

an Executive Order of President Taft established the proportion of the flag and set the arrangement of the stars in six horizontal rows of eight each, a single point of each star to be upward.

The continued expansion of the United States required further modification to the flag, and an Executive Order of President Eisenhower, dated January 3, 1959—I was here at that time—provided for the arrangement of the stars in seven rows of seven stars each staggered horizontally and vertically.

A quick schoolchild who knows his or her multiplication table, sometimes referred to as the times table, knows that 7 times 7 is 49.

With the addition of Hawaii to the Union in 1959, a further Executive Order on August 21, 1959, was required to establish the flag as we know it today with the stars in nine rows staggered horizontally, and 11 rows staggered vertically.

Will the flag change again as it has in the past? I do not know. But some things will never change. The love and respect that patriotic Americans have for this chosen symbol of our native land will never die, so long as the Government remains true to the spirit and the words of this Constitution, which I hold in my hand.

Equally immutable is the power of our flag to lift our hopes and our morale. The blossoming of flags across the Nation on and after September 11 has proved that Old Glory, Old Glory, Old Glory, the Stars and Stripes, by any name, is our own beloved flag. And there it stands in all its glory, beside the Presiding Officer of the Senate.

Madam President, hats off to the flag! That is the appropriate response to the sight of an American flag passing by. To my mind, no one has ever said it better than Henry Holcomb Bennett, in his stirring poem "The Flag Goes By." Let it be my salute and birthday salutation to the American flag. Long may she wave!

#### THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and save the State:  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right, and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong:  
Pride and glory and honor,—all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

#### FATHER'S DAY

Mr. BYRD. Madam President, the Bible commands us to "honor thy father and thy mother." Last month, we honored mothers. It was mother's day. This month, this Sunday, it is the fathers' turn. On that day, we honor men in their role as fathers, not as any of the many other titles they may wear: not for their accomplishments at work, though that is how many men define themselves; not for their accomplishments at home that are not family related, such as in their role as gardeners or home builders or mechanics; but as fathers.

Fatherhood requires no special training, no advanced degree, but it does require a long commitment and a considerable level of effort. It is not always easy. It requires a certain warmth. It is not for the faint-hearted or the self-centered. Though it has its hero moments, it is not a popularity contest. As a father, a man will hunt buggers, as they used to say; buggers or monsters in closets on dark nights, investigate all strange sounds, and kill a lot of bugs and spiders. Just ask any father. He will be expected to know how to make volcanoes out of plaster of Paris and 2-liter soda bottles. He will become the instant authority in all manner of arcane subjects like sports rules. He will become the ultimate authority in all matters of discipline. Father will set, and enforce, limits and intimidate all prospective suitors of his daughters. He becomes the man by whom all other men are judged. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of a father figure.

If you ask a child what he or she likes best about their father, they likely will not mention the father's job. They won't comment on how nicely he mows the lawn, or how the car gleams, the chromium shines, those fenders which mirror themselves. It is more likely to be that dad makes funny faces—yes, that is what they will comment on, dad makes funny faces—plays catch, makes waffles on Saturday mornings, or gives pony rides on his shoulders. Maybe dad does a great cannonball jump into the pool, maybe he cooks the best hamburgers on the grill, or maybe he takes his kids fishing. It is those times that a father is most engaged with his children that makes a moment special to a child. As we grow older, we can appreciate the effort that fathers put into their jobs, so that they might provide for their families, but that appreciation only sweetens the treasured times when dad plays with his kids.

I have spoken many times about my dad. He was not my biological father. But he was my biological father's sister's husband. He and my aunt raised me as my mother died when I was a year old, a little less than a year old, in the great influenza epidemic of 1918.

I was just reading last night a Senate hearing by the Appropriations Committee on a resolution appropriating \$1 million to fight influenza in 1918. That hearing was conducted in September of 1918. Less than 2 months later, my mother died of that influenza.

So she asked, per her wish, that my father's sister—he had eight or nine sisters, two or three brothers; there were large families in those days—my mother's wish was that one of my father's sisters who had married Titus Dalton Byrd take me, the baby. I had three older brothers and a sister, but take me, the baby, and rear that baby. And so because of a mother's wish, my uncle, Titus Dalton Byrd, and his wife, my aunt, Vlurma Byrd, took me to West Virginia from North Carolina, and there in the coal fields of West Virginia they reared me. They took care of me. They loved me. My memories are of that tall man, with a red mustache and the black hair, who went to the mines every day and worked hard for me and for his wife, my aunt—the only mother I ever knew. And he was the only father I ever knew.

As a matter of fact, I didn't know that he wasn't my father until I was a high school senior. In that year, 1934, this man whom I called my dad took me and sat me down and told me the story of how the influenza had taken away my angel mother and how he and his wife, whom I knew as my mom, had taken me as an infant, just a few days under 1 year old, and raised me.

And I can remember him, that old coal miner, honest as the day is long. He had no enemies. When he died, he didn't owe any man a penny. He was honest, as I say, as the day is long. He worked hard in the bowels of the Earth.

I never heard him use God's name in vain in all the years that I was with him—never. I never heard him talk about his neighbor. I never saw him sit down at the table and grumble at whatever was on the table, whatever it was—never, ever a grumble.

As I say, I didn't know for a long time that Titus Dalton Byrd was not my father. I called him Pap. He was my dad.

He was a quiet, hard-working man, worn down by the strenuous life of a coal miner in the days before the mechanized and much safer practices of modern mining. He would come home—I see the coal dust sometimes in his eyes. I see him coming down the railroad tracks. I see him coming home from a hard day's work in the mines.

Many times in those mines the roof was so low that the miners had to walk on their knees. They had knee pads and they would walk on their knees, sometimes working in waterholes, lifting that slate and lifting the shovels of coal and heaving them into the coal car. They worked hard.

There was little hope for them, not much to look forward to in that coal miner's life. Day after day, day after day, the same old grind, lifting that

coal, shoveling that coal into the coal car.

I would see him coming down the railroad tracks from afar. I would run to meet him. As I came to him, I could see that tall man with the red mustache and the black hair set down his dinner pail on a crosstie. As I came near, he would lift off the lid from that dinner pail. And when I came up to him, he would reach into that dinner pail and bring out a cake that my mom had bought, a 5-cent cake—a 5-cent cake from the company store. He had taken it to work. He had taken it to eat for himself, but he didn't eat it. He always saved the cake for me. He always saved the cake for me.

What a man that was. I have met Presidents and Governors and Senators, Members of Congress and Kings and Shahs and Ambassadors—all the great people of the Earth. In my time as majority leader, I met with the Shah of Iran, the old Biblical country of Persia, just a few weeks before he left Iran forever. I met with him in his palace, just he and I and his wife and my wife.

I met with the King of Saudi Arabia, the great royal family of Saudi Arabia. I met with President Sadat, one on one. I met with Prime Minister Begin of Israel; President Assad of Syria; the King of Jordan. I knew the King's father. I met with Vice Premiere Deng, the real leader in Communist China. I met with President Brezhnev, down in the Crimea, just he and I sitting across the table, he with one person who was an interpreter, I with an interpreter and one assistant, that was all, sitting down, in the Crimea. Brezhnev, he reminded me of an old county commissioner back in West Virginia. I bet there are some of those county commissioners in Missouri, just oldtimers, people of the soil, people of the Earth.

So I met with these people: Margaret Thatcher, the King of Spain, I met with all this great array of world leaders.

Who was I? I was a country boy from southern West Virginia, a coal miner's son. But the greatest of all these people that I have met on Earth, one of the greatest—I knew he was great because I lived with him—the greatest was my old coal miner dad, coal miner dad.

Well, I would walk along with him, kind of feeling grown up, you see. Here I was, a little old boy. He saved me a cake and then I would walk on down to the house with him. I felt pretty grown up, walking with my dad.

So he always saved the cake for me. He never forgot to save me something. He would always give it to me with one of his quiet smiles. Those short walks were a special time just for us, and the memory of them gives me a warm feeling to this day.

I have no doubt that there is a Heaven. I have no doubt that in that Heaven right today is that mother who died on the evening before November 11, 1918. And because of her wish, I am here

today. If it hadn't been for her wish, that I be taken by Titus Dalton Byrd and his wife, I probably would have grown up in North Carolina. It is hard to tell what I might have amounted to but because of a mother's wish.

My dad was the one who gave me pencils and paper, drawing books and watercolors at Christmas. He didn't give me a cowboy suit or a cap buster. He gave me drawing tablets and watercolors, urged me to learn how to draw and how to write and how to read. He was the one who bought a violin for me and encouraged me to play.

The fiddle was a big gift in a day and place where there wasn't much money for frills. I got a lot of enjoyment out of that fiddle playing. And because of that fiddle, I really had a political advantage, and I was advised by a Republican—as I told some of these fine pages here, earlier today—a Republican lawyer advised me to take that fiddle. He said: You take that fiddle, BOB, and everywhere you go you make that fiddle your briefcase. You play a tune or two and then you put that fiddle down and you give them a straight story on why you want to go to the West Virginia Legislature. And quote a little poem or two, but they will remember you because of that fiddle. Nobody else who is running can play a fiddle. They will remember you not because of the fiddle but because it got their attention and caused them to remember you. But it is what you say that really counts.

I ran my first campaign for elected office. I was an underdog. I was very young. I was unknown. I was untested. But my fiddle playing at campaign stops got people's attention and left them with a memory associated with my name. They were willing to listen to me talk as the price for getting to hear me play.

So in that way you could say that my dad helped me to win an election—my first election. He did, because he bought that fiddle for me. Without that fiddle, I wouldn't have won that first campaign, and probably wouldn't have been reelected when I ran for the West Virginia Senate. I had to go into additional counties, and I took the fiddle there. When I ran for the House of Representatives, there were additional counties. I took the fiddle around.

So that was what my dad gave me—that fiddle. It was because of his and my mother's wish, you see, that I am here today. It is how far I was influenced.

My dad also encouraged me in school. He did not want me to follow him into the mines. He knew the dangers too well. He had seen those dangers up close. He had seen too many of his fellow coal miners killed. He had seen the men on the floor of the house with a piece of canvass stretched over them who had been run over by a motor, or executed by a fallen cable, or killed by falling slate. He had seen those dangers up close. So he pushed me to do well in school. He wanted me to do well in

school. He encouraged me. He always wanted to see that report card. And there was one category on the report card entitled "deportment." He always looked at that deportment. How well did Robert do in school? How well does he mind the teacher? Does he do what the teacher says? Is he a rowdy or is he not? He always watched that.

From him and from my aunt, I developed a love of learning that has lasted my whole life.

I was the first in all of my family—going back many generations to William Sayle who settled in Virginia in 1657 on the banks of the Rappahannock River. He was the ancient forbear of my father, my real father, my biological father—I was the first in my family, going all the way back to England, to go to college.

I am proud to say that my children and my children's children have excelled in challenging academic fields. My grandson, Frederick, is a physicist, following in his father's footsteps. I may be biased, but at the rate my family is going I wouldn't be surprised if one of my great-granddaughters won a Nobel Prize, thanks to the academic legacy inspired by my dad who himself had practically little or no schooling whatsoever.

I know he must look down and be proud of all of us, just as we strive to make him proud.

I have another grandson who is a physicist also, Darius. I have a grandson who is on one of the appropriations committees as a staff person. I have a granddaughter who works in the Senate. I have a granddaughter who lives in Leesburg. She is a wonderful granddaughter. These daughters of mine and the grandchildren and now three great-grandchildren—three are great-granddaughters—I have no doubt that they will win some Nobel Prize or something even more worthy.

I know that I am not alone today in cherishing the memories of my dad—the man who raised me. Nor am I alone in seeing the reach that a father's encouragement can have through many generations who cannot feel the warm touch of that long-gone father's smile. History books are replete with the stories of famous men and women who owed their start to some early encouragement from their fathers or their mothers.

Benjamin West, an early American painter, said, as I understand it, that he owed his becoming a great painter to his mother—his angel mother—who, when he was a little infant, a little child, came to her with his child's drawings of flowers and birds and showed his mother. She would take him upon her knee and say, Benjamin, you will grow up to be a great painter. And Benjamin West grew up to be a great painter. He said he was made a great painter by a mother's kiss. That is the way it is.

It is what we celebrate on Father's Day. It is not the work, it is not the accomplishments, it is not the titles, it

isn't the bank account that bring children home to visit with their father and share a meal with him or send him a funny yet sentimental card. The moments of a father's love made manifest—these are the pieces of gold in memory's treasure chest. Those moments of joy, of laughter, of mutual pride at being in the same family make the labors of the week drop away like a heavy winter coat in the warm rays of the summer sun.

For myself, of course, and also for all fathers, I hope that this Sunday is filled with family and with laughter and with warm feelings. Let us all look upon, think upon, and remember our fathers and our father's father, and glory in their greatest and most lasting achievement—happy families.

Let us not forget that Biblical admonition, honor thy father and thy mother. We only have one of each. That is it. That is the sum total—only one.

I close with the words of an unknown who wrote the "Little Chap Who Follows Me."

I am sure that my dad, although he never had the luxury of sitting in a schoolroom reading that poem, the "Little Chap Who Follows Me," certainly in his life typified that poet's thought as a father who thinks of the "Little Chap Who Follows Me."

Many of the poems, like these simple little poems, have a message:

A careful man I ought to be;  
A little fellow follows me;  
I do not dare to go astray

For fear he'll go the self-same way.  
I must not madly step aside,  
Where pleasure's paths are smooth and wide,  
And join in wine's red revelry  
A little fellow follows me.

I cannot once escape his eyes;  
Whate'er he sees me do, he tries—  
Like me, he says, he's going to be;  
The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine,  
Believes in every word of mine;  
The base in me he must not see,  
The little chap who follows me.

I must remember as I go,  
Through summer's sun and winter's snow,  
I'm building for the years to be,  
A little fellow follows me.

Madam President, I yield the floor. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

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

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

ADJOURNMENT UNTIL MONDAY,  
JUNE 17, 2002, AT 2 P.M.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, the Senate stands adjourned until 2 o'clock p.m., Monday, June 17, 2002.

Thereupon, the Senate, at 12:47 p.m., adjourned until Monday, June 17, 2002, at 2 p.m.

## NOMINATIONS

Executive nominations received by the Senate June 14, 2002:

### FARM CREDIT ADMINISTRATION

NANCY C. PELLETT, OF IOWA, TO BE A MEMBER OF THE FARM CREDIT ADMINISTRATION BOARD, FARM CREDIT ADMINISTRATION FOR A TERM EXPIRING MAY 31, 2008, VICE ANN JORGENSEN, TERM EXPIRED.

### CORPORATION FOR PUBLIC BROADCASTING

CHERYL FELDMAN HALPERN, OF NEW JERSEY, TO BE A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE CORPORATION FOR PUBLIC BROADCASTING FOR A TERM EXPIRING JANUARY 31, 2008, VICE HEIDI H. SCHULMAN, TERM EXPIRED.

### DEPARTMENT OF STATE

J. ANTHONY HOLMES, OF CALIFORNIA, A CAREER MEMBER OF THE SENIOR FOREIGN SERVICE, CLASS OF COUNSELOR, TO BE AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TO BURKINA FASO.

AURELIA E. BRAZEAL, OF GEORGIA, A CAREER MEMBER OF THE SENIOR FOREIGN SERVICE, CLASS OF CAREER MINISTER, TO BE AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TO THE FEDERAL DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF ETHIOPIA.

### OCCUPATIONAL SAFETY AND HEALTH REVIEW COMMISSION

W. SCOTT RAILTON, OF VIRGINIA, TO BE A MEMBER OF THE OCCUPATIONAL SAFETY AND HEALTH REVIEW COMMISSION FOR A TERM EXPIRING APRIL 27, 2007, VICE GARY L. VISSCHER, TERM EXPIRED.

## WITHDRAWAL

Executive message transmitted by the President to the Senate on June 14, 2002, withdrawing from further Senate consideration the following nomination:

CHERYL FELDMAN HALPERN, OF NEW JERSEY, TO BE A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE CORPORATION FOR PUBLIC BROADCASTING FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE TERM EXPIRING JANUARY 31, 2004, WHICH WAS SENT TO THE SENATE ON NOVEMBER 9, 2001.