . . . for he said yes whether it was a request for a 500-person gala or a request to

play auctioneer at an elementary school fundraiser. I can remember as a child, my father was always out . . . lending his name to one cause or another. I don't think I realized at the time all of the good he was doing. I'd like to share with you one example of my father's dedication and loyalty to an organization. Shortly after I was born—30 something years ago—I was diagnosed with a serious heart defect. It was eventually repaired through surgery, but that event in my father's life marked the beginning of a lifetime of service to the Vermont Heart Association . . . my family dove into volunteer work immediately and my father's never ended. He served on the board as member and eventually chairman. He spoke at endless Heart Association events, and at the time of his death was serving on the national board of the American Heart Association. He considered that a great honor . . . and his work finally came full circle when he became the beneficiary of Heart Association research.

My Dad was also passionate about learning . . . he was a life-long learner, always on a quest to improve his mind. And it showed. He was a voracious reader. He read seven newspapers every day . . . and devoured every news magazine possible. On top of that, he always, and I mean always, had a novel or two going. He would go on vacation to Florida for two weeks and finish off a half-dozen books . . . and I mean books like this. He loved to share them too . . . a few of you probably still have a few of his out there!! I know I do! But it didn't stop there. Whenever my nieces and nephew, who live out of state, would come to visit, they always had their own special time with my father, their grandfather. He would take them out . . . not to a movie or a fun park. He took them to the Oasis for breakfast and then they went shopping . . . for books. Every time they visited, that was their "tradition" with my Dad. He instilled in them a love of reading and to this day, it is an area in school where they all excel. He was very proud of that.

And finally, as I said earlier, my father was passionate about his family. You probably got a little tired of hearing about us all the time . . . he talked about us incessantly on the air. His listeners knew of every milestone in our lives. But that made us feel special. And *he* made us feel special in the little things he did . . . a personal note on our "big" birthdays . . . the Sweet 16th, the 21st, the quarter-of-a-century, and the 30th. And as some of you may have read, at our family dinners—which meant anywhere from 10 to 22 people at the table—my father led us with a toast before each meal, and to him that meant a time to note our accomplishments, large and small. He didn't forget anyone . . . and he welcomed each and every one of us to share in the meal, usually gourmet and always cooked and served to perfection.

My father loved to cook . . . as my aunt said the other day, if you needed a good recipe, you called Jack. If you needed a good joke, you called Jack. And if you needed a good book, you called Jack.

But he wasn't alone in his love for a good book, a good joke or a good recipe. My Dad and Bunny were a team . . . true soulmates and best friends . . . and they wore their love on their sleeves. My Dad was passionate about Bunny . . . on the air he often referred to her as "that beautiful thing I'm married to." And at home . . . it usually went something like this, "Hey Bare. You can carve the meat now" and he'd say, "Anything you say, Baby." Even to the end, they exchanged love names. Bunny will probably never forgive me for telling you this, but even during the last difficult days of my father's life, when he continued to fight so valiantly, she would walk into his hospital room—after

catching maybe an hour or two of sleep—and she'd say "Jackie-Poo, I'm here." She made all of us smile during those dark days last week and my sisters and I will be forever grateful for the love and care she gave to my Dad during his illness.

Boy we loved him . . . he was truly an exceptional human being. In just a moment we'd like to invite you to sing with us one of my father's favorite songs, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." My Dad always had a smile in his eyes . . . and we all know that he was certainly a proud Irishman.

In closing, I'd like to share with you a poem that was sent to my father in February by his old buddy, John Zampieri. The two of them were battling their own health problems and they often exchanged notes sending words of encouragement. Just two weeks ago, I sent out for my Dad his last note to "Zamp," as he called him. It was a photo on election night . . . and they looked fabulous. Anyway, just yesterday, we found this poem that John sent to my father a few months ago. It was the first we'd seen of it . . . and we found it most appropriate in light of my Dad's incredible optimism, his courage and his pledge to never give up his fight. It's called "Don't Quit."

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will
And the road you're trudging seems all up-hill
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile but you have to sigh
When care is pressing you down a bit—
Rest if you must but don't you quit
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns
And many a fellow has turned about
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out
And he learned too late when the night came down
How close he was to the golden crown
Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt
And you never can tell how close you are
You may be near when it seems so far
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit
That's All Folks . . . "Don't forget to remind 'em that Barry brought you."

BARRY BROUGHT ME
(By Peter Freyne)

[From the Column "Inside Track" Seven Days, Burlington, VT, May 7, 1997]

They're burying Jack Barry today. It'll be a good turnout. Jack always loved a crowd. Just given him a microphone and turn him loose, and the kid from Waterbury Center, Vermont, would crank up those marvelous Irish pipes with the lilt and the blarney and the gift of the gab.

As far as the airwaves go, this was Jack Barry's town. He loved it and he lived it—oh did he live it! From the days of "It's Your Nickel" to "Open Mike" to "The Jack Barry Show," to "Vermont Report" and "Vermont This Week" on Vermont ETV, Jack was the man who could turn your average story into a marvelous tale. Before talk radio became king in the 1980s, he was already sitting in the throne. "Be sure and tell'em Barry brought you," was his trademark refrain.

Jack wasn't one of those wishy-washy types who'd try to please everyone. He had values and principles and opinions, and he laid it on the line. He also had a fiery passion for politics. For decades on the local airwaves he defended a women's right to choose, and boldly called for an end to the war in Vietnam, the war in Vietnam, the war

that he personally checked out in a 1968 visit. Once he saw firsthand what a "bright shining lie" that war was, Jack wasn't afraid to change his position.

Jack was the best sort of friend a guy could have, the kind who was there for you not just when you were on top of the world, but when the world had beaten you down. I know. When I hit bottom, Jack Barry was there for me.

He loved the ponies—oh, did he love the ponies—and he loved Saratoga in August. And, coincidentally, there was a horse in the Kentucky Derby the day before he passed away, by the name of Jack Flash. But most of all he loved his Bunny, the Murphy girl he married and laughed with through the best years of his life.

Well, Jack Barry's crossed the finish line now—in a flash. No need to wait for the stewards to develop the photo. It wasn't even close. Jack Barry won . . . going away.

[From the Rutland Herald, May 6, 1997]

JACK BARRY, A MAN OF THE AIRWAVES
(By Christopher Graff)

MONTPELIER—Jack Barry was radio's biggest cheerleader.

Sure, he loved public television. And he was passionate about politics. But radio was his true love.

"Radio was everything," Barry once said, reminiscing about the glory days before the dawn of television. "Radio was drama. Radio was sports. Radio was a window on the world."

"Radio, pre-television, was everything," he said. "And it was a central part of everyone's lives."

And Jack Barry, for many decades, was a central part of Vermonters' lives.

Barry died Sunday at the age of 70. He was in his third year as a state senator, a position that allowed him a seat at center stage of the political world he loved. But it was as a radio and television host that Barry became a household name.

* * * *

"I just always had this radio bug," he later said.

In 1948 he went to WJOY in Burlington, then owned by The Burlington Free Press, where he helped air the 11 p.m. news live from the Free Press newsroom and then stayed to play poker with the editors while the paper ran off the presses.

In 1954 he and his pal Vin D'Acuti provided competition for WJOY by launching WDOT. They did it all themselves, working 18-hour days. Barry raced around to fires and car accidents and plane crashes in a Ford station wagon. He could—and did—broadcast live anywhere, anytime.

He entered the world of talk shows, the forum in which he would excel, becoming the daily visitor into the homes of Vermonters.

* * * *

Barry later entered television. There was a time he did a morning show on WVMT radio in Colchester 6 a.m. to 9 a.m., then a television show on WVNY-TV from 10 to 11 and then back to WVMT for his "Open Mike" show from noon to 2 p.m.

In the evenings he was off to do play-by-play sports broadcasts—baseball, basketball, football, hockey or boxing.

He started volunteering at Vermont ETV in 1970 and went on the payroll in 1973. He took a brief time out for his first round in politics, serving two years as press secretary for Sen. Patrick Leahy, D-Vt.

He was back in 1976, juggling his morning radio shows and his evening television appearances right up to his retirement from Vermont ETV in 1991. The radio continued for a bit until elective politics beckoned and he became a state senator.

Last year his life's passions came together briefly when the Senate considered a proposal to cut ETV's state funding from \$762,500 to \$1.

Barry, although ill, traveled to the State House to make an impassioned plea for ETV. He talked about his experiences, his interviews, the reaction from viewers. "There are moments at ETV that transcend anything I can recall," he told his colleagues, who restored half of the money.

One of his greatest pleasures in a wide world of broadcasting was when he found himself on the other side of the microphone.

Vermont ETV, on Barry's final day on the job, set up a surprise interview of Barry by his daughter, Bridget Barry Caswell, herself a television reporter.

"I am very proud you have come into this field," Barry told his daughter on the air. "It's a honorable profession and a very good one. Without the Fourth Estate, we'd all be in big trouble."

"I hope your career is long and pleasant and you get to achieve the things that give you as much satisfaction as my career has given to me."

[From the Burlington (VT) Free Press, May 6, 1997]

A MAN OF JOY

Jack Barry found what many Vermonters spend a lifetime seeking; a family he treasured, public service work he loved, and an optimism that sustained him to the end.

Barry, who died Sunday of liver cancer at 70, will be missed.

Sen. Jack Barry, D-Chittenden, was a decent man. For decades, his loyalty was to his many listeners on Burlington's radio stations and Vermont ETV. In the end, it was the residents of Chittenden County who came first.

As a radio and television interviewer, Barry quizzed politicians, journalists and entertainers alike. He was polite, yet thorough. Barry's balance and fairness kept loyal listeners tuning in.

He brought the same balance to his state Senate job, refusing to be sucked into partisan Statehouse games.

* * * *

And Barry's interviewing skills will also be missed. In committee meetings, he quickly dove to the heart of issues, politely steering witnesses in the right direction.

* * * *

Through it all, he smiled, Barry smiled during broadcast work, floor speeches and committee discussions. In fact, he hid the severity of his illness behind a grin of pure joy during his Senate tenure.

"He just loved it," said fellow Sen. Richard Mazza, one of Barry's closest friends. Mazza's right.

Goodbye, friend.

[From the Vermont Times, May 7, 1997]

EDITORIAL

This week, Vermont lost one of its richest gems and tireless spirits. For most of us, State Senator Jack Barry's beaming smile and clear, deep voice were as recognizable as the profile of Mount Mansfield.

Jack Barry's stature in Vermont, especially in his home turf of Chittenden County, was like that of Walter Cronkite. As a Democrat, he steadfastly believed in speaking up for the people. He did this by keeping people focused on the heart of the matter at hand, and not drifting into political bickering.

* * * *

For decades, Vermonters have had someone in their corner when a public official or some other potentate had something to say

to us Vermonters. For there behind the microphone, or on camera, was Jack Barry—asking the questions to which we all wanted answers.

Jack Barry's style as a journalist and a professional broadcaster was one which we should all strive to live up to: He was polite and pesky, thoughtful and thorough. That's probably why he was loved and respected by so many people.

To the man with the silver voice and the silver hair, thank you. Thank you Jack Barry.

TOBACCO TAXES

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, last Friday's Wall Street Journal published the results of an April 1997 poll it conducted with NBC News. One of the questions in the survey deserves special attention.

The poll asked whether the American people support increasing the cigarette taxes by 43 cents a pack, and returning much of the revenues to the States to provide health care for the Nation's uninsured children. An overwhelming 72 percent of the respondents favored this proposal, which is contained in the legislation that Senator HATCH and I have introduced last month.

The detailed breakdown of the responses shows that the plan has broad support among people of all ages, incomes, ethnicities, educational backgrounds, party affiliations, and geographical regions. Support is at least 2 to 1 in all 36 groups, and it is 3 to 1 or even 4 to 1 in 17 of the groups. North, south, east, west—the American people support the Hatch-Kennedy bill.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the detailed breakdown of the Wall Street Journal-NBC poll be printed in the RECORD.

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

WALL STREET JOURNAL/NBC NEWS POLL,
APRIL 26-28, 1997

Question: Two Senators, a Republican and a Democrat, have proposed increasing cigarette taxes by 43 cents a pack, and giving much of the money raised to help states provide health insurance for uninsured children. Based on this description, do you favor or oppose this plan?

	[In percent]		
	Favor	Oppose	Not sure
All Adults	72	24	4
Men	67	30	3
Women	76	20	4
Northeast	73	20	7
Midwest	73	26	1
South	69	28	3
West	74	23	3
Whites	70	26	4
Blacks	80	16	4
18 to 34	73	25	2
Age 35 to 49	74	23	3
Age 50 to 64	66	30	4
Age 65 and Over	72	21	7
Under \$20,000 Income	74	23	3
\$20,000-\$30,000	76	21	3
\$30,000-\$50,000	70	28	2
Over \$50,000	70	26	4
Urban	76	21	3
Suburb/Towns	70	26	4
Rural	70	28	2
Registered Voters	73	23	4
Non-Registered Adults	65	32	3
Democrats	79	18	3
Republicans	67	29	4
Independents	69	27	4
Clinton Voters	80	17	3

	[In percent]		
	Favor	Oppose	Not sure
Dole Voters	64	31	5
Liberals	79	19	2
Moderates	79	19	2
Conservatives	64	31	5
Professionals/Managers	76	21	3
White Collar Workers	77	20	3
Blue Collar Workers	62	35	3
High School or Less	66	30	4
Some College	75	22	3
College Graduates	75	21	4

Mr. KENNEDY. I thank the Chair.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Thursday, May 8, 1997, the Federal debt stood at \$5,330,417,059,281.37. (Five trillion, three hundred thirty billion, four hundred seventeen million, fifty-nine thousand, two hundred eighty-one dollars and thirty-seven cents)

One year ago, May 8, 1996, the Federal debt stood at \$5,094,597,000,000. (Five trillion, ninety-four billion, five hundred ninety-seven million)

Five years ago, May 8, 1992, the Federal debt stood at \$3,881,282,000,000. (Three trillion, eight hundred eighty-one billion, two hundred eighty-two million)

Ten years ago, May 8, 1987, the Federal debt stood at \$2,270,169,000,000. (Two trillion, two hundred seventy billion, one hundred sixty-nine million)

Twenty-five years ago, May 8, 1972, the Federal debt stood at \$426,287,000,000 (Four hundred twenty-six billion, two hundred eighty-seven million) which reflects a debt increase of nearly \$5 trillion—\$4,904,130,059,281.37 (Four trillion, nine hundred four billion, one hundred thirty million, fifty-nine thousand, two hundred eighty-one dollars and thirty-seven cents) during the past 25 years.

Mr. BYRD addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from West Virginia.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to proceed for not to exceed 20 minutes.

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

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Chair.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, this coming Sunday, May 11, is Mother's Day. It used to be that Members of the House and Senate would call attention to special days, days of special significance such as Mother's Day, Father's Day, Memorial Day, Columbus Day, Independence Day, and so on. I do not hear much of that being done anymore, but I like to stay with tradition. I believe that is the tried and true way. The Bible says, "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set."

Mother's Day came about through the efforts of a dedicated mother and daughter from Grafton, WV. Since 1914, the United States has set aside the second Sunday in May to honor mothers.

Anna Maria Reeves Jarvis, a remarkable woman who championed the cause of sanitation and family health throughout her entire life and whose establishment of Mother's Day Work Clubs kept bound the fragile ties of families and communities throughout the Civil War, was a heroine to her daughter, Anna M. Jarvis. Due to Anna M. Jarvis' efforts, she also serves as the source of a beautiful sentiment for all of us today. In honoring her mother's hope that a post-Civil War "Mothers' Friendship Day" might someday become an annual event commemorating the service that mothers render to humanity in every field, Anna M. Jarvis has provided each of us with an opportunity to remember and to delight in the love and support which our own mothers have offered to us.

My own dear angel mother died when I was little less than a year old. She was a victim of the virulent Spanish influenza pandemic that swept the globe and swept the Nation in 1918, killing an estimated 20 million people around the world; 500,000 in this country alone. Her name was Ada Kirby Sale. In the one photograph which I have of her, gazing back at me is a blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, pretty young woman with a serious, yet sweet, expression on her face and a large bow of ribbon in her hair. How I wish that I had known her, even for one day! Even in her own distress, she thought of me, her youngest child, when she asked her sister-in-law and brother-in-law to raise me if she, my mother, did not recover from the flu. In those days they were stricken on one day and died the next. So, she asked my aunt and her husband to raise me if she, my mother, did not recover, while my father looked after my four older siblings. I had three brothers and one sister, and my father had 10 sisters and two brothers, so my father gave to various sisters my three brothers, and to Titus Dalton Byrd and my aunt, I was given. And my father kept my sister. I have always carried with me that remembrance of my mother's love for me, because she gave me two foster parents for the hard work of raising a child.

I, therefore, was reared by my Aunt Vlurma and her husband, Titus Dalton Byrd. My name was not Byrd at that time, my name was Sale. My ancestor came from England in the year 1657, and was an indentured worker 7 years to pay for the trip across the waters. He ended up down along the Rappahannock River, in Virginia. So I am his ninth generation descendant. His name was James Sale.

My foster mother and my natural mother were as different in appearance as two women can be. My aunt Vlurma was stocky, stockily built, olive-complexioned, and a laconic woman with dark-brown eyes. She was very religious. She did not make a big whoop-de-do about it. She was not of the religious right or the religious left. She just believed in the old-time religion.