

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