

so excelled in his duties that he was assigned to flying an F-16C, the most advanced fighter/bomber in the Air Force. As a member of the elite Thunderbirds, Jim performs a variety of roles: pilot, operations officer, show evaluator, and safety observer.

For years, I as well as other Americans have enjoyed and marveled at the Thunderbirds. These exceptional aviators do more than just entertain a crowd. They serve to demonstrate individual talents, and collective skills that are second to none. It is no wonder that our Air Force pilots are considered the world's best. I am delighted that Jim is a part of this legacy of excellence.

Every summer, Ellsworth Air Force Base holds an annual air show which attracts thousands of spectators. Many South Dakotans come to enjoy an assortment of exhibits and historical information.

In addition, the base displays a fantastic array of aircraft on the ground and in the air. At this year's show held on July 9, the Thunderbirds were the featured attraction. So it was a homecoming for Jim Harder, a homecoming that he was able to share with his father, Elwood. I am sure no South Dakotan was more proud of Jim Harder and his fellow Thunderbirds than Elwood Harder.

Mr. President, I take great pride in sharing with my colleagues, the visitors in the gallery, and C-SPAN viewers at home the extraordinary achievements of my fellow South Dakotans.

Jim Harder is yet another standout South Dakotan who has excelled in his field. His versatile role in the Air Force Thunderbirds is a job that requires dedication and diligent persistence. Most important, Jim's skills and expertise elevates the level of performance of his fellow fliers.

Teamwork and individual dedication are why the Thunderbirds are respected throughout the world. And individuals like Jim Harder—a man who chose to devote his talents to the service of his country—are the reasons why our Nation's defense remains strong. Again, on behalf of all South Dakotans, I commend Jim Harder for his extraordinary accomplishments. I wish him continued success with the Air Force Thunderbirds.

IN HONOR OF RUSS HANSEN

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, we all know that life on a farm is not always easy. Few people know that farming is one of this country's most hazardous industries. Unforeseen accidents often occur, and try as we might to avoid them, they seem to strike when we least expect it.

In 1993, one tragic incident took place on a farm in my home State. Russ Hansen, a 39-year-old farmer from Spink County, was killed in a farming accident, leaving behind his wife, Mary, and three children, Joshua, Jeff, and Jill.

Words cannot fully console the mind when tragedies such as these happen. We try to pay homage to those who have passed away, but nothing will ever replace loved ones we have lost. Tributes remind us of the person we once knew so well—and in their own special way help ease the pain.

It was made known recently that the Hansen family will have a living memorial in honor of their father and husband. Russ was a true steward of the land—a farmer who through his knowledge of the earth sought to make the most of it and for it. Before he died, Russ donated some of his farmland to South Dakota State University [SDSU]. The school used the land to test varieties of wheat. Because of Russ' love of the land and devotion to the SDSU research, the school announced this spring that the tests on his land have yielded a new hard red spring wheat. It is a wheat that is proving to be resistant to disease, pests, and shattering. And in a fitting tribute, the wheat will be called "Russ." It is expected to be on the general market by 1997.

Mr. President, no single person in this country has consistently been the source of more innovation than the American farmer. The ritual of farming is not just planting, growing, and harvesting. It is a quest to innovate and challenge the land to produce something it has never produced before. Russ Hansen was that kind of American farmer. I am sure Mary, Joshua, Jeff, and Jill Hansen are proud that Russ' legacy will live on in the hearty new brand of wheat that will bear his name. I am proud of Russ' lifetime of devotion to the land, and the innovators at South Dakota State University who worked with Russ to achieve this new high-quality wheat. It is a great achievement for SDSU and an ever-lasting tribute to Russ Hansen.

I ask unanimous consent to have a related article printed in the RECORD.

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

NEW WHEAT NAMED AFTER FARMER (By Jennifer DeAnn Olson)

FRANKFORT.—Memorials come in unexpected ways.

Mary Hansen received a phone call this spring saying that scientists at South Dakota State University in Brookings had developed a new variety of hard red spring wheat. They had named the variety Russ after Hansen's husband, a 39-year-old Spink County farmer and feedlot operator who died in a 1993 farm accident.

"Finding out about it, we were totally surprised," Hansen said from her Frankfort farm. "We were very proud and pleased."

Russ Hansen had worked closely with the people from SDSU during his years of farming, donating land to be used as test plots.

"You had to know Russ. He could talk to anybody," Hansen said, "I think it was more than a working relationship (with SDSU), it was a friendship."

This friendship was obviously worth remembering. It yielded a high-yield wheat, resistant to disease, pests and shattering, once known as SD8073, now named Russ. The vari-

ety, now being tested by certified seed growers, should be ready for the general market by 1997.

Mary Hansen still lives on the farm. She has sold the cattle and rented out her property. And the wheat variety has been especially important to the Hansen's three children—Joshua, 13; Jeff, 12; and Jill, 9.

"It really says a lot about Russ," Hansen said.

"Russ has been gone almost two years now, but he'll always be around," she added.

THE 1995 SIOUX FALLS CANARIES

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, when I was growing up in Humboldt, SD, professional baseball flourished throughout my State. I remember many games from the now-defunct Basin League. Those contests of skill and team play stirred within me a love and appreciation for America's favorite pastime.

During the recent Fourth of July holiday, I was given the honor of throwing out the first pitch for the Sioux Falls Canaries in its game against the Timber Bay Whiskey Jacks. Despite many wonderful plays and an enthusiastic crowd, the Canaries lost. Nevertheless, the evening was entertaining and exciting. It was baseball the way it should be played. The players demonstrated superb individual skills, team dedication, and enjoyment of the game itself.

Mr. President, South Dakota professional baseball has a long and colorful history as old as the State itself. It was in Sioux Falls in 1889, the year South Dakota was granted statehood, when a pro baseball team wearing bright yellow uniforms was formed in the city. The team was named the "Yellow Kids," after a comic strip that appeared in the Sioux Falls Press. Upon viewing the team, Guy LaFollette, a local sportswriter for the Press, suggested the nickname "Canaries." LaFollette continued to refer to the team as the Canaries in his sports articles. The label stuck. Eventually, the Canaries became the official name of the team.

Despite having a reputation of hiring away the best players from the other teams, the original Sioux Falls Canaries lasted until 1903, when their class D league, the Iowa and South Dakota League, folded.

Sioux Falls would be without a pro team until 1920 when the Sioux Falls Soos [Sues] began play in the South Dakota League. The team's manager, Fred Carisch, was a veteran of the 1902 Canaries team. In 1924, the Sioux Falls team changed its name back to the Canaries because the Sioux City Cardinals joined the Canaries as part of a new, expanded, Tri-State League. Apparently, the thought was the two birds—the Canaries and the Cardinals—sounded better when they played. Unfortunately, the league and the teams were disbanded after only one season.

Professional baseball returned again to Sioux Falls in 1930, when Rex Stucker organized a new version of the Canaries, which played in an independent circuit for three seasons. The team