

JOTF designs programs that create viable career paths for low-wage workers, helping them reach higher wage jobs in industries that need more skilled workers. A good example of JOTF's success is JumpStart, a pre-apprenticeship program created and managed by JOTF that trains 100 low-wage Baltimore residents each year to become licensed electricians, plumbers, or carpenters. JOTF also convenes public meetings on local and national topics related to employment and the workforce. These meetings attract employers, policymakers, interested citizens, and direct service providers. JOTF's research informs policymakers and the public and encourages the development of programs based on best practices. It explores the impact of specific policies and provides recommendations on how policies can better serve workers, families, employers, and the State's economy.

JOTF is making a significant difference in Maryland. I urge my colleagues to join me today in congratulating JOTF's founding chair, Joanne Nathans, whose gentle nature and steely convictions have improved the lives of countless Baltimoreans and their families. Please join me in sending best wishes to JOTF on the occasion of its 10th anniversary and in thanking JOTF for improving the lives of Maryland job seekers, workers, and their families.●

#### DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

● Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. President, today I wish to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the founding of Dakota Wesleyan University, DWU, in Mitchell, SD. DWU has provided a well-rounded education that emphasizes learning, leadership, faith, and service to its students since its founding 125 years ago. Graduates of the university have gone on to become great community and professional leaders. Today, under the leadership of President Robert Duffett, DWU strives to connect its proud heritage with its promising future.

In 1883, a group of Methodist settlers received a charter to found the Dakota Wesleyan University. DWU serves as the university for the Dakotas Conference of the United Methodist Church. Soon after the university opened, Dakota Wesleyan students demonstrated their success through their excellent oratorical skills. They participated in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest and won 5 of its first 11 competitions. This is just one of many examples of DWU students' ability to excel.

With a student body just larger than 750 people, the university offers a very personalized experience. The university is composed of three colleges: the College of Arts and Humanities, the College of Healthcare, Fitness and Sciences, and the College of Leadership and Public Service. These colleges allow for students to pursue an education in both liberal arts and professional programs.

In addition to academic programs, students also participate in service work to aid people in South Dakota and around the world. Recent mission trip locations have included Tanzania and Mexico, where students served those living in extreme poverty. Through the Leadership and Public Service Program, students have the opportunity to study contemporary issues and perform public service through internship placements. Such broad educational opportunities provided by DWU help students explore citizenry locally and internationally.

On Saturday, October 2, 2010, DWU will celebrate its Blue and White Bash at the Corn Palace in Mitchell, SD. Dakota Wesleyan University has provided our State quality education and a positive social environment. DWU students are well equipped to succeed in a competitive world, delivering countless benefits to organizations and communities close to home and around the globe. With alumni as accomplished as former U.S. Senator George McGovern and his wife Eleanor McGovern, DWU continues to live up to its mission of being "a leading university that educates students to identify and develop their individual talents for successful lives in service to God and the common good."●

#### REMEMBERING TED WILLIAMS

● Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, baseball celebrates "walk off" home runs, the four baggers that bring a game to an end. But 50 years ago today, the greatest hitter who ever lived, No. 9, Ted Williams, hit the ultimate "walk off" homer. After 21 seasons with our Red Sox, "The Kid" homered deep into right field in his very last at bat. At 42, despite the toll of nagging injuries, some of which dated back to his combat tours, Ted lofted the ball into the right field bleachers, not all that far from the spot where he hit the longest homerun in the history of Fenway Park at 502 feet. To this day the record stands and the seat in those bleachers is memorialized in red. This home run might not have been the longest but it was a fitting farewell to the game he loved so much—and excelled at like no other. He was bigger than life.

We revered Ted Williams for many reasons—for what he did on the field, and off of it as well. It was not just his lifelong commitment to the Jimmy Fund, but the selfless way he twice walked away from baseball and served his country in uniform in World War II and in Korea where he was wingman to another icon, John Glenn. He was a two time American League Most Valuable Player, boasted a career batting average of .344, an on base percentage of .551, lead the league in batting six times, and hammered 521 home runs. Ted Williams was guts and grit personified—and all of Red Sox Nation was grateful for the special way he welcomed us into his hearts in his final years, at last tipping his cap to the

fans of Boston, and letting us say goodbye to him one last time at the 1999 All Star Game in Boston when—on the Fenway mound—he was surrounded by the great players of the 20th century who were in awe of our own 'Splendid Splinter.' It was one final moment of magic in a career—and life—seemingly ripped from a story-book.

But it was that last home run that John Updike remembers in the extraordinary "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu," an essay that captures the greatness of Ted Williams far better than any of us could—and still today, 50 years later, speaks to the Red Sox faithful, and baseball fans across the country. I ask to have this essay printed in the RECORD, and I thank the Senate for taking time today to remember an American icon—Boston's own Ted Williams.

#### HUB FANS BID KID ADIEU

(By John Updike)

Fenway Park, in Boston, is a lyric little bandbox of a ballpark. Everything is painted green and seems in curiously sharp focus, like the inside of an old-fashioned peeping-type Easter egg. It was built in 1912 and rebuilt in 1934, and offers, as do most Boston artifacts, a compromise between Man's Euclidean determinations and Nature's beguiling irregularities. Its right field is one of the deepest in the American League, while its left field is the shortest; the high left-field wall, three hundred and fifteen feet from home plate along the foul line, virtually thrusts its surface at right-handed hitters. On the afternoon of Wednesday, September 28th, as I took a seat behind third base, a uniformed groundkeeper was treading the top of this wall, picking batting-practice home runs out of the screen, like a mushroom gatherer seen in Wordsworthian perspective on the verge of a cliff. The day was overcast, chill, and uninspirational. The Boston team was the worst in twenty-seven seasons. A jangling medley of incompetent youth and aging competence, the Red Sox were finishing in seventh place only because the Kansas City Athletics had locked them out of the cellar. They were scheduled to play the Baltimore Orioles, a much nimbler blend of May and December, who had been dumped from pennant contention a week before by the insatiable Yankees. I, and 10,453 others, had shown up primarily because this was the Red Sox's last home game of the season, and therefore the last time in all eternity that their regular left fielder, known to the headlines as TED, KID, SPLINTER, THUMPER, TW, and, most cloyingly, MISTER WONDERFUL, would play in Boston. "WHAT WILL WE DO WITHOUT TED? HUB FANS ASK" ran the headline on a newspaper being read by a bulb-nosed cigar smoker a few rows away. Williams' retirement had been announced, doubted (he had been threatening retirement for years), confirmed by Tom Yawkey, the Red Sox owner, and at last widely accepted as the sad but probable truth. He was forty-two and had redeemed his abysmal season of 1959 with a—considering his advanced age—fine one. He had been giving away his gloves and bats and had grudgingly consented to a sentimental ceremony today. This was not necessarily his last game; the Red Sox were scheduled to travel to New York and wind up the season with three games there.

I arrived early. The Orioles were hitting fungus on the field. The day before, they had spitefully smothered the Red Sox, 17-4, and neither their faces nor their drab gray visiting-team uniforms seemed very gracious. I