

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 piggyish 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