



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM, INC.

Fax Cover Sheet

To:	Alex
Company:	White House - Speechwriting
Fax:	(202) 456-2505
From:	National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc. P.O. Box 590 Cooperstown, New York 13326 direct: (607) 547-0330 fax: (607) 547-4094
Date:	2/5/99
Pages:	

Notes:

Henry Aaron



Senior Vice President & Assistant to the President

FRONT OFFICE

Appointed Senior Vice President and Assistant to the President in December of 1989, Hank Aaron works with President Stan Kasten in many phases of the Braves' operations and represents the Braves in community relations activities.

Following his playing career, Aaron joined the Braves' front office on October 7, 1976, as Vice President and Director of Player Development. He oversaw the development of many players instrumental in the Braves' 1982 National League West Division championship, including Dale Murphy, who won back-to-back N.L. MVP awards in 1982-83. Tom Glavine, Jeff Blauser, Mark Lemke, David Justice, and Ron Gant, factors in the team's success in the 1990s, also began their careers under Aaron's stewardship.

Aaron, the greatest home run hitter of all time, was elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame in January of 1982. He missed by nine votes being the first unanimous choice ever in the voting by the Baseball Writer's Association of America. Aaron received 406 of a possible 415 votes for a percentage of .978. Only Ty Cobb and Tom Seaver have received a higher percentage of the votes cast. Aaron and Frank Robinson were inducted into the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y., on August 1, 1982.

In his 23-year Major League career, Aaron rewrote baseball's hitting record book. He holds more Major League batting records than any other player in the game's history. Among his records are some truly amazing ones, including Most Runs Batted In, Lifetime, 2,297; Most Long Hits, Lifetime, 1,477; Most Total Bases, Lifetime, 6,856; and, of course, Most Home Runs, Lifetime, 755. His most famous home run came in Atlanta on April 8, 1974, when he hit his 715th, breaking Babe Ruth's seemingly untouchable record. He did it before 53,775 against the Dodgers' Al Downing. Aaron also ranks second on the all-time list in at-bats (12,364) and runs (2,174, tied with Babe Ruth), third in games (3,298) and hits (3,771), ninth in doubles (624), 11th in singles (2,294) and tied for 14th in years of service (23).

On May 17, 1970, Hank singled at Cincinnati to become the first player to compile both 3,000 career hits and more than 500 homers. He joined the 30-30 club (30 HR's and 30 SB's in the same season) in 1963. Hank played in the Major League All-Star Game 24 times, including the years 1959-61 when two games were played. He was honored as the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1957 and named Player of the Year by The Sporting News in 1956 and 1963. He played 21 seasons with the Braves before being traded to Milwaukee for outfielder Dave May and minor leaguer Roger Alexander at the end of the 1974 season. Aaron retired as a player two years later.

Aaron, a vice president and member of the Board of Directors of Turner Broadcasting and the Braves, is also the Vice President for Business Development for the Airport Channel. He serves on the National Board of the NAACP and the Sterling Committee of Morehouse College.

Aaron and his wife, the former Billye Suber, live in Atlanta. They have five children, Gail, Hank Jr., Lary, Dorinda and Ceci.

CAREER

REGULAR SEASON

SERVICE

YEARS PLAYED

Deacon McGuire	26
Eddie Collins	25
Bobby Wallace	25
Ty Cobb	24
Rick Dempsey	24
Carlton Fisk	24
Pete Rose	24
Hank Aaron	23
Rogers Hornsby	23
Rabbit Maranville	23
Tony Perez	23
Brooks Robinson	23
Rusty Staub	23
Carl Yastrzemski	23
17 tied with 22	

YEARS ONE CLUB

Brooks Robinson, Orioles	23
Carl Yastrzemski, Red Sox	23
Cap Anson, Cubs	22
Ty Cobb, Tigers	22
Al Kaline, Tigers	22
Stan Musial, Cardinals	22
Mel Ott, Giants	22
Hank Aaron, Braves	21
George Brett, Royals	21
Harmon Killebrew, Senators/Twins	21
Willie Mays, Giants	21
Willie Stargell, Pirates	21
Luke Appling, White Sox	20
Phil Cavarretta, Cubs	20
Alan Trammell, Tigers	20
Robin Yount, Brewers	20
10 tied with 19	

YEARS PITCHED

Noan Ryan	27
Tommy John	26
Charlie Hough	25
Jim Kaal	25
Steve Carlton	24
Phil Niekro	24
Dennis Eckersley	23
Jack Quinn	23
Dan Sutton	23
Early Wynn	23
Bert Blyleven	22
Rich Gossage	22
Sam Jones	22
Dennis Martinez	22
Joe Niekro	22
Herb Pennock	22
Gaylord Perry	22
Jerry Reuss	22
Rad Ruffing	22
Cy Young	22

YEARS PITCHED ONE CLUB

Walter Johnson, Senators	21
Ted Lyons, White Sox	21
Phil Niekro, Braves	21
Red Faber, White Sox	20
Mel Harder, Indians	20
Warren Spahn, Braves	20
Jim Palmer, Orioles	19
Babe Adams, Pirates	18
Bob Feller, Indians	18
Jesse Haines, Cardinals	18
Bob Gibson, Cardinals	17
Christy Mathewson, Giants	17
Tommy Bridges, Tigers	16
Whitney Ford, Yankees	16
Carl Hubbell, Giants	16
Vern Law, Pirates	16
Charlie Root, Cubs	16
Don Sutton, Dodgers	16
19. 15 tied with 15	

BATTING

GAMES

Pete Rose	3,562
Carl Yastrzemski	3,308
Hank Aaron	3,298
Ty Cobb	3,035
Eddie Murray	3,026
Stan Musial	3,026
Willie Mays	2,992
Dave Winfield	2,973

9. Rusty Staub	2,951
10. Brooks Robinson	2,896
11. Robin Yount	2,858
12. Al Kaline	2,834
13. Eddie Collins	2,828
14. Reggie Jackson	2,820
15. Frank Robinson	2,808
16. Honus Wagner	2,782
17. Tris Speaker	2,789
18. Tony Perez	2,777
19. Mel Ott	2,730
20. George Brett	2,707

CONSECUTIVE GAMES PLAYED

1. Cal Ripken	2,478
2. Lou Gehrig	2,130
3. Everett Scott	1,307
4. Steve Garvey	1,207
5. Billy Williams	1,117
6. Joe Sewell	1,103
7. Stan Musial	895
8. Eddie Yost	829
9. Gus Suhr	822
10. Nellie Fox	798
11. Pete Rose	745
12. Dale Murphy	740
13. Richie Ashburn	730
14. Ernie Banks	717
15. Pete Rose	678
16. Earl Averill	673
17. Frank McCormick	652
18. Sandy Alomar Sr.	648
19. Eddie Brown	618
20. Roy McMillan	585

HIGHEST AVERAGE

(Minimum 1,500 hits)

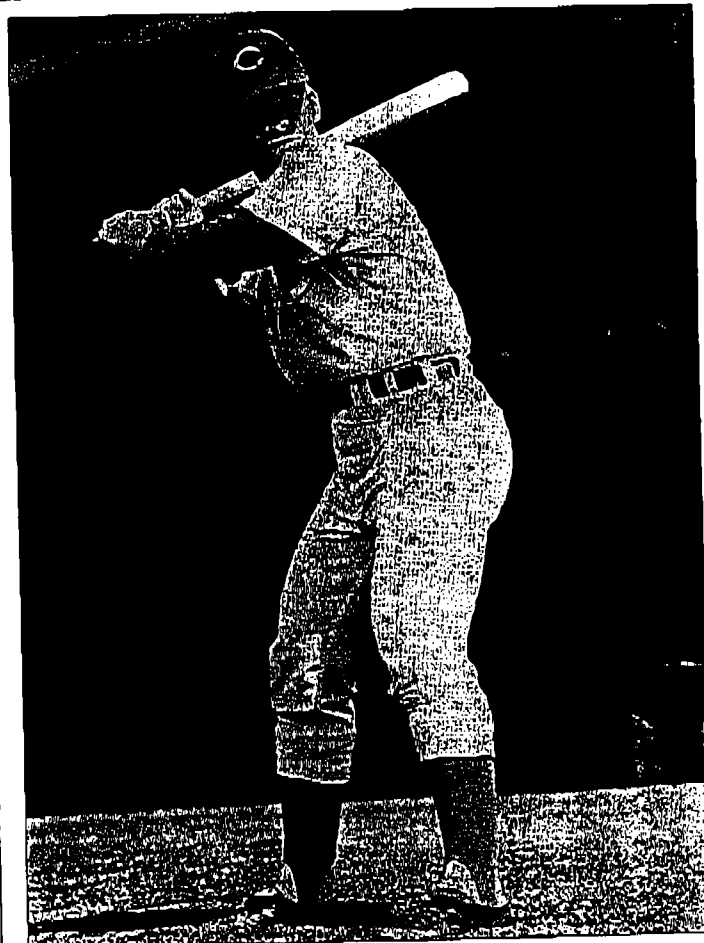
1. Ty Cobb	.368
2. Rogers Hornsby	.358
3. Joe Jackson	.356
4. Ed Delahanty	.346
5. Tris Speaker	.345
6. Ted Williams	.344
Billy Hamilton	.344
8. Dan Brouthers	.342
Babe Ruth	.342
Harry Heilmann	.342
11. Pete Browning	.341
Willie Keeler	.341
Bill Terry	.341
14. George Sisler	.340
Lou Gehrig	.340
Tony Gwynn	.340
17. Jesse Burkett	.338
Nap Lajoie	.338
19. Riggs Stephenson	.336
20. Al Simmons	.334

YEARS LEADING LEAGUE IN AVERAGE

1. Ty Cobb	12
2. Tony Gwynn	8
Honus Wagner	8
4. Rod Carew	7
Rogers Hornsby	7
Stan Musial	7
7. Ted Williams	6
8. Wade Boggs	5
Dan Brouthers	5
10. Cap Anson	4
Roberto Clemente	4
Harry Heilmann	4
Nap Lajoie	4
Bill Madlock	4
15. George Brett	3
Pete Browning	3
Jesse Burkett	3
Tony Oliva	3
Pete Rose	3
Paul Waner	3
Carl Yastrzemski	3

YEARS TOPPING .300

1. Ty Cobb	23
2. Cap Anson	19
3. Tris Speaker	18
4. Eddie Collins	17
Stan Musial	17
6. Babe Ruth	16
Honus Wagner	16
Ted Williams	16
9. Dan Brouthers	15
Rod Carew	15
Tony Gwynn	15
Rogers Hornsby	15



In the early 1960s, Pete Rose was a young player looking for recognition. By the time he retired, he was baseball's all-time career hit leader.

Nap Lajoie	15
Pete Rosa	15
15. Hank Aaron	14
Luke Appling	14
Wade Boggs	14
Paul Waner	14
19. 9 tied with 13	

CONSECUTIVE .300 SEASONS

1. Ty Cobb	23
2. Stan Musial	16
3. Cap Anson	15
Rod Carew	15
Tony Gwynn	15
Honus Wagner	15
7. Dan Brouthers	14
8. Willie Keeler	13
9. Lou Gehrig	12
Billy Hamilton	12
Harry Heilmann	12
Paul Waner	12
13. Ed Delahanty	11
Frank Frisch	11
Rogers Hornsby	11
Joe Kelley	11
Al Simmons	11
18. Wade Boggs	10
Jesse Burkett	10
Nap Lajoie	10
Joe Madwick	10
Tris Speaker	10
Bill Terry	10
Arky Vaughan	10
Ted Williams	10

AVERAGE 5 STRAIGHT SEASONS

1. Rogers Hornsby, 1921-1925	.402
2. Ty Cobb, 1909-1913	.396
3. Willie Keeler, 1895-1899	.390

Ed Delahanty, 1893-1897	.390
5. Jesse Burkett, 1895-1899	.387
6. George Sisler, 1918-1922	.381
Harry Heilmann, 1923-1927	.381
8. Al Simmons, 1927-1931	.375
Billy Hamilton, 1894-1898	.375
10. Tris Speaker, 1920-1924	.371
11. Babe Ruth, 1920-1924	.370
12. Tony Gwynn, 1993-97	.368
Joe Jackson, 1911-1915	.368
14. Lefty O'Doul, 1928-1932	.365
15. Ted Williams, 1941-1948	.362
Joe Kelley, 1894-1898	.362
17. Hughie Jennings, 1894-1898	.361
Bill Terry, 1929-1933	.361
19. Hugh Duffy, 1893-1897	.359
Chuck Klein, 1929-1933	.359

AT-BATS

1. Pete Rose	14,053
2. Hank Aaron	12,364
3. Carl Yastrzemski	11,988
4. Ty Cobb	11,434
5. Eddie Murray	11,330
6. Robin Yount	11,008
7. Dave Winfield	11,003
8. Stan Musial	10,972
9. Willie Mays	10,881
10. Brooks Robinson	10,654
11. Honus Wagner	10,430
12. George Brett	10,349
13. Paul Molitor	10,333
14. Lou Brock	10,332
15. Luis Aparicio	10,230
16. Tris Speaker	10,195
17. Al Kaline	10,115
18. Rabbit Maranville	10,078
19. Frank Robinson	10,006
20. Eddie Collins	9,949

FOR THE RECORD

Special Guests and VIPs:

Gerald Levin, Chairman, Time Warner
 Dick Parsons, President, Time Warner
 Jane Fonda and Ted Turner
 Bob Costas

- Governor and Mrs. Roy Barnes
- Governor and Mrs. Zell Miller
- Mayor and Mrs. Bill Campbell
- Rev. Jesse Jackson
- Ambassador and Mrs. Andrew Young
- Police Chief Beverly Harvard and spouse
- Sheriff Jackie Barrett and spouse
- Georgia Attorney General Thurber Baker
- Evander Holyfield
- Sammy Sosa
- Rev. William Guy
- Ernie Banks
- Frank Robinson
- Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee
- Dave Winfield
- Charlie Pride
- Mr. and Mrs. Bud Selig, Major League Baseball Commissioner
- Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Coleman, President of the National League
- Ed Dwight, Sculptor of the Hank Aaron statue at the stadium
- Ken Griffey, Sr.
- Ozzie Smith
- Reggie Jackson

* Congressman and Mrs. John Lewis
 - Mayor Dow, Mobile, Ala.

Michael

Pres. NAACP →

Kwesi Mfonme, President

Rep. Joseph Kennedy

Can they travel to ATLANTA
 ON AF1 FROM WASH. DC

NEED
 TABLE
 ASSIGNMENTS...

fur. mayor of Atlanta?

Sec. Herman -
 childhood friend of
 Aaron's from
 Mobile, Ala.

BASEBALL LEGENDS

- * *Sammy Sosa*
- * *Ernie Banks*
- * *Frank Robinson*
- * *Dave Winfield*
- * *Ozzie Smith*
- * *Reggie Jackson*
- * *Ken Griffey, Sr*
- * *Leonard Coleman, Jr*
- * *Joe Morgan*
- * *Omar Minaya*
- * *Lou Brock*
- * *Don Baylor*
- * *Ricky Clemons*
- * *Phil Nickro*
- * *Joe Black*

The 65th Birthday
Celebration



A Life. A Legend. A Legacy.

NEWS RELEASE

For release: Jan. 14, 1999

Baseball Great Hank Aaron to be Feted in All-Star Celebration of Two Landmark Anniversaries

February 5, 1999 Gala Marks Aaron's 65th Birthday
and 25th Anniversary Year of His Record-Breaking Home Run

Proceeds from the Evening to Benefit the Hank Aaron Chasing the Dream Foundation;
Turner Broadcasting System, Inc., Time Warner Inc., Coca-Cola, BMW of North America,
Delta Airlines, Cox Enterprises and Hyatt Hotels Among Companies Lending Support

On February 5, 1999, luminaries from the worlds of business, baseball and entertainment will gather in Atlanta to toast a hometown hero and national treasure on the occasion of two personal milestones: His 65th birthday and the 25th anniversary year of the home run he hit into history.

The Salute to Hank Aaron gala, to be held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Downtown Atlanta, will benefit the Hank Aaron Chasing the Dream Foundation and feature special appearances by musical guests The Temptations and Jeffrey Osborne; Major League Baseball Commissioner Allan H. (Bud) Selig; baseball great Frank Robinson; actors Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ambassador Andrew Young; Rev. Jesse Jackson; Larry King; Ernie Banks; Al Downing; Georgia Governor Roy Barnes and former Governor Zell Miller. Names of additional participants will be released in the coming weeks. The evening will be hosted by NBC sportscaster and longtime Aaron friend Bob Costas.

Honorary chairs include President and Mrs. Jimmy Carter; General and Mrs. Colin L. Powell; R.E. Turner and Jane Fonda; Senator and Mrs. Sam Nunn; Mr. and Mrs. Selig; Ambassador and Mrs. Young; and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Levin. Tom Johnson, chairman, president and CEO of the CNN News Group, is spearheading the event as gala chair.

The event launches Major League Baseball's year-long salute to one of the most dramatic moments in sports history: Aaron's April 8, 1974, home run—his 715th—that broke Babe Ruth's record and earned a place of honor in the record books for himself, his team and his city. During the 1999 baseball season, national and local promotions and special events will be held to honor Aaron, culminating in a special tribute at the '99 All-Star Game.

Henry Louis Aaron's mythic rise from Alabama sandlot sensation to Major League home run king is the stuff of sports legend. Over the course of his 23-year career, he hit 755 home runs and accumulated 2,297 RBIs, in 3,298 games and 12,364 at bats. In 1976, Aaron retired from baseball and turned his attention to his real passion—improving the lives of ordinary kids with big dreams.

—MORE—

Mr. Jerry McGuirk, Chairman & CEO, Turner Broadcasting System, Inc.
Ms. Wendy Selig Prieb, President & CEO, Milwaukee Brewers
Mr. Leonard Roberts, President & CEO, Tandy & Radio Shack, Fort Worth, Texas
Dr. Harvey Schiller, President, Turner Sports, Atlanta



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM, INC.

Fax Cover Sheet

To:	Alex Goldsmith
Company:	White House Speechwriting
Fax:	202-456-2505
From:	Bruce Markusen, Senior Researcher National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc. P.O. Box 590 Cooperstown, New York 13326 direct: (607) 547-0341 fax: (607) 547-4094
Date:	2-5-99
Pages:	

Notes:

Dear Alex,

Here is a copy of Hank Aaron's Hall of Fame Induction speech from 1982.

Sincerely,

**Bruce Markusen
Senior Researcher
National Baseball Hall of Fame**

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don't know if that door would've been open again for a long, long time. I know I couldn't have put up with what he put up with and if that door hadn't stayed open and it was closed I know for many, many years it would have been closed to us and I just want all the black players wherever they are to know that I appreciate what they did for me. To make it possible for me to play in the major leagues. Thank ya all for coming today. (applause)

MR. KUHN They called him the Hammer. (cheers) This unassuming man from Mobile, Alabama. He is quite simply the greatest home-run hitter in major league history. (applause) And would you believe he batted cross-handed when he started in professional baseball in the Negro Leagues, leading the negro American league with an average .467. The last player from the Negro Leagues to reach the majors, he became the first big leaguer to total 3,000 hits and 500 homeruns. He went on from there. He was elected to the Hall of Fame in his first year of eligibility and in doing so, recieved the highest vote total, 406 votes in the history of Hall of Fame voting. (applause) His 715th homerun broke Babe Ruth's record was voted by the media and baseball officials as the greatest moment in the history of baseball. (applause) Shortly after his election to the Hall of Fame he reflected on his career by saying, "the easiest thing for me to do was retire because I have accomplished everything I wanted to." And now he is among the immortals here in Cooperstown and his records are simply phoenominal.

The official language. Henry "Hank" L. Aaron. Milwaukee National League, Atlanta National League, Milwaukee American League, 1954-1976. Hit 755 home runs in 23- year career to become majors' all-time homer king. Had 20 or more for 20 consecutive years, at least 30 in 15 sea-

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sons and 40 or better eight times. Also set records for games played (3, 298), at-bats (12, 364), long hits in (2,297). Paced National League in batting twice and homers, runs batted in and slugging pct. four times each. Won most Valuable Player award in National League in 1957. There's only one of these, Henry Aaron. (applause)

HENRY AARON: Thank you very much, Commissioner Kuhn, League Presidents, other distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. I feel a great sense of humility, gratitude and appreciation for this day. And for what it means to me and my family. I'm extremely proud to be joining a group of men who performed on the baseball field. Epitomized the highest and the best in professional athletics. I am pleased to be joining them in the company of Travis Jackson, Happy Chandler, and Frank Robinson some of baseballs greatest. Also feel especially proud to be standing here where some years ago Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella proved the way and made it possible for Frank and me and for other blacks, hopefull in baseball. They proved to the world that a mans ability is limited only by his lack of opportunity. (applause) The sheer majesty of this occasion and this significant overwhelms me. For truly I reflect on my life and particularly on my 23 years in baseball. I am reminded of a statement I once read, and I quote, "the way to fame is like the way to heaven. Through much tribulation. " It had been for me to quote a very popular song. The long and winding road. Never the less, I have been extremely blessed in my life time. I stand here today because God gave me a healthy body, a sound mind and talent. For 23 years I took the talent that God gave me and developed it to the best of my ability. Twenty-three years ago I never dreamed of this high honer would come to me. For it was not fame I sought, but rather the best baseball player

that I could possibly be. I grew up in a home where there were little in the way of material goods. But there was an abundance of love and discipline. We therefore had much to share. And so too is this occasion is this an occasion for sharing, an occasion for thanksgiving. For I did not make this journey alone. A lot of people contributed in a lot of different ways to my success as a professional baseball player. And to them a deep debt of gratitude. The list is far to long for me to mention all of them, however, I must mention a few. I would like to acknowledge the presence of my parents, Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Aaron. (applause) Without whose love and encouragement this day could not have been. My wife, Billy. Who brought an awful lot of sunshine into my life. (applause) And I would like to introduce my children, Gail, (applause) Hankie, (applause) Larry, (applause) Dorenda (applause) and CiCi (applause). Who have been supportive and understanding of my long absences away from home. My sisters and brothers who have always been some of my biggest fans. My teammates of the Milwaukee Braves, Atlanta Braves and the Milwaukee Brewers. Thank you. (applause) I want to thank the wonderful people of Milwaukee and Atlanta where I spent my baseball career. I also would like to thank Mr. John Mullin who was introduced earlier, Mr. Bill Bartholomy and also my boss, Mr. Ted Turner from the Atlanta Braves. Thank you for coming. (applause) And we also have, sitting on the front seat, Mr. Al Farnwell, the executive Vice President. Thank you very much for coming. (applause) Finally I would like to thank some special friends and family who traveled here to be with me on this occasion. From Atlanta, Dr. Benjamin E. Mays, an ardent baseball fan, distinguished educator and president of Morehouse College who today celebrated his 88th birthday.

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Thank you very much Dr. Mays. (applause) I would like to thank the Lockets, Sam Franco. My inlaws, the McDaniels and the Swedes. Permit me also to express a special thanks to Mr. Walter John and Mr. Carl Ware and other executives from the Coca Cola company for their presence and for providing transportation for my children and some of their friends from Atlanta. Including Marvin Harrington, Former Mayor Maynard Jackson, and Congressman White Fowler and their are many other friends here. (applause) And their are many other friends here who I just cannot mention all of them. All of you have touched my life in a very postive way. I'm so very grateful to you and so very pleased that you could share this evening with me. Thank you very much. (applause)

(Sticks) - A very serious moment for all of us since last years ceremony there have been many people who have been connected with baseball on the playing field, or in executive positions, newspaper world, or close friends of baseball and the Hall of Fame who have departed. I would like to ask us all to rise for a moment of silence while I read the names of some of those who have departed.

Two Hall of Famers: Sachel Page and Lloyd Waner. Bob Abby and Francisco Barush, Les Biedeman, Nester Charlek, Bill Dewitt, Lou Demero, Jerry Donovan, Joe Dugan, Jim Anwright, Jackie Jensen, John Curan, Joe Lepur, Fred Lindstrom, Steve Makar, Runt Marr, Webster McDonald, Frank McGowan, Marvin Miles, Ed Mosler, Edward Mulligan, Art Pacirella, Wally Post, Mel Queen, Pete Reeser, Ray Starborough, Rex Smith, John Stevens, Bob Stewart, Jack Tobin, Dixie Walker and Taft Wright. Thank you.

One announcement or a couple announcements before we have a concluding selection on the program. Will Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Millard please

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claim their lost son, Kerry at the back entrance of the library building following the ceremony. At the conclusion of the ceremony their will be a brief a press conference for the new inductees only, here on the platform. We ask no one to proceed on the platform but stay in the seats who would like to participate in the press conference. This is for the press and media. Ladies and gentlemen it gives me a great deal of pleasure to introduce to you our next guest. He has become known as the baladere of baseball for his talk in baseball songs. And today he will perform two songs. The first, the now famous Willie, Mickie and the Duke and the second is a tribute to the Hall of Fame. Written especially for this occasion. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to introduce Terry Cashman. (applause)

TERRY CASHMAN: Thank you very much Ed. Vince Scully was saying before something about a why me? How did I become the closing act for this array over here. Anyway, if you know this song you can help me out. I invite you to sing along.

The Home Run King

Aaron's Ordeal: Pursuit of Ruth

By TIM TUCKER

ATLANTA—So vividly, Hank Aaron remembers the small moments of the big chase.

He remembers signing autographs for opposing players and posing for pictures with the children of teammates. He remembers being self-conscious about it. "But how do you turn down your teammates and fellow players? Can't do it," he said.

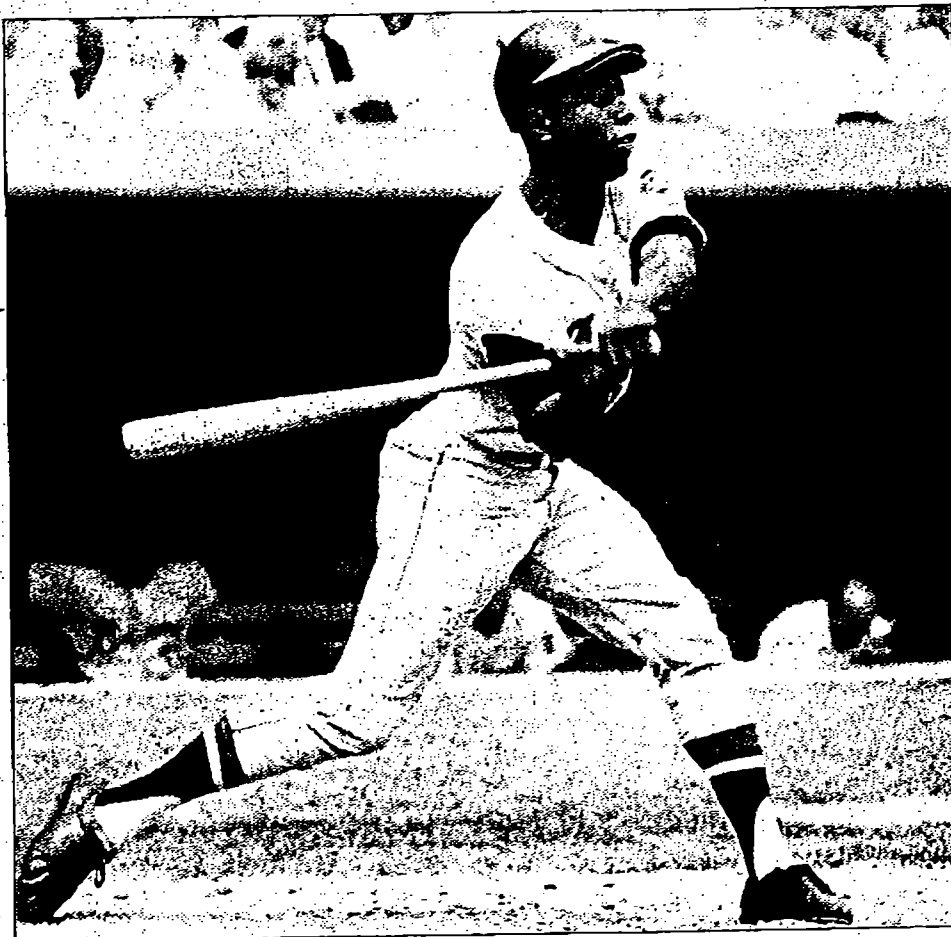
He remembers the extra hotel room on the road—the one that was registered under his name, but unused, and the one registered under a fictitious name in which he found refuge. He remembers his teammates' reaction to the unused room, "how they'd come to me and say, 'Hank, could I use the extra room for a little while tonight?' Know what I mean? I'd always say, 'Sure, okay with me.'"

He remembers the bizarre combination of loneliness and lack of privacy, the room-service dinners, the constant search for uncongested paths out of stadiums.

Henry Louis Aaron wishes it weren't so, but he looks back on The Chase—his wonderfully successful pursuit of Babe Ruth's career home run record—and says, "Really, I guess I don't have many fond memories of that time. I don't talk about it unless someone brings it up. So many negatives happened."

Even now, more than eight years after he hit his 715th home run, almost six years after he hit his last home run (No. 755), only days before his induction into baseball's Hall of Fame, Hank Aaron is pained by The Chase, his 2½-year ordeal that ultimately made him baseball's home run king.

The subject was broached in his office at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium on a recent morning. The smile that should permeate his face was absent. The tone of nostalgic excitement that should have dominated his voice was missing. The



Chasing Babe Ruth's home run record was a bittersweet task for Henry Aaron. Many resented him for attempting to dislodge the legendary Bambino, and there were tremendous demands on his personal time. But he held up through it all and recalls, "I got a chance to meet so many wonderful people, people I probably wouldn't have met."

got a chance to meet so many wonderful people, people I probably wouldn't have met, people out of baseball," he said.

"And another thing," he said, seemingly surprised by the list of two. "I guess the best thing that happened to me was the way the Braves, Eddie Mathews (his former teammate and the Atlanta manager in 1974) and my teammates handled the whole situation. They were very understanding. Never raised hell.

"No matter if somebody pitched a one-hitter or a two-hitter or what, all attention focused on me. That can create jealousy, but it didn't. I had to appreciate their understanding. They were very tolerant, and I remember not knowing if

"He was still there. I walked into the clubhouse, and he said, 'I've got one more question I haven't asked.' I said, 'Oh, no, I thought it was over.'"

It would never end, of course.

Henry Louis (Hank) Aaron

Born February 5, 1934, at Mobile, Ala.

Height, 6'00. Weight, 190. Threw and batted right-handed.

Established following major league records: most games, lifetime (3,298), 1976; most at-bats, lifetime (12,364), 1976; most home runs, lifetime (755), 1978; most plate appearances, lifetime (13,940), 1978; most years, 100 or more runs scored (15), 1970; most years leading league, total bases (8), 1968; most years, 200 or more total bases (15), 1971; most years, 150 or more games (14), 1970 (since broken by Brooks Robinson, 1974, with 15); most consecutive years, 20 or more home runs (20), 1974; most extra-base hits, lifetime (3,083), 1976; most consecutive years, 100 or more extra bases on long hits (10), 1973; most years, 30 or more

OTHER INDUCTEES

Travis Jackson—Page 7
Happy Chandler—Page 9

memories that should have been so fond were not.

The Chase heightened during the 1973 season, in which Aaron hit 41 homers to pull within one of Ruth's cherished mark of 714 homers. As Hammerin' Hank approached the record, he was the target of racial taunts shouted from the stands and he received "hate" mail daily.

"I never said I was as good as Babe Ruth," he would say.

1. Ty Cobb	2,246
2. Hank Aaron	2,174
3. Babe Ruth	2,174
4. Pete Rose	2,165
5. Willie Mays	2,062
6. Stan Musial	1,949
7. Ricky Henderson	1,913
8. Lou Gehrig	1,888
9. Tris Speaker	1,882
10. Mel Ott	1,859
11. Frank Robinson	1,829
12. Eddie Collins	1,821
13. Carl Yastrzemski	1,816
14. Ted Williams	1,788
15. Charley Gehring	1,774
16. Jimmie Foxx	1,751
17. Honus Wagner	1,738
18. Jesse Burkett	1,720
19. Cap Anson	1,719
Willie Keeler	1,719

YEARS LEADING LEAGUE IN RUNS

1. Babe Ruth	8
2. Mickey Mantle	6
Ted Williams	6
4. George Burns	5
Ty Cobb	5
Rickey Henderson	5
Rogers Hornsby	5
Stan Musial	5
9. Lou Gehrig	4
Billy Hamilton	4
Pete Rose	4
Harry Stovey	4
13. Hank Aaron	3
Eddie Collins	3
King Kelly	3
Chuck Klein	3
Paul Molitor	3
Frank Robinson	3
Ryne Sandberg	3
Duke Snider	3
Arky Vaughan	3
Carl Yastrzemski	3

100-RUN SEASONS

1. Hank Aaron	15
2. Lou Gehrig	13
3. Charley Gehring	12
Rickey Henderson	12
Willie Mays	12
Babe Ruth	12
7. Ty Cobb	11
Jimmie Foxx	11
Billy Hamilton	11
Stan Musial	11
George Van Haltren	11
12. Ed Delahanty	10
Mike Griffin	10
Big McPhee	10
Pete Rose	10
Sam Thompson	10
17. 10 tied with 9	

HITS

1. Pete Rose	4,256
2. Ty Cobb	4,189
3. Hank Aaron	3,771
4. Stan Musial	3,630
5. Tris Speaker	3,514
6. Carl Yastrzemski	3,419
7. Honus Wagner	3,415
8. Eddie Collins	3,315
9. Willie Mays	3,283
10. Eddie Murray	3,255
11. Nap Lajoie	3,242
12. Paul Molitor	3,178
13. George Brett	3,154
14. Paul Waner	3,152
15. Robin Yount	3,142
16. Dave Winfield	3,110
17. Rod Carew	3,053
18. Lou Brock	3,023
19. Al Kaline	3,007
20. Roberto Clemente	3,000

YEARS LEADING LEAGUE IN HITS

1. Ty Cobb	8
2. Tony Gwynn	7
Pete Rose	7
4. Stan Musial	6
5. Tony Oliva	5
6. Ginger Beaumont	4
Nellie Fox	4
Rogers Hornsby	4
Harvey Kuhn	4
Nap Lajoie	4
Kirby Puckett	4
12. Richie Ashburn	3
George Brett	3
Dan Brouthers	3
Jesse Burkett	3

Frank McCormick	3
Paul Molitor	3
Johnny Pesky	3
Sam Thompson	3

200-HIT SEASONS

1. Pete Rose	10
2. Ty Cobb	9
3. Lou Gehrig	8
Willie Keeler	8
Paul Waner	8
6. Wade Boggs	7
Charley Gehring	7
Rogers Hornsby	7
9. Jesse Burkett	6
Steve Garvey	6
Stan Musial	6
Sam Rice	6
Al Simmons	6
George Sisler	6
Bill Terry	6
16. Tony Gwynn	5
Chuck Klein	5
Kirby Puckett	5
19. 14 tied with 4	

PINCH HITS

1. Manny Mota	150
2. Smokey Burgess	145
3. Greg Gross	143
4. Jose Morales	123
5. Jerry Lynch	116
6. Red Lucas	114
7. Steve Braun	113
8. Terry Crowley	108
Denny Walling	108
10. Gates Brown	107
11. Mike Lum	103
12. Jim Dwyer	102
13. Rusty Staub	100
14. Larry Bittner	95
Vic Davallillo	95
Gerald Perry	95
17. Jerry Hairston	94
18. Dave Philley	93
Joel Youngblood	93
20. Jay Johnstone	92

SINGLES

1. Pete Rose	3,215
2. Ty Cobb	3,053
3. Eddie Collins	2,843
4. Willie Keeler	2,513
5. Honus Wagner	2,422
6. Rod Carew	2,404
7. Tris Speaker	2,383
8. Nap Lajoie	2,339
9. Hank Aaron	2,294
10. Jesse Burkett	2,273
11. Sam Rice	2,271
12. Paul Molitor	2,263
13. Carl Yastrzemski	2,262
14. Stan Musial	2,253
15. Lou Brock	2,247
16. Cap Anson	2,246
17. Paul Waner	2,243
18. Robin Yount	2,182
19. Frankie Frisch	2,171
20. Doc Cramer	2,163

DOUBLES

1. Tris Speaker	792
2. Pete Rose	746
3. Stan Musial	725
4. Ty Cobb	724
5. George Brett	665
6. Nap Lajoie	657
7. Carl Yastrzemski	648
8. Honus Wagner	640
9. Hank Aaron	624
10. Paul Waner	605
11. Robin Yount	583
12. Paul Molitor	576
13. Charley Gehring	574
14. Eddie Murray	560
15. Harry Heilmann	542
16. Wade Boggs	541
Rogers Hornsby	541
18. Joe Medwick	540
Dave Winfield	540
20. Al Simmons	539

TRIPLES

1. Sam Crawford	309
2. Ty Cobb	295
3. Honus Wagner	252
4. Jake Beckley	243
5. Roger Connor	233
6. Tris Speaker	222
7. Fred Clarke	220
8. Dan Brouthers	205
9. Joe Kelley	194
10. Paul Waner	191

13. Ed Delahanty	185
14. Sam Rice	184
15. Jesse Burkett	182
Ed Konetchy	182
Edd Roush	182
18. Buck Ewing	178
19. Rabbit Maranville	177
Stan Musial	177

HOME RUNS

1. Hank Aaron	755
2. Babe Ruth	714
3. Willie Mays	660
4. Frank Robinson	586
5. Harmon Killebrew	573
6. Reggie Jackson	563
7. Mike Schmidt	548
8. Mickey Mantle	536
9. Jimmie Foxx	534
10. Willie McCovey	521
Ted Williams	521
12. Ernie Banks	512
Eddie Mathews	512
14. Mel Ott	511
15. Eddie Murray	504
16. Lou Gehrig	493
17. Stan Musial	475
Willie Stargell	475
19. Dave Winfield	465
20. Carl Yastrzemski	452

HOME RUNS, A.L.

1. Babe Ruth	708
2. Harmon Killebrew	573
3. Reggie Jackson	563
4. Mickey Mantle	536
5. Jimmie Foxx	524
6. Ted Williams	521
7. Lou Gehrig	493
8. Carl Yastrzemski	452
9. Al Kaline	399
10. Eddie Murray	396
11. Dwight Evans	385
12. Jim Rice	382
13. Norm Cash	377
14. Carlton Fisk	376
15. Rocky Colavito	371
16. Cal Ripken	370
17. Mark McGwire	363
18. Joe DiMaggio	361
19. Yogi Berra	358
20. Joe Carter	354

HOME RUNS, N.L.

1. Hank Aaron	733
2. Willie Mays	660
3. Mike Schmidt	548
4. Willie McCovey	521
5. Ernie Banks	512
6. Mel Ott	511
7. Eddie Mathews	503
8. Stan Musial	475
Willie Stargell	475
10. Andre Dawson	409
11. Duke Snider	407
12. Dale Murphy	398
13. Billy Williams	392
14. Johnny Bench	389
15. Barry Bonds	374
16. Gil Hodges	370
17. Orlando Cepeda	358
18. Ralph Kiner	351
19. George Foster	347
20. Frank Robinson	343

HOME RUNS, ONE CLUB

1. Hank Aaron, Braves	733
2. Babe Ruth, Yankees	659
3. Willie Mays, Giants	646
4. Harmon Killebrew, Senators/Twins	559
5. Mike Schmidt, Phillies	548
6. Mickey Mantle, Yankees	536
7. Ted Williams, Red Sox	521
8. Ernie Banks, Cubs	512
9. Mel Ott, Giants	511
10. Lou Gehrig, Yankees	493
Eddie Mathews, Braves	483
12. Stan Musial, Cardinals	475
Willie Stargell, Pirates	475
14. Willie McCovey, Giants	469
15. Carl Yastrzemski, Red Sox	452
16. Al Kaline, Tigers	399
17. Billy Williams, Cubs	392
18. Johnny Bench, Reds	389
Duke Snider, Dodgers	389
20. Jim Rice, Red Sox	382

HOME RUNS, RIGHTHANDER

1. Hank Aaron	755
2. Willie Mays	660
3. Frank Robinson	586

6. Jimmie Foxx	514
7. Ernie Banks	512
8. Dave Winfield	465
9. Dave Kingman	442
10. Andre Dawson	438
11. Al Kaline	399
12. Dale Murphy	398
13. Johnny Bench	389
14. Mark McGwire	387
15. Dwight Evans	385
16. Frank Howard	382
Jim Rice	382
18. Orlando Cepeda	379
Tony Perez	378
20. Joe Carter	378

HOME RUNS, LEFTHANDER

1. Babe Ruth	714
2. Reggie Jackson	563
3. Willie McCovey	521
Ted Williams	521
5. Eddie Mathews	512
6. Mel Ott	511
7. Lou Gehrig	493
8. Stan Musial	475
Willie Stargell	475
10. Carl Yastrzemski	452
11. Billy Williams	426
12. Darrell Evans	414
13. Duke Snider	407
14. Graig Nettles	390
15. Norm Cash	377
16. Barry Bonds	374
17. Johnny Mize	359
18. Yogi Berra	358
19. Harold Baines	339
Fred McGriff	339
Dave Parker	338
Boog Powell	339

HOME RUNS, SWITCH HITTER

1. Mickey Mantle	536
2. Eddie Murray	504
3. Chili Davis	328
4. Reggie Smith	314
5. Bobby Bonilla	282
6. Ted Simmons	248
7. Ken Singleton	246
8. Mickey Tettleton	245
9. Ruben Sierra	235
10. Howard Johnson	228
11. Ken Caminiti	167
12. Roy Smalley	163
13. Pete Rose	160
Roy White	160
16. Tim Lincecum	159
16. Devon White	154
17. Tom Tresh	153
18. Tony Phillips	141
19. Terry Pendleton	137
20. Ripper Collins	135

HOME RUNS, FIRST BASEMAN

1. Lou Gehrig	493
2. Jimmie Foxx	480
3. Willie McCovey	439
4. Eddie Murray	409
5. Mark McGwire	373
6. Norm Cash	367
7. Johnny Mize	350
8. Gil Hodges	335
9. Fred McGriff	298
10. Orlando Cepeda	293

HOME RUNS, SECOND BASEMAN

1. Joe Morgan	266
2. Rogers Hornsby	264
3. Ryne Sandberg	252
4. Joe Gordon	248
5. Lou Whitaker	239
6. Bobby Doerr	223
7. Bobby Grich	198
8. Charley Gehring	181
9. Frank White	156
10. Tony Lazzari	149

HOME RUNS, THIRD BASEMAN

1. Mike Schmidt	509
2. Eddie Mathews	486
3. Graig Nettles	368
4. Ron Santo	337
5. Ron Cey	312
6. Gary Gaetti	309
7. Brooks Robinson	266
8. Ken Boyer	260
9. Matt Williams	257
10. Tim Lincecum	249

HOME RUNS, SHORTSTOP

1. Cal Ripken	345
2. Ernie Banks	277

1. Vern Stephens	213
2. Alan Trammell	177
3. Joe Cronin	155
4. Barry Larkin	137
5. Eddie Joost	129
6. Rico Petrocelli	127
7. Pee Wee Reese	122
8. Robin Yount	122

HOME RUNS, OUTFIELDER

1. Babe Ruth	692
2. Hank Aaron	661
3. Willie Mays	642
4. Ted Williams	514
5. Mickey Marre	490
6. Frank Robinson	463
7. Reggie Jackson	458
8. Mel Ott	457
9. Andre Dawson	404
10. Duke Snider	400
Dave Winfield	400

HOME RUNS, CATCHER

1. Carlton Fisk	351
2. Johnny Bench	327
3. Yogi Berra	306
4. Gary Carter	298
5. Lance Parrish	295
6. Roy Campanella	239
7. Gabby Hartnett	232
8. Bill Dickey	200
9. Ted Simmons	195
10. Bill Freehan	185

HOME RUNS, PITCHER

1. Wes Ferrell	37
2. Bob Lemon	35
3. Warren Spahn	35
4. Red Ruffing	34
5. Earl Wilson	33
6. Don Drysdale	29
7. John Clarkson	24
8. Bob Gibson	24
9. Walter Johnson	23
10. Jack Stivers	20
Dizzy Trout	20

LEADOFF HOMERS

1. Rickey Henderson	72
2. Bobby Bonds	35
3. Paul Molitor	33
4. Devon White	30
5. Davey Lopes	28
Tony Phillips	28
Eddie Yost	28
8. Brady Anderson	27
9. Brian Downing	25
10. Lou Brock	24
11. Tommy Harper	23
Lou Whitaker	23
13. Jimmy Ryan	22
14. Felipe Alou	20
Barry Bonds	20
Lenny Dykstra	20
17. Eddie Joost	19
Dick McAuliffe	19
19. Hank Bauer	17
Oan Gladden	17
Rick Monday	17
Pete Rose	17

20-HOME RUN SEASONS

1. Hank Aaron	20
2. Willie Mays	17
3. Frank Robinson	17
4. Reggie Jackson	16
Eddie Murray	16
Babe Ruth	16
Ted Williams	16
8. Mel Ott	15
Willie Stargell	15
Dave Winfield	15
11. Mickey Mantle	14
Eddie Mathews	14
Mike Schmidt	14
Billy Williams	14
15. Ernie Banks	13
Andre Dawson	13
Lou Gehrig	13
Harmon Killebrew	13
19. 7 tied with 12	

30-HOME RUN SEASONS

1. Hank Aaron	15
2. Babe Ruth	13
3. Mike Schmidt	13
4. Jimmie Fox	12
5. Willie Mays	11
Frank Robinson	11
7. Lou Gehrig	10
Harmon Killebrew	10
Eddie Mathews	10
10. Mickey Mantle	9
11. Mark McGwire	8

Mel Ott	8
Ted Williams	8
14. Ernie Banks	7
Barry Bonds	7
Rocky Colavito	7
Joe DiMaggio	7
Reggie Jackson	7
Ralph Kiner	7
Dave Kingman	7
Willie McCovey	7
Fred McGriff	7

BALLPARKS HITTING HOME RUNS

1. Ellis Burks	32
Roger Connor	32
Gary Gaetti	32
Eddie Murray	32
Frank Robinson	32
Rusty Staub	32
Harry Stovey	32
Dave Winfield	32
9. Hank Aaron	31
Chili Davis	31
Fred McGriff	31
12. Ron Fairly	30
Kirk Gibson	30
Pete Incaviglia	30
Al Oliver	30
16. Bobby Bonds	29
Doron Johnson	29
Candy Maldonado	29
Lee May	29
Gary Sheffield	29

PINCH-HIT HOME RUNS

1. Cliff Johnson	20
2. Jerry Lynch	18
3. Gates Brown	16
Smoky Burgess	16
Willie McCovey	16
6. George Crowe	14
7. Joe Adcock	12
Bob Cerv	12
Jose Morales	12
Graig Nettles	12
11. Jeff Burroughs	11
Jay Johnstone	11
Candy Maldonado	11
Fred Whitfield	11
Cy Williams	11
16. 10 tied with 10	

GRAND SLAMS

1. Lou Gehrig	23
2. Eddie Murray	19
3. Willie McCovey	18
4. Jimmie Fox	17
Ted Williams	17
6. Hank Aaron	16
Dave Kingman	16
Babe Ruth	16
9. Gil Hodges	14
10. Joe DiMaggio	13
George Foster	13
Ralph Kiner	13
13. Harold Baines	12
Ernie Banks	12
Don Baylor	12
Rogers Hornsby	12
Joe Rudi	12
Rudy York	12
19. 10 tied with 11	

MULTIPLE-HOME RUN GAMES

1. Babe Ruth	72
2. Willie Mays	63
3. Hank Aaron	62
4. Jimmie Fox	55
5. Frank Robinson	54
6. Eddie Mathews	49
Mel Ott	49
8. Harmon Killebrew	46
Mickey Mantle	46
10. Willie McCovey	44
Mike Schmidt	44
12. Dave Kingman	43
Mark McGwire	43
14. Ernie Banks	42
Lou Gehrig	42
Reggie Jackson	40
17. Ralph Kiner	39
18. Andre Dawson	37
19. Stan Musial	37
Ted Williams	37

TOTAL BASES

1. Hank Aaron	8,558
2. Stan Musial	6,134
3. Willie Mays	6,066
4. Ty Cobb	5,854
5. Babe Ruth	5,793
6. Pete Rose	5,752
7. Carl Yastrzemski	5,539
8. Eddie Murray	5,397
9. Frank Robinson	5,373

10. Dave Winfield	5,221
11. Tris Speaker	5,101
12. Lou Gehrig	5,080
13. George Brett	5,044
14. Mel Ott	5,041
15. Jimmie Fox	4,956
16. Ted Williams	4,884
17. Honus Wagner	4,862
18. Al Kaline	4,852
19. Reggie Jackson	4,834
20. Andre Dawson	4,767

300-TOTAL BASE SEASONS

1. Hank Aaron	15
2. Lou Gehrig	13
Willie Mays	13
Stan Musial	13
5. Babe Ruth	11
6. Jimmie Fox	10
7. Joe DiMaggio	9
Billy Williams	9
Ted Williams	9
10. Rogers Hornsby	8
Frank Robinson	8
12. Hank Greenberg	7
Mel Ott	7
Paul Waner	7
15. 15 tied with 6	

SLUGGING PERCENTAGE

(Minimum 2,000 total bases)

1. Babe Ruth	.690
2. Ted Williams	.634
3. Lou Gehrig	.632
4. Jimmie Fox	.609
5. Hank Greenberg	.605
6. Frank Thomas	.600
7. Joe DiMaggio	.579
8. Rogers Hornsby	.577
9. Albert Belle	.566
10. Johnny Mize	.562
Ken Griffey Jr.	.562
12. Stan Musial	.559
13. Willie Mays	.557
Juan Gonzalez	.557
Mickey Mantle	.557
16. Mark McGwire	.556
17. Hank Aaron	.555
18. Barry Bonds	.561
19. Ralph Kiner	.548
20. Hack Wilson	.545

EXTRA-BASE HITS

1. Hank Aaron	1,477
2. Stan Musial	1,377
3. Babe Ruth	1,356
4. Willie Mays	1,323
5. Lou Gehrig	1,190
6. Frank Robinson	1,186
7. Carl Yastrzemski	1,157
8. Ty Cobb	1,136
9. Yris Speaker	1,131
10. George Brett	1,119
11. Jimmie Fox	1,117
Ted Williams	1,117
13. Eddie Murray	1,099
14. Dave Winfield	1,093
15. Reggie Jackson	1,075
16. Mel Ott	1,071
17. Pete Rose	1,041
18. Andre Dawson	1,039
19. Mike Schmidt	1,015
20. Rogers Hornsby	1,011

RUNS BATTED IN

1. Hank Aaron	2,297
2. Babe Ruth	2,213
3. Lou Gehrig	1,995
4. Stan Musial	1,951
5. Ty Cobb	1,937
6. Jimmie Fox	1,922
7. Eddie Murray	1,917
8. Willie Mays	1,903
9. Cap Anson	1,879
10. Mel Ott	1,860
11. Carl Yastrzemski	1,844
12. Ted Williams	1,839
13. Dave Winfield	1,833
14. Al Simmons	1,827
15. Frank Robinson	1,812
16. Honus Wagner	1,732
17. Reggie Jackson	1,702
18. Tony Perez	1,652
19. Ernie Banks	1,635
20. Goose Goslin	1,609

RBI's, RIGHTHANDER

1. Hank Aaron	2,297
2. Jimmie Fox	1,922
3. Willie Mays	1,903
4. Cap Anson	1,879
5. Dave Winfield	1,833
6. Al Simmons	1,827
7. Frank Robinson	1,812

8. Honus Wagner	1,732
9. Tony Perez	1,652
10. Ernie Banks	1,636
11. Nap Lajoie	1,599
12. Mike Schmidt	1,595
13. Andre Dawson	1,591
14. Rogers Hornsby	1,584
Harmon Killebrew	1,584
16. Al Kaline	1,583
17. Harry Hellmann	1,539
18. Joe DiMaggio	1,537
19. Ed Delahanty	1,464
20. Cal Ripken	1,453

RBI's, LEFTHANDER

1. Babe Ruth	2,213
2. Lou Gehrig	1,995
3. Stan Musial	1,951
4. Ty Cobb	1,937
5. Mel Ott	1,860
6. Carl Yastrzemski	1,844
7. Ted Williams	1,839
8. Reggie Jackson	1,702
9. Goose Goslin	1,609
10. George Brett	1,595
11. Jake Beckley	1,575
12. Willie McCovey	1,555
13. Willie Stargell	1,540
14. Tris Speaker	1,529
15. Sam Crawford	1,525
16. Dave Parker	1,493
17. Billy Williams	1,475
18. Rusty Staub	1,468
19. Eddie Mathews	1,453
20. Yogi Berra	1,430

RBI's, SWITCH HITTER

1. Eddie Murray	1,817
2. Mickey Mantle	1,509
3. George Davis	1,437
4. Ted Simmons	1,389
5. Pete Rose	1,314
6. Chili Davis	1,285
7. Frankie Frisch	1,244
8. Reggie Smith	1,092
9. Ken Singleton	1,085
10. Bobby Bonilla	1,061
11. Ruben Sierra	1,036
12. John Anderson	976
13. Tommy Tucker	932
14. Terry Pendleton	917
15. Duke Farrell	912
16. Tim Lincecum	900
17. Augie Galan	830
18. Kid Gleason	823
19. Tom Daly	811
20. Willie McGee	802

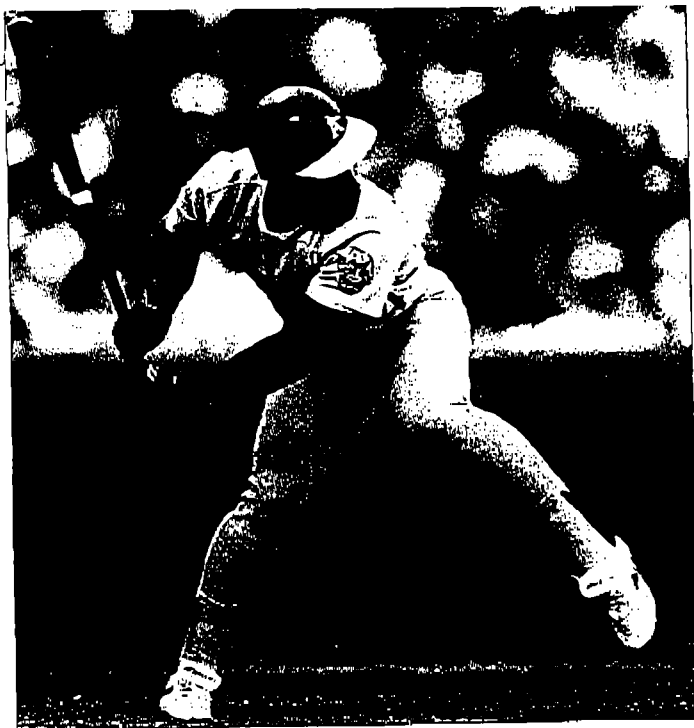
100-RBI SEASONS

1. Jimmie Fox	13
Lou Gehrig	13
Babe Ruth	13
4. Al Simmons	12
5. Hank Aaron	11
Goose Goslin	11
7. Joe Carter	10
Willie Mays	10
Stan Musial	10
10. Joe DiMaggio	9
Harmon Killebrew	9
Mel Ott	9
Mike Schmidt	9
Honus Wagner	9
Ted Williams	9
16. Ernie Banks	8
Joe Cronin	8
Hugh Duffy	8
Harry Hellmann	8
Bob Johnson	8
Johnny Mize	8
Jim Rice	8

WALKS

1. Babe Ruth	2,056
2. Ted Williams	2,019
3. Joe Morgan	1,865
4. Carl Yastrzemski	1,845
5. Rickey Henderson	1,772
6. Mickey Mantle	1,733
7. Mel Ott	1,708
8. Eddie Yost	1,614
9. Darrell Evans	1,605
10. Stan Musial	1,599
11. Pete Rose	1,566
12. Harmon Killebrew	1,559
13. Lou Gehrig	1,508
14. Mike Schmidt	1,507
15. Eddie Collins	1,499
16. Willie Mays	1,464
17. Jimmie Fox	1,452
18. Eddie Mathews	1,444
19. Frank Robinson	1,420
20. Hank Aaron	1,402

FOR THE RECORD



The majority of outfielder Rickey Henderson's 1,186 career stolen bases came during his three stints with the Oakland A's.

100-WALK SEASONS

1. Babe Ruth	13
2. Lou Gehrig	11
Ted Williams	11
4. Mickey Mantle	10
Mel Ott	10
6. Joe Morgan	8
Eddie Yost	8
8. Max Bishop	7
Jimmie Fox	7
Harmon Killebrew	7
Mike Schmidt	7
Frank Thomas	7
Roy Thomas	7
14. Barry Bonds	6
Harold Clift	6
Rickey Henderson	6
Eddie Joost	6
Ralph Kiner	6
Eddie Stanky	6
Gene Tenace	6
Jimi Wynn	6
Carl Yastrzemski	6

INTENTIONAL WALKS

1. Hank Aaron	293
2. Barry Bonds	260
Willie McCovey	260
4. George Brett	227
5. Willie Stargell	222
Eddie Murray	218
7. Frank Robinson	201
8. Mike Schmidt	198
9. Ernie Banks	193
10. Rusty Staub	192
11. Willie Mays	190
12. Carl Yastrzemski	189
13. Tony Gwynn	188
14. Ted Simmons	182
15. Billy Williams	180
16. Chili Davis	173
17. Harold Baines	172
18. Wade Boggs	172
Dave Winfield	170
20. Dave Parker	170

STRIKEOUTS

1. Reggie Jackson	2,597
2. Willie Stargell	1,936
3. Mike Schmidt	1,883
4. Tony Perez	1,867
5. Dave Kingman	1,816
6. Bobby Bonds	1,757
7. Dale Murphy	1,748
8. Lou Brock	1,730
9. Mickey Mantle	1,710

10. Harmon Killebrew	1,699
11. Dwight Evans	1,697
12. Dave Winfield	1,686
13. Chili Davis	1,580
14. Lee May	1,570
15. Dick Allen	1,558
16. Willie McCovey	1,550
17. Dave Parker	1,537
18. Frank Robinson	1,532
19. Lance Parrish	1,527
20. Willie Mays	1,526

100-STRIKEOUT SEASONS

1. Reggie Jackson	18
2. Dave Kingman	13
Willie Stargell	13
4. Mike Schmidt	12
5. Dale Murphy	11
6. Dick Allen	10
Bobby Bonds	10
Frank Howard	10
Greg Luzinski	10
Lee May	10
Tony Perez	10
12. Lou Brock	9
Fred McGriff	9
Danny Tartabull	9
15. Jose Canseco	8
Rob Deer	8
Mickey Mantle	8
Rick Monday	8
Lance Parrish	8
Doug Rader	8
Juan Samuel	8
Darryl Strawberry	8

HIT BY PITCH

1. Hughie Jennings	287
2. Tommy Tucker	272
3. Don Baylor	267
4. Ron Hunt	243
5. Dan McGann	230
6. Frank Robinson	198
7. Minnie Minoso	192
8. Jake Beckley	183
9. Curt Welch	173
10. Kid Elberfeld	166
11. Fred Clarke	153
12. Chet Lemon	151
13. Carlton Fisk	143
14. Nellie Fox	142
15. Art Fletcher	141
16. Bill Dahlen	140
17. Frank Chance	137
18. Dummy Hoy	134
Nap Lajoie	134
John McGraw	134

1. Rickey Henderson	1,231
2. Lou Brock	938
3. Billy Hamilton	912
4. Ty Cobb	892
5. Tim Lincecum	795
6. Vince Coleman	752
7. Eddie Collins	744
8. Artie Latham	739
9. Max Carey	738
10. Honus Wagner	722
11. Joe Morgan	689
12. Willie Wilson	688
13. Tom Brown	657
14. Ben Campaneris	649
15. George Davis	616
16. Dummy Hoy	594
17. Maury Wills	586
18. George Van Halstrom	583
19. Ozzie Smith	580
20. Hugh Duffy	574

CAUGHT STEALING

1. Lou Brock	307
2. Rickey Henderson	288
3. Brett Butler	257
4. Maury Wills	208
5. Bart Campaneris	199
6. Rod Carew	187
7. Omar Moreno	182
8. Cesar Cedeno	179
9. Ty Cobb	178
Steve Sax	178
11. Vince Coleman	177
12. Eddie Collins	173
13. Otis Nixon	172
14. Bobby Bonds	169
15. Joe Morgan	162
Billy North	162
17. Pete Rose	149
18. Ozzie Smith	148
19. Sam Rice	143
20. Ron LaFlore	142
Tim Lincecum	142

STEAL PERCENTAGE

1. Eric Davis	88.12
2. Tim Lincecum	84.85
3. Barry Larkin	84.26
4. Willie Wilson	83.29
5. Davey Lopes	83.01
6. Julio Cruz	81.47
7. Rickey Henderson	81.04
8. Marquis Grissom	80.99
9. Joe Morgan	80.96
10. Vince Coleman	80.95
11. Andy Van Slyke	79.83
12. Lenny Dykstra	79.87
13. Ozzie Smith	79.55
14. Kenny Lofton	79.55
15. Gary Redus	79.51
16. Paul Molitor	79.33
17. Roberto Alomar	79.12
18. Devon White	78.89
19. Luis Aparicio	78.82
20. Amos Otis	78.57

50-STEAL SEASONS

1. Lou Brock	12
Rickey Henderson	12
3. Billy Hamilton	9
Artie Latham	9
5. Ty Cobb	8
Tim Lincecum	8
7. Bert Campaneris	7
Vince Coleman	7
9. Tom Brown	6
Max Carey	6
Cesar Cedeno	6
Eddie Collins	6
Harry Stovey	6
Curt Welch	6
15. Ned Hanlon	5
Dummy Hoy	5
King Kelly	5
Kenny Lofton	5
Omar Moreno	5
Joe Morgan	5
Otis Nixon	5
Honus Wagner	5
John Ward	5
Maury Wills	5

STEALS OF HOME

1. Ty Cobb	50
2. Max Carey	33
3. George J. Burns	28
4. Honus Wagner	27
5. Sherry Magee	23
Frank Schultz	23
7. Johnny Evers	21

9. Frankie Frisch	19
Jackie Robinson	19
11. Jimmy Sheckard	18
Tris Speaker	18
Joe Tinker	18
14. Rod Carew	17
Eddie Collins	17
Larry Doyle	17
17. Tommy Leach	16
18. Ben Chapman	15
Fred Clarke	15
Lou Gehrig	15

PITCHING

GAMES

1. Hoyt Wilhelm	1,070
2. Kent Tekulve	1,050
3. Lee Smith	1,022
4. Dennis Eckersley	1,021
5. Rich Gossage	1,002
6. Lindy McDaniel	987
7. Jesse Orosco	956
8. Rolfe Fingers	944
9. Gene Garber	931
10. Cy Young	906
11. Sparky Lyle	899
12. Jim Kaat	898
13. Jeff Reardon	880
14. Don McMahon	874
15. Phil Niekro	864
16. Charlie Hough	858
17. Roy Face	848
18. Tug McGraw	824
19. Nolan Ryan	807
20. Walter Johnson	802

GAMES STARTED

1. Cy Young	815
2. Nolan Ryan	773
3. Don Sutton	756
4. Phil Niekro	716
5. Steve Carlton	709
6. Tommy John	700
7. Gaylord Perry	690
8. Bert Blyleven	685
9. Pud Galvin	681
10. Walter Johnson	668
11. Warren Spahn	665
12. Tom Seaver	647
13. Jim Kaat	625
14. Frank Tanana	616
15. Early Wynn	612
16. Robin Roberts	609
17. Grover Alexander	600
18. Fergie Jenkins	594
Tim Keefe	594
20. Kid Nichols	561

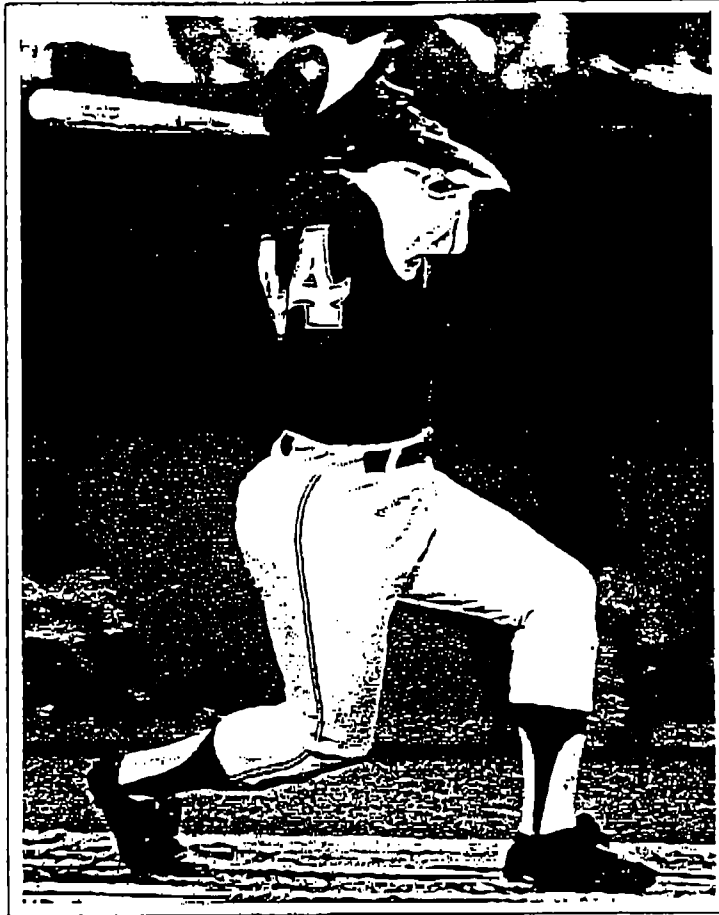
COMPLETE GAMES

1. Cy Young	749
2. Pud Galvin	639
3. Tim Keefe	554
4. Walter Johnson	531
Kid Nichols	525
6. Mickey Welch	498
7. Charles Radbourn	485
8. John Clarkson	468
9. Tony Mullane	466
10. Jim McCormick	448
11. Gus Weyhing	437
12. Grover Alexander	434
13. Christy Mathewson	422
14. Jack Powell	410
15. Eddie Plank	394
16. Will White	383
17. Amos Rusie	388
18. Vic Willis	362
19. Warren Spahn	377
20. Jim Whitney	377

OPENING DAY STARTS

1. Tom Seaver	16
2. Steve Carlton	14
Walter Johnson	14
Jack Morris	14
5. Robin Roberts	13
Cy Young	13
7. Grover Alexander	12
Ben Blyleven	11
9. Fergie Jenkins	11
Dennis Martinez	11
11. Bob Gibson	10
Juan Marichal	10
George Mullin	10
Warren Spahn	10
15. Phil Niekro	9
Gaylord Perry	9
Steve Rogers	9
Nolan Ryan	9
Rick Sutcliffe	9
Don Sutton	9

ORIGINAL



755: Henry Aaron leads all the rest in home runs, four times matching in homers the uniform number he made famous—44.

HANK AARON

Just as Henry Aaron stood a wrist-snapping swing away from THE record, Babe Ruth's 714 home runs, which once seemed as safe as the fact that no one could prove the moon wasn't made of green cheese, The Hammer came to St. Louis to accept an award and clear his dinner plate rather than the bases.

It was early in 1974, the year IT happened, and the occasion was an annual Baseball Writers' chapter dinner of roasts and toasts, songs and skits. Jim Toomey, a reformed sportswriter occasionally hot-tempered as P.R. person for the Cardinals, prepared a Cole Porter parody of salute to Aaron.

To the tune of "You're the Top," it went, in part, as a show-stopper:

*You're the top,
You're THE home-run hitter.
You're the top,
You're Gaylord's spitter.
You're a Bacharach tune, you gave Bowie
Kuhn the pox,
You're the SEC.
The ITT,
You're Magnavox.*

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*You're the top,
You're this baseball dinner.
You're the top,
You're a Series winner.
You're a center-fold that can't be told to strip,
You're an Egg-McMuffin,
You're turkey and stuffin',
You're skinny-dip.*

*You're the top,
You're Bob Gibson ripping.
You're the top,
You're Jabbar tipping.
The ghost of Ruth has gone, forsooth, ker-plop.
Though the Braves are near the bottom,
You're the top..."*

So it went for three more amusing, lilting stanzas, the white teeth of The Hammer widening almost as much as when IT finally happened at 9:07 P.M. (Eastern Standard Time) on a Monday night, April 9, 1974 at Atlanta's Fulton County Stadium, where a sellout crowd of 52,870 saw Henry...er, Hank, if you prefer...connect in the fourth inning against Los Angeles lefthander Al Downing.

As the 1-0 pitch sailed over the inner left-field fence into the bullpen, where it was retrieved by Braves' reliever Tom House, Aaron trotted around the bases with characteristically short, choppy strides, not entirely unlike Babe Ruth's quick, mincing steps.

715.

The crowd rose to its feet as one, Aaron's teammates poured out of the dugout and bullpen to greet him at home plate, lifted him and carried him a few steps toward the bench before he broke away and trotted to a special box adjacent to the Atlanta dugout, where he embraced his wife, Billye, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Aaron of Mobile, Ala.

So at 40, as a reward for durability and consistency, strength and stamina, record consciousness

and a character that would withstand the slings, arrows and obscenities of the racially bigoted, the black man walking tall led not only the baseball alphabet. Aaron, like Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest.

From that moment in early April of '74 at Atlanta until he finished up in late September of '76 at Milwaukee, a designated hitter no longer able to bat, run or field as before, it was all downhill on an uphill climb—if you'll forgive the uneven typographical terrain.

By the time he'd played largely two seasons as a designated hitter making \$240,000 with the American League Brewers of Milwaukee BEFORE free agency lifted salary lids. In Sudsville's County Stadium where he'd also played the first 12 of his 23 years in the majors when the Braves were based there, Aaron had shredded the record book.

His home run total, though his last three-season total of 42 just about would match one of his typical years in his prolonged peak, had reached 755. His 3,771 base hits were second only to Ty Cobb's 4,191, prior to Pete Rose's subsequent record, and he'd collected the most long hits, 1,477, and total bases, 6,856, passing both the Babe and The Hammer's longtime National League rival, Stan Musial.

Of course, he'd also played the most big league ball games at that point, 3,298, and he'd gone to bat the most times, too, 12,364, because you can't get a base hit much less a long ball when bench warming. The rangy, rawhided righthanded hitter with the career average of .310, which went down as his home runs went up, must have been allergic to all wood except the kind he swung. He spent precious little time gathering splinters until he appeared in only 85 games his last year. Previously, favored by a 162-game schedule for 15 seasons, he'd played 150 or more contests 14 times.

For too many seasons, Aaron did his thing almost invisibly, chafing under lack of appreciation as

an all-around ballplayer, truly one of the best, even more than failure to appreciate him as a hitter. Although he won a National League batting championship as far back as 1957, hitting .355 when he won his only Most Valuable Player award, he didn't arrive in many persons' eyes, nationally, until he achieved the 3,000-hit goal early in 1970, a year before he hit a career high of 47 home runs.

By then, he was 37 years old and, again, by then, he had hit 40 or more homers six times, including curiously, matching his uniform number—44—four times. It was when he rebounded with the high production in '71 that he began to think first of Ruth's Mt. Everest of hitting and Musial's National League hit high, 3,630, a figure he just missed because he went in a huff to the American League at Milwaukee.

For those who looked upon him as a phlegmatic automaton, Aaron's bolt back to the Brewers was not to return to baseball's equivalent of his athletic womb, but, rather, because he felt the Braves had capitalized fully on him as a hitter and planned only a token front office future. The financially shaky Atlanta operation obliged him by dealing him to Milwaukee for outfielder Dave May and pitcher Roger Alexander, hardly household words.

Aaron's reaction to the "hate" mail, which grew as figurative brown-shoed, white-soxed, real-life Archie Bunker rednecks began to realize he really posed a threat to Ruth's career record, was one of dismay, then disgust, hurt and finally anger.

"I've always admired Jackie Robinson most because of what he did, but I didn't appreciate fully what he endured until now," said the black man to whom the "nigger" put-down had become only a part of the unpleasantness.

"I'm not trying to make anybody forget Ruth, but, instead, to remember Aaron," said Henry, who was born the year before the Babe hung it up, 1935. "It's just like the rest of my game. I never said I was Willie Mays defensively or that I threw as well as Roberto Clemente, but, until I hurt my arm late in

my career, nobody ran on me and I never threw to the wrong base and I could go get the ball."

For a fact, Aaron was underrated by many because he lacked the spectacular flair of Mays or the dynamic dash of Clemente, but he was all-around as a ballplayer, a point he proved when, at the urging of first Bobby Bragan and then Charley Dressen, he opened up as a base-stealer. One year, 1963, he joined that rare breed of 30-homer, 30-stolen base players, hitting 44 for four bases, and filching 31. Yeah, and he was thrown out only a couple of times.

The easy-does-it approach Aaron had, plus the fact that he put on no more than 10 pounds from the time he came up at 20 until he quit at 42, accounted in part for his knack of escaping pulled muscles. He hit with wrists that were exceptionally thick and which rolled over in his swing so that his right hand wound up on top of the left. Truth is, that's the way he'd batted as a kid—cross-handed—when he joined the Indianapolis Clowns of the vanishing Negro National League in 1952.

"If I'd had it to do over," said Aaron late in his career, "I'd have been a switch-hitter. After all, batting cross-handed from the right side, I was already past way there."

With his speed, as deceptive as his play in general, Henry would have legged out at least a few more in those 13,940 times he went to home plate from the time he first faced a big league pitcher, Cincinnati righthander Bud Podbielan, at Crosley Field on April 13, 1954. It was at the same park where he dribbled hit No. 3,000 over second base 16 years later.

Ingloriously, Aaron took the collar that opener in '54—"oh, oh for 5"—against Podbielan, Joe Nuxhall and Frank Smith in a slugfest won by the Reds, 9-8. Next day the first of those 3,771 hits came against St. Louis at Milwaukee, a double off the left-field fence at County Stadium.

The victim was a fast-firing veteran righthander, Vic Raschi, a veteran big name from the American

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League and the New York Yankees. Little more than a week later, April 23, at St. Louis's Sportsman's Park, facing the same Raschi at a time Henry was getting along with .267, he got his first RBI and his first homer.

Who would have thought, then, that the kid Charley Grimm had picked to replace broken-legged Bobby Thomson in an outfield with Andy Pafko and Bill Bruton would hit one after another until he'd even passed the Babe by what amounted to a sizable season's total, 41 homers?

Sure, Henry went to bat almost 4,000 times more than Ruth did, so he's really the *greatest hitter of home runs rather than the greatest homerun hitter*. He bought that distinction from me one time, especially when I pointed out that it meant that the Babe was the most prodigious homerun hitter and that he (Aaron) was the most prolific. But for a guy who hit from 200 to 300 homers MORE than the likes of such muscle men as Ted Williams, Jimmy Foxx, Mel Ott, Ernie Banks, Ed Mathews, Musial, et al. it's a bit galling when suddenly someone starts counting the home runs Sadarahu Oh is hitting in Japan.

"Over here," said Aaron evenly even before Jim Rice at Boston had become the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1978, "I don't think anyone will break my records, but if anyone can or does, I'd suggest Rice as having the best chance."

Rice did have a beckoning target, the Green Monster, as Fenway Park's high, close barrier is called, but he fell far short. Aaron was favored with high altitude and a left-field fence pulled in for his benefit at Atlanta in the second half of his career. But Milwaukee was no piece of cake and, after the switch to Dixie in 1966, Henry didn't have Eddie Mathews, forming a tremendous tandem as they combined at Milwaukee.

The secret of Aaron's success was two-fold. For 20 years he averaged 120 games a year, an incredible number, and he hit home runs with almost monotonous consistency if not eye-popping quantity, to wit, en route to 715:

13... 27... 26... 44... 30... 39... 40... 34...
45... 44... 24... 32... 44... 39... 29... 44...
38... 47... 34... 40...

And after a winter's suspense before the 1974 season, with Commissioner Bower Kuhn disturbed that Mathews, then managing the Braves, hinted he'd like to keep The Hammer on the bench so that he could tie and break the record at home, Aaron answered the pressure by teeing off the Reds' Jack Billingham opening day at Cincinnati.

Belatedly, Atlanta had awakened to the significance at the tail end of the '73 season when, for instance, more than 40,000 came out for the final game, giving Aaron a warm, encouraging cheer when he popped up his last time up and trotted out to left field. So, as mentioned, not only was the park packed for the home opener on that magical Monday night in April 1974, but a national television audience watched a "Monday Night Game of the Week" that was far from routine.

If thousands say they saw the Babe hit No. 60 off Tom Zachary the last day of the 1927 season at Yankee Stadium, exaggerating, millions WILL be able to say they saw Aaron's No. 715—and mean it.

Yes, and through the marvel of television's instant replay, they saw it again and again. As customary, Aaron shuffled rather than walked into the batter's box, loose-limbed and relaxed until just before the ball was pitched. He had a habit of hitting off his front foot, dragging the tip of the right shoe so that he wore out more back-foot shoes than the front.

Over the years, I thought he'd been a better hitter at Milwaukee when he went to right field, the opposite field, more often to the point that the foe had to play him straight away. Now and then, he'd hit one out of there the other way, too. His nemesis then was herky-jerky St. Louis southpaw Curt Simmons, who changed-up beautifully on him, disdaining to throw the fastball, observing:

"Trying to throw a fastball past Aaron is like trying to sneak the sunrise past a rooster."

Well said, like The Hammer's remark the time Yogi Berra, catching in one of the many All-Star Games in which Aaron did not distinguish himself, showed both his powers of gabbiness and observation when, glancing up at the slugger's bat gripped with the trademark down, he said:

"Hey, Hank, you're holding your bat wrong."

Quote Mr. Aaron, "I don't read 'em, I just hit 'em."

He would agree, though, a bit wistfully, that he had been a better hitter at Milwaukee when he'd go to right-field or when, as in exasperation one time against Simmons in St. Louis, he guessed a change-up and, striding onto home plate, stepped into the ball and hit it onto the right-field roof. When The Hammer came around to "score," he found he'd been foiled again by Simmons. Umpire Chris Pelckoudas, working balls and strikes, declared Hank out for having stepped out of the batter's box (onto the plate) to hit the ball.

At Atlanta, becoming almost strictly a one-field hitter for whom the foe began to shift by placing three infielders on the left side, Aaron said he'd altered his stance and his swing.

"For one thing," he said, "Mathews left the lineup and Joe Adcock was gone. At Milwaukee, they were the power men for whom I could get on base. For another thing, in the move to Atlanta I felt the quickest way to win the hearts of the baseball fans in the Southeast would be to hit the long one."

Aaron also had heard, too, the old story that over the years the first sign of corrosion of coordination for a batter is decreased ability to pull the ball. In other words, an older player just can't get his bat around quickly enough on a good fastball and—

The Hammer wouldn't accept the inevitable. "I adjusted my stance and my batting grip and swing," he said. "I brought my hands down somewhat and also held them closer into my body. The idea was to shorten my swing, to quicken it in reaction to the pitched ball."

Although he still took a king-sized swing, Aaron had what astute baseball judge Paul Richards called "the knack of adjusting to the pitch in mid-flight." And though aware Babe Ruth had been a great pitcher and had not benefited from airconditioning and other modern conveniences, Stan Musial noted that the Babe had profited from more small parks and the infrequent use of relief pitching specialists, which was still true through Musial's early years, too.

Furthermore, comparing or contrasting Aaron and Ruth, they were as different in their lifestyles almost as in the color of their skin and their physical appearances as well as habits. To the Babe, baseball merely was a pleasant interlude from an extra-inning evening of booze, broads and black cigars, from debauchery to devastating digestive mish-mash.

Aaron would come to town, seek out the best Polynesian food, if possible, taxi there for dinner, and then return to his hotel to watch a television movie until past midnight. He drank hard liquor so seldom that, as he put it, smiling, his idea of something strong was an occasional bourbon with sweet soda used as mix. He smoked about half a pack of cigarettes a day and even when divorced, he regarded himself as conservative in his pursuit of all pleasures.

"I've found that I need my rest, lucky I wasn't hurt too often, and although I could eat anything, I'd eat only one meal a day so that my weight didn't fluctuate," said Henry, who would have a couple of beers after a night game, then rest until about 12:30 P.M. the next day. On the road he sent down for coffee and the newspapers. He'd watch an early afternoon soap opera or ancient movie on TV, catnap, then have an early dinner—often in his room—before going to the ballpark early.

"I wasn't anti-social," he said, "but I had goals to go and only one body with which to achieve them."

Smart boy, Henry Louis Aaron, middle child of seven who lived. He was born to Mobile folks who

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traced their ancestors back to slaves. Hank's father, Herbert, had a good job in Mobile as a boilermaker's helper at the Alabama Drydock and Shipbuilding Company. As a result, wife Estella and the kids had it a bit better than the average black in the suffering South of Depression Thirties. By young Aaron's own recollection, Henry hung pretty close to mom's apron strings. Younger brother, Tommy, later a fringe big leaguer, was just the opposite.

Born as a 10-pound Piscean, H. Aaron learned loyalty, love and how to take adversity from his family. When a brother accidentally belted open Henry's head with a broomstick and the boy wailed to his father, his father told him to stop bawling, as writer Al Stump recorded it, and to take it like a man.

He WAS a man among boys, so good as a 145-pound football player at Mobile's Central High School that, shrewdly, he finally quit. You see, Mom Aaron had it figured that he'd get a college athletic scholarship, probably from Florida A & M, and, by then, Henry had made up his mind that baseball was his dish of tea leaves. Sure enough, playing infielder for a kids' team, he caught the eye of the manager of a black semi-pro team.

Aaron soon was a "highly paid," \$3-a-game semi-pro, but then he began to look so good for the Mobile Black Bears that the traveling secretary of the Indianapolis Clowns approached him. The black big leagues were disappearing as the top players and crowds had begun to flock to see Robinson, Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, Willie Mays, Larry Doby, Monte Irvin and other black league graduates who had made the game better and the plight of their people.

A \$200-a-month offer dazzled the boy, but his mother was firm. Bunny Downs and the Clowns would have to wait until Henry finished high school. Hank had done odd jobs such as cut weeds, trim hedges and pick berries, so he bought a new sports jacket and the two pair of pants he

owned when the rail ticket came to report to the spring training camp of the Clowns at Winston-Salem, N.C.

Aware that Aaron got up to nearly a quarter-million dollars to play ball even before the severing of baseball's umbilical cord, the reserve clause, made free agency possible is impressive, all right. So, too, is the \$1,000,000 contract Hank signed with Magnavox for five years of promotion, including use of baseballs commemorating home runs No. 714 and 715 before they would go to the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. Sensitive in his quiet way, Aaron always felt the Hall of Fame and the commissioner both were remiss in not making more of home run No. 700. Sorry, Hank, old friend, I'm with you in most instances, but not that milestone, incidental to IT.

If any would envy Aaron's subsequent financial success, please don't forget that this was the same willowy wanderer who left home with \$2, two sandwiches, those extra pair of pants, a cardboard suitcase, and his family's well wishes. And in the segregation of the South on the Clowns' bus trips—the Supreme Court ruling striking down "separate but equal" evasion of blacks' rights was still two years distant—the diet was baloney and crackers, grocery store cupcakes and cola. Restaurants wouldn't serve men of the different color then.

Even when the Braves paid \$2,500 for a 30-day look-see option and a \$7,500 follow-up, on the okay of their former manager, scout Billy Southworth, Aaron didn't get a penny of the price. It went to Sid Pollock, who owned the Clowns.

Paid \$300 a month to play with Eau Claire, Wis., of the Class C Northern League in 1952, strictly on his own and only a so-so shortstop, the kid with the \$5 suit, rag-tag glove and blazing .336 bat worked his way. Even though Aaron's average in the Class A Sally League with Jacksonville, Fla., a year later was .362, it was the RBI production (125) of the lad moved to second base that excited manager Ben Craghty and general manager John

Rock Hill, South Carolina, of the Tri-State League employed a black outfielder named David Mobley, but after appearing in the lineup once, he was banned by the league. The Cotton States League went one step further when it tried to banish the entire Hot Springs franchise from its ranks during the Tugerson incident in 1953. The same year, Jacksonville Beach attempted to put black players on its Florida State League roster, but the local chamber of commerce wouldn't permit it. "No race prejudice is involved," explained a spokesman. "It's just that the patrons of the team felt they would rather have an all-white team."

There were a handful of players on the fringe of the Deep South as early as 1952. After Aaron's teammate with the Clowns, Ray Neil, was rejected in Dallas, the same team signed a black pitcher-outfielder named Dave Hoskins, who dominated the Texas League that year. The Florida International League fielded three black players in 1952—Dave Barnhill of Miami Beach, Claro Duany of Tampa, and Willie Felden of Fort Lauderdale. But even so, the prospect of playing in even a suburb of the South was terrifying to most black players—especially those from the North, to whom the South was a land of horror stories. An item from the New York Giants' training camp in 1953 subtly demonstrates this, as reported by the Pittsburgh Courier: "Doesn't Want To Go South! Perhaps the hardest-working player in uniform is Bill White, rookie first baseman. Reason? White wants to go to a Class C league in the North rather than face discrimination if he goes into the Carolina League." As it turned out, the future president of the National League was dispatched to Danville, Virginia, of the Carolina League, where he had to be removed from the field on several occasions for engaging in animated disputes with objecting white customers.

While the breakthroughs in the Carolinas and Florida were significant, the two minor leagues that carried the banner of the Deep South were the Southern and South Atlantic. Their members were located in the Jim Crow playing fields of Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Northern Florida, where the notion of interracial athletic competition was unthinkable to many. In towns like Birmingham and Montgomery, it was

against the law for blacks and whites to even play checkers or dominoes together.

To its very end, the Southern League held out staunchly against integration. The only black player who ever appeared in a Southern League game was Nat Peeples, who went to bat one time for the Atlanta Crackers in 1954. He failed to get a hit, and when the league closed down in 1961—in large part, because of its racial intransigence—it could say that a black man never made it to first base in the Southern League.

The South Atlantic League—the Sally League, as they called it, Mother of the Minors and Cradle of the Great—was made up of smaller towns than was the Southern. Its members were Montgomery, Alabama; Columbus, Augusta, and Savannah, Georgia; Columbia and Charleston, South Carolina; and the infamous Jacksonville. In 1953, the Sally League was observing its fiftieth birthday, ceremonially formalizing its place in Southern tradition. In many cultural respects, Aunt Sally represented the South at its deepest.

It was into this uncharted and forbidding territory that the Milwaukee Braves sent Henry Aaron, Horace Garner, and Felix Mantilla. The three unwitting pioneers were assigned to the Braves' Class A farm club in Jacksonville, the very city where Jackie Robinson had been welcomed with policemen and padlocks. At the same time, Savannah signed on a pair of black players named Fleming Reedy and Al Israel. And so, despite the efforts of Robinson and the others, it was up to Henry Aaron, Horace Garner, Felix Mantilla, Fleming Reedy, and Al Israel to break the color line in the most vividly racial corner of the country. Baseball wouldn't be truly integrated in America until these five young men had made it through a season in the Sally League.

• • •

The Boston Braves moved to Milwaukee one day during spring training in 1953. John Quinn, the general manager, walked

MINOR
~~LEAGUE~~
LEAGUE

Sally
League

As it turned out, it was a good thing I left Kissimmee when I did, because it gave me time to learn a new position in Waycross. Felix Mantilla, a Puerto Rican who had played at Evansville the year before, was easily the best shortstop in the organization, so right off they moved me across the bag to second base. That way, Felix and I could play on the same team, which is exactly what happened—except that we didn't know it would be that way until they announced it. In those days, with so many minor-league teams, they made assignments the way they gave out tour-of-duty orders in the army. You had hundreds of guys in camp—guys with numbers on their backs like 195F—and nobody knew where they were headed. Finally, they'd put up a list with everybody's assignment and call it out. It would be like: Henry Aaron, Bus 5, you're going to Jacksonville. Felix Mantilla, Bus 5. Horace Garner, Bus 5. They told us to pack our things and be on the bus the next morning, because we had to get to Jacksonville to play the Red Sox. They also mentioned that Horace, Felix, and I would be breaking the color line in the Sally League.

The game against the Red Sox was called a "historic event" in the Jacksonville newspaper, the *Florida Times-Union*. Since Jackie Robinson had been locked out six years before, black players had participated in games there on four occasions, but never on Jacksonville's side. As we expected, there were some boos, and we heard "nigger" and "burrhead" and "eight-ball" and other friendly greetings, but the biggest problem that day was the Red Sox. They beat us, 14-1. I could take some satisfaction in the fact that our one was a home run I hit in the eighth inning—to right field, naturally—against Ike Delock.

Two days later, we played Tommy Holmes's Toledo team, and it pleased me to hit a 400-foot home run to center field. The fact was, we probably had more talent than Toledo, even though we were two classifications lower. With Horace in right field, Felix at shortstop, Joe Andrews at first base, Rance Pless at third base, Jim Frey in center, and Ray Crone and Larry Lassalle pitching, we had the best roster that Jacksonville had ever seen. Jacksonville hadn't been blessed with many good teams, and neither had our manager, Ben Geraghty. Ben was a baseball man through

the record, but I didn't want to do it batting .240. I wanted to hit .300, and if the record came along the way, great. If not, it would come the next year. There was no time pressure. Only two things could keep me from breaking the record—a serious injury or a terrible batting average. If I couldn't get my average up to a respectable level, there was a chance I would stop short, because I'd never been a one-dimensional hitter and I didn't want to be one at the moment history came knocking. So, as far as I was concerned, everything was fine and dandy as long as I stayed healthy and the base hits fell in.

Not everybody shared that opinion, however.

Dear Nigger,

Everybody loved Babe Ruth. You will be the most hated man in this country if you break his career home run record.

Dear Nigger,

In my humble way of thinking, you are doing more to hurt Baseball than any other that ever played the game. You may break the record and you may replace Babe Ruth in the hearts of the liberal sportswriters, the liberal newspapers, TV and radio, as well as in the hearts of the long-haired Hippies. But you will never replace the Babe in the hearts of clear-thinking members of our Society. So, roll on in your undeserved glory, Black Boy.

Friend Hank,

If you should "break" Babe Ruth's record of 714 home runs, remember the Babe averaged a home run for every eleven times at bat. For several years he was pitching. If the Babe had been playing every day possible, his home runs would be close to 900.

I believe you are a man of high morals and wouldn't want to be the holder of a title that could be later classified as being tainted. Think it over Hank.

Dear Black Boy,

Listen Black Boy, We don't want no nigger Babe Ruth.

Dear Super Spook,

First of all, I don't care for the color of shit. You are pretty damn repugnant trying to break the Babe's record. You boogies will think that you invented baseball or something.

Dear Mr. Nigger,

I hope you don't break the Babe's record. How do I tell my kids that a nigger did it?

In May, when our crowds were so pitiful that you could practically hear somebody crack open a peanut, there was a small group of rednecks who sat in the right-field stands and heckled me for three straight nights. At first, it was the same stuff I was used to hearing, mostly about all the money I was making for striking out and hitting into double plays, but as they became drunker and louder they became more obscene and personal, and I became angrier and angrier. They were using Sally League language, and I wasn't going to let anybody take me back to the Sally League. Finally, in the ninth inning of the third night, I walked over to the stands and told them I was going to come up there and kick their asses if they didn't shut up. But before I could do anything I would later regret, the security police arrived and escorted them out of the park. I really can't say what might have happened if security hadn't come. All I know is that I was fed up.

I didn't expect the fans to give me a standing ovation every time I stepped on the field, but I thought a few of them might come over to my side as I approached Ruth. At the very least, I felt I had earned the right not to be verbally abused and racially ravaged in my home ballpark. I felt I had earned the right to be treated like a human being in the city that was supposed to be too busy to hate. The way I saw it, the only thing Atlanta was too busy for was baseball. It didn't seem to give a damn about the Braves, and it seemed like the only thing that mattered about the home run record was that a nigger was about to step out of line and break it. I was angry enough that I made a public statement in which I charged that America was still a racist country and all

the all-around player I'd been ten or five or even two years before, but I did have the best home run percentage in the National League. My batting average also climbed steadily starting in the middle of May. All things considered, I thought I was having a hell of a year.

Dear Nigger,

You can hit all dem home runs over dem short fences, but you can't take dat black off yo face.

Dirty old nigger man,

Had Ruth played and been at bat as many times as you, old nigger, he would have hit just short of 1100 home runs. I hope lightning strikes you for trying to blemish Ruth's record. Retire old man. I repeat I hope lightning strikes you old man four-flusher. The worst to you old black man.

Dear Hank Aaron,

How about some sickle cell anemia, Hank?

Dear Jungle Bunny,

You may beat Ruth's record but there will always be only one Babe. You will be just another Black fuck down from the trees. Go back to the Jungles.

Dear Brother Hank Aaron,

I hope you join Brother Dr. Martin Luther King in that Heaven he spoke of. Willie Mays was a much better player than you, anyway!

Dear Nigger,

You're a real SKUM. You should still be in the Nigger Leagues.

Dear Jungle Bunny,

You have the nerve to try to break the Babe's record. 1st of all you're black so you have no business even being herè. Go back

to Coönsland. You and your people always talk about be treated bad. Well look what the Krauts and the Romans did to the Jews and Christians, never giving them a chance. In America we gave you niggers everything and you want more. Personally I like you because I don't think your prejudice like them bigots but cause your black you're un-equal to me the King. In closing I hope you hit 713 and get a heart attack on the field but your a nice jig.

Dear Nigger Scum,

Niggers, Jews, Yankees, Hippies, Nigger Lovers are the scum of the Earth. Niggers are animals, not humans. Niggers do not have souls because they are animals, have strong backs and weak minds. The time has come to send the niggers back to Africa, there is an animal shortage over there. You niggers are no good, sorry, dirty as cockroaches and a dead nigger is a good nigger. The nigger loving Jews are sorry as niggers, and a disgrace to the White Race. These scum should be sent back to Israel.

Boy, I despise, hate and detest you scum. The world is better off to get rid of you scum—scum—scum—scum—scum.

As the hate mail piled up, I became more and more intent on breaking the record and shoving it in the ugly faces of those bigots. I'm sure it made me a better hitter. But it also made my life very, very difficult. A lot of the letters threatened me, and it got to the point that the FBI was reading and confiscating some of my mail before I ever saw it. My secretary, Carla Koplin, was going through almost 3,000 letters a day at one point. Most of the mail was supportive, and the encouraging words people wrote helped me fight through the hate. The good fans helped keep me going, and I was grateful to them, but in a different way, they could be as hard to deal with as the bad ones. In Los Angeles, the Braves arranged for the bus to pick us up in front of the dugout, because I could never make it through the autograph hounds to the parking lot. All over the league, I had to register at our hotels under fictitious names. I would reserve one room in my name, where the operator could put calls through and let them ring, and another in a name like Diefendorfer, where I actually stayed. The

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problem was that sometimes my children couldn't get through, and that worried me because they weren't safe.

My oldest daughter, Gaile, was a student at Fisk University in Nashville, and she was receiving strange, unsettling phone calls. Other students told her that a man had been asking them about her schedule and her habits. One morning, Billye and I were having breakfast at home when an FBI agent knocked on the door and told me there were reports that Gaile had been kidnapped. It turned out that she hadn't been, but an informer told the FBI that the kidnapping had been plotted and attempted. It was enough to scare the hell out of me, and, needless to say, it was a horrifying experience for Gaile.

My dorm mother came and got me one day and brought me to a room where four FBI men were waiting for me. That was when they told me they had received a report that I might be kidnapped. They told me what to do if it happened, and they told me how they planned to protect me. There were FBI agents all over the campus, disguised as yardmen and maintenance men. That whole year at Fisk, I was never by myself. It was pretty frightening, and I know my father was worried sick about it. He flew up to Nashville to visit me almost every time he had an off day.—Gaile Aaron

We were able to keep closer tabs on the other kids, who were living with Barbara and going to private schools in Atlanta—Hankie and Lary at Marist High School and Dorinda just down the road at a Montessori elementary school. The schools were very strict about keeping strangers and visitors away from the kids, but we couldn't protect everybody all the time, and there were enough crackpots out there to make us constantly nervous. Once, when the newspaper ran a picture of Dorinda and me at a Braves father-kid game, somebody clipped it and sent it to me with the words, "Daddy, please think about us. Please, please!" Nobody close to me was off limits. People would even call my parents in Mobile and tell them that they would never see their boy again. My father would tell them to go to hell and then hang up.

Dear Hank,

You are a very good ballplayer, but if you come close to Babe Ruth's 714 homers I have a contract out on you. Over 700 and you can consider yourself punctured with a .22 shell. If by the all star game you have come within 20 homers of Babe you will be shot on sight by one of my assassins on July 24, 1973.

Dear Hank Aaron,

Retire or die! The Atlanta Braves will be moving around the country and I'll move with them. You'll be in Montreal June 5-7. Will you die there? You'll be in Shea Stadium July 6-8, and in Philly July 9th to 11th. Then again you'll be in Montreal and St. Louis in August. You will die in one of those games. I'll shoot you in one of them. Will I sneak a rifle into the upper deck or a .45 in the bleachers? I don't know yet. But you know you will die unless you retire!

Dear Hank Aaron,

I got orders to do a bad job on you if and when you get 10 from B. Ruth record. A guy in Atlanta and a few in Miami Fla don't seem to care if they have to take care of your family too.

Hey nigger boy,

We at the KKK Staten island Division want you to know that no number of guards can keep you dirty son of a bitch nigger mother fucker alive.

Dear Nigger,

Beware of the white man's wrath [with picture of Klansman's hood].

Mr. Aaron,

We the Ku Klux Klan Knights of America are now going to make this something you better pay attention to. If you do not retire from the baseball seen (QUIT) your family will inherit a great bit of trouble. We can't make this sound any clearer (DEATH). We will be in touch later with something more CONVINCING.

gun threats

I don't recall ever feeling that our lives were in imminent danger, but we took nothing for granted. When we were leaving the ballpark after a game, Joe Andrews would carry a bat with him and tell us to stick close. Ben Geraghty fathered us and kept us calm, but Joe was our protector. We couldn't talk back to the fans calling us names, but Joe could, and he damn sure did.

I believe I was arrested three times that year for arguing with people on Henry's behalf. We'd walk on the field and they would start up the chants: "Nigger! Nigger!" Places like Macon, they'd come into the ballpark with coolers of beer and they'd be half drunk by batting practice. I'd say, "These sick rebel suckers," and every now and then I'd just wander over to the screen to see what I could do for 'em. It was amazing the way Henry and Horace and Felix could take it. I'd be standing next to Henry in the infield and some yahoo would call him a nigger or something and I'd turn to Henry and say, "Did you hear that?" He'd look back at me and say, "What do you think, I'm deaf?"

It wasn't just the fans, either. We had a few Southern boys on our ball club, and they'd say things. Henry came up with a couple of men on base once when we were down by a run, and he popped up to end the game. Afterwards, somebody on our team said, "Well, when pull comes to tug, a nigger's gonna croak every time." I just started screaming. We didn't need to be worrying about our guys, because we had enough problems with the rednecks on the other side.

And believe me, there were some mean pitchers in that league. In Macon they had an old ballpark so big you could land a 727, and there was a tin fence that circled the park, but it was too deep for a home run fence, so they had a snow fence inside it. The first time up, Henry hits one over that snow fence for a home run. The next time around, I doubled and then Henry came up. Their pitcher was some old-timer from the Pacific Coast League or somewhere like that, and when Henry was up there the second time, the pitcher said, "I got four for your head, nigger." He threw the first one behind him. Henry just moved his head a little. Then the pitcher said, "I got three more here." I was standing on second base, so I just yelled out, "Hey, why don't you throw one at me?" I would have loved to take that guy on. But Henry didn't need me. The next pitch was right at his

Dear Nigger Henry,

It has come to my attention that you are going to break Babe Ruth's record. I don't think that you are going to break this record established by the great Babe Ruth if I can help it. Getting back to your blackness, I don't think that any coon should ever play baseball. Whites are far more superior than jungle bunnies. I will be going to the rest of your games and if you hit one more home run it will be your last. My gun is watching your every black move. This is no joke.

Dear Nigger,

You black animal, I hope you never live long enough to hit more home runs than the great Babe Ruth. Niggers are like animals and have a short life span. Martin Luther King was a trouble-maker, and he had a short life span.

Dear Hank Aaron,

I hope you get it between the eyes.

Dear Hank Aaron,

I hate you!!!! Your such a little creap! I hate you and your family. I'D LIKE TO KILL YOU!! BANG BANG YOUR DEAD.

P.S. It mite happen.

I was the only one of the Braves' officers who actually lived in Atlanta, so I was technically in charge of Henry's situation that year. I met with him early on and said, "Look, a lot of this stuff is going to be coming." He asked me if we would just handle it for him. He didn't even want to know about the threats unless we thought there was one serious enough to get the FBI involved. You could tell that most of the letters were cranks. There was a guy from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, who wrote him all the time with filthy racial remarks, and another one from Victorville, California. There was a lot of KKK stuff, much of it from the North. The FBI told us that if anybody was going to do something to Henry, they probably wouldn't write him first, but we had to take it seriously when there was a specific threat.

When we would get a letter like that, we would stick it in a plastic bag and turn it over to the FBI. There were a lot of crazies out there.

When I look back on that whole episode of Henry going after the Ruth record, that's the most amazing part of it to me. People had no idea what he was going through. Nowadays, a player will get one threat and he won't even go out on the field. Henry had them practically every day, and for a long time he didn't say a word about it.—Dick Cecil, former Braves vice president

I asked Carla to save the hate letters that she didn't have to turn over to the authorities. I didn't read most of them, but I wanted to have them as reminders. I kept feeling more and more strongly that I had to break the record not only for myself and for Jackie Robinson and for black people, but also to strike back at the vicious little people who wanted to keep me from doing it. All that hatred left a deep scar on me. I was just a man doing something that God had given me the power to do, and I was living like an outcast in my own country. I had nowhere to go except home and to the ballpark, home and to the ballpark. I was a prisoner in my own apartment. Outside my apartment, I could see a hotel sign that blinked on and off, and it got to where I could tell you how many times that sign blinked in a minute. That whole period, I lived like a guy in a fishbowl, swimming from side to side with nowhere to go, watching everybody watching me. I resented it, and I still resent it. It should have been the most enjoyable time in my life, and instead it was hell. I'm proud of the home run record, but I don't talk about it because it brings back too many unpleasant memories.

You find out who your real friends are during times like that. Ralph and Dusty always lifted my spirits, and Billye really came through for me, talking me through a lot of tough times, helping me keep things in perspective and showing me that there was still some love in the world. And I don't think a manager ever meant more to a player than Eddie Mathews meant to me during those times. He knew me and understood me as well as anybody in baseball, and he did all he could to take the pressure off me. Also, one of Eddie's coaches was my old teammate, Lew Bur-

black players? Who would have been the greatest home run hitters if I had not been in the league, or Mays or Banks or Frank Robinson or Willie McCovey or Orlando Cepeda or Willie Stargell or Billy Williams or Richie Allen? I'll tell you. The white player who hit the most home runs in the National League in the 1960s was Ron Santo, who was almost fifty ahead of the next white player, Eddie Mathews. With no black players in the game, Ron Santo—who is not in the Hall of Fame—would have stood well above all the other home run hitters in the league during his time. By the same token, if I had played with only whites, as Ruth did, I would have outhomered every other player in the National League in the sixties by more than 120 (although Harmon Killebrew hit more than I did in the 1960s while playing in the nearly all white American League). In addition, it would have been significantly easier to hit in the National League if there hadn't been black pitchers like Bob Gibson, Juan Marichal, Ferguson Jenkins, and Bob Veale. By all of this, I certainly don't mean to imply that Babe Ruth was no better than Ron Santo, or that I was better than Ruth, or that Ruth was anything less than his legend. Like I said, I'm willing to call him the greatest home run hitter. I just want to show that comparisons go around in circles. They're like weeds—as soon as you deal with one, another one pops up. And I got damn tired of them.

There was no escaping them, though. One of the popular bumper stickers around Atlanta said, Aaron Is Ruth-less. On the radio sports shows, it seemed like every other caller was under a deep moral obligation to give his reasons why I couldn't carry Ruth's bat. And the newspaper writers were as bad as the fans when it came to making comparisons. It seemed that whatever town we were in, some writer was taking me to task for not being Babe Ruth. Without meaning to, they only aggravated an issue that did nobody any good. In general, arguments and comparisons are good for baseball. They show the diversity and depth of opinion that makes the game great. But this was a different case, because it wasn't harmless, as baseball arguments generally are. It wasn't just an argument over two players. It wasn't DiMaggio versus Williams or me versus Mays or even Mays versus Mantle.

Phillies. It was a 400-footer that gave us the lead in the game, but we lost, which took the thrill out of the whole thing. After the game, I had my picture taken with a high school kid who won 700 silver dollars for catching the ball. I got the ball back, and this time I did not send it to the Hall of Fame because it had never acknowledged receiving the balls from my five hundredth and six hundredth home runs.

The Hall of Fame thing might seem trivial, but there was a larger pattern developing. Bowie Kuhn, the commissioner, had not been in Cincinnati when I got my three thousandth hit in 1972, and he didn't even send a telegram when I hit my seven hundredth home run. I spoke out about it, because I believed he would have shown more interest in the record if a white player had been involved and I also believed it was my duty to call attention to discrimination in baseball. The commissioner's response was that he had been waiting to congratulate me personally at the All-Star Game, which was a few days away. He also said he would be in the stands ready to jump out on the field when I hit my 714th and 715th home runs. I still wasn't satisfied, and Kuhn made a trip to St. Louis to talk to me about the situation. He said that it was his policy not to send telegrams for personal feats because there were so many of them that he might overlook somebody. I didn't think he had to worry about missing somebody who hit 700 home runs, though, since the only other person to do it had been dead for twenty-five years. Our little tiff got a lot of attention in the papers, which naturally prompted another round of letters.

Dear Nigar Aaron,

It's too bad that the commissioner of baseball didn't send you a telegram or come over and kiss you for hitting the 700 home run big deal why you dirty nigar you should thank God that the white man let you play period. The white people don't owe you filthy nigars nothing.

Dear Mr. Aaron,

How could a person be a star and great for so many years then become just another nigger?

Dear Hank,

When I was a doctor in Montgomery I used to attend Braves games in Atlanta and was a fan of yours. But after hearing you lately, I think you should give thanks to your God for the gifts he gave you and be thankful for every home run and be less critical of the things that you think should come your way and do not. Examine yourself and ask yourself the question if you just might be partly to blame for the situation you are in. Unless you have a change of heart I would not drive across the street to see you play or even to see you hit that 714th home run.

Hank Aaron,

With all that fortune,
and all that fame,
You're a stinkin nigger
Just the same.

Dear Hank,

On the day you hit your 700th home run, my sister in Dayton, Ohio, had a baby boy. Because of our great respect for you as a ballplayer and as a person we have chosen the name Aaron, in your honor.

I was affected in a lot of ways by reaching 700. There was something about getting there that made me feel I was almost at my destination, like I had been traveling the back roads for twenty years and suddenly I was on Ruth's street, turning onto his driveway. One of my teammates said he actually saw me smiling a little when I came around third base on number 700, which was something I probably hadn't done since the pennant-winning home run in 1957. I was excited about it, and I guess I had expected other people to be excited with me, which was why it was so disappointing not to receive a telegram from the commissioner. The whole situation took something out of me. I think I let up for a little while after that, and suddenly I stopped hitting home runs. It was ten days before I hit my 701st

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that it was important to get a black man into the position, I'd have to consider it.

Because I've been in the front office for such a long time, and because I haven't been timid about expressing my views in recent years, it has worked out to my satisfaction that whenever a racial issue comes up in baseball, the press turns to me as an unofficial spokesman. To his credit, Ted Turner has never tried to censor me. I appreciate that, because I feel very strongly about the need for baseball to employ more blacks in the front offices and also the need to speak up about it. There is no acceptable excuse for the fact that there have only been a handful of black managers and no general managers since Bill Lucas. As I write this, the integration of baseball's coaching staffs and front offices is probably further behind than was the state of player rosters when I broke into the game almost forty years ago. Progress seems to be a dirty word in baseball circles. It makes no sense whatsoever that black players are still systematically excluded from key executive positions four decades after they began dominating on the playing field. How long is this going to take?

I've heard all kinds of lame reasons why retired black players have a harder time finding work in baseball than retired white players. The reason you hear most often is that black players are often stars who are unwilling to take pay cuts to start out at the lower levels of an organization. First of all, that only emphasizes the point that black players are generally required to be better than white players to stay in the big leagues, the effect being that fewer of the fringe players are black. I don't believe that one discrimination is an excuse for another. Second, it's simply not true that black players are unwilling to start low and work cheap. I have too many friends with different stories.

I've sent letters and resumes to everybody I know in baseball. Some answer, some don't. One of my friends sent back a little two-line letter saying there was nothing available right now but he would keep my name on file. Two or three weeks later, he goes out and hires somebody.

The Dodgers gave me a shot at managing a low minor-league

club in Arizona. They gave me the shittiest club they had, but I believe you can make chicken salad out of chicken shit if you play baseball the right way. We kicked ass and took names, won the league with that team. I proved to myself that it could be done, but it didn't seem to mean a tinker's damn to the powers that be. I was also a minor-league hitting coach for a while until my director, Bill Schweppe, invited me to lunch to fire me. When he said they were not going to renew my contract, I just laid my credit cards on the table and said no thanks to lunch. Afterwards, Peter O'Malley, the club president, called me in and asked me why I reacted that way. They might have had another spot for me in the organization at some point, but I said that I wasn't going to sit around for ten or twelve years and keep watching less qualified people jump right over me. I said, "Peter, they're not going to kill me the way they did Jim Gilliam." Gilliam was one of the headiest baseball men there ever was, and they put him on first base and left him there for ten years while they brought in guys like Danny Ozark and Preston Gomez to coach third base and then Tommy Lasorda to be manager. Gilliam was still a first-base coach when he died. I told Peter I was getting to the point where I was about to kick somebody's ass, and if I did that, I would be out of baseball for good. So Peter said, "John, if you feel that way, maybe it's best that you do leave." But I still can't get it out of my system. My wife tells me to give it up, but I can't. My fantasy is to manage a major-league ball club before I die.—former Dodger John Roseboro

I played professional baseball for twenty years, and when I was done, I wrote to every club in the major leagues for ten straight years seeking some kind of employment. I was willing to do anything, because baseball is my life. I'd have gone to work for \$15,000, maybe less, just to be in baseball. Even today, I'd take a job in baseball for a lot less money than I'm making out of baseball, working for Amtrak. I understand that not everybody is going to be a manager, but do you mean to tell me that I played twenty years and I can't stand next to third base waving my arm around for somebody to score? You mean to tell me there aren't more than two black guys who can swing their arms around and tell runners when to run? It's just like quarterbacks

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Henry Aaron stood at the plate under the hot Florida sun, opening day of the 1953 season, and tried not to listen to the chorus of jeers from the stands. If this is what I get from the home team fans, he thought fleetingly, what can I expect around the rest of the league? Then he shut out everything but the immediate problem—the first pitch due from Corky Valentine, pitcher for the Columbia, South Carolina, team, later pitcher for the Cincinnati Reds.

Columbia, the 1952 Sally League champions, was favored to repeat, and Valentine figured to be its leading hurler. The young pitcher, as it turned out, was top man in the league, but at the moment he looked nothing like it as Henry ripped into his fast ball and banged it off the left field wall for a double, scoring teammate Horace Garner from first. Henry noted, with some satisfaction, that a few half-hearted cheers could be heard among the jeers that still echoed in the grandstand.

Valentine retired the Tars without further scoring in the opening inning, and, with Ray Crone, later a

Braves pitcher, on the mound for Jacksonville, the game settled down into a pitchers' battle. For six innings Crone held his 1-0 lead, then a single by Lew Davis and a homer by Jim Bolger in the seventh gave Columbia a one-run margin. Jacksonville came back with a run in the eighth to tie the score, but two more runs by Columbia in the top half of the ninth made the score 4-2.

Garner opened the Tars' ninth by striking out, and the fans groaned. Rising leisurely and calmly from the on-deck circle, Henry walked up to the plate. Hitless in two attempts after his opening-inning double, he had heard the jeers renewed with added vigor. His face was impassive as he dug into the batter's box, bat held slightly away from his body. In spring training manager Ben Geraghty had started to tamper with that stance, thinking that Henry held the bat too far out in front, but when he saw how the youngster's powerful wrists whipped the bat around, he wisely backed off. "I'd have to be crazy to tamper with that swing," he told one of his coaches.

Now Henry stood in the batter's box on opening day, and through the jeers of the crowd he heard his teammates on the bench exhort him to get a rally going.

"Get ahold of one, Hank boy!" he heard one call.

He liked that, being called "Hank." Somehow it made him feel accepted—accepted as just another ballplayer on the club, which was precisely the way he wanted it. Let the fans boo at him, he thought grimly. All I care about is what goes on here on the ball field.

The Columbia right-hander on the mound coiled into a windup, came around and spun a fast curve that was too wide, for ball one. Henry let the next pitch go by for a strike. The next serve was a fast ball over the inside corner; he swung and pulled it just fair inside third base, the ball rolled into the corner and he pulled into second base standing up for a double.

"Attaway, Hank!" came a cry from the Jacksonville bench.

He felt good. He felt proud. Hank—he couldn't recall anyone calling him by that name in Mobile, not regularly anyway, but he resolved that he was going to be known as Hank from then on.

He took his lead off second as third baseman Bill Porter came up to bat. Valentine stretched, looked back at second as Hank widened his lead, pitched to the plate, and Porter looped a single to right field. Holding up several moments to make sure the looping fly ball could not be caught, Hank had to put on extra speed to score. He came home in a dust-raising slide, beating the outfielder's throw by an eyelash.

That made the score 4-3, with Porter racing to second on the play at the plate. Fired up now, the Tars jumped on Valentine for successive singles, tying the score; then a double off relief pitcher John Bebbler drove home the winning run for a 5-4 Jacksonville victory.

In the clubhouse later the Tars' morale was high: there was loud laughter and the sounds of spirited horseplay above the clanging of locker doors and the

hiss of the showers. It augured well to beat the champions from Columbia and their best pitcher on opening day. Dressing in front of his locker, Hank was gratified to find that though there was general diffidence toward him from his teammates—and he understood and accepted it—a few did stop by and pat him on the back for his important role in the victory.

He was not entirely satisfied with his situation on the Tars, however. Opening day had found him at a strange position, second base, with Felix Mantilla, later to be a teammate on the Braves, the regular Tar shortstop.

Manager Geraghty had explained it to him. "Felix won't hit within fifty points of you," he predicted accurately, "but he plays a better shortstop. And what I need is a second baseman. Let's face it, Hank, you didn't win a spot on this club because of your glove. I think in a month I can have you playing second as well as you ever played shortstop."

Hank wasn't so sure, but he threw himself into the new position with energy. Geraghty gave him every opportunity to take extra fielding practice, and he used it to good purpose. He had to learn, all over again, the pivot at second base for the double play, how to play the area for left- and right-hand batters, taking the throw from the catcher on attempted steals, and a host of other details, the skills that added up to the difference between an adequate second baseman and an outstanding one.

When the month Geraghty figured on had passed,

Hank was an adequate second baseman, and it appeared quite likely that he would never be more than just that. Still, the infield of Joe Andrews at first base, Hank at second, Mantilla at shortstop, and Bill Porter and Harry Warner sharing third came to be considered just about the finest in the Sally League.

Adding weight to that status was Hank's hitting, which more than compensated for his merely adequate fielding. By the end of May in that 1953 season neither Geraghty, the fans, nor Hank's teammates cared too much about his fielding. He was tearing apart the league's pitchers with his bat, leading all hitters in every department, breaking up ball games with dramatic hits just the way he had done it with the Mobile Bears. And in the same way the fans all over the league were filling the ball parks to see this nineteen-year-old phenomenon hit.

Through it all Hank searched for a way to adjust as a human being. On the field his status as a ballplayer was secure: the jeers by now were far from non-existent, but they were fewer and growing even scarcer with each day. Off the field was another matter; he could not eat and sleep with his teammates, and the light banter of the locker room drifted around him and through him. He had expected nothing more and perhaps less. He became, in self-protection, laconic in speech; garrulous he never had been, now he retired into greater silence. He became a great sleeper. On the long bus rides he invariably fell promptly to sleep and

had to be awakened at his destination by a teammate. It became a joke with the Tars.

"Ol' Hank can fall asleep standing up," the players kidded.

"Most relaxed man I ever saw," another teammate laughed. "He even looks like he's asleep at the plate. Till the ball comes. Then wham!"

Hank let the humor stand. He was pleased with it in fact. It could have been worse. He was determined, as a pioneer Negro in the league—a deep South league at that—to avoid trouble, and if the innocent image he seemed to portray was that of a happy-go-lucky guy, it was fine with him. He'd keep it that way.

He could in fact embellish it, for he had a dry, dead-pan humor, and, using it sparingly, he rounded out the image he thought everyone around him liked the best. It worked fine in Jacksonville. Later, however, Hank would have cause to regret it.

As the season rolled into July the Sally League race narrowed down to three clubs: Jacksonville, Columbia and Columbus, Georgia. The rest of the league was far back, comprising Savannah, Macon and Augusta, all in Georgia, Charleston, South Carolina, and Montgomery, Alabama.

In mid-July Columbus came to Jacksonville for a three-game series, trailing the league-leading Tars by five games and the second place Columbians by four. They knew they had to win at least two of the three games to remain seriously in contention. Practically by himself, Hank demolished their chances for the season.

Ron Kump was his first victim. The Columbus pitcher was riding along in the series opener with a 3-1 lead. Then, weakening in the eighth inning, he walked a man, the next man singled and Hank belted a game-winning homer.

In the second game Hank began the scoring in the first inning when he tripled, then scored on a single. He wasted a single in the third inning, but a bases-loaded double in the sixth turned the score around from 4-2 Columbus to 5-4 Jacksonville. The determined visitors knocked out Tar pitcher Everett Lively in the seventh, however, regaining the lead, 7-5.

The bottom of the ninth came up that way, with Tom Keating on the mound for Columbus. He got the first man, but Mantilla singled, outfielder Jim Frey walked and up to the plate came Hank.

Joe Ossola, the Columbus catcher, trotted out to the pitcher's mound and there was a hurried conference. "Whattaya think?" he said to Keating. "Better keep 'em low and away on this guy. He gets ahold of one it's all over."

Keating nodded. "There's no book on him. I ain't found a pitch yet he can't hit. I asked around, too. Nobody has anything."

"Well, let's try all curves anyway, over the outside."

Keating nodded and turned away, rubbing up the ball, as Ossola ran back behind the plate.

With runners at first and second Keating went into a stretch and delivered the first pitch. The curve broke good over the outside corner and Hank took it for a

called strike. Keating continued the curves, missing twice, making Hank foul one off. Two balls and two strikes. Again Keating went to the outside with a curve—the pitch looked too far out and would have been a ball, but Hank swung, and with his powerful wrists pulled the outside pitch to left field, sent it rising up into the left field stands for a home run. Allowing himself a smile at the cheers from the stands, he trotted around the bases and crossed the plate with the winning run.

Chief Bender, former major league pitching great and now manager of the Columbus team, knew that his back was to the wall. He had to win the series finale to remain in contention. He started Doug Clark, his top pitcher, and readied a battery of relief pitchers in the bull pen, planning to use them all if necessary. Hank did make it necessary, continuing his hitting rampage.

Again he began the Tars' offensive, lining a double to left field in the first inning. Porter drove him home with a single and Jacksonville was on the way. In the third inning, with the score tied 1-1, Hank drove home two runs with a second straight double, knocking out Clark. Keating came in for Columbus, stopped the rally but was knocked out himself two innings later on a walk, two singles and Hank's third home run in three days. The score was now 7-3 Jacksonville, with their pitcher Crone breezing along.

Roland Hubbard was Hank's final victim. The relief pitcher, who had come in to replace Keating, did well enough until the eighth inning, but with two out he

walked Frey, giving Hank a last chance at bat. Hubbard's technique was to pitch him in tight, brushing him away from the plate. The second pitch made Hank duck and fall to the ground. He rose slowly, dusting dirt from his hands. Then he hit the next pitch on a line to left center field for a double, making the score 8-3. Out came Hubbard, but the game was beyond reach. The final score was 10-3, and, by beating Columbus three straight, the Tars had sent them eight games behind, a blow from which they never recovered. They finished in third place, twenty-six games behind.

Now there were only Jacksonville and Columbia in the race. The two teams battled heroically through August and into September, alternating leads, never more than three games separating them. Hitting consistently at about the .350 mark, Hank led the Tars' attack, and though he also led the league's second basemen in errors, manager Geraghty remarked that he certainly batted in many more runs than he might have allowed to score through his misplays.

In mid-September the Tars came out of a three-game sweep in Charleston one game behind Columbia and with a four-game set due next against the league-leaders—two double-headers in two days due to rained-out games earlier in the season. The series loomed a climactic one, with the pressure on the Tars; a split of the four games, with the season's end barely a week away, would benefit only the Columbians' one-game lead. The Tars, therefore, knew they had to win at least three games to regain the lead. A three-game win

by Columbia, on the other hand, would give them a three-game lead and practically assure them the league pennant.

On the bus trip from Charleston the keyed-up Jacksonville players chattered nervously, were perhaps overly boisterous. Hank, as usual, slept. "How can he sleep with those two double-headers coming up?" one of the Tars exclaimed. "Don't he know we blow the season if we lose them double-headers?"

Manager Geraghty overheard. "I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't even know we were in second place," he said. "Though I got a hunch he knows exactly where we stand. But what's he got to worry about? Hanks knows he's gonna get his share of hits in those double-headers, and probably more than his share. That's more than you can be sure of, so stop squawkin'."

As the bus pulled up at the Columbia ball park Geraghty mentally crossed his fingers on his assessment of Hank's value in the next two days. The youngster had come through consistently, even amazingly, all season long. Without him, Geraghty knew, the Tars would have been a flop. He knew too that the pressure on the youngster was tremendous, on and off the field, and that a let-down, particularly at the tail end of the season, was only to be expected. Geraghty hoped fervently that Hank would keep going strong through the two double-headers. If he slumped now, the Tars were finished.

He shook Hank awake as the other players began

fling out of the bus. "We're here, kid, this is it," he said.

Hanks eyes flickered open. He yawned, stretched, looked out the window. "Who they starting in the first game, you know, Skipper?" he said.

"Polivka."

"Good," Hank said. "The lefty. I hit him good last time."

"Let's hope you hit him good this time," Geraghty said, half to himself, as they left the bus and walked into the ball park.

Ken Polivka was a seventeen-game winner and one of the toughest left-handers in the league, but Hank hit him that day as though he were the Tars' batting practice pitcher. The entire Jacksonville offense got only eight hits off the Columbia pitcher, but Hank got four of them: two doubles, a single, and a game-winning homer in the eighth inning, the Tars winning 4-3.

In the second half of the double-header Ray Crone of the Tars faced Maurice Fisher of Columbia. Fisher, another top hurler with sixteen victories, nevertheless suffered a similar pounding from Hank's seemingly unstoppable bat. Another close ball game was won by the Tars as the young second baseman went three-for-four, driving in four runs in the 6-4 victory.

The double win gave Jacksonville the league lead by one game, but even more, the incredible hitting of Hank Aaron gave an already fired-up team a tremen-

dous lift. Chattering away in the locker room after the second game, the excited players could hardly wait for the next day's double-header, confident they could not be stopped.

The luckless Columbians felt the full weight of the Tars' attack the next day. Again led by Hank, who managed five hits in the two games despite being walked intentionally three times, Jacksonville battered Columbia 12-5 and 9-1. It was all over but the final statistics as far as the pennant was concerned. Jacksonville now had a three-game lead and had destroyed the morale of its only competitor. The final standings had Jacksonville on top by two and one-half games.

There is no World Series in the minor leagues, but within each league there is a four-team playoff for a championship. Jacksonville first would play fourth-place Savannah, Columbia would play third-place Columbus in best three-out-of-five series. Then the winners would meet in a championship playoff, best four games out of seven. As expected, Jacksonville and Columbia won their first playoffs and met for the championship.

This time the winner's role was reversed. Hank was his usual rampaging self at bat, but it was not enough. In a fiercely played series that went the limit of seven games, Columbia won the championship, four games to three.

Just about all the hitting championships possible were the personal property of Hank, however. He led

the league in batting average with .362, in runs batted in with 125, and led also in runs scored, total hits and doubles. In home runs and triples he was second. It came as a surprise to nobody when Hank was voted the Most Valuable Player in the South Atlantic League. He had broken the color line in the league with a resounding bang. By season's end what few jeers were heard were more than outweighed by the chorus of cheers that greeted his arrival at the plate.

It was a happy fall for Hank. After the playoffs, his mother and father came down to Jacksonville to see their young son married. Still several months shy of twenty, Hank that October married Barbara Lucas, a Jacksonville girl he met at a dance during the summer. After a simple ceremony and a short honeymoon the newlyweds returned to Mobile, where Hank's wife would remain while he went to play winter baseball with Caguas-Guayama in the Puerto Rican League. There, under manager Mickey Owen, former Brooklyn Dodger catcher, Hank rubbed elbows for the first time with major leaguers, many of whom played ball in the Caribbean to keep in shape and earn extra money. Hank not only held up well in competition with them, but wound up third in the league in batting with a .322 average. Among his teammates on Caguas-Guayama, which won the Puerto Rican League title, were major leaguers Jim Rivera of the White Sox and Ruben Gomez of the Giants, and such future major league talent

as Luis Arroyo, Charley Neal, Brooks Lawrence, Felix Mantilla and Vic Power.

The Caribbean baseball season ended late in February, practically in time to begin major league spring training. Primed and ready to go, his bat still hot from winter baseball, Hank waited eagerly for some word from the Braves.

do now, and the Braves sent all their players from the Class A level or below to Waycross. We slept in barracks, blacks and whites in the same long room. The camp was far enough from town that none of the local people paid much attention to us, but living together like that was a pretty bold thing for that day and age. The Reds had a similar place nearby in Douglas, Georgia, and they kept the black players' quarters separate from the whites'.

The camp had almost everything we needed, which wasn't much. Food and Ping-Pong were about it. On weekends, a bus would take us into town so we could do laundry or get a haircut or shoot pool. The first weekend I was there, I went in for a haircut, but somehow I managed to miss the bus back to camp. It was a long walk, and it was getting dark by the time I got to the camp. You had to climb a fence to get onto the grounds and there was a long road to the barracks, but it was much shorter to go through the woods. I found my way through, and when I came out, the guard spotted me. All he saw was a black kid sneaking up on the barracks, so, without further ado, he opened fire. Bullets were flying past my ears. I could see my career ending right there in the red clay of Waycross, Georgia—to say nothing of my life. Somehow, I managed to crawl into the barracks without being hit. The next day, John Mullen gave me a Bulova watch and told me not to miss the bus anymore.

Other than being eaten alive and shot at, Waycross was great. We had four fields, with batting practice and intrasquad games going on all the time. I got to bat almost as much as I wanted, and nobody seemed to care if I hit the ball 400 feet to right field.

There weren't any fences on most of the fields in Waycross, but they had dirt piles out there that served as fences. They were way out there, deep. I was getting ready to hit one day, and I noticed this little black kid hitting the ball over those dirt piles. The first time, I didn't pay too much attention, because he wasn't a very big kid. But then he hit one over the center-field dirt pile, and I thought, hey, nobody else here has been doing that: who is this guy? Somebody told me it was a kid who played shortstop for Eau Claire the year before.—Jim Frey

As it turned out, it was a good thing I left Kissimmee when I did, because it gave me time to learn a new position in Waycross. Felix Mantilla, a Puerto Rican who had played at Evansville the year before, was easily the best shortstop in the organization, so right off they moved me across the bag to second base. That way, Felix and I could play on the same team, which is exactly what happened—except that we didn't know it would be that way until they announced it. In those days, with so many minor-league teams, they made assignments the way they gave out tour-of-duty orders in the army. You had hundreds of guys in camp—guys with numbers on their backs like 195F—and nobody knew where they were headed. Finally, they'd put up a list with everybody's assignment and call it out. It would be like: Henry Aaron, Bus 5, you're going to Jacksonville. Felix Mantilla, Bus 5. Horace Garner, Bus 5. They told us to pack our things and be on the bus the next morning, because we had to get to Jacksonville to play the Red Sox. They also mentioned that Horace, Felix, and I would be breaking the color line in the Sally League.

The game against the Red Sox was called a "historic event" in the Jacksonville newspaper, the Florida Times-Union. Since Jackie Robinson had been locked out six years before, black players had participated in games there on four occasions, but never on Jacksonville's side. As we expected, there were some boos, and we heard "nigger" and "burrhead" and "eight-ball" and other friendly greetings, but the biggest problem that day was the Red Sox. They beat us, 14-1. I could take some satisfaction in the fact that our one was a home run I hit in the eighth inning—to right field, naturally—against Ike Delock.

Two days later, we played Tommy Holmes's Toledo team, and it pleased me to hit a 400-foot home run to center field. The fact was, we probably had more talent than Toledo, even though we were two classifications lower. With Horace in right field, Felix at shortstop, Joe Andrews at first base, Rance Pless at third base, Jim Frey in center, and Ray Crone and Larry Lassalle pitching, we had the best roster that Jacksonville had ever seen. Jacksonville hadn't been blessed with many good teams, and neither had our manager, Ben Ceraghty. Ben was a baseball man through

and through, and it meant a lot to him to get to manage a team like ours. He knew it was his big chance.

Before we started playing games, Ben sat down with Horace and Felix and me and said that he would love to have us on his team, but we ought to be aware of what we would be up against if we stayed there. It was nothing we didn't already know, but it was reassuring to hear that the manager was on our side. Ben wasn't much to look at—he was a small guy, with a long chin and hound-dog eyes—and he didn't speak the King's English. He was also nervous, he drank too much beer, and he didn't change his clothes as often as he should have. But in all the years I played baseball, I never had a manager who cared more for his players or knew more about the game.

There were a few open days before the season started, and we used the time to get acclimated to Jacksonville. Meanwhile, Jacksonville used the time to get acclimated to us. We went to stores and just milled around for a little while, maybe stood in the doorway for a few minutes so that people could see us and get used to us. We also found a place to live, a house near the ballpark owned by a black man named Manuel Rivera, who ran a tavern called Manuel's that was the local hangout.

A day or two after we moved in, I was lingering around the ballpark when I noticed a girl about my age going into the post office. Our clubhouse man, T. C. Marlin, knew everybody in that part of town—a black section known as Durkeeville—so I fetched him real fast and asked him who the girl was. He told me her name was Barbara Lucas, and she had just returned home from Florida A&M to attend classes at a local business college. I had him introduce me as one of the next great stars of baseball. I don't think she was impressed, but I asked her for a date anyway. She said I'd have to come home and meet her parents before she could think about going out with me. She lived in the projects across from the park, and whenever we were in town the rest of the summer you could usually find me on Barbara's front porch eating her mother's coconut cake. And if I was there, more than likely Felix was sitting right across from me, having a piece of Mrs. Lucas's lemon pie.

I don't know whether it was coincidence or not, but our first game was in Savannah, against the team that had the other two black players in the Sally League. It seemed to Felix and Horace and me that the whole South had its sights trained on us, and as we were getting on the bus to leave for Savannah, the mayor of Jacksonville came by to tell us that whatever we heard on that field, or whatever the fans tried to do to us, we had to suffer it quietly. It sounded a lot like the speech Branch Rickey gave Jackie Robinson the first time they met.

There were more than 5,500 people at the ballpark in Savannah—the biggest Opening Day crowd they'd ever had and the biggest in the Sally League that year. It would be that way all summer. Wherever we went, the fans poured out to the park. We set all kinds of attendance records that year, and opened up the Sally League to a whole new group of customers. There were so many black fans that they had to add room to the colored section in a lot of the ballparks. Columbia had a rickety old park, and one night the colored section got so full, and the people got to rocking it so hard, that it collapsed. It was like a party every night in the colored section. All we had to do was catch a fly ball, and everybody on the black side of the ballpark would whoop and holler like we'd won the World Series. Then the people in the white section would start yelling at the people in the colored section, and it would go back and forth—sometimes in a friendly way, but more often not. There was probably nowhere else in the South where so many white and black people could be found in the same place. Horace and Felix and I knew that we had to shut out everything else and play ball, but when we looked up at all those black and white faces screaming at us, we couldn't help but feel the weight of what we were doing.

Every park I went in, I was on pins and needles. I just felt it was my duty as league president to see what happened to those guys. Even though Savannah had black players, too, I traveled with Jacksonville because most of the focus was on Aaron. Aaron probably didn't know it, but all year long I followed Jacksonville and sat in the stands to sort of keep a lookout. You were never

sure what was going to happen. Those people had awfully strong feelings about what was going on. I knew, because they would call me all hours of the night to tell me. Before I took over as president of the league, I'd worked in Happy Chandler's commissioner's office in Cincinnati, and to the folks in the South that made me a Yankee. And since Chandler was the one who opened the door for Rickey and Jackie Robinson, I guess I was a damn Yankee. They'd call and tell me to get back up north and take my niggers with me. I was living in Columbia, and after word got out that we had blacks in the league, one of my friends quit speaking to me. A lot of the whites stopped coming to the ballpark. But Henry played so well that by the end of the year, they were coming back. My friend in Columbia even started talking to me again. Henry made Christians out of those people. —Dick Butler, former president of the Sally League

We won the opener when Felix drove in a run in the ninth inning, and we kept winning—seven in a row before we lost one. We beat Augusta one night, 28-6. The Jacksonville paper wrote that we might be one of the greatest Class A teams ever assembled. And nobody could doubt that Horace and Felix and I had a lot to do with it. I hit well right from the start, although one of my teammates, Joe Andrews, led the league for the first month or so. Horace had a lot of power and one of the best throwing arms from right field that I ever saw. Felix was a flashy shortstop—much better than I was at second base—and a .300 hitter. The Braves had counted on the fact that all three of us would fare well in the Sally League, or they wouldn't have put us in Jacksonville. We had to clear the way for other black players to play down there, just as Billy Bruton and Garner made it easier for me and Covington at Eau Claire. The Braves knew, and we knew, that we not only had to play well, but if we ever lost our cool or caused an incident, it might set the whole program back five or ten years. When the pitchers threw at us, we had to get up and swing at the next pitch. When somebody called us a nigger, we had to pretend as if we didn't hear it.

All of that was harder for Felix than it was for Horace and me. We were both accustomed to it, being from the South, but

Felix never heard that sort of thing growing up in Puerto Rico. It wasn't as easy for him to turn the other cheek. What made it worse was that it seemed like he got beamed almost every night. When it happened, Felix would shout back at the pitcher, mostly in Spanish, and Horace and I would tell him to shut up. The papers wrote that he was a crazy Puerto Rican, carrying on like that. Finally, when he was hit one night in Macon, Felix put down his bat and went after the pitcher. Horace was in the on-deck circle, and he sprinted out there and grabbed Felix before he could get to the mound, put a bear hug on him, got right up to his ear, and said: "You dumb son of a bitch! I know you don't speak much English, but hear what I'm telling you. You're gonna get us all killed!" Meanwhile, the people from the white section along first base were coming over the railing and people from the colored section were headed over to the white section. It was real close to being a race riot. They called the police, and after order was restored, the policemen ringed the field and stood there with their hands on their guns.

The next night we were in Augusta, and after a couple of innings the fans in the right-field stands started throwing rocks at Horace. Horace always said he didn't mind the rednecks throwing rocks at him, but when they started hitting him, that was different. He called time and told the umpire, and the umpire made the mistake of grabbing the public address microphone and asking people to stop throwing things at the right fielder. That was all the fans wanted to hear. When he came up to bat, they were all over him, shouting things like, "Nigger, we're gonna kill you next time. Ain't no nigger gonna squawk on no white folks down here." Ben had to move Horace from right field to left, where the fans couldn't get to him. But we got our revenge that night. I was five-for-five, and between us, Horace, Felix, and I were on base thirteen times in fourteen times at bat.

That was the only kind of recourse we had. And laughing. After the games, we'd get back to our rooms and say, "Horace, what did you hear tonight?" We'd exchange our stories and just laugh all night at how stupid people could be. We'd laugh ourselves to sleep thinking about those people. They'd sit in the

stands with mops on their heads. They'd throw black cats onto the field. You'd hear things like, "The big nigger [that was Horace], he's got to mow the owner's lawn on Saturday. Aaron's got to feed his hogs. And that other one, I don't know who he is, but he's a nigger to me." Of course, whenever somebody said something like that, it bounced off the walls and echoed through the whole ballpark. It was strange how it worked. Everything would be normal, then it would get real quiet for a second, and out of the hush you'd hear something like, "Hey, nigger, why you running? There's no watermelon out there." Horace hurt himself running into a fence one night in Macon, and as they were carrying him off the field, somebody shouted, "Put that nigger down. He can walk!" Joe Andrews, a white first baseman, was our buddy, and they even yelled at him. They'd say, "Hey, Andrews, every time you come to town you get blacker. You sleeping with Aaron's sister?"

My favorite incident was the time Horace caught a foul pop fly running into the crowd. We drew so well that they often filled the stands and put the overflow around the edge of the playing field. Well, one time there was a fly ball right down the line in right field and Horace and I went after it. Horace caught it on the run, and when he did, it carried him right into the crowd. He was about to run over this little kid, so to keep from knocking him down, he just picked the kid up and kept going for a few steps. And before he could put the kid down, this lady started shrieking: "My God! That nigger's running away with my baby!"

Not all of the incidents were quite so funny, though. We had death threats in Montgomery. People would send us letters saying things like they were going to sit in the right-field stands with a rifle and shoot us during the game on a certain night. Felix got one in Jacksonville that said, "Nigger, if you play tonight, they're going to carry you away in a casket." He showed it to the lady who owned our house, and she got hysterical. She called the police, and the police called the FBI, and within about ten minutes there were two FBI guys at the door trying to talk to Felix, who could barely speak English. They told Felix he should go ahead and play, and they would be sitting in the stands. Nothing happened.

I don't recall ever feeling that our lives were in imminent danger, but we took nothing for granted. When we were leaving the ballpark after a game, Joe Andrews would carry a bat with him and tell us to stick close. Ben Geraghty fathered us and kept us calm, but Joe was our protector. We couldn't talk back to the fans calling us names, but Joe could, and he damn sure did.

I believe I was arrested three times that year for arguing with people on Henry's behalf. We'd walk on the field and they would start up the chants: "Nigger! Nigger!" Places like Macon, they'd come into the ballpark with coolers of beer and they'd be half drunk by batting practice. I'd say, "These sick rebel suckers," and every now and then I'd just wander over to the screen to see what I could do for 'em. It was amazing the way Henry and Horace and Felix could take it. I'd be standing next to Henry in the infield and some yahoo would call him a nigger or something and I'd turn to Henry and say, "Did you hear that?" He'd look back at me and say, "What do you think, I'm deaf?"

It wasn't just the fans, either. We had a few Southern boys on our ball club, and they'd say things. Henry came up with a couple of men on base once when we were down by a run, and he popped up to end the game. Afterwards, somebody on our team said, "Well, when pull comes to tug, a nigger's gonna croak every time." I just started screaming. We didn't need to be worrying about our guys, because we had enough problems with the rednecks on the other side.

And believe me, there were some mean pitchers in that league. In Macon they had an old ballpark so big you could land a 727, and there was a tin fence that circled the park, but it was too deep for a home run fence, so they had a snow fence inside it. The first time up, Henry hits one over that snow fence for a home run. The next time around, I doubled and then Henry came up. Their pitcher was some old-timer from the Pacific Coast League or somewhere like that, and when Henry was up there the second time, the pitcher said, "I got four for your head, nigger." He threw the first one behind him. Henry just moved his head a little. Then the pitcher said, "I got three more here." I was standing on second base, so I just yelled out, "Hey, why don't you throw one at me?" I would have loved to take that guy on. But Henry didn't need me. The next pitch was right at his

head, and Henry just stepped back a little and tomahawked that thing right over my head. About two seconds later you could hear the ball banging against that old tin fence way out there. When we got to the dugout, Henry said, "Why was that boy mad at me?" I pointed out to the pitcher, who was stomping around the mound, and I said, "If you think he was mad before, take a look at him now."

Henry was just so innocent, and such a nice kid. One time the pitcher was throwing at him and the other team was getting on him pretty bad and the fans were giving it to him, too, and I could tell it was bothering him. I said, "What's wrong, Henry?" He just shook his head and said, "I don't want to hurt nobody. I just want to play baseball."

The poor kid was only nineteen years old. He was so naïve he didn't even know how to put on his uniform. Hell, he'd never had anything like sanitary hose before. And he didn't care anything about signs, or that kind of stuff. One time in Columbia he came up late in the game with us losing 1-0 and no outs and a couple of men on base. Ben gives him the bunt sign, and I see Aaron back out of the box and shake his head. Ben flashes bunt again, and Aaron backs out and walks halfway down to third base to meet him. They talk about something, and then Aaron gets back in the box and hits a rocket to right center to score both runs and we win the game. Well, the next day I get to the park and Ben calls me over and says, "You know what that son of a bitch told me? He said, 'I know this pitcher and I know what he's gonna throw me. Anybody else, I'd bunt, but I know this pitcher and I know I can hit him.' Well, okay. But then last night I'm sitting in the lobby of the hotel and he's down there standing on the street corner waiting for some girl to show up. But the girl he's waiting for is from Columbus! We're in Columbia, and he's waiting for some girl from Columbus to show up! Hell, how could he have known that pitcher? He didn't even know what town we were in!" —Joe Andrews

Horace and Felix and I never stayed with the rest of our teammates when we were on the road—never even ate with them. The team would stop at a restaurant, and the three of us would sit on the bus while Ben or Joe or some guy who rode the

bench brought hamburgers out to us. We used to joke that the cows turned and ran when they saw us coming, we ate so many hamburgers! Once, we stopped at a little store and the white players got out to buy cold drinks. We stayed in the bus, but Felix wanted to get a drink out of the water fountain. There were two fountains, white and colored, and Felix took a drink out of the colored fountain. But it was hot water, and he spit it out. Then he moved over and took a drink from the white fountain. The problem was that the store owner saw him do it, and, being a good law-abiding Southerner, he called the sheriff. The sheriff was there before the team was back on the bus, and he said he was going to put Felix in jail. Ben talked to the sheriff for a long time before he finally convinced him to let Felix come with us.

Whenever we got to the town where we were going, the bus driver would take the white players to their hotel and Horace and Felix and I would just sit in the bus as the rest of our teammates filed out. It got real quiet when the white players had to leave us sitting there. I'm sure that if it had been up to them, we'd have stayed in the same hotel that they did. But Jim Crow made the rules, and we had to abide by them. Bear in mind, this was a year before the civil rights movement got rolling with the Brown vs. Board of Education decision. So after the white players got off the bus, we'd ride on to some private home on the other side of the tracks. Black people were happy to put us up, because we were big news down there. We were the closest they would ever get to Jackie Robinson.

The only place where we stayed in a hotel was Montgomery. Otherwise, Montgomery was the worst town in the league for black players. I could tolerate it only because my parents drove up from Mobile to see me play. When we weren't playing there, my father would go up about once a week anyway to read about the Sally League in the Montgomery newspaper. But even with Mama and Daddy nearby, I couldn't enjoy Montgomery. They had segregation down to an art in that town—the art of keeping the niggers down. It would be 100 degrees and black people would be standing on the sidewalks watching half-filled buses go by because there wasn't any more room in the colored section.

When I heard two years later that Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat to a white man, I understood perfectly.

The black hotel was called the Ben Moore, and as you might imagine, it was not in the high-rent district. It was located over a juke joint, and the noise kept us up most of the night. There was no air conditioning, the place smelled from the fish they were always frying downstairs, and if you opened a window the bugs would invite themselves in for a little picnic. The interior decorating consisted of a potted plant in the lobby. But after sleeping on the bus in the Negro League, the Ben Moore was like the Waldorf-Astoria to me. It was also a clubhouse to the black players, because the Jim Crow laws prevented us from putting on our uniform at the ballpark with the white players. Finally, near the end of the season, we said to heck with it and dressed at the park. As far as I know, the white players all went on to have normal, healthy lives after that.

Wherever we stayed, Ben Geraghty would always make it a point to come over and see us. He had nothing special to say—he'd just drink a few beers and talk baseball—but it meant a lot to us that the manager would go out of his way to make us feel like part of the team. One day in Columbus, the team was invited out to Fort Benning. When it came time to eat, suddenly Horace, Felix, and I were shuttled off to the kitchen. As soon as we sat down, here came Ben to join us. I've known white players and managers who will try to put on a good face around black players despite their real feelings, but there wasn't a phony bone in Ben's body. He was just a baseball man, and to him, we were just baseball players. Besides that, he liked us. He liked me and Felix because he knew we were headed for the big leagues, and he liked Horace because, in addition to being the best right fielder in the league, Horace was a good man who knew where to buy beer on Sunday. Horace always managed to find Ben a case of Schlitz for the long Sunday bus rides.

I guess it's not surprising that Ben drank a lot of beer, considering what he had been through. A few years before, he had been manager at Spokane when the team bus rolled down a hill and some players were killed. Ben climbed up the hill to get help.

The crash wasn't his fault, but he took it very hard. People who knew him then said that he wasn't the same after the crash—he was nervous and drank more—but as far as I'm concerned, he still would have made a great big-league manager. Ben was in the Braves' system for a long time, and he was interviewed at least once for the manager's job, but with his wrinkled clothes and plain way of talking, he didn't make much of an impression. I always thought that, in his way, Ben was discriminated against every bit as much as Felix and I ever were. He died in 1963. It's one of my biggest regrets that he never got a chance to manage in the big leagues.

As kind as he was with his players, Ben never forgot that he was the manager, and he knew how to chew a guy out if he made a mental mistake. He jumped all over Felix and me one night when we let a pop fly fall between us. And he was always on me for missing signs. Once, he wanted to try a squeeze play, but to disguise it he clapped his hands and told me to hit the ball out of the park. So I believed him and hit the ball out of the park. But the worst was the time I got picked off second base three times in one game. The first time up, I singled and stole second, and the second baseman tagged me out with the hidden-ball trick. The next time, I stole second again, and he used some other hidden-ball trick and tagged me out again. Ben let it go the first time, but the second time he was pretty hot. When it happened the third time, he let me have it. Of course, I deserved it. But Ben did something I appreciated—something I've always admired in a manager. Instead of screaming at me in front of the whole team—Lord knows, I was embarrassed enough already—he waited until he could get me alone after the game. Then he told me how stupid I had been, and I couldn't disagree with him. I was a better baserunner from that day on.

The only person Ben couldn't handle was Joe Andrews. Joe was a big guy who might do anything, and Ben was probably scared of him. One night, when Joe had been drinking, we stopped the bus at a gas station and Joe put a coin into the vending machine to try to get a drink. The bottle wouldn't come out, and Joe started hitting and rocking that machine like he was

going to knock it over. Ben didn't want to go out there, so he sent Horace out. Horace was the one guy who could hold his own with Joe—they were great friends. Horace just put his own money into the machine, and when the bottle came out, he handed it to Joe.

Joe would stay out drinking all night on Saturdays, and it got to the point where Ben wouldn't play him on Sundays. So whenever Joe would get in on Sunday morning, he would go right to Ben's room and pound on the door and yell, "You son of a bitch! You'd better play me today!" If any of the rest of us missed curfew, we would be fined, but Ben knew it was useless to try to fine Joe. He said once that if he fined Joe every time he missed curfew, they'd have to hold back his salary and Joe would still owe the team money at the end of the year. Ben arranged for Jim Frey to room with Joe to try to keep him out of jail. He stayed out of jail all year, but he didn't stay out of trouble. One night about fifteen of the white players were eating at a café in Columbus, and when they were finished, they went back to the motel and sat around the pool. All except Joe. After a while a car pulled up and a guy got out and said, "Where's that guy with that big letter jacket with the Indian head on it? He walked out on a seven-dollar check." Everybody knew who he was talking about—Joe had been a great athlete in high school in Massachusetts, and he always wore that letter jacket.

Joe's drinking probably kept him out of the big leagues, because he was a natural hitter. I was only with him in 1953, but I understand that his drinking got worse before it got better. He used to arm-wrestle in bars, and that would lead to bets, and the bets would lead to fights. Joe was liable to do anything when he was drunk. He went to a black club with Barbara and Horace and one night in Jacksonville, and after a while he started making passes at Barbara. I said something to him, and then Horace grabbed him and said, "Look, I got you in here and I'll get you out of here. But after that, you're on your own." When Horace and Joe were together in the Sally League the next year, Joe had some problems at a bar in Columbia. He thought the owner had taken some of his money, so he went back to the hotel, got his

switchblade, and said he was going to return with his money or the guy's heart in his hand. There was another squabble over money when Joe and Horace were playing together in South America, only that time a guy came looking for Joe with a hunting knife. Joe's drinking and fighting got so bad that he ended up in jail years later.

I finally hit bottom, and when I did, I'll tell you what brought me out of it. It was thinking about Henry. By this time, Henry was a superstar, going after Babe Ruth's record and everything, and it made me think of all that he went through in Jacksonville. I thought, if he can make it through all of that and do what he has done with his life, I sure as hell can do something with my life. That's when I joined Alcoholics Anonymous, and I haven't had a drink since.

I've only seen Henry a few times since we played together, but he always amazes me. A couple years after he broke the record, he was in Boston, and I went to see him with a Mafia guy who wanted to have a ball signed. We weren't there two minutes when Henry pulls me aside and says, "Who is that guy?" I said, "You mean you could tell?" He said, "The guy reeks. You're not involved with him, are you?" I still don't know how the hell he could tell so fast. He just knew. He has that instinct about people.

He had me figured out that first year. At the beginning of the season I was batting over .400 and leading the league, and Henry was hanging back in the low or mid-.300s. Then I started to drop and he closed the gap, and for a while we had a batting race going. I thought I had a real chance to win it, but Henry came up to me one day and kind of shook his head and said, "You'll never last. You drink too much beer. Your hands are getting slow." And he was so right. That's what I mean about Henry's instincts. I've never met anybody like him.—Joe Andrews

By the All-Star break, I was leading the league in various things. Five players from each team were selected to play in the All-Star Game, and I was one of them. But neither Felix nor

Horace made the team, which I thought was strange. In fact, there were a lot of curious things about the All-Star Game. The game was in Savannah, and there were rumors that the governor of Georgia, Herman Talmadge, was going to ban me from playing in it. On one hand, it didn't make sense that he would keep me out of the All-Star Game when blacks had been playing in Savannah all year. On the other hand, he was Herman Talmadge, the man who conducted a nationwide campaign to prohibit blacks and whites from being on the same television show. Also, since the All-Star Game was the big fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Sally League, it could have been that they wished to uphold a league tradition that had been in place for the first forty-nine years. Another possible reason for keeping me out of the game was that all the players were invited to a reception at a private club where blacks were not permitted. Despite all of that, though, I was still intending to play in the game until the day before, when I got in a rundown between third and home in a game against Savannah and was spiked on the toe by a 240-pound catcher. I don't believe it was intentional, but I was never quite certain.

When I got hurt, another player from Jacksonville had to be named to take my place. Felix was the obvious guy, since he and I were both infielders and he was having a great season, but, instead, they picked another infielder named Billy Porter, who wasn't near the player that Felix was. So there were no black players in the All-Star Game. I didn't attend, but I've always regretted that I didn't. I should have at least gone to be introduced—just to force the issue and see what would happen. As it turned out, Talmadge didn't know that I wasn't going to play, and after he had lunch and took his seat, he got up and excused himself about fifteen minutes before the start of the game, saying he had a previous engagement. He had been getting a lot of flak from voters about the black players—it was technically against the law in Georgia for us to be on the same field as whites—and this way, he could say that he had never seen a black man play in a ballgame in his state.

By the All-Star break, we had just about eliminated every

was a Cincinnati franchise and a veteran team with the best pitching in the league. There was a veteran named Barney Martin, who was up briefly with the Reds that year, another named Maury Fisher, who made it up in 1955 for a few days, and Corky Valentine. I'll never forget Corky Valentine. There were some ornery pitchers in that league, but nobody as nasty as Harold Lewis Valentine. He was even nasty when he wasn't pitching. The day before he was scheduled to pitch, he'd sit on the dugout steps and say, "Have fun tonight, boys, because tomorrow I'm gonna stick it in your ear." He meant it, too. I'm not saying he was a racist; I think Corky Valentine just hated everybody. He put Joe Andrews in the hospital when he hit him in the shin. Joe couldn't walk, but he was crawling out to the mound to try to get at Valentine. I was lucky, I guess—or quick—because he never hit me, although I'm sure he tried. But I hit him. I hit him good. Valentine made it up to the big leagues the next year, when I did, and I hit the tenth home run of my career off him. I didn't spare the rod on Corky Valentine. The scary thing, though, is that he eventually became a policeman somewhere in Georgia. That's enough to make you drive fifty-five.

Even though I hit him pretty well, Valentine was always tough on us. Columbia was tough on us. But we never minded playing there—at least, Horace and Felix and I didn't. Horace had a lady friend there who was a mortician, and she always managed to find a couple of nice young girls for me and Felix. My favorite town to visit, though—at least, for a while—was Columbus. I met a girl there who lived across the Alabama border in Phenix City, and we had a pretty good thing going until it occurred to me that it would be prudent to call it off. Phenix City was wide open, with drinking and gambling in the streets, and I walked through all of that to get to this girl's house. It wasn't so bad until I was walking home one night and a bunch of white guys started calling me names and chasing me. They chased me all the way across the Chattahoochee River into Georgia. That was the last time I saw that girl. Later on, she came looking for me in Jacksonville, but by then I'd made up my mind to marry Barbara.

None of that affected the way I felt about the game.

because I never let anything take my mind off my job as a ball player. I led the Sally League in hitting for most of the second half of the season. I only had one short slump the whole year, but came out of it fine. When Joe Andrews asked me what I did to break my slump, I told him I called Stan Musial. I was liable to tell Joe anything, but I guess he believed me, because it started going around that I was friends with Musial. I'd never spoken to a major leaguer in my life, much less Stan Musial. But if somebody had told me that four years later I would beat out Musial for Most Valuable Player in the National League, I wouldn't have thought they were crazy. Even then, I figured I ought to lead any league I played in. I might have been a shy and quiet kid, but I was a confident shy and quiet kid.

I was sitting behind Henry and Horace on the bus one night, and they were talking about hitting. At that time, Henry could turn around any fastball in the world, but he had trouble with slow stuff. Garner was trying to talk to him about off-speed pitches, and he was telling him what Jackie Robinson had said to him about hitting slow stuff. Jackie Robinson was the idol of most of the black players back then, and what he said was gospel. But that didn't matter to Henry. He cut Horace off before he could finish and said, "I don't care what Jackie Robinson says. I'm Henry Aaron, and I'll do it my way."—Jim Frey

If I ever doubted myself that year, all I had to do to get my confidence back was count my watches or the bonus money in my billfold. Our owner, Sam Wolfson, gave out prizes to players who had big games. You'd check your locker after a road trip, and there was liable to be an envelope stuffed with five- and ten- and maybe twenty-dollar bills. I used that money to buy my parents the first television on our side of Toulminville. People came knocking on our door from all over the neighborhood to watch that TV. There was also a jeweler in Jacksonville who gave out watches if you hit the first home run of a game or a series, and I was giving away watches to all my friends. Other stores gave us slacks and sport jackets. I came up in the world that summer—

newspaper. *The State*, which wrote: "You will have a difficult time convincing Henry Aaron, a solid medium-size hunk of merchandise, that America is anything other than the land of opportunity. The communists will be unhappy to hear that this 19-year-old colored boy from Mobile, Alabama, is getting along nicely—and with a bright future ahead."

I didn't know anything about communists and I was still a foreigner in the land of opportunity, but by the end of the summer I was pretty sure I had a future in baseball. I was also pretty sure it wouldn't be as a second baseman. If I was a bad shortstop in Eau Claire, I was a worse second baseman in Jacksonville. Somehow, I managed to make thirty-six errors, which nearly gave me a clean sweep of all the individual titles in the Sally League. The only one I missed was home runs. I hit twenty-two, but Savannah had a guy named Tommy Giordano who hit twenty-four, a lot of them over the 270-foot left-field fence on the football field where they played. I think Giordano's eyes went bad later, and that kept him out of the big leagues, although he is an executive now with the Cleveland Indians.

My batting average at the end of the year was .362, which was about twenty points ahead of Everett Joyner of Columbus. I had 125 RBIs, and nobody else in the league had more than 100. But I was a butcher at second base. Especially on double plays. I threw the ball as hard as I could, underhanded, and the shortstop couldn't see it until it was about to hit him in the nose. Felix used to say a guy could get killed trying to turn double plays with me. We all knew that my best position was some other position.

One guy who didn't seem to be worried about my problems at second base, though, was Ben Geraghty. I guess Ben could sense that I was the type of kid who needed to be encouraged, because he was always telling me that I was going to make it big. He told some writers that I'd make people forget Jackie Robinson. I knew that was nonsense, but Ben's faith meant a lot to me. He wasn't saying anything that he didn't believe, either, because he bragged on me to the Braves, too.

One day Lou Perini [the Braves' owner] called me into his office and said, "We keep hearing about this Aaron kid down in Jack-

sonville. When is he going to be ready for Milwaukee?" I said that as a hitter, he might be ready next year. But as a second baseman, it might take a couple more. So we sent Billy Southworth down there to grade his arm and see if maybe he could play the outfield. Aaron was still at second base, but it so happened that in the next game, there was a little bloop into short right field, and Henry had to chase it down and turn and gun the ball to home plate. He threw a strike—overhand—and got his man easily. Southworth came back and reported that Aaron had one of the best arms he'd ever seen."—John Mullen

I did have a strong arm, but it was a long way from being the best on our ball club. I've never seen anybody throw like Horace Garner—unless it was Roberto Clemente. Horace would put on throwing exhibitions around the Sally League. The fans would come early to watch him stand at home plate and heave balls over the center-field fence. Horace might have been a little uncertain in the outfield, but he could run and throw and hit with anybody. His problem was that he was a little old. He was twenty-seven the year we were together in Jacksonville, and I guess the Braves figured he was past the stage of being a prospect. But Horace had a lot of good baseball left. He stayed in the Braves' minor-league system for eight years, and in those years the teams he was on won seven pennants. He won batting titles, home run titles, everything. But he never got a shot at the big leagues. One year, the Braves told him they might call him up at the end of the year, but just before he was supposed to go up, he hurt his knee. He still played after that, but his chance was gone. When I think about it now, it doesn't seem right that I have all these awards and records and I'm in the Hall of Fame, and Horace is driving a school bus in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where only a few people even know that he was a ballplayer.

When I played with Horace in the Three-I League, they had a contest one day for throwing and running. We kept telling Horace to get into it, but he'd just had a tooth pulled and he had a sore arm. He wouldn't do it. Rocky Colavito was in the league, and he threw one that short-hopped the center-field fence in

Cedar Rapids, about 405 feet. We knew Horace could beat that, but he still wouldn't do it. Then we told him they were giving away a barbeque grill for first prize, and all of a sudden Horace was real interested. He grabbed the ball and threw it out of the ballpark. Then they had the sprints, and there was some guy in the league who had been a track man at Duke. When they ran the 100-yard dash, this guy got up to the line and dug in like he was in the Olympics or something, and Horace walked up there with his hat on backwards and his sweatshirt in his back pocket and beat the guy by ten yards.—Joe Andrews

Horace and Felix and I and several others on our team put up big numbers that year, but somehow Columbia stayed right on our heels all season. The rest of the league was at least twenty-five games behind, but we couldn't seem to shake Corky Valentine and company. Finally, we clinched the pennant in Savannah. The night we did, Horace and Felix and I drove in a bunch of runs, and when we came out of the clubhouse, there was a white man standing there waiting for us. We could tell he wanted to talk to us, but he didn't quite know what to say. He was kind of shuffling around, trying to find the right words. Finally, he blurted it out. He said, "I just wanted to let you niggers know you played a helluva game."

The team arranged a celebration party that night at a restaurant in Savannah. The only problem was that Felix and Horace and I weren't allowed in the restaurant. We had to stay in the kitchen while the rest of the team partied out in front. After a while, Spec Richardson, our general manager, gave us fifty dollars and told us to have our own party. We took fifteen dollars apiece for ourselves and bought some beer with the other five. When we got back to Jacksonville, there was another party for the team at a country club. Somehow, Mr. Wolfson arranged to get us in, even though black people were never included at affairs like that in the South. It was such a significant occasion that a writer from a black magazine came out to cover it, but he was stopped at the door.

The Braves also honored the players with a special night during the last homestand of the season. Since I led the league in



MAWALDMAN @ aol.com
02/04/99 11:38:47 PM

Record Type: Record

To: Joshua S. Gottheimer/WHO/EOP

cc:

Subject: Re: aaron remarks

On Amazon, I found that Hank Aaron wrote a book : "I HAD A HAMMER!"
How can we get it?

According to the blurb on Amazon, Aaron received 900,000 pieces of mail in
oine year - much of it angry and racially charged

Other things I learned on the web -- One letter was written on toilet paper



Michael Waldman
02/05/99 10:14:59 AM

Record Type: Record

To: Joshua S. Gottheimer/WHO/EOP

cc:

Subject:

Govs. Barnes and Miller; Reps. Joseph Kennedy, John Lewis; Sec. Herman; Mayors Campbell, Dow; Amb. Young; Rev. Jackson; NAACP President Kweisi Mfume; Rev. William Guy; Bob Costas (MC); Comm. Bud Selig (Major League Baseball); Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ted Turner; Jane Fonda; Tom Johnson (CEO, CNN); Leonard Coleman; Gerald Levin; Dick Parsons; the Temptations; Jeffery Osborne; Dream Chasers; Ernie Banks; Sammy Sosa; Evander Holyfield; Ken Griffey, Sr; Reggie Jackson; Dave Winfield; Billye Aaron (Hank's wife)



Michael Waldman
02/05/99 10:57:38 AM

Record Type: Record

To: Joshua S. Gottheimer/WHO/EOP

cc:

Subject:

----- Forwarded by Michael Waldman/WHO/EOP on 02/05/99 10:58 AM -----



Michael Waldman
02/05/99 10:57:20 AM

Record Type: Record

To: Paul D. Glastris/WHO/EOP

cc:

Subject:

Draft 2/4/99 9pm

Josh Gottheimer/Michael Waldman

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

Acknowledgments:

from -)

The essayist Jacques Barzun once wrote, "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America, had better learn baseball."

I am here today because the heart ~~and mind~~ of America -- the competition and craftsmanship, the teamwork and the sheer individual heroism -- are gloriously *embodied* reflected in the career of Hank Aaron. For all the time that Hank was "chasing the dream," he was doing it not only for himself or his fans -- but for all of us in the south, and for all Americans.

It has been said *often* that baseball, more than any other sport, revels in its statistics. We all know ~~what they are~~.

the records, + who holds them.

Page

~~Every member~~

when he team traveled ~~every member~~

12-11-11

when

Young. Most home runs in a season -- Mark McGwire, and a man who's with us today, Sammy Sosa.

~~Then it gets somewhat repetitive. Most career home runs -- Hank Aaron. Most RBIs -- Hank Aaron. Most [x?] -- Hank Aaron. He holds more major league records than anyone in history, and you can look that up.~~

I will never forget that night when ~~he~~ broke what had seemed to be the most ~~unbreakable~~ ~~impenetrable~~ record of all. He had the presence of mind to do it on opening night, so we could all plan to watch. ~~[I had just had my first loss -- and it wouldn't be my last. Xxxxxx. ?.]~~

~~Yet~~
We wouldn't be here tonight if that was all. We honor him not only for the power of his swing but the power of his spirit. Not only for breaking records, but for breaking barriers.

~~we all remember Hank's days of glory, but~~
When Hank Aaron grew up outside Mobile, the doors of major league baseball were bolted shut to black Americans. Alabama

Jackie Robinson -- whose courage we honored at Shea Stadium two years ago -- ~~was the first to break through those doors. But it takes nothing away from Jackie Robinson's courage to note that when he was preparing for the majors, he was sent to Montreal. In his entire career, Jackie Robinson never played further south than Saint Louis.~~

~~And it's amazing to recall that for all the stereotypes he would shatter, game after game, he never once had to play further south than Saint Louis. For all the progress racism he confronted, Hank Aaron was the first African-American to play in the South Atlantic Minor League -- the Saly League -- in the heart of segregation. It's not very easy for today's young people to understand what that meant. Every other member of the Indianapolis team stayed in one motel. He stayed in another on the other side of town. At the stadiums, x. X.~~

When ~~he~~ ^{Hank} entered the majors, he played his first dozen years in Milwaukee. He wasn't a showman; he was methodical and quiet and strong. He led ~~them~~ to two pennants. And then, in 1966, in the nervous aftermath of the civil rights victories, the Braves moved to Atlanta. ~~Troubled~~

~~And he~~ ^{H.A.} chased his dream. As he closed in on Babe Ruth's career home run record, he began to face a new ~~wall~~ ^{obstacle} -- not of legal segregation this time, but much deeper, much darker, in the hearts of too many Americans.

The year he approached that record, he received 900,000 letters. Many of them angry. Many of them hateful. Death threats so serious that the FBI had to watch his home. Death threats so serious that every game had the threat of deadly violence.

^{bravery and}
In a feat of stunning concentration, ~~he~~ ^{H.A.} pressed on. He said, "I had a job to

do, and I stuck with the plan. I was not going to be distracted from my goal."

And according to Hank Aaron, of all the hate mail he recieved, barely any of it was from Atlanta.

We talk about the New South. We honor the struggles of integration and the visionary leadership of Mayor Ivan Allen and the businesspeople in the City too Busy to Hate. But very few moments changed our region and our nation as indelibly as the night that Hank Aaron broke that record and was cheered by nearly 54,000 Atlantans -- black and white -- all cheering in one voice.

Hank, ^{you've kept} ~~has been~~ 'chasing the dream' ^{ever} ~~in the years~~ since. As a baseball executive, philanthropist and founder of the Chasing the Dream Foundation, you've been a champion of opportunity ~~and~~ ^{and} aspirations, an advocate of fairness and a builder of dreams.

Hank Aaron, tonight we honor not only the records you have broken but the path you have blazed, the voice you have raised for equality and fairness, and the standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

Final 2/5/99 12:30pm
Josh Gottheimer/ Michael Waldman

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

Acknowledgments: Govs. Barnes and Miller; Reps. Joseph Kennedy, John Lewis; Sec. Herman; Mayors Campbell, Dow; Amb. Young; Rev. Jackson; NAACP President Kweisi Mfume; Rev. William Guy; Bob Costas (MC); Comm. Bud Selig (Major League Baseball); Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ted Turner; Jane Fonda; Tom Johnson (CEO, CNN); Leonard Coleman; Gerald Levin; Dick Parsons; the Temptations; Jeffery Osborne; Dream Chasers; Ernie Banks; Sammy Sosa; Billye Aaron (Hank's wife).

The essayist Jacques Barzun [*bahr-zuhn*] once wrote, "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America, had better learn baseball."

I am here today because the heart of America -- the competition and craftsmanship, the teamwork and the sheer individual heroism -- are gloriously embodied in the career of Hank Aaron. For all the time that Hank was "chasing the dream," he was doing it not only for himself or his fans -- but for all of us in the south, and for all Americans.

It has often been said that baseball, more than any other sport, ~~reveals~~ lives in statistics. We all know the records and who holds them. Most hits -- ~~Ty Cobb~~ [Pete Rose] Most wins -- Cy Young. Most home runs in a season -- Mark McGwire, and ~~a~~ man who's with us today, Sammy Sosa.

Most career home runs -- Hank Aaron. Most RBIs -- Hank Aaron. ~~Second most runs -- Hank Aaron. Hank Aaron holds more major league records than anyone in history.~~

but I will never forget that night when Hank Aaron broke what seemed the most unbreakable record of all. ~~He~~ *He* had the presence of mind to do it on opening night, so we could all plan to watch.

We wouldn't be here tonight if that was all Hank Aaron had achieved. We honor him not only for the power of his swing but the power of his spirit. Not only for breaking records, but for breaking barriers.

When Hank Aaron grew up outside Mobile, Alabama, the doors of major league baseball were bolted shut to black Americans.

Jackie Robinson -- whose courage we honored at Shea Stadium two years ago -- was the first to break through those doors. But it was some time before many others would follow.

Hank Aaron had barriers of his own to break as the first African-American to play in the South Atlantic Minor League -- the Saly League -- in the heart of segregation. It's not very easy for today's young people to understand what that meant. Down South, every member of the team stayed in one motel. Except Hank Aaron. He stayed in another on the other side of town. When the team stopped at a restaurant to eat dinner, everyone was served at the counter. Except Hank Aaron. He had to go to the back entrance of the restaurant.

When Hank Aaron entered the majors, he played his first dozen years in Milwaukee. He wasn't a showman; he was quiet, methodical and strong. He led the Milwaukee Braves to two pennants. And then, in 1966, in the troubled aftermath of the civil rights revolution, the Braves moved to Atlanta.

There, Hank Aaron chased his dream. As he closed in on Babe Ruth's career home run record, he began to face a new obstacle -- not of legal segregation this time, but something much deeper, much darker, in the hearts of too many Americans.

The year Hank Aaron approached that record, he received 900,000 letters. Many of them angry. Many of them hateful. Death threats so serious that the FBI had to watch his home. Death threats so serious that the pall of violence hung over every game.

In a feat of bravery and stunning concentration, Hank Aaron pressed on. He said, "I had a job to do, and I stuck with the plan. I was not going to be distracted from my goal."

And according to ~~Hank Aaron~~, of all the hate mail he received, barely any of it was from Atlanta.

We talk about the New South. We honor the struggles of integration and the visionary leadership of Mayor Ivan Allen and the businesspeople in the City too Busy to Hate. But very few moments changed our region and our nation as indelibly as the night that Hank Aaron broke that record and was cheered by nearly 54,000 Atlantans -- black and white -- all cheering in one voice.

Hank, you've kept "chasing the dream" ever since. As a baseball executive, philanthropist and founder of the Chasing the Dream Foundation, you've been a champion of opportunity and aspirations, an advocate of fairness and a builder of dreams.

Hank Aaron, tonight we honor not only the records you have broken but the path you have blazed, the voice you have raised for equality and fairness, and the example you continue to set for all of us out in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

4TH STORY of Level 2 printed in FULL format.

Copyright 1991 The Time Inc. Magazine Company
Sports Illustrated

March 11, 1991

SECTION: BOOKS; Pg. 65

LENGTH: 792 words

HEADLINE: The Real Hammer Raps about Racism;
In his autobiography, Hank Aaron recounts the glory, but also the frustrations,
of his brilliant career

BYLINE: by RON FIMRITE

BODY:

THE APPARENTLY JOYLESS CAREER OF Henry Aaron puts an athletic spin on the Shakespearean saw about being "star-crossed." One star or another was always getting in Hank's way. First, it was Willie Mays outshining him, at least in the public eye, during Aaron's best seasons, seasons as fine as anyone has ever had. Then, as he stood on the very brink of baseball immortality, here came the Babe himself, or at least his ghost, to steal his thunder. The only place Aaron could finish first, it seemed, was in the alphabetical listings of The Baseball Encyclopedia. If anyone has a right to sing the blues, it's the man they called the Hammer, and sing them he does, with a vengeance, in *I Had a Hammer* (Harper-Collins, \$21.95), an autobiography written with Cincinnati journalist Lonnie Wheeler. It is an unsettling read.

Aaron was a cross-handed-hitting teenage infielder from Mobile, Ala., when the Braves signed him out of the old Negro leagues in 1952. He was one of the last big leaguers to emerge from that suddenly disintegrating talent pool. After a season in the lower minors at Eau Claire, Wis., he was dispatched with a few other young blacks to integrate the South Atlantic "Sally" League in the Deep South. His reception from fans there ranged from merely insulting catcalls -- "Hey nigger, why you runnin'?" There's no watermelon out there" -- to crudely written death threats. Still, Aaron, as focused and coolly methodical a player as ever swung a bat, tore the league apart. The next year, 1954, at age 20, he was in the big time. Being with the Milwaukee Braves in the 1950s was as near to nirvana as he would ever be. The team was on its way to winning two National League pennants and a World Series, the fans were ecstatic and plentiful, and most of his teammates were great guys, particularly his slugging mate, Eddie Mathews. Aaron responded to all this salubrity by leading the league in batting twice and in home runs and RBIs four times.

But those good times were too good to last. The Braves slipped badly, both on the field and at the box office, and in 1966 they moved to -- where else? -- the Deep South. Atlanta considered itself to be a progressive city, far too busy expanding its horizons to be racially prejudiced, but Aaron found it otherwise. By this time, he, unlike Mays, had become outspoken on the subject of race, and he rubbed the tender sensibilities of this allegedly reformed community the wrong way.

Unheralded elsewhere and disliked at home, Aaron nevertheless kept hammering away, and when he finally passed Mays in the career home run derby -- leaving only Babe Ruth ahead of him -- he took the baseball world by surprise. What

1974-

Sports Illustrated March 11, 1991

was this stoic man doing in such charismatic company? It was bad enough that he had passed the popular Willie; now he was nearing the sacred Babe's unapproachable lifetime record of 714 home runs. In 1973, as the Hammer bore down on the Babe, the "Dear Nigger" letters, as he calls them, began pouring in -- "Dirty old nigger man. . . . Had Babe Ruth played and been at bat as many times as you, old nigger, he would have hit just short of 1,100 home runs. . . ." Aaron collected the most scurrilous of these disgusting missives to remind him in years ahead of his tremendous ordeal. Altogether, according to the U.S. Postal Service, he received 930,000 letters in '73, by far the most sent to a nonpolitician. Dinah Shore finished second, with 60,000. "It should have been the most enjoyable time in my life," he writes, "and instead it was hell."

Aaron missed tying the Babe that year by one homer. He could conceivably have gotten the record within the first three games of '74, all of which were to be played in Cincinnati. The Braves wanted to hold him out of those three games so he could pass Ruth at home, but commissioner Bowie Kuhn ordered Atlanta to play him at least twice to protect the game's integrity. What was to have been his crowning achievement was already sullied by controversy. And when killer tornadoes struck the countryside around Cincinnati on Opening Day, he was further upstaged by tragedy. He went ahead and hit number 714 anyway. And in the home opener, off the Dodgers' Al Downing, he hit the record breaker. "I felt a deep sense of gratitude," he writes, "and a wonderful surge of liberation all at the same time. I also felt a stream of tears running down my face." When President Nixon, awash in Watergate, tried to telephone his congratulations, he was accidentally disconnected. Commissioner Kuhn wasn't even in the ballpark.

At 57, Aaron tells us, he's still fighting for respect, both for himself and for all African-Americans. And yet it's significant, perhaps, that the most famous Hammer in America today is a rap singer.

GRAPHIC: Picture, Aaron's Milwaukee years approached nirvana. descColor
illustration: Hank Aaron., ROB DAY

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

ack a little and tomahawked that
out two seconds later you could
that old tin fence way out there.
nry said, "Why was that boy mad
tcher, who was stomping around
think he was mad before, take a

and such a nice kid. One time the
nd the other team was getting on
were giving it to him, too, and I
I said, "What's wrong, Henry?"
d, "I don't want to hurt nobody. I

een years old. He was so naive he
on his uniform. Hell, he'd never
e before. And he didn't care any-
of stuff. One time in Columbia he
us losing 1-0 and no outs and a
ives him the bunt sign, and I see
shake his head. Ben flashes bunt
and walks halfway down to third
about something, and then Aaron
a rocket to right center to score
ne. Well, the next day I get to the
and says, "You know what that son
know this pitcher and I know what
dy else, I'd bunt, but I know this
m.' Well, okay. But then last night
hotel and he's down there standing
or some girl to show up. But the
olumbus! We're in Columbia, and
n Columbus to show up! Hell, how
tcher? He didn't even know what
ews

ver stayed with the rest of our
the road—never even ate with
a restaurant, and the three of us
or Joe or some guy who rode the

bench brought hamburgers out to us. We used to joke that the
cows turned and ran when they saw us coming, we ate so many
hamburgers. Once, we stopped at a little store and the white
players got out to buy cold drinks. We stayed in the bus, but Felix
wanted to get a drink out of the water fountain. There were two
fountains, white and colored, and Felix took a drink out of the
colored fountain. But it was hot water, and he spit it out. Then
he moved over and took a drink from the white fountain. The
problem was that the store owner saw him do it, and, being a
good law-abiding Southerner, he called the sheriff. The sheriff
was there before the team was back on the bus, and he said he
was going to put Felix in jail. Ben talked to the sheriff for a long
time before he finally convinced him to let Felix come with us.

Whenever we got to the town where we were going, the bus
driver would take the white players to their hotel and Horace and
Felix and I would just sit in the bus as the rest of our teammates
filed out. It got real quiet when the white players had to leave us
sitting there. I'm sure that if it had been up to them, we'd have
stayed in the same hotel that they did. But Jim Crow made the
rules, and we had to abide by them. Bear in mind, this was a year
before the civil rights movement got rolling with the Brown vs.
Board of Education decision. So after the white players got off
the bus, we'd ride on to some private home on the other side of
the tracks. Black people were happy to put us up, because we
were big news down there. We were the closest they would ever
get to Jackie Robinson.

The only place where we stayed in a hotel was Montgomery.
Otherwise, Montgomery was the worst town in the league for
black players. I could tolerate it only because my parents drove
up from Mobile to see me play. When we weren't playing there,
my father would go up about once a week anyway to read about
the Sally League in the Montgomery newspaper. But even with
Mama and Daddy nearby, I couldn't enjoy Montgomery. They
had segregation down to an art in that town—the art of keeping
the niggers down. It would be 100 degrees and black people
would be standing on the sidewalks watching half-filled buses go
by because there wasn't any more room in the colored section.

When I heard two years later that Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat to a white man, I understood perfectly.

The black hotel was called the Ben Moore, and as you might imagine, it was not in the high-rent district. It was located over a juke joint, and the noise kept us up most of the night. There was no air conditioning, the place smelled from the fish they were always frying downstairs, and if you opened a window the bugs would invite themselves in for a little picnic. The interior decorating consisted of a potted plant in the lobby. But after sleeping on the bus in the Negro League, the Ben Moore was like the Waldorf-Astoria to me. It was also a clubhouse to the black players, because the Jim Crow laws prevented us from putting on our uniform at the ballpark with the white players. Finally, near the end of the season, we said to heck with it and dressed at the park. As far as I know, the white players all went on to have normal, healthy lives after that.

Wherever we stayed, Ben Geraghty would always make it a point to come over and see us. He had nothing special to say—he'd just drink a few beers and talk baseball—but it meant a lot to us that the manager would go out of his way to make us feel like part of the team. One day in Columbus, the team was invited out to Fort Benning. When it came time to eat, suddenly Horace, Felix, and I were shuttled off to the kitchen. As soon as we sat down, here came Ben to join us. I've known white players and managers who will try to put on a good face around black players despite their real feelings, but there wasn't a phony bone in Ben's body. He was just a baseball man, and to him, we were just baseball players. Besides that, he liked us. He liked me and Felix because he knew we were headed for the big leagues, and he liked Horace because, in addition to being the best right fielder in the league, Horace was a good man who knew where to buy beer on Sunday. Horace always managed to find Ben a case of Schlitz for the long Sunday bus rides.

I guess it's not surprising that Ben drank a lot of beer, considering what he had been through. A few years before, he had been manager at Spokane when the team bus rolled down a hill and some players were killed. Ben climbed up the hill to get help.

The crash wasn't his fault, but he knew him then said that he was nervous and drank more. Still would have made a great Braves' system for a long time once for the manager's job, plain way of talking, he did always thought that, in his every bit as much as Felix and one of my biggest regrets that the big leagues.

As kind as he was with him was the manager, and he knew a mental mistake. He jumped when we let a pop fly fall between for missing signs. Once, he disguised it he clapped his hands at the park. So I believed him and the worst was the time I got paid one game. The first time up, second baseman tagged me and next time, I stole second again ball trick and tagged me out and the second time he was pretty time, he let me have it. Of something I appreciated—so manager. Instead of screaming—Lord knows, I was embarrassed until he could get me alone and stupid I had been, and I could baserunner from that day on.

The only person Ben could was a big guy who might be scared of him. One night, stopped the bus at a gas stationing machine to try to get a drink and Joe started hitting and

Bartholomaeus

1. pers. name, Dutch

BAHR-TŌ-lō-MĀ-ues

,bɑr,tɔ:lɔ:'me:ys

2. German

BAHR-TŌ-lō-ME-us

,bɑ'ɾ,tɔ:lɔ:'me:us

Bartholomeu

pers. name, Portuguese

BAHR-tōō-lōō-MĀ-u

,bɑ:rtu:lu:'me:u

Bartholomeus

pers. name, Dutch

BAHR-TŌ-lō-MĀ-ues

,bɑr,tɔ:lɔ:'me:ys

Bartholomew

pers. name

bahr-THAHL-uh-MYŌŌ

bɑ'θalə,mju:

Bartleby

story, H. Melville

BAHRT-l-bē

'bɑ'tl|bi'

Bartlesville Wesleyan

College, OK

BAHRT-uhlz-VIL WEZ-lē-uhn,
WES-lē-uhn'bɑ'tl|z,vil 'wezli:ən,
'wesli:ən**Bartlett**

pers. name

BAHRT-luht

'bɑ'tlɛt

Bartók

Bela, Hungarian composer

BAHR-TAHK, BAHRTAWK

'bɑ'ɾ,tak, 'bɑ'ɾ,tɔ:k

Bartolomé

pers. name, Spanish

bahr-tō-lō-MĀ

barto:lɔ:'me:

Bartolomeo

1. pers. name, Italian

BAHR-tō-lō-ME-ō

,barto:lɔ:'meo:

2. Spanish

bahr-tō-lō-MĀ-ō

barto:lɔ:'meo:

Bartolommeo

pers. name, Italian

BAHR-tō-lōm-ME-ō

,barto:lɔ:m'meo:

BartonClara, US founder of Red Cross;
Derek H. R., English organic
chemist (Nobel 1969)

BAHRT-n

'bɑ'ɾn

Baruch1. Old Testament book; pers.
name

buh-RŌŌK, BAHRTŌŌK

bə'ru:k, 'bɑr,u:k

2. Bernard, US statesman

buh-RŌŌK

bə'ru:k

Baruj

pers. name, Spanish

BAHR-ŏŏkh

'baru:x

Baryshnikov

Mikhail, ballet dancer

buh-RISH-ni-kuhf,
③ buh-RISH-ni-KAWF, -KAWVbə'rifnikəf, ③ bə'rifni,kəf,
-,kəv**Barzun**

Jacques, US author

bahr-ZUHN

bɑ'ɾ'zən

Basa

lang., Africa

BAHS-uh

'basə

Basant Panchami

Hindu festival

YUHS-uhnt PUHN-chuh-mē

'βəsənt 'pənt'fəmi'

Basari

lang., Guinea, Senegal, Gambia

buh-SAHR-ē

bə'sari'

Bascomb

pers. name

BAS-kuhm

'bæskəm

Basel

city, Switzerland

BAHZ-uhl

'bazəl

Basenji

dog breed

buh-SEN-jē, buh-ZEN-jē

bə'sendʒi', bə'zendʒi'

Basherawa

lang., Nigeria

buh-SHER-uh-wuh

bə'ʃerəwə

Bashevis

pers. name (I)

Bashkir

republic, Asia

Bashō

poetic name

Japanese p

Basie

Count, US b

Basil

pers. name

Basilius

1. pers. nam.

2. Latin

Basingstoke

town, Engla

Baskerville

John, Englis

typefont

Basle

alternate sp

Switzerlan

Basotho

people, Lesc

Basov

Nikolai Genr

physicist (

Basque

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Basrah, Al [B

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Bas-Rhin

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region, Fra

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Egyptian s

Bastet [Bast

Egyptian s

Bastiano

pers. name

Bastille

French pri

Bastogne

district, Be

Key (col. 2): a: fad ā: fade ah: father ar: Mary aw: law e: fed ē: feed er: merry i: hid ī: hide ō: coat ōō: boot
oi: boy ow: now u: put uh: above uhr: blrd ch: chop ng: ring sh: show th: thick th: this zh: measure

Foreign Sounds:
hl: Welsh Llanelli.

Joshua S. Gottheimer
02/05/99 12:25:54 PM

Record Type: Record

To: Jeffrey A. Shesol/WHO/EOP

cc:

Subject:

Final 2/5/99 12pm

Josh Gottheimer/ Michael Waldman

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

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It has often been said often that baseball, more than any other sport, revels in its statistics. We all know the records and who holds them. Most hits -- Ty Cobb. Most wins -- Cy Young. Most home runs in a season -- Mark McGwire, and a man who's with us today, Sammy Sosa.

Most career home runs -- Hank Aaron. Most RBIs -- Hank Aaron. Second most runs -- Hank Aaron. Hank Aaron holds more major league records than anyone in history.

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169TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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Los Angeles Times

April 9, 1995, Sunday, Bulldog Edition

SECTION: Sports; Part C; Page 1; Sports Desk

LENGTH: 648 words

HEADLINE: THE HAMMER;
REMEMBERING WHEN AN AMERICAN HERO CHASED THE DREAM

BYLINE: By HAL BOCK, ASSOCIATED PRESS

BODY:

The way Hank Aaron sees it, America would have preferred someone else to break Babe Ruth's home run record.

Someone white.

"No question about that," Aaron said, chuckling a little. "Back then, if they had a choice, they would have preferred Mickey Mantle. Or Stan Musial. Or Ted Williams. If it had to be someone black, I think they would have preferred Willie Mays."

Instead, they got Aaron, a low-key slugger with lightning fast wrists who, one writer observed, did everything that Mays did and kept his hat on, too.

As he chased the home run record, Aaron got letters, ugly letters, threatening letters, hate-filled letters, letters that are a permanent embarrassment.

And he saved every one of them.

"I had a lot of problems," Aaron said, understating the anguish the hate-mongers put him through. "It was something that happened and it happened not that long ago in America. People say, 'Why do you keep the letters? Why not tear them up?' You can't do that. Eventually, my children and my grandchildren should see them because they are history.

"It's like the Holocaust. People hear the story and they say, 'Show me evidence.' Well, this happened to me and here's the evidence. All the letters are in a safe deposit box."

The story of Aaron's long, lonely pursuit of Ruth's record is revisited in "Chasing The Dream," a documentary produced by Turner Broadcasting and premiering Wednesday. Oscar-winning actor Denzel Washington was one of the executive producers in the project.

Aaron's career began at a time when the civil rights movement was in its infancy. He came to the majors in 1954, the year the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the concept of separate but equal in the case of Brown vs. the Board of Education.

*
ON BREAKING
THE RECORD

MAJOR 10
1954 -
YR BROWN V
BD.

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

Runs

Ty Cobb ('05-'28)
2,246

At Bats . Pete Rose ('63-'86)
14,053
|

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The Boston Globe

PAGE 16

August 4, 1994, Thursday, ~~City Edition~~

SECTION: SPORTS; Pg. 39

LENGTH: 2625 words

HEADLINE: HAMMERIN' HANK;
BASEBALL'S LIVING LEGENDS

BYLINE: By Larry Whiteside, Globe Staff

DATELINE: ATLANTA

BODY:

His desire for respect has always been intense. It began in an era of racial hatred; it survives as a matter of racial and personal pride.

After a 23-year playing career, highlighted by a roller-coaster ride to the major league career home run record Hammerin' Hank Aaron is not resting on his laurels as a baseball celebrity.

At 60, Aaron could roam the country as a Hall of Famer, a living reminder that he holds baseball's most prestigious record - 755 career home runs. Instead, he travels the globe as an international ambassador for amateur baseball on behalf of the Turner Broadcasting System, where he is a vice president for business development.

Henry Aaron is what baseball legends are all about. — HANK-YOU ARE WHAT BASEBALL

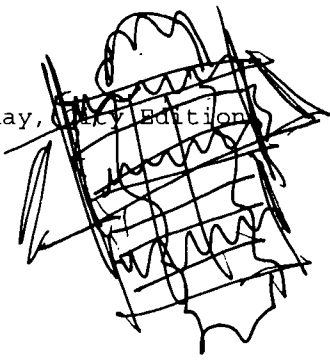
"I feel that I have had a very good career," says Aaron. "Both in and out of baseball. It's been great at TBS. I think baseball has finally come around to recognizing some of the contributions I've made."

~~Along the way~~, Aaron rose from the ashes of the dying Negro leagues as a skinny shortstop with a habit for hitting line drives, to a home run and RBI machine, to a place in history and a plaque in Cooperstown.

By the time his career ended in 1976, he was the most prolific home run hitter in major league history. But he was also baseball's most abused and maligned player. Some people still haven't forgiven him for eclipsing Babe Ruth's home run record of 714.

In addition to breaking the home run mark, Aaron owns the record for runs batted in (2,297) and is second in runs (2,174) and at-bats (12,364) and third in hits (3,771) and games (3,298).

A native of Mobile, Ala., Aaron was a black pioneer, along with Larry Doby, Roy Campanella, Willie Mays and Frank Robinson, all of whom came to the majors in the years after Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier. All but Doby reached the Hall of Fame, but Aaron's climb was special. He was the best. And he had



HAMMERIN HANK AARON



Negro League

BORN
MOBILE
ALA

the highest obstacle to climb: racial bigotry.

Longevity was the key to his career. Aaron played 21 years with the Braves, starting in Milwaukee and moving with the club to Atlanta. At the urging of Brewers owner Bud Selig, he returned to Milwaukee to finish his career in the city in which he led the Braves to their only World Series championship (1957).

CAREER
→

Aaron's .305 career average may not match Ruth's .342. But Aaron, who played one year longer than the Babe, had 898 more hits.

"He was sort of like a machine in everything he did," recalls Montreal Expos manager Felipe Alou, who was a teammate in both Milwaukee and Atlanta. "You knew he was going to deliver. He didn't care about hitting the ball far; he wanted to hit it hard and let everything else take care of itself."

"He was a man of his time, although this was not an era when players were really active. Management had tremendous power. But he survived and became a great, great player."

Boston missed out

Aaron almost played for Boston. He signed with the Boston Braves and spent 1952 with the Eau Claire, Wis., minor league team. But in 1953, with Aaron still a year away from making his major league debut, the Braves moved to Milwaukee. Aaron played 122 games for Milwaukee in 1954 and spent 11 more years there before the Braves moved to Atlanta after the 1965 season. Although Aaron returned to Milwaukee in 1976 and finished his playing career with the Brewers, he has ended up back in Atlanta, where he has been a part of the Braves organization ever since.

Aaron served in a variety of roles with the franchise in the '70s and '80s, from farm director to director of player personnel. His world these days revolves around a desk in the CNN Center, where he works as a vice president for TBS and the Braves, both owned by Ted Turner, and is a member of the board of directors of both corporations.

Rather than retire on his laurels in 1976, Aaron spent the next 13 years deeply involved in player development, something no black executive had done before. His benefactor was Turner, who didn't even own the Braves when Aaron was at his peak.

CNN

"I owe an awful lot to Ted," says Aaron. "He didn't owe me nothing. I played for other Braves owners for 21 years and I had finished my contract. He didn't have to hire me.

"I could have had a career in Milwaukee, where they offered me a job after I finished my career there. But I am a Southerner. My roots are here. Ted gave me the opportunity to work at a higher level. I'll always appreciate that."

His rise to executive status in Atlanta is what separates Aaron from other legends, black and white. As a black player, he knew prejudice firsthand. But never did he expect an outpouring of racial hatred just because he was a black man taking away Ruth's cherished home run title.

The Boston Globe, August 4, 1994

Aaron hit No. 715 against the Dodgers and lefthander Al Downing on April 8, 1974. But he had to pay a dear price that left scars. Fans turned against his efforts, writing scathing letters, and police protection was required at one point. During the height of the frenzy over his quest for the record, Aaron was said to have received about 930,000 pieces of mail. The most threatening were turned over to the FBI.

AL
DOWNING

"This was supposed to be the greatest time of my life," says Aaron. "They cut a piece of my heart out."

Aaron has never compared himself to Ruth, physically or otherwise. He no longer gets hate mail, but he must choose his words carefully during interviews, lest the insults start all over again.

In April, major league baseball decided to have a week-long celebration of the 20th anniversary of Aaron's 715th home run. Ceremonies were held in ballparks throughout the country. "A lot of people didn't understand me," Aaron told a reporter at the time. "Some of them still don't understand me. Some of them view me as a very angry person. That is just not true. I try to tell people I don't have time for that."

"Somebody asked me if baseball was good to me. I was as good to baseball as baseball was to me. I think I was better to baseball than baseball was to me. But my life has moved up to another level."

Aaron's executive days started in October 1976. He took the job of farm director for Atlanta, joining his brother-in-law, Bill Lucas, who would soon become baseball's first black general manager. After Lucas died in 1978, some felt Aaron would quickly disappear from the game.

Instead, he became even more active, helping to build the foundation that led to the 1982 Braves club that won the National League West. The best Brave of that era was outfielder Dale Murphy, who won Most Valuable Player Awards in 1982 and '83. Murphy constantly credits the patience of Aaron and his brother Tommie, a Triple A manager, as the key to his success.

He helped build Braves

HALL OF FAME

Aaron was voted into baseball's Hall of Fame in 1982. He turned down several attractive offers, choosing to remain with the Braves.

"I could have been a lot of things," says Aaron. "I was offered the manager's job and turned it down. I chose to stay in player development, where I was very happy. I know a lot of other people have been credited for the Braves' success in the last three years. But many of those players were in the system when I stepped away from the baseball operation in 1990."

"The decision to leave was mine. I felt I had made some progress and wanted to go up a notch to the corporate level. Things have worked out fine. I stay very busy."

But Aaron stays out of current Atlanta leadership. He worked under Bobby Cox, who had managed the Braves from 1978 to '81 before coming back in 1986 as general manager. In October 1990, the Braves hired John Schuerholz as executive vice president and general manager, with Cox returning to the field. The more

The Boston Globe, August 4, 1994

success the team enjoyed, the less visible was Aaron.

Again, that was his decision.

"I had only brief contact with Hank in the early days," says Schuerholz. "There were a lot of the young guys he saw come up through the organization, so I wanted to get the benefit of his judgment. We visited more often because he was around that first year. In the last three years or so, he really hasn't been here. He's been over at TBS."

The young players included pitchers Tom Glavine and John Smoltz, outfielders David Justice and Ron Gant, and infielder Mark Lemke. Aaron had made an impression on them.

"When I signed," says Justice, "I thought it was great just knowing Hank was in the organization. If you had a problem, you could go to him with that problem. I see him like I see Dr. J Julius Erving, like Willie Stargell, like Jackie Robinson - great men who were great players in their respective sports, and great men off the field."

Adds Smoltz, "I never really understood his total role, but I liked him. He was a vice president in player development, and I knew he was part of the group that influenced things. He was more than a hero. He was a guy I just couldn't imagine pitching to. That's the thought that kept coming into my mind when I met him."

Schuerholz points out that under Cox, the Braves' farm system grew because of the efforts of both Aaron and Paul Snyder, then director of scouting. Schuerholz and Cox make it clear that Aaron played a key role in Atlanta's recent success, but add that credit usually goes to the organization, not just one individual.

"Every general manager in baseball knows that the Braves in Bobby Cox' regime had acquired and accumulated a very talented corps of players," says Schuerholz. "Hank was on that staff, as was Snyder.

"I never really knew Hank, and still don't in some respects. But I'm a baseball fan. My view is one of great admiration and respect for one of the greatest players in the game. He is a legend.

"The Braves truly appreciate Henry Aaron, not only for what he has meant to the Braves but to baseball with his contributions. There is a great admiration and respect that is pretty well signified by Ted Turner's decision to have him on the boards of both corporations."

Says Cox, "Hank was great when I came back here . . . very supportive. But he's changed jobs, and I don't see him now but maybe once a month. We'd love to see him come around more often. But he's busy."

Aaron has been more active in other roles, including participation in programs run by the International Baseball Association, the world governing body for amateur baseball. He has represented TBS at the Goodwill Games. He consistently has spoken out for racial justice in baseball.

In 1991, Aaron helped bring about a reunion that brought the Negro league players to Cooperstown. "That reunion was the greatest moment I've ever been a

The Boston Globe, August 4, 1994

part of," he says. "We knew about Satchel Paige, Josh Gibson and Ernie Banks. I was happy for the guys that day, because many of them were so talented, yet never got a chance to play in the major leagues. The Negro leagues were great, but it was still moving up a notch to come to the major leagues. I think many of them could have made it."

Commissioner Aaron?

From time to time, Aaron has attempted to step into a larger arena. After the departure of the past three baseball commissioners - Peter Ueberroth, Bart Giamatti and Fay Vincent - he has offered his services for the job. Each time, he has been politely turned down by the screening committee.

One day, maybe.

"I was disappointed that I wasn't even considered," says Aaron. "But I wasn't surprised. Ironically, we talked about some of the things that were on the table today. A salary cap, expansion and expanded playoffs. I still think there should be a strong commissioner."

Aaron believes the '50s, when he led the Braves to pennants in Milwaukee, the '60s and even the leader of great athletes in a time when players really needed one.

"Hank was such a dedicated person," says Alou. "I mean, really loyal to the game, despite what was going on around him. We were all, for the most part, like that. Guys who didn't say much, who showed up every day, played for very little money, who played hard and tried to entertain the fans. That was Hank every day."

People should never underrate his skills, adds Alou.

"His strength was that he was a career .305 player who hit almost 800 home runs," says Alou. "And he was a very good defensive outfielder. Maybe he never hit 50 homers in a season, but not too many are going to do that, except for maybe this year. That shows you how consistent he was."

"There still is no one like him as a hitter. You could never tell he was going for a home run. He had a good swing, which he showed on every at-bat. Sometimes he just hit line drives. Sometimes he hit it out. Hank was a legitimate home run hitter, but also a legitimate good hitter."

And there may never be anybody like him again.

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

Born Feb. 5, 1934, in Mobile, Ala. - Batted right and threw right. - During his playing career, Aaron stood 6 feet tall and weighed 180 pounds. - He is the leading home run hitter in major league history. He surpassed Babe Ruth's mark of 714 when he hit one out against Los Angeles' Al Downing on April 8, 1974, at Atlanta. - He is first in career RBIs, second in runs scored, third in hits, third in games played and ninth in doubles. - Holds the career record for total bases (6,856). - Named National League Most Valuable Player in 1957. - Led league in homers four times (1957, 1963, 1966, 1967). - Led league in RBIs four times (1957, 1960, 1963, 1966). - Hit .300 or better 14 times and captured two

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HEADLINE: Joy in record came slowly to Aaron;
Healing for Hank: Homer king gets tribute Friday in what he says could be his
"happiest" moment.

BYLINE: Carroll Rogers

BODY:

It's hard to imagine now how little that Hank Aaron liked to talk or think about The Record in the years after he surpassed Babe Ruth as baseball's home-run king.

Though he had 755 reasons to feel he was on top of the world, he often just wanted to get away from the world and the racial hatred that marred his climb to break Ruth's career mark of 714 home runs. "A lot of things went on back then you want to erase," Aaron said. "That's one of the reasons I don't talk about it as much as I should. But it's over with, done with. Now maybe some good things can come out of it."

Twenty-five years later, Aaron is ready to embrace that time, place and accomplishment and the sport that allowed him to achieve it. And the feeling is mutual.

Beginning with a 65th birthday gala on Friday night in Atlanta, Major League Baseball will pay tribute to Aaron this season and to the 25th anniversary of the year he broke Ruth's career record. Friday's expected guests at the Hyatt Regency Hotel include President Clinton, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, Gov. Roy Barnes, former Gov. Zell Miller, Mayor Bill Campbell, former Mayor and U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, Larry King, Bob Costas, Frank Robinson, Ernie Banks, Al Downing, Sammy Sosa and baseball commissioner Bud Selig.

About 4
Gales

"This is probably going to be the happiest moment of my life," Aaron said.

And, yes, it will help make up for what should have been one of the happiest times of his life, when he hit his 715th home run off Downing on April 8, 1974.

A crowd of nearly 54,000 in Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium and countless fans watching on TV saw the two fans jog alongside Aaron on his home-run trot, the embrace between Aaron and his mother at home plate and the joy of his Braves teammates. But what they couldn't see was Aaron's overwhelming sense of relief and the lingering pain, pounded into his memory by a barrage of racially charged hate mail and threats.

game day

His wife, Billye, knew it well. She knew that her husband felt the rejection.

Kristin Wheat Fisher

Student_phone: n/a
Student_address: n/a
Department: Undergraduate Class of 2001
Email: kwfisher@Princeton.EDU
Emailbox: kwfisher@mail.Princeton.EDU
Voicemailbox: 35894
Alias: 000927348

Return to the [top](#).

Rebecca Fisher Haarlow

Student_phone: n/a
Student_address: n/a
Department: Undergraduate Class of 2001
Email: rhaarlow@Princeton.EDU
Emailbox: rhaarlow@mail.Princeton.EDU
Voicemailbox: 37163
Alias: 000954142

Return to the [top](#).

Doris R Fisher

Phone: 609-258-4201
Fax: 609-258-1367
Address: 306 Fine Hall
Department: Mathematics
Email: dfisher@Princeton.EDU
Emailbox: dfisher@mail.Princeton.EDU
Alias: 010002521

Return to the [top](#).

Heidi A Fisher

Phone: 609-258-5415
Fax: 609-258-0441
Address: Firestone Library
Department: Library
Email: fisher@Princeton.EDU
Emailbox: fisher@mail.Princeton.EDU
Alias: 010003044

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

Date: 2/4/99ACTION / CONCURRENCE / COMMENT DUE BY: 9:30 a.m. TomorrowSubject: MICROENTERPRISE REMARKS

	ACTION	FYI		ACTION	FYI
VICE PRESIDENT	☒	☐	NASH	☐	☐
PODESTA	☒	☐	REED	☐	☐
ECHAVESTE	☒	☐	RUFF	☒	☐
RICCHETTI	☒	☐	SOSNIK	☒	☐
LEW	☒	☐	SPERLING	☒	☐
BEGALA	☒	☐	STEIN	☒	☐
BERGER	☐	☐	STERN	☐	☐
BLUMENTHAL	☐	☐	STREETT	☐	☐
FRAMPTON	☐	☐	TRAMONTANO	☒	☐
IBARRA	☐	☐	VERVEER	☒	☐
KLAIN	☒	☐	WALDMAN <u> </u>	☒	☐
LANE	☐	☐	YELLEN	☐	☐
LEWIS	☒	☐	<u>ORZAG</u>	☒	☐
LINDSEY	☐	☐	<u>KATZEN</u>	☒	☐
LOCKHART	☐	☒	<u>SPECTOR</u>	☒	☐
MARSHALL	☒	☐	<u> </u>	☐	☐
MOORE	☐	☐			

REMARKS:

COMMENTS TO JUNE SHIH

RESPONSE:

Draft 2/4/99
Shih

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR EXCELLENCE IN MICROENTERPRISE AWARDS
THE WHITE HOUSE
FEBRUARY 5, 1999**

For more than two centuries, America has drawn its strength from the entrepreneurial spirit of our people. From the T-shirt vendors here on the streets of Washington to the software engineers of Silicon Valley to the bankers of Manhattan, we are a nation built by people of talent and vision, people with the courage to take risks and pursue their dreams.

These Presidential Awards for Excellence in Microenterprise Development celebrate that spirit. And even more important, they underscore our national commitment to unleashing the spirit of enterprise in every corner of every community in America -- especially those long closed off from credit, jobs and economic opportunity.

Today, we have a rare opportunity and an obligation to make good on that commitment. We are living in a time of unprecedented prosperity. It is the longest peacetime economic expansion in American history. [Job numbers TK] The lowest peacetime unemployment rate since 1957; wages rising at twice the rate of inflation; the highest home ownership in history.

For the past six years, we've worked to bring prosperity to some of our most distressed communities with a new vision of government. It is a vision focused on one fundamental goal -- to empower our people with the tools to make the most of their own lives. Nothing better embodies this new vision of government, nor better conveys our faith in the entrepreneurial spirit of our people, than our efforts to promote microenterprise. For more than a decade -- ever since we met a remarkable man from Bangladesh named Mohamed Yunus -- Hillary and I have been convinced of the revolutionary possibilities of a simple idea: That small amounts of credit can enable citizens to start small businesses and lift their families out of the margins of society into the economic mainstream.

Through our network of community development banks, or CDFIs, a strengthened and streamlined the Community Reinvestment Act, and empowerment zones, we have worked to kindle the spark of private enterprise in depressed communities across America. We have helped thousands of Americans who wouldn't qualify for a commercial loan secure credit to start new businesses fixing cars, making jewelry, selling cookies -- businesses that could free a family from welfare, create jobs for neighbors, and reclaim communities of empty storefronts from decay and decline.

We must build on all these efforts. Last month, I announced a New Markets Initiative to spur even more private investment in our underserved areas, building a bridge from Wall Street to Harlem to Appalachia to Pine Ridge, S.D. Today, I am proud to announce a new plan in my balanced budget that more than doubles our support for microenterprise in America -- and to continue our efforts to promote microenterprise abroad -- especially in nations hard hit by the

global financial crisis and natural disaster.

First, we must recognize that for the vast majority of microentrepreneurs, good ideas and credit are just the beginning. A little guidance -- lessons on accounting, billing, planning -- is essential for any business to thrive in our complex economy. That is why my balanced budget doubles the Small Business Administration's capacity to provide such assistance to borrowers through its Microloan Program; and triples support for the SBA's One-Stop Capital Shops -- which offer microlending advice and other economic assistance to citizens living in disadvantaged communities. I am also proud to support the bipartisan Program for Investments in Microentrepreneurs -- the PRIME Act sponsored by Sen. Domenici and Kennedy, and Reps. Rush and Leach -- so that we can expand technical assistance programs through the Treasury's CDFI fund.

Second, we must make even more credit available to low-income Americans with good business ideas. That is why I am proposing to double our support for the SBA's microloan program so that it can leverage more than \$75 million dollars in new microloans across the country.

Third, we must expand our efforts to encourage Americans to save for their own futures. Last year, I was proud to sign new Individual Development Accounts into law, fulfilling a campaign pledge from 1992. IDAs are special accounts that provide federal matching funds to low-income Americans who save money to start a new businesses, buy a first home, pay for a college education. I propose doubling support for these accounts in my balanced budget.

Next -- we will continue leading the world, through USAID, in promoting microenterprise as a tool for lifting millions of families out of poverty. The recent global financial crisis and the hurricanes in Central America and the Caribbean have upended the lives of thousands. Small loans to start new businesses can make all difference in helping families get back on their feet. My balanced budget will target extra microenterprise assistance to these countries. And to break down the bureaucratic walls that block microenterprise in many developing countries, we will also continue to work with the World Bank and other financial institutions to reform regulatory structures and make more microloans available.

Finally, we must continue to shine a spotlight on all the good work that is being done to help more Americans experience the transforming power of credit and self-employment. That is, of course, the reason we are here today. Hillary and I are very pleased to present these Presidential Awards for Excellence in Microenterprise Development to six organizations whose innovation, vision and commitment have made a difference in the lives of thousands.

First, for excellence in the category of "Access to Capital," the Microcredit Industry Rural Organization of PPEP [pep] Microbusiness and Housing Development Corporation. Since 1987, MICRO [MEE-crow] has provided some \$5.5 million in loans to more than 1,000 entrepreneurs living in some of the most distressed Hispanic communities of rural Arizona. Nearly 80 percent of these businesses are still thriving. Accepting this award is Executive Director Frank Ballesteros [Buy-uh-STAIR-ose] and entrepreneur Maria Jesus Gaxiola [HAY-

soos Guh-HYOH-lah] -- a MICRO client and former migrant farm worker who used a \$1500 loan to build her own cosmetics business.

Next, for excellence in "Developing Entrepreneurial Skills," the Detroit Entrepreneurship Institute. Founded at Wayne State University, the Institute has worked to teach low-income clients the full range of business skills: from reading financial statements to buying insurance to managing time and stress. Clients can also take advantage of a free computer center, tax preparation service and graphic design department to help launch and expand their businesses. Accepting this award is Cathy McClelland, President and CEO, and entrepreneur Jacqueline [Jack uh lin] Tucker, who started a successful catering business after training at the Institute.

Also for excellence in "Developing Entrepreneurial Skills," the Northeast Entrepreneur Fund of Virginia, Minnesota. Serving rural communities throughout a 20,000-square mile area, the fund offers one-on-one counseling to clients, helping them gain the specific skills they need to make their businesses thrive. Accepting this award is the fund's president Mary Mathews, and entrepreneur Carol Willoughby.

For excellence in "Poverty Alleviation," the Institute for Social and Economic Development of Iowa. One of the earliest statewide microenterprise efforts in the nation, the institute has helped 90 percent of its welfare clients free themselves from lives of dependency through self-employment. Accepting this award today is John Else, Founder and President of ISED and entrepreneur Rhonda Auten, a former welfare recipient who started her own dance school with help from ISED.

For excellence in "Private Support for Microenterprise Development," the Corporation for Enterprise Development. For 20 years now, CED has had one mission: Closing the poverty gap in America. Through research, public advocacy and technical assistance to microenterprise organizations, the Corporation has fostered so much of the progress we see today -- including the success of three of this year's award winners, the Detroit Entrepreneurship Institute, The Institute for Social and Economic Development, and the Northeast Entrepreneurship Fund. Accepting this award is Robert Friedman, Founder and Chairman.

Also for "Excellence in Public Support for Microenterprise Development," The Montana Microbusiness Finance Program. As part of the Montana Department of Commerce, this program has helped launch and sustain a dozen microlending organizations serving communities throughout their vast state. Accepting this award are Program Officer Robyn Hampton, and entrepreneurs Kevin and Heidi Snyder, who used a microloan to start their racquetball and fitness center.

I congratulate each and every one of you on your success. The great entrepreneur Henry Ford said that the best Americans were those with "an infinite capacity to not know what can't be done." You are those Americans -- testaments to power of the American spirit of enterprise. Let us all work together in the years to come to awaken that spirit in every single citizen of this land.

distracted from my goal.”

Hank, that is why we’re here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize your commitment to your Atlanta Braves, your community, and to all of us for whom you are still a hero. Thank you, Henry, for that example, for your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and for the standard you continue to set for all of out here in the stands.

Suggested text for videotaped greeting from President Clinton to Henry Aaron:

~~Thank you, Tom.~~ I'm proud to join in this evening of celebration and tribute to one of my heroes. Like all of you, I grew up admiring Henry Aaron from a distance bridged mostly by radio and television and newspapers. When I think of him then, I remember myself much younger, waiting for him to come up in the batting order, holding my breath as the ball left the pitcher's hand, hoping that magic swing would connect, and the record number would climb by one more run. It was a wonderful time for baseball, and a wonderful time to be a kid in love with the game and awed by its giants.

In recent years, I've come to know Henry as a personal friend. He is still a hero of mine, as a business leader; as the guiding spirit of the Chasing The Dream Foundation; and as a gentle but steady voice for equality, integrity and change. Hillary and I have been proud to host Billye and him in the White House on numerous occasions. But I have to admit that every time I see Henry, for just a second or two, I'm a kid again, and he is on some distant field, waiting, bat in hand, to define greatness for me one more time.

Thank you, Henry, for that example, and for the standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands.

Draft 2/4/99 7pm
Josh Gottheimer

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

Acknowledgments: Govs. Barnes and Miller; Reps. Joseph Kennedy, John Lewis; Sec. Herman; Mayors Campbell, Dow; Amb. Young; Rev. Jackson; NAACP President Mfume; Bob Costas (MC); Comm. Bud Selig (Major League Baseball); Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ted Turner; Jane Fonda; Gerald Levin; Dick Parsons; the Temptations; Jeffery Osborne; Ernie Banks; Sammy Sosa; Evander Holyfield; Ken Griffey, Sr; Reggie Jackson; Dave Winfield

It is a privilege to be with you this evening to celebrate Hank Aaron's 65th Birthday -- and to launch Major League Baseball's year-long salute to one of the most dramatic moments in sports history -- Hammerin' Hank Aaron's 715th homerun.

America's favorite pastime was built on legendary feats -- Ty Cobb's 4,189 hits; Cal Ripkins' 2,632 consecutive games, and, just this year, Mark McGwire's 70 homeruns and Sammy Sosa's 66th.

But who could forget that historic night on April 8, 1974 before a sold-out crowd at Atlanta's Fulton County stadium, when Hank Aaron launched number 715 -- and smashed Babe Ruth's 38-year-old record.

That night might have marked Hank Aaron's crowning achievement. But it was only one feat in a career full of accomplishment. Hank continues to hold more Major League batting records than any other player in history -- from 2,297 RBIs...to 3,771 career hits ...to 755 career home runs.

But perhaps the most impressive thing about Hank Aaron is not what he did in the majors. It was the way he got there. Hank's mythic rise from Alabama sandlot sensation to Major League home-run king represents American greatness in the face of adversity. He was determined to reach the Majors. Nothing was going to hold him back. Not an opposing pitcher, not an outfield full of all-stars, and -- least of all -- not the prejudice that prevailed during his earliest days at bat.

Hank Aaron was the first African-American to play in the South Atlantic League -- the Saly League -- deep in the heart of the segregated South. Although Jackie Robinson had broken the color barrier into the Majors less than a decade before, there were still only a few blacks in baseball. But, in 1954, Hank Aaron's dedication and skill catapulted him into the professional ranks -- the same year the Supreme Court struck down the practice of separate but equal in *Brown v. Board of Education*. Hank spent his first 12 years in Milwaukee, and helped lead the

Braves to two pennants, before the franchise relocated to Atlanta for the '66 season.

He made it all look so easy on the field. So effortless. But few of us knew the challenges Hank Aaron faced off the diamond. Throughout his career, Hank was often forced to drink from "colored only" water fountains; sleep in hotels separate from the team; and eat at segregated restaurants. And even as he neared Ruth's record, Hank Aaron received thousands upon thousands of death threats. But as Hank himself said, "I had a job to do, and I stuck with the plan. I was not going to be distracted from my goal."

Your career didn't end when you hung up your jersey in 1976. You're still breaking barriers even today. Since then, as an executive and with your Chasing the Dream Foundation, you've been a tireless advocate for fair treatment both to baseball players and to all Americans.

Hank, that is why we're here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize who you are as a person -- your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and the standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

Draft 2/4/99 7pm
Josh Gottheimer

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ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

Acknowledgments: Govs. Barnes and Miller; Reps. Joseph Kennedy, John Lewis; Sec. Herman; Mayors Campbell, Dow; Amb. Young; Rev. Jackson; NAACP President Mfume; Bob Costas (MC); Comm. Bud Selig (Major League Baseball); Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ted Turner; Jane Fonda; Gerald Levin; Dick Parsons; the Temptations; Jeffery Osborne; Ernie Banks; Sammy Sosa; Evander Holyfield; Ken Griffey, Sr; Reggie Jackson; Dave Winfield

It is a privilege to be with you this evening to celebrate Hank Aaron's 65th Birthday -- and to launch Major League Baseball's year-long salute to one of the most dramatic moments in sports history -- Hammerin' Hank Aaron's 715th homerun.

America's favorite pastime was built on legendary feats -- Ty Cobb's 4,189 hits; Cal Ripkins' 2,632 consecutive games, and, just this year, Mark McGwire's 70 homeruns and Sammy Sosa's 66th.

But who could forget that historic night on April 8, 1974 before a sold-out crowd at Atlanta's Fulton County stadium, when Hank Aaron launched number 715 -- and smashed Babe Ruth's 38-year-old record.

That night might have marked Hank Aaron's crowning achievement. But it was only one feat in a career full of accomplishment. Hank continues to hold more Major League batting records than any other player in history -- from 2,297 RBIs...to 3,771 career hits ...to 755 career home runs.

But perhaps the most impressive thing about Hank Aaron is not what he did in the majors. It was the way he got there. Hank's mythic rise from Alabama sandlot sensation to Major League home-run king represents American greatness in the face of adversity. He was determined to reach the Majors. Nothing was going to hold him back. Not an opposing pitcher, not an outfield full of all-stars, and -- least of all -- not the prejudice that prevailed during his earliest days at bat.

Hank Aaron was the first African-American to play in the South Atlantic League -- the Saly League -- deep in the heart of the segregated South. Although Jackie Robinson had broken the color barrier into the Majors less than a decade before, there were still only a few blacks in baseball. But, in 1954, Hank Aaron's dedication and skill catapulted him into the professional ranks -- the same year the Supreme Court struck down the practice of separate but equal in *Brown v. Board of Education*. Hank spent his first 12 years in Milwaukee, and helped lead the

Braves to two pennants, before the franchise relocated to Atlanta for the '66 season.

He made it all look so easy on the field. So effortless. But few of us knew the challenges Hank Aaron faced off the diamond. Throughout his career, Hank was often forced to drink from "colored only" water fountains; sleep in hotels separate from the team; and eat at segregated restaurants. And even as he neared Ruth's record, Hank Aaron received thousands upon thousands of death threats. But as Hank himself said, "I had a job to do, and I stuck with the plan. I was not going to be distracted from my goal."

Your career didn't end when you hung up your jersey in 1976. You're still breaking barriers even today. Since then, as an executive and with your Chasing the Dream Foundation, you've been a tireless advocate for fair treatment both to baseball players and to all Americans.

Hank, that is why we're here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize who you are as a person -- your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and the standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

Aaron's work with the Braves really began to pay off in 1990, when one of his prospects, David Justice, was named Rookie of the Year, and the farm system pitching was considered some of the best in baseball. The following year, that phenomenal pitching and several other key players took the Braves to the World Series for the first time since 1958, and although they lost to the Minnesota Twins, the 1991 World Series is considered by many baseball fans to be the best ever played.

7 MAY AARON

Today, Aaron divides his time among many jobs. For Turner Broadcasting, he serves as corporate vice president of community relations and as a member of the TBS Board of Directors. He also serves as vice president of business development for The Airport Network, which provides customized news and information programming at airports around the United States. And he continues to serve as senior vice president and assistant to the president for the Atlanta Braves.



Aaron also spends a great deal of time working with young baseball hopefuls from underprivileged Atlanta communities. The Hank Aaron Rookie League, coordinated with the Atlanta Housing Authority, has gotten many youngsters off the street and on the playing field. He has also worked extensively with the Big Brothers and Big Sisters organizations. "Many young people are frustrated when they can't be successful in sports. How many times have you seen some of our gifted young athletes go and play for two or three years and then get into drugs or something? I'm really proud that I've been able to go beyond just being a baseball player and help young people. It gives me a chance to broaden my scope and let people know that I am concerned about the next generation."

But Aaron, in his ever-humble way, insists on not classifying himself as a role model simply because of his athletic abilities. "Role models are something you have to be careful about. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. is a role model; Abraham Lincoln is a role model. A teacher can be a role model. My mother is a role model to my seven brothers and sisters. I played baseball. I just happened to have a gift that I was blessed with. But Henry Aaron the baseball player is not necessarily a role model."

In 1993, as the 20th anniversary of Aaron's 715th home run approached, writer-producer-director Mike Tollin of Tollin/Robbins Productions began developing an idea to bring the Aaron story to the screen in a documentary told through Aaron's own words. Tollin took the idea first to Mundy Lane Entertainment, Oscar®-winning actor Denzel Washington's production company headed up by producer Debra Martin Chase.

Washington said he would only go forward on the project if he had a chance to sit down and talk with Aaron face-to-face. The two had met some years earlier during an awards ceremony at Morehouse College.

After Washington's meeting with Aaron, HANK AARON: CHASING THE DREAM was given the green light. TBS Productions joined the project in early 1994, as did Television Production Partners, who helped secure a number of sponsorship deals--including AT&T, Campbell's, Clorox, MacDonald's and General Motors--to make the project a success.

"HANK AARON: CHASING THE DREAM really sets the record straight on who Henry Aaron is, where he came from, what kind of person he is, what trials and tribulations he had to go through," Aaron says. "I think this is a tremendous documentary for people to see and really get to know who I am and what I stand for."

[[Biography](#) | [A Candid Talk with Hank](#) | [Cool Links](#) | [Hank & Denzel](#) | [Hank Aaron and the Philly Filmmaker](#) | [Multimedia Gallery](#) | [Oscar® Nomination](#) | [Production Bios](#) | [Production Credits](#) | [Quotations](#) | [Synopsis](#) | [Timeline](#) | [Trivia](#)]

POTUS - offers prayer or Rep. Hall does it

10:35 - 10:45 Briefing

All CLOSED PRESS

World Leaders - List

Maureen Shea

Acknowledgements -

Draft 2/4/99 7pm
Josh Gottheimer

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
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BALL

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wrote in "God's Country and Mine" in 1954.

At 88, even this man's faith in baseball has been shaken by recent events. So shaken that the native Frenchman has come to question his own words.

"My original remark refers back to an ideal that's been pretty tarnished," Barzun told *The Sun*. "Like many others, I am very much . . . disillusioned. The game has really lost its original charm."

"We are reading more about business than about games. It's hard to say who is more responsible but it seems to be the general attitude, part of the whole culture that's sunk to greed, dishonesty and corruption."

Barzun seldom takes in a major league game anymore and only occasionally catches one on television in his Fifth Avenue apartment in Manhattan.

He is not alone. Fans are staying away from big league parks in growing numbers.

"Everyone's disgusted with it," says longtime Macon sportswriter Harley Bowers.

Perhaps Barzun's words are more important today than when first penned.

In Columbus, Macon, Augusta and Savannah, just maybe the players play as much for their hearts as their wallets and "owners" field a team on a dream and a promise from one year to the next. They all play host to Class A teams in the South Atlantic League.

In Columbus, one might stroll the River Walk along the Chattahoochee before walking the few blocks to 100 Fourth Street and Golden Park to watch a Redstixx game. One might even decide to watch the game from the hot tub, where a rental fee of \$100 includes eight tickets and a bottle of champagne.

Then there's a kid named Andruw (not Andrew) Jones from Curacao, Netherland Antilles, who has wowed crowds in Macon with a rocket arm and 50 runs batted in in 50 games.

Macon also is where sportswriter Bowers has toiled since the 1950s and takes full credit for getting professional baseball back in Macon four years ago. "The mayor left it all up to me," Bowers said.

Luther Williams Field in Macon is the second-oldest minor league ballpark (Greensboro, N.C., is oldest) so it has to have a team. Judge Kenneth Mountain Landis, who as a hard-nosed commissioner of baseball for almost four decades, is credited with restoring the game's integrity after the Black Sox Scandal, threw out the first ball when that park opened in 1929.

In Augusta, for some strange reason, the Greenjackets are named after the most prestigious prize in golf — victory at the Masters tournament. No matter, attendance is up 50 percent, partly because of the major league strike and partly because there's a new stadium.

Down State Road 25 there's a group of oldtimers, ranging in age from 70 to 90, who have been attending Savannah Cardinals games at Grayson Stadium (built in 1941) for as long as they can remember. They have a general manager there named Rick Sisler, who comes from a long line of baseball Sislers. And a top relief pitcher named Frank Garcia who doesn't say much, just "smiles a lot," according to team spokesman Mitch Mann.

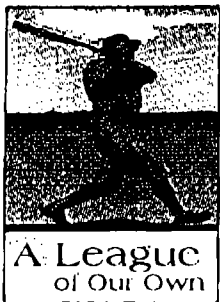
Maybe these are among those small towns alluded to by Barzun where baseball continues to be the way he remembers it, the way it was taught to him by his fellow students at Columbia. The way he remembers it when he became a U.S. citizen in 1933.

As Bowers said, "They don't catch every ground ball and strike everybody out."

Sounds like fun and games.

□ FARM TEAM HAS INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR

Future Braves nurtured in Macon



Sun staff writer Jud Magrin is visiting small cities in Georgia that are home to minor league baseball teams. This is the third in a series of reports from Macon, Columbus, Savannah and Augusta.

By JUD MAGRIN

Sun staff writer

MACON, Ga. — College Hill, the heart of the Intown Historic District, rises gracefully out of the Ocmulgee River Valley in this town where music once ruled.

Starting from the 1840 Victorian cottage where poet and lawyer Sidney Lanier was born, it's about two miles down Cherry Street, by old Terminal Station and across the Otis Redding Memorial Bridge to picturesque Luther Williams Field. It is home to the Macon

Braves and, for the time being, Ed and Mary Holtz.

Ed and Mary have been kicking around minor league baseball for 32 years, their latest stop as general managers of the Macon Braves, the team in the South Atlantic League owned by the parent Atlanta ball club.

"This is the classification (Class A) I like," Ed Holtz said. "I'm so disgusted with multiyear contracts."

The Holtzes have raised five children in minor league parks. They started in 1965 in Appleton, Wis., in the Midwest League. They were in Sumter, S.C., until the Braves moved that club to Macon in 1991. Once their children were old enough, the family ran the entire operation.

See BASEBALL on Page 6A

BASEBALL

continued from Page 1A

"It's an entirely different ball game than working for a local owner," Holtz said as the Braves went to work Tuesday night against the Albany Polecats.

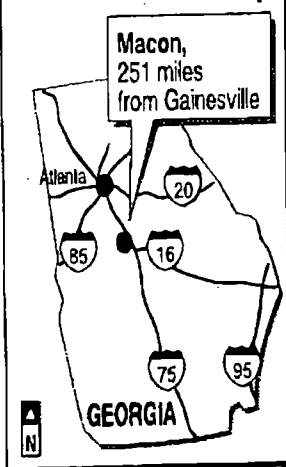
"We just send the bills to Atlanta and they pay them," Holtz said. It also means, he said, that the local club has to take a lot of corporate guff with it. "Either way," he says, "it's a continuous cycle. The name of the game is sell."

Luther Williams Stadium has held up well and just got a \$400,000 face lift following the 1994 flood that put it three feet under water. It's a simple park (the kind being copied throughout the major and minor leagues) where one can enjoy good baseball and a pitcher of beer from the Suds Shack off the left-field foul line.

The stadium is plopped down along the still-busy railroad tracks in Central City Park where people also play softball, sell cattle at the large Livestock Arena and attend the Georgia State Fair.

Until recently the Macon Braves had an international flavor the likes of which aren't normally seen in profes-

Baseball: A road trip



JONI SCHMIDT/The Gainesville Sun

sional baseball, particularly in the South Atlantic League.

Just last week 17-year-old Australian shortstop Glenn Williams was shipped off to the Eugene (Ore.) Emeralds, a short-season Class A Braves club. The Atlanta Braves gave him an \$800,000 bonus, but he wasn't quite ready for the SAL competition. "He has all the tools, but has to build up some confidence," Holtz said.

There's 18-year-old Andrew Rudolph

Jones, who, like teammate Sherton Rubenxy Saturnino, is from Curacao. He was discovered when he was a 14-year-old playing in Puerto Rico and was grabbed by the Braves out of T.C. St. Paulus Collegia High School. Jones speaks English, Dutch, Spanish and a local dialect of three Caribbean islands.

"They don't want to take me any more in high school," Jones said in the Macon dugout prior to Tuesday's game. "I'm only back there about a month and return to West Palm Beach for the Instructional League."

It's Jones' second professional season.

In all, the Macon Braves have players from four foreign countries and 11 states.

And George Lombard, the high school star out of Atlanta, must be mentioned. He chose to sign a \$400,000 bonus with Atlanta instead of attending the University of Georgia, where football coach Ray Goff hoped to revive the Bulldogs with him.

Gator fans can breathe a sigh of relief.

Lombard can go from first to third before you can pop a peanut in your mouth and he's built like the brick facade at Luther Williams.

"It would have been something to

see him run a football," Holtz chuckled.

On this night (the Braves lost 10-6 in 15 innings), Lombard had a roller-coaster performance. He hit a long home run, but he also dropped a foul pop that would have ended the game for a Macon victory — all as his father looked on.

The Macon Braves are a team of incredible young talent. Experts say as many as eight of these guys have a legitimate shot at the major leagues. It is the job of former major league shortstop Nelson Norman to develop them.

Norman, a native of the now-famous San Pedro de Macoris in the Dominican Republic, said, "I have to do a lot of babysitting."

San Pedro de Macoris produces shortstops, lots of major league shortstops. "All the kids concentrate on playing short," the 38-year-old Norman said. "When the scouts are down there, they say, 'I need an infielder. Let's go to San Pedro.'"

Norman is the father of 12-year-old twins and an 8-year-old boy. He formerly managed for the Montreal Expos team in West Palm Beach but switched to the Braves because "I got a promotion and a raise." But Norman harbors no illusions about making it to the major leagues as a manager. In the off-

Macon, Ga., at a glance

► Population: 120,000.

► Minor league team: The Macon Braves, owned by the parent Atlanta Braves. Experts peg them as one of the most talent-rich and diverse teams in minor league ball. Telephone: (912) 745-8943. League: South Atlantic League. Baseball Park: Luther Williams Field, the second oldest park in minor league baseball, built in 1929. It is in the National Historical Register.

► Major attractions: The soon-to-be completed Georgia Music Hall of Fame with an impressive list of inductees set for September. And be sure to stop and see Kitty Oliver, executive director of the Middle Georgia Historical Society housed in Sidney Lanier's birthplace on High Street. The society has done an outstanding job of preserving old homes.

season, he managed the equivalent of a Triple A team in the Dominican Republic that has seven American players.

"I just do this day by day. The advantage is I'll always have a job," he said.

Long before the Class A Braves, though, there were people like Otis Redding, Little Richard and Ronnie Milsap who put this city on the map. It is for this rich musical history that Macon and the state are building the Georgia Music Hall of Fame just up Martin Luther King Boulevard from the Otis Redding Bridge.

Redding died in a 1967 plane crash. He and other musical legends performed at the old E. Douglas Theatre at Broadway and King Boulevard that is now being restored after some 60 years as host to famous black performers, including Gladys Knight, Count Basie, James Brown (who also has a

bridge named for him), Lena Horne and Cab Calloway.

Just a couple of blocks from High Street and Sidney Lanier's birthplace is the Pleasant Hill section of Macon. It is where "Little Richard" Penniman grew up and was home to some of Macon's most influential black leaders.

Just downtown on Cotton Avenue there remains a sign on a building for Capricorn Records, formerly owned by Bill Walden.

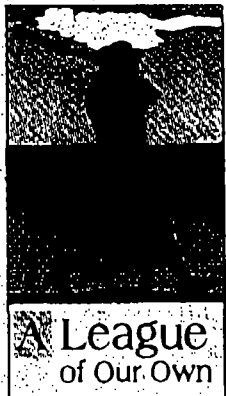
It was Walden who signed the Allman Brothers band and sent them on their way to stardom along with other local talent. The Allmans used to hang out on a ranch near here.

Historian Kitty Oliver says the company is defunct now and Walden has gone to Nashville.

The Macon music industry has faded. But the songs of the hometown stars can still be heard during Macon Braves home games.

□ FARM TEAM CLAIMS DEVOTED FANS

Big-time dream lands tycoon in bush league



A League
of Our Own

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By JUD MAGRIN

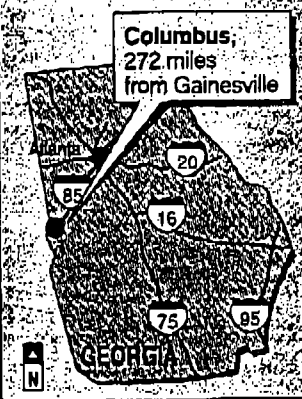
Sun staff writer

COLUMBUS, Ga. — As a full moon rose over the right-field fence at Golden Park on Monday, Charlie Morrow sipped a gin and tonic and pondered how a year ago the family business called Fannie May Candles had been sold. "Financially, I could do anything I wanted," Morrow said.

What the 40-year-old millionaire wanted was to own a golf course or a professional baseball team. "Golf is a little boring as far as the marketing goes," Morrow said. So the former Chicagoan and his wife, Martha, started scouting the South. On opening day 1994, Morrow closed a \$2 million deal to purchase the Columbus RedSticks, a struggling Class A team in the South Atlantic — or Sally — League.

See DREAM on Page 3A

Baseball: A road trip



JONI SCHMIDT/The Gainesville Sun

FILE-LEAGUES : SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE

The Gainesville Sun, Wednesday, June 14, 1995

DREAM

continued from Page 1A

"Everyone thinks I am living my dream. That may be," Morrow said, "but it's hard work."

Morrow has sunk another \$1 million into Golden Park. That, combined with about \$4 million from taxpayers, gave the park a new facade, skyboxes and clubhouses for the players. Morrow took his own money and added a two-story building along the right-field line that houses his and other offices as well as a hot tub and bar on the second floor.

Golden Park is just yards from the Chattahoochee River and will soon take its rightful place as part of the impressive Riverwalk that starts at Bay Avenue and 10th Street in downtown Columbus near where a slave named Horace King built the first bridge across the river to what is now Phenix City, Ala. King was emancipated and became a member of the Alabama Legislature in 1868 and was one of the state's most accomplished builders.

The Riverwalk, begun in 1992, fronts the several textile mills and old Columbus Iron Works, which serves now as a convention center. Eventually it'll stretch some nine miles all the way to Fort Benning.

Just a long, long home run over the right-field fence at Golden Park, the city is building a new civic auditorium. Morrow sees more opportunity. He's going to bring in a minor league hockey team. Next door to that is the football stadium and a brand-new softball complex that the city built.

It's all part of a grand plan. Columbus will play host to the Olympic softball competition next summer and, prior to that, the NCAA women's softball tournament.

At best, Morrow has mixed feelings. That's because Golden Park playing field will be razed and changed to accommodate softball and 8,500 people. The RedStixx will be out of a home for the entire 1996 season. He stands to lose his season-ticket base and advertisers.

The RedStixx may play at Columbus College or even at the town of Douglasville.

"It's not a good deal, but in the spirit of everything, I'm going on," said Morrow. "Maybe I can get most of it back in 1997."

Such is life in the minor leagues, Morrow reasoned.

"I want it to be a success story," he

RedStixx tidbits

The RedStixx aren't the major leagues, but they've managed to attract big-time attention. The Exxon Corp. wants the team to cease using the interlocking Xs in its nickname. Attorneys are working on a resolution. The RedStixx name is taken from the Muscogee Indian people, who roamed the Chattahoochee River Valley. No foul language in the stands or you're put out of the ballpark. Golden Park was built in 1951 and the first home run was hit by the later St. Louis Cardinal star Red Schoendienst. The crepe myrtles are in full bloom along the median of Rt. 280, called Victory Drive locally.

COLUMBUS, GA.

Population: About 250,000. Includ-

ing Fort Benning and Phenix City, Ala., across the Chattahoochee. Minor League team: The Columbus RedStixx, a Class A affiliate of the American League's Cleveland Indians. Telephone: 1-706-571-8868. League: The South Atlantic League. Baseball park: Golden Park on Victory Drive. One of the deepest centerfields in minor league ball at 415 feet. Newly renovated at a cost of \$5 million, complete with hot tub and bar along the right-field line. Seating capacity: 5,000. Major attractions: The Riverwalk, on which construction began in 1992 and continues. Several museums including the old Columbus Iron Works and several textile mills remain along the walk. The Springer Opera House was established in 1871.

said.

John and Jeannette Elben have lived in Columbus for 23 years and have yet to attend an Atlanta Braves game. They have been season-ticket holders at Golden Park since 1988 when the club was affiliated with the Houston Astros. The RedStixx are now a farm club of the Cleveland Indians.

The Elbens, retired from their military jobs, like the new ballpark here and once were members of a booster club. The members served as adoptive parents for players.

"I don't watch baseball on television anymore," Mrs. Elben said. In fact, the Elbens have little use for major league baseball. "This is much, much better," she said, as a local resident sang the national anthem and pee-wee ballplayers got to stand on the field next to their favorite players.

For a maximum of \$8 a seat, you can sit close enough to hear the pop of the catcher's mitt and see the faces of the young hopefuls. And when you call out their names, they'll even crack you a smile.

Seated in one of those \$6 chairs, not far from the Elbens, was Spec Richardson, the former general manager for the San Francisco Giants and Houston Astros. Richardson, a Columbus resident, helps Morrow out and at times goes on assignment for the commissioner of major league baseball. Despite a long and intimate relationship

with the game, Richardson laments that it has become "too much business."

"We used to have a lot of fun," he said. "Nobody has any fun any more." Richardson recalled when Golden Park was all wood and fans would discard cigarettes between the wooden floor slats and start fires.

While Richardson recalled the old days, a young kid came up to the plate and rocked a double down the left-field line. No. 28 had already tripled to straight-away center in his first at bat, more than 410 feet away.

The kid's batting only .260, but he's been hot. "I'm seeing the ball a lot better and I'm more relaxed," he said. Early in the season a freak accident busted his nose. A pitched ball hit the corner of home plate and jumped up into his face.

This kid was on Cloud 9 this particular Monday, even if only 1,700 people were in the park.

His name is Chan Perry, and he's a former University of Florida standout. Just hours earlier he'd been told his brother, Herb, had been called up from the Class AAA club in Buffalo to the Cleveland Indians to replace aging superstar Dave Winfield, who had gone on the disabled list.

Generally, Perry likes his Class A gig, but some of the ballparks are "subpar," he said. He likes Columbus. It reminds him of his Lafayette County home.

"I like it a lot. The people are down to earth — just like in Mayo."

League baseball, giving me the opportunity to play.' And I was not going to let any kind of letters or threats or anything distract me from the job I had to do."

Aaron had risen fast in the ranks of the Braves organization, following Robinson's lead by breaking the color barrier in the Sally League, the deep-South league for which he played with the Braves' Jacksonville team. Aaron moved to Milwaukee after one year in Jacksonville, making the Major League roster after teammate Bobby Thomson broke his ankle.

All the while, Aaron and the Braves played both great and not-so-great baseball. They made it to two World Series, winning in 1957, and suffered through hard times when it seemed they just couldn't make it back to championship status.

Aaron did not hate the thought of moving to Atlanta with the Braves in 1966, as has often been reported (though he did hate seeing Milwaukee lose its team). He had begun with the Braves playing for the Eau Claire, Wisc., farm club, and he loved the people of Wisconsin.

Coming to Atlanta was a big change for Aaron and the Braves. The sold-out crowds they had become used to in Milwaukee, even during losing seasons, were nowhere to be seen. And it wasn't until 1969 that the Braves got back in the running, winning the National League West, but losing the Championship Series in three straight to the "Miracle Mets."

The next four seasons were dominated by something more personal and more individual, however. "The thing I like about baseball is that it's one-on-one," Aaron says. "You stand up there alone, and if you make a mistake, it's your mistake. If you hit a home run, it's your home run." And that's what Aaron did. Steadily, he began chipping away at Babe Ruth's home run record, and by the end of the 1973 season, he was just one run away from tying Ruth.

He hit number 714 during his first at-bat of the 1974 season, tying Ruth and setting the stage for a historic moment.

Then on April 8, 1974, before a sold-out crowd at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium, Aaron hit home run number 715 off of Los Angeles Dodgers pitcher Al Downing. To everyone's relief, there were no shots fired from the stands, no mobs out to kill Aaron for besting Ruth--just cheers and adulation, and a pair of hippie kids who ran out onto the field to join Aaron in his home run trot. For a moment, it seemed that Major League Baseball had finally completed the long road to total integration begun when Jackie Robinson first played with the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947.



When he retired from the baseball field in 1976, after 23 years playing in the Major Leagues, Aaron found that baseball still had a long way to go. The field was integrated all right, but the front office was not. At the time of his retirement, there was only one black manager of a Major League team (Frank Robinson of the Cleveland Indians), and once Aaron signed on with the Braves to help develop their farm system, there were only two black executives, both in Atlanta (Aaron and Bill Lucas, the Braves' personnel manager).

"I don't think that baseball has done enough for minorities," Aaron contends. "I speak out and talk about it simply because it's wrong. It's wrong for baseball to take black baseball players, put them on the field and after 10 years or so, say, 'See you later.' But they don't treat the white players like that. They give them opportunities that allow them to continue to grow in the game. It happens all the time, and it would be wrong for me to sit back and not voice my opinion about it."



Hank Aaron

actually outdo the game's most revered star was more than some could bear. Aaron received warnings he would be killed. His children, away at college, were threatened with kidnapping. Guards had to escort him in and out of ballparks. He was deluged with racist mail:

Dear Nigger: You black animal, I hope you never live long enough to hit more home runs than the great Babe Ruth.

Dear Hank Aaron: I hope you get it between the eyes.

Dear Brother Hank Aaron: I hope you join Brother Dr. Martin Luther King in that Heaven he spoke of. . . .

Dear Nigger Henry: It has come to my attention that you are going to break Babe Ruth's record. . . . I will be going to the rest of your games and if you hit one more home run it will be your last. My gun will be watching your every black move. . . .

*Hank Aaron,
With all that fortune,
and all that fame,
You're a stinkin nigger, just the same.*

Aaron kept right on hitting home runs, and he kept the threats to himself. Paul Casanova recalled his private distress:

He almost never mentioned Babe Ruth. . . . One time he said to me, "Cassy, I'm not trying to break any record of Babe Ruth. I'm just trying to make one of my own." It was terrible the way people hated him for trying to break the record. The whole thing must have been eating him up. One day in Philadelphia we walked across the street from the hotel to eat breakfast and that was the first time he told me about the letters he had been getting. I couldn't believe what he was telling me. I said, "What?" He said, "Cassy, these people are crazy. I don't know what's going on, I really don't." But he was worried. As hard as he was to read, you could tell he was worried.

Word of the hate mail Aaron was getting eventually got out, and he began to be flooded by letters of support:

Dear Mr. Aaron: I am twelve years old, and I wanted to tell you that I have read many articles about the prejudice against you. I really think it's bad. I don't care what color you are. . . . It's just some people can't stand to see someone a bit different from them ruining something someone else more like them set. . . . What do these fans want you to do? Just quit hitting?

Aaron had never felt especially close to the Atlanta fans before whom he'd played so long. His unshakable stoicism—his teammates said they only *thought* they'd seen him start to smile as he rounded the bases after his 700th home run—had something to do with that. So, one black teammate believed, did his refusal to remain silent about racial matters off the field: "You've got to realize . . . that in Atlanta a lot of our crowds came from small towns around the South. Those people were accustomed to blacks behaving a certain way, and that wasn't Henry. Henry did not shuffle."

In the autobiography he completed shortly before his death, Robinson recalled playing in his first World Series game:

There I was the black grandson of a slave, the son of a black sharecropper, part of a historic occasion, a symbolic hero to my people . . . [but] I must tell you that it was Mr. Rickey's drama, and that I was only a principal actor. As I write this, twenty years later, and sing the anthem, I cannot salute the flag; I know that I am a black man in a white world. In 1972, in 1947, at my birth in 1919, I know that I never had it made.

It would take three more years for Frank Robinson to be named manager of the Cleveland Indians, and nine more before the San Francisco Giants hired him as their manager, making him the first African American to manage in the National League as well.

For twenty years, right fielder Henry Aaron had been the quietest of superstars, self-assured, utterly reliable in the field and at bat, but intensely private, and celebrated among his fellow players both for his all-round skill and for the implacable calm he displayed in the face of every sort of provocation. Once, early in his career, Los Angeles pitcher Stan Williams hit Aaron in the head so hard and so gratuitously that Williams's own teammate, Gil Hodges, playing first base, urged Aaron to "go get him." "My mama didn't raise no fools," Aaron answered, and got his revenge the next time up by hitting a Williams pitch out of the park.

Born in Mobile, Alabama, Aaron was seasoned in the Negro Leagues, helped integrate the Sally League in the South, then joined the Braves. He would play for them, first in Milwaukee and then Atlanta, in all but two of his twenty-three major league seasons. He was steady and solid, and before he was through he would build an amazing record of achievement: lifetime records in runs batted in (2,297) and total bases (6,856; 722 more than his nearest competitor, Stan Musial); two batting titles; four RBI crowns; 14 World Series games and 24 All-Star games without a single error.

His relentless hitting was the despair of the pitchers. Once, the Dodger pitching staff was going over the whole National League, discussing just how they would handle each hitter. When they reached Hank Aaron's name, there was a long silence. "Make sure," someone finally said, "there's no one on when he hits it out."

For the most part, Aaron did it all while attracting less attention than many of his less skilled but more showy contemporaries. The Cuban-born catcher, Paul Casanova, was one of his few confidants:

~~*Hank kept almost everything to himself. You couldn't read him, because he wouldn't let anything show. It was the same as when he was batting. If he hit a home run or struck out, there was no difference. If he was in a slump you knew it had to be killing him, but he would just walk out to the dugout and sit down, or maybe go in the tunnel and have a cigarette and think about what he had to do the next time. That was part of his strategy.*~~

But as the 1973 season drew to a close, Aaron gradually became the focus of even more unwelcome attention than Roger Maris had endured twelve years earlier: Babe Ruth's lifetime record of 714 home runs was within Aaron's reach.

Maris's challenge to Ruth's record had been an affront to some of the Babe's old fans, but at least he had been white. The notion that an African American might

~~*The pitcher has got only a ball. I've got a bat. So the percentage in weapons is in my favor and I let the fellow with the ball do the fretting.*~~

Hank Aaron



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM, INC.

Fax Cover Sheet

To:	Melissa
Company:	White House - speechwriting
Fax:	(202) 456-2505
From:	National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc. P.O. Box 590 Cooperstown, New York 13326 direct: (607) 547-0330 fax: (607) 547-4094
Date:	2/4/99
Pages:	

Notes:

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE

LEAGUE OFFICE

President/Secretary-Treasurer
John Moss
Address
P.O. Box 38
Kings Mountain, NC 28086
Phone
704-739-3486

Teams (Affiliation)
Asheville Tourists (Rockies)
Augusta Greenjackets (Pirates)
Capital City Bombers (Mets)
Charleston (S.C.) Riverdogs (Devil Rays)
Charleston (W.Va.) Alley Cats (Reds)
Columbus Redstix (Indians)
Delmarva Shorebirds (Orioles)

Fayetteville Crooks (Expos)
Greensboro Bats (Yankees)
Hagerstown Suns (Blue Jays)
Hickory Crawdads (White Sox)
Macon Braves (Braves)
Piedmont Bollweevils (Phillies)
Savannah Sand Gnats (Dodgers)

1996 FINAL STANDINGS

FIRST HALF

NORTHERN DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Delmarva (Expos)	47	23	0	.671	
Fayetteville (Tigers)	35	33	0	.515	11
Hagerstown (Blue Jays)	33	35	0	.478	13 1/2
Charleston (W.Va.) (Reds)	29	41	0	.414	18

CENTRAL DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Asheville (Rockies)	47	20	0	.701	
Columbia (Mets)	37	30	0	.552	10
Piedmont (Phillies)	31	0		.551	10
Charleston (S.C.) (Rangers)	33	36	0	.478	15
Greensboro (Yankees)	29	41	0	.414	19 1/2
Hickory (White Sox)	18	53	0	.232	32

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Augusta (Pirates)	37	32	0	.538	
Columbus (Indians)	36	34	0	.514	1 1/2
Savannah (Dodgers)	34	36	0	.486	3 1/2
Macon (Braves)	32	37	0	.464	5

SECOND HALF

NORTHERN DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Fayetteville (Tigers)	41	30	0	.577	
Hagerstown (Blue Jays)	37	36	0	.514	4 1/2
Delmarva (Expos)	36	38	0	.500	5 1/2
Charleston (W.Va.) (Reds)	29	43	0	.403	12 1/2

CENTRAL DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Columbia (Mets)	45	27	0	.625	
Hickory (White Sox)	39	32	0	.549	5 1/2
Asheville (Rockies)	37	32	0	.536	8 1/2
Piedmont (Phillies)	34	35	0	.493	9 1/2
Charleston (S.C.) (Rangers)	30	42	0	.417	15
Greensboro (Yankees)	27	45	0	.375	18

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Columbus (Indians)	43	29	0	.597	
Savannah (Dodgers)	38	33	0	.535	4 1/2
Augusta (Pirates)	34	38	0	.472	9
Macon (Braves)	29	42	0	.408	13 1/2

COMPOSITE

Team	Ab.	C's	Del.	C's	Fav.	Ple.	Sav.	Aug.	Hag.	CBC	Mas.	CWV	Gbr.	Hck.	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Asheville (Rockies)	1	7	1	10	9	2	2	11	4	3	10	12	12	84	52	0	.418		
Columbia (Mets)	3	0	12	5	4	9	13	2	12	11	4	4	3	82	57	0	.590	3 1/2	
Delmarva (Expos)	3	4	2	9	7	3	2	16	4	3	10	12	8	83	59	0	.585	4	
Columbus (Indians)	3	8	2	2	4	12	9	0	15	16	2	3	3	79	63	0	.556	8	
Fayetteville (Tigers)	5	3	14	2	8	1	2	9	2	4	8	8	10	76	63	0	.547	9 1/2	
Piedmont (Phillies)	11	2	7	0	3	2	2	7	2	2	11	8	15	72	86	0	.522	13	
Savannah (Dodgers)	1	10	1	12	3	2	8	3	14	12	1	2	3	72	89	0	.511	14 1/2	
Augusta (Pirates)	2	7	2	11	2	5	9	1	9	11	3	5	4	71	70	0	.504	15 1/2	
Hagerstown (Blue Jays)	3	2	8	4	8	7	1	3	2	1	16	6	9	70	71	0	.496	16 1/2	
Charleston (S.C.) (Rangers)	0	9	0	9	1	2	10	10	2	10	2	4	4	83	78	0	.447	23 1/2	
Macon (Braves)	1	5	1	6	0	2	14	13	2	12	1	3	1	61	79	0	.436	25	
Charleston (W.Va.) (Reds)	4	0	5	2	12	5	3	1	5	2	3	13	3	58	84	0	.408	29	
Greensboro (Yankees)	6	4	4	1	0	8	2	1	6	0	1	7	10	56	86	0	.394	31	
Hickory (White Sox)	10	2	8	1	4	3	1	4	7	0	2	7	6	55	85	0	.393	31	

Major league affiliations in parentheses.

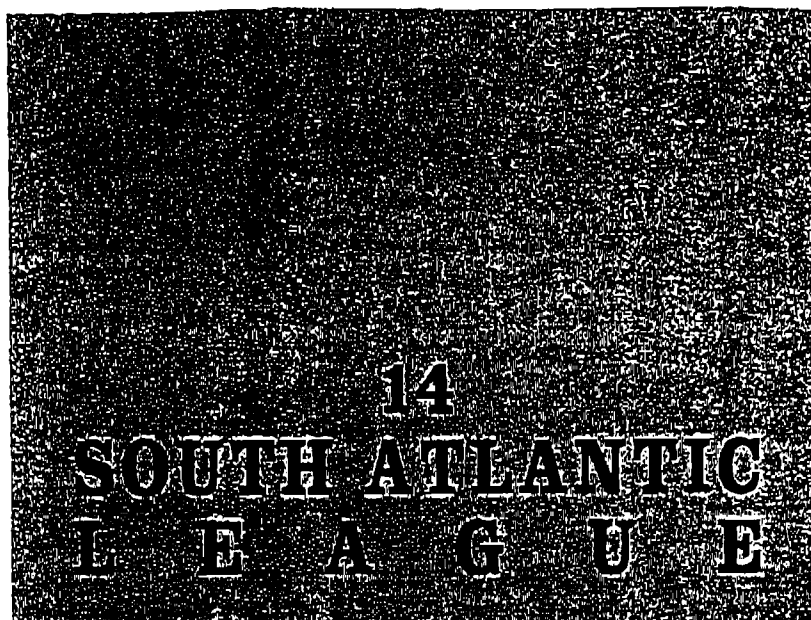
PLAYOFFS: Savannah defeated Columbus, two games to none; Delmarva defeated Asheville, two games to one; Savannah defeated Delmarva, three games to one, to win league championship.

REGULAR SEASON ATTENDANCE: Asheville, 145,798; Augusta, 157,487; Columbia, 158,921; Charleston (S.C.), 100,428; Charleston (W.Va.), 87,189; Columbus, 45,110; Delmarva, 315,011; Fayetteville, 73,149; Greensboro, 168,534; Hagerstown, 102,765; Hickory, 207,069; Macon, 117,042; Piedmont, 102,563; Savannah, 122,486; Total—1,901,674; Playoffs (6 games)—18,518; All-Star Game—3,872.

MANAGERS: Asheville, P.J. Carey; Augusta, Jay Loviglio; Charleston (S.C.), Gary Allenson; Charleston (W.Va.), Tammy Thompson (through July 2), Donnie Scott (July 3 through end of season); Columbia, Howie Felling; Columbus, Joel Skinner; Delmarva, Doug Blase; Fayetteville, Dwight Lowry; Greensboro, Rick Patterson (through May 2), Jimmy Johnson (May 3 through end of season); Hagerstown, J.J. Cannon; Hickory, Chris Cron; Macon, Paul Runge; Piedmont, Roy Maljka; Savannah, John Shoemaker. Managerial records of teams with more than one manager: Charleston (W.Va.), Thompson, 34-50; Scott, 24-34; Greensboro, Patterson, 14-12; Johnson, 42-74.

The Sporting News - 533 - Baseball Guide 1997

CLASS A South Atlantic League



from "The Minor Leagues: A Celebration of the Little Show" by Mike Blake, published by Wynwood Press in 1991.

The current South Atlantic League, first established in 1948 (it ran until 1952) and reestablished in 1960, has run consecutively for thirty-one years. Previous tries at loops called the South Atlantic League began in 1888 and operated sporadically. Those circuits were affectionately known as "The Sally League" in earlier morphoses, which eventually became the Southern League.

The current league sprang up during the postwar boom, but collapsed during the period of increased interest in TV and the Major League mishandling crisis of the early '50s. This led to poor attendance and failed clubs. Revived in 1960, attendance has steadily swelled until the 1989 season saw the S.A.L. draw more than one million fans.

The South Atlantic League is a Class-A circuit with twelve teams covering North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and West Virginia.

Running a 144-game schedule from April 5 to August 30, the South Atlantic League team roster currently includes: Asheville Tourists (Astros), Augusta Pirates, Charleston Rainbows (Padres), Charleston Wheelers

(Reds), Columbia Mets, Fayetteville Generals (Tigers), Gastonia Rangers, Greensboro Hornets (Yankees), Myrtle Beach Blue Jays, Savannah Cardinals, Spartanburg Phillies, and Sumter Braves.

In 1990, the Charleston (Reds) took the second-half crown in the Northern Division, after the Fayetteville (Tigers) grabbed the first half. In the Southern Division, Savannah (Cardinals) ran away with the second half after Columbia (Mets) nabbed the first half.



What is the South Atlantic League?

Well, it is the only league with two teams representing two different cities of the same name—Charleston. The Charleston Rainbows hail from South Carolina and the Charleston Wheelers come from West Virginia.



Inside the South Atlantic League (including earlier leagues bearing the same name):

- Pitcher Bugs Raymond went 35–11 for Charleston in 1907.
- Maurice Archdeacon, who later starred for the International League's Baltimore Orioles, stole 42 bases for Charleston in 1919 and 44 the next year.
- George Rhinhardt had back-to-back seasons of quality in 1923–34 with Greenville. The outfielder put together years of .370, 100 RBI, 22 steals, 40 doubles and 28 triples in 1923; and .404, 92 ribbies, 32 steals, 45 doubles the following campaign.
- In 1927, Walter Tauscher, a right-handed pitcher who won 259 Minor League games during a twenty-five-year career, lost 19 games for Columbia despite a solid 3.04 ERA. His earned runs seemed to matter to scouts more than his losses, as the Pittsburgh Pirates snatched him up for the 1928 season.

- The 1930 season belonged to twenty-one-year-old outfielder for Greenville, Murray "Red" Howell. Howell led the league in RBI (147) to follow up his league-leading 135 in 1929 and also was number one in hits (193) and runs scored (123), while maintaining his batting consistency—he hit .341 in 1929 and .340 in 1930.
- In 1939, forty-five-year-old journeyman pitcher Red McColl found his way to the South Atlantic League and walked only 21 batters in 154 innings on his way to a 2.81 ERA.
- Greensboro entered the South Atlantic League in 1980, and outfielder-first baseman Don Mattingly was named MVP as he led the league with a .358 batting average while bashing 32 doubles and driving in 105 runs.
- In 1981, for Spartanburg, Jeff Stone swiped 123 bases.

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1990 Players to Watch

Cincinnati Reds No. 1 choice Dan Wilson, catcher, made Charleston, West Virginia, his home and hit .248 with 2 homers and 15 RBI in 31 games. A contact hitter, he struck out only 18 times in 109 at bats.

Tim Howard, with Columbia (Mets), had knocked out 112 hits by late August.

Brian Cornelius, Fayetteville (Tigers), had slammed 11 triples.

Austin Manahan, Augusta (Pirates), had hit 10 triples.

Pat Howell, Columbia (Mets), had stolen 58 bases.

Jeff Hoffman, Greensboro (Yankees), fashioned a 1.47 ERA.

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE

LEAGUE OFFICE

President/Secretary-Treasurer
John Moss
Address
P.O. Box 38
Kings Mountain, NC 28086
Phone
704-739-3466

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Capital City Bombers (Mets)
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Fayetteville Crocks (Expos)
Greensboro Bats (Yankees)
Hagerstown Suns (Blue Jays)
Hickory Crawdads (White Sox)
Macon Braves (Braves)
Piedmont Bollweevils (Phillies)
Savannah Sand Gnats (Dodgers)

1996 FINAL STANDINGS

FIRST HALF

NORTHERN DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Delmarva (Expos)	47	23	0	.671	---
Fayetteville (Tigers)	35	33	0	.515	11
Hagerstown (Blue Jays)	33	36	0	.478	13 1/2
Charleston (W.Va.) (Reds)	29	41	0	.414	18

CENTRAL DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Asheville (Rockies)	47	20	0	.701	---
Columbia (Mets)	37	30	0	.552	10
Piedmont (Phillies)	36	31	0	.551	10
Charleston (SC) (Rangers)	33	36	0	.478	15
Greensboro (Yankees)	29	41	0	.414	19 1/2
Hickory (White Sox)	18	53	0	.232	32

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Augusta (Pirates)	37	32	0	.536	---
Columbus (Indians)	36	34	0	.514	1 1/2
Savannah (Dodgers)	34	36	0	.486	3 1/2
Macon (Braves)	32	37	0	.464	5

SECOND HALF

NORTHERN DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Fayetteville (Tigers)	41	30	0	.577	---
Hagerstown (Blue Jays)	37	35	0	.514	4 1/2
Delmarva (Expos)	36	36	0	.500	5 1/2
Charleston (W.Va.) (Reds)	29	43	0	.403	12 1/2

CENTRAL DIVISION

Team	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Columbia (Mets)	45	27	0	.625	---
Hickory (White Sox)	39	32	0	.549	5 1/2
Asheville (Rockies)	37	32	0	.536	6 1/2
Piedmont (Phillies)	34	35	0	.493	9 1/2
Charleston (SC) (Rangers)	30	42	0	.417	15
Greensboro (Yankees)	27	45	0	.375	18

SOUTHERN DIVISION

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Columbus (Indians)	43	29	0	.597	---
Savannah (Dodgers)	38	33	0	.535	4 1/2
Augusta (Pirates)	34	38	0	.472	9
Macon (Braves)	29	42	0	.408	13 1/2

COMPOSITE

COMPOSITE																			
Team	Ashe.	C'la	Del.	C'us	Fay.	Plo.	Sav.	Aug.	Hag.	CSD	Mac.	CWV	Gbr.	Hck.	W	L	T	Pct.	GB
Asheville (Rockies)	1	7	1	10	9	2	2	11	4	3	10	12	12	84	52	0	.618	----	
Columbia (Mets)	3	0	12	5	4	9	13	2	12	11	4	4	3	82	57	0	.590	3 1/2	
Delmarva (Expos)	3	4	---	2	9	7	3	2	16	4	3	10	12	8	83	59	0	.585	4
Columbus (Indians)	3	8	2	---	2	4	12	9	0	15	16	2	3	3	79	63	0	.556	8
Fayetteville (Tigers)	5	3	14	2	---	8	1	2	9	2	4	8	8	10	76	63	0	.547	9 1/2
Piedmont (Phillies)	11	2	7	0	3	---	2	2	7	2	2	11	8	15	72	66	0	.522	13
Savannah (Dodgers)	1	10	1	12	3	2	---	8	3	14	12	1	2	3	72	69	0	.511	14 1/2
Augusta (Pirates)	2	7	2	11	2	5	9	---	1	9	11	3	5	4	71	70	0	.504	15 1/2
Hagerstown (Blue Jays)	9	2	8	4	6	7	1	3	---	2	1	18	6	9	70	71	0	.498	16 1/2
Charleston (S.C.) (Rangers)	0	9	0	9	1	2	10	10	2	---	10	2	4	4	63	78	0	.447	23 1/2
Macon (Braves)	1	5	1	6	0	2	14	13	2	12	---	1	3	1	61	79	0	.438	25
Charleston (W.Va.) (Reds)	4	0	5	2	12	5	3	1	5	2	3	---	13	3	58	84	0	.408	29
Greensboro (Yankees)	6	4	4	1	6	8	2	1	6	0	1	7	---	10	56	86	0	.394	31
Hickory (White Sox)	10	2	8	1	4	3	1	4	7	0	2	7	6	---	55	85	0	.393	31

Major league affiliations in parentheses.

PLAYOFFS: Savannah defeated Columbus, two games to none; Delmarva defeated Asheville, two games to one; Savannah defeated Delmarva, three games to one, to win league championship.

REGULAR SEASON ATTENDANCE: Asheville, 145,798; Augusta, 157,487; Columbia, 158,921; Charleston (S.C.), 100,428; Charleston (W.Va.), 87,189; Columbus, 45,110; Delmarva, 315,011; Fayetteville, 73,149; Greensboro, 188,534; Hagerstown, 102,765; Hickory, 207,089; Macon, 117,042; Piedmont, 102,983; Savannah, 122,488; Total—1,901,874; Playoffs (8 games)—16,516; All-Star Game—3,872.

MANAGERS: Asheville, P.J. Caray; Augusta, Jay Loviglio; Charleston (S.C.), Gary Allenson; Charleston (W.Va.), Tommy Thompson (through July 2), Donnie Scott (July 3 through end of season); Columbia, Howie Freiling; Columbus, Joel Skinner; Delmarva, Doug Sisson; Fayetteville, Dwight Lowry; Greensboro, Rick Patterson (through May 2), Jimmy Johnson (May 3 through end of season); Hagerstown, J.J. Cannon; Hickory, Chris Cron; Macon, Paul Runge; Piedmont, Roy Maltby; Savannah, John Shoemaker. Managerial records of teams with more than one manager: Charleston (W.Va.), Thompson, 34-50; Scott, 24-34; Greensboro, Patterson, 14-12; Johnson, 42-74.

The Sporting News - 533 - Baseball Guide 1997

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

Date: 2/4/99ACTION / CONCURRENCE / COMMENT DUE BY: 9:30 a.m. TomorrowSubject: HANK AARON REMARKS

	ACTION	FYI		ACTION	FYI
VICE PRESIDENT	☒	☐	NASH	☐	☐
PODESTA	☒	☐	REED	☐	☐
ECHAVESTE	☒	☐	RUFF	☐	☐
RICCHETTI	☒	☐	SOSNIK	☒	☐
LEW	☐	☐	SPERLING	☐	☐
BEGALA	☒	☐	STEIN	☐	☐
BERGER	☐	☐	STERN	☐	☐
BLUMENTHAL	☐	☐	STREETT	☐	☐
FRAMPTON	☐	☐	TRAMONTANO	☒	☐
IBARRA	☐	☐	VERVEER	☐	☐
KLAIN	☒	☐	WALDMAN	☒	☐
LANE	☐	☐	YELLEN	☐	☐
LEWIS	☒	☐	<u>B. JOHNSON</u>	☒	☐
LINDSEY	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐
LOCKHART	☐	☒	_____	☐	☐
MARSHALL	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐
MOORE	☒	☐			

REMARKS:

COMMENTS TO JOSH GOTTHEIMER

RESPONSE:

Draft 2/4/99 7pm
Josh Gottheimer

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

Acknowledgments: Govs. Barnes and Miller; Reps. Joseph Kennedy, John Lewis; Sec. Herman; Mayors Campbell, Dow; Amb. Young; Rev. Jackson; NAACP President Mfume; Bob Costas (MC); Comm. Bud Selig (Major League Baseball); Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ted Turner; Jane Fonda; Gerald Levin; Dick Parsons; the Temptations; Jeffery Osborne; Ernie Banks; Sammy Sosa; Evander Holyfield; Ken Griffey, Sr.; Reggie Jackson; Dave Winfield

It is a privilege to be with you this evening to celebrate Hank Aaron's 65th Birthday -- and to launch Major League Baseball's year-long salute to one of the most dramatic moments in sports history -- Hammerin' Hank Aaron's 715th homerun.

America's favorite pastime was built on legendary feats -- Ty Cobb's 4,189 hits; Cal Ripkins' 2,632 consecutive games, and, just this year, Mark McGwire's 70 homeruns and Sammy Sosa's 66th.

But who could forget that historic night on April 8, 1974 before a sold-out crowd at Atlanta's Fulton County stadium, when Hank Aaron launched number 715 -- and smashed Babe Ruth's 38-year-old record.

That night might have marked Hank Aaron's crowning achievement. But it was only one feat in a career full of accomplishment. Hank continues to hold more Major League batting records than any other player in history -- from 2,297 RBIs...to 3,771 career hits ...to 755 career home runs.

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Hank, that is why we're here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize who you are as a person -- your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and the standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

Date: 2/4/99ACTION / CONCURRENCE / COMMENT DUE BY: 9:30 a.m. TomorrowSubject: AMERICORPS ACTUALITY

	ACTION	FYI		ACTION	FYI
VICE PRESIDENT	☒	☐	NASH	☐	☐
PODESTA	☒	☐	REED	☒	☐
ECHAVESTE	☒	☐	RUFF	☐	☐
RICCHETTI	☒	☐	SOSNIK	☒	☐
LEW	☐	☐	SPERLING	☐	☐
BEGALA	☒	☐	STEIN	☐	☐
BERGER	☐	☐	STERN	☐	☐
BLUMENTHAL	☐	☐	STREETT	☐	☐
FRAMPTON	☐	☐	TRAMONTANO	☒	☐
IBARRA	☐	☐	VERVEER	☐	☐
KLAIN	☒	☐	WALDMAN 	☒	☐
LANE	☐	☐	YELLEN	☐	☐
LEWIS	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐
LINDSEY	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐
LOCKHART	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐
MARSHALL	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐
MOORE	☐	☐			

REMARKS:

RESPONSE:

Comments to Lowell Weiss

Draft 2/4/99 6:30pm

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
RADIO ACTUALITY ON AMERICORPS' "CALL TO SERVICE"
THE WHITE HOUSE
February 5, 1999**

Since 1994, more than 100,000 people have served their nation through AmeriCorps. AmeriCorps members teach children to read, build homes for the poor, and make communities safer places to live -- while earning awards to pay for college or pay off student loans. This year, AmeriCorps is issuing a national "Call to Service" to give 50,000 new members the chance to show what they can do for their country ... the chance to learn that they can make a difference. If you're graduating from high school or college this spring, I encourage you to call 1-800-942-2677 or visit the AmeriCorps website at www.americorps.org. AmeriCorps is a life-changing experience -- for you, for your community. Please get involved.

Draft 2/4/99 9pm
Josh Gottheimer

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

Acknowledgments: Govs. Barnes and Miller; Reps. Joseph Kennedy, John Lewis; Sec. Herman; Mayors Campbell, Dow; Amb. Young; Rev. Jackson; NAACP President Kweisi Mfume; Rev. William Guy; Bob Costas (MC); Comm. Bud Selig (Major League Baseball); Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ted Turner; Jane Fonda; Tom Johnson (CEO, CNN); Leonard Coleman; Gerald Levin; Dick Parsons; the Temptations; Jeffery Osborne; Dream Chasers; Ernie Banks; Sammy Sosa; Evander Holyfield; Ken Griffey, Sr.; Reggie Jackson; Dave Winfield; Billye Aaron (Hank's wife)

Baseball has long exemplified many of the values America holds dear -- competition, craftsmanship, local pride, and appreciation of tradition. Hank Aaron's own career exemplified these values and more. He not only broke records, but broke barriers, and expanded opportunity for those who followed in his footsteps.

It is a privilege to be with you this evening to celebrate Hank's 65th Birthday -- and to launch Major League Baseball's year-long salute to one of the most dramatic moments in sports history -- Hammerin' Hank's 715th homerun.

America's favorite pastime has been built on legendary feats -- Cy Young's 511 wins...Ty Cobb's 4,189 hits...[Cal Ripkins' 2,632 consecutive games]...and, just this year, Mark McGwire's 70 homeruns and Sammy Sosa's 66.

But who could forget that historic night on April 8, 1974 before a sold-out crowd at Atlanta's Fulton County stadium, when Hank Aaron launched homerun number 715 -- and smashed Babe Ruth's 38-year-old record.

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Your career didn't end when you hung up your jersey in 1976. As a baseball executive, philanthropist and founder of the Chasing the Dream Foundation, you've been a champion of opportunity, a lifter of aspirations, an advocate of fairness and a builder of dreams.

Hank, that is why we're here today -- to honor not only the records you have broken but the path you have blazed, the voice you have raised for equality and fairness, and the standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

**Schedule of the President
For
Friday, February 5, 1999**

Final Schedule

SCHEDULING DIRECTOR:

STEPHANIE STREETT

HOME: 202-332-5651

OFFICE: 202-456-2823

WHCA PAGER: 4824

PRESS DESK:

DORI SALCIDO

HOME: 703-548-6466

OFFICE: 202-456-5771

WHCA PAGER: 4844

EVENT COORDINATOR:

LAURA SCHWARTZ

HOME: 202-331-4339

OFFICE: 202-456-5655

WHCA PAGER: 4293

TRIP COORDINATOR:

LAURA GRAHAM

HOME: 703-212-7642

OFFICE: 202-456-2349

WHCA PAGER: 4809

WEATHER:

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Mostly sunny. Winds west to northwest at 10 to 15 knots. Low 34 to 39. High 50 to 55.

for
Friday, February 5, 1999
Final Schedule

DOWN UNTIL 1:00 PM

1:00	pm-	MEETING
1:15	pm	OVAL OFFICE Staff Contact: John Podesta
1:15	pm-	BRIEFING
1:45	pm	OVAL OFFICE Staff Contact: Gene Sperling, Bruce Reed
1:50	pm	THE PRESIDENT proceeds to the Residence
1:55	pm-	MEET AND GREET
2:05	pm	STATE DINING ROOM Staff Contact: Gene Sperling, Bruce Reed CLOSED PRESS

Note: There will be approximately 12 guests in attendance.

2:10	pm-	MICROENTERPRISE DEVELOPMENT AWARD EVENT
2:55	pm	EAST ROOM Remarks: June Shih Staff Contact: Gene Sperling, Bruce Reed Event Coordinator: Laura Schwartz OPEN PRESS

Note: There will be approximately 150 guests in attendance.

- Awardees are announced into the room and proceed to seats in the front row.
- **The President** and the First Lady, accompanied by Secretary Robert Rubin and Carol Willoughby, are announced onto stage.
- The First Lady makes welcoming remarks and introduces Secretary Robert Rubin.
- Secretary Robert Rubin makes brief remarks and introduces Carol Willoughby.
- Carol Willoughby, Owner, "Let the Whole World Know," makes brief remarks and introduces **the President**.
- **The President** makes remarks about each awardee and presents their citations individually.

Note: Each awardee will proceed to the stage to receive the award, pause for a photograph between the President and the First Lady, and then proceed back to their seats.

-- The President makes concluding remarks and invites guests to proceed to the State Dining Room for a reception.

-- The President and the First Lady depart.

3:00 pm-
3:15 pm

BRIEFING
OVAL OFFICE
Staff Contact: Samuel Berger

3:15 pm-
3:35 pm

**BRIEF MEETING WITH PRESIDENT FUJIMORI OF PERU AND
PRESIDENT MAHUAD OF ECUADOR**
OVAL OFFICE
Staff Contact: Samuel Berger
STILLS ONLY

3:45 pm-
3:50 pm

MEETING
OVAL OFFICE DINING ROOM
Staff Contact: Stephanie Streett

4:00 pm-
4:10 pm

MEETING
OVAL OFFICE DINING ROOM
Staff Contact: Larry Stein
CLOSED PRESS

4:15 pm-
4:30 pm

BRIEFING
OVAL OFFICE DINING ROOM
Staff Contact: Ann Lewis, Julianne Corbett

4:30 pm-
5:00 pm

TAPE RADIO ADDRESS
OVAL OFFICE
Remarks: Jeff Sheshol
Staff Contact: Ann Lewis, Julianne Corbett
CLOSED PRESS

Note: The President will tape one radio actuality immediately following the Radio Address.

5:15 pm

THE PRESIDENT departs The White House via Marine One en route Andrews Air Force Base
[flight time: 10 minutes]

5:25 pm

THE PRESIDENT arrives Andrews Air Force Base

HISTORY & OVERVIEW

The South Atlantic League, referred to as "The League of Choice", was formally organized on November 25, 1903, at the DeSoto Hotel in Savannah, Georgia. The original South Atlantic League was made up of six teams. Those teams were the Augusta Tourists, Charleston (SC) Sea Gulls, Columbia Skyscrapers, Jacksonville Jays, Macon Highlanders, and Savannah Pathfinders. Five of those original six clubs are still members of the South Atlantic League today.

The first South Atlantic League or "Sally League" games were played on April 26, 1904. On that day, Columbia beat Augusta, 8-7, despite a homer and double by a youngster named Ty Cobb. Cobb is just one of many outstanding baseball talents that make up the history of the South Atlantic League.

Baseball legends such as **Hank Aaron, Steve Carlton, Bob Gibson, Dale Murphy, Nolan Ryan, Enos Slaughter, and Willie Stargell** all played in the South Atlantic League before moving on to the Major Leagues. **Juan Gonzalez** and **Sammy Sosa**, the 1998 American and National League MVP's, are also South Atlantic League alum's. Gonzalez and Sosa were teammates on the 1987 Gastonia Rangers ball club. In 1998, 385 former South Atlantic League players were on a Major League roster.

The South Atlantic League is currently made up of fourteen (14) clubs including:

South Atlantic League Clubs	Major League Affiliates
Asheville Tourists	Colorado Rockies
Augusta GreenJackets	Boston Red Sox
Cape Fear Cubs	Montreal Expos
Capital City Bombers	New York Mets
Charleston (SC) RiverDogs	Tampa Bay Devil Rays
Charleston (WV) Alley Cats	Kansas City Royals
Columbus RedStixx	Cleveland Indians
Delmarva Shorebirds	Baltimore Orioles
Greensboro Bats	New York Yankees
Hagerstown Suns	Toronto Blue Jays
Hickory Crawdads	Pittsburgh Pirates
Macon Braves	Atlanta Braves
Piedmont Ball Weevils	Philadelphia Phillies
Savannah Sand Gnats	Texas Rangers

Each South Atlantic League club has a signed Player Development Contract with a major league organization. The Major League affiliates assign many of their top prospects to the South Atlantic League each year to develop their talent and give them an opportunity to test their skills against a high caliber of competition.

The South Atlantic League is a full season Class A league with some of the most marketable team logos in minor league baseball. The league plays a 142 game regular season schedule that begins in April and closes with a Championship Playoff in September.

The President of the South Atlantic League is John Henry Moss. Moss has been President of the South Atlantic League for 39 years and has devoted his life to the game of baseball. Besides being President of the South Atlantic League, Moss has served as chairman of the executive committee of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues and is currently the Dean of Professional Baseball League Presidents.

The South Atlantic League has a rich and wonderful history, but it is a league that is also looking towards the future. The South Atlantic League continues to grow and prosper every year, and we would like the opportunity to join with your organization to form a marketing partnership for the 1999 season and beyond.



South Atlantic League Hall of Fame Members

1994 INDUCTEES

Hank Aaron
Sparky Anderson
James "Jimmy" Bragan
Leland "Lou" Brissie
Harley Bowers
Steve Carlton
Ty Cobb
Judge Julian Fine
Danny Hayling
Harmon Killebrew
Don Mattingly
John H. Moss
H. B. "Spec" Richardson
Frank Robinson
Nolan Ryan
Ryne Sandberg
Willie Stargell

1995 INDUCTEES

Bob Bonifay
Dave Bristol
Cecil Darby
Bob Gibson
Leon "Goose" Goslin
Al Lopez
Enos Slaughter
Don Stafford

1996 INDUCTEES

Jim Bayens
Bill Bethea
Ed Holtz
Roy Majtyka
Patrick Putnam
Hoyt Wilhelm
Pat Williams

1997 INDUCTEES

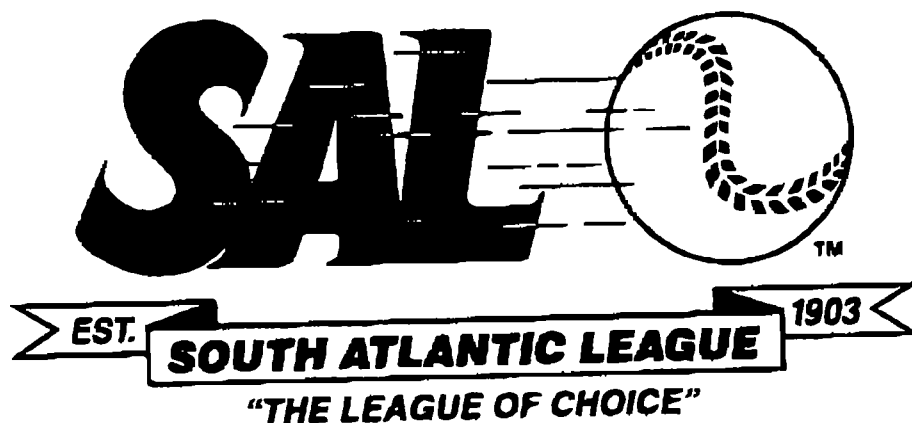
Dale Murphy
Arthur G. "Red" Dwyer
Billy "The Bull" Johnson

1998 INDUCTEES

Martin J. Springstead
Sheldon "Chief" Bender
Charles B. Morrow
Dwight Lowry
Michael C. Paterno
Mel Roberts
Gene Snpakoff

The South Atlantic League
Est. 1903
"The League of Choice"

1999 SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE SPONSORSHIP PACKET



***The South Atlantic League
P.O. Box 38
Kings Mountain, NC 28086***

***John H. Moss, President
Bryan W. Olson, Assistant to the President
Shawn T. Wood, League Marketing Representative***

**Telephone: (704) 739-3466
Fax: (704) 739-1974
E-mail: sal@shelby.net
Web site: www.southatlanticleague.com**

95 Years Of Baseball!

But WHAT IS IMPRESSIVE about Hank Aaron is not ONLY what he did in the majors, BUT THE WAY HE GOT THERE. Aaron's mythic rise from Alabama sandlot sensation to Major League home run king represents American greatness in the face of adversity. He spent his earliest days playing ball in the semi-pros and the Negro League -- but he was determined to reach the Majors. . Although Jackie Robinson WAS THE FIRST AFRICAN AMERICAN TO BREAK the color barrier AND PLAY IN THE Majors, Aaron was the first to play in the South Atlantic League, the Saly League[IS THIS THE MINOR LEAGUE?], deep in the heart of the segregated South. baseball. Only two years later, in 1954, Aaron's dedication and skill catapulted him into the professional ranks - [I'M DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN PRO SPORTS TO BROWN V BOARD, SO I SUGGEST CUTTING THE REST OF THE SENTENCE] the same year the Supreme Court struck down the practice of separate but equal in Brown v. the Board of Education. Aaron spent his first 12 years in Milwaukee, where the Braves captured the pennant twice, before the franchise relocated to Atlanta for the '66 season.

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Your career didn't end when you hung up your jersey in 1976. Since then, as an executive and with Chasing the Dream Foundation, you've been a tireless advocate for fair treatment both to baseball players and to all Americans. PLEASE EXPAND. WHAT DOES THE CHASING THE DREAM FOUNDATION DO THAT IT CAN CLAIM TO SERVE BOTH FAIRNESS FOR PLAYERS AND FAIRNESS FOR "ALL AMERICANS"?

Hank, that is why we're here today -- TO honor ~~NOT ONLY THE RECORDS YOU HAVE BROKEN BUT THE PATH YOU HAVE BLAZED~~, THE VOICE YOU HAVE RAISED FOR EQUALITY AND FAIRNESS, AND THE standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

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Draft 2/4/99 6:15pm
Josh Gottheimer

PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA

→ FEBRUARY 5, 1999 (lower case)
→ ATLANTA, GA

indent
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Hank &

Hank, that is why we're here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize your commitment to your Atlanta Braves, your community, and to all of us for whom you are still a hero. Thank you, Henry, for that example, for your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and for the standard you continue to set for all of out here in the stands.

Hank Aaron

Draft 2/4/99 7pm
Josh Gottheimer

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REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
ATLANTA, GA
February 5, 1999**

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Draft 2/4/99 6:50pm
Josh Gottheimer

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Your career didn’t end when you hung up your jersey in 1976. Since then, as an executive and with Chasing the Dream Foundation, you’ve been a tireless advocate for fair treatment both to baseball players and to all Americas.

Hank, that is why we’re here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize who you are as a person -- your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and for the standard you continue to set for all of us out here in the stands. Thank you for all you have given to your team, your community and your country.

Hank, that is why we're here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize ~~your commitment to your Atlanta Braves, your community, and to all of us for whom you are still a hero. Thank you, Henry, for that example, for~~ your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and for the standard you continue to set for all of out here in the stands. ~~all we the~~

who you
are as
a person--

2/ we thank you.

And for all you have
given to your team,
your comm., & your
country, we thank you -
community.

your team, ~~or~~ your community,
and your country.

You are a hero to us all, Hank, and for ~~that example~~ that we thank you --

Harry Fox.

W. H. R. H. H. H. H.

Yes well
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note to advance to 10/1/92
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or M. as an expert in the field, I have been a teacher advocate for fair treatment both for ball players & to all persons.

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Fardakh

Draft 2/4/99 6pm
Josh Gottheimer

**PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON
REMARKS FOR HANK AARON GALA
FEBRUARY 5, 1999
ATLANTA, GA**

Acknowledgments: Govs. Barnes and Miller; Leps. Joseph Kennedy, John Lewis; Sec. Herman; Mayors Campbell, Dow; Amb. Young; Rev. Jackson; NAACP President Mfume; Bob Costas (MC); Comm. Bud Selig (Major League Baseball); Ozzie Davis and Ruby Dee; Ted Turner; Jane Fonda; Gerald Levin; Dick Parsons; the Temptations; Jeffery Osborne; Ernie Banks; Sammy Sosa; Evander Holyfield; Ken Griffey, Sr. Reggie Jackson; Dave Winfield;

It is a distinct privilege to be with you this evening to celebrate Hank Aaron's 65th Birthday -- and to launch Major League Baseball's year-long salute to one of the most dramatic moments in sports history -- Hammerin' Hank Aaron's 715th homerun.

America's favorite pastime was built on legendary feats -- To Cobb's 4,189 hits; Cal Ripkins 2,632 consecutive games; and, just this year, Mark McGwire's 70 homeruns.

But who could forget that historic night on April 8, 1974 before a sold-out crowd at Atlanta's Fulton County stadium, when Hank launched number 715 off of Dodger Al Downing -- smashing Babe Ruth's 38-year-old record.

That night might have marked Aaron's crowning achievement, but it was but one feat in a career chock full of accomplishment. Hank continues to hold more Major League batting records than any other player in history -- from 2,297 RBIs...to 3,771 career hits ...to 755 career home runs.

Aaron's mythic rise from Alabama sandlot sensation to Major League home run king represents American greatness in the face of adversity. Aaron spent his earliest days playing ball in the semi-pros and the Negro League -- but he was determined to reach the Majors. Although Jackie Robinson had broken the color barrier less than a decade earlier, Aaron was the first black to play in the South Atlantic League -- deep in the heart of the segregated South. Only two years later, in 1954, he broke into the majors, the same year the Supreme Court struck down the practice of separate but equal. Aaron spent his first 12 years in Milwaukee, where the Braves captured the pennant twice, before the franchise relocated to Atlanta for the '66 season.

Although he made it all look easy on the field, most of us had no idea of the challenges he faced off the diamond. Throughout his career, Hank was often forced to dink from "colored only" water fountains; sleep in hotels separate from the team; and eat at segregated restaurants. And even as he neared Ruth's record, Aaron received thousands upon thousands of death threats. But as Hank himself said, "I had a job to do, and I stuck with the plan. I was not going to be

distracted from my goal.”

Hank, that is why we're here today -- not only to honor your records, but to recognize your commitment to your Atlanta Braves, your community, and to all of us for whom you are still a hero. Thank you, Henry, for that example, for your steady voice for equality, integrity and change -- and for the standard you continue to set for all of out here in the stands.

Josh-

Saly League

South Atlantic League

class A league