

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 President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.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

wrote the poet George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, in his poem. It is at times like these that one can feel the tide of history flowing from the generations before me to the young faces just setting out on the long ride of life.

We strive to be remembered by our loved ones, as my dad strove to be remembered. To all the good fathers out there and in honor of my own dad, who is looking down today from heaven, I close with a few lines that I learned and recited when the days were young.

In those days, children routinely did such things as memorize poetry. And I say to the fine Senator who presides today over this body, it is one of a multitude of poems that were taught to children in order to teach them lessons, and this one is just a few lines titled, "The Little Chap That Follows Me," or in some instances, "A Little Fellow Follows Me." This was written by the Reverend Claude Wisdom White, Sr., and it reminds me of how my dad lived, a noble man whom I never heard once, in all of the years, use God's name in vain. I never heard him tell an off-colored joke. That was the man whom I remember this day. Thank God for a man like Titus Dalton Byrd.

A careful man I ought to be,  
A little fellow follows me.  
I dare not go astray,  
For fear he'll go the self-same way.

I cannot once escape his eyes,  
Whatever he see 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,  
That little fellow who follows me.  
I must remember as I go,  
Thru summers' sun and winters' snow.  
I am building for the years to be,  
In the little chap who follows me.

#### WEST VIRGINIA DAY, 2004

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, as I mentioned a moment ago, Sunday will be June 20, and it will be West Virginia Day. West Virginia Day.

On this day before West Virginia eve, there are so many things I would like to say about my great and proud and glorious State.

I would like to talk about her rolling hills, how each year scores of thousands of people come to West Virginia to camp in our State and in our parks, to hike the Appalachian Trail, to fish in our mountain streams, or simply to relax and enjoy our majestic mountain scenery. The only thing more beautiful than the Sun setting over the hills of West Virginia is the Sun rising over our beautiful green peaks.

I would like to brag a little. You know, Dizzy Dean said it is all right to brag if you have done it. I would like to brag a little about West Virginia's "firsts." The first patent for a soda fountain was granted to George Dulty, of Wheeling, in 1833. The first bare knuckle world heavyweight championship was held near Colliers on June 1, 1880—Colliers, WV. The first rural free

mail delivery was started in Charles Town, just a few miles from here, on October 6, 1896. The first female jockey to win a horse race was Barbara Jo Rubin, at the Charles Town Racetrack on February 22, 1969.

And, of course, I would like to boast, and I shall boast—why not? Why not? Why should I say I would like to boast? I am going to boast.

I want to boast about all of the biggest and the best of West Virginia. The world's largest axe factory was located—where? In Charleston; Charleston, WV. The world's largest clothespin factory was located in Richwood, in Nicholas County, WV.

The world's largest sycamore tree—where? Why, in Webster Springs, WV.

And the town of Weirton, right up there in that northern panhandle, is the only city in the United States that extends from one State to another, one State border to another, the only city in the United States that extends from one State border to the other.

And, of course, I will talk about the people of West Virginia, how they have endured disasters, exploitation, national scoffs—we are called hillbillies, you know. Hillbillies? How blessed the name, hillbillies. Count me in. How they have endured neglect but still they remain among the friendliest, the warmest, the most courageous, and most patriotic people in the United States.

West Virginians are good people who care about each other and care about you, even if you are a stranger. And it has been said that West Virginians "don't just loan someone a socket wrench, we help them fix their cars."

And then I want to talk about the West Virginia coal industry. I could point out how West Virginia coal helped to fuel the Industrial Revolution and for over a century heated American homes. Look about you.

You know the Great Fire in London occurred in 1666 and the great architect who drew the designs for the buildings that replaced those that were swept away with the fires, the great architect of that period was Christopher Wren. As my wife and I walked the halls of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London, we looked upon the floor and there on the floor, inscribed, were these words:

If you seek my monument, look about you.

That was Christopher Wren, who was the architect for perhaps more than 50 of those cathedrals and great buildings that grew up in the place that had been swept by the disastrous fire.

If you seek my monument, look about you.

I would point out how West Virginia coal helped to fuel the Industrial Revolution, as I say, and for a century heated American homes and fueled our warships and provided energy for our industries. Yes, these lights we have in the Chamber, where do you think that power is coming from? Not very far away. West Virginia coal made it possible.

But as the great and glorious day known as West Virginia Day ap-

proaches, I decided not to do all these things but to discuss another aspect: the West Virginia apple industry. I have to wonder how many people listening to me even realize that West Virginia has a significant apple industry, but it does. In fact, West Virginia ranks ninth in the Nation in apple production. Furthermore, West Virginia is the home of two important—now listen to this. When you go to the store, to the Giant food store tomorrow, with your husband or your wife or your brother or your sister, take a look at those apples as you go by. And just remember this, that two important and very popular and delicious, delectable, tasty apple varieties originated in West Virginia. In 1775, Thomas W. Grimes produced the first Grimes golden apple since Adam and Eve walked together as evening came and enjoyed the apple.

Thomas Grimes produced the first Grimes Golden apple in Wellsburg, WV. The Grimes Golden became a highly esteemed dessert apple.

In the early 1900s, Anderson Mullins discovered on his family property in Clay County, WV, a mysterious tree bearing the Golden Delicious apple.

Did you know that? I am looking at these bright faces that greet me with smiles every day—the wonderful young people who work for Senators and work for their Nation, who perform services for this Nation in this Senate, these wonderful young people—we call them pages. How wonderful they are.

I pause from time to time to talk to these pages and to tell them wholesome stories and talk a little about Nathan Hale, talk with them about this great institution, the Senate of the United States. I talk with them about the Great Compromise that was hammered out in Philadelphia on July 16, 1787.

Look how attentive these pages are. They are listening. They are listening. That smile, that radiant smile that I see on each page's face—Republican on the Republican side, and on the Democratic side—I will carry that smile with me all day, all day long, and it will warm my heart.

Great it is to believe the dream as we stand in youth by the starry stream, but greater still to live life through and find at the end that the dream is true.

As these young people go tomorrow perhaps to the Giant food or to the Safeway store or the corner grocery, they will look at the apples. When you do, remember that this Golden Delicious apple originated in Clay County, WV.

Clay County is where I attended a Democratic rally one night 50 years ago. Just before I got into my car, I put my fiddle—it is a violin, but some people call it a fiddle—on the trunk of my car. And I began talking with one of the others who was departing late or last from that rally. I forgot about leaving my fiddle on the trunk of my car. When I got into my car and turned the ignition on and backed it up, I heard something. I heard the sound