

finding a position in the private sector, Sandra Day O'Connor accepted a position working as Deputy County Attorney for San Mateo County, California.

When her husband John was drafted into the JAG Corps in 1953, she moved to Frankfurt, Germany with him and served as a civilian attorney for the Quartermaster Market Center from 1954–1957.

After leaving Germany, O'Connor returned to Arizona and again faced difficulty in finding employment with a private law firm. As a result, she began a small practice of her own where she practiced from 1958–1960.

In 1965, after returning to work following a brief hiatus to care for her children, O'Connor accepted a position as an Assistant Attorney General for the State of Arizona.

In 1968, she was appointed to the Arizona State Senate by the governor to fill a vacancy. O'Connor successfully defended her Senate seat in the next election, and was subsequently re-elected to two more terms. During this time, O'Connor was elected to be majority leader of the Arizona Senate.

O'Connor was elected Judge of Maricopa County Superior Court in 1975 and she served until 1979 when she was appointed to the Arizona Court of Appeals. In 1981, President Reagan appointed her as the first woman to sit on the Supreme Court and she was confirmed unanimously by the Senate.

During her time on the Court, Justice O'Connor has proven herself to be a brilliant jurist and a strong defender of the Constitution. She is known for her fairness and her desire to seek practical solutions for even the most difficult decisions the Court has ruled on.

Justice O'Connor has proven to be an independent thinker and a vigorous questioner, narrowing in on precise legal issues with laser-like precision from the bench.

She has lived up to her promise to respect the Constitution and to interpret the law judiciously, seeking the narrowest reach possible for the Court's rulings. Justice O'Connor is known for approaching each case individually, seeking to arrive at practical conclusions.

Justice O'Connor has been a great advocate for the Court. She has traveled the globe, speaking to thousands of students, lawyers, foreign dignitaries and others on the judiciary, the Constitution, and the law.

Justice O'Connor's love of this Nation, its judicial process, and the law is widely known. In her most recent book, "Majesty of the Law: Reflections of a Supreme Court Justice" she insightfully describes the institution of the court, its history, customs and some of its notable members.

Justice O'Connor, is "one of the most significant historical figures of the 21st century" and "an inspiration to all future generations." Chief Judge Stephen McNamee, U.S. District Court, District of Arizona.

"[Justice O'Connor] likes to hear people's points of view. I never felt I had to agree with her to conform to her view." Professor Stuart Banner, professor of law at UCLA who clerked for O'Connor.

I yield the floor.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from West Virginia is recognized.

COMPLIMENTING SENATOR TED STEVENS

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I always enjoy listening to my friend TED STEVENS. Ours is a long friendship, and it will be as long as the days we both live. He is going to go fishing. He loves to fish. He loves to go back to his State, which he so ably represents, and which has accorded him the great title of "Alaska's Son of the 20th Century." Indeed, he is one who is entitled to that kind of recognition and respect.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, many Americans will soon enjoy a long 3-day weekend, courtesy of the Fourth of July, which this year falls on a Monday.

The Fourth of July is a wonderful time. Summer's heat has not yet worn us down. School has not been out so long that the days have begun to drag for the younger set—or for their parents. We are not tired of the season or of each other. The growth of the grass has slowed, so that weekends are not spent on mowing and yard work, but leaves some time for picnics and pools. Gardens are beginning to pour forth their bounty, but not yet in such abundance that we have become desperate to unload mounds of zucchini and tomatoes. Wild blackberries. I remember when I was a boy, reaching around the shed and picking off a few wild blackberries and having the color of the blackberries stain my lips. Wild blackberries are ripening along the edges of fields and the heavy perfume of honeysuckle vines makes rural walks a feast—a feast—for the senses. The Fourth of July is a perfect time to glory in the gentle bounty of our Nation and of our Nation's families. Independence Day, together with Thanksgiving and Christmas, remains a uniquely family-oriented celebration. When Americans reflect on our freedom, our security, our liberties, our many blessings, we like to do it among our closest friends and family.

Fourth of July parades—oh man, man, man, they will bring out the crowds along community main streets, big towns, little towns, middle-size towns. Small hands—I can just see them, can't you?—small hands, little hands will clutch miniature flags as firetrucks roll past in all of their shining glory. Floats made by church groups, scout troops, and 4-H clubs will compete, each hoping to demonstrate the greatest patriotism.

After the parades, there will be family picnics and barbecues that host their own friendly competition as family cooks show off their talents at the grill or on tables laden with traditional favorites such as creamy macaroni and potato salad, slow-cooked baked beans—oh, how good they taste—deviled eggs, and chocolate cake.

The menu is not as important, however, as the feeling of family solidarity as everyone settles in after a splendid meal to watch the cascading displays of fireworks set off in the growing dusk. With the exception of some small children and family pets, such as my little dog, Trouble, that howl at the thunderous booms and high-pitched squeals of some fireworks, the general response to the evening's finale is usually a unanimous "oooh" after each bloom of sparks.

Even the earliest Independence Day celebrations were marked by similar displays of patriotism, often including the discharge of cannons, one for each State in the Union, and toasts, also one for each State in the Union.

On July 3, 1776, John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail and said:

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater perhaps never was, nor will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that those United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.

That resolution was on separation from England. It was not until July 4 that the Declaration of Independence—the Declaration of Independence, there it is with my wife Erma's name on the front of the leather cover. It contains the Constitution, the Articles of Confederation, yes, and the Declaration of Independence, and some other historic documents.

The Declaration of Independence was voted upon by the Continental Congress. Adams felt that the July 2 date was the one that would be marked by celebration, but the physical presence of the declaration document, along with its stirring rhetoric, allowed it to easily usurp the separation vote tally as the turning point in history.

Eighty copies of the original declaration were printed that same night, July 4, for distribution among the rebellious colonies.

At the very first Independence Day celebrations, those spontaneous ones that followed in the days and weeks after the Declaration of Independence was adopted and distributed, the Declaration of Independence was itself a central part of the festivity, read aloud to the crowds gathered at capitols, courthouses, and public places around the newly declared nation. In New York, the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental Army posted around the city, to loud hurrahs—loud hurrahs.

Today, as proud inhabitants of a powerful and wealthy nation, it can be difficult to recall that in 1776, the celebrations of independence must be seen as

acts of incredible bravado. In 1776, the population of the United States was estimated to be between 2.2 million and 2.9 million people dispersed over an enormous swath of lightly populated country. Some 70,000 British loyalists had fled the new United States after independence was declared. The remaining tiny population was taking on the British empire at the height of her power—a colossus five times larger in terms of population that was the greatest and richest in history since the fall of Rome and the recent victor of wars against France and Spain that left her in sole possession of much of the North American Continent. To wave flags and shoot off fireworks in celebration of the Declaration of Independence from such a behemoth was tantamount to a junior varsity football team taking on the entire National Football League for the Super Bowl and thumbing their noses to boot. In point of fact, it took everything the new Nation had to eke out a victory. There were many points during the Revolution at which the outcome was far from certain.

Even in the aftermath of victory, the future of the new Nation was fragile. Burdened by war debt, exhausted, struggling to form a workable government out of 13 highly independent new States, the new Nation limped along without even an established capital. It was not until the Constitution was drafted in 1787 and the new Capital established in Washington, DC, that the new Nation took on a sense of stability and permanence. On July 4, 1801, President Thomas Jefferson, the principal drafter of the Declaration of Independence, opened the White House to guests while the Marine Band played patriotic music on the lawn and militia units conducted military drills with fixed bayonets.

Independence Day celebrations were conducted far from Washington as well. Two hundred years ago, July 4, 1805, found the Lewis and Clark expedition traveling along the upper Missouri River in Montana. LT William Clark noted in his journal that the group honored the day with as much of a feast as they could muster, drank the last of their brandy, and pulled out the fiddle for dancing and merriment until “a late hour.” I am especially pleased to note that fiddle playing was part of the day’s celebration. In my younger days, family gatherings always included some fiddle playing, a little singing, and maybe a little dancing. It is a tradition as old as the Fourth of July.

I hope, Mr. President, that on this Independence Day, many Americans may enjoy a little fiddle music—it keeps you down to Earth—a healthy dollop of patriotism, and the pleasure of family. As we celebrate the day with friends and families at home or out amid our Nation’s beautiful wild spaces, I hope all of our citizens will spare a moment or two to read the Declaration of Independence. Let us remember that each person who signed

that Declaration of Independence virtually was signing his own death warrant. After all, they could have been charged with treason against the King and hanged. Think of it.

The colonists rebelled against a government that was arbitrary, unjust, high handed, and unwilling to even hear the concerns of those it governed. They rebelled against a tyrant who made the military independent of and superior to civil authority, who imposed taxes without their consent, deprived them of the benefits of trial by jury, cut off their trade, abolished their laws, and fundamentally altered the form of government, suspended their legislatures, captured their people at sea, and forced them to bear arms against the colonists, and ignored their pleas for justice, these things among many other grievances.

On the Fourth of July, Americans celebrate and honor the tremendous vision of our Founding Fathers, their incredible courage, and their willingness to take on a fight that must have seemed a desperate gamble. We celebrate a document that laid out for all the world to see just what kind of a nation we aim to be and just what kind of a government we would never stand for—we should never stand for.

The Declaration of Independence is more than a piece of paper. The Declaration of Independence is more than a piece of history. It is a vow for the future, a call to battle, and the cornerstone of a new nation. As we watch the flags snap and pop in the breeze as the parade swings past, recall the words of the Declaration that put troops on the march to take on the King’s armies. Each citizen, each family, has much to be grateful for as a result of that document.

And so, Mr. President, let me read briefly from that beautiful Declaration:

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

On this Fourth of July, let us honor and let us recall the generations of brave Americans who have fought on and off the battlefield to preserve our freedom, and then let us remember the words of Henry Van Dyke’s poem “America For Me.”

Tis fine to see the old world, and travel up
and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of re-
nown,
To admire the crumbly 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 firwoods, 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 [West
Virginia hills] where nature 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.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

Mr. BENNETT. Mr. President, I will say to my friend from West Virginia, I had occasion to live abroad for 2 years, and as I caught the ship to come home again, westward bound—I suppose that dates me because now you go by plane—I recited that poem. It is good to hear it recited on the floor of the Senate in the shadows of the Fourth of July.

While I was waiting and heard the Senator from West Virginia urge us all to read the Declaration of Independence, I took the copy that is in my desk and I read it through so I can report to him that I have done my homework.

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Senator.

(The remarks of Mr. BENNETT pertaining to the introduction of S. 1379 are printed in today’s RECORD under “Statements on Introduced Bills and Joint Resolutions.”)

JUSTICE SANDRA DAY O’CONNOR

Mr. CORNYN. Mr. President, I rise to mark a historic occasion, and that is the retirement of our Nation’s first female Supreme Court Justice, Justice Sandra Day O’Connor. As the father of two daughters who are now 22 and 23, I