

has not conducted a single intercept test since then, let alone one using the intended booster, the actual kill vehicle, the planned radar, the space-based infrared satellite that would be vital to the success of this system, or anything approaching a realistic test geometry or target set.

Very little, if any, of this will be accomplished before the administration claims its schedule-driven success. General Kadish has already said that the next test might be delayed until the fall.

Mr. Thomas Christie, Director of the Pentagon's Office of Operational Test and Evaluation, wrote in his most recent annual report:

Delays in production and testing of the two booster designs have put tremendous pressure on the test schedule immediately prior to fielding. At this point, it is not clear what mission capability will be demonstrated prior to initial defensive operations.

In February, the General Accounting Office wrote:

No component of the system to be fielded by September 2004 has been flight-tested in its deployed configuration. Significant uncertainties surround the capability to be fielded by September.

Two months ago before the Senate Armed Services Committee, Mr. Christie agreed with Senator REED's statement that:

At this time, we cannot be sure that the actual system would work against a real North Korean missile threat.

The Union of Concerned Scientists has noted that, given the limited capabilities of the Cobra Dane radar in Alaska and the SPY-1 radar on a ship in the Pacific Ocean, this system would leave Hawaii essentially undefended. In fairness, there is a precedent for the administration's approach. It is a very old and famous precedent. You can find it in Chapter 1 of *Don Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes.

Don Quixote checks out his old helmet, which he has been restoring:

In order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength . . .

So far, so good. This is what we do whenever an interceptor fails to hit its target in a flight test. My guess is that this is what the Missile Defense Agency did after the December 2002 test.

But note what Don Quixote does next:

. . . and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

Does that sound familiar? The Missile Defense Agency did about the same thing: they decided to do fewer intercept tests, rather than more, and to defer nearly all of those tests until well after this missile defense "helmet" is fielded. So let's give the Pentagon

credit where credit is due: they are downright literary. I do wonder, though, whether they ever got beyond Chapter 1. If they had read Chapter 11 of *Don Quixote*, they would have discovered that his helmet was demolished in its first encounter with an enemy. That is why Don Quixote ended up putting a barber's washbowl on his head.

There is a clear lesson here, and it is a lesson that Cervantes understood fully 400 years ago. Testing is not a one-time exercise. After you make your corrections to the system, you have to test again, and the reason for testing is so as not to field a system that will fail.

The administration will say that it is employing "spiral development," under which weapons are deployed in an initial configuration that is then improved through regular upgrades. That concept assumes, however, that the initial configuration is at least workable. In missile defense, it is not clear that we have even made it to the barber's washbowl.

To declare that a system protects the American people when none of its real components has been tested realistically is really to deceive the American people. The decision to decrease near-term testing in order to maintain a deployment date weeks before the next election demonstrates neither realism nor wisdom.

The administration's fixation on missile defense has also blinded it to the opportunity costs of its pursuit of that goal. As Richard Clarke later reported, the administration was so focused on missile defense and the ABM Treaty in 2001 that it paid too little attention to the growing threat of al Qaeda terrorism.

It also put on hold, throughout 2001, our important nonproliferation programs in the former Soviet Union, which help to keep Russian weapons, materials, and technology out of the hands of rogue states or terrorists.

In the wake of September 11, when the administration was given a choice of spending \$1.3 billion on missile defense or on countering terrorism, it still opted to spend the funds on missile defense. The difficult situation in which we find ourselves today regarding North Korea may be yet another result of the administration's missile defense fixation.

The administration inherited a mixed, but hopeful, situation from President Clinton: North Korea's spent nuclear reactor fuel, except for enough to make one or two nuclear weapons, which had been illegally reprocessed in the 1980s, was being safely canned and stored under U.S. and IAEA observation. American access to a suspect underground site had created an inspection precedent that might be enlarged upon in other agreements. Negotiations were proceeding on a deal to end North Korea's long-range missile sales. And while North Korea was engaged in an illegal uranium enrichment pro-

gram, that was apparently still at an experimental stage.

But the administration refused to build on President Clinton's work. It delayed any engagement with North Korea throughout 2001, insulting South Korea's President and undercutting our own Secretary of State in the process.

There were persistent rumors that administration officials viewed missile defense, rather than negotiations, as the real answer to any North Korean threat. The North Korean threat was, in turn, a widely cited justification for pursuing a national missile defense and withdrawing from the ABM Treaty.

So here we are in 2004, and what do we have? The North Korean missile threat is still uncertain, since there have been no further flight tests of long-range North Korean missiles. But if North Korea ever does field an ICBM, there is a much better chance now that it will carry a nuclear weapon. Four years ago, we guessed that North Korea had one or two nuclear weapons; now we reportedly think they have at least eight, with perhaps more on the way.

Has this administration's policy made us safer? It doesn't look that way to me. What has happened, however, is that the stakes in missile defense have gotten higher. If faulty missile defense were to let a North Korean missile through with a high explosive warhead, or even a chemical weapons warhead, that would be one thing. But if a missile gets through with a nuclear weapon, then say goodbye to Honolulu or Seattle or San Diego.

That gets back to the matter of realistic testing. It is one thing to have "spiral development" of a new bomb, or even a new airplane. The loss of life in the "learning by doing" phase will be tragic, but limited.

It is quite another thing to tell the American people to put their trust in a "rudimentary" missile defense that could well permit the destruction of whole American cities. The Reed amendment won't stop missile defense. All it does is redress the balance, a little, between feckless deployment and desperately needed testing.

Whether we like our missile defense program or not, we should all vote in favor of testing it. If we need a missile defense, then we need one that does more than raise a "Mission Accomplished" banner in Alaska. It is time to stop acting like Don Quixote and start heeding the wisdom of Cervantes.

I urge my colleagues to vote for the Reed amendment.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the bill now be laid aside and the Senate proceed to a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak for up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection?

Without objection, it is so ordered.

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

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

FATHER'S DAY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, as spring turns to summer, as the calendar rolls from Easter to Memorial Day to the Fourth of July, our workaday schedule is pleasantly interrupted by numerous holidays—days of remembrance, for the most part.

We honor the death and the rebirth of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we honor the fallen heroes of our Nation's wars. We honor our mothers and the flag of our Nation. Graduation ceremonies honoring matriculating students have been taking place every weekend around the country as high schools and colleges conclude their academic years. In West Virginia—how sweet the sound—we honor the anniversary of our statehood this month as well. This Sunday, June 20, 2004, the penultimate day of spring, the Nation honors fathers.

The word "father," how sweet that sounds. Jesus taught us to pray, "Our Father who art in Heaven." The Bible says, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

We can be sure that fathers will be honored this Sunday because it will be the mothers and the daughters who do the planning for this event—not the often inept party planners who call themselves men. Men can plan military campaigns and vacation travels, but somehow our skills frequently fall short at birthdays and holidays.

Fathers do offer other talents, however. Fathers are builders—builders of tree houses, builders of sand castles, of backyard patios, and model volcanoes for third grade science projects. Fathers are mechanics, for the family car as well as bicycles and, in this increasingly technology-laden day, computers, cell phones, and digital recorders and players of many purposes. Fathers are coaches for softball and junior soccer leagues, and fathers are chauffeurs for piano lessons and school dances. Fathers are workers, striving to keep their families fed and clothed and housed. Fathers are bankers, saving for college educations and making loans to start their youngsters off on a new career.

Fathers do traditional things, such as mow lawns, take out the trash, pay the bills, and change the tires. But fathers are also cooks, launderers, and diaper changers.

Fathers are part of the silent cheering section, rooting on their children with their solid presence at the back of recitals and grandstands, always pleased to mutter, "That's my kid," "That's my kid," "That's my kid," to other spectators.

Fathers may not always show the true depth of their emotions, but there can be no father who does not glow inwardly as his child's shining face seeks theirs, seeks the father's, asking the unspoken question: "Did I do well, Pa?" "Did I do well, Dad?" "Did I do well?" "And are you proud of me?" "Are you proud of me, Dad?" As fathers, men are honored and humbled by the seeking of their approval, silently savoring the precious father-child bond.

I was raised by just such a silent man. My uncle, Titus Dalton Byrd, worked hard all of his working life in the coal mines of southern West Virginia. He never had much. I have heard others say: Well, I am the first in my line to have a college education. Or I am the first in my line to have a high school education. I am the first in my line to even go to the second grade.

This was my dad. He was not my biological father, but he was my dad. He was the greatest man I have ever met, and I have met with shahs and kings and princes and princesses, Presidents, Senators, Governors. This was the greatest, the greatest of all.

As I say, he never had much. He did not have much of an education. He did not have vacations. He was a man of few words. He walked to work, carrying his lunch in a pail, and he was grateful to be able to walk home at the end of the day, having worked all day, having toiled in the bowels of the Earth, having earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. Yes, I can see him.

He took me in as an infant, less than 1 year old. He did all that he could for me. He gave me his name. He encouraged me in my school work. He never bought me a cowboy suit or a cap buster. He bought me watercolors with which to paint. He bought me my first violin. In these ways, he gave me gifts that have stayed with me throughout my life.

So when I wanted to seek a job working in the mines to be like him, the man I call my dad discouraged me—discouraged me. He took me back into the mountains, into the bowels, into the depths of the Earth on a mine motor so that I could hear the timbers cracking, so that I could see the water holes in which he and other coal miners plodded their way, often on their knees. Yes, he showed me where he worked. He said the mines were dangerous places to work, and they were in those days especially. He wanted better things for me, and he urged me to get an education, a formal education.

He had the heart of a father. He wanted life to be better for his boy than it was for him. He made whatever sacrifices he had to make in order to make his dream come true. He couldn't give me much, but he gave me the best example. He set the best example that he could each and every day of his life.

He could have complained. He could have been a complainer. He could have whined. But he did neither. He just got up day after day and set out to work,

and every day he came home tired. But he would save something sweet from his lunch for me. I used to watch him coming down the railroad tracks from a mile away, that tall man with black hair and red mustache. I saw him coming down the railroad tracks, and I would run to meet him. When I came near, he would stop, take the lid from the dinner pail and reach in and get a cake, a 5-cent cake. In those days, these were 5-cent cupcakes—5 cents. My mom had put into his lunch this cake every day. She knew what he would do with it. He took that cake to work, and then when I came near him, as he came walking on those cross-ties down the Virginian Railroad tracks, there in that coal mining camp in southern West Virginia, that tall man reached into the dinner pail and he pulled out that 5-cent cake, and he gave the cake to me.

From the morning when he arose to toil in the mines, he must have looked forward to the time in the afternoon when he would be giving that cake to me. He always gave the cake to me.

I wonder if I appreciated, as I should have, I wonder if I even understood all of his efforts, all of his sacrifices at the time of their commission. I am sure I did not, but age and fatherhood have given me greater insight into the life of this quiet man, this good dad, my dad.

Yes, I have walked with the greatest of the Earth, the leaders of the world. I sat down, as I said, with kings, princes, shahs, Governors and Presidents, but this was the greatest of them all. He was great because he was good.

This Nation is full of good fathers, fathers who work hard, fathers who come home tired, fathers who take care of their families. Most days they do not get much attention, these armies of good fathers. Headlines are not made by them. Unfortunately, headlines are made by bad fathers, not the good ones.

This Sunday, the good fathers will be fussed over, but they will enjoy every moment of attention. Some men will spend their Father's Day far away from home, serving in Iraq, Afghanistan, or in other dangerous places. Some men will work on Father's Day protecting the Nation at home in police and fire departments. For these men, Father's Day celebrations may be delayed but nonetheless sweeter for the wait.

I am the father of two daughters, mothers now themselves, even grandmothers. I am a great-grandfather, and I can attest that it is indeed great to be a great-grandfather.

As my sweet wife Erma and I celebrated our 67th wedding anniversary 3 weeks ago, I had the very special pleasure of sharing that occasion with most of my family and with friends. I could look around the long table past my wife's beautiful face and see small snatches of her and of myself in the voices, the gestures, the faces of three generations looking back at me. I am so proud of these.

"Yet, in my lineaments they trace, some features of my father's face." So