

Williams was third in the batting order, so he came up in the bottom of the first inning, and Steve Barber, a young pitcher who was not yet born when Williams began playing for the Red Sox, offered him four pitches, at all of which he disdained to swing, since none of them were within the strike zone. This demonstrated simultaneously that Williams' eyes were razor-sharp and that Barber's control wasn't. Shortly, the bases were full, with Williams on second. "Oh, I hope he gets held up at third! That would be wonderful," the girl beside me moaned, and, sure enough, the man at bat walked and Williams was delivered into our foreground. He struck the pose of Donatello's David, the third-base bag being Goliath's head. Fiddling with his cap, swapping small talk with the Oriole third baseman (who seemed delighted to have him drop in), swinging his arms with a sort of prancing nervousness, he looked fine—flexible, hard, and not unbecomingly substantial through the middle. The long neck, the small head, the knickers whose cuffs were worn down near his ankles—all these points, often observed by caricaturists, were visible in the flesh.

One of the collegiate voices behind me said, "He looks old, doesn't he, old; big deep wrinkles in his face . . ."

"Yeah," the other voice said, "but he looks like an old hawk, doesn't he?"

With each pitch, Williams danced down the baseline, waving his arms and stirring dust, ponderous but menacing, like an attacking goose. It occurred to about a dozen humorists at once to shout "Steal home! Go, go!" Williams' speed afoot was never legendary. Lou Clinton, a young Sox outfielder, hit a fairly deep fly to center field. Williams tagged up and ran home. As he slid across the plate, the ball, thrown with unusual heft by Jackie Brandt, the Oriole center fielder, hit him on the back.

"Boy, he was really loafing, wasn't he?" one of the boys behind me said.

"It's cold," the other explained. "He doesn't play well when it's cold. He likes heat. He's a hedonist."

The run that Williams scored was the second and last of the inning. Gus Triandos, of the Orioles, quickly evened the score by plunking a home run over the handy left-field wall. Williams, who had had this wall at his back for twenty years, played the ball flawlessly. He didn't budge. He just stood there, in the center of the little patch of grass that his patient footsteps had worn brown, and, limp with lack of interest, watched the ball pass overhead. It was not a very interesting game. Mike Higgins, the Red Sox manager, with nothing to lose, had restricted his major-league players to the left-field line—along with Williams, Frank Malzone, a first-rate third baseman, played the game—and had peopled the rest of the terrain with unpredictable youngsters fresh, or not so fresh, off the farms. Other than Williams' recurrent appearances at the plate, the maladresse of the Sox infield was the sole focus of suspense; the second baseman turned every grounder into a juggling act, while the shortstop did a breathtaking impersonation of an open window. With this sort of assistance, the Orioles wheedled their way into a 4-2 lead. They had early replaced Barber with another young pitcher, Jack Fisher. Fortunately (as it turned out), Fisher is no cutie; he is willing to burn the ball through the strike zone, and inning after inning this tactic punctured Higgins' string of test balloons.

Whenever Williams appeared at the plate—pounding the dirt from his cleats, gouging a pit in the batter's box with his left foot, wringing resin out of the bat handle with his vehement grip, switching the stick at the pitcher with an electric ferocity—it was like

having a familiar Leonardo appear in a shuffle of Saturday Evening Post covers. This man, you realized—and here, perhaps, was the difference, greater than the difference in gifts—really intended to hit the ball. In the third inning, he hoisted a high fly to deep center. In the fifth, we thought he had it; he smacked the ball hard and high into the heart of his power zone, but the deep right field in Fenway and the heavy air and a casual east wind defeated him. The ball died. Al Pilarcik leaned his back against the big "380" painted on the right-field wall and caught it. On another day, in another park, it would have been gone. (After the game, Williams said, "I didn't think I could hit one any harder than that. The conditions weren't good.")

The afternoon grew so glowering that in the sixth inning the arc lights were turned on—always a wan sight in the daytime, like the burning headlights of a funeral procession. Aided by the gloom, Fisher was slicing through the Sox rookies, and Williams did not come to bat in the seventh. He was second up in the eighth. This was almost certainly his last time to come to the plate in Fenway Park, and instead of merely cheering, as we had at his three previous appearances, we stood, all of us—stood and applauded. Have you ever heard applause in a ballpark? Just applause—no calling, no whistling, just an ocean of handclaps, minute after minute, burst after burst, crowding and running together in continuous succession like the pushes of surf at the edge of the sand. It was a sombre and considered tumult. There was not a boo in it. It seemed to renew itself out of a shifting set of memories as the kid, the Marine, the veteran of feuds and failures and injuries, the friend of children, and the enduring old pro evolved down the bright tunnel of twenty-one summers toward this moment. At last, the umpire signalled for Fisher to pitch; with the other players, he had been frozen in position. Only Williams had moved during the ovation, switching his hat impatiently, ignoring everything except his cherished task. Fisher wound up, and the applause sank into a hush.

Understand that we were a crowd of rational people. We knew that a home run cannot be produced at will; the right pitch must be perfectly met and luck must ride with the ball. Three innings before, we had seen a brave effort fail. The air was soggy; the season was exhausted. Nevertheless, there will always lurk, around a corner in a pocket of our knowledge of the odds, an indefensible hope, and this was one of the times, which you now and then find in sports, when a density of expectation hangs in the air and plucks an event out of the future.

Fisher, after his unsettling wait, was wide with the first pitch. He put the second one over, and Williams swung mightily and missed. The crowd grunted, seeing that classic swing, so long and smooth and quick, exposed, naked in its failure. Fisher threw the third time, Williams swung again, and there it was. The ball climbed on a diagonal line into the vast volume of air over center field. From my angle, behind third base, the ball seemed less an object in flight than the tip of a towering, motionless construct, like the Eiffel Tower or the Tappan Zee Bridge. It was in the books while it was still in the sky. Brandt ran back to the deepest corner of the outfield grass; the ball descended beyond his reach and struck in the crotch where the bullpen met the wall, bounced chunkily, and, as far as I could see, vanished.

Like a feather caught in a vortex, Williams ran around the square of bases at the center of our beseeching screaming. He ran as he always ran out home runs—hurriedly, unsmiling, head down, as if our praise were a storm of rain to get out of. He didn't tip his

cap. Though we thumped, wept, and chanted "We want Ted" for minutes after he hid in the dugout, he did not come back. Our noise for some seconds passed beyond excitement into a kind of immense open anguish, a wailing, a cry to be saved. But immortality is nontransferable. The papers said that the other players, and even the umpires on the field, begged him to come out and acknowledge us in some way, but he never had and did not now. Gods do not answer letters.

Every true story has an anticlimax. The men on the field refused to disappear, as would have seemed decent, in the smoke of Williams' miracle. Fisher continued to pitch, and escaped further harm. At the end of the inning, Higgins sent Williams out to his leftfield position, then instantly replaced him with Carrol Hardy, so we had a long last look at Williams as he ran out there and then back, his uniform jogging, his eyes steadfast on the ground. It was nice, and we were grateful, but it left a funny taste.

One of the scholasticists behind me said, "Let's go. We've seen everything. I don't want to spoil it." This seemed a sound aesthetic decision. Williams' last word had been so exquisitely chosen, such a perfect fusion of expectation, intention, and execution, that already it felt a little unreal in my head, and I wanted to get out before the castle collapsed. But the game, though played by clumsy midgets under the feeble glow of the arc lights, began to tug at my attention, and I loitered in the runway until it was over. Williams' homer had, quite incidentally, made the score 4-3. In the bottom of the ninth inning, with one out, Marlin Coughtry, the second-base juggler, singled. Vic Wertz, pinchhitting, doubled off the left-field wall, Coughtry advancing to third. Pumpsie Green walked, to load the bases. Willie Tasby hit a double-play ball to the third baseman, but in making the pivot throw Billy Klaus, an ex-Red Sox infielder, reverted to form and threw the ball past the first baseman and into the Red Sox dugout. The Sox won, 5-4. On the car radio as I drove home I heard that Williams had decided not to accompany the team to New York. So he knew how to do even that, the hardest thing. Quit. ●

#### FLIGHT NETWORK

● Mr. SESSIONS. Mr. President, I wish to take a moment to honor an exceptional program in Alabama.

For many young men and women, their experiences during World War II were a profound time in their lives. This Nation owes a debt of gratitude for the sacrifices of those Americans who left their families and lives behind to go "fight the good fight".

The Honor Flight Network was established to honor the remaining WWII veterans and provide them a trip to the WWII Memorial in Washington, DC which was built in their honor.

The Honor Flight Tennessee Valley program, which also serves northern Alabama, began in the summer of 2006 and flew 14 WWII veterans on their first flight on April 4, 2007. Their final mission was on September 11th, 2010. In this time, Honor Flight Tennessee Valley has flown over 1,300 WWII veterans to Washington, DC. This could not have been accomplished without the leadership and outstanding efforts of the president and founder of Honor Flight Tennessee Valley, Joe Fitzgerald. His organizational skills and

ability to put a plan together were essential to the overall success of the program. Joe put a special emphasis on honoring the veterans who died before they were able to make the trip to DC.

I am thankful that these revered veterans were able to come to our Nation's Capital to be recognized and remembered for their individual sacrifices. Among the most important of the historic sites they visited was the new World War II Memorial, which honors the 16 million veterans who served in the Armed Forces of the United States, the more than 400,000 of our finest Americans who gave the ultimate sacrifice for our Nation, and all who supported the war effort from home.

I have met many Honor Flight groups from all over Alabama at the WWII Memorial. Without exception, they are men and women of character and positive spirit who love their country and thoroughly enjoy the visit. They also have not asked for recognition but are humbled and thankful for this honor. Visiting these veterans is one of the most enjoyable things I get to do as a Senator.

On behalf of my Senate colleagues and the State of Alabama, I thank these veterans for their service to the United States of America and am proud of the work Honor Flight Tennessee Valley and the Honor Flight Network have done for our WWII Veterans.●

#### TRIBUTE TO ROBERT WINCHESTER

● Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, I rise to mark the retirement of Robert Winchester after 35 years in government service. Throughout this time, Bob has been both the consummate professional and a friendly presence in the Halls here on Capitol Hill.

Mr. Winchester had a varied and distinguished career, having worked in different positions and capacities for the Department of Justice, Central Intelligence Agency and the U.S. Army. For most of that time, Bob worked in the intelligence field where efforts and successes are not always rewarded publicly. I am glad we can do so here today.

Mr. Winchester graduated in 1967 from the University of Paris, La Sorbonne, and from Kings College in 1968. From 1969 until 1971, he served in the U.S. Army as an intelligence analyst and was stationed in Vietnam. After being honorably discharged as a staff sergeant, he continued his education at Illinois State University earning a master's degree. He then returned to Europe to receive a master's of advanced European studies with honors in 1974 from the College of Europe in Bruges, Belgium.

Continuing his already impressive academic achievements, Mr. Winchester received his juris doctorate from Temple University School of Law. He served as a judge advocate general captain in the U.S. Army Reserves for 13 years. He is a member of the bar of

the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia.

Mr. Winchester worked for 7 years at the Central Intelligence Agency in operational law and legislative liaison positions, and also served as an assistant attorney general for the Department of Justice in Pennsylvania.

During the last 25 years, Bob has served as legislative counsel to the Secretary of the Army and the Army leadership, the Army G-2, the commanding generals of the U.S. Army Intelligence Center of Excellence at Fort Huachuca, and the Intelligence and Security Command.

Since 1984, Mr. Winchester served as the special assistant for legislative affairs for the U.S. Army's Office of the Chief, legislative liaison and served as the Army's principal liaison to the Congress for all Army intelligence programs and policies. It was in this role that Mr. Winchester became a fixture in matters involving Army intelligence on Capitol Hill. For over two decades, the Members and staff of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence knew that they could turn to Mr. Winchester with a request and he would respond not just in a timely and professional manner, but also with insight and enthusiasm. He was able not only to represent the views and policies of the U.S. Army, but also to ensure that Congress had the information it requested to conduct effective congressional oversight. He made this difficult job look easy.

Mr. Winchester has earned his retirement many times over, but we still hope that he reconsiders and returns to serve his country once again.

Mr. Winchester, thank you for your service and good luck in all your future endeavors.●

#### TRIBUTE TO RUSTY TOUPAL

● Mr. THUNE. Mr. President, today I wish to recognize Rusty Toupal, an intern in my Washington, DC, office, for all of the hard work he has done for me, my staff, and the State of South Dakota over the past several weeks.

Rusty is a graduate of Wolsey High School in Wolsey, SD. Currently he is attending South Dakota State University where he is majoring in consumer Affairs. He has also been a member of the Army National Guard for 7 years and has completed a deployment to Iraq.

He is a hard worker who has been dedicated to getting the most out of his internship experience. I extend my sincere thanks and appreciation to Rusty for all of the fine work he has done and wish him continued success in the years to come.●

#### DISCHARGE PETITION PURSUANT TO 5 U.S.C. 802(c) (CONGRESSIONAL REVIEW ACT)

We, the undersigned Senators, in accordance with chapter 8 of title 5, United States Code, hereby direct that the Senate Com-

mittee on Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions be discharged of further consideration of S.J. Res. 39, a resolution providing for congressional disapproval of a rule submitted by the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services, Department of Health and Human Services, relating to status as a Grandfathered Health Plan under the Patient Protection and Affordable Care Act, and, further, that the resolution be immediately placed upon the Legislative Calendar under General Orders.

Michael B. Enzi, Roger F. Wicker, Thad Cochran, John Barrasso, Pat Roberts, Jeff Sessions, Jon Kyl, Richard Burr, John Cornyn, Christopher S. Bond, Richard G. Lugar, George V. Voinovich, Susan M. Collins, Johnny Isakson, Mike Johanns, George S. LeMieux, John Ensign, Lamar Alexander, Chuck Grassley, James E. Risch, Richard C. Shelby, John Thune, Orrin G. Hatch, Mitch McConnell, John McCain, Judd Gregg, Jim Bunning, Mike Crapo, Tom Coburn, Olympia J. Snowe, James M. InHofe, David Vitter, Robert F. Bennett, Bob Corker, Lindsey Graham, Sam Brownback, Saxby Chambliss, Lisa Murkowski, Kay Bailey Hutchison, Scott Brown.

#### MESSAGES FROM THE HOUSE

##### ENROLLED BILLS SIGNED

At 12:12 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Mr. Novotny, one of its reading clerks, announced that the Speaker has signed the following enrolled bills:

S. 846. An act to award a congressional gold medal to Dr. Muhammad Yunus, in recognition of his contributions to the fight against global poverty.

S. 1055. An act to grant the congressional gold medal, collectively, to the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, United States Army, in recognition of their dedicated service during World War II.

H.R. 1517. An act to allow certain U.S. Customs and Border Protection employees who serve under an overseas limited appointment for at least 2 years, and whose service is rated fully successful or higher throughout that time, to be converted to a permanent appointment in the competitive service.

H.R. 6190. An act to amend the Internal Revenue Code of 1986 to extend the funding and expenditure authority of the Airport and Airway Trust Fund, to amend title 49, United States Code, to extend the airport improvement program, and for other purposes.

The enrolled bills were subsequently signed by the President pro tempore (Mr. INOUE).

At 3:18 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Mrs. Cole, announced that the House has agreed to the amendments of the Senate to the bill (H.R. 714) to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to lease certain lands in Virgin Islands National Park, and for other purposes.

At 3:54 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Mrs. Cole, announced that the House has passed the following bill, without amendment:

S. 3847. An act to implement certain defense trade cooperation treaties, and for other purposes.

At 5:37 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by