

a member of the Southwestern Illinois College Board of Trustees since October 1995.

In recognition of Sam's tireless efforts to expand and improve Southwestern Illinois College, the Granite City Campus is named the Sam Wolf Granite City Campus. This is a fitting tribute for a man who has done so much to provide quality educational opportunities for current and future generations.

Madam Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in an expression of appreciation to Mr. Sam Wolf for his many contributions to the Southwestern Illinois region and to wish him the very best in the future.

CHARCOT-MARIE-TOOTH AWARENESS WEEK, SEPTEMBER 19-25

HON. KATHY CASTOR

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 29, 2010

Ms. CASTOR of Florida. Madam Speaker, I rise today to bring your attention to the first Charcot-Marie-Tooth (CMT) Awareness Week, September 19–25, 2010. This week-long event is coordinated by the Charcot-Marie-Tooth Association (CMTA), and its members have been working towards educating Americans about the disease.

Discovered in the late 1800s by physicians Jean-Martin Charcot, Pierre Marie and Howard Henry Tooth, CMT is a slowly progressive disease which attacks the nerves that control sensory information and muscle function of the feet, legs and arms. Although CMT is not life-threatening, it can cause severe disabilities, and patients may lose feeling in their legs and arms.

CMT is one of the most commonly inherited neurological disorders of our time. It affects nearly 2.6 million people worldwide, without regards to ethnicity or gender. One in every 2,500 Americans has CMT, and in the Tampa, St. Petersburg area alone, more than 300 people have been diagnosed.

To date, there is no cure for CMT, but groups like CMTA are working diligently with scientists from the National Institutes of Health (NIH) to find a solution, and they are hopeful that a cure will be found in the coming future. The CMTA was founded in 1983 to generate the resources to find a cure, to create awareness and to improve the quality of life for those living with CMT. CMTA believes that before there can be a world without CMT the world has to be aware of CMT.

Seventeen states and the District of Columbia held activities this week to raise awareness of CMT. In my hometown of Tampa Bay, CMTA members distributed informational pamphlets to students at Eckerd College and to families at local post offices and libraries.

Madam Speaker, raising awareness about CMT through CMT Awareness Week will help to educate communities about this disease and help to find a cure for this disorder.

RECORD NUMBER OF AMERICANS
DISTRUST THE MEDIA

HON. LAMAR SMITH

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 29, 2010

Mr. SMITH of Texas. Madam Speaker, more Americans than ever distrust the mass media, according to a new Gallup public opinion poll.

Just 12 percent say they have "a great deal" of confidence in the media to report the news "fully, accurately, and fairly."

A majority have little or no confidence in the media.

And by a margin of more than 3 to 1, Americans say the media are too liberal rather than too conservative, tying the highest mark of this decade.

Americans have good reason to be skeptical of the media. They repeatedly promote a liberal agenda and give the Obama Administration and Congressional Democrats a free pass.

If the national media want to restore the public's trust, they should give Americans the facts, not tell them what to think.

BEDROS VARTAN YESSAIAN: A
SURVIVOR'S STORY

HON. ADAM B. SCHIFF

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 29, 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 the son and daughter of Bedros Vartan Yessaian—Hovhannes Yessaian and Dench Bedros Yessaian, respectively—a survivor of the Armenian Genocide.)

This is the true story in every detail that has been told to me and my sister by my father.—Hovhannes Yessaian.

BEDROS VARTAN YESSAIAN: A SURVIVOR'S
STORY

My name is Bedros Vartan Yessaian. I was born in 1904 in a village called (Kinjilar), which is not far from Izmit and Istanbul, and had about 2,500 inhabitants, most of which were Armenians. My father is Vartan and my mother is Denchali. We were four brothers,

Antranig (born 1889), Ohannes (born 1901) Bedros (born 1904) and Jirair (born 1907). My mother had two brothers, Minas and Hagop.

It was in the summer of 1915 that the Ottoman government gave orders that all Armenian males aged 18–45 go to the military service, while the rest of the family was to be deported. My father went to the military but actually was working as a day laborer cutting stones to pave roads.

So I accompanied my mother and two brothers, Antranig and Jirair, in deportation. My other brother, Ohannes, and two uncles were at that time in Istanbul and escaped deportation. In few days time we gathered what we could carry and took the train to a city called Konya. From there we walked all the way to Derzor, sometimes hiring horse or oxen driven carts, if we could find one.

Later we learned a pregnant woman of our village had childbirth at the departure time and was obliged to throw her newborn child into the nearby Sakaria River. She was the young wife of Janig Belalian.

On our way we came across Armenian soldiers working as stone cutters and paving the road for the Berlin Baghdad railway project. My father was one of them, and was able to escape his group and joined us in the death march.

Somehow we managed our way until Aleppo in Syria. On the way many died of starvation, thirst and hunger besides the cruel treatment of the police and gendarmes. After that the march was horrible in the desert, especially for who live in colder climate.

Although the Euphrates River was nearby, we were forced to march far from it, as some would die of thirst and exhaustion. Sometimes we march in endless circles ending in the afternoon at same place we started in the morning.

We marched on foot from Aleppo to Meskena, Rakka Derzor and Shaddadiya. My younger brother, Jirair, died of starvation and hunger. We continued our march without knowing our final destination. On a rainy day and still under the tents, my father asked my brother, Antranig, to buy a cup of tea from the street vendor. My brother said he has no money. Father pulled the bed sheet over his head and few hours later we found him dead.

Few weeks later my mother died. Neighbors came consoling me and wishing them a peaceful death. In the morning the collector came and took her body. All who had died were stripped of their clothes and their bare bodies were thrown into a large ditch.

The more we marched the more the police and gendarmes grew cruel. They beat, tortured, raped and killed innocent and unarmed people. In a neighboring caravan two young beautiful girls threw themselves into the Euphrates River preferring death to rape. Raping became more regular and even pregnant women were not spared. The gendarmes gambled on the gender of the unborn child by cutting the woman's abdomen by sword letting the woman die in her blood.

The Arab Nomads who live in the Syrian Desert used to come to our tents asking us to live with them instead of sure death. Thousands of Armenians were thus saved. I saw no hope and informed my brother that I was going to live with the Arabs. My brother stayed with the caravan and later I learned that he reached Mosul city in Iraq.

With Arab nomads I stayed for two years and my Arab (parents) treated me as if their own biological son. The Arab Sheikhs (head of a tribe) even refused the invitation of the Turkish authorities to participate in killing the Armenians and keep any looted property.

They treated all the saved children and women with respect and dignity. While with the Arabs, I saw Turks forcing the Armenians to collect dry bushes and thorns and