

to implement this approach and preserve and protect natural areas and beautiful vistas that contribute to the unique character of the city. Today, 32 percent of its land is open space and green space and the town has created more than 83 miles of multi-use trails.

Westminster's first 100 years are rich in history with monumental milestones that have made it the community it is today. I want to congratulate the city of Westminster as it celebrates its centennial anniversary. I look forward to helping Westminster continue to thrive as it sets out to make history in the next 100 years.●

#### 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF OGLALA LAKOTA COLLEGE

● Mr. JOHNSON of South Dakota. Mr. President, I wish to speak today to honor the 40th anniversary of the founding of the Oglala Lakota College. In a society where education has been the cornerstone for generations, the Oglala Lakota College has been providing students with a high quality education in Indian Country for decades. Graduates have gone on to be extraordinary community and professional leaders working to improve the lives of all those around them.

The Oglala Lakota College, headquartered in Kyle, SD, first opened its doors in 1971 with the goal of bringing hope to the people on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation—home of the Oglala Sioux Tribe. This small college was a great risk when it began, as it was one of the first tribally owned and operated colleges in the United States, but the founders believed in the importance of bringing education to Indian country. Although the name of the school has changed, throughout the years the idea that the benefit of higher education is of vital importance to the community has stayed constant. Since its inception, the Oglala Lakota College has expanded course offerings to establish online courses and satellite classes, providing easier accessibility to students.

From the very beginning, the Oglala Lakota College faced challenges: The faculty and students worked and studied in old building basements, worked around kitchen tables, and used old trailers as makeshift classrooms. The college finally moved to a group of government surplus buildings. Despite an environment ill-suited for education, the students and professors triumphed under the challenging circumstances, and today provide hope for the future of the students.

In 1991, after years of educators striving to provide an education in a difficult learning environment, the school began a 10-year capital campaign to construct new buildings for the students.

In 2005 and 2009, the Oglala Lakota College received grants from the Labor, Health Human Services and Education Appropriations Subcommittee to assist funding recruit-

ment, curriculum development, and program infrastructure for the nursing degree offered by the Oglala Lakota College. More than 40 percent of graduates work at Indian Health Services hospitals, making the Oglala Lakota College the primary tribal college producer of health care providers for the Indian Health Service. In addition, in the past decade, Oglala Lakota College has received several grants to improve the learning environment on its campuses.

The Oglala Lakota College has grown considerably since starting as a small community college. Today it is a thriving campus offering baccalaureate degrees—including a master's degree in Lakota leadership. Under the guidance of my good friend, President Tom Shortbull, the Oglala Lakota College increased its enrollment to 1,400 students, a record number of students focusing on their goal to further their education.

I congratulate the great legacy and triumphs over adversity of the Oglala Lakota College on the occasion of its 40th anniversary and commend the work and commitment, past and present, of the administrators, faculty, alumni and students. I wish them well in the upcoming year of observances and celebrations.●

#### REMEMBERING JUDGE M. BLANE MICHAEL

● Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, today I wish to pay tribute to a West Virginian who was an exacting and thoughtful judge, a committed father, and a treasured friend. Blane Michael, a Federal judge for the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, passed away over the weekend.

There are some people whose lives transcend biographies and are so richly varied and important that trying to capture their essence in a few brief remarks is impossible. Blane Michael was that kind of person. And although I am unlikely to do his life justice with these short remarks, I felt it was important for the Senate to hear about this great individual.

Honest and humble to his core, Blane committed himself to public service. Born February 17, 1943, in Charleston, SC, he grew up on a pastoral farm in Grant County, WV—a quiet spot tucked away in the mountains of the State that he left for the first time when he went to law school.

A 1965 graduate of West Virginia University and a 1968 graduate of New York University School of Law, Blane worked for a time at a New York law firm, and then as an assistant U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York. But like many young people who have left our State to pursue education, employment or other opportunities, he heard the call to return home and give back to his State, and the people who helped form his foundation for public service.

In 1972, he returned to West Virginia with his glorious wife Mary Anne, who

grew up in Shinnston, WV. After working as a special assistant U.S. attorney for the Northern District of West Virginia and later opening a private practice, his path first crossed mine—and my life is forever better because of it.

From 1977 to 1980, Blane served as special counsel during my first term as Governor of West Virginia. He was a young lawyer at the time, in his early thirties, but he was intelligent, ethical, and extraordinarily hardworking. Most importantly, he understood the importance of using his legal skills in service to, and for the betterment of, his fellow citizens. During those years, I came to know quickly that his sight was transfixed on the common good—and for that reason, his judgment and wisdom were something I valued immensely and sought out often, well beyond my years as Governor.

In 1981, Blane returned to private practice where he continued to solidify his reputation as a skilled lawyer and a person of intellectual and moral depth. I was fortunate during that time that he was willing to serve as manager for two of my campaigns for United States Senate. Always true to his work ethic, he continued to maintain a full-time legal practice while performing campaign duties during his lunch breaks and on the weekends.

He was nominated by President Bill Clinton for a seat on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit on August 6, 1993, and was confirmed by the Senate on September 30, 1993. As an appeals court judge, he later said that he was lucky to have the one job he had wanted from the time he was a young attorney.

During his 17 years on the Federal bench, he was a formidable presence whose record of service speaks to who he was as a person—tough when he had to be, and always fair and honest. With a moral and intellectual compass set hard for justice, Blane was a brilliant judge who never took for granted the power and the responsibility of deciding the cases that impacted people's lives. Time and again, he spoke for those without a voice and protected the rights that we as Americans hold so dear.

He artfully interwove the complexity of the law with the practical results of his decisions always taking cases at their face value. And, when the issue required it, Blane acted as a counterweight to some of the most conservative judges in the country—judges who also would come to respect and admire him and, on certain cases that called for righting serious wrongs, join him.

Blane Michael's death is a tremendous loss to our Nation, our State, and anyone whose life he touched. For me, his was the kind of deep, easy companionship that helps sustain you and remains with you always.

His contributions were immense, his dedication to justice and doing what is right was unmatched, and for that, he will be sorely missed. My prayers are

with his wife Mary Anne and their daughter Cora; and my lasting thoughts are with my dearest and closely held friend.●

#### REMEMBERING WILLIE JONES

● Mr. SESSIONS. Mr. President, I would like to bring to the attention of the Senate today the noble service of a great American from the State of Alabama. It is with sadness that I speak about Willie Jones, the director of the Cleveland Avenue YMCA, who passed away suddenly last week in Montgomery, AL. Willie was 55 years of age.

Willie was a true leader in the Montgomery community. As a teenager, he began working with the Cleveland Avenue YMCA as an aquatic instructor. He worked his way up to senior vice-president of the organization in Montgomery. Make no mistake, the Montgomery YMCA is one of the greatest "Y's" in the country and has been for many years.

He served on the Montgomery Housing Authority Board of Directors and the Montgomery County Recreation Commission. He was a man of deep religious faith, being active with the Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. This faith, I believe, was the key factor in his positive outlook on life and his love for his fellow man.

Willie Jones loved people and they loved him. His constant motive was to help others and the primary vehicle for his life of service was the "Y." Few people were better known in Montgomery—from the poor young person needing a chance to the city's top executives and political leaders. They all knew him, admired him, and loved him.

For more than 40 years, Willie devoted his life to public service, leaving a positive imprint on the lives of countless Alabama youths.

I know how valuable the programs he worked so hard for have been for the young people of Montgomery. Time and time again, lives have been directed on a course to success as a result of the personal relationships and care demonstrated by Willie and his team.

It was a tremendous joy seeing Willie work with kids. He gave them opportunities at the YMCA, instilling in them a sense of hope and the knowledge that they could make a difference, both in their own lives and in the lives of others.

Willie was often quoted as saying "This isn't about Willie Jones; it's about the kids at the YMCA." Indeed he was an inspiration.

I had the great privilege to know Willie personally. He visited my office here in Washington many times over the years. I witnessed Willie in action—he was a man with a giant heart, and it showed on the expressions of folks who would light up when he entered a room.

Willie touched the lives of so many, and he will be sorely missed. Mary and I extend our deepest sympathies to his

wife, the Jones family, and to the Montgomery community. He was too young to leave us. There was more to do. But, his life was full and complete. He fulfilled his mission with purity and purpose, in accord with the will of his Lord. His life honored his Maker. Would that we all could live so well. May his life be an example for those of us who continue to serve in public office.●

#### REMEMBERING DON MARKWELL

● Mr. SESSIONS. Mr. President, it is appropriate that we take a moment to honor the man who was heard on the airwaves in Montgomery, AL, for decades. A friend and longtime radio host, Don Markwell, passed away last Friday. Don was born in Island, KY, and began his career in radio as a disc jockey for WNES AM in 1956. He and his family moved to Montgomery in the late 1950s. Don created Alabama's very first talk show on WCOV in 1959.

In 1967, Don Markwell began the program he would later become famous for, "Viewpoint." Talk radio was a new concept in the 1960s, and Don had the foresight to see its potential and popularity.

Some people criticize the talk show format and the hosts. But it is an open forum. People could call Don and disagree, but they better be prepared. Listeners knew the drill. They filter the honest and dishonest, the fair and unfair. Indeed, talk radio is the modern day town hall.

I was delighted to be Don's guest on numerous occasions. He never had a problem asking the tough questions—something I very much admired in him and try to emulate. For some years, I took to calling him "Dean Don," dubbing him the dean of talk show hosts. He was that indeed. No one in Alabama and few, if any elsewhere, had such a record—he liked that, I think.

When I first ran for office, attorney general of Alabama in 1994, Don was aware of many problems associated with my incumbent opponent. He brought those issues out, gave me and my record a chance to become known by his Montgomery audience. Don offered my opponent a chance to appear, but he declined. Radio talk shows provide lesser known and lesser funded candidates a chance to be known by the public. I know my talk show appearances, as a little known challenger, helped voters to know about my position on the issues.

Don spent more than half a century working in the radio industry, 30 of those years hosting "Viewpoint" and never lacking in enthusiasm and controversy. He was fearless and principled.

His persona was libertarian. He was not happy with Republicans or Democrats. His problem with Republicans was that he expected more of them. He could spot a phony a mile—or 1,000 miles—away. Sometimes he spotted phonies that weren't phonies, but that

was not often. June of 2006, Don celebrated 50 years in broadcasting. In 2008, he retired from WACV-AM 1170 and said goodbye to the radio world. When Dan Morris took over Don Markwell's time slot on WACV, Dan kept the name "Viewpoint" and has continued Don's tradition of covering local and national issues during drive time.

As anyone in Montgomery, AL, will tell you, Don is a legend and a pioneer in talk radio. His accomplishments and outstanding service to both the broadcasting industry and the public are surely worthy of commendation. And what a voice—rich and deep—it was instantly recognizable.

My thoughts and prayers go out to Nell and the Markwell family in their time of grief. I, like many others, am grateful to have called Don a friend, and he will be dearly missed.●

#### REMEMBERING CHARLES F. JAMES

● Mr. UDALL of New Mexico. Mr. President my home State of New Mexico lost a great man on March 13, 2011.

Charlie F. James, a World War II veteran and survivor of the Bataan Death March, passed away at the age of 89. He was the last survivor of the Bataan Death March living in Eddy County and I would like to take a moment to honor his memory.

Mr. James enlisted in the National Guard while still a young man in high school and was called to active duty service in January 1941, less than a year after graduating and just 3 days after getting married.

In September, Mr. James and the rest of 2nd Battalion/F-Battery were shipped off to Manila in the Philippines. The Japanese attack on the Philippines in December of 1941, mere hours after Pearl Harbor, led to 4 months of intense combat with very little in the way of supplies. His unit only had one functioning 37mm anti-aircraft gun left when allied troops at Bataan were ordered to surrender in April 1942.

While those 4 months of fighting were difficult for Mr. James and his fellow soldiers, the next 3½ years were even more horrific. Mr. James survived the Bataan Death March to then face ghastly conditions in Japanese prisons, and forced labor in Japan.

Mr. James was liberated on September 2, 1945, and honorably discharged. He was the recipient of many awards for his service, including a Purple Heart and Bronze Star. Mr. James became a member of numerous veterans groups and he maintained close relationships with many of his comrades, including many who were held as prisoners of war.

After being discharged, Mr. James returned to New Mexico and to the two loves in his life: his wife, Lucille, and ranching. Having grown up in Carlsbad, his passion for his cattle ran deep in his roots. Those who knew Mr. James