

of 18th century poet Phyllis Wheatley's poems.

Dodson has dedicated his life to presenting to the outside community a fuller picture of Black America. His devotion to this work has made him a connector of the past and present. Dodson sees his upcoming retirement as an opportunity to start a new, broader legacy.

At the Schomburg Center he built an array of respected educational and cultural programs, including seminars, exhibitions, film screenings, and performing arts projects to complement its permanent collection. It was during his time at Villanova University, where he graduated with a Masters in History and Political Science in 1964, that Dodson became fascinated with African and African American history. His work at the Schomburg pays homage to Arthur A. Schomburg, the historian whose personal collection served as the starting point for today's internationally renowned center. One of the highlights of Dodson's career was his involvement with the African Burial Ground project, which oversaw the exhumation and reburial of the remains of hundreds of Africans buried in New York City during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Today, Mr. Dodson continues to improve the research and intellectual resources available to the community for investigating African and African American culture.

I commend to your attention the attached May 3 New Yorker article.

TREASURE HUNTER

[From the New Yorker, May 3, 2010]

(By Lauren Collins)

When Howard Dodson, Jr., the director of the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, in Harlem, was thirty, the life expectancy for a black male was sixty. Dodson was just enrolling in a doctoral program at U.C. Berkeley. "I figured I'd be forty by the time I was done, and I'd only have twenty years to work," Dodson recalled last week, sitting in one of the center's conference rooms. "So I went into this conversation with me and God. I said, 'Look, God. I need some more time. Give me seventy-two years. I'll have done all the work I needed to do. I'll be ready to, you know, waltz on out of here.'" Dodson paused for a minute—quiet, grave. "Well, about five years ago, I started renegotiations!" he said.

Dodson, who turns seventy-one in June, will retire next year, after a quarter century of running the Schomburg, the world's premier facility for the preservation and study of African-American culture. Under his stewardship, the center has raised more than forty million dollars. Its treasures, ten million of them, are various: Richard Wright's manuscript of "Native Son," a first edition of Phyllis Wheatley's poems, African fertility masks, sheet music for spirituals, photographs of strawberry pickers and uptown grandees, Malcolm X's diaries from Mecca. Dodson has salvaged artifacts from dumpsters (the love letters of the muralist Aaron Douglas) and from storage units (the papers of Léon Damas, the founder of the Négritude movement). Rummaging in the collection one day, Dodson came upon a sheet of commemorative stamps from the 1936 Olympics. "It was signed by Jesse Owens and the six other African-American athletes who won medals," he said. "And by Göring and Hitler!" If the African-American experience is a diaspora, Dodson has amassed its richest seed bank.

Dodson grew up in Chester, Pennsylvania, where his parents, both natives of Danville,

Virginia, had moved during the First World War. His father found work in construction. His mother became a silk presser. "It was a rough town," Dodson recalled. "I was, for some reason, designated from an early age to—in the language of the time—'represent the race.' For that reason, everybody drew a ring of protection around me." Dodson went on to West Chester State College, and to Villanova, where he earned a master's in history and political science. He joined the Peace Corps in 1964, and spent two years in Ecuador. "I was inspired by reading 'The Ugly American,'" he recalled. "It talked about the ways that expatriates were misrepresenting Americans abroad, and I decided that I could do a better job."

In 1968, he said, "the combination of King's death, the collapse of the Poor People's Campaign, and Bobby Kennedy's assassination drove a stake into my plans." He felt that he had debts to redeem in America. "I was the first person in my family to go to college, and I didn't have a right to individualism," he said. Confused and bereft, he retreated to a friend's cabin in the mountains near Mayagüez, Puerto Rico. "I declared myself insane and was trying to read myself back into sanity, to ground myself in the history of my people," he said.

After his exile in Puerto Rico, Dodson went to Berkeley, where he studied slavery in the Western Hemisphere, and favored an outfit of flared pants and a flat-topped hat, which helped him become known as the Cisco Kid. At the Schomburg, he was wearing a double-breasted tweed suit, a brown paisley tie, and laceless leather slippers, and, on his left index finger, a gold pyramid ring, signifying his status as a thirty-third-degree Mason. A lucky cowrie shell was pinned to his left lapel. "I've been dressing since I was in high school," Dodson said. "I worked with my mother at the dry-cleaning plant off the Main Line, where I had my pick of anything left after thirty days."

One of the high points of Dodson's tenure at the Schomburg was his involvement with the African Burial Ground project, which oversaw the exhumation and reburial of the remains of more than four hundred Africans, which had lain in an unmarked cemetery downtown. "Those seventeenth- and eighteenth-century ancestors gave me assignments," Dodson said. "I'd do stuff, and they'd say, 'Look, follow through.' I'd say, 'I've got a full-time job, and I don't have time.' And they'd say, 'No, you've gotta do this.'" Now the ancestors are urging Dodson to visit the rock churches in Ethiopia, to go to Xi'an to see the terra-cotta warriors, to visit Machu Picchu. They're telling him it's his time. "I fulfilled all my service obligations," he said. "I don't owe anything to anybody! But me."

A PROCLAMATION HONORING
LARRY AND NORMA HINDS ON
THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF
THEIR WEDDING

HON. ZACHARY T. SPACE

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 26, 2010

Mr. SPACE. Madam Speaker:

Whereas, Larry and Norma Hinds are celebrating the 50th anniversary of their wedding; and

Whereas, they have served as an example of commitment to each other and to the bonds of marriage for their family, friends, and community; and

Whereas, the couple are appreciated for their dedication and contributions to the Licking County Board of Developmental Disabilities; and

Whereas, Larry and Norma Hinds have demonstrated the values of service to community through their work in Licking County: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that along with their friends, family, and the residents of the 18th Congressional District, I commend Larry and Norma Hinds for their fifty years of marriage and serving as role models of commitment to love, family, and community.

HONORING THE LIFE AND SERVICE
OF JOHN VINCENT PANGELINAN
GERBER

HON. MADELEINE Z. BORDALLO

OF GUAM

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 26, 2010

Ms. BORDALLO. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the life and service of John Vincent Pangelinan Gerber, a lifetime resident of the village of Ordot, Guam. John Gerber passed away on May 4, 2010 at the age of 58.

Born on May 31, 1951, in Guam, John is the eldest son of Martin and Dolores Gerber. He attended Barrigada Junior High School, Father Dueñas Memorial School, and after graduating from George Washington High School, he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps on June 4, 1969. After completing basic training at Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego, John was deployed to Vietnam where he served with the Fleet Logistics Command in support of the 1st and 3rd Marine Divisions. Following his tour of duty in Vietnam, John was assigned to Bravo Company at Marine Barracks Guam. John Gerber was honorably discharged from the U.S. Marine Corps on June 3, 1975.

John Gerber began his civilian career as a young radio disc jockey on the Wireless Rock Show and later established a record store in Guam's capital of Hagatna called the Wireless Rock Music Box. John also started a charter boat tour company that took visitors around Guam's southern shores.

In 1992, John joined the Guam Chapter of the 3rd Marine Division Association, and as a member of this service organization, he devoted his time to helping his fellow Marines, service members, and veterans. John invited individuals or groups associated with the 3rd Marine Division visiting Guam to one of the famous Gerber fiestas at his home in Ordot, and while there, Marine Corps veterans groups and service members would be treated to an evening of Chamorro hospitality. Throughout his lifetime, John and the 3rd Marine Division Association hosted over 16,000 service members on Guam.

In 2004, John Gerber led a petition to rename Route 1 on Guam from Marine Drive to Marine Corps Drive. John argued that the intent of the original authorization for the highway was to recognize the U.S. service members who liberated Guam. That same year,

John walked from Andersen Air Force Base to Naval Base Guam, 27 miles in total, while pulling a cart the entire length. His campaign was successful, and Route 1 in Guam is now officially named Marine Corps Drive. Every year, John also loaned his restored World War II-era vehicles as part of Guam's Liberation Day Parade.

On July 21, 2008, the 64th anniversary of the Liberation of Guam, John opened the Pacific War Museum on Guam. This non-profit museum was built by John to showcase his World War II-era memorabilia and to educate the public on the War in the Pacific.

I join our community in mourning the loss of John Gerber, and I offer my sincere condolences to his wife, Mela Gomez Gerber; his siblings, Martin, Joyce, Wanda, Debra and Janet; his children, Ryan, Christiana, Storm and Rio; and to his many family, friends and fellow Marines. He will be missed.

Madam Speaker, I also request that two additional items be entered into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. The first is a tribute to John Gerber from Brigadier General Ben Blaz, the former Member of Congress from Guam. General Blaz was a good friend of John Gerber, and he composed this tribute in his memory.

MY FRIEND

His name was John. He was exceedingly proud of his Chamorro heritage. He was the personification of a United States Marine. He was unabashedly loyal to America.

We hailed from the same village, metro Ordot, as he would say on occasion. His effervescent presence was always felt; sometimes quietly, other times not. His devotion to his friends was profound; his tolerance for those with whom he disagreed was noteworthy, at times!

It is said that in life, there is a time to grow and a time to glow. John did both in tandem. He was endowed with a natural ability to rally and to lead those with him to reach their goal. Many of his accomplishments were in keeping with a vow he made to a dying friend that he would strive to do well the rest of his life. His intense commitment to fulfill that vow resulted, among others, in the establishment of a remarkable museum to remind all of us how dearly the liberators and the liberated paid for the freedom we enjoy today.

In acknowledgement of his many accomplishments, I invited John and his wife to join me as Guest of Honor on the reviewing stand for the performance of the Marine Corps Battle Colors Detachment at Asan Park in March. He would not accept the invitation. I asked him a second time and he declined once more because he would prefer to be with his comrades—veterans of all the Services. I approached him a third time and threatened not to attend the ceremony unless he and his wife joined me. Reluctantly, he accepted for which I was so grateful for no other guest present that day was more deserving than he to be honored.

My friend's full name was John Vincent Pangelinan Gerber. He was shorter than I, but I looked up to him for he was an extraordinary man from whom I learned to be a better person.

John did not seek fame; it sought him!
Semper Fidelis, Marine!

The second item is the eulogy offered by Colonel Robert Loynd of the U.S. Marine Corps at John Gerber's memorial service. Colonel Loynd is with Marine Forces Pacific and was asked to deliver the eulogy at the request of John Gerber's family.

EULOGY TO JOHN GERBER—FELLOW MARINE

Let me begin by saying what a distinct honor it is to stand before you on this altar

today in the presence of this beloved and storied Marine, and represent with this eulogy the memories, sorrow, gratitudes and condolences of all United States Marines around the globe who have had the privilege of knowing John Gerber. And I use the past tense loosely here, because there are many United States Marines yet to come who will also undoubtedly have the privilege of getting to know John and his legacy while visiting his Pacific War Museum—an unyielding and enduring structure of steel and iron, lovingly filled with artifacts of sacrifice and recollections of wartime faithful devotion—built by John Gerber's hands, to withstand the rigors of time. In many ways, John and the Museum itself are one in the same—steadfast, lasting, loyal, engaging, welcoming, enlightening, forgiving, hallowed, and revered. Timeless qualities that transcend any earthly existence.

I first heard the name "John Gerber" about four years ago in 2006 in an unlikely place. I was sitting in the Incheon International Airport in Seoul, Korea awaiting a late-night flight to Guam for Alliance talks between senior U.S. and Korean military leaders. The mere fact that I remember that moment speaks volumes about John, in and of itself. I wasn't part of the specific conversation at the airport, and like most staff officers who carry the laptops and briefing books for the senior officers, I was only pretending to be attentive as I sat on the periphery of two general officers, one couch over in the airport terminal, who were engaged in what appeared to me to be largely irrelevant banter. Amidst the sleep-inducing drone I suddenly heard a sentence that leaped-out at me with alarming clarity and purpose: "Nobody's done more for the Marine Corps' legacy on Guam than John Gerber." Needless to say, I was intrigued and leaned-in to see if I could hear more. With frustration, however, I leaned back in my chair as the sentence ended right there, with the two Generals nodding to each other in stern, solemn agreement. My intrigue would have to remain unsolved—one of the unfortunate aspects of "experience" in the Marine Corps—for I had learned many years before that it would not have been wise at that moment for the LtCol—one couch over—to interrupt two Generals engaged in a private conversation by asking: "Excuse me, Sir—Who is John Gerber?"

2nd Lieutenant Loynd might have asked.

But the sentence stayed with me, and it wouldn't be until April of last year in 2009 that I would finally gain the honor of meeting The Man. Since then, I have found myself often repeating the same sentence, in my own conversations, with the same clarity, distinction and purpose that I heard it with four years ago: "Nobody's done more for the Marine Corps' legacy on Guam than John Gerber." Truer words were never spoken.

Knowing what I know now about John and what he means to the Marine Corps and our heritage, I should have interrupted the generals four years ago with my question. Instead of the expected steely-eyed glare for interrupting, I'm certain that I would have been educated in a heartfelt way about the Man and his incredible legacy. The General's response most likely would have been something like: "Well Bob, let me tell you about my friend John Gerber. . . ."

What he would have told me would have been a reverent tale about a man who devotes every waking moment of his life to serving others, to honoring the legacy of sacrifice and commitment by those veterans who demonstrated the full measure of devotion to their country and their comrades, and about a man who loves the Marine Corps and his fellow Marines with every fiber of his being.

When I did finally meet John in April of 2009 at his museum, I immediately sensed something unique—that I was in the presence of a man so humble and modest, but yet so commanding and persuasive at the same time. I was on an advanced visit to Guam a couple of months prior to moving here from my assignment at Headquarters Marine Corps. My predecessor on Guam, Col. Paul Brier, made sure to bring me to the Museum to meet John on the very first day of my visit. We were immediately greeted by John around the back, his Marine Corps ball cap tilted back on his head, his gray "Marines" t-shirt soaked through with sweat and covered with twigs, mulch, and sawdust. I was meeting a man of the earth, imbued with an ethic of labor and hard work. Shaking his hand, the roughness of his palm immediately told me the story. But I was also meeting a man of tremendous intellect, as I learned more in the first five minutes about Guam's cross-cultural history and conflicts than my jet-lagged brain could absorb. We went through the museum and I was machine-gunned by John with not only Marine history about the 3rd Marine Division at Asan and the 1st Marine Provisional Brigade at Agat, but very personal tales of courage, heroism, love and devotion. Of men like Medal of Honor recipient Capt. Louis Wilson, and Catholic Priest Father Duenas; about hometown Chamorro Marine Corps officers and leaders such as Capt. Peter Siguenza and BGen Ben Blaz, about Underwood and Puller and about the 1,548 United States Marines who gallantly gave their lives in the Liberation of Guam. And true to his character, John presented a balanced and open-minded perspective, as we transitioned to the other wing of the museum where I was overwhelmed with his equally in-depth knowledge of the Japanese perspectives of the war.

Our relationship would grow over the next year and I would routinely turn to John for help in ensuring that our visiting Marines—his Marines—were well taken care of.

Two months ago, I was asked to write a letter of recommendation to support the nomination of John to receive the prestigious "Colonel John H. Magruder III Award" from the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation in Quantico, Virginia. Once again, I found myself using that famous sentence from Korea. And I quote the final paragraph of my letter of recommendation:

"Over the course of the past two decades, no person has done more to honor the history and reputation of the United States Marine Corps on Guam than John Gerber. His Pacific War Museum remains a sole outpost of Marine Corps heritage in the vast Mid-Pacific. Visited by commandants, generals, congressmen, Marines, history enthusiasts, tourists, children and citizens of various nations alike, John's museum both inspires and brings contemplative reflection. For his tireless devotion to depicting the legacy, service and history of the United States Marine Corps in the Pacific, I can think of no finer recipient of the "Colonel John H. Magruder III Award" than John Gerber."

I have high hopes that this award will come true. But in my mind, there was no greater local recognition of John's devotion than to see him and Mel sitting next to BGen Ben Blaz as Guests of Honor for the performance of the storied Marine Corps Battle Color Detachment at Asan Beach this past March—a first ever performance on Guam that could not have been a success, without, once again, John Gerber's legendary passion, love, devotion and work-ethic. John single-handedly prepared the Asan Park for a performance befitting the Marines from 8th and I. And because of that—they will be back. And I know they will be playing a tune for John.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote:

“If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in
it,
And—which is more—you’ll be a Man my
son!”

Well, from May 31st, 1951 until May 4th 2010, the Man—John Vincent Pangelinan Gerber—ran the distance everyday and filled every unforgiving, unyielding minute of his life with action, passion and commitment. John nurtured his earth and everyone who was in it, and today we Marines extend our collective devotion and gratitude to John for having been one of us—our friend, our standard-bearer and Guam’s most devoted Marine.

Now, it’s a tragic misunderstanding that some may think that Marines aren’t prone to poetry (and don’t worry—I didn’t write one), but John Gerber was a fan of poetry—his favorite poem being one of the greatest ever written—“The Marines Hymn.” And we Marines will be coming to attention for that later today in John’s honor. But I do want to end with a beautiful sonnet written by the Anglo-American Poet John Gillespie Magee that eulogized the laying to rest of the famous World War I English poet Rupert Brooke, who died on his way to the Battle of Gallipoli. As I read it, please think of John Gerber, all that he is, and all that he has achieved in his wonderfully productive life on earth.

“We laid him in a cool and shadowed grove
One evening in the dreamy scent of thyme
Where leaves were green, and whispered high
above—

A grave as humble as it was sublime;
There, dreaming in the fading deeps of
light—

The hands that thrilled to touch a woman’s
hair;

Brown eyes, that loved the Day, and looked
on Night,

A soul that found at last its answered Pray-
er. . .

There daylight, as a dust, slips through the
trees.

And drifting, gilds the fern around his
grave—

Where even now, perhaps, the evening breeze
Steals shyly past the tomb of him who gave
New sight to blinded eyes; who sometimes
wept—

A short time dearly loved; and after,—slept.”
Rest in Peace, John. Mission Accom-
plished.

Semper Fidelis Marine.

IN RECOGNITION OF WALT L.
HANLINE, ED.D.

HON. DENNIS A. CARDOZA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 26, 2010

Mr. CARDOZA. Madam Speaker, I rise today to recognize the distinguished career and service of Dr. Walt L. Hanline upon his retirement as the Superintendent of the Ceres Unified School District.

Throughout his 35-year career, Dr. Hanline has demonstrated an ongoing commitment to the development of the highest standards for the education of all children, modeling through his daily interactions with staff and the community his passion for doing what is right, including the creation of smaller learning communities for Ceres students through an unprecedented school facility building project val-

ued at over \$166 million and resulting in five new elementary schools and a new high school campus. His dedication to the highest level of integrity and service resulted in his distinguished recognition as the 2007 State Superintendent of the Year by the Association of California School Administrators for his positive influences and successes in education, in proving that all students can succeed when high standards are set. In addition, Dr. Hanline’s commitment to the community in which he serves, is evidenced by his award as the 2008 Citizen of the Year by the Ceres Chamber of Commerce, as a result of his successes in building positive working relationships between the City of Ceres and the Ceres Unified School District, co-founding the CUSD Foundation to provide supplemental educational opportunities to Ceres students and teachers, and actively serving in the Ceres community through the Ceres Community Collaborative. He has served as a mentor to future educational leaders through his position as adjunct professor at the California State University, Stanislaus, presenting at numerous education summits and workshops throughout the United States.

Dr. Hanline has dedicated himself for over 35 years to education, as a teacher, a principal, and a superintendent, serving the past 9 years as superintendent of the Ceres Unified School District. He has shown himself to be a leader who has vision and determination to achieve the goals he sets for both the District and the community for which he serves. It is my distinguished pleasure to recognize Dr. Walt Hanline for his achievements and to honor him as my friend. I wish both he and his wife, Edith, the best as they embark on this new chapter in their lives.

HONORING THE 100TH ANNIVER-
SARY OF THE ST. DAVID’S SOCI-
ETY OF LACKAWANNA COUNTY

HON. PAUL E. KANJORSKI

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 26, 2010

Mr. KANJORSKI. Madam Speaker, I rise today to ask you and my esteemed colleagues in the House of Representatives to pay tribute to the 100-year anniversary of the St. David’s Society of Lackawanna County.

The St. David’s Society of Lackawanna County was founded in 1910 to promote, preserve and hold sacred the Welsh traditions of Lackawanna County in northeastern Pennsylvania and foster friendship among all ethnic groups in the region.

The Society is a non-profit, non-sectarian and non-political organization.

Northeastern Pennsylvania has a strong Welsh tradition dating back to the 18th century when Welsh made up about one-third of Pennsylvania’s colonial population.

After the discovery of coal in the region during the 1800s, a new wave of Welsh immigrants descended on northeastern Pennsylvania. By the early 20th century, Welsh-born immigrants were heavily settled in the city of Scranton.

Today, Pennsylvania maintains one of the highest populations of Welsh ancestry in the country.

Over the past 100 years, the St. David’s Society of Lackawanna County has worked to preserve Welsh history throughout the region.

Last year, the Society commemorated the 140th anniversary of the 1869 Avondale coal mine disaster by completing a restoration project at the Washburn Street Cemetery in Scranton where 60 Welsh miners were buried.

Each year, the Society celebrates St. David’s Day on March 1 with an annual dinner in honor of the patron saint of Wales and as a yearly celebration of Welsh heritage in the region.

This year’s centennial celebration began on March 1 with flag raisings in Carbondale and Clarks Summit, PA.

To commemorate this historic anniversary, the Society has also organized a special Welsh Heritage Exhibit at the Anthracite Heritage Museum in Scranton to promote the Welsh influence in the coal industry in northeastern Pennsylvania.

On May 29, 2010, the Society will celebrate its 100th anniversary with a dinner and concert in Dickson City, PA.

This year’s dinner and concert will feature the Ystradgynlais Male Voice Choir who will be traveling from Wales to take part in the festivities. Catrin Brace of the Welsh Assembly Government in New York will serve as the keynote speaker.

Madam Speaker, please join me in honoring the St. David’s Society of Lackawanna County on this historic occasion. In the years to come, I am confident they will continue to foster a rich ethnic appreciation for the next generation of northeastern Pennsylvania residents.

TRIBUTE TO CLAFLIN UNIVERSITY

HON. JAMES E. CLYBURN

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 26, 2010

Mr. CLYBURN. Madam Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a distinguished higher education institution in South Carolina’s Sixth Congressional District that is celebrating its 140th anniversary. Claflin University, a Methodist affiliated institution, was founded in 1869 and is the oldest historically black college in South Carolina.

In 1869, Dr. Alonzo Webster, a minister and educator from Vermont, secured a charter for Claflin University. This charter was unique in that it forbade the discrimination of any sort among faculty, staff and students, making the college the first in South Carolina to open its doors to students regardless of race, class or gender. The school took its name from Boston philanthropist Lee Claflin and his son, Massachusetts Governor William Claflin, who provided the financing for the purchase of the Orangeburg campus.

Dr. Webster served as Claflin’s first president. He was a trained theologian, who originally came to South Carolina to teach at the Baker Biblical Institute in Charleston, which was established by the South Carolina Mission Conference of 1866 for the Methodist Episcopal Church to educate African American ministers. In 1870, the Baker Biblical Institute merged with Claflin and moved to Orangeburg.

Two years later, the South Carolina General Assembly designated the South Carolina State Agricultural and Mechanical Institute as part of Claflin University. Then in 1896, the General Assembly voted to separate the two institutions, and South Carolina State became a