

## RECOGNIZING AND HONORING JOE DIMAGGIO

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to the immediate consideration of S. Res. 63, introduced earlier today by Senators MOYNIHAN, LOTT, and others.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered. The clerk will report.

The bill clerk read as follows:

A resolution (S. Res. 63) recognizing and honoring Joe DiMaggio.

The Senate proceeded to consider the resolution.

Mr. MOYNIHAN. "Joe, Joe DiMaggio, we want you on our side!" Well, he is on the other side now, but stays with us in our memories.

Mine are, well, special to me. It would be in 1938 or 1939 in Manhattan. The Depression lingered. Life was, well, life. But there was even so somebody who made a great difference and that was Lou Gehrig of the New York Yankees. I admired him as no other man. Read of him each day, or so it seemed, in the Daily News. And yet I had never seen him play. One summer day my mother somehow found the needful sixty cents. Fifty cents for a ticket at the Stadium, a nickel for the subway up and back. Off I went in high expectation. But Gehrig, disease I must assume was now in progress, got no hit. A young player I had scarce noticed hit a home run. Joe DiMaggio. It began to drizzle, but they kept the game going just long enough so there would be no raincheck. I went home lifeless and lay on my bed desolate.

Clearly I was in pain, if that is the word. The next day my mother somehow came up with yet another sixty cents. Up I went. And the exact same sequence occurred.

I went home. But not lifeless. To the contrary, animated.

For I hated Joe DiMaggio. For life.

I knew this to be a sin, but it did not matter. Gehrig retired, then died. My animus only grew more animated.

Thirty years and some went by. I was now the United States Permanent Representative to the United Nations. One evening I was having dinner at an Italian restaurant in midtown. As our company was about finished, who walked in but DiMaggio himself, accompanied by a friend. They took a table against the wall opposite. I watched. He looked over, smiled and gave a sort of wave. Emboldened, as we were leaving, I went over to shake hands. He rose wonderfully to the occasion.

I went out on 54th Street as I recall. And of a sudden was struck as if by some Old Testament lightening. "My God," I thought, "he has forgiven me!" He must have known about me all those years, but he returned hate with love. My soul had been in danger and he had rescued me.

Still years later, just a little while ago the Yankees won another pennant.

Mayor Guiliani arranged a parade from the Battery to City Hall. Joe was in the lead car; I was to follow. As we waited to get started, I went up to him, introduced myself and told of having watched him at the Stadium these many years ago. "But I have to tell you," I added, "Lou Gehrig was my hero."

"He was my hero, too," said Joe.

Well, Joe, too, was a hero to many people. Few have embodied the American dream or created a more enduring legend than "Joltin'" Joe DiMaggio. And fewer have carried themselves, both on and off the field, with the pride and courtliness of, as Hemingway said, "the great DiMaggio."

Born the fourth son of an immigrant fisherman—two other brothers also played in the majors—he joined the Yankees in 1936 after dropping out of high school and grew into the game's most complete center fielder. He wore No. 5 and became the heir to Babe Ruth (No. 3) and Lou Gehrig (No. 4) in the team's pantheon. DiMaggio was the team's superstar, on a team of superstars, for 13 seasons. By the time his career ended in 1951, he had played in 11 All-Star games and 10 World Series, nine of which the Yankees won.

The "Yankee Clipper" was acclaimed at baseball's centennial in 1969 as "the greatest living ballplayer." Even his main rival Ted Williams, admitted this: ". . . he [DiMaggio] was the greatest baseball player of our time. He could do it all." DiMaggio played 1,736 games with the Yankees. He had a career batting average of .325 and hit 361 home runs while striking out only 369 times. He could indeed do it all.

But there is one statistic for which DiMaggio will be most remembered: his 56-game hitting streak, possibly the most enduring accomplishment in all of sports. The streak began on May 15, 1941, with a single in four at-bats against the Chicago White Sox, and ended 56 games later on July 17 during a hot night in Cleveland. In 56 games, DiMaggio had gone to bat 223 times and delivered 91 hits, including 15 home runs, for a .408 average. He drew 21 walks, twice was hit by pitched balls, scored 56 runs, and knocked in 55. He hit in every game for two months, striking out just seven times.

But DiMaggio's game was so complete and elegant that statistics cannot do it justice. The New York Times said in an editorial when he retired, "The combination of proficiency and exquisite grace which Joe DiMaggio brought to the art of playing center field was something no baseball averages can measure and that must be seen to be believed and appreciated."

Today, I join the Majority Leader and Senators CHARLES SCHUMER (D-NY), BARBARA BOXER (D-CA), DIANNE FEINSTEIN (D-CA), and JIM H. BUNNING (R-KY) in introducing a resolution that honors Joe DiMaggio for his storied baseball career and for all that he has done off the field. As we reflect on his life and mourn his death, I ask that we

consider ourselves extremely lucky for knowing such a man, particularly in this age of pampered sports heroes, when ego and self-importance often overshadow what is occurring on the field. Even I, who resented DiMaggio for displacing my hero Gehrig, have come to realize that there will never be another like Joseph Paul DiMaggio.

I ask unanimous consent that the March 9, 1999, New York Times editorial and George F. Will's op-ed in the Washington Post on Joe DiMaggio be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the New York Times, Mar. 9, 1999]

## THE DIMAGGIO MYSTIQUE

It has been almost half a century since Joe DiMaggio turned his center-field kingdom in Yankee Stadium over to a strapping youngster named Mickey Mantle, but even now, in death, Joe DiMaggio still owns that green acreage. He roamed the great open spaces there with a grace and grandeur that redefined the art of fielding. Even more than the prolific hitting that earned him enduring fame, his silky, seemingly effortless motion across the outfield grass was the signature of his game.

DiMaggio was one of those rare sports stars, like Babe Ruth, Muhammad Ali and Michael Jordan, who not only set new standards of athletic excellence but also became a distinctive part of American culture. As stylish off the field as on, DiMaggio was an icon of elegance and success, a name as recognizable on Broadway and in Hollywood as at the ball park. Millions of baby boomers who never saw DiMaggio play instantly understood the reference in the Paul Simon song of the 1960's—"Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you."

Other men have hit the ball farther and run the bases faster, but few have excelled at so many elements of the sport. DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak in 1941 remains untouched, one of the great benchmarks of consistency and productivity in all of sports. In 13 seasons with the Yankees, DiMaggio produced a career batting average of .325, hit 361 home runs and knocked in more than 100 runs in a season nine times. He played in 10 World Series, 9 of which the Yankees won. He possessed one of the sweetest swings baseball has ever seen, a hitting stroke of such precision that he struck out only 369 times in his major league career.

But the numbers alone do not explain the DiMaggio mystique. Part of it was his brief, turbulent marriage to Marilyn Monroe and his taste for nightclubs and tony hotels. Part of it was his \$100,000-a-year salary, a small fortune in his days as a Yankee. For younger fans, there was also an almost mystical link to the past—DiMaggio joined the Yankees in 1936, just two years after Babe Ruth left and before Lou Gehrig retired. His appearance on ceremonial occasions at Yankee Stadium in recent years was thrilling for fans of all ages.

His fame also flowed from the aura of quiet dignity that DiMaggio carefully preserved throughout his career and retirement. With the notable exception of his service as a pitcher for the Bowery Savings Bank and Mr. Coffee brewing appliances, he dodged the celebrity limelight. The mystery only added to his allure.

DiMaggio, who was 84, died with opening day a month away. Though he will no longer return to Yankee Stadium to deliver the ceremonial first pitch, his singular record of

athletic achievement and classy conduct will be long revered.

(From the Washington Post, Mar. 9, 1999)

DiMAGGIO'S ELEGANT CAREER

(By George F. Will)

There is peculiar paths to the lives of most great athletes because their careers compress life's trajectory of aspiration, accomplishment and decline. Then what? For most, the rest of life, which is most of life, is anticlimax, like that of

*Runners whom renown outran,*

*And the name died before the man,*

But there was seamlessness to Joe DiMaggio's life in and after the game. The patina of age did not dull the luster of his name. Baseball, sport of the long season and much history, has an unusually rich statistical geology—a sediment of numbers. Some numbers are so talismanic that simply citing them suffices to identify the achievement and achiever.

Examples are 116 (victories in a season, 1906 Cubs); 511 (career victories, Cy Young); 1.12 (season earned run average, Bob Gibson, 1968); 130 (stolen bases in a season, Rickey Henderson, 1982); 755 (home runs, career, Hank Aaron); 60, then 61 and now 70 (home runs by Babe Ruth in 1927, Roger Maris in 1961 and Mark McGwire in 1998); .406 (most recent .400 season, Ted Williams, 1941). And baseball's most instantly recognized number, 56—Joe DiMaggio's consecutive game hitting streak in 1941.

The Streak, as it is still known, was stunning, even if a sympathetic official scorer at Yankee Stadium may have turned an error or two into hits. It took two sensational plays by Indians third baseman Ken Keltner to stop The Streak, and the next day DiMaggio started a 16-game streak. His 56 has not been seriously challenged in 57 seasons. His 1993 minor league streak of 61 has not been matched since then.

Because of baseball's grinding everydayness, professionals place a premium on consistency. DiMaggio brought his best, which was baseball's best, to the ballpark every day. What he epitomized to a mesmerized nation in 1941—steely will, understated style, heroism for the long haul—the nation would need after Dec. 7.

However, the unrivaled elegance of his career is defined by two numbers even more impressive than his 56. They are 8 and 0.

Eight is the astonishingly small difference between his 13-year career totals for home runs (361) and strikeouts (369). (In the 1986 and 1987 season, Jose Canseco hit 64 home runs and struck out 332 times.) Zero is the number of times DiMaggio was thrown out going from first to third.

On the field, the man made few mistakes. Off the field, he made a big one in his marriage to Marilyn Monroe. But even it enlarged his mythic status. As when they were in Japan, and she visited U.S. troops in Korea. Upon her return to Tokyo, she said to him, ingenuously: You've never heard cheering like that—there must have been fifty or sixty thousand. He said, dryly: Oh, yes I have.

They had gone to Japan at the recommendation of a friend (Lefty O'Doul, manager of the San Francisco Seals), who said that in a foreign country they could wander around without drawing crowds. The friend did not know that Japan was then obsessed with things American, especially baseball stars and movie stars. When the most famous of each category landed, it took their car six hours to creep to their hotel through more than a million people.

As a Californian, he represented baseball's future—he and San Diego's Ted Williams, a 21-year-old rookie in 1939, when DiMaggio

was 24. DiMaggio, son of a San Francisco fisherman, was proud, reserved and as private as possible for the bearer—the second generation—of America's premium athletic tradition, the Yankee greatness established by Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. DiMaggio felt violated by the sight of Marilyn filming the famous scene in "The Seven Year Itch" when a gust of wind from a Manhattan subway grate blows her skirt up above her waist.

Pride, supposedly one of the seven deadly sins, is often a virtue and the source of others. DiMaggio was pride incarnate, and he and Hank Greenberg did much to stir ethnic pride among Italian Americans and Jews. When as a player DiMaggio had nothing left to prove, he was asked why he still played so hard, every day. Because, he said, every day there is apt to be some child in the stand who has never before seen me play.

An entire ethic, the code of craftsmanship, can be tickled from that admirable thought. Not that DiMaggio practiced the full range of his craft. When one of his managers was asked if DiMaggio could bunt, he said he did not know and "I'll never find out, either."

DiMaggio, one of Jefferson's "natural aristocrats," proved that a healthy democracy knows and honors nobility when it sees it.

Mrs. BOXER. Mr. President, as a Senator from Joe DiMaggio's home state, I am pleased to be an original cosponsor of the resolution honoring "the Yankee Clipper." Joe DiMaggio holds a unique place in the hearts of every baseball fan and every Californian.

Joe DiMaggio was born in 1914 in Martinez, California, near San Francisco Bay. Like many Californians then and now, Joe was the child of immigrants. His parents came from Sicily to California, where his father found work as a fisherman.

At age 18, Joe began his professional baseball career with the San Francisco Seals, where he set a Pacific Coast League record that still stands by hitting in 61 straight games. Three years later, he joined the New York Yankees and immediately became one of baseball's brightest stars. In 1941, his 56-game hitting streak set a major league record that most baseball fans consider the game's greatest achievement.

DiMaggio played 13 seasons for the Yankees, winning three Most Valuable Player awards and playing on nine World Series championship teams. He was selected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1955 and voted Major League Baseball's greatest living player in 1969.

Joe DiMaggio was a great ballplayer, but he was far more than that. Joe was a role model for young people and a model citizen. At the height of his career, he left baseball to volunteer for the Army Air Corps and served three years in World War II. In his later years he worked tirelessly to support the Joe DiMaggio Children's Hospital in Hollywood, Florida.

I will never forget a televised image of Joe DiMaggio from a decade ago. In October 1989, as the Oakland A's and San Francisco Giants were about to start a World Series game, a mammoth earthquake struck the Bay Area. Fire swept through San Francisco's Marina district, where DiMaggio lived at the time. That night, as residents strug-

gled to deal with the earthquake and its aftermath, they saw a man who—despite his advanced age—showed the strength and dignity to walk calmly through the rubble and reassure his neighbors. At this moment, as always, DiMaggio was an inspiration to us all.

From his early days with the San Francisco Seals to his service as baseball's greatest ambassador, Joe DiMaggio was the epitome of elegance, grace, and good sportsmanship.

Mr. SCHUMER. Mr. President, I am pleased to join Senators MOYNIHAN, LOTT, and BOXER in cosponsoring this resolution to honor Mr. Joe DiMaggio. On March 8, 1999, Joe DiMaggio, one of the greatest baseball players of all-time, died in Tampa, Florida. The Yankee Clipper led his life with class and dignity. A true hero and the quintessential American, Mr. DiMaggio gave people something to believe in.

Playing 13 seasons in the major leagues, all for the New York Yankees, Number 5 not only took left field in Yankee Stadium, but also took over New York and baseball showing us his talent day in and day out. When one looks at the numbers accumulated by Mr. DiMaggio, it is hard to think of anyone who did it better and in such a genuine fashion. As a baseball player, few have approached DiMaggio. With a .325 batting average, nine World Series rings, a 56 consecutive game hitting streak in 1941 (a major league record that has never been seriously challenged for more than 5 decades), 361 home runs with only 369 strike-outs, Joe DiMaggio transcended the game of baseball and will remain a symbol for the ages of talent, commitment, and grace. As Simon and Garfunkel sang in their hit song Mrs. Robinson, "where have you gone Joe DiMaggio. . .", the answer is, into our hearts, which will stay with us forever.

But Joe DiMaggio was more than a great baseball player, he transcended the game and will remain a symbol for the ages—a symbol of talent, commitment, and grace. With so few true heroes today, we are lucky that millions of New Yorkers and baseball fans everywhere could live their lives touched by a hero like Joe DiMaggio.

Mr. COCHRAN. I ask unanimous consent that the resolution and preamble be agreed to, en bloc, the motion to reconsider be laid upon the table, and that any statements relating to the resolution be placed at the appropriate place in the RECORD.

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

The resolution (S. Res. 63) was agreed to.

The preamble was agreed to.

The resolution, with its preamble, reads as follows:

S.RES. 63

Joseph Paul "Joe" DiMaggio was born in Martinez, California, on November 25, 1914;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio was the son of Sicilian immigrants, Joseph Paul and Rosalia DiMaggio, and was the 2d of 3 brothers to play Major League Baseball;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio played 13 seasons in the major leagues, all for the New York Yankees;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio, who wore number 5 in Yankee pinstripes, became a baseball icon in the 1941 season by hitting safely in 56 consecutive games, a major league record that has stood for more than 5 decades and has never been seriously challenged;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio compiled a .325 batting average during his storied career and played on 9 World Series championship teams;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio hit 361 home runs during his career, while striking out only 369 times;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio was selected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1955, 4 years after his retirement;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio in 1969 was voted Major League Baseball's greatest living player;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio served the Nation in World War II as a member of the Army Air Corps;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio was tireless in helping others and was devoted to the "Joe DiMaggio Children's Hospital" in Hollywood, Florida;

Whereas Joe DiMaggio will be remembered as a role model for generations of young people; and

Whereas Joe DiMaggio transcended baseball and will remain a symbol for the ages of talent, commitment, and achievement: Now, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the Senate recognizes and honors Joe DiMaggio—

- (1) for his storied baseball career;
- (2) for his many contributions to the Nation throughout his lifetime; and
- (3) for transcending baseball and becoming a symbol for the ages of talent, commitment, and achievement.

MEASURE PLACED ON THE  
CALENDAR—H. CON. RES. 42

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that H. Con. Res. 42 be placed on the calendar.

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

ORDERS FOR WEDNESDAY, MARCH  
17, 1999

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today it stand in adjournment until 10 a.m., on Wednesday, March 17. I further ask that on Wednesday, immediately following the prayer, the Journal of proceedings be approved to date, the morning hour be deemed to have expired, the time for the two leaders be reserved, and the Senate then begin a period of morning business until 11 a.m., with Senators permitted to speak for up to 10 minutes each, with the following exceptions: Senator VOINOVICH, 15 minutes; Senator GRASSLEY, 10 minutes; Senator SCHUMER, 10 minutes; Senator BINGAMAN, 10 minutes; Senator KERREY of Nebraska, 15 minutes.

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

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that following morning business, the Senate resume consideration of S. 257, the national missile defense bill, under the provisions of the unanimous consent agreement reached earlier today.

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

PROGRAM

Mr. COCHRAN. For the information of all Senators, the Senate will reconvene tomorrow at 10 a.m. and begin a period of morning business until 11 a.m. Following morning business, the Senate will resume consideration of the missile defense bill, with a limited number of amendments remaining in order. The leader has expressed his hope that the Senate can complete action on the bill by early afternoon on Wednesday.

For the remainder of the week, the leader has stated that the Senate may consider a Kosovo resolution and/or the supplemental appropriations bill.

Therefore, Members should expect rollcall votes during Wednesday's session and throughout the remainder of the week.

ADJOURNMENT UNTIL 10 A.M.  
TOMORROW

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I now ask unanimous consent the Senate stand in adjournment under the previous order.

There being no objection, the Senate, at 5:59 p.m., adjourned until Wednesday, March 17, 1997, at 10 a.m.