

FLAG DAY

Mr. BYRD. Well, the next subject I want to talk about today—and may I say to any other Senator who wishes to have the floor, I will be glad to give it up at any time. So I do not want to hog the floor, if I may use that word, “hog.”

Tomorrow is Flag Day.

Now, from time to time, I speak on events such as Flag Day, these national holidays—Independence Day, Father’s Day, Mother’s Day, Columbus Day, and so on. When I first came to the Congress, now over a half century ago, there were Senators and there were Members of the House who spoke on these subjects. I do not see much of that anymore. So I try to preserve that way of Senate tradition, talking about these days every year as they come along. It enables us to be still and know and to remember the things that are our heritage, the things that made America great. We hear a lot about family values, and so I speak on Mother’s Day about our mothers, I speak in advance of Father’s Day—as I will a little later this morning—about Father’s Day, to preserve this heritage.

Mr. President, since 1885, Americans have observed Flag Day on June 14. In 1949, President Truman signed an Act of Congress designating June 14 of each year as National Flag Day. That day, June 14, which this year falls on Saturday, was chosen because it was on June 14, 1777, that the Continental Congress adopted the Flag Act establishing an official flag for the new Nation.

The first Flag Act was a model of brevity. Here is what it said in its entirety:

Resolved, That the Flag of the United States be made of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new Constellation.

As many Senators may remember from their schooldays, in the early years of the Nation there were a number of different variations of the flag including, of course, the one consisting of a circle of 13 stars that was attributed in our schoolbooks to Betsy Ross.

As the Nation grew, however, changes were made to the flag. Each change was authorized by an Act of Congress or, in later years, by an Executive order of the President.

In 1818, Congress provided for a flag of 13 stripes, 1 for each of the original 13 Colonies, and 1 star for each State to be added to the flag on the Fourth of July following the admission of each new State to the Union.

The most recent change was made by Executive order of President Eisenhower on August 21, 1959. His order provided for the arrangement of the stars in 9 rows of stars staggered horizontally and 11 rows of stars staggered vertically. That is the flag that flies over this Capitol Building today, and that is the flag that stands majestically as it does beside the desk of the President of the Senate, to the right of the Presiding Officer.

Today that Presiding Officer is from the State of Tennessee, and he presides over the Senate with great dignity and aplomb.

While we are on that subject, people all over the country watch the United States Senate, which is the premier upper legislative body in the world today. Aren’t you proud that you serve in this body? Always keep in mind that the world is watching. It is watching that Presiding Officer, how he or she presides, and that is why I try to suggest to new Members that they preside in a way that lets the world know that here is truly the greatest body of all.

I suggest they not read mail, they not read newspapers while they are presiding; that they give their full attention to the Senate, to the Chamber, to the individual Senator who is speaking. Members of State legislatures watch this Presiding Officer, believing that here is the best, and we have to be conscious of that when we preside. We should be. Professors, students, coal miners, housewives—people in every walk of life—watch that desk.

There used to be a telephone at that desk. When I became majority leader, I took it out. I believe I was majority leader at that time, or perhaps majority whip. But I took that telephone out so the Senators would not sit at that desk and be talking on the telephone while they were presiding. A few of them did that, so I just moved out the telephone.

So there is the flag right there by the Presiding Officer. We see it every day when we address the Chair. That is the flag, as I say, that flies over the Capitol Building today.

This very abridged, short history now of the flag does not, of course, do justice to the emotions that we all feel as we look at that flag. Imagine the excitement in each new State as a new flag is unfurled for the first time with its new constellation of stars. Imagine the excitement in the State of Alaska when that new flag was unfurled. Imagine the excitement in the State of Hawaii in 1959, when I first came to the Senate—there was a new star in that constellation. Imagine the excitement in Hawaii as the people saw that flag with the new star. West Virginia was the 35th star on the flag.

We have but to think of the explorers who have carried the American flag to the ends of the Earth and into space. We have but to look at the classic photograph of the American flag being erected at Iwo Jima to share in the determination and triumph of that moment. And in the wake of September 11, 2001, who was not touched to the core by the sight of all the American flags that sprang up defiantly, as it were, across the Nation immediately after that attack, showing our sympathy, our resolve.

There is no doubting the love and the sorrow when you catch a tear creeping down the face of a man in uniform as taps is played and another flag is carefully and ceremoniously folded from

atop the coffin and preserved for a grieving widow.

Mr. President, our flag is our Nation’s greatest symbol, the icon by which we are recognized around the world. Old Glory—there is nothing, nothing, that can match it is our flag. That is the way we feel about it. It has withstood war. It has withstood assaults upon its fabric. But no assault has yet bested the fabric of this Nation or the ideals upon which the Nation was founded.

I firmly believe that if we hold true to our Constitution—here it is; I hold it in my hand, the Constitution of the United States—our flag will never fail, and this great constellation of stars and States will shine on through ages to come.

So I close with one of my favorite poems by Henry Holcomb Bennett, entitled “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 to save the State:

Weary marchers 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 in 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. Mr. President, this Sunday, June 15, is Father’s Day. It is a day of lovely chosen, if sometimes unstylish, ties; a day of lumpy clay bowls and golf tee puzzles; of handmade cards and big brunches. It is a day for family members to struggle over what to get dad, in a reflection of both the many hours that fathers spend away from home working and of his proclivity for just buying himself what he wants.

What does dad need? Nothing, really. What he wants is more time with his family and more time for fun, but that cannot be purchased. That is something that cannot be purchased at the mall.

This Father’s Day will be even more special for the men returning from service in Iraq in time to meet newborn sons and daughters for the first time. They will be coming home to a precious new life that they see for the first time in many instances. It is difficult to imagine the poignant first

meeting as the same large hands that wrestled weapons on aircraft or into tanks now cradle small bundles squirming with life and happy, toothless smiles. What moments of simple, unalloyed joy.

If we are fortunate this Father's Day, it will be a day of beautiful June skies, warm weather and lush lawns trimmed close and smelling of fresh cut grass. If we are lucky in this very rainy spring, it will be a day to enjoy family activities outside, to preside over savory picnics or barbecues, to play ball games, to take long walks with the dog.

I look forward to that. I take a walk with my dog every day before I come to work. When she sees me getting ready she knows I am going to leave and go to work. When she sees me put on a tie, she stays at my feet and does not leave me until I take her for that walk.

I used to have a little dog named Billy. I spoke of Billy many times on this floor during his 15 years with us, but Billy is gone. Now we have a little shitzu, and she was named "Trouble" by my wife. These dogs were to be the palace dogs in Tibet, exceedingly friendly. She just loves everybody so I have to be very careful that she does not get out the door and go. She will leave with anybody. I call her "baby."

But that walk with the dog, or to have fun at the pool or lake, it is in these venues that we see the best sides of fathers, relaxed and happy, even a bit goofy as they play with their kids and banter with their wives.

In a suit or a uniform at work, we do not commonly see fathers but rather bosses, or officials, men with titles, men with responsibilities, mindful of production goals or other targets and deadlines. In this work-a-day mode, men set fine role models for their children of strong work ethics and integrity and responsibility for their families. But it is the kid tossing dad in the pool or the dad as softball coach who children are thinking of as they scrawl their "I love yous" on Father's Day cards.

One may well appreciate the hours and effort that fathers put into their jobs in order to provide the best for their children, but that sacrifice does not fill the heart with memories in the same way that quiet moments do. Late nights at work or at home paying bills and preparing taxes are important but not remembered or as appreciated by children as when dad reads bedtime stories and passes out good night kisses.

It has been a long time since I had young children, but I remember how it was then. My children, who have grown into adulthood, have children of their own, who have grandchildren of their own, meaning that Erma and I have great-grandchildren. Erma and I remember the time when we put our children to bed and when they said their prayers and we gave them our good-night kisses.

Fathers play an important role in families far beyond their title as bread-

winner. Their comforting presence adds to family life and their loss is felt profoundly.

It was in recognition of both roles that one of the first Father's Day services was held, in my own State of West Virginia. It makes me proud that my State figures in the history of both Mother's Day and Father's Day.

That first Father's Day service was conducted by Dr. Robert Webb at the Central United Methodist Church in Fairmont, WV, in 1908. The service was to honor the 210 fathers killed in the terrible mine explosion at Monongah, WV, on December 6, 1907, that took the lives of more than 360 men in all. Think about it. There was no joy at Christmas in Monongah in 1907. The idea for the service was the inspiration of Mrs. Charles Clayton, who sympathized with the grieving families of these men, as she still mourned the loss of her own father. Reverend Webb, was Mrs. Clayton's pastor, and he agreed with her thoughts and prepared a special mass held in honor and remembrance of fathers on July 5, the very next year, 1908. This service was but a one-time event.

It was the selfless efforts of one father that inspired his daughter to advocate a national Father's Day. After listening to a Mother's Day sermon in 1909, Mrs. Sonora Smart Dodd proposed the idea of a "father's day" to honor her father, Willam Smart. Mr. Smart was a Civil War veteran who was widowed when his wife died in childbirth delivering their sixth child. Mr. Smart raised the newborn and his other five children on a rural farm in eastern Washington State. That would be quite a feat even today, but imagine doing so in the late 19th century! There were no disposable diapers then, no prepared formula or baby food, no day care, no automatic washing machines and dryers, no frozen orange juice. Frozen orange juice came along in 1947. No sliced bread here. That did not come along until 1930. You hear people say: This is the greatest thing since sliced bread. That doesn't go very far back. Mechanically sliced bread sold commercially by 1930.

So there were none of the conveniences that we take for granted today. Mrs. Dodd gives her father great credit, and credit he deserves, but without the help of his five older children, it is difficult to imagine how Mr. Smart could have met the challenge.

In my own life, as my mother approached death during the influenza pandemic of 1918, when I was just under a year old, she chose to ask relatives to raise me. She asked my father to give me, the baby, she said, to the Byrds, Titus Dalton Byrd and his wife Vlurma. His wife Vlurma was my natural father's sister. My father, my natural father, had several sisters.

So when my mother died of influenza in that great epidemic that swept the world, 20 million people died—nobody really knows how many—throughout the world, 12 million in India, perhaps

750,000, give or take, in the United States. They would become ill one morning and die that afternoon or the next day—the great influenza epidemic.

So my mother felt that if she did not recover, she wanted this family, Tyson Dalton Byrd and his wife, to raise me. That was her wish. Of my three older brothers and a sister, the three older brothers were given to the other sister. My father had several sisters. My father kept the daughter, my sister. So that is the way it was.

The people who reared me were kind. They were not well educated. I was the first person ever, I suppose, in my family to go to the second or third grade, if that far. Nobody else in my family ever went beyond that. They could barely read and write, but they were good people. They were honest, they were hard working, and they loved me.

So that is what I remember. My dad was my uncle, you see. I never knew any other father because my uncle and his wife, my aunt, brought me to West Virginia from North Carolina when I was 2 or 3 years old. So I remember this man, Titus Dalton Byrd as my father. He loved me.

I can remember his coming from work. He was a coal miner. I can remember seeing him come down the railroad track from a half mile, three-quarters of a mile away. I could see him coming, this tall man with black hair and red mustache and watch chain. I could see the watch chain; I could see him coming down the railroad tracks. I would run to meet him.

When I came near to him, he would put down his dinner bucket. He would lift up the lid. He would reach down into that dinner bucket and pull out a cake. My mom—my aunt; I called her my mom—always put a cake, a 5-cent cake, in the dinner bucket. He took the cake—he never ate it—but always brought it back. He saved the cake for me. So he put that dinner bucket down on the wooden cross tie, the railroad cross tie, reached in to get that cake, and I ran up to meet him, and he would give me the cake.

This fine old couple had had a son, but that child had died of scarlet fever before I was born. So they took me into their home and they raised me. That must have been a difficult choice for my father and my mother. She was concerned that she might not recover, and they decided to give me, the baby, to the Byrds.

So without the conveniences that we take for granted today, you might imagine how it was to raise an infant or a toddler in 1918, bringing a child in 1918 to manhood. Under the circumstances, with three older brothers and a sister, I know it must have been a very difficult thing for my father to try to raise this family with the mother gone. So I was raised by my uncle, Titus Dalton Byrd, and my aunt, Vlurma Byrd. As I already said, I called my uncle my dad, and he was my dad. He was the only dad I ever knew until I was ready to graduate from high

school, when he told me the story about how my mother died and how my mother's wish was what it came to be, that I be made a part of the Byrd family.

So my uncle—he was a patient, quiet man—toiled in the dark pits of the West Virginia coal mines without any complaint. I never saw him sit at the table and complain about the food—never. He always thought to save me that cake. And, like good fathers everywhere, he encouraged me always to do my best. He encouraged me in my school work. He and she always wanted to see my report card and there was a line on that report card designated “deportment.” He always looked at that as well. He wanted to see how I behaved in school. And he always told me that if I got a whipping in school, I could be sure of getting another one at home.

So he encouraged me in my school work. He did not want me to follow him into the mines which were, in those days, just as dangerous as they had been in 1907, in Monongah.

In all my years, I say to these wonderful young people and to those who are watching out there watching this Senate Chamber today, in all those years I never heard him use God's name in vain. I never heard him complain about his lot in life. He simply toiled on, doing the best he could, a man of few words and few affectionate gestures, but loving nonetheless.

In any event, the first Father's Day was observed on June 19, 1910, in Spokane, WA. In 1924, President Calvin Coolidge supported the idea of a national observance of Father's Day, but it was not until 1966 that President Lyndon Johnson signed a Presidential proclamation declaring the third Sunday in June as the national Father's Day. In 1972, President Nixon established the permanent national observance of Father's Day.

The Bible admonishes us: “Honor thy father and thy mother.” And on this day in June we honor our fathers with gifts, cards, and time spent together as a family. The rest of the year we can only hope to honor our fathers by our own hard work, as we try to live up to the dreams—yes, the dreams—that they have for us.

I think of Kipling's lines at this moment. I think they are quite appropriate:

Our Fathers in a wondrous age,
Ere yet the Earth was small,
Ensured to us an heritage,
And doubted not at all
That we, the children of their heart,
Which then did beat so high,
In later time should play like part
For our posterity.
Then, fretful, murmur not they gave
So great a charge to keep,
Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save
Their labour while we sleep.
Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year,
Our fathers' title runs.
Make we likewise their sacrifice,
Defrauding not our sons.

Mr. President, I close with a short poem by Grace V. Watkins entitled “I

Heard My Father Pray.” I offer it in honor of Titus Dalton Byrd, my Dad, who is looking down from Heaven.

Once in the night I heard my father pray.
The house was sleeping, and the dark above

The hill was wide. I listened to him say
Such phrases of devotion and of love,
So far beyond his customary fashion,
I held my breath in wonder. Then he spoke
My name with such tenderness and such compassion,

Forgotten fountains in my heart awoke.
That night I learned that love is not a thing

Measured by eloquence of hand or tongue,
That sometimes those who voice no whispering

Of their affection harbor love as strong,
As powerful and deathless as the sod,
But mentioned only when they talk with God.

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

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. CORNYN). The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

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

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. SUNUNU). Without objection, it is so ordered.

THE FAA REAUTHORIZATION ACT OF 2003

Mr. SANTORUM. Mr. President, I rise today with my colleague Senator SPECTER to engage the distinguished chairman of the Commerce Committee in a colloquy regarding a proposal to allow airports increased flexibility with the use of the Passenger Facility Charge, PFC, revenues.

Mr. President, as you know, many airports are impacted by the downturn in the aviation industry. In my State, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is working with US Airways to maintain its presence at both Pittsburgh and Philadelphia International Airports. Our activities in Pennsylvania include efforts to reduce costs in order to make our airports even more competitive.

The amendment that I filed today would change current law to allow airports increased flexibility in the use of the Passenger Facility Charge revenues so that an airport may choose to use such funds to help retire outstanding debt. I believe that this change would be an important tool for airports, which could benefit from the option of using the funds they receive more effectively.

According to information provided to me, this change, if implemented at Pittsburgh International Airport, would result in millions of dollars in immediate cost savings for both the airport and tenant airplanes operating there.

It is my understanding that Chairman MCCAIN is aware of this issue but has concerns about the approach taken by this amendment. I am also informed, however, that the Chairman

indicated that he plans to examine issues related to airport financing and competitiveness in the current aviation industry environment.

I would like to inquire of Chairman MCCAIN if he would agree to examine this issue and continue discussions to identify solutions that can allow airports to be more competitive in this challenging aviation industry environment.

Mr. SPECTER. Mr. President, I rise as a cosponsor of the amendment offered by my colleague Senator SANTORUM that would provide airports with increased flexibility in the use of their Passenger Facility Charge funds. As Senator SANTORUM mentioned, we are working hard to assist US Airways and to keep the company's large presence in Pennsylvania with its hubs in both Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Earlier this week I hosted a meeting with US Airways CEO David Siegel in my office that included Governor Rendell, Senator SANTORUM, most of our delegation from the House of Representatives, as well as local elected officials. The purpose of this meeting was to work with US Airways to make our Pennsylvania hubs in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia more cost competitive so that those airports can remain critical assets to US Airways. If enacted, proposals such as our amendment will be of great help to Pennsylvania and will be available for use by other airports throughout the Nation.

Mr. MCCAIN. I thank the distinguished Senators from Pennsylvania for filing this amendment. I am aware of interest in proposals to allow increased flexibility in the use of Passenger Facility Charges as well as other Federal revenues. The Commerce Committee does plan to continue its examination of appropriate Federal policy measures that might address the concerns raised by my colleagues. I look forward to working with my colleagues on this issue.

Mr. SANTORUM. I thank Chairman MCCAIN for agreeing to work with us on this important issue.

Mr. SPECTER. I also thank the chairman.

THE HOMELAND SECURITY GRANT ENHANCEMENT ACT OF 2003

Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, I am very proud today to join my colleague, the Senator from Maine, Ms. COLLINS, in introducing the Homeland Security Grant Enhancement Act of 2003. This legislation will bring much-needed coordination to the fund application process for our first responders and State and local officials.

The coordination of grant programs called for by this bill will go a long way to make certain that those who will be first called upon to deal with a threat to the security of the United States will be better prepared to face it. By enacting the Homeland Security Grant Enhancement Act, we can free