enemy during war. My predecessor, General Ben Blaz, penned a narrative about the history of the Tiyan airfield on this occasion. Today, the Tiyan airfield is the site of the Antonio B. Won Pat Guam International Airport and General Blaz' narrative was printed in this year's Liberation Day Special Edition of the Pacific Daily News. I submit this narrative for print in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. It helps us connect the past with the present. It also helps us gain an appreciation for the history of the landscape that continues to serve today as an important transportation link for our island. This is one story of many through which we can understand and interpret the period of occupation, and the trials experienced and endured by the Chamorro people.

NIHI TA TASSO . . .

Time and tide have eroded and buried remnants of the barricades and trenches on the beaches of our island. The verdant jungle has reclaimed the old concentration camp sites over the past six and a half decades. Heavy foliage and buildings now camouflage pillboxes and fortifications anchored along expected landing sites to obstruct the advance of liberating forces.

In contrast, a modest landing strip, built at Tiyan under extreme duress and a pervasive sense of personal insecurity by the Chamorros during the occupation in World War II, has risen from the ashes of war, a la the legendary Phoenix. It continues to grow with each passing year and now accommodates millions of visitors and handles thousands of tons of food and cargo so vital to the island's economy. Remarkably, Tiyan is the Chamorro word for stomach and the airfield there serves as Guam's breadbasket. Visitors from Asia, North America, and elsewhere as well as local citizens routinely arrive and depart from the airport, seemingly oblivious to how dearly we paid, with blood and tears, to carve its foundation out of a jungle for the enemy.

The latte stones of antiquity enjoy a special place in our history. Considering the circumstances under which the original landing strip was built and its indispensability to the island's future, it has attained memorial stature at least among those who wielded the primitive tools to build it. It makes a worthy companion to the latte stone which, interestingly enough, was also used as foundation stone, among others, by our ancestors.

The airport today dwarfs what we achieved during the occupation but it was built with earth movers, bulldozers, backhoe, and steamrollers. If, during the occupation, we had known the wonders that modern technology could perform, we might have said that what was being asked of us was impossible. And, having decided that, we might never have completed the airstrip. We would never have been able to overcome the psychological barrier that we would have created between us and the job's completion. There would have been nothing that the Japanese could do to make us get the project done. It would not be that we would have worked more slowly. In the actual construction, our lack of enthusiasm translated to a snail's pace in any event. Rather, we would have been so daunted by our perception of the enormity of the task that we simply wouldn't have been able to do it. Our naiveté then worked to the Japanese's advantage. We got the job done simply because we didn't know that we couldn't!

As we were finishing the airstrip, it was not possible to simply dismiss it as something we were forced to do. Surprisingly, most of us looked at it with a kind of pride of proprietorship. It was ours. We made it—not only the construction but survived the incredibly taxing ordeal. This was possible because of the older men in our forced labor groups who rose to lead us. There were many such men but I remember two of them in particular because they were my immediate leaders—Frank D. Perez and Nito Cristobal. We worked together, we prayed together and, on occasion, we laughed together. It was 1944 and I was 16.

Evidently, American reconnaissance planes noticed that the airstrip was nearing completion and it became a daily target for bombing. Seeing the American planes bomb the airstrip in daylight was a tonic beyond description even though we knew we had to repair the runway that same night guarded by soldiers angered similarly beyond description. One of the ironies of our forced labor was how it played against one of the most cherished of Chamorro traditions, adalak, whereby neighbors helped one another build houses or prepare fields for crops. We participated in adalak willingly and from our hearts in keeping with our custom and tradition. The closest English translation of the word is ''happy labor.'' This was not so when we were digging caves, constructing barricades and felling the jungle to build an airstrip.

In an incredible twist of fate, on June 20, 1944, during the Battle of the Philippine Sea, the Japanese lost more than 400 planes in a resounding defeat in air combat which U.S. Naval aviators referred to as the Great Marianas Turkey Shoot. A month later, Guam was liberated by U.S. Marines, soldiers, sailors and airmen. Following the capture of the Tiyan airstrip, we watched with astonishment and great delight as U.S. Navy Seabees widened, extended, and surfaced the runway with remarkable efficiency in but a few days. Seeing U.S. planes land and take off from ''our'' airstrip to continue the war against Japan made grown men cry. And teenagers, too.

Poetic justice comes to mind.

IN MEMORY OF MANETTE SEADY

HON. MARCY KAPTUR

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 31, 2009

Ms. KAPTUR. Madam Speaker, from biblical times, each of us can recall images of strong women carrying heavy water jars—bringing the precious, essential liquid of life to family, to friends, to community. Water takes a special place in the Catholic Mass, recalling the holiest moments of Christian celebration. Jesus blessed the water and then blessed the people with that water. The women who carried water would gather at the well. Others would be drawn to conversation with them, and from their gatherings, community came to be built, gently and progressively, conversation, one by one. Ancient history rarely recorded women's words. We know now, it should have. We know their faithfulness at the well sustaining those they loved. All life needs water.

Manette in so many ways was a Biblical woman, in our time. She was faithful, a Christian of the Catholic variety, strong, vital, wise and—as we all know now, courageous—carrying her water jar with sparkling eyes, a broad smile, humor and generosity. She gave you an extra portion. Her wisdom, born of faith, hard work and ethnic and gender sensitivity was an endless fountain for those who could appreciate it.

She ministered to all who crossed her path. And importantly, she plowed her own path to seek those who others might not know. She did so unselfishly, with a rare spirit of self-giving. She worked hard, at every worthy task she undertook. She was a laboring woman who labored with love.

As a child at her father and mother's side, she would rise at 4 am to accompany her dad as he opened the family restaurant called Najaim's and then Manette's. She hated that early rise but she learned to fill water glasses of countless people of all ages and stations. No one was a stranger at the Seady fountain. She learned about community at a young age. She was comfortable with people, most especially from Delta. She never wanted to leave them. She reminisced last week about the beauty of Delbert Dunbar's gardens, the Democratic women's club, St. Casper's and Father Ed. When I asked her, ''Manette, what especially did you want me to share with those who will gather to celebrate your life?'' She replied: ''Tell them how we worked to help the seniors.'' The idea for creating for our country The Senior Farmer's Market coupons was formed here, where it now serves 23,000 seniors in northwest Ohio, well as millions across our nation. She delivered communion to shut-ins, befriended individuals—Dorothy Biddle, Edwina Mattimore, Mary Turi, Nona Sue-Mack, Clarence Seifert—carrying her water jar. She influenced the younger generation, including members of our Congressional staff here today: Steve, Sue, Theresa and Karen among them.

Theresa has written:

It is just so hard to imagine life without our Manette . . . the Fulton County Fair (she loved the ribbon chips and getting tacos from J & A Taco Wagon from Defiance), having dinner at Byblo's and looking at Christmas lights (Manette asked Sue and me to be mystery judges for the Chamber's Christmas light contest) . . . none of that will be the same. She loved her community, her family, and had such a warm heart.

Now, I have met thousands upon thousands of people in my own life. But there has been only one Manette, my sister-friend, The ''Blessed Woman of Delta with the Water Jar''. There is much I did not know about her family. I was reminded yesterday, her father ran for the Mayor of Delta, Of course, Manette ran for the Fulton County Recorder. Each took representative government a step forward.

As a representative of our Congressional office in Fulton County, she stayed in touch with hundreds of people. She let us know what their concerns were. She took her duties very seriously. She practiced the route to events twice the day before. She planned every moment at every event. She left nothing to chance. She always worked hard, a laboring woman who provided her own sustenance, cared for her parents, working 28 years at Aunt Jane's Foods, and upon its closure, as an Administrative Assistant at the Fulton Mill Service.

In her beautiful memory, Manette Ann Zogby Seady, we ordered a U.S. flag flown over the Capitol for a loving, generous, hard-working daughter, niece, cousin, godmother, beloved friend, devout woman of the church, and patriotic citizen for all time. She made her passage with grace and coverage. At twilight on the day of her passage, her cousin recalls she saw a rainbow through the trees, but there had been no rain. Truly, Manette was a ''Blessed Woman At the Well.''

HONORING KELLI REICHERT

HON. SAM GRAVES

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 31, 2009

Mr. GRAVES. Madam Speaker, I proudly rise today to recognize Kelli Reichert. On July 16, 2009, Kelli received a Gold Medal while competing at the National Family, Career and Community Leaders of America National Leadership Conference. This is the highest award in the nation for her FCCLA event.

She has been very active with her local chapter and has contributed greatly to her area through her service. Not only has she distinguished herself through her involvement, she has earned the respect of her family, peers, and community.

Madam Speaker, I proudly ask you to join me in commending Kelli Reichert for her accomplishments with the National Family, Career and Community Leaders of America and for her efforts put forth in achieving the highest distinction in the National Leadership Conference competition.