

by providing three main categories of youth development programs: club programs, outdoor programs and Self Reliance programs. Through these efforts, the Camp Fire Boys and Girls offer a variety of courses to provide youth with an opportunity to build their self-esteem, develop leadership skills, practice cooperation and conflict resolution skills and provide service to their community.

None of this would be possible were it not for the adult volunteers who are the foundation of the Camp Fire Boys and Girls. Currently there are more than 571 men and women in Minnesota who, in the spirit of Dr. and Mrs. Gulick, invest their time and talents to ensure that our youth are prepared for the challenges of tomorrow. Adult volunteers touch the lives of young people by serving as excellent role models and teachers, as well as caring friends.

Mr. President, for 88 years the Camp Fire Boys and Girls of America has been teaching our youth the skills they need to become effective leaders and responsible citizens. This is truly grounds for celebration.●

#### 10TH MOUNTAIN DIVISION

● MR. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to some very special members of our armed forces—the men and women of the 10th Mountain Division at Fort Drum, New York. Earlier this year, New York was hit with the worst ice storm in its history. Six counties in the North Country, including Jefferson County where Fort Drum is located, were devastated by this storm, which also caused tremendous damage in Northern New England and Southern Quebec.

Nine individuals lost their lives as a result of the storm which knocked out power to over 150,000 customers in New York alone. Some of these people were without power for over a month. The ice was so thick that not only were thousands of utility poles destroyed, but huge transformer towers were crushed under the tremendous weight. The loss of power was especially difficult for area dairy farmers, who could not milk their cows for several days.

As devastating as the storm was, it would have been much worse had it not been for the tremendous relief efforts of the thousands of New Yorkers who helped respond to this disaster. The State Emergency Management Office, the Federal Emergency Management Agency, the National Guard, the Red Cross, the volunteer firefighters from across the state, and countless other federal, state, and local government personnel and private individuals all chipped in to help the North Country respond.

One of the greatest contributions to this effort came from the people of Fort Drum. Army personnel not only made sure that everyone on the base was safe, they went out into the community to help the City of Watertown and Jefferson County respond. Fort

Drum was also the central distribution point for supplies coming in from outside the region. I want to commend the Commanding General of the 10th Mountain Division, Major General Lawson MacGruder, for the fine work he and his troops did during the disaster.

General MacGruder, I salute and thank you for your efforts.●

#### CONGRATULATIONS TO LARRY DOBY ON HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

● MR. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I have risen on a few occasions before to pay tribute to a good friend and a man I much admire, Larry Doby. And I have excellent cause to do so again. Just last Tuesday, Larry Doby was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame, not only for being a great baseball player, but also for being a person of outstanding character and drive.

On July 5, 1947, Larry Doby became the first African-American to play in the American League with the Cleveland Indians, only 11 weeks after the famed Jackie Robinson stepped onto the major league diamond with the Brooklyn Dodgers. Because Robinson was the first African-American to play professional baseball, Larry has often been overlooked as a deserving player of Hall of Fame status. But he is worthy of that distinction beyond the shadow of a doubt.

I knew Larry when we were both students at Eastside High School in Paterson, N.J. He had already astounded all his observers by his exceptional skill in four sports—baseball, basketball, football and track. We would watch with envy and amazement as he won prize after prize in any of the sports in which he competed. All who knew him believed he would be successful. I was not surprised when he went to the Indians, only disappointed that it didn't happen sooner. He had to wait his turn, but then played with elegance and class. He waited his turn to enter the Hall of Fame, which he also did with same elegance and class.

Mr. President, Larry Doby did more than play a good game of baseball in the major leagues. Larry swung at racism with every crack of his bat, opening the doors of opportunity to future generations of Americans.

Larry weathered the racist insults and vicious invectives hurled at him both on and off the playing field as Jackie Robinson did. While traveling, he stayed alone in dingy hotels only for blacks, while the rest of his team stayed together across town. The color barrier had been broken when Larry started playing, but the blockades of prejudice in people's minds against blacks still stand.

Mr. President, each of us takes a great measure of satisfaction that Larry Doby, this great athlete and superb human being, survived all of the obstacles put in his way to be recognized as the champion that he is. In honor of Larry Doby and his election

to the Baseball Hall of Fame, I would like to share some recent commentary on this milestone with my colleagues. I ask that the text of the articles be printed in the RECORD.

The articles follow:

[From the Star Ledger, Mar. 4, 1998]

HALL SELECTION CAPS DOBY'S HARD JOURNEY

(By Jerry Izenberg)

It was the punctuation mark that finally ended baseball's most shameful unfinished business.

Yesterday, down in Tampa, the Major League Baseball Veterans Committee voted Larry Doby into the Hall of Fame.

Fifty-one years after he integrated the American League by following an agonizing trail that left him alone and friendless through 90-mph beanball nights and lonely and segregated through separate and unequal days, baseball formally acknowledged the role Doby played in bringing its mores into the 20th century.

Along with Doby, the committee chose Lee MacPhail, former American League president; "Bullet" Joe Rogan, a Negro Leagues pitcher, and George Davis, a turn-of-the-century shortstop.

When a friend called Doby with the news out in California, where he was visiting former Dodgers pitcher Don Newcombe, he spoke, as you might expect, about his wife, Helen, and the bond they share that helped him endure what no man should have had to endure simply because he wanted to play professional baseball.

He spoke about his grandmother, Augusta, and his mother, Etta, and the quiet dignity they projected to him, starting through his early years in South Carolina and Paterson, and the way that dignity carried him on a journey through baseball's version of Hell.

And then he paused, because deep within the back roads of his mind there was yet another memory—one of people he never met and whose names he never knew but whose emotions were joined at the heart with the pain he felt as he ran his initiation miles in the kind of spiked shoes nobody else will ever have to fill.

They shaped his life and he promised he would never forget them.

He didn't.

Not after his bat helped win a World Series for Cleveland in 1948 . . . not after he won two American League home run titles . . . not when he couldn't get a job in baseball . . . not later when he wound up as a manager.

Not then.

And not yesterday, when the Hall of Fame doors finally swung open for him.

Not ever.

In his mind's eye he still sees them—an ocean of black faces in the left-field and center-field seats in St. Louis and Washington, bracketed by the grandstand and the box seats where they were not allowed and by faces that were always whiter than the baseball. And when he thinks of them, he can still hear the echoes of the Niagara roars they triggered that grew in a steady crescendo that seemed to say:

"We are here. You can seat us in the outfield and make us come in through the back door but we are not going to go away. Swing that bat, Larry, and remind them that this is our game, too, and we have come to claim a piece of it."

"I always hit well in those parks," Doby said. "I could see them out there in the Jim Crow seats. I felt like a high school quarterback with 5,000 cheerleaders of his own. I knew who was making the noise and I knew where it was coming from. And they made some noise. When I hit a home run, it was deafening."

"Most of them had never been in a major-league ballpark before except maybe for an occasional Negro Leagues game. They weren't comfortable. They were nervous and some of them couldn't afford it. But I knew why they came and I knew what they wanted. Part of this honor today belongs to them."

They needed each other. They leaned on Doby with the same intensity that a camel driver leans on the map that will point the way to the next oasis. He, in turn, leaned on them for strength in ballparks in towns like Boston and St. Louis and Washington and . . . well, no place was easy.

From the very beginning, he was virtually alone . . . alone the day that Lou Boudreau, the Indians manager who didn't want him, introduced him to a roster that felt the same way and, with three exceptions, wouldn't even shake his hand . . . alone that first day when he went out to warm up and nobody would throw him the ball until Joe Gordon, a class act, waled over and said, "Are you gonna pose or throw with me?"

"I feel relieved," he said over the phone yesterday, "that this is off my shoulders. I never really thought it would happen all these years, but then the last two or three, people started talking about it and I got to thinking about it. And now that it's happened, I thank God that I could make it through all those years without losing my self control, or who knows if Mr. Veeck (Bill, the Indians' owner) would have been allowed to hire other African-Americans?"

Bear in mind the way it was when Doby became the first African-American in the American League in 1947. That same year, Tom Yawkey, the owner of the Red Sox, had said, "Anyone who says I won't hire blacks is a liar. I have about 100 working on my farm down south."

Now, at 73, Doby would be less than human if he did not remember the worst of it as if it were yesterday . . . the Philadelphia shortstop who spit tobacco juice in his face . . . the knockdown pitches that were thrown behind him . . . the red-necked chain of segregated spring-training towns . . . the barrage of beer bottles aimed at the back of his head from the outfield seats in Texarkana . . . the exhibition game crowd that drowned out the announcer with its boos and curses down in Houston and the roar that shot back from the Jim Crow seats when Doby hit the longest homer in the history of the park . . . the times he put on his uniform in all-black boarding houses because he was forbidden to use the dressing rooms in Washington and St. Louis and the times, wearing that same Cleveland Indians uniform he had to enter the stadiums through a back door.

Small wonder there came a time when a heckler's comments about Doby's wife were so vicious and so salacious that Larry, who was in the on-deck circle, dropped his bat and headed into the stands.

"I would have been gone except for Bill McKechnie (a coach, who wrestled him to the ground)," he said. "He was one of the guys who cared . . . him and Gordon and Jim Hegan. And Mr. Veeck, who I believe did something courageous for America."

"I remember something else."

"After the World Series game against Boston that I had won with a home run, Steve Gromek (the winning pitcher) and I were photographed embracing. That picture made all the papers . . . a white man and a black man sharing a triumph."

"I believe America needed that picture and I'm proud I could help give it to them."

[From the Trenton Times, Mar. 5, 1998]

#### HONORING LARRY DOBY

The first person to achieve something great gets the fame. The second person to do

it often is forgotten. Who was the second pilot to fly the Atlantic solo? The second athlete to run a sub-four-minute mile? The second surgeon to perform a successful heart transplant? Though they faced many of the same physical and psychological obstacles as their predecessors, their names are far less familiar.

One such "second" broke through this veil of obscurity this week. Larry Doby of Paterson, N.J., the second black man to play major league baseball in modern times, was voted into the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, and no one deserved the honor more. Three months after Jackie Robinson took the field with the Brooklyn Dodgers to integrate the National League, Doby was hired by the Cleveland Indian's Bill Veeck to be the first of his race in the American League. Doby suffered the same kind of appalling treatment as the far more famous Robinson—beanball pitches at the plate and brutal tags on the basepaths from opponents, the silent treatment or worse from teammates, boos and insults from fans, segregated accommodations on the road—and he endured it with the same kind of quiet dignity and outstanding on-field performance that distinguished Robinson's career. These unbelievably courageous and self-disciplined men did much to change American attitudes and pave the way for the civil rights revolution of the 1960s.

Doby's baseball skills were impressive. His bat helped Cleveland win the 1948 World Series, he collected two league home run championships and an RBI title, and he made the all-star team seven times. But it was as a pioneer that his place in the history of baseball, and of American society, is permanent.

[From the Asbury Park Press, March 5, 1998]

#### DESERVING HALL-OF-FAMER—NEW JERSEY'S LARRY DOBY EARNED THE HONOR

New Jersey's Larry Doby, the second black man to play Major League Baseball, has always said Jackie Robinson deserves most of the attention for breaking the color barrier in 1947. Yet Doby, the first of his race to play in the American League, faced the same dangers, the same insults and the same pervasive discrimination when he began playing for the Cleveland Indians 11 weeks after Robinson's National League debut.

One Tuesday, Doby received some long overdue recognition, joining Robinson as a member of baseball's Hall of Fame. Doby helped Cleveland win pennants in 1948 and '54. He led the American League in home runs twice, with eight consecutive seasons of 20 or more. He was a six-time all-star.

Now 73 and battling cancer, Doby lives in Montclair, where he has made his home since his retirement as a player. But he grew up in Paterson, where he starred at Paterson High. In his honor, the Paterson Museum will keep an exhibit, "Larry Doby, Silk City Slugger: First in the American League" open through Oct. 31. Last week, Congress approved a bill to name a post office in Paterson for Doby.

At the Statehouse ceremony in his honor last year, Doby noted that baseball has "a ways to go" to eliminate all vestiges of racism, but that in 1947, the game showed America that people of different races "could get together and be successful."

Because he had to play in a different league with different cities and different players, Doby faced obstacles equal to those of Robinson. He did so with equal dignity and professionalism. It is fitting that he, like Robinson, has been recognized as one of the truly remarkable men who have played the game.

[From the Bergen Record, Mar. 6, 1998]

#### A BASEBALL PIONEER

Larry Doby's baseball statistics only tell half of his story.

Mr. Doby, elected into the Baseball Hall of Fame on Tuesday by its Veterans Committee, will be remembered by some as The Second. He became the second black player in the major leagues when he signed with the Cleveland Indians in 1947 and its second black manager when he took over the White Sox in the 1970's.

But Mr. Doby—who grew up in Paterson and starred in four sports at Eastside High School—was as much of a pioneer as Jackie Robinson, who made it to the big leagues 11 weeks before him.

Both endured hatred and scorn from fans, teammates, and coaches. They were allowed to shine on the field, but couldn't socialize with their teammates and were forced to stay in separate hotels on the road.

Despite those obstacles, Mr. Doby was a seven-time All-Star and won two American League home run titles. During his career with the Indians, White Sox, and Detroit Tigers, Mr. Doby had a career batting average of .283, knocked in 960 runs, and hit 253 home runs.

And he had some firsts of his own, including being the first black to play in and to hit a home run in the World Series. His election to the Hall of Fame was long overdue.

More important, by holding his head high and refusing to let racism stop him, Mr. Doby inspired millions and helped open the doors for other black players.

[From the New Jersey Herald and News, Mar. 6, 1998]

#### LARRY DOBY A HALL OF FAMER

Larry Doby, the former Paterson Eastside High School baseball star, should have been elected to the Hall of Fame years ago. But, characteristically, after years of patient waiting, Mr. Doby expressed only joy and excitement earlier in the week when he was finally selected for the honor he certainly earned.

In 1947, Mr. Doby became the second black to play in the Major Leagues and the first to play in the American League. Mr. Doby, 73, appeared in seven consecutive All-Star games with the Cleveland Indians, became the first black to compete on a World Series championship team, and twice led his league in home runs.

He was a pioneer, breaking the American League color barrier 11 weeks after Jackie Robinson played his first game for the Brooklyn Dodgers in the National League.

Mr. Doby persevered in a racist environment and he paved the way for other blacks to follow in his footsteps. He was a leader in fighting prejudice, although that meant he was often alone and friendless in his pursuit of equality.

Over the years, both Mr. Doby and Mr. Robinson have talked about the indignities, other players spitting in their faces and being told not to respond.

It is coincidental but fitting that Mr. Doby is being honored by a display in the Paterson Museum.

Mr. Doby did not need the Hall of Fame honor to validate either his life or career. However, he fought for this place in sports history, and he has now been formally recognized by the 13-member Veterans Committee for his vast contribution to both baseball and civil rights.●

#### ORDER FOR BILL TO BE PRINTED—S. 1173

Mr. ROTH. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that S. 1173, the ISTEIA bill, be printed, as amended by the Senate on March 12, 1998; and I further ask unanimous consent that the text of the