

husband are the smart ones. I do not advocate that, but in a sense they may be the smart ones.

But in defense of fathers—and that is why I take the floor at this time—we are not simply a drag on the family. Of course, it is a little late for me to be referring to myself as a father, except I am one. I am a father and past that stage now. I am a grandfather, and beyond that I am a great grandfather, great in the other sense, the true sense of the term. I am a “great” grandfather.

We are not as fathers simply a drag on the family, good only for bringing in our share of the family net worth.

Fathers add a different dimension to child-rearing that, historically at least, has proven its value. Fathers are often forced to be the “bad cop” to mother’s “good cop” routine. Mother gets to be understanding and sympathetic, leaving the tough calls to dad, as in “you’ll have to ask your father,” or “just wait until your father comes home.” It is dad who must say “no.” It is dad who leads the miscreant to the figurative woodshed. Fathers are often accused of being demanding, but they are no more demanding than one’s future boss or coach will be. And it is dads who come to the rescue, dads who arrive with toolboxes at the scene of the automotive failure or at the scene of a plumbing crisis. Dads investigate the noises in the night.

Some fathers are overbearing, some are obnoxious sideline coaches, to be sure, but many more dads are patient teachers of baseball pitches and football catches. Some dads teach other skills, too, such as carpentry or plumbing, or working on the family car. Tiger Woods thanks his dad for encouraging him to play golf. Countless 16-year-olds have learned to drive with their father in the passenger seat, calmly saying, “no, not this one but the other right turn” while inwardly suppressing the desire to grab the wheel to make the turn.

It was the man who reared me, that old coal miner dad. He was the only father I ever knew, really, having been left without the tender love of a mother at the age of barely 1-year-old. The man who then took me to raise was my uncle by marriage. I did not know the difference until I was 16 years old. So to me he was dad, really dad.

It was he who nurtured me in a love of art and music. He didn’t buy me a cowboy suit or a cap buster. As a matter of fact, he wasn’t able to buy me very much of anything, but he bought for me watercolors; he bought drawing tablets; he bought pencils; he bought books—good books. He could hardly read himself, but as a coal miner he knew the worth of an education. He didn’t want me to be a coal miner. He wanted me to have a better life. So he bought me a fiddle, a violin.

It was my old dad. He was the best dad I ever knew. He was the best dad, as far as I was concerned, in the world. I never heard him use God’s name in

vain, never, in all the years I knew him. I never heard him speak ill of his neighbor. I never saw him sit down at the table and grumble at the fare that was on the table. Not once, never. I never heard him speak ill to the good woman who raised me—his wife, my aunt.

When he died, he didn’t owe any man a penny. He was as honest as the day is long; Humble, hard working, one of the truly few great men, in my opinion, that I ever knew.

It was that man who used to meet me on his walk home from the coal mines. In the evening I would look up the railroad tracks. We used to refer to directions as up or down—up the railroad tracks. They were really up because there was a little incline on the railroad track. So I always, late in the afternoons, looked up the railroad track as far as I could see to watch for him, the greatest man in my life. I watched for him. I could see him coming from a long way off. I can see him now: tall, black hair, red mustache, slender, carrying a watch in his pocket on a watch chain.

I would run to meet him. I knew that he had saved a cake for me. And so running along the railroad tracks, three or four crossties at a time, each time I would be running fast to meet him. He would set down that dinner bucket, he would lift off the lid, and then he would reach down and bring out a cake that he had put into his lunch pail. Here he had worked all day long in the black bowels of the Earth and the black dust of the coal mine heavy labor, but he had not eaten the cake; he kept it for me.

So he reached down into that pail, pulled out that cake, a real 5-cent cake back in those days, a 5-cent cake—usually two little cakes, perhaps with coconut icing, wrapped in a piece of wax paper, two little cakes for 5 cents.

How do I know? Because mother sent me to the store to purchase the groceries. She would tell me: Bring home the cake. I knew that cake was going into his dinner pail, but I knew he would save it for me.

So he would greet me with the tired hello of a man who had spent his day in the mines and he would give me the cake that he had saved from his lunch.

His work was demanding and physically draining. He probably could have used those extra calories, and the extra energy from that cake, but he always saved the cake for me.

He wanted better for me than he had had. He encouraged me in school. He demanded my best work. I know he would have helped me to go to college if he could have helped me. He certainly didn’t want me to go to work in the mines. I never heard him complain about going there day after day and coming home tired with coal dust still in his eyebrows, perhaps in his eyelashes.

Dads like mine teach important values. They teach their sons to respect their mothers. They teach their sons to

read the Biblical admonition, honor thy father and thy mother. They teach their daughters to expect and to demand that kind of respect from men.

They teach the value of work, and of giving one’s best effort at whatever task is at hand. Like the Bible admonishes us: “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. . . .” They reinforce the importance of family, and of teamwork. They push their children to achieve more than they did, and show their pride in their children’s accomplishments. Dads like mine may not be flashy, as mine was not. They may not be demonstrative. But they are the solid backbone of the family, a refuge in times of trouble. They are enduring, much more so than networks of friends. They are enduring, meaning lasting, ever always the pillar of strength and refuge, much more so than networks of friends.

And, finally, fathers kill bugs, which alone is reason enough to keep us around, I think.

So, women, please, I urge you to reconsider. Most men make pretty good fathers. They love their children and they add value to their children’s lives. Come Sunday, this Sunday, they will be delighted with the loud ties and cheap cologne—maybe cheap cologne—that are their due on Father’s Day.

Madam President, I close with a bit of poetry that always brings to mind the kind man who raised me, who always set a fine example for me. I often think, if I were the man that he was, I could really feel good about myself. The bit of poetry is called, “The Little Chap Who Follows Me.” Most Senators, I am sure, have already heard it.

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 cannot once escape his eyes;
Whatever 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 preparing for that man to be,
A little fellow follows me.

Madam President, this former little chap salutes his old Dad, who is watching from the diamond towers and the golden streets of Heaven, and all the other fellows who rise to the challenge of setting a good example for the children who look up to them.

SENATE HISTORICAL EDITOR
WENDY WOLFF

Mr. BYRD. Madam President, this week, the attractions of retirement will claim another highly valued Senate staff member. With deeply mixed feelings, I note the departure of Wendy Wolff.

Since 1987, Wendy Wolff has served the Senate as Historical Editor in the

Office of the Secretary. Viewers on C-SPAN will not observe Wendy in the Senate chamber or at committee hearings. She fulfills her professional responsibilities away from public view in the offices of the Senate Historian. Yet, it would be accurate to conclude that she has significantly left her mark on Senate history; she has even shaped Senate history.

I first met Wendy as she began to prepare the lengthy and complex index to Volume One of my four-volume history, *The Senate, 1789–1989*. Anyone who has consulted that first volume's index is likely to agree that it is most user-friendly. In 1989, Wendy assumed editorial responsibilities—as well as the indexing chores—for the remaining three volumes in that series. Over the next five years, she handled the countless tasks—many of them deeply challenging—that fall to editors and publishers of encyclopedia-length reference volumes.

Ten years ago, in the preface to *Volume Two*, I offered the following assessment of Wendy's contributions to that project.

Her strong editorial hand has skillfully shaped this work from a disparate collection of speeches to what I believe is a carefully balanced and finely coordinated reference book. Tirelessly dedicated to this project from its inception, Wendy Wolff has maintained herein the editorial standards of *Volume One* and has convincingly guided the author away from tempting side roads. Her indexes to both volumes display a rich and impressively detailed knowledge of the Senate's historical structure.

Wendy's editorial hand and critical judgment have also shaped other Senate historical volumes. Among them are Senator Bob Dole's *Historical Almanac of the United States Senate* (1989); *United States Senate Election, Expulsion and Censure Cases, 1793–1990* (1995); Senator Mark Hatfield's *Vice Presidents of the United States, 1789–1993* (1997); *Minutes of the U.S. Senate Republican Conference, 1911–1964* (1999); and *Capitol Builder: The Shorthand Journals of Captain Montgomery C. Meigs, 1853–1861* (2001).

I know that I speak for Wendy Wolff's colleagues and other admirers in wishing Wendy Wolff a most enjoyable retirement. We won't ever forget her.

(Mr. BAYH assumed the chair.)

STATE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, not long ago, I came across a letter from Thomas Jefferson to his nephew, Peter Carr, which discussed the elements of a good education. In his letter dated August 19, 1789, Jefferson advised his nephew to divide his studies into three main areas: Give the principal to History, the other two, which should be shorter, to Philosophy and Poetry.

"Begin [with] a course of ancient history," Jefferson wrote, "First read Goldsmith's history of Greece. . . . Then take up ancient history in the detail, reading the following books, in

the following order: Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophontis Anabasis, Arrian, Quintus Curtius, Diodorus Siculus, Justin." This, Jefferson wrote, would form his "first stage of historical reading." Next, Jefferson wrote, he should read Roman history.

I remind Senators, this is Thomas Jefferson speaking. He then recommended reading "Greek and Latin poetry." He advised reading Virgil, Terence, Horace, Anacreon, Theocritus, Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Milton's "Paradise Lost," Shakespeare, Pope and Swift.

Regarding the subject of morality, Jefferson advised, "read Epictetus, Xenophontis Memorabilia, Plato's Socratic dialogues, Cicero's philosophies, Antoninus—I don't know whether he meant Pius Antoninus or Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; it could well have been both—and "Seneca."

I was pleased to see what Jefferson found to constitute a quality education. Those of my colleagues who have heard me speak to any degree over the years are probably a bit amused by at least some of the readings suggested by Jefferson. I suppose, to some extent, it sounds like a list of books that might be in my own personal collection. But, lest anyone get the wrong impression, I do not consider myself to be on par with that master thinker, Thomas Jefferson. But I have these, and more.

Although Jefferson did not have a degree as an educator, given his vast accomplishments, it seems foolhardy to argue with the merit of his advice to his nephew. As a contemporary wrote of the young Thomas Jefferson, he was "a gentleman of 32 who could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet, and play the violin." May I also add, that he was the author of the Declaration of Independence and "Notes on Virginia," the founder of the University of Virginia, an ambassador to France, a Secretary of State, a Vice President, and President of the United States.

In his closing lines to his nephew, Jefferson said, "I have nothing further to add for the present, but husband well your time, cherish your instructors, strive to make everybody your friend; and be assured that nothing will be so pleasing as your success."

Do you hear what he said? "Cherish your instructors, strive to make everybody your friend." These simple but fundamental guidelines are as appropriate today as they were when Jefferson wrote them.

There is great wisdom in that letter. Wise council that I think we would do well to follow today. Jefferson obviously knew that a good education can make the difference in the life course of any individual. He knew the value of good teachers.

I have spoken on this floor, many times before, about my early years as a student in a two-room schoolhouse. I imagine that to those much younger

than I, the pictures I paint with my remarks about my school, my teachers, and what I think makes for a good, sound education must seem distant and archaic. Sadly my experiences are a world away from the usual classroom climate of today.

Yet, I caution the skeptics to consider that there may be some advantages to accumulated years. I believe, for example, that our nation's experiences and experiments with education have taught at least one essential truth: the basic underpinnings of a solid education have been essentially the same throughout the history of civilized men and women.

I readily concede that the environment in my old two-room schoolhouse was a good deal different from the environment of the overcrowded schools of today. But I believe that those things which made for a good education then, those things which contributed most to learning, are the same today as they were when I spent my weekdays in a tin-roofed wooden building, overheated by the pot-bellied stove, reading Muzzy's history, in the 1920's.

In the school of my youth, we did not have computers, but we were plugged into our own imaginations. I had no television set.

Parentetically, I doubt that I am better off. I probably would have been much worse off by having a television set.

But I had no television set with which to watch videos about distant, faraway lands, but I had the vision of my own mind's eye to see life beyond my own little corner of the world. Air conditioning? We opened the windows. Water fountains? We had waters from a nearby spring.

I used to go out in the summertime and lie down in the old springhouse—lie down on my belly, let the damp, cool ground touch my breasts, put my face, as it were, into that spring, and drink that cool water that bubbled from the white sands of the spring. And in school, I was always hoping I would be one of the two boys who would be sent by the schoolteacher over the hill to the spring to bring back water in a bucket for all of the children in the room. We drank out of one dipper—all of us. We didn't think anything about sanitation so much in those days, although we did read "Hygiene." That was one of the books we read in school.

But I can remember in later years when my mom kept boarders in the coal camp, and we got our drinking water from a pump, one pump for every half dozen houses in a row of coal miners' homes. We would go out to the pump and bring up the water, pumping it up and down, and bring the water to the house. And the boarders, those coal miners who boarded at my mom's house, and I all drank from the same dipper.

We didn't have hard drives, but we were driven hard, to work, to learn, to succeed.