

testing, and on recruitment of teachers, and dealing with parental involvement that I am proud of, which I worked on along with others who were a part of this bill.

When it goes to conference, I get to be in the conference committee. I am going to fight to make the testing diagnostic, without high-stakes consequences. The money needs to be there in appropriations. If we don't get the money for title I, if we are not able to make some of those changes, I may well vote against the conference report when it comes back to the floor. For right now, I want to keep on fighting.

I yield the floor.

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 Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

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

IN DEFENSE OF FATHERS

Mr. BYRD. Madam President, recently there has been a spate of articles regarding the increase in the number of single parent homes, based upon the latest census data. Last month, Newsweek's cover story was "The New Single Mom: Why the Traditional Family is Fading Fast, What It Means for Our Kids." The number of families headed by single mothers has increased 25 percent since 1990, to more than 7.5 million households. Although divorce and widowhood certainly contribute to this figure, the number of out-of-wedlock births has run at about one third of all births for the last decade, compared to 3.8 percent of all births in 1940.

Let me say that again. The number of out-of-wedlock births has run at about one-third of all births for the last decade, compared to 3.8 percent of all births in 1940.

Not all single parent households are headed by women. The number of single fathers has also increased, to just over 2 million families. Nevertheless, what I found most striking about the articles I read was the apparently growing trend of women who choose for whatever reason to put off marriage, but who still decide to go ahead and have children, whether by birth or adoption. The thinking seems to be: Don't settle for less than Mr. Perfect, but if the biological alarm is ringing, don't put off having children, either. As Father's Day approaches, I do wish to say a few words in defense of men, particularly men in the role of father.

Men are not perfect. I found that out at the beginning of the human race. Most will never be "Mr. Perfect." I will be the first to admit that. Many men squeeze toothpaste from the middle of

the tube and many men do not always put the cap back on the toothpaste tube. Men have been known to drink from the milk carton before putting it back in the refrigerator. Some men cannot seem to find the dirty clothes basket for love nor money, and a few miscreants leave their dirty clothes tangled in inside-out knots. Men commonly are assigned the once-a-week 'glory' jobs like taking out the trash and mowing the lawn, leaving the daily burden of cooking, cleaning, laundry, and getting kids ready for school to their wives. This I hear from women on my staff, and it can be readily verified by asking any married woman within earshot. Fathers do not do their fair share of changing diapers, getting up in the middle of the night, reading bedtime stories, helping with homework, driving kids to sports practices and games, or shopping for school clothes. From this litany, one might suppose that women who elect to have children without the burden of also caring for a 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 Sen-

ate 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, Xenophon's *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, Xenophon's *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