

with the likes of John Rivers, Walter Brown, Henry Cauthen, Betty Roper, Joe Wilder, Bill Saunders, and Dick Laughridge, among others. Now, everyone in the State will know.

Rick Uray has been teaching and influencing the lives of broadcasters for more than 40 years. After receiving degrees from Kent State University and the University of Houston, he came to South Carolina during the year in which I was first elected to the Senate. That year, 1966, he became the chairman of the broadcasting sequence at the USC College of Journalism and began teaching the art of broadcasting to hundreds of South Carolina's best students. Also in 1966, Rick started a 30-year link with the South Carolina Broadcasting Association when he became the organization's executive manager.

Mr. President, as the leader of the SCBA, Rick Uray has been a testament to true professionalism. His calm dedication and energy made him a model for two generations of broadcasters. And while he'll retire from the university and SCBA at the end of the year, he'll leave a legacy that any college freshman should be proud to emulate.

Mr. President, I appreciate this opportunity to recognize the warmth, energy and lifelong commitment of Dr. Richard Uray. He is a true friend to South Carolina's broadcasting community. Let us wish him a happy retirement and many more years to come.●

#### HONORING THE 100TH BIRTHDAY OF FRANCES WILHELMINE GODEJOHN

● Mr. ASHCROFT. Mr. President, today I am pleased to honor a woman who has distinguished herself in her lifetime. Frances Wilhelmine Godejohn will celebrate her 100th birthday on July 26. Born and raised in St. Louis, MO, she comes from a colorful heritage and represents a wonderful example of someone who worked long and hard to support herself, living a life of honesty and probity. She is a devout Christian.

Frances Wilhelmine Godejohn was born in St. Louis, MO, on July 26, 1895. Her father, William Mathias Godejohn, was born in Washington, MO, in 1859. Prior to settling in St. Louis, he worked on a railroad construction project in New Mexico where he was shot by Indians, visited Yellowstone before it became a national park, and homesteaded in Montana. Her mother, Mary Elise Dallmeyer, was born in Gasconade County, MO. Both William and Mary's fathers were born in Germany.

Frances Godejohn completed the eighth grade in 1909, then went to Rubicam Business School, where she graduated in 1911. She began a career as a legal secretary that lasted until her retirement in 1972. Primarily, she worked for William H. Allen, first when he was an attorney, then when he served as a judge on the St. Louis Court of Appeals from 1915 to 1927, then

again when he was a lawyer until his death in 1952.

Frances Godejohn worked in the corporate headquarters for Pevely Dairy from 1952 to 1960, when she formally retired. Not content in retirement, she resumed work as a legal secretary, first for David Campbell, until he died, and then for Edmund Albrecht. She finally retired in 1972, after breaking her leg while getting off the bus on her way to work.

Still spry and alert, Frances Godejohn regularly attends the Presbyterian Church, reads, follows the St. Louis Cardinals, corresponds with her many relatives and is a source of inspiration to all who know her.●

#### THE FORGOTTEN GENOCIDE

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, recently, I was pleased to note an article in the magazine, the Jerusalem Report, a magazine whose quality of reporting I have come to appreciate. The article concerns the Armenian genocide.

Titled "The Forgotten Genocide," the article deals not only with the genocide but the delicate matter of relations between Israel and Turkey.

It is a frank but sensitive discussion of the problems that have been faced by a people who, in many ways, had an experience similar to the Jewish experience.

I am pleased The Jerusalem Report has published this article by Yossi Klein Halevi, and I hope it is the first of many steps to bring about a closer relationship between Israel and Armenia. I also add the strong hope that the relationship between Armenia and Turkey can improve because both countries can benefit from that improvement.

I ask that the article be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

#### THE FORGOTTEN GENOCIDE (By Yossi Klein Halevi)

Every night at 10 o'clock, the massive iron doors of the walled Armenian compound in Jerusalem's Old City are shut. Any of the compound's 1,000 residents who plan to return home from the outside world past that time must get permission from the priest on duty. The nightly ritual of self-incarceration is in deference to the monastery, located in the midst of the compound's maze of low arched passageways and stone apartments with barred windows.

Yet the seclusion is also symbolically appropriate: Jerusalem's Armenians are consecrated to historical memory, sealed off in a hidden wound. Every year, on April 24—the date commemorating the systematic Turkish slaughter in 1915 of 1.5 million Armenians, over a third of the total Armenian nation, many of them drowned, beheaded, or starved on desert death marches—the trauma is publicly released, only to disappear again behind the compound's iron doors.

The genocide remains the emotional centerpiece of the "Armenian village," as residents call the compound. In its combined elementary and high school hang photos of 1915: Turkish soldiers posing beside severed heads, starving children with swollen stomachs. On another wall are drawings of ancient Armenian warriors slashing enemies,

the compensatory fantasies of a defeated people.

While elders invoke the trauma with more visible passion, young people seem no less possessed. "There is a sadness with me always," says George Kavorkian, a Hebrew University economics student.

In a large room with vaulted ceilings and walls stained by dampness, 89-year-old Sarkis Vartanian assembles old-fashioned pieces of metal type, from which he prints Armenian-language calendars on a hand press. Vartanian is one of Jerusalem's last survivors of the genocide. Though the community has a modern press, it continues to maintain his archaic shop, so that he can remain productive.

Vartanian tells his story without visible emotion. In 1915, he was living in a Greek-sponsored orphanage in eastern Turkey. Police would come every day and ask who among the children wanted to go for a boat ride. Vartanian noticed that none of those who'd gone ever returned. One day, strolling on the beach, he saw bodies. He fled the country, and made his way with a relative to Jerusalem, joining its centuries-old Armenian community.

When he finishes speaking of 1915, he relates some humorous details of his life, a man seemingly at peace with his past. But suddenly, without warning, he begins to sob. For minutes he stands bent with grief. Then, just as abruptly, he turns to the dusty boxes of black metal letters and carefully assembles a line of type.

Even more than grief, Armenians today are driven by grievance: outrage at Turkey's refusal to admit its crime, let alone offer compensation. Though there has been some international recognition of the genocide, a vigorous Turkish public-relations campaign claiming the genocide is a myth has created doubts. The Turks insist that the numbers of Armenian dead have been exaggerated, that no organized slaughter occurred, and that those who did die perished from wartime hardships—the very arguments used by Holocaust "revisionists," notes Dr. Ya'ir Oron, author of a just-published book tracing Israeli attitudes to the Armenian genocide.

Perhaps the most forceful rebuttal to Turkish denial came from the former U.S. ambassador to Turkey, Henry Morgenthau, an eyewitness to the massacres, who wrote in 1917: "The whole history of the human race contains no such horrible episode as this." Despite the overwhelming number of similar eyewitness testimonies, the Armenians must continually prove that their mourning is justified.

Many of Israel's 4,000 Armenians—who live in Haifa and Jaffa as well as in parts of the Old City's Armenian Quarter just outside the monastery compound—feel an almost pathetic gratitude to those Jews who acknowledge them as fellow sufferers. One afternoon, George Hintlian, an Armenian cultural historian, took me to the obelisk memorial in Mt. Zion's Armenian cemetery. I laid a small stone on the memorial, the Jewish sign of respect for the dead. "Thank you," said Hintlian with emotion, as though I'd performed some unusual act of kindness.

While historians attribute the genocide to Turkish fears of Armenian secession from the Ottoman empire, Armenians themselves say the Turks were jealous of their commercial and intellectual success. We're just like the Jews, they say. Indeed, Armenians see the Jewish experience as a natural context for their own self-understanding. They envy the recognition our suffering has earned; they even envy us for having been killed by Germans who, unlike Turks, have at least admitted their crimes and offered compensation.

Like the Jews, say Armenians, they too are a people whose national identity is bound