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 stairs 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—those who would poke fun at his culinary inventions like "Pépourelle's Backdoor—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 trustees James, an Irishman who kept a box 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.

At the divisional headquarters of the Salvation Army in Manhattan, where many out-of-town search and rescue workers camped, the cots were filled with great, heaving bodies that used to find and sleep and peace even their blankets carried proof of the mission: that sour smell, like singing hair, lit matchsticks and a child's chemistry set.

Nor could they get away from everything they saw.

At 2 a.m. today, the site was like a stage set for a disaster movie, blasted with light. So many garage doors were still strewn through the wreckage that firefighters resorted to bucket brigades, with long lines of men passing pails of dirty T-shirts, socks and underwear reminded them. They washed and scrubbed, but the smell beat soap and clung inside their noses.

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Mr. SCHAFER. Mr. Speaker, it is an honor to rise today to recognize the achievements of an outstanding Coloradan, Mr. Jay Feavel of Fort Collins. Jay is an entrepreneur who has performed his duties with the highest degree of excellence. His reputation has been confirmed through his many accomplishments.

At its recent Worldwide Rally, Domino's Pizza awarded 15 of its franchises the coveted "Gold Franny" award and Jay Feavel of Fort Collins was one of the recipients. Jay's success and the franchise's operational excellence and his team's community involvement. Jay's leadership was chosen to be among the top one percent of all franchisees in the areas of sales performance, product quality, store safety and security, store crew moral, and community involvement.

A constituent of Colorado's Fourth Congressional District, Jay not only makes his community proud, but also his country. He has taken on the responsibilities and standards of his job to a higher level than that. I applaud him. On behalf of the citizens of Colorado, I ask the House to join me in extending congratulations to Jay on his many accomplishments.