

We were fortunate to have moved to Sunset Avenue in 1932.

That night of the hurricane, many of the storekeepers on the south side of Main Street, the Weixlebaums, the Ambrosinos, and Gelston Walter, brought their important papers and cash boxes to our house, because we were the first household not hit by flooding. Many people from Main Street came up to stay at our house. I don't know how Mom managed it, but she could always get more food together, no matter how many people appeared.

It took awhile for us to realize the enormity of the storm and its devastation. Through it all, my grandmother kept saying the rosary, beseeching God's help. He must have been listening, because it's amazing how fast everybody set about cleaning up and repairing, getting back to the normal routine of opening their shops, and doing "business as usual." The greatest thing about the disaster was the helping hand that each person gave the other. The saddest thing was the loss of life.

#### 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONNECTICUT AIR NATIONAL GUARD

### HON. BARBARA B. KENNELLY

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, September 18, 1998*

Mrs. KENNELLY of Connecticut. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the 75th Anniversary of the Connecticut Air National Guard, the "Flying Yankees."

Founded on November 1, 1923, the Flying Yankees are the third oldest flying unit in the Air National Guard and have played important roles in many of America's military operations.

During World War II, the unit served as part of the fabled "Flying Tigers" in the China/Burma/India theater of operations. The Flying Yankees also saw action in the Korean War as part of the Air Defense Command. From 1956 to 1971, the wing maintained 24 hour alert status. More recently, their overseas duties have included deployment to Italy and Bosnia to support NATO and United Nations forces in Operations Deny Flight and Decisive Endeavor.

Presently designated as the 103rd Fighter Wing, the unit is stationed at Bradley Air National Guard Base in East Granby, Connecticut. Its primary mission today remains what it was 75 years ago: to provide conventional air-to-ground operations in support of U.S. and Allied ground forces. In addition to its military objectives, the wing also protects the state by preserving peace and public safety and assisting in disaster relief and search and rescue missions. It has also been an active participant in community activities which include sponsoring youth leadership and drug awareness programs.

We in Connecticut are very proud of the Flying Yankees. So is the United States Air Force, which has recognized the unit's preparation and superb accomplishments by designating it as an Outstanding Air Force Unit.

At home or overseas, the Flying Yankees of the Air National Guard have protected democracy, fought for freedom, guaranteed safety, and saved lives. So today, I urge my colleagues to join me not only celebrating the foundation of the "Flying Yankees," but also honoring all those who have served their country and continue to serve in the 103rd Fighter Wing.

#### PERSONAL EXPLANATION

### HON. ELLEN O. TAUSCHER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, September 18, 1998*

Mrs. TAUSCHER. Mr. Speaker, last night on recorded vote No. 448, I unavoidably missed the vote on the Kennedy Amendment to H.R. 4569 because my beeper did not go off. Had I been present, I would have voted "aye," consistent with my cosponsorship of H.R. 611, a bill to close the School of the Americas which has graduated many of Latin America's most notorious dictators and human rights violators.

#### A PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

### HON. SAM FARR

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, September 18, 1998*

Mr. FARR of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to celebrate the formation of an historical partnership between local government and a non-profit organization resulting in great overall benefits to the community.

On Tuesday, June 30, 1998, I attended a ceremony at which a California municipality, Sand City, and a sheltered workshop for developmentally disabled adults, Gateway Industries, finalized an agreement which will accomplish goals central to each of the organizations. I am pleased to have been a part of crafting this accord. In it, Sand City has given the clientele of Gateway Industries an opportunity to demonstrate their individual strengths and abilities in the mainstream workforce. Gateway Industries will provide the support needed for each of its clients who takes a job in Sand City.

Sand City will employ three individuals with developmental disabilities to help maintain its appearance. Tasks will include litter pickup, graffiti abatement, and general landscaping. The work program will be managed through the Sand City Public Works Department and Sand City Police Department. Gateway will be responsible for pre-employment screening, on-the-job training, and the facilitation of the relationship between employer and new employee.

Not only are Sand City and Gateway Industries stronger for this, but the community benefits as well. It is a win-win-win situation! The program will create a better understanding of the needs of persons with developmental disabilities by city agencies, and by the members of the community at large. The City will improve in overall appearance and the employed Gateway clients will gain job experience, self-work and independence. I commend Sand City Mayor Dave Pendergrass, and Ken Caldwell of Gateway Industries for the vision it took to develop this forward-looking arrangement. I would urge other entities to take note and to follow their excellent lead.

#### A VILLAGE KID IN THE 1938 HURRICANE

### HON. MICHAEL P. FORBES

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, September 18, 1998*

Mr. FORBES. Mr. Speaker, I insert the following:

My recollections of the 1938 Hurricane begin as I attend George Hunt's afternoon chemistry class on the second story of the old Six Corner's School, Westhampton beach. Wilson Eckart and I were at our desks next to the windows on the southeast side of the building. The wind and rain had started and the windows appeared to bend in their frames as the wind increased. The outside brick wall of the addition housing the English class began to sway and we all decided it was quite a blow!

Mr. Hutt soon moved us to desks in the center of the room, where we watched the tin roof from Mechanic's Hall on Mill Road sail across the playground. Elizabeth Parlato Cross was teaching fourth grade in that building at the time.

The roof was soon followed by a group of cherry trees, which appeared to be almost all those north of Main Street. One cherry tree left the others and sailed across the road west of the school, directly through Perry Pike's car parked at Slattery's Garage. Perry announced, "Class dismissed!" He was conducting French classes on the west side of the building.

Edgar J. Brong, the supervising principal, soon evacuated all classes to the gymnasium on the lower level. As the science class filed past the English room, the brick structure began to crumble. The door frame was about to give way, but Wilson Eckart held it fast as Lillian Roos, the English teacher got out, being the last to leave. There was no panic. All of us had seen many a September "line storm," and many of us had gone with our parents to sandbag the dunes when the ocean had broken through.

The students were warned to stay in the gym until all parents could be contacted, or other transportation provided. The danger of fallen wires was stressed. Some students heeded the warnings, others did not. However, everybody apparently arrived safely wherever they were headed. I rode home with Nonie Van Cott (Allen) and her father, Cliff Van Cott, of the Southampton Town Police.

My home was located on Library Avenue, South of Main Street, where the Grimshaw and Palmer Hardware building now stands. The Library was next door, and south of that was the Union Chapel.

My grandmother, Bess Clark, had hot rosettes and beach plum jelly waiting for me. As Gram, my mother and I sat at the kitchen table, the wind and rain increased. Salt and seaweed plastered the windows on all sides of the house, and the windows began to leak. It was said that those windows never leaked in one hundred years!

Gram and I mopped and mother worried about the weather vane on the chapel steeple, since the storm was so bad that she couldn't see it. (In our house we noted the wind direction every day, this was important to us.)

Just then, the solid old front door blew open. It took three of us to close it and turn the key in the old brass lock. Again it blew open. Gram searched for some tools, and eventually we managed to nail the door shut. We then knew for certain that the wind was definitely southeast.

Suddenly the rain stopped. The sun came out. Gram put the coffee pot on, but my