JOFT 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 JOFT’s success is JumpStart, a pre-apprenticeship program created and managed by JOFT that trains 100 low-wage Baltimore residents each year to become licensed electricians, plumbers, or carpenters. JOFT 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. JOFT’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 economy.

JOFT is making a significant difference in Maryland. I urge my colleagues to join me today in congratulating JOFT’s founding chair, Joanne Nathans, whose gentle nature and steel have improved the lives of countless Baltimoreans and their families. Please join me in sending best wishes to JOFT on the occasion of its 10th anniversary and in thanking JOFT 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 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, 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. Ted Williams 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 today as a way for us to take time today to remember an American icon—Boston’s own Ted Williams.

**HUB FANS BID KID ADEIU**

(John Updike) Fenway Park, in Boston, is a lyric little handbook of a ballpark. Everything is painted green and seems in curiously sharp focus, like the inside of an old-fashioned peeping-tom’s Easter egg. It was rebuilt in 1934, and offers, as do most Boston artifacts, a compromise between Man’s Euclidean determinations and Nature’s beguiling indeterminacies. Its basic geometry is 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, actually thursts its surface at right-handed hitters. On the afternoon of Wednesday, September 28th, as I took a seat behind third base, a unopened groundhog was pushed up on the top of this wall, picking batting-practice home runs out of the screen, like a mushroom. 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, MISPER, WONDROUFL, 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 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. But it was not necessary for him to have this essay printed in the Record.
wondered who had invited them to the party. Between our heads and the lowering clouds a frenzied organ was thundering through, with an apophasis perhaps accidental, "You ma..."

The affair between Boston and Ted Williams has been a marriage of convenience; it has been a marriage, composed of spots, mutual disadvantages, and, toward the end, a mellowing board of shared memories. It falls into a pattern of which the best-known example is the one that underlies Youth, Maturity, and Age; or Theis, Antithesis, and Synthesis; or Jason, Achilles, and Nestor.

There were the by now legendary epoch when the young bridegroom came out of the West, announced "All I want out of life is that when I walk down the street folks will say, 'There goes the greatest hitter who ever lived.'" The dowagers of local journalism attempted to give elementary deportment lessons to this child who spoke as a god, and to their horror were themselves rebuked. Thus began the long exchange of backbiting, hat-flipping, booing, and spitting that has distinguished Williams' public relations. The spitting incidents of 1957 and 1958 and the similar doxie courtly that Williams has now and then extended to the grandstand when judged against his background: the left-field stands at Fenway for twenty years have held a large number of customers who have bought their way in primarily because of showmanship on Williams. Greatness necessarily attracts debunkers, but in Williams' case the hostility has been systematic and unapologetic. His basic offense against the fans has been to wish that they weren't there. Seeking a perfectionist's vacuum, he has quixotically defied to appear in the game from the ground of paid publicity that sustains the popular sportsports. Hence his refusal to tip his cap to the crowd or turn the other cheek to newspapers. He makes it plain that he expects nothing from the press except a fair trial of his abilities, and when they fail that test the press is no longer entitled to exist. This is not because he is curious, but because his art can be maintained not by the crowd but by the beauty that he is. He has been generous with advice to other players. What remains of the Finnegan charge of those who love Williams must transmute as best we can, in our personal crudities. My personal memories of Williams begin when I was a boy in Pennsylvania, with two last-place teams in Philadelphia to keep me company. For me, "Wm.s" is a pigment of the box scores when I went to the Stadium and even then you're damned if you do and damned if you don't. This is to say that even the Boston papers now and then suffer a sharp flurry of arithmetic on this score; indeed, with great skill and even all his hits they did nobody else any good would constitute a feat of placement unparalleled in the annals of selfishness.

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championships by decimal whiskers to George Kell and Mickey Vernon, sneaked in behind his teammate Pete Runnels and flitched his sixth title, a bargain at .326. In 1952 over. The Red Sox thrashed around in the .200 swamp for the first half of the season, and was even benches with manager Mike McCormack (tactfully said). Old foes like the late Bill Cunningham began to offer batting tips. Cunningham thought Williams was jiggling his elbows and knees. The Red Sox never did stiff so he could hardly turn his head to look at the pitch. When he swung, it looked like a Calder mobile with one thread cut; it reminded of a hurricane. The Red Sox wallopers had been wired together. A solicitous pall settled over the sports pages. In the two decades since Williams had come to Boston, his availability had shrunk to the size of that of a naughty prodigy to that of a municipal monument. As his shadow in the record books lengthened, the Red Sox teams around him declined, and the entire American League seemed to be losing life and color to the National. The inconsistency of the new superstars— Mantle, Colavito, and Kaline— served to make him appear all the more singular. And off the field, his private philanthropy—in particular, his zealous chairmanship of the Jimmy Fund, a charity to children with cancer—gave him a civic presence somewhat like that of Richard Cardinal Cushing. In religion, Williams appears to be a humanist, and a selective one at that, but with white skin and flesh-colored hair, like a specimen Williams partisan, was both glad and fearful. All fans believed in miracles; the question is, how many do you believe in? He looked like a ghost in spring training. Manager Jurgens warned us ahead of time that if Williams didn’t come through he would be benched, just like anybody else. As it turned out, it was Jurgens who was benched. Williams entered the 1960 season needing eight home runs to have a lifetime total of 500; after one time at bat in Washington, he needed seven. For a stretch, he was hitting a home run every second game that he played in. In 1961 he had a 200-game time total, then the number 500, then Mel Ott’s total, and finished with 521, thirteen home runs short of his goal. His total of 521, thirteen home runs, eclipsed her from view. The crowd looked less like a weekday ballpark crowd than like the flock you might find in a football stadium. The civic illusion seemed to thrust her lips forward for a kiss, sauntered down into the box seats and with striking alpomb took a seat right behind the roof of the Oriole dugout. She wore a blue coat with a Northeastern University emblem sewed to it. The girls beside me took it into their heads that this was Williams’ daughter. She looked too old to me, and why would she be sitting behind the visitors’ dugout? On the other hand, from the way she sat there, staring at the sky and French-inhaling, she clearly was somebody. Other fans came and went, his eighteen-hundredth run turned out, it was Jurges who was to be sitting behind the visitors’ dugout? On the other hand, from the way she sat there, staring at the sky and French-inhaling, she clearly was somebody. Other fans came and went, his eighteen-hundredth run time all afternoon I saw him grin. A tight little flock of human sparrows who, from the lambent and pampered pink of their faces, could only have been Boston politicians moved toward the plate. The loudspeakers mammotypy coughed as some- one huffed on the microphone. The cere- monies began to move. The Red Sox radio and television announcer, who sounds like everybody’s brother-in-law, delivered a brief sermon, taking the two words “pride” and “Boston” and ran with them. “Twenty-one years ago, a skinny kid from San Diego, California...” and ended, “I’d like to thank the sports committee of the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, presented Williams with a big Paul Revere sil- ver bowl. Harry Carlson, a member of the sports committee of the Boston Chamber, gave him a plaque, whose inscription he did not read in its entirety, out of deference to Williams, who distaste for this sort of attention. Mayor Collins presented the Jimmy Fund with a thousand-dollar check.

Then the occasion himself stooped to the microphone, and his voice quivered, after the others, very Californian; it seemed to be coming, excellently amplified, from a great distance. “I do not want to overdo the matter, and prefer it that way.” The crowd tittered, applauding. A frivous vision flashed upon me, of one signifier, Knights of Columbus, of one huffed on the microphone. The cere- monies began to move. The Red Sox radio and television announcer, who sounds like everybody’s brother-in-law, delivered a brief sermon, taking the two words “pride” and “Boston” and ran with them. “Twenty-one years ago, a skinny kid from San Diego, California...” and ended, “I’d like to thank the sports committee of the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, presented Williams with a big Paul Revere sil- ver bowl. Harry Carlson, a member of the sports committee of the Boston Chamber, gave him a plaque, whose inscription he did not read in its entirety, out of deference to Williams, who distaste for this sort of attention. Mayor Collins presented the Jimmy Fund with a thousand-dollar check.

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pitcher with an electric ferocity—it was like wringing resin out of the bat handle with his. 

Williams is no cutie; he is willing to burn the ball through the strike zone. The second baseman, George Anderson, of the New York Giants, even got a one-handed clapping reception for this.

Malzone, a first-rate third baseman, played the ball past the man at bat. Instead of merely cheering, Fisher wound up, and the ball struck the ballplayer in the crotch where the beard had been. It was a sombre and considered tumult. Aided by the gloom, Fisher was slicing the burning headlights of a funeral procession. Applause sank into a hush.

It occurred to about a dozen humorists to say: 'He looks old, doesn't he, old; big deep wrinkles in his face . . . '

'Yeah,' the other voice said, 'but he looks like a living goose.'

With each pitch, Williams danced down the baseline, waving his arms and stirring dust. The man on deck and the outfielders seemed to have a dozen players at once to shout 'Steal home! Go! go!'

Williams' speed afoot was never legendary. During the sixth inning, he hoisted a high fly to deep left. Williams said, ''I didn't think I could hit one harder than that. The conditions weren't good."

The afternoon grew so glowering that in the sixth, the winds were turned on—always a wasp sight in the daytime, like the burning headlines of a funeral procession. The crowd grunted, seeing that clasped:

Fisher wound up, and Williams swung mightily and missed. The afternoon grew so glowering that in the sixth, the winds were turned on—always a wasp sight in the daytime, like the burning headlines of a funeral procession. The crowd grunted, seeing that clasped:

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