

in my congressional district. His influence on the Golden Gate National Recreational Area (GGNRA) and on our entire national park system was immense, and will last far into the future.

Brian O'Neill was born in 1941 in Washington D.C. and grew up there. In high school he teamed up with his mother, Virginia and his twin brother, Alan, to found a nonprofit organization to expose urban children to the wonders of national parks. After graduating from the University of Maryland, he joined what was then the Bureau of Outdoor Education, and worked on park planning. The Bureau's name was changed to Heritage Recreation and Conservation Service and later was merged into the National Park Service. In the early 70's, Brian had the opportunity to pitch the idea of urban national parks to President Nixon, who became an enthusiastic backer, and signed legislation creating the GGNRA in 1972. Nine years later Brian became Assistant Superintendent of the park and in 1986, he became its Superintendent.

When Brian first hiked through the GGNRA's fragrant headlands in his green uniform and flat brimmed hat, the park was a beautiful, but in many cases, crumbling collection of former military installations looking out on the broad Pacific and busy San Francisco Bay. Yet these places were steeped in history and brimming with potential. What it took to bring it all together was a passion for parks, a commitment to solid planning and the personal skills to create partnerships—all attributes of Brian O'Neill.

During Brian's tenure he strengthened and expanded the non-profit partnerships at Fort Mason, Fort Baker, the Presidio and the Mann Headlands. Where else could you visit a national park and see such well regarded and varied institutions as the Magic Theatre and Antenna Theatre, the Discovery Museum, the Marine Mammal Center and the headquarters of the Gulf of the Farallones National Marine Sanctuary? Where else could you hike through the magnificent redwood cathedral of Muir Woods and the same day hear an internationally known economist lecture at Cavallo Point?

The GGNRA under the leadership of Brian O'Neill became a place to enjoy nature and to learn about nature; a place to renew your spirit and expand your potential; a place to encounter the Bay Area's history and to prepare for its future. It was, and is now, a place for hikers, cyclists, equestrians, dog walkers, artists, educators, environmentalists, wind surfers, college kids and city kids, tourists from near and afar, and ordinary folks, taking just a few minutes to leave the city's bustle, enter the park's natural splendor and get away from it all.

It would be simplistic to say that the Golden Gate Recreational Area became everything to all people because, of course, it can't. Despite its urban interface, it is a national park, and the mission to preserve and protect its natural and cultural resources is always in tension with human uses. Brian's not always so fun job was to find ways to resolve these kinds of conflicts. For this job, he had an affability that diffused conflict, an encyclopedic knowledge of Park Service policies and regulations, and a crafty and creative mind. He never seemed to back down, but he found ways to churn out solutions to the most difficult and complex problems.

The Fort Baker Retreat and Conference Center is a case in point. At first it was to be a rather large public-private endeavor, but that disturbed residents and the City of Sausalito, who asked for my help. The Secretary of Interior intervened, more than a year of negotiation ensued, and the City of Sausalito eventually sued unsuccessfully to halt the project. Brian O'Neill listened and piece by piece he put together a new planning process that resulted in the project's downsizing, the selection of a local developer, new public meetings, and a campus that utilizes green building materials, solar energy, and transportation management.

Fort Baker is now the pride of the Park Service and Sausalito, and it couldn't have turned out so well without the persistence and varied skills of Brian O'Neill. What could have become a political quagmire became instead, Brian O'Neill's triumph.

Madam Speaker, there are a lot of people who are going to miss Brian O'Neill, his big smile, his twinkling blue eyes and his obvious enjoyment of his job. My consolations especially go to his wife Marti, his mother, Virginia, his twin brother Alan, and his two adult children, Kim and Brent. They have so much to be proud of. Brian O'Neill has left us a rich legacy in a park that is as wonderfully expansive as the man himself.

Brian O'Neill was an institution, but also a warm, caring human being, a friend . . . and a great dancer.

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CONGRATULATING TAIWAN ON ITS PARTICIPATION AS AN OBSERVER IN THE 62ND WORLD HEALTH ASSEMBLY

**HON. DAVID WU**

OF OREGON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, May 21, 2009*

Mr. WU. Madam Speaker, as the 62nd World Health Assembly convenes in Geneva this week, I rise to congratulate Taiwan's participation as an observer. This occasion is a significant milestone for Taiwan because it marks the first time since withdrawing from the United Nations 38 years ago that Taiwan is rejoining a United Nations-related body as an observer.

I have been a longtime supporter of Taiwan's meaningful participation in the World Health Organization. The outbreaks of SARS, avian influenza, and most recently, the H1N1 flu, have made it clear that public health problems know no borders. With the great potential for the spread of infectious diseases across countries and continents, it is critical that all parts of the world, including Taiwan, be given the opportunity to participate in international health cooperation forums and programs.

In 2004, Congress demonstrated unequivocal support for Taiwan's participation in the World Health Organization by enacting Public Law 108-235, which authorized the secretary of state to initiate and implement a plan to endorse and obtain observer status for Taiwan at the annual World Health Assembly. I applaud this year's decision to finally grant Taiwan a seat at the table of this critical global health forum. May this occasion mark the beginning of Taiwan's growing involvement in other international organizations.

BEST WISHES TO DR. JAMES BILLINGTON, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS

**HON. EARL BLUMENAUER**

OF OREGON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, May 21, 2009*

Mr. BLUMENAUER. Madam Speaker, I rise to present my best wishes to Dr. James Billington, the Librarian of Congress, as he celebrates his 80th birthday on June 1. He is a friend and an exceptional steward of the Library of Congress.

The Library, a priceless although perhaps underappreciated resource, has evolved into so much more than a Congressional collection. It is truly the nation's library, containing a diverse multi-media collection of 140 million items on more than 600 miles of shelves.

It is our good fortune that this institution has been wisely directed since 1987 by James Billington, a scholar and an outstanding public servant. During his tenure, Dr. Billington has expanded the Library's collection to include not just hardcopy works, but digital and interactive material as well. Dr. Billington has displayed a commitment to public access and engagement by sharing the Library's priceless collections widely and also delving more deeply to generate knowledge and distill wisdom. I look forward to the continued development of innovative programs such as the National Digital Library and now the World Digital Library, and the annual National Book Festival on the Mall. In his inaugural address as Librarian he said, "This place has a destiny to be a living encyclopedia of democracy, not just a mausoleum of culture, but a catalyst for civilization."

I take great inspiration from the Library's art and architecture, and also in knowing that the Library of Congress is here for all. We've formed the bipartisan Congressional Library of Congress Caucus to promote this world class resource and to show appreciation for the Library, its collections, curators, and Librarian.

Thanks to Dr. Billington's vision and efforts the Library of Congress is now a must-see destination for visitors in Washington. I greatly appreciate his efforts and leadership of this esteemed institution, and wish him the best.

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THE END OF THE LONG MARCH

**HON. BRIAN P. BILBRAY**

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, May 21, 2009*

Mr. BILBRAY. Madam Speaker, on this Memorial Weekend, when we remember the sacrifices of the men and women who fought for our freedom and democracy, I would like to call my colleagues' attention to a powerful essay that appeared in the Japan Times last month. It was written by one of my constituents, Dr. Lester Tenney who is a survivor of the Battle of the Philippines, the Bataan Death March, a "Hell Ship," and a Mitsui coal mine. He recalls that at his first prison camp, the Japanese commandant turned to the American prisoners of war (POWs) and told them that they were "lower than dogs" and "they (the Japanese) would treat us that way for the rest of our lives." Then he said, "We will never be friends with the piggy Americans."

Yet the Japanese commandant who belittled this brave American was wrong. The United States and Japan have become friends and close allies, a result we welcome. Dr. Tenney's anger has been tempered by the many Japanese people who have welcomed him to Japan. Personal friendships and common goals heal many wounds.

Most important, Dr. Tenney reports an important development in US-Japan relations that cements the trust between our people. This year, the Government of Japan has apologized finally and officially to all former POWs of Japan. The Japanese are also considering including the American POWs in a program for peace, friendship and exchange. I hope that they will follow through with this. It is this spirit of reconciliation and remembrance that makes this American Memorial Day so significant.

THE END OF THE LONG MARCH

(By Lester Tenney)

Carlsbad, CA.—Sixty-seven years ago this month, on April 9, 1942, I was surrendered to the Japanese Imperial Army on the Bataan Peninsula in the Philippines. At my first prison camp, the Japanese commandant turned to the American prisoners of war (POWs) and told us that we were "lower than dogs" and "they (the Japanese) would treat us that way for the rest of our lives." Then he said, "We will never be friends with the piggish Americans."

For a long time I thought he was right. But we have both changed. This year, I welcomed the Japanese government's first official apology to the American POWs, 63 years after our liberation.

If my fellow soldiers or I had known the consequences of being a POW of the Japanese, we would have fought to the death. After three long months of jungle fighting against a better-equipped invasion force, the American and Filipino troops were starving, sick, exhausted and out of ammunition.

At surrender, we were immediately forced to march 105 km through the steaming Bataan Peninsula without food, water, medical treatment or rest. Today, the Bataan Death March is remembered as one of the worst war crimes of World War II.

I will never forget my buddies who were shot simply for trying to get a drink of water; crushed by a tank for stumbling; bayoneted just because they could not take another step; or forced at gun point to bury alive the sick. I bear a deep scar where a Japanese officer on horseback brought his samurai sword down on my shoulder.

Those who survived the Death March faced over three years of unimaginably brutal imprisonment. Many, like me, were herded into "Hell Ships," packed shoulder to shoulder without food or sanitation and shipped to factories, mines and docks across the Japanese Empire. The survivors were literally sold to private Japanese companies to work sustaining wartime production.

I dug coal in a dangerous Mitsui Corporation-owned mine. Like all POWs, I was overworked, beaten, humiliated and starved. The damage and suffering we endured from these companies' employees were comparable to, and sometimes worse than, that inflicted upon us by the Imperial Japanese military. Among World War II combat veterans and former POWs, those who were prisoners of the Japanese have the highest percentage of post-traumatic stress disorders. To say the least, we POWs had and still have intense feelings about Japan.

Yet the Japanese commandant who belittled his American captives was wrong. The United States and Japan have become

friends and close allies—a result we welcome. My anger has been tempered by the many Japanese people who have welcomed me to Japan. Personal friendships and common goals heal many wounds.

Our unfortunate history came largely to closure in a personal meeting with the Japanese ambassador to the U.S. and his wife last November. I was finally able to tell a Japanese official my story. He heard of my humiliations, saw my scars and learned of my Japanese friends who have helped me overcome my POW trauma.

I asked for the ambassador's help in requesting three things from his government so that justice is achieved for POWs: (1) an official apology; (2) an appeal to companies to apologize for their wartime use of POWs; and (3) a reconciliation project.

In December, the ambassador wrote me with news for which I have waited decades. His letter said that Japan's government extends "a heartfelt apology for our country having caused tremendous damage and suffering to many people, including those who have undergone tragic experiences in the Bataan Peninsula and Corregidor Island in the Philippines."

This acknowledging gesture was followed in February by a Cabinet-approved statement to a member of the Diet that extended the apology to all "former POWs." It is the first official apology specifically to mention POWs or any particular group hurt by Imperial Japan.

We POWs accept these long-sought apologies and now ask Japan to state them for all to hear and understand. I trust that my two other requests will be fulfilled soon. It has taken nearly seven decades, but Japan's recognition of its mistreatment of POWs attains historic justice and brings fullness to the U.S.-Japan relationship. A future of a peaceful alliance is what we really wanted in the first place.

CELEBRATING THE CENTENNIAL  
OF THE VILLAGE OF KENSINGTON

HON. GARY L. ACKERMAN

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 21, 2009

Mr. ACKERMAN. Madam Speaker, I rise today in recognition of the Village of Kensington on the occasion of its centennial. As one of New York's most unique and historic communities, Kensington is a quiet treasure on the North Shore of Long Island. With its beautiful green space, stylish architecture, and warm-hearted residents, Kensington has become synonymous with pleasant living.

The original vision for a "planned colony" on Long Island which would become Kensington, was the brainchild of the President of Aetna Bank in New York, Charles Finlay, and his partner, E.J. Rickert. With the farmland they purchased, Mr. Finlay and Mr. Rickert envisioned a community of spectacular homes amidst natural beauty, while maintaining proximity to the local railroad station. Their vision became a reality when in February 1909, the Kensington Association was created to organize Village improvements, including roads, landscaping, utilities, pool facilities, and walkways.

Rickert and Finlay built Kensington's famous white gates, modeled from those of London's Kensington Gardens, and named the Village after its new landmark. Improvements to Kensington continued, while honoring Rickert's

and Finlay's vision for maintaining the natural beauty of the area. By a unanimous vote of Kensington's residents, Kensington became an incorporated village on November 28, 1921.

While a lot has changed around Kensington since that time, the Village has remained a wonderful community in which to raise a family and live out the American dream. Despite the hustle and bustle of the world's greatest metropolis just a few miles away, Kensington continues to be a community of tranquility. Its welcoming white gates will always symbolize the hospitable nature of its residents. I ask all my colleagues in the House of Representatives to please join me in honoring Mayor Susan Lopatkin, Deputy Mayor Gail Strongwater, Trustees Howard Diamond, Alina Hendler, and Gregory Keller, Village Clerk/Treasurer Arlene Giniger, and all the people of the Village of Kensington on their 100th anniversary.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MRS.

CARRIE SUE WILLIAMS

HON. DORIS O. MATSUI

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 21, 2009

Ms. MATSUI. Madam Speaker, I rise today to remember and honor Mrs. Carrie Sue Williams, who passed away on May 6, 2009, at the age of seventy-seven. I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring this fine woman.

Mrs. Williams was born Carrie Sue Martin on August 19, 1931, in Summit, Mississippi to Sam and Florence Martin. She was the eighth of nine children the Martins would have.

A woman of faith and quiet strength, Mrs. Williams' father passed away when she was young and she would often credit her mother's demeanor and ability to stay focused while raising nine with making a huge impact on her life.

United in holy matrimony on November 22, 1953, in Chicago, Illinois, Carrie Sue and Pastor Ephraim Williams stood by each other's side for more than 55 years. They have been blessed with two children, Gwendolyn Sue and Ephraim Jr., four grandchildren, and nine great grandchildren.

Affectionately known as "Sister Sue," Mrs. Williams was a life long student devoted to God. During her studies, she attended Conroe Normal Industrial College, Andrews Bible College, and The Golden Gate Southern Baptist Extension. She graduated from the Southern Baptist Seminary Extension and the National Baptist Convention Certificate of Progress Program.

Additionally, Mrs. Williams undertook two years of pastoral training from local seminaries in Sacramento. She regularly attended conferences and seminars in religious programs, and completed enough hours of college level education to have earned her two master's degrees.

Always the devoted wife and mother, Mrs. Williams believed strongly that she had been called to be a pastor's wife, and defined her role as supporting her husband fully and being available for his needs.

Being devoted to her husband and his work as a pastor at St. Paul's Missionary Baptist Church, Mrs. Williams traveled extensively