

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Carolina is recognized. Mr. THURMOND. I thank the Chair.

(The remarks of Mr. THURMOND pertaining to the introduction of S. 431, S. 432, and S. 433 are located in today's RECORD under "Statements on Introduced Bills and Joint Resolutions.")

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, I yield the floor.

#### MORNING BUSINESS

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, there will now be a period for the transaction of morning business not to extend beyond the hour of 3 p.m., with the time being divided between the majority leader and the Senator from Illinois, Mr. DURBIN, or their designee.

In my capacity as a Senator from Montana, I suggest 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 President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.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. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, is the Senate now in morning business?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator is correct.

Mr. BYRD. What is the length of time Senators are permitted to speak?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. There is no time limit.

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. KYL). The Chair advises the Senator from West Virginia that the Senator from Illinois controls the time for 1 hour.

Mr. BYRD. Very well. I thank the Chair.

#### RAYMOND SCOTT BATES

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, today I speak in memory of Raymond Scott Bates, one of the dear members of our own Senate family who recently departed this life.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot  
destroy;

Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and  
care,

And bring back the features that joy used to  
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories  
filled,

Like the vase in which roses have once been  
distilled,

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if  
you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it  
still.

These words, written by Thomas Moore, are so fitting this afternoon, as I, in my limited and feeble way, attempt to pay honor and tribute to the life of Scott Bates, a man whom we all admired and respected, and who was taken from our midst, virtually in the twinkle of an eye, and without warn-

ing. It was on the evening of February 5 that the pallid messenger beckoned Scott to depart this life. We can believe that he awakened to see a more glorious sunrise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, and that he yet remembers us as we remember him, for we have the consolation that has come down to us from the lips of that ancient man of Uz, whose name was Job, "Oh that my words were written in a book and engraved with an iron pen, and lead in the rock forever, for I know that my Redeemer liveth and that in the latter day He shall stand upon the earth."

When Erma and I lost our dear grandson, Michael, now almost 17 years ago, I felt that Michael was resting and at peace in the arms of God, and deep within my soul I was aware that Michael knew of my grief. He, too, was taken from us suddenly and without warning, and he left us without a wave of a hand or without saying goodbye, and so Erma and I know what this family is going through. We, too, have walked through the valley of the shadow of death. And Erma and I join in saying to Scott's family today, Scott knows of your grief.

I have known Scott Bates since the very first day that he became a member of the Senate family. I watched him grow. I watched him as he increased in knowledge and in his love for the Senate. Often, when I was the Democratic Leader in the Senate, and many times since, I had the occasion to call upon Scott for help. He was always ready, always courteous, always accommodating. From time to time, we talked about the Senate and how it was different from what it used to be. He was a Senate employee whose time in the Senate extended beyond the tenure of many of the Members of this body, and, like many of the men and women who have toiled here in the Senate over the years, Scott appreciated the Senate, loved it, and understood it, better even than many of its own Members loved and understood it. His contributions to the Senate have been many and notable.

Although public service in general and careers in Washington have, in some quarters, fallen out of favor, I believe that Scott Bates' life and work experience present a compelling case against the current cynicism about the many fine people who serve in the Senate in various capacities. Their names are never in the newspapers, they experience few public kudos, and yet they work as long hours, probably longer, than we do. They are dedicated, they are capable, they are patriotic individuals who represent the best that America has to offer from all over this Nation.

Scott was one of those rare individuals about whom no unkind and ungenerous word was ever spoken by anyone who knew him.

He personified what we politicians like to refer to as "family values." He lived them. He was active in his

church, and he loved his wife, Ricki, and their three lovely children—Lisa, Lori, and Paul.

As all of us know, one of Scott's official duties as legislative clerk was to call the roll of the Senate during votes and during quorum calls. Thousands of times—thousands of times, I have heard him call my name: "Mr. Byrd". Now the thread of life is cut; the immortal is separated from the mortal; and that rich voice which was wont to fill the walls of the Senate Chamber, is hushed in eternal silence. But while the portals of the tomb have closed upon the remains of a gifted member of the Senate family, the grave is powerless to hold in its bosom the spirit of man.

In the words of William Jennings Bryan, "if the Father stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will he refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed into a multitude of forms can never be destroyed, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am sure that He who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I am sure that we shall live again," as sure as I am that we live today, and I am also sure that someday I shall hear the voice of a new angel, calling my name again, this time on the heavenly rolls: "Mr. Byrd."

To Lisa, to Lori and to Paul, I think your father would have wanted me to say, live as he taught you to live and strive always to make him proud, because he knows.

On Saturday afternoon, we gathered in a church in Vienna. It was a large church, a Presbyterian Church. Our Senate Chaplain was there. He had arranged the program, and he did a marvelous job. The Vice President came, the President of the Senate, the head of our Senate family. Senator BYRON DORGAN was there. Senator CHUCK ROBB was there. Senator GREGG was there. Former Senator Robert Dole was there. And there was a host of friends. The church was filled. The balcony was filled. It was a great outpouring of generous tribute and love for Scott Bates.

Although I had known Scott for 30 years, I had never known him as I came to know him last Saturday afternoon when I heard Lisa and Lori and Paul speak of their father. Then and only then did I realize what a truly great family this was. Only then did I realize what a father's love could be for his two daughters and his son. And only then did I realize what a deep and abiding and living love Scott's children had for him. His wife Ricki was there. She had been brought in, and she lay there

on a cot, she having not yet recovered from the injuries she sustained when the accident occurred.

It was evident that this was a family in which there was real love and in which the presence of God made itself manifest, because this was not something that just came about overnight. I will never forget the sight of those children speaking about their father and their mother and then seeing them, after they had spoken to the audience, go to their mother and kiss her on the cheek. Scott must have been pleased with it all.

I count it as a great honor to have been invited by Scott's family to speak during that hour. To Lisa and Lori and Paul, I think your father would want me to say to you, live as he taught you to live and strive always to make him proud. He knows.

To his legion of friends, I say that Scott's life was a blessing, a blessing to each of us who knew him. May we strive to be like him that we may be more worthy for, indeed, here was a man. When comes such another?

To his wife Ricki, Erma and I say, the love of your children and your friends and the mercies of an omnipotent God can, over the passage of time, be an anodyne to your grief. Be assured, Ricki, love is timeless, love is endless and Scott will be with you always.

And sometimes in the quietness of an evening or in the clear silence, as you gaze upon the lustre of the Morning Star, you may hear someone whisper:

If I should ever leave you whom I love  
To go along the silent way, grieve not  
Nor speak of me with tears,  
But laugh and talk of me  
As if I were beside you, for who knows  
But that I shall be, oftentime?

I'd come, I'd come, could I but find a way,  
But would not tears and grief be barriers?

And when you hear a song I used to sing  
Or see a bird I love,  
Let not the thought of me be sad,  
For I am loving you, just as I always have.  
You were so good to me,  
So many things I wanted still to do,  
So many, many things to say to you.

Remember that I did not fear,  
It was just leaving you, I could not bear to  
face;

We cannot see Beyond . . . But this I know:  
I loved you so.  
'Twas Heaven here with you.

Mr. DORGAN addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from North Dakota.

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, let me, on behalf of the entire Senate, thank the distinguished Senator, Mr. BYRD, for those wonderful words. I attended the memorial service for Scott Bates on Saturday and heard Senator BYRD deliver those reflections. And I guess there is no one in the Senate who could have done what Senator BYRD regularly does in expressing the collective will of the Senate.

With the passing of Scott, we lost a wonderful member of the Senate family. And Senator BYRD, not just on this occasion but on virtually all occasions

like this, reaches out and touches others in a very special way.

I recall when my daughter died that Senator BYRD reached out to me and offered me a piece of prose that still sits in my top desk drawer. Senator HATCH sent me a white leather-bound Bible that still rests behind my desk for reference. That is what the Senate is like. It is not so much about Republicans and Democrats; it is about people who work together, who have a passionate interest in serving this country.

And it is not just those who are elected who have that passionate interest. There are a myriad of wonderful, qualified, committed, dedicated staff persons who work in this building who make this democracy of ours work. And losing Scott Bates was a tragic loss for all of us.

Frankly, I did not know Scott particularly well. I knew him as a fun person to banter and visit and joke with from time to time and knew his sonorous voice as he called the roll. And I knew him as a very special member of the Senate family. But I believe on Saturday I got to know him well through his family.

Senator BYRD described the memorial service. I would say, as just one visitor to that memorial service, how wonderful it would be if all of us could leave such a family behind, as Scott did. His two daughters and the son who spoke at that memorial service are remarkable young people who will contribute much to our country. That is the lasting tribute to Scott.

So let me again, on behalf of the entire Senate, thank Senator BYRD for his presentation on Saturday. And, coincidentally, I had asked him this morning if I could have a copy of his presentation. He said he would be putting it in the Senate RECORD. Now all of the Senators will be able to share, with him, the words that he offered on our behalf on Saturday.

Mr. President, I would like, by consent, to be able to be recognized to speak on a different subject.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator is advised there are 35 minutes remaining on the Senator's side.

#### THE SENATE PROCESS AND FEDERAL BUDGET SURPLUSES

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, I think you can hear a collective sigh of relief around the Capitol Building now that the impeachment trial—only the second in the history of our country—is complete and we can turn our thoughts to other issues, turn our energies to other enterprises.

Most of us seek election to the U.S. Senate—whether it be from West Virginia or North Dakota or Arizona—because we feel passionately about public issues. And there are many, many public issues—both here at home and around the world—that should and will command our attention.

Recently I told my colleagues a short story about Teddy Roosevelt. I want to

talk today about a couple of issues, and it is probably appropriate to start with Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy Roosevelt lost both his wife and his mother on the same day in different rooms of his home. And he was so stricken with grief that he decided to do something different with his life. He decided to go west for some while and see if he could find himself again.

Teddy Roosevelt had some resources, so when he made his decision to go west, he decided to go to the Badlands of North Dakota. He knew that in the Badlands there were cowboys, and so, I am told, he went to Brooks Brothers and ordered a cowboy suit to be made for him. And Brooks Brothers made a cowboy suit for Teddy Roosevelt. He got a bowie knife, a sterling silver bowie knife with an ivory handle, I understand, that had his name on it, and it said "Tiffany's." He bought it at Tiffany's. And he got silver spurs, and on the rowel of each spur were engraved his initials.

So when the train stopped in North Dakota for Teddy Roosevelt to disembark, to go to live in the Badlands and raise horses and cattle, this fellow stepped off the train wearing his Brooks Brothers cowboy suit and a pair of rimless glasses, with his bowie knife from "Tiffany's," and his sterling silver engraved spurs.

The cowboys in the Badlands thought, "What on Earth has landed here in Medora, ND"—this man they called four-eyes, with his rimless glasses and his funny Brooks Brothers cowboy suit and his sterling silver spurs. They made fun of him, poked fun at the way he looked. And then, as the story goes, in the Badlands saloon in Medora, ND, one unlucky cowboy goaded him too far and wanted to pick a fight with him.

It took only a matter of minutes, apparently, for this rather unusual looking character from the East, with his Brooks Brothers cowboy suit, to knock this local cowboy senseless in the Badlands saloon. Then the rest of the cowboys had a different impression of this fellow. Yes, he looked a little different, but he had some real mettle. They knew a little something about him. And Teddy Roosevelt, of course, went on to carve a rather rich chapter of his life ranching in the Badlands of North Dakota.

I told my colleagues that story some while ago because we are all kind of different. We gather here in the U.S. Senate, 100 of us, coming from different parts of the country with different philosophies. We even dress differently from time to time. And so we come to this place, this place of debate in our democracy, from all kinds of different perspectives. But we respect each other. We do not make fun of each other. We know that each arrives here with a passion and a mission on behalf of those who sent us here to do the best we can for this country.

We do not settle our disputes with saloon fights. We do it through debate.