

Madam Speaker, I would like to commend State Representative Barbin for his advocacy on behalf of this important cause.

36TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH INVASION OF THE REPUBLIC OF CYPRUS

HON. LORETTA SANCHEZ

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Ms. LORETTA SANCHEZ of California. Madam Speaker, today marks the 36th anniversary of Turkey's invasion of the Republic of Cyprus. July 20, 1974 began the Turkish occupation of the northern part of Cyprus and to this day 43,000 Turkish troops occupy nearly 37 percent of Cyprus' territory.

Since 1974, the people of Cyprus have endured mass violation of their human rights and fundamental freedom along with forcible ethnic segregation. The people of Cyprus also witnessed the destruction of their culture and their religious heritage destroyed.

The international community has been actively involved in developing a solution for the people of Cyprus. However, Turkey has repeatedly ignored all international pressure including 75 resolutions that have been adopted by the United Nations Security Council and more than 13 by the United Nations General Assembly since 1974.

Members of Congress along with the international community must continue to work diligently to reach a comprehensive settlement of the Cyprus problem. We must strongly urge Turkey to respect human rights and ultimately withdraw its forces from Cyprus.

Cyprus and the U.S. share a deep commitment to uphold the ideals of freedom, democracy, justice, human rights, and the international rule of law. I believe the international community has a moral and ethical obligation to stand with the Cypriots to reunify their island and end the military occupation.

HONORING THE SERVICE AND SACRIFICE OF UNITED STATES ARMY SPECIALIST CHRISTOPHER J. MOON

HON. GABRIELLE GIFFORDS

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Ms. GIFFORDS. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor United States Army Specialist Christopher J. Moon, who passed away on July 13, 2010 from wounds sustained during an IED attack in Afghanistan.

Originally from Tucson, Chris was a natural athlete and stand-out baseball player. While attending Tucson High Magnet School, he received many accolades including 2006 Southern Arizona Player of the Year and a scholarship to the University of Arizona.

Known for his outstanding personality and attitude, Chris was always willing to help out anyone who needed it.

"Specialist Moon was the type of person we have all heard of but have very seldom ever met," said First Sergeant Derek Gondek, Moon's company First Sergeant. "He was one

of those men who, no matter what he put his mind to he became a star at it, whether it was on the baseball field or on the battlefield. He will truly be missed by his fellow warfighters."

Assigned to Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment, part of the Army's 82nd Airborne Division based at Fort Bragg, Chris was on a combat mission in the Arghandab Valley when he triggered an IED device, wounding him severely. Chris succumbed to his injuries at Landstuhl Regional Medical Center in Germany on July 13, 2010.

We remember Chris and offer our deepest condolences and sincerest prayers to his family. My words cannot effectively convey the feeling of great loss nor can they offer adequate consolation. However, it is my hope that in future days, his family may take some comfort in knowing that Chris made a difference in the lives of many others and serves as an example of a competent and caring leader and friend that will live on in the hearts and minds of all those he touched.

Specialist Chris Moon leaves behind his mother Marsha, his father, Brian, and his sister Sunday.

This body and this country owe Chris and his family our deepest gratitude, and we will today and forevermore honor and remember him and his service to our country.

A GENOCIDE SURVIVOR FROM PIRAN: SARKIS SARYAN'S STORY

HON. ADAM B. SCHIFF

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Mr. SCHIFF. Madam Speaker, I rise today to memorialize and record a courageous story of survival of the Armenian Genocide. The Armenian Genocide, perpetrated by the Ottoman Empire from 1915 to 1923, resulted in the death of 1.5 million Armenian men, women, and children. As the U.S. Ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, Henry Morgenthau documented at the time, it was a campaign of "race extermination."

The campaign to annihilate the Armenian people failed, as illustrated by the proud Armenian nation and prosperous diaspora. It is difficult if not impossible to find an Armenian family not touched by the genocide, and while there are some survivors still with us, it is imperative that we record their stories. Through the Armenian Genocide Congressional Record Project, I hope to document the harrowing stories of the survivors in an effort to preserve their accounts and to help educate the Members of Congress now and in the future of the necessity of recognizing the Armenian Genocide.

This is one of those stories:

TRANSLATED BY LEVON A. SARYAN, PH.D.

In January of 2008, I traveled to Beirut to participate in the International Symposium on the Culture of Cilician Armenia, which was held under the sponsorship of His Holiness Aram I, Catholicos of the Great House of Cilicia. One morning, as I took my seat in the meeting hall, I turned around and introduced myself to two women scholars seated behind me, Dr. Verjine Svazlyan and her daughter Knarik Avagyan. Both were among the contingent of academics from Yerevan who were participating in the symposium. As

we got to talking (the usual "where are you from, where are your parents from" questions that Armenians are so fond of), Dr. Svazlyan removed from her briefcase a small book that she had written and opened it to a page containing several photographs. After searching for a moment, she pointed to one of the photos. It was a picture of my father, whose account was one of several hundred that Dr. Svazlyan has been collecting over the years. Dr. Svazlyan transcribed my father's story in July 1999 at the Louvre Museum in Paris, when they were both attending the Sixth International Conference of Armenian Linguistics. My father's account was not contained in the small book she showed me, but it is recorded in Armenian in Dr. Svazlyan's major work, *Hayots Tseghaspanutian: Aganades Verabroghneri Vgayutiunneruh* (Armenian Genocide: The Testimonies of Eyewitness Survivors), published in Yerevan by the Republic of Armenia National Academy of Sciences in 2000. After returning to Yerevan, Knarik kindly sent me a scan of the relevant pages from this book, enabling me to prepare this translation.

The village of Piran is located on the southern slopes of the Taurus mountain range, approximately midway between the towns of Palu (to the north) and Diarbekir (to the south). Kharpert is to the west, and Sassoun is to the east. Piran was a relatively small village, with probably less than 1,000 inhabitants. It does not appear on most maps. As we will see, it did not escape the fate of other Armenian towns and villages in the region. In 1915, through murder and deportation, Piran was nearly emptied of its Armenian inhabitants.

I present here an English translation of my father's account as transcribed by Prof. Svazlyan. Some additions and clarifications are noted in brackets. I have also made a few minor factual adjustments based on our personal family knowledge.

* * * * *

For the most part, the inhabitants of our village were Kurds; there were a few Turks, and the rest were Armenians. Our village was not far from the source of the Tigris River. The Tigris begins at Dzvok Lake; Dzvok is where Nerses Shnorhali was born. Dzvok was one and one-half days away from us. In the spring, the Tigris River flowed so swiftly that it would carry trees with their roots in its current. I have seen how, if the trees became tangled in the river, some swimmers would enter the water and straighten the trunks so that the water could flow unimpeded. Four or five miles from Piran, our village, there was a red rock outcropping, where wild bees made honey which would collect in a hole [in the rock]. Our villagers would go [to this place] with pans to collect the honey, fill their pans, and take it home.

I was born in 1911. My father's name was Krikor, my uncle's name was Garo, my grandfather, Sarkis. Three months before the Great Catastrophe, I awoke to find myself on my grandmother's back. My father had been taken in handcuffs to the police house. The last time I saw my father he was tied with handcuffs. All of the Armenian men in the village were taken from the prison and driven to the northeast. Later, the Kurds told us that all of them had been killed.

It was a hot day in the month of July, 1915. The Kurds had come; they were sitting in the shade of a tree watching the proceedings. The command for deportation had arrived and everywhere there was confusion. The Turkish gendarmes were saying to each other: "Firman geldi, bir giavourn kafa kalmaichak." (Turkish for "an official

command has arrived, not one infidel (Armenian) head shall remain.”)

Although at that time I was only 4 years old, I remember it well. I did not want to go into exile. Our family was put onto the road before noon. They were taking the road toward the nearby Kurdish village of Kalbin, the one we used when taking our herds to graze. The flocks went, the dust rose and our family went. My mother, my older sister Haygouhi (seven years old), my younger sister Esther (2 years old), and my four-month old brother Haygaz. My little sister and my brother became tired on the road to exile, and began to cry. The gendarme [accompanying the caravan] took Esther and Haygaz and threw them into the Tigris River. My mother fled and my older sister Haygouhi was kidnapped. My father's brother's son was small; they killed his mother with a dagger, and they also killed little Ghevont since his mother would not obey the soldiers. Hermig, one of our neighbors, had escaped from the caravan. She returned to the village and told us what had happened to them.

I did not go with them. Because I sensed the coming danger I went and hid in our stable. A military policeman came, found me and took hold of me, and placed me on a donkey. I did not want this, and started to cry. I got down from the donkey, and again went and hid myself in the stable. Once more, the military police came and found me, and again they placed me on the donkey. Again I let myself down, and this time I went to the tree where the Kurds were sitting, and mixed with them. They belonged to the Zaza tribe and spoke the Kurmanji dialect; they were our friends and neighbors. Imagine, just at that moment my grandmother came from behind me. She was a folk doctor; she would dry various types of flowers and use them to treat eye diseases, and cure people. People would compensate her for her services with tomatoes, peppers, madzoun (yogurt), and so forth. [Because of this skill, she was allowed to remain in the village.]

I had a 15-year-old uncle [whose name was Kaloust], who was taken all day for interrogation. It was he who shod all the horses in our village. Consequently, the Turks needed a craftsman like him in the village. For that reason they allowed him to remain in the village, and I stayed with him. The next year we were Islamized, we became Zaza and Kurmanji, but in the house we spoke Armenian. A mullah came, and my name became Sefer. I, my uncle, and Hovhannes (whose name became Haso) were circumcised. I remember that there was a terrible pain. That part of my body felt like it was on fire. They took that part of my body and dried it in the sun, keeping it as evidence.

We stayed with the Kurds for four years, until 1919. In those years we would travel by donkey north, south, east, and west, tinning copper pots. My job was to [stoke the fire by] working the bellows. Hovhannes-Haso worked with us. He would pulverize rocks, fill them in the copper pots and mix them with his foot, cleaning the inside of the pot so that the tin would adhere. My uncle would collect old nails which we would warm in a fire until they became soft, and make new nails. One day, in this fashion, we made 1,500 nails.

Southeast of our village were Kurdish villages named Kalbin and Shekhmalan. I have been to those villages. There was an Islamized Armenian married woman who lived there. I was there one night. I heard some whispering that the Islamized Armenians, because they had been reduced to starvation, had decided to enter the wheat fields at nighttime and steal grain. The grain belonged to them, they had cultivated the wheat in those fields, but the Kurds had

taken it. The following day it became apparent that they had taken the grain, since one of their bags had a hole in it and the grain, falling out of the bag, had left a trail.

East of our village was the Kurdish village of Deiran, where the Kurds lived in conical stables. I went, and saw that the wheat was ripe in the fields around us as we walked to Deiran village. The weather was so hot that the fields behind us ignited and started to burn, but we were not harmed. The Kurds were the losers, since for them this was ill-gotten gain.

The war was over by 1919. My father's brother Simon had enlisted as a volunteer [gamavor in Armenian] in the Armenian legion of the French Army. The young men trained in Cyprus, and then went to Adana and fought.

[Simon came to our village and found that I had survived. He wanted to take me to America. First,] we came to Dikranagert [Diarbekir], then Mardin, where there was a railway. There was a fortress on a very high hill. The railroad was down below, in a valley. The train only came once a week, so we went to the station a day early and slept there, waiting for the train.

Many Armenians were going to Aleppo and we, with them, were also going to Aleppo. There was nothing to eat, and I was ill with a strong fever. My Uncle Simon somehow got me into the railway wagon, so that I could reach Aleppo quickly. From one side the French soldiers were pulling me onto the train, while on the other side the Turkish soldiers were trying to pull me off. Simon was unable to come with me, but he gave me his volunteer's cap. This was the Berlin-Baghdad railway that brought us to Aleppo. When I reached Aleppo, I put the cap on my head, and the Armenian volunteers found me and took [care of] me. We had a relative named Baghdadian, who had reached Aleppo with his young son, but a Turk had struck him in the head and blinded him. He took me in and kept me until my uncle arrived the following week. Since my uncle was a volunteer, he could travel for free. First he returned to America, and in 1921 he sent me money and I also came to America.

I became a chemist. Later, I went to Befit to study Armenian at the Jemaran [Collège Arménien]. There, my teachers were Levon Shant, Nigol Aghbalian, and others. We learned to sing in Gananchian's chorus. There I met Armine [Manoukian, my future wife]. Later, she came to America. Now we have two sons and two daughters. One son is a physician and the other is a biochemist. Our daughters work in the financial industry. We have eight grandchildren. The Turks reduced our numbers, but we increased them.

I am also a writer and I study the relationship of Armenian to other sister Indo-European languages. I have published a book on this topic [Language Connections: Kinship of Armenian with Sister Indo-European Languages].

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF RICHARD ATLEY DONALD'S LIFE

HON. GREGG HARPER

OF MISSISSIPPI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Mr. HARPER. Madam Speaker, I rise today to celebrate the life of the only major league baseball player to be born in Morton, Mississippi, located in the congressional district in which I serve. His name: Richard Atley Donald.

Donald's ancestors traveled in a covered wagon from South Carolina to Mississippi in

pursuit of the American Dream. The family ultimately settled in Morton, in central Mississippi, where Atley was born on August 19, 1910. A year and a half later they moved to Downsville, Louisiana, where Atley's love for the game of baseball would commence.

A star college baseball player, Atley attended Louisiana Tech University in Ruston after graduating from high school in 1929. Atley earned four lettermen's, and as a freshman, he was said to be "the most promising of the Bullpups" by a 1930 review of the freshman baseball team.

Although the New York Yankees southern region scout, Johnny Nee, had received a recommendation letter from Atley's head coach and had witnessed him pitch, the Yankees did not sign him. But Atley did not let this hinder him from following his dreams of playing for the Yankees. With \$25 in his pocket and his brother's rain coat, he hitchhiked to St. Petersburg, Florida where the Yankees held spring training. Nee introduced Atley to the Yankee's skipper, Joe McCarthy, who sent the young pitcher to the mound against some of baseball's greatest players, such as Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. Atley prevailed and signed a minor league contract in 1936 where he pitched and hit his way into the major league by 1939.

Richard Atley's career is highlighted by playing for the 1939 Newark Bears who are considered to be one of the minor league's greatest teams, throwing a 94.7 mph record pitch in 1939, setting the American League record for most wins by a rookie in 1939, and pitching in the 1941 World Series won by the Yankees. The first major league pitcher from Louisiana Tech, Atley was inducted into the Louisiana Tech University Hall of Fame with a .663 winning percentage.

After Atley pitched his last game on July 13, 1945, he spent 29 years as a scout for the Yankees, recruiting players in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas. His recruits included Ron Guidry, Clint "Scrap Iron" Courtney, Jack Reed, and Ron Blomberg.

In all, Richard Atley spent 39 years wearing the pinstripes of the New York Yankees. Atley passed away on October 19, 1992 in West Monroe, Louisiana, leaving behind his wife, Betty. Although he is no longer with us, his legacy lives on 100 years later in the hearts of all of us who continue to celebrate America's favorite pastime.

THE RETIREMENT OF MS. LESLIE JUDITH GOLDBERG, R.N.

HON. JOHN LEWIS

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Mr. LEWIS of Georgia. Madam Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to Ms. Leslie Judith Goldberg, R.N. to thank her for her 20 years of service to the Members and staff of the U.S. House of Representatives.

Almost every staffer in the House complex, particularly those who work in the Cannon House Office Building, knows Nurse Leslie. Always smiling, extremely knowledgeable, and thorough, she has a legendary ability to help