

and/or confiscated by these repressive regimes.

Private property ownership is one of the key hallmarks of a free society, as are the freedom to practice one's own religion, express one's own social or national traditions, and speak against one's government. Violation of these freedoms, and disrespect for these concepts, is a glaring signal that a country is ignoring democratic norms and violating international law.

Even more egregious is the fact that some financial institutions cooperated with these repressive regimes in converting to their own personal use those financial assets belonging to Holocaust victims, and their heirs and assigns. This is a clear violation of these institutions' fiduciary duty to their customers. We must not sit idly by while they enjoy their ill-gotten gains.

In this new and welcome period of transition for many of the formerly Communist countries in Central and Eastern Europe, it is my sincere hope that victims of confiscation will be sought out and compensated. Further, to expedite the compensation process, I fully support the elimination of any citizenship or residency requirement in order for those victims to make property claims.●

TRIBUTE TO LARRY DOBY

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, 50 years ago this week, a young 22-year-old rookie named Larry Doby took the baseball field for the first time as a Cleveland Indian. Although Larry did not make a hit during that first at bat, he did something more: he made history. On that day, July 5, 1947, Larry Doby became the first African-American to play in the American League. I have had the great privilege of knowing Larry since our days growing up together in the streets of Paterson, N.J. I have developed a deep admiration for him. I ask that the text of an article that appeared recently in the Washington Post that captures Larry's character be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Washington Post, July 8, 1997]

NEITHER A MYTH NOR A LEGEND—LARRY DOBY CROSSED BASEBALL'S COLOR BARRIER AFTER ROBINSON

(By David Maraniss)

There is only one person alive who knows what it was like to be a black ballplayer integrating the white world of the major leagues during the historic summer of 1947. If you are young or only a casual follower of baseball, perhaps you have not heard of him.

Larry Doby is 72 years old now, and his calm manner seems out of style in this unsporting age of self-obsession. He is neither a celebrity nor the stuff of myth, simply a quiet hero with an incomparable story to tell.

This season, as the national pastime commemorates the 50th anniversary of the breaking of the color line, the attention has focused inevitably on the first black player of the modern era, Jackie Robinson, who shines alone in baseball history as the symbol of pride against prejudice. But Doby was there, too, blazing his own trail later that

same year. He was brought up by the Cleveland Indians on July 5, 1947, three months after Robinson broke in with the Brooklyn Dodgers. Some of the strange and awful things that happened to No. 42 in the National League happened to No. 14 in the American League as well.

"I think I'm ahead of a lot of people because I don't hate and I'm not bitter," Doby says softly now. He has spent a lifetime "turning negatives into positives," but he is also sharp and direct in pointing out what he considers to be myths surrounding the events of a half-century ago.

Jackie Robinson in death has gone the way of most American martyrs, transformed from an outsider struggling against the prevailing culture into a legend embraced by it. In the retelling of his legend it sometimes sounds as though most people always loved him. Doby knows better. He was there and he remembers. After that first season, he and Robinson barnstormed the country with Negro leagues all-stars. They rarely discussed their common experience in white baseball ("no need to, we both knew what the situation was"), but a few times late at night they stayed up naming the players in each league who were giving them problems because they were black.

It was a long list.

"Many people in this world live on lies. Know what amazes me today?" Doby asks, his deep voice rising with the first rush of emotion. "How many friends Jackie Robinson had 50 years ago! All of a sudden everyone is his best friend. Wait a minute. Give me a break, will you. I knew those people who were his friends. I knew those people who were not his friends. Some of them are still alive. I know. And Jack, he's in heaven, and I bet he turns over a lot of times when he hears certain things or sees certain things or reads certain things where these people say they were his friends."

Playing and traveling in the big leagues that year was a grindingly lonely job for the two young black men. Which leads to Doby's second shattered myth: the notion that Robinson, by coming first, could somehow smooth the way for him.

"Did Jackie Robinson make it easier for me?" Doby laughs at his own question, which he says is the one he hears most often. "I'm not saying people are stupid, but it's one of the stupidest questions that's ever been asked. Think about it. We're talking about 11 weeks. Nineteen forty-seven. Now it's 50 years later and you still have hidden racism, educated racist people. How could you change that in 11 weeks? Jackie probably would have loved to have changed it in 11 weeks. I know he would have loved to have been able to say, 'the hotels are open, the restaurants are open, your teammates are going to welcome you.' But no. No. No way. No way."

THE EMBRACE

There was no transition for Larry Doby, no year of grooming in the minors up in Montreal like Robinson had. One day he was playing second base for the Newark Eagles of the Negro leagues, and two days later he was in Chicago, pinch-hitting for the Cleveland Indians in the seventh inning of a game against the White Sox. "We're in this together, kid," Bill Veeck, the Indians' owner, had told him at the signing, and that was enough for Doby. He trusted Veeck, then and always.

Doby was only 22 years old, and his life to that point had been relatively free of the uglier strains of American racism. At East Side High in Paterson, N.J., he had been a four-sport star on integrated teams. He remembers being subjected to a racist insult only once, during a football game, and he re-

sponded by whirling past the foul-mouthed defensive back to haul in a touchdown pass. That shut the guy up. In the Navy on the South Pacific atoll of Ulithi during World War II, he had taken batting practice with Mickey Vernon of the Washington Senators and found him to be extremely friendly and encouraging. Vernon later sent him a dozen Louisville Slugger bats and put in a good word for him with the Washington club.

Wishful thinking. It would be another decade before the Senators broke their lily-white policy, but Veeck, who had both an innate empathy for life's underdogs and a showman's readiness to try anything new, was eager to integrate his Indians as soon as possible. Doby was not the best black player (that honor still belonged to old Josh Gibson), but he was young and talented. Through the Fourth of July with the Newark club in 1947, he was batting .414 with a league-leading 14 homers.

His Newark teammates gave him a farewell present, a kit with comb, brush and shaving cream, but there was no celebration when he took off to join the Indians. "We looked at it as an important step as far as history was concerned, but it was not the type of thing you would celebrate in terms of justice for all, because you were going to a segregated situation," Doby says. "Maybe someone smarter than me would be happy about that, but I wasn't. You know you're going into a situation where it's not going to be comfortable. That's what you're leaving. What you're leaving is comfortable because you are with your teammates all the time, you sleep in the same hotel, you eat in the same restaurants, you ride in the same car."

When Doby was introduced to the Cleveland players that afternoon of July 5 a half-century ago, most of them stood mute and expressionless, essentially ignoring his existence. There were a few exceptions. Second baseman Joe Gordon told him to grab his glove and warmed up with him before the game, a practice they continued throughout the year. Catcher Jim Hegan showed he cared by asking him how he was doing. And one of the coaches, Bill McKechnie, looked after him. "He was like Veeck, but there every day on the road—nice man," Doby recalls.

But there was no roommate for him on the road, no one in whom he could confide. In every city except New York and Boston, he stayed in a black hotel apart from the rest of the team. Equally troubling for him, he rarely got the chance to play. After starting one game at first base, he looked at the lineup card the next day and was not there. Same thing the rest of the year. The manager, Lou Boudreau, never said a word to him about why he was on the bench. He was used as a pinch hitter, and could not adjust to the role. He finished the year with only five hits and no home runs in 32 at-bats over 29 games.

After the last game of the season, he was sitting at his locker, wondering if that was the end of the experiment, when McKechnie came over to him and asked whether he had ever played the outfield. No, Doby said, always infield, in high school, college at Long Island University for a year, Negro leagues, the streets, wherever. "Well," Doby recall McKechnie telling him, "Joe Gordon is the second baseman and he's going to be here a while. When you go home this winter get a book and learn how to play the outfield."

He bought a book by Tommy Henrich, the Yankees outfielder, and studied the finer points of playing outfield: what to do on liners hit straight at you (take your first step back, never forward), throwing to the right bases, hitting the cutoff man. He started the next season in right, and within a few weeks was over in center, where he developed into

an offensive and defensive star, a key figure on the fearsome Indians teams from the late 1940s to mid-1950s. With Doby driving in more than 100 runs four times and tracking down everything in center, the Indians won the World Series against the Boston Braves in 1948, and lost to the Giants in 1954 after winning a league-record 111 games during the regular season.

It was during the '48 season that Doby set several firsts. After batting over .300 during the regular season, he became the first African American to play on a championship club and the first to hit a home run in the World Series. His blast won the fourth game that fall against the Braves. In the locker room celebration afterward, a wire service photographer took a picture that was sent out across the nation showing something that had never been seen before: a white baseball player, pitcher Steve Gromek, hugging the black player, Doby, who had won the game for him.

Doby says he will never forget that embrace. "That made me feel good because it was not a thing of, should I or should I not, not a thing of black or white. It was a thing where human beings were showing emotion. When you have that kind of thing it makes you feel better, makes you feel like, with all those obstacles and negatives you went through, there is someone who had feelings inside for you as a person and not based on color."

It was a rare situation that went easier for the black person than his white friend. Gromek received hate mail and questions from his neighbors when he went home. What are you doing hugging a black man like that? Hey, was his response, Doby won the game for me!

But the world did not embrace Doby as warmly as Gromek had. In St. Louis one day, McKechnie restrained him from climbing into the stands to go after a heckler who had been shouting racist epithets at him the whole game. His anger erupted one other time in 1948, when he slid into second base and an opposing infielder spit in his face. "I didn't expect to be spit on if I'm sliding into second base, but it happened. I just thank God there was an umpire there named Bill Summers, a nice man, who kind of walked in between us when I was ready to move on this fella. Maybe I wouldn't be sitting here talking if that hadn't happened. They wanted to find anyway they could go get you out of the league."

Al Smith, a left fielder who joined the Indians in 1953 and became Doby's roommate and close friend, said there was one other way opposing teams would go after black players.

Whenever Al Rosen or some other Indian hit a home run, the pitcher would wait until Doby came up, then throw at him. "They wouldn't knock the player who hit the home run down, they'd knock Doby down."

Common practice in those days, says Doby—he and Minnie Minoso, a Cuban-born outfielder who was an all-star seven years despite not becoming a regular in the major leagues until age 28, and Roy Campanella, a three-time NL most valuable player after playing for the Baltimore Elite Giants of the Negro leagues, were hit by pitches 10 times more often than Ted Williams, Stan Musial and Joe DiMaggio.

"You don't think people would do it simply because of race," Doby says. "But what was it? Did they knock us down because we were good hitters? How you gonna explain DiMaggio, Williams and Musial? Were they good hitters? So you see, you can't be naive about this kind of situation."

But there was one setting where Doby and the other blacks on the Indians' team felt completely protected—when teammate Early

Wynn was on the mound. "Whenever Early pitched we didn't have any problems getting knocked down. Early, he would start at the top of the opposing lineup and go right down to the bottom. They threw at me, he'd throw at them."

The segregation of that era offered one ironically comforting side effect to Doby. Black fans in the late 1940s were directed out to the cheap seats, the bleachers in left and center and right. They were a long way from the action, but very close to Doby. "When people say, 'You played well in Washington,' well, I had a motivation factor there. I had cheerleaders there at Griffith Stadium. I didn't have to worry about name-calling. You got cheers from those people when you walked out onto the field. They'd let you know they appreciated you were there. Give you a little clap when you go out there, and if you hit a home run, they'd acknowledge the fact, tip their hat."

BACK TO CLEVELAND

At the All-Star Game at Jacobs Field in Cleveland on Tuesday, all of baseball will finally tip its hat to Lawrence Eugene Doby. Finally, he will emerge from the enormous shadow of the man he followed and revered, Jackie Robinson. The American League, for which he works as an executive in New York, has named him honorary captain of its team, and he has been selected to throw out the first pitch. The prospect of standing on the field in front of a sellout crowd to be honored has led Doby to think about what has changed since he broke in with the Indians 50 years ago.

"A lot of people are complaining that baseball hasn't come along fast enough. And there is much more work to be done," Doby says. "But if you look at baseball, we came in 1947, before Brown versus the Board of Education [the 1954 Supreme Court decision integrating public schools], before anyone wrote a civil rights bill saying give them the same opportunities everyone else has. So whatever you want to criticize baseball about—it certainly needs more opportunities for black managers, black general managers, black umpires—remember that if this country was as far advanced as baseball it would be in much better shape."

Doby rises from his chair and walks around his den, taking another look at history. Here is a picture of him at the first of seven straight all-star games to which he was selected. He is posed on the dugout steps with three other black players. "There's Camp and Newk [pitcher Don Newcombe] and Jackie," he says. "I'm the only American League, fighting those Dodgers."

Nearby is the picture of "Doby's Great Catch," taken in Cleveland in a game against Washington on July 20, 1954. "What a catch," he says softly, sounding modest even in praise, as though it was someone else who climbed that fence to make the play.

And in the corner is a picture of the football team at Paterson's East Side High back in the early 1940s. One black player in the crowd—the split end. "I was always the one guy," he says, looking at the image of his younger self. Sometimes he was overshadowed or all but forgotten, and in the history books it says he came second, but Larry Doby is right. He always was the one guy. ●

RECOGNITION OF JEAN SKONHOVD, STEPHANIE BROCKHOUSE, LEANN PRUSA AND TOM BERG'S ASSISTANCE DURING THE NATURAL DISASTERS OF 1997

● Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. President, I want to take this opportunity today to rec-

ognize the important work of Sioux Valley Hospital nurses, Jean Skonhovd, Stephanie Brockhouse, Leann Prusa, and Tom Berg, in ongoing disaster recovery efforts in South Dakota.

Early this year, residents of Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota experienced relentless snowstorms and bitterly cold temperatures. Snowdrifts as high as buildings, roads with only one lane cleared, homes without heat for days, hundreds of thousands of dead livestock, and schools closed for a week at a time were commonplace. As if surviving the severe winter cold was not challenge enough, residents of the upper Midwest could hardly imagine the extent of damage Mother Nature had yet to inflict with a 500-year flood. Record levels on the Big Sioux River and Lake Kampeska forced over 5,000 residents of Watertown, SD to evacuate their homes and left over one-third of the city without sewer and water for three weeks. The city of Bruce, SD was completely underwater when record low temperatures turned swollen streams into sheets of ice.

The 50,000 residents of Grand Forks, ND, and 10,000 residents of East Grand Forks, MN, were forced to leave their homes and businesses as the Red River overwhelmed their cities in April. The devastation was astounding; an entire city underwater and a fire that gutted a majority of Grand Forks' downtown. Residents of both cities recently were allowed to return to what is left of their homes, and the long and difficult process of rebuilding shattered lives is just beginning.

In the midst of this crisis, Jean Skonhovd, Stephanie Brockhouse, Leann Prusa, and Tom Berg scrambled to travel to Grand Forks and help the victims of the disaster. Not thinking of themselves, these nurses from Sioux Valley Hospital rearranged their personal lives to volunteer their expertise to assist others. Their skill and professionalism shone through as they admirably performed their jobs in chaotic circumstances. Their ability to perform emergency services in these trying times deserves our respect and admiration.

While those of us from the Midwest will never forget the destruction wrought by this year's snowstorms and floods, I have been heartened to witness first-hand and hear accounts of South Dakotans coming together within their community to protect homes, farms, and entire towns from vicious winter weather and rising flood waters. The selfless actions of these nurses from Sioux Valley Hospital illustrate the resolve within South Dakotans to help our neighbors in times of trouble.

Mr. President, there is much more to be done to rebuild and repair our impacted communities. Jean Skonhovd, Stephanie Brockhouse, Leann Prusa, and Tom Berg of Sioux Valley Hospital illustrate how the actions of a community can bring some relief to the victims of this natural disaster, and I ask