

Authorities in Northern Ireland need to catch and prosecute Rosemary Nelson's murderers, and they need to ensure that members of the RUC did not aid and abet these cowards. The RUC needs to go under a microscope. If there are problems, a new law enforcement authority, which has the unquestioned support of nationalists and unionists, needs to be established.

Rosemary Nelson saw the seeds of peace planted in Northern Ireland. I hope and pray that her three children will live to see those seeds blossom into something permanent and beautiful.●

#### APPOINTMENT BY THE VICE PRESIDENT

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair, on behalf of the Vice President, pursuant to Public Law 83-420, as amended by Public Law 99-371, reappoints the Senator from Arizona (Mr. McCAIN) to the Board of Trustees of Gallaudet University.

#### 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 lightning. "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