

The National Association of Home Builders is recognizing Tony Giannetta for his 20 consecutive years of dedicated service as a member of the NAHB Board of Directors. Tony began his career in Fresno County in the 1940s. He has developed over 27 subdivisions and constructed over 4,500 homes. He has been a member of the BIA of the San Joaquin Valley for more than 50 years. Tony served as the BIA President in 1967, 1979, and 1980. He has been active in community activities, including providing student work experience training, helping to establish a National Association of Home Builders Student Chapter at Fresno City College and California State University, Fresno, and supporting scholarship programs to provide financial aid to construction students at both Fresno City College and California State University, Fresno.

The NAHB is recognizing Alice Giannetta for 20 years of consecutive service as a member of the NAHB Women's Council. She is a charter member of the Women's Council of the BIA of the San Joaquin Valley, started in 1980. Alice served as the Women's Council President in 1982. She has also been active in community activities, including providing ongoing assistance and support to a young blind mother, volunteering with the American Cancer Society's Angels on Wheels Program, and repeatedly serving as a Cub Scout Den Mother and Room Mother.

The BIA's membership of builders, developers, subcontractors, and associated businesses is dedicated to protect and promote the home building industry and to keep home ownership possible.

Mr. Speaker, I rise to congratulate Tony and Alice Giannetta on the occasion of their appointments to the status of Senior Life Directors by the National Association of Home Builders and their Women's Council. I urge my colleagues to join me in wishing Tony and Alice Giannetta many more years of continued success.

IN HONOR OF THE DEDICATED
SERVICE OF M. JOSEPH MATAN

HON. MICHAEL N. CASTLE

OF DELAWARE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 20, 2001

Mr. CASTLE. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the passing of a Delawarean who served his country, his government, and his family with great honor and distinction. This past July, M. Joseph Matan passed away at the age of 92 at his home in Rehoboth Beach, DE.

During World War II, Mr. Matan left his job as a Justice Department lawyer working on issues related to mail fraud, and enlisted as a sailor in the U.S. Navy. He quickly rose to an officer's rank and worked on intelligence matters. He retired in 1970 from his position as counsel to the House Government Operations Subcommittee on Legal and Monetary Affairs, where he directed investigations into banking, currency and organized crime. Prior to that he had practiced law with the Washington, DC, law firm of Tumulty & Tumulty.

In addition to residing in Rehoboth Beach, Mr. Matan and his wife Anne Marie lived part of the year in the Washington, DC, metropolitan area. Joe was active as a member of this

city's social and religious communities. He was a strong supporter of local Catholic youth organizations and a faithful member of St. Jane Frances de Chantal Catholic Church and the Shrine of the Most Blessed Sacrament. A wonderful legacy of 6 children, 22 grandchildren, and 21 great-grandchildren has been given to us by the man they all knew as "Daddy Joe".

Mr. Speaker, I salute M. Joseph Matan for his contributions to the American people, the Washington, DC, area and the State of Delaware. He was a committed family man whose values have been passed on to his adoring family and the many people who he touched during his lifetime.

NEW YORK FIREFIGHTERS GRIEVE
FOR LOST BROTHERS

HON. NYDIA M. VELÁZQUEZ

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 20, 2001

Ms. VELÁZQUEZ. Mr. Speaker, I would like to share with this House a unique story of individual sacrifice and heroism after last week's devastating terrorist assault on the United States. The Washington Post published an article about Engine 202 from Brooklyn in the 12th District of New York. It tells the story of this company of fire fighters that rushed to the World Trade Center after it was attacked. Seven men from their company disappeared in the inferno and collapse.

This is a personal story of heroism and loss tragically repeated in other rescue teams working at ground zero. I am proud of this band of brothers from Red Hook, and I join the country in mourning with them.

[From the Washington Post, Sept. 14, 2001]

NEW YORK'S FIREFIGHTERS GRIEVE FOR LOST
BROTHERS

(By Anne Hull)

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—The firefighters from Engine 202 in Brooklyn called themselves the brothers from Red Hook. At the firehouse, they tried out new recipes on one another. They named their softball team the Red Hook Raiders and started a cigar club that allowed them to puff on Macanudos at their adopted hangout, Smokey's.

On Tuesday, seven of them disappeared in the World Trade Center inferno.

Where, Tony Catapano wondered, did his brothers go?

For 39 years, Catapano has survived his line of work. He is 61, with gray hair and a pension within reach. He is old and they were young. He showed them how to make meatballs and how to find fire hidden in a wall.

Today he walked near the smoldering landscape of rubble and kept thinking he would see them, shining flashlights miraculously from a crevice.

He looked for Tommy Kennedy, Terry McShane, Patrick Byrd, Joe Maffeo, Brian Cannizzaro, Salvatore Calabro and Joe Gullicksen.

Even as the veteran firemen wept, he was calmly defiant. "Missing don't mean anything but missing," he said

About 400 firefighters were missing and presumed dead, a numbing toll exacted on a tight fraternity. Entire ladder companies and squads were gone, including all five of the elite rescue companies that serve New York City.

Five of the department's most senior officials died, plus a dozen battalion chiefs. Unlike other senior military officers, who are strategically kept from the front, senior fire officers typically enter burning buildings to assess damage and plot a strategy for rescue and fire containment.

But the rank-and-file firefighters—the Irish and Italian sons of working-class neighborhoods in Long Island and Staten Island, many of them grandsons of New York firemen—symbolize the deepest loss. Men like the brothers from Red Hook.

Wall Street, where they sacrificed their lives, was a fancier world than they knew. They didn't shop for cuff links or keep portfolios with Goldman Sachs. After nearly four decades with the Fire Department of New York, Tony Catapano made \$55,000 a year. Once, ages ago, he splurged and took his wife, Marie, for their anniversary dinner to Windows on the World, on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center.

It was expensive, Catapano remembered, "but the view was spectacular, and sometimes you need that."

The next time Catapano returned to the World Trade Center, he could barely see his hands through the smoke.

"It was snowing dirt," said Catapano, who came in the second wave of firefighters from his 32nd Battalion Tuesday, following the first wave responding to a call that a plane had crashed into the north tower of the World Trade Center—a call that came just as shifts were changing at firehouses across metropolitan New York. Firefighters coming off their night shifts hopped on ladder trucks and engines with the fresh day crews, fattening the deployment.

Arriving early to the scene, as many of the companies from lower Manhattan and Brooklyn did, proved fatal.

"You've got to understand," said Matthew James, the Brooklyn trustee for the Uniformed Firefighters Association of Greater New York, "all the companies that were there, they're not there anymore."

At 9:15 a.m., 18 minutes after the commercial airliner hit the North Tower, a second airliner hit the South Tower. Surviving office workers who were evacuating reported going down stairwells while firefighters were marching up to help those on the higher floors. One firefighter still on the ground was killed when a person on a burning upper floor jumped and landed on him. The fire department priest who was ministering last rites to this fireman died when a crush of rubble came down on both of them.

At high noon, no one could really see anything. Catapano hocked up thick, black spit. Medics washed out his eyes. He kept looking for names he knew on firefighters' jackets.

Hours later, when Catapano made it back to his firehouse in Red Hook, not all the men were there. The young guys—the ones who would poke fun at his culinary inventions like "Potpourri Ree-shard"—left empty beds. Catapano kept thinking they were stuck somewhere or transferred to other firehouses to sleep.

He searched for them when he returned to the wreckage the next day. "Down there," he called it. Or "the site." He spoke with the Brooklyn union trustee James, an Irishman who keeps a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black on a shelf in his office.

"I lost some brothers, Matty," Catapano said, his voice breaking.

"I know, brother, we all did," James said.

None of the firefighters could escape the stink. At the firehouses where they retreated after long shifts last night, there piles of dirty T-shirts, socks and underwear reminded them. They washed and scrubbed, but the smell beat soap and clung inside their noses.