

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.