

He was instrumental in expanding APL from primarily an Asia-America business into a truly global operation. He gained a decisive edge on his competitors by embracing information technology earlier than anyone else in his business. He knew the numbers and metrics of his business better than anyone. He was rarely at a loss for an answer before our committee, and always worth listening to.

And he worked very hard at developing one particular line of business—the U.S. military—to the point where our government is today APL's largest customer. One of the reasons for that success was his understanding of logistics, of managing supply lines, a critical skill to the military as well as to APL's multinational corporate customers.

But without doubt his toughest decision was to negotiate the sale of APL to a non-U.S. buyer, in order to protect all of APL's stakeholders and to preserve the APL presence and brand. APL was the oldest continuously operating shipping company in America, and a premier US-flag shipping company. He stuck his neck out on that one, put his reputation on the line, and negotiated the sale personally—and successfully.

Tim Rhein understood his business. He was a nimble and gutsy decision-maker, and we in Washington will miss his understanding and knowledge as we continue our pursuit of a policy to promote a strong U.S. flag maritime shipping presence. I hope he will continue to avail us of his knowledge and wise counsel.

Good luck in your retirement, Tim Rhein.●

DEATH OF ROBERT MCKINNEY

● Mr. BINGAMAN. Mr. President, earlier today I sent a letter to the oldest daily newspaper in the West, "The New Mexican" regarding the death of its publisher, Robert McKinney.

Robert McKinney was well known to the Senate. His decades of service to this country, in one capacity or another, and his remarkable career in business and publishing brought him into contact with many of us, and with colleagues who have preceded us in this body. He and Clinton Anderson, late a Senator for New Mexico, were great friends, and worked together on the San Juan-Chama water project for our State.

Five presidents called on him for service from Harry Truman through Richard Nixon. He put his prodigious skills to work at various times at the Department of the Interior, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Department of the Treasury. Under President Kennedy, he served as our Ambassador to Switzerland.

He was a fine citizen, and a good friend who will be missed, but whose influence, I know, is "a widening ripple, down a long eternity." The world is a better place for his having lived.

I ask that my letter be printed in the RECORD.

The letter follows:

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW MEXICAN"

To the Editor: With so many others, I was saddened earlier this week when word came of the death of Robert McKinney whose American life made him one of the world's distinguished citizens. When he died in New York on Sunday night, this man of the American West had forged great successes in business, journalism, international diplomacy, public service and public policy in the course of his ninety years. His was the "life well lived" and much of it was lived in New Mexico where he was the deeply respected publisher of this newspaper.

He was a singular individual with a wide-ranging mind, vast talents, and varied interests. He brought his considerable energy to bear on issues from architecture to atomic energy, war to peace, land use to poetry. He was most certainly a force for good in this world. I was honored to have the benefit of his counsel and the gift his friendship. I will miss him.

JEFF BINGAMAN,
United States Senator.●

UNVEILING OF TIGER STADIUM COMMEMORATIVE STAMP

● Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, it is with great pride that I pay tribute to a special place in my hometown of Detroit that for the last century has inspired not only our city but our country. This year we are commemorating the tricentennial of the founding of a city that to Americans has long meant great automobiles. To Detroiters, it also means great sports teams and inspiring hero-athletes. Indeed, as Detroit enters its fourth century, our pride in our city is equaled by our pride in the house these heroes built—our storied Tiger Stadium.

Today at home plate, the people of Detroit will gather to unveil one of eleven new stamps commemorating Baseball's Legendary Playing Fields. Of those eleven ballparks, only four still stand, and one is right in Detroit, where baseball was the pastime at The Corner of Michigan and Trumbull for more than a century.

The history of this stadium is in so many ways the history of our city. The spirit of hard work and determination that has always defined Detroit revealed itself early. When the Great Depression hit Detroit harder than most American cities, it was the 1935 World Champion Tigers—and the renowned "G-Men": Charlie Gehringer, Goose Goslin, and Hank Greenberg—who renewed the hopes of an entire city. Detroit would forever after be the City of Champions, with four World Series titles to prove it.

When the riots and ruin of 1967 left deep scars of division across our city, it was the 1968 World Champion Tigers led by Al Kaline, Willie Horton, Bill Freehan, Denny McLain and Mickey Lolich who led one of the greatest comebacks in baseball history and who, in their unforgettable victory, united us to celebrate as one city.

It is no exaggeration to state that the heroes of Tiger Stadium also pointed us to a better America. By the time the prize fighter Joe Louis triumphed over Bob Paster in then-Briggs Stadium in 1939, he was more than a hometown hero from the East Side, he was a national hero and a symbol to all people of all races. Even today, I almost weep thinking of "Hammerin' Hank" Greenberg's grand slam in 1945 that put the Tigers in the Series and for what that one swing of the bat meant. When Nelson Mandela spoke to a massive rally in Tiger Stadium a decade ago, his words rung out past the rafters to every American on the endurance and inspiring power of the human spirit.

In this City of Champions, the names and feats of champions echo still. Here is where the three time NFL champion Detroit Lions played for more than three decades. Here is where the legends of baseball's Golden Age took to the field in the unforgettable 1941 All-Star Game—Bob Feller, Joe DiMaggio, and Ted Williams. Here is where the Tigers earned three divisional championships, nine pennants, and those four World Series titles. Here is where the Tiger greats were born, the eleven Hall of Famers: Sparky Anderson, Ty Cobb, Mickey Cochrane, Sam Crawford, Hank Greenberg, Hugh Jennings, Al Kaline, George Kell, Heinie Manush, Hal Newhouser, and Charlie Gehringer. And one more Hall of Famer, broadcaster Ernie Harwell, made sure that when we couldn't physically be at Michigan and Trumbull, the sights and sounds of the ballpark were part of our lives.

This house of heroes may have been built on the shoulders of giants, but someone else sustained it, the fans. If ever a community has unified around a place, Detroiters came together at The Corner. In this city of immigrants, attending a game there became an American rite of passage. The language of Tiger Stadium, as the Detroit News once put it, was not Polish or Armenian or Ukranian, it was baseball. Generations of parents brought their children to those sun-drenched bleachers. Years later, those grown children brought their own children to Tiger Stadium. I know because like many Detroiters I still call the old ballpark the place of my youth, a place where our parents took us and where I took my daughters and granddaughter.

To this day I remember my father leading me through the corridors to see Game 1 of the 1945 World Series. Through all my visits back through all the years since, I have never forgotten the sights, smells and sounds of that day and the unique character of that park. There was the sight of heroes—like Hal Newhouser—who I had only imagined while listening to the radio and could now virtually reach out and