

provide worthwhile viewing to the audience. I also believe that programming like Ken Burns's series on the Civil War is quality programming that expands our knowledge and deepens understanding.

But I do want to emphatically stress that there is much more to life than the boring, degrading, demeaning fare on the boob tube. I urge the American people to use this week to break your addiction to television. Just say no! As the TV-Turnoff Network urges, "turn off TV, turn on life."

In addition to becoming healthier, both mentally and physically, one might be able to name three Justices on the Supreme Court.

One might even be able to name the Vice President of the United States.

Mr. President, I applaud the efforts of the TV-Turnoff Network and urge them to keep up the good work. And I urge my colleagues and the American people to participate in national "TV Turnoff Week."

Mr. President, I have another statement I want to make. But I am very conscious of the fact that my favorite U.S. Senator on this side of the aisle has been on the floor waiting. I am very willing to set aside my speech and listen to my colleague before I proceed further.

(Mr. ENZI assumed the chair.)

Mr. KENNEDY. If the Senator will yield, I thank the Senator from West Virginia, who is typically courteous, as always. I am very grateful for his thoughtfulness. I welcome the opportunity to continue to listen to his very fine statements. There are many important things that are happening in the Nation's Capitol and around this country today, but I think if the American people will pause and listen to the good advice of my friend and colleague about the importance of reading as opposed to television, in his excellent presentation, I think this would be a wiser and more thoughtful country. I commend the Senator for his statement and the subject matter. I look forward to continue listening.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I thank my colleague. But I want to give him a second chance. I want to give my friend a second chance. I want to warn him that this is poetry month. I am all ready to talk about poetry, and I am ready to at least render my memorization of at least 8 or 10 or 12 poems. So I will give my colleague one more chance. If he would like to make his speech now before I start, I would be happy to yield.

Mr. KENNEDY. The Senator may be even more reluctant to interfere. We have a good prospect of listening to him quote poetry. All of us are enormously impressed that when the Senator travels back to West Virginia, he takes time to learn and to memorize poems. As a result of that experience, and a very long and distinguished career in the Senate, he has an enormous reservoir of knowledge of poetry and an incredible encyclopedic memory for poetry that always seems to be right for

every special occasion. I look forward to hearing some of those this afternoon.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I thank Senator KENNEDY. I really have enjoyed my long service with the distinguished senior Senator from Massachusetts. I have learned a great deal from him, and I prize that friendship.

Mr. KENNEDY. If the Senator will yield, does the Senator intend to mention that wonderful poem about the ambulance in the valley? That was always one of my favorites. I don't know whether the Senator planned to include that.

Mr. BYRD. I did not plan to include it, but I will be happy to try to do that.

Mr. KENNEDY. I thank the Senator.

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Senator. That is very thoughtful of him and very good of him. I appreciate his interest in that particular poem, among others. Let's do it this way. I will make my speech and do the poems that I have included, and then I will give the Senator a chance to make his speech, and if he is still interested in my giving that poem, I will be happy to, or I will be happy to wait until another day.

Mr. KENNEDY. I thank the Senator.

A CELEBRATION OF POETRY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, this is entitled "Looking Up At Him":

I asked the robin, as he sprang  
From branch to branch and sweetly sang,  
What made his breast so round and red;  
Twas "looking at the sun," he said;  
I asked the violets, sweet and blue,  
Sparkling in the morning dew,  
Whence came their colors, then so shy;  
They answered, "looking to the sky";  
I saw the roses, one by one,  
Unfold their petals to the sun,  
I asked them what made their tints so bright,  
They answered, "looking to the light";  
I asked the thrush, whose silvery note  
Came like a song from angel's throat,  
Why he sang in the twilight dim;  
He answered, "looking up at Him."

Mr. President, this month, our nation recognizes National Poetry Month, a celebration of poetry and its place in American society. Like spring, poetry offers man a rebirth of his inner spirit. Poetry expresses our humanity, and, through meter, makes music of the spoken world as it rhythmically sways and floats through our imaginations. It is the laughter of children, the gentle rustle of an autumn breeze, and the pitter-patter of a sun shower. Poetry, simply put, is beauty defined.

Man comes a pilgrim of the universe,  
Out of the mystery that was before  
The world, out of the wonder of old stars.  
Far roads have felt his feet, forgotten wells  
Have glassed his beauty bending down to drink.

At altar-fires anterior to Earth  
His soul was lighted, and it will burn on  
After the suns have wasted on the void.  
His feet have felt the pressure of old worlds,  
And are to tread on others yet unnamed—  
Worlds sleeping yet in some new dream of God.

Whether constructed with long ca-  
denced lines or intricate stanzas, con-

ventional or openhanded sonnetry, light quatrains or heavy ballads, or the age-old epic yarns of Homer and Virgil, the power of poetry surrounds us. It tells of love, of death, of things temporal or spiritual, and of the hereafter. It speaks of the most common of occurrences and the most revealing of emotions, and it flows like a symphony, its meter enhancing the expressiveness of its words. These virtues can be seen in Alfred Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And my there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the bound-  
less deep  
Turns again home,  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;  
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and  
Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

I have often found that a good poet helps me to examine my inner self through the poet's use of words, meter, and rhyme. Such poets enable their readers to look within and to confront their own vexations and perplexities, and then sort out the wheat from the chaff and deal with the inevitable dilemmas of life. An example of this can be seen in Robert Frost's ageless masterpiece, "The Road Not Taken":

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;  
Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that, the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,  
And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.  
I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

Frost's words sing, and at the same time, as I reflect on his deft metaphor for the choices we all make in our lives, they burn in my mind. For 83 years I have encountered diverging roads, some in the beautiful woods of West Virginia and many here in this Chamber. The choices that I have made at these crossroads have, in fact, made all the difference.

Speaking of roads, there are many bridges also that we have to cross in this great country of ours. It brings to my mind a poem by Will Dromgoole. One might think this is a man who wrote this poem—Will Dromgoole, but it is a female author:

An old man going a lone highway  
Came at the evening, cold and gray,  
To a chasm vast and wide and steep,

With waters rolling cold and deep.  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The sullen stream had no fears for him;  
But he turned when safe on the other side,  
And built a bridge to span the tide.  
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,  
"You are wasting your strength with build-  
ing here.

Your journey will end with the ending day,  
You never again will pass this way.  
You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,  
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head.  
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he  
said,

"There followeth after me today  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
The chasm that was as nought to me  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for  
him."

The lines of a poem contain the time-  
less power of concentrated thought.  
Whether a poem is as ancient as the  
"Aeneid" by Virgil or as straight-  
forward as the verses of Emily Dickin-  
son or Ella Wheeler Cox, poetry can  
evoke the full range of human emo-  
tions from joy to sadness. Poems are,  
as William Butler Yeats once said,  
"monuments of unaging intellect."  
Poems may also be monuments to his-  
torical eras—speaking for every man  
and woman of the time. One such  
poem, "The Right to Labor in Joy," by  
Edwin Markham, captures the discord  
and tension of the era when the grasp  
of European despotism began to weak-  
en:

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hun-  
dred-thousand men,  
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's  
hold in his den.  
Their need lies close to the quick of life as  
rain to the furrow sown:  
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to  
the bone.  
They ask but the leave to labor for a taste of  
life's delight,  
For a little salt to savor their bread, for  
houses water-tight.  
They ask but the right to labor, and to live  
by the strength of their hands—  
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and  
patience like sea-sands.  
And the right of a man to labor and his right  
to labor in joy—  
Not all your laws can strangle that right,  
nor the gates of hell destroy.  
For it came with the making of man and was  
kneaded into his bones,  
And it will stand at the last of things on the  
dust of crumbled thrones.

Whether introspective, political, or  
pastoral, all poetry is intended to elicit  
an emotional response. Some poems  
use free-flowing meter and cleverly  
crafted verse to bring a smile to the  
reader's face. But, very often such  
verses also embody simply universal  
truths which make us nod our heads in  
agreement. One such example is the  
poem, "Trees," written by Joyce Kil-  
mer.

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree  
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;  
A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
A tree that may in Summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

Other poems delve into more complex  
and profound regions of the human ex-  
perience. These poems resonate deeply  
and touch the deep chords of our  
senses, echoing through our imagina-  
tions over and over again. Thomas  
Moore's "The Scent of the Roses,"  
comments on love, death, and poignant  
memories.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past that she cannot  
destroy,

That 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 base if  
you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it  
still.

Nothing has the capacity of poetry to  
condense the pain and the beauty of  
living and to reach the spiritual side of  
our natures. A talented poet can elicit  
tears with only a few lines of verse,  
while the novelist must reach for plot  
twists and character development to  
garner a similar response. In no form of  
expression is the choice of each word so  
important. Listen to William Earnest  
Henley's "Invictus" and its description  
of the author's triumph over an infec-  
tion that almost cost him his only leg  
and threatened his life.

Out of the night that covers me  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the Shade,  
And Yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.  
It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

In plain and simple words, William  
Earnest Henley draws from courage  
and the depths of his soul a supreme  
strength of human will, while in the  
crucible of excruciating pain and under  
the shadow of death.

Poetry has always been a passion of  
mine, and a form of art which I hold  
dear to my heart. Consequently, I have  
sought to discipline my mind through  
the memorization of lines and verses of  
poetry. Many people jog today in the  
exercising of their bodies. I do little of  
that. But I mostly try to jog my mind,  
jog my memory, give it exercise, keep  
it busy. I have memorized poem after  
poem, trying to capture the beauty and  
wisdom of each one. Poetry has been  
my consummate companion over the  
years, and the verses that I have com-  
mitted to memory are not only a de-

light to my ears, but a balm to my soul  
as well. I try to be selective in the  
poems I memorize. It does take time. It  
takes effort. It takes energy. It takes  
determination. It takes discipline to  
memorize poetry. I frequently make  
use of these poems in my speeches,  
carefully choosing a verse that cap-  
tures the essence of my message, al-  
ways assured that its beauty will de-  
liver in the keenest sense what I try to  
convey. One such poem which has  
served me well is by Henry Wadsworth  
Longfellow: "The Building of The  
Ship."

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

Can one think of a more beautiful de-  
scription of the promise of America,  
and of what we as Senators have a duty  
to protect? We have nothing less than  
the hopes of mankind in our charge!

Poetry is man's attempt to reach up  
and out of his human skin, and con-  
nect, just for a moment, with some-  
thing perfect and eternal.

Edwin Markham's, "A Workman To  
The Gods," could be seen as a tribute  
to the perfection sought by the poet.

Once Phidias stood, with hammer in his  
hand,  
Carving Minerva from the breathing stone,  
Tracing with love the winding of a hair,  
A single hair upon her head,  
Whereon a youth of Athens cried,  
"O Phidias, why do you dally on a hidden  
hair?"

When she is lifted to the lofty front  
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see."  
And Phidias thundered on him:  
"Silence, slave: Men will not see, but the Im-  
mortals will!"

Like the carving of Minerva that  
Phidias so carefully chiseled into the  
relief of the Parthenon, a well crafted  
poem lifts all of humanity and is an  
undeniable testimony to the immortal  
nature and exceptional beauty of the  
human soul.

A poem is a symphony of words just  
waiting to be played, and, like any  
good piece of music, it only improves  
with the playing. My own repertoire of  
poems has provided me with great spir-  
itual enrichment and the special com-  
fort of finding meaning in my own ex-  
periences which I might not otherwise  
have easily discerned. I applaud the ef-  
forts of the Academy of American  
Poets and the programs that they have  
organized for the sixth annual National

Poetry Month. Through celebrations such as this, I hope that poetry will come to be appreciated by a new generation of Americans so that they might enjoy the deep spiritual enrichment that poetry has provided to so many. I should mention that great English novelist and poet, Rudyard Kipling, who received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1907 and about whom I was reading when I was yet in high school in the early 1930's

In his "Recessional" and similar pieces, Kipling addressed himself to his fellow countryman in times of crises. Today I shall only quote from Kipling's "The Heritage":

Our fathers in a wondrous age,  
Ere yet the earth was small,  
Ensured to us a heritage,  
And doubted not at all,  
That we, the children of their heart,  
Which then did beat so high,  
In later time should play like part  
For our posterity  
Then, fretful, murmur not they gave  
So great a charge to keep,  
Nor dream that awestruck time shall save  
Their labor while we sleep.  
Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year  
Our father's title runs.  
Make we likewise their sacrifice,  
Defrauding not our sons.

I shall close with one of the poems by Henry Van Dyke, another poet and essayist popular in the closing days of the 19th century and the early decades of the 20th century. This poem, "America For Me," has been very popular with my own constituents for whom I have quoted it so many, many times during my travels in the West Virginia hills.

Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up  
and down  
Among the famous palaces and cities of re-  
nown,  
To admire the crumple castles and the stat-  
ues of the kings,  
But now I think I've had enough of anti-  
quated things.  
So it's home again, and home again, America  
for me!  
My heart is turning home again, and there I  
long to be,  
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the  
ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag  
is full of stars.  
Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in  
the air;  
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in  
her hair;  
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's  
great to study in Rome  
But when it comes to living there is just no  
place like home.  
I like the German fir-woods, in green battal-  
ions drilled,  
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing  
fountains filled;  
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and  
ramble for a day  
In the friendly western woodland where Na-  
ture has her way!  
I know that Europe's wonderful, yet some-  
thing seems to lack:  
The Past is too much with her, and the peo-  
ple looking back.  
But the glory of the Present is to make the  
Future free,  
We love our land for what she is and what  
she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, Amer-  
ica for me!

I want a ship that's westward bound to  
plough the rolling sea,  
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond  
the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag  
is full of stars.

Mr. President, Senator KENNEDY was  
planning to speak. While we are wait-  
ing for Senator KENNEDY, I shall quote  
another poem:

I saw them tearing a building down,  
A group of men in a busy town;  
With a "Ho, heave, ho" and a lusty yell.  
They swung a beam and the sidewall fell.  
I said to the foreman, "Are these men skilled  
The type you'd hire if you had to build?"  
He laughed, and then he said, "No, indeed,  
Just common labor is all I need;  
I can easily wreck in a day or two,  
That which takes builders years to do."

I said to myself as I walked away,  
"Which of these roles am I trying to play?  
Am I a builder who works with care,  
Building my life by the rule and square?  
Am I shaping my deeds by a well-laid plan,  
Patiently building the best I can?  
Or am I a fellow who walks the town,  
Content with the labor of tearing down?"

Mr. President, I yield the floor.  
The PRESIDING OFFICER. The  
Democratic leader is recognized.

#### TRIBUTE TO JIM ENGLISH

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, I come  
to the floor today to honor a very spe-  
cial person. His name is Jim English.  
He is the Democratic staff director of  
the Senate Committee on Appropria-  
tions. In the course of the 30 years he  
has worked in the Federal Government,  
23 of which were right here in the Sen-  
ate, Jim has served the Senate and the  
American people with great distinc-  
tion.

I have had the privilege of working  
with and getting to know Jim well as  
he carried out his responsibilities on  
one of the most important committees  
of the U.S. Senate, the Senate Appropria-  
tions Committee. Very few people I  
have encountered in my time in the  
Senate—be they members or staff—  
have made as big a difference in the  
lives of everyday working people.  
Throughout his Senate career, Jim has  
constantly and consistently done what  
is best for the American public, regard-  
less of their political persuasion and  
social status.

Although he worked directly for our  
colleague, Senator BYRD, Jim has al-  
ways had time to listen to and help  
deal with the needs and requests of any  
Senator who came to him seeking as-  
sistance. I have seen first hand his pa-  
tience, his expertise, and his willing-  
ness to lend his considerable talents to  
help Member after Member do right by  
their constituencies. Perhaps the  
greatest tribute one can pay to Jim's  
professionalism and expertise is that  
he has managed to attain the absolute  
trust and confidence of Senator BYRD.  
Suffice it to say that such a feat is as  
major as it is rare.

During his time in the Senate, Jim  
has set a standard of conduct and ac-

complishment that will be exceedingly  
difficult to match. In my mind, Jim  
has come to symbolize what we mean  
when we use the term public servant. I  
thank him for choosing to spend part  
of his life with us. We are all better off  
as a result.

I wish him well in whatever he choos-  
es to pursue in the next stage of his life  
and hope that others who follow in his  
footsteps remember the lofty standards  
he established.

I yield the floor.  
The PRESIDING OFFICER. The  
Chair recognizes the Senator from Min-  
nesota.

Mr. WELLSTONE. Mr. President, I  
came to the floor and I heard Senator  
BYRD and Senator DASCHLE speak  
about Jim English. The only thing I  
can say about Jim English—not nearly  
as well as the two of them have spoken  
about him—is, No. 1, he has worked for  
and with the master, Senator BYRD. I  
think he knows almost as much as Sen-  
ator BYRD does about the appropria-  
tions process—maybe not quite as  
much. But I can tell Senator BYRD that  
I think Jim is a lot like Mike Epstein,  
my former deputy. I came here and I  
knew so little. Maybe I now know a lit-  
tle more. I still have a lot to learn.

Jim is just so gracious and so willing,  
when people are just rushing and rush-  
ing, to take time and mentor you and  
to be your teacher. Jim worked for  
Senator BYRD, but in a way I believe he  
was there to work for all of us. He cer-  
tainly helped me a lot. At the begin-  
ning I hesitated to ask him. I knew of  
his expertise. When he was so gracious  
and so obliging and never made me feel  
as if I was a fool, then I believed he was  
a great teacher, willing to answer more  
questions. I have asked him many,  
many questions. He has answered those  
questions. He has helped me. He has  
helped a lot of Senators.

He truly represents the very best of  
public service. We are going to lose a  
great man. The country is going to lose  
a great man. There is no question  
about it.

I thank you, Jim.

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, I am  
delighted to have the opportunity to  
join my colleagues in this well-de-  
served tribute to Jim English, who is  
retiring from the Senate after 30 years  
of outstanding service. Jim has done a  
brilliant job over the years as both a  
majority staff director and a minority  
staff director on the Senate Appropria-  
tions Committee, and we will all miss  
him very much.

Jim was talented and always helpful,  
and he was an enormous source of ad-  
vice and counsel for all of us on so  
many aspects of the appropriations  
process. Whatever the issue, and how-  
ever complex the process, especially as  
the annual deadline neared, Jim was  
always a steady hand and a remarkable  
source of inspiration and wise counsel.

Jim's name may not be well known  
to the citizens of our states, but over  
the years, the people of all 50 states  
have benefitted immensely from Jim's  
skillful work.