

Already, town boosters have worked the name and design of the Zampa bridge into a logo that shows up on T-shirts and ball caps for sale at small businesses in town and on the Internet (www.alzbridge.com).

The same logo decorates banners on light poles in the center of Crockett.

Zampa, during his storied career, worked on both the 1927 and 1958 Carquinez spans as well as the Oakland-San Francisco Bay Bridge, Golden Gate Bridge, Martinez Bridge and Richmond-San Rafael Bridge.

He became a celebrity of sorts after he survived a fall from the Golden Gate in 1936. He landed in a safety net—at the time a new feature of bridge construction—but the net sagged. Zampa, according to his recollection in interviews, hit the rocks below and paid for the trip with four broken vertebrae and three months of hospitalization.

He returned to bridge work after a long recovery.

In Crockett and nearby El Sobrante, Pinole and other towns, Zampa was known as Al, Husky, Zamp or Gramps, depending on who was talking, relatives said. He helped form the first Little League program and coached boys' teams in the 1940s, said his son, Richard "Dick" Zampa, 67. Al Zampa retired in 1970. He died in April 2000 at age 95.

He was alive when construction began on the new Carquinez span, but he did not know it would be named for him.

"He was at the groundbreaking, and he was starting to go down-hill, to feel pretty ill," said Dick Zampa, who is first general vice president of the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers Union and president of the state's District Council of Iron Workers.

Dick and his brother Gene worked alongside their father on the 1958 Carquinez Bridge.

"This is a recognition of all blue-collar workers," said Dick Zampa, whose sons Dick Zampa, Jr. and Don Zampa also carry on the family's labor tradition, as apprentice coordinator and business manager, respectively, of Iron Workers Local Union 378 in Oakland.

"It's a tremendous honor for working people as a whole," said Don Zampa, 44. "My gramps, he'd have been pretty baffled by it."

Al Zampa's story, recounted over the years by Charles Kuralt, among others, is a dramatic one. And the bridge is impressive in its own right.

A joint venture of FCI Constructors and Cleveland Bridge, the effort is multinational, pulling workers, prefabricated pieces and building techniques from Britain, Japan and other countries.

The bridge is a smaller-sister of the Golden Gate Bridge, with dual towers rising 410 feet above the water.

By comparison, the Golden Gate's towers reach 746 feet above the bay.

It's expected that the new 2,390-foot span, a replacement for the 1927 bridge, will attract visitors from around the world—though some considered that wishful thinking just a year or two ago.

"I was one of the last people to be convinced," said Sharon Clark, an agent with Signature Realty in Crockett.

Now the possibilities seem more real.

"We would like to be someplace (that makes) the average Bay Area citizen say, 'Wow, what are we going to do this weekend? Let's see what's going on in Crockett.' It's feasible," Clark said.

Many mornings on the Crockett hillside, someone such as Carl Peters, 83, of Pinole, can be found parked in the lot of the Dead Fish Restaurant enjoying the view of a new suspension bridge coming together below.

"To the people here, it's a big deal," said Peters on a recent morning, standing beside his blue Chevrolet pickup and eyeing the lat-

est developments below on what he called "a new symbol for Crockett."

The retired diesel-engine mechanic has stopped by most days for about two years. "There's only one Golden Gate," he said, "but this is pretty slick."

A combination of ingenuity and humor helped the proprietors of the Dead Fish survive the challenges of temporarily losing the highway off-ramp by which most of their customers arrived, said Dante Serafini, a partner in the restaurant.

One of two full-service seafood restaurants in town—the other is Nantucket, on the waterfront—the Dead Fish is still referred to by some locals as Vera's. It formerly was Vera's Villa Valona, a family-style Italian joint. Valona has roots as the community next door to Crockett, with boundaries that are now indistinguishable.

Early residents, including Italian, Portuguese and Spanish immigrants, came to call their town Sugar City after C&H took over the waterfront flour mill in 1906.

Through the Depression most of the C&H plant workers lived in town.

Few of them do now, and the town feels different as a result, according to longtime residents such as Don Zampa.

"Less and less people are there for generation after generation. People grew up, and there's less work in the immediate area," he said. "Generations of people in Crockett worked at C&H. My grandfather was an exception."

TRIBUTE TO GAIL FRENCH

HON. KATHERINE HARRIS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 9, 2003

Ms. HARRIS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize an outstanding public servant from Florida's Thirteenth Congressional District who demonstrated unparalleled integrity, commitment, and skill throughout her tenure as an employee of the Manatee County, Florida, Veteran Services office.

Gail French began her career in the Manatee County Veteran Services office as a receptionist over 22 years ago. She received steady promotions due to her professionalism and her selfless initiative in assuming responsibility for the most challenging of tasks. Due to Ms. French's diligence and compassion in coordinating their transportation to Bay Pines, Tampa, and MacDill Air Force Base, thousands of veterans received critical medical attention and prescription drugs. Moreover, she expertly provided additional support for our nation's heroes, such as referrals to community assistance programs, mail and copy services, and mail-outs for medical and claim support.

Throughout the years, Ms. French treated every veteran with honor, appreciation, and dignity. At the time of her retirement earlier this summer, she had truly established the gold standard for all who follow her. As a well-deserved commemoration of her years of service, she received an honorary plaque jointly from the Veterans Council and from the Manatee County Veterans Services office on June 27, 2003.

Gail French and her husband, Ronald French, enjoy the blessing of three children, four stepchildren, thirteen grand children, and one great grand child. During her retirement, Ms. French plans to devote her time to her golf game and to her family.

Mr. Speaker, as we venerate Gail French's contributions to her community, her state, and her nation, may the light of her passionate commitment to our veterans and to the public at large continue to animate our dreams and aspirations as public servants.

HE DID NOT SET STANDARDS, HE LIVED THEM

HON. JOHN J. DUNCAN, JR.

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 9, 2003

Mr. DUNCAN. Mr. Speaker, I assume that not a large number of people read the articles we place in the RECORD, but I am sure that at least a few across the country do. I wish everyone, especially young men, would read the column Richard Cohen wrote about his father in today's Washington Post.

Many years ago, I got a degree in journalism and worked briefly both as a newspaper reporter in Knoxville and as a teacher at T.C. Williams High School in Alexandria. I would guess that Richard Cohen and I are about as different in backgrounds and beliefs as any two men could be, but I greatly admire his writing. I read almost all his columns, but I believe this column about his father is possibly his best ever.

Perhaps this touched me because I was very close to my own father. But, I am going to send this column to my two sons, ages 17 and 23, with a note from me. I will tell them that I believe they have the intelligence and skills and personalities to do great things with their lives, but as Richard Cohen has written, you do not have to be rich or famous or "important" to lead a good life, and that it is far more important to be good than it is to be great.

I would like to call this column to the attention of my colleagues and other readers of the RECORD.

[From the Washington Post, Sept. 9, 2003.]

(By Richard Cohen)

HE DID NOT SET STANDARDS, HE LIVED THEM

NEWTON, Mass.—Harry L. Cohen died early Sunday morning here after a long illness. He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Pearl "Pat" Rosenberg Cohen, two children, two grandchildren and the sweet memories of anyone who knew him. He was 94 years old and my father.

Newspaper obituaries are generally reserved for the notable, the exceptional—people of some achievement or notoriety. My father does not fill that bill. He was a mere high school graduate who worked almost all of his life for one firm. He invented nothing, discovered nothing, wrote nothing and was elected to no office, high or otherwise. He was the most ordinary of men—but, God, I have known few like him and neither have you.

Over the years I have written several columns about my parents. I did that by way of sending them a gift and also because they were great material. My mother, 91, was born in Poland just before World War I. She came to this country as a child and she was—always in Poland and for a time in America—desperately poor. If there is a single person who embodies the glory and the promise of this country, it is my mother. It is that simple.

My father, too, has a story. His starts in some Ken Burns documentary, black-and-

white photo of the Lower East Side of New York, where he was born in a tenement. It was in a tenement, too, where his mother died when he was still a child. My grandfather, poor and unskilled, put my father and my uncle in an orphanage, where—with some Dickensian spells with foster families—he was raised.

He was a Depression kid, my father. In some ways, though, the worst of times were the best of times for him. He had a job. He had a car. Soon, he had a wife and she, of course, worked, too. The two of them virtually never stopped working. Even in retirement, my father took jobs. He went door to door for a polling firm. He parked cars in West Palm Beach, where he had “retired” with my mother. He worked as a doorman in a fancy Palm Beach high-rise. In some sense, he did this because the Depression was, for him, always lurking nearby, but also because he found dignity in work.

Some of this is colorful, I know, but it is not why my father was exceptional. It’s because he was a good man. Not once—not ever—did I know him to cheat: not in business, not on his wife, not on his friends and never on his children. I know of no one he hurt, no one he slighted, no one he abandoned. The great men I have spent a lifetime around—the politicians, the statesmen, the rich, the powerful, the creative—can make no such claim. They always say they had to break some eggs to make their omelet. My father made no omelet. But he broke no eggs, either.

I have written this before, but it is worth saying again: My father’s sort of goodness is rare. As he lay dying, as we talked about his life, he expressed no regrets. Not from him came reservations about how he neglected his children in favor of work, how he spent too much money, how he cared too much about the appearance of things and little about their substance. He did not understand men who were not charitable, who exchanged wives as they do cars, who would slight a child to score another business deal. He had his dreams, but the overriding one was to lead an honorable life.

To be perfectly truthful, we did not always agree—not on certain issues (Israel, for instance) and not on how one should live one’s life. I could not—I have not—been him. He did not set standards, he lived them—and deep into my career I kept thinking that some of the things I wrote and some of the things I did were like a bad report card I was bringing home from school. His disapproval, sometimes not even stated, was concussive. I reeled.

He died in his sleep. He died at home, still tended by my mother and my sister, Judith, and the remarkable women whose chosen work it is to care for the dying. He was never in pain and he was alert almost to the end, still getting the joke, still not wanting to go. He was, I tell you, the most extraordinary of ordinary men, what in Yiddish is called a mensch—not a great man but, much rarer still a good one. There is nothing greater.

INTRODUCTION OF THE EXPANDING OPPORTUNITIES IN HIGHER EDUCATION ACT OF 2003

HON. TOM COLE

OF OKLAHOMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 9, 2003

Mr. COLE. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to express my strong support, for H.R. 3039, legislation introduced today by my colleagues and myself to expand opportunities in our great na-

tion’s higher education system. I encourage my colleagues to join me in supporting this important bill and helping to increase access to postsecondary education.

For nearly four decades, the Higher Education Act has provided opportunities to students throughout the nation as they worked toward a postsecondary education. Now, in the technologically-driven economy of the 21st century, a college education is more important than ever. That’s why the bill I am offering is so important; it will help remove barriers and ensure students have the opportunities they need to meet their educational goals.

The cost of college in America has risen rapidly over the past few decades, and this has made achieving the dream of a college education a difficult proposition for many students. However, though college costs are a significant impediment for many aspiring college students, they are but one of many unnecessary barriers to a college education in America. Expanding opportunities for students by removing these barriers will help increase access to college.

By encouraging innovative solutions such as distance learning and the use of advanced technology in the classroom, schools can provide non-traditional college students with a better chance to succeed. I also believe addressing the needs of America’s minority serving institutions must be a priority, because these valuable institutions play an essential role in providing opportunities for many students.

There are several areas of particular importance in this legislation. Each of these provisions serves to break down barriers, remove obstacles, increase flexibility, and ultimately expand opportunities within higher education.

This legislation allows for fair and equitable treatment of all institutions, removing the arbitrary rules imposed on some and not others and providing all institutions the ability to compete for federal grants and better serve their students.

An additional unnecessary barrier in current law that is restricting opportunities for students and flexibility for schools is the so-called 50 percent rule. This rule arbitrarily restricts the number of courses that can be offered and the number of students that can be enrolled in courses offered via telecommunications. While this outdated rule was implemented to provide safeguards, times have changed and technology makes online education an important tool in achieving success for many non-traditional students. This bill takes the important step of repealing the 50 percent rule, while maintaining stringent requirements for quality to ensure the integrity of distance education programs is monitored and maintained.

The Expanding Opportunities in Higher Education Act also seeks to strengthen programs such as TRIO and GEAR UP which provide critical student support services. By providing these programs with the flexibility they need to meet the unique needs of the student populations they serve, programs such as these will expand opportunities and allow students to thrive.

Though the legislation I am offering includes many more important reforms, there is one more area of particular importance that I would like to address. Minority Serving Institutions offer tremendous educational opportunity, and I’m pleased that the Expanding Opportunities in Higher Education Act would

make important reforms to allow these institutions the freedom they need to help their students succeed in higher education.

Like all institutions, Minority Serving Institutions must advance their technological capabilities with the changing times and advancement in technology. This bill would allow Historically Black Colleges and Universities and Tribally Controlled Colleges and Universities among others to use a portion of their funds to expand Internet capabilities and other distance learning capabilities, encouraging the use of advanced technology and expanding opportunities.

The Expanding Opportunities in Higher Education Act builds upon the significant reforms for Minority Serving Institutions made in the Ready to Teach Act earlier this year. That legislation created a program to establish Centers of Excellence at high quality Minority Serving Institutions to strengthen and improve teacher training, expand recruitment of minorities in the teaching profession, and provide scholarships to help future teachers pay the cost of completing a teacher training program.

Taken together, these and the many reforms in the bill will help to renew higher education and expand opportunities, helping millions of students and the institutions which serve them. I’m pleased to speak in strong support of this legislation, and encourage my colleagues to join me.

J. STEPHEN HORN POST OFFICE BUILDING

SPEECH OF

HON. NANCY L. JOHNSON

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 3, 2003

Mrs. JOHNSON of Connecticut. Mr. Speaker, I rise in support of this bill that names the Post Office in Signal Hill, California, after one of the most distinguished individuals to have served in this House, Congressman Steve Horn. Congressman Horn retired this past January after a lifetime of public service. He was known as an independent, intellectually honest individual who brought to his work a sharp mind, remarkably broad experience, and an outstanding understanding and respect for the needs and abilities of every person.

Congressman Horn has worked in the public policy arena throughout his life. He began his professional career as an aide for President Eisenhower’s secretary of labor, James P. Mitchell. He then worked as a legislative assistant to former California Senator Tom Kuchel and served as a senior fellow at the Brookings Institute, Dean of American University and President of California State University at Long Beach from 1970 to 1988. After leading the University for eleven years, he was elected to Congress where his depth of knowledge of government, public administration, education, the arts, and community needs enabled him to provide valuable leadership to his colleagues and this body. Steve served his constituents with diligence, effectiveness, and honor. I wish Steve and his wife Nini the best in retirement.