

Alton, Illinois, shall be known and designated as the "William L. Beatty Federal Building and United States Courthouse".

**SEC. 2. REFERENCES.**

Any reference in a law, map, regulation, document, paper, or other record of the United States to the Federal building and United States courthouse referred to in section 1 shall be deemed to be a reference to the William L. Beatty Federal Building and United States Courthouse.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time, was read the third time, and passed, and a motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

**EXPRESSING THE SENSE OF CONGRESS REGARDING THE CRASH OF AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 587**

Mr. LATOURETTE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to take from the Speaker's table the concurrent resolution (H. Con. Res. 272) expressing the sense of Congress regarding the crash of American Airlines Flight 587, and ask for its immediate consideration in the House.

The Clerk read the title of the concurrent resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Ohio?

Mr. COSTELLO. Mr. Speaker, reserving the right to object, I do not intend to object, and I ask the chairman of the subcommittee for an explanation of the concurrent resolution.

Mr. LATOURETTE. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. COSTELLO. I yield to the gentleman from Ohio.

Mr. LATOURETTE. I thank the gentleman for yielding to me.

Mr. Speaker, House Concurrent Resolution 272 expresses the sense of the House of Representatives regarding the tragic crash of American Airlines Flight 587.

Specifically, the resolution before the body sends its heartfelt condolences to the families, friends, and loved ones of the victims of that crash; sends its sympathies to the people of both the Dominican Republic and the Dominican community of New York City; sends its sympathies to the people of the Rockaways; and lastly, commends the heroic action of the rescue workers, volunteers, and State and local officials who responded to that crash scene.

Mr. Speaker, New York City has certainly suffered greatly since September 11. I know everyone in this body was horrified on November 12 to see on our television screens the crash of American Airlines Flight 587.

But as one Member, I was heartened as I was watching television to see that the news was reporting that the sponsor of this resolution, the gentleman from New York (Mr. WEINER), who represents this portion of New York City, was on the ground providing comfort

and consolation to those affected among his constituents in what was, at least in my mind, one of the quickest responses by a Member of Congress that I have had the honor of witnessing in 7 years.

I commend the gentleman for his foresight and wisdom in submitting this resolution.

Mr. COSTELLO. Mr. Speaker, continuing to reserve the right to object, I thank the gentleman for his explanation and associate myself with his remarks.

At this time, we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolences to all of the families, both on the flight and to those on the ground, who lost loved ones in this terrible tragedy.

Mr. WEINER. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. COSTELLO. I yield to the gentleman from New York.

Mr. WEINER. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman for yielding to me, and I thank both of my colleagues for their kindness and the great support this body has shown for those of us in New York since September 11.

Monsignor Martin Geraghty is the pastor of St. Francis deSales Church, right down the block from where this horrible plane crash occurred.

When he spoke recently to E.J. Dionne of the Washington Post, he said, "You can deconstruct everything except suffering."

We here today on the floor of the House do not seek to make sense of this horrible incident that occurred, but we do seek to express our great condolences to the 265 souls who were on board that plane, and to those folks in Rockaway who have endured so very much.

Tomorrow there will be a funeral for the Concannons, a couple that lived on East 131st Street. Sadly, it is not the first of funerals we have had recently in reaction to horrible tragedies. St. Francis deSales Church lost about 30 members of its parish, and as many as 20 of them firefighters lost on September 11.

When this horrible accident occurred on November 12, it could not, in an odd way, have happened in a better place. If we are going to have a first responder emergency that relies on the heroism of the people in the community, Rockaway is the place we want to have it.

On November 12, just like on September 11, my neighbors, people in Rockaway, retired firefighters, off-duty firefighters, police officers, port authority policemen, EMTs, ran out of their homes.

I spoke to the head of Peninsula Hospital at the end of the day, that horrible day, and I asked, how many injuries did you have? He said, we had about 40 people come through our doors. I asked if they were firefighters. He said just about every one of them were, but only a few of them were on

duty. People came in in their tee shirts and jeans because they ran out of their houses to save their neighbors.

Mr. Speaker, this is a community that every day looks up to the heavens, sometimes in praise of God Almighty, but sometimes to look at the planes flying low overhead. I do not think anyone in our community will ever look at those planes overhead the same way. This has been an instance that has shaken us. As I have said before, it is almost as if it was an aftershock to an earthquake that happened on September 11.

But as horrible as the incident was, it once again reminded us in New York City and in our country of our common humanity. About as far away as one can possibly get from Belle Harbor, Queens, is the community in upper Manhattan in Washington Heights where many of the relatives of many of those flying on this plane lived.

I must confess, there is not a great deal that the people in the Dominican communities of Washington Heights have in common with the Irish, Italian, and Jewish community of Rockaway, but on November 12, we were reminded once again what is great about New York City and what is great about our country.

We come here with great hopes, with great aspirations, and we find them in New York City. When there are catastrophes like struck us on September 11 and November 12, we are reminded again what we have in common. What we have in common on this day is that families in Washington Heights and in Rockaway are going to sit down to dinner with an empty seat at the table. They are going to go to worship at Sunday mass or this Saturday at shul and they are going to mourn for those that have been lost in the last couple of months.

□ 1515

We have a common bond in this country. It is that we are common in the humanity that we have. So all of us in Rockaway send our sincere condolences to those that lost their lives on this plane. We share with those families that are still mourning September 11, and we join in paying our great thanks to those Members of this House who have shown such great support to New York City.

This is a time of national mourning, but it is a time of particular mourning to those of us in New York City.

Mr. Speaker, I will include in the RECORD not only Mr. Dionne's editorial about the Rockaways but two that were written by Michael Daly of the Daily News which capture the essence of that great community.

[From the Washington Post, Nov. 13, 2001]

UNSHAKABLE ROCKAWAY

(By E.J. Dionne, Jr.)

Our family has a love affair with a star-crossed little neighborhood at the edge of

New York City. In our house, "Rockaway" is a magic word.

Going to Rockaway means seeing grandma and aunts and uncles and "the cousins." A passel of kids of varying ages, the cousins love playing baseball in the front yard, romping on the beach just two blocks away, or exploring what's left of the Fort Tilden gun emplacements that overlook the Atlantic Ocean. The guns were put there to fight Nazis who many feared would come across the sea during World War II. Fortunately, the Nazis never came. Now the neighborhood faces troubles no one ever imagined. The television screen Monday morning cut suddenly to a city block we know and cherish. The flames were ripping through houses and buildings two doors down from my brother-in-law's home.

We knew my mother-in-law was in church at the time of the crash—she goes to the 9 a.m. Mass every day at St. Francis de Sales, about a block from where some of the plane fragments hit. We learned, courtesy of a live interview with Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, that the church was okay. We appreciated that, Mr. Mayor. Grandma finally got through to us. She and the rest of the family were okay too.

Giuliani said he remembered the church because of the many funerals and memorial services he had attended there since Sept. 11. You see, Rockaway, and in particular the Belle Harbor section that was struck on Monday, had already suffered mightily in the World Trade Center disaster.

It's a neighborhood full of firefighters and upwardly mobile, middle-class people, so many of whom had moved across the Gil Hodges Bridge from working-class sections of Brooklyn. Many found good jobs in the financial boom of the 1990's and worked in the trade center.

To call this neighborhood old-fashioned is both true and misleading. True because the prevailing values really are old-fashioned. Misleading because everyone is acutely aware that it takes hard work and careful adjustment to keep old values alive in the year 2001.

People in Belle Harbor don't much debate a word like "communitarian." They don't have to. That's just what these people are. I know from family experience that when a neighbor gets sick, whole blocks mobilize instantly. Food just shows up. Baby sitters suddenly materialize. The invitation for a drink at the Harbor Light, a friendly establishment smack in the path of Monday's devastation, comes right on time. The word gets out fast. Nobody ever asks questions. Nobody thinks about being paid back. Everybody knows the same comfort will be available for them when they need it.

Firefighters are as thick on the ground as steelworkers once were in Pittsburgh or stockbrokers still are in Brooklyn Heights. It's work that's often passed down from father to son. Few professions fit the neighborhood better: a marriage of family values with public service. Their attitude fits too—tough on the outside, romantic on the inside.

The funny thing about this neighborhood is that for all the ties of clan and ethnicity and faith—most of the neighbors we know are Irish, with a sprinkling of Italians, and Catholic—there is a kind of open welcome you don't run into everywhere. Many people who don't know the place think this is an attitude foreign to New York City. It isn't. My son loves the neighborhood because he can hit the streets and within five minutes be brought into a game of basketball or beach baseball or whatever else is going on. He's

not an outsider. He's a kid, he's Brian's cousin, he's an honorary neighbor.

That's why it was so painful to watch this neighborhood in flames. Why so much trouble has come so fast to one small place I cannot explain. All I know is that it's a place that knows how to pull together and get dinner to the household down the street where no one is home to cook. Maybe it goes through hard times because it is so naturally gifted at dealing with them.

A few weeks back, I was talking with Monsignor Martin Geraghty, the pastor of St. Francis de Sales, about his neighborhood's troubles. He's a deeply thoughtful man, a neighborhood intellectual who never flaunts how smart he is. He spoke of the academic trend to deconstruct, and thus explain away, anything. "You can deconstruct everything," he said, "except suffering." I don't envy Monsignor Geraghty's task of explaining to the good people of this exceptional neighborhood why the inexplicable keeps happening to them.

[From the New York Daily News Nov. 13, 2001]

#### GRIEF RETURNS TO STREET OF HEROES

(By Michael Daly)

The routines of everyday life in Rockaway had continued after her firefighter son perished at the World Trade Center, and Gail Allen had just taken out the trash when a roaring came from above.

"I heard noise and saw something falling from the sky and saw black smoke everywhere," Allen recalled. "I didn't know what happened. I didn't know what was going to happen next."

Allen dashed into her house, where her husband and six others were sleeping.

"I just ran in screaming, 'Get out!'" she said afterward.

She had responded just as her son, Firefighter Richard Allen, would have.

"It must be in the blood," she said. "Get everybody safe. That was my immediate reaction."

After everyone was safely down the block, she learned that an airliner had crashed across from her house on Beach 130th St. Many of her neighbors are cops and firefighters, and their terrible losses at the World Trade Center did not keep them from spilling out of their homes and racing headlong into danger.

Other off-duty firefighters arrived from Brooklyn, the Bronx, Manhattan and Long Island. Off-duty airline pilot Paul Maracina could only marvel.

"People just ran out of their houses in their pajamas, filling the streets, looking to help," Maracina said. "It was fantastic to see how fast people were working together. The willingness of volunteers to leap into a raging inferno to help other people."

Maracina had heard the plane's noise become a roar just before the crash. He knew hitting full throttle is standard procedure in the event of an engine failure.

"This wasn't a terrorist attack. This was an engine failure shadowed by Sept. 11," he suggested.

Around the corner, 8-year-old James Goldberg was pinning to a tree a piece of cardboard on which he had crayoned a map of the Rockaways and a message.

"NYPD, NYFD: Thank you very much."

Goldberg announced he wants to become a firefighter when he grows up.

"Because a lot of my friends' dads are," he said.

He then gave an exact count.

"Thirteen are firemen," he said.

#### FRESH MEMORIES

Back on Beach 130th St., Gail Allen stood in the sunny chill wearing a turnout coat that a firefighter had loaned her. She clutched a photo of a beautiful young man in a fire helmet.

"This is my son Richie Allen," she said. "He lived in Rockaway his whole life. He was 31. He went from lifeguard to fireman. He was with Ladder 15, Engine 4. We had his memorial on Friday."

The memorial had been diagonally across the street at St. Francis de Sales, one of 12 services held there for World Trade Center victims. The pastor, Msgr. Martin Geraghty, was now off blessing bodies from among the 260 people who had been on American Airlines Flight 587 and however, many people had been killed on the ground in a community that had already lost more than 70 at the Trade Center.

Whatever yesterday's count was in Rockaway, Allen was all but certain the dead would include neighbors who had become only closer since Sept. 11.

"I'll know them. I'll know their kids. I'll be hugging them," Allen said.

Allen walked down the street toward her daughter's house by the beach. Somebody asked why there were so many firefighters from Rockaway.

"They start out as lifeguards," she said. "Saving lives, it gets in their blood. It's in-born. I believe. It's what they do."

Her son had been a firefighter only since May, but she had no doubt he had died following his true calling.

"It was a dream come true," she said.

She kept walking, the sun glinting off the ocean just ahead where her son had rescued more than a few swimmers during his years as a lifeguard. Four blocks behind her was the bay, across which you can clearly see the New York skyline and the startling absence of the two buildings where he had died helping to save thousands.

The wind gusted and the gulls wheeled overhead and Allen had difficulty grasping the monstrous unfairness of tragedy again striking this slender peninsula of selflessness and valor.

"It's hard to believe we're going to have other people in the neighborhood going through it," she said. "It's hard to believe other mothers are going to hurt this way."

A firefighter who is her husband's cousin came up and hugged her, his face blackened by smoke and soot. She turned to another firefighter who had rushed there without protective gloves.

"I have an extra set of gloves at home if you need them," she said.

Then Allen went up into her daughter's house in the turnout coat, the picture of the oldest of her six children in her hand.

"We're still waiting for his remains to say goodbye," she said.

She later would be heading into Manhattan to join the mothers and wives of other fallen firefighters in urging city officials to do all they can to recover those still lost beyond the bay at Ground Zero.

"If it's not safe, make it safe. Go slower," she said.

She then would return to her narrow peninsula, which will get through all its trials the Rockaway way.

"We'll get through it helping each other," she said.

[From the New York Daily News, Nov. 14, 2001]

#### SORROW BINDS A SPECIAL PLACE

(By Michael Daly)

Retired Firefighter Flip Mullen emerged from the 9 a.m. Mass at St. Francis de Sales

Church in a turnout coat frayed to holiness by years of dashing into mortal peril.

Mullen had taken off his beautifully battered helmet as he entered, and he donned it again as he returned to sun-splashed Rockaway Beach Blvd.

He looked just as he had on Sept. 11, when word of the World Trade Center attack caused him to leap out of a decade's retirement and race to where 12 people in his parish would die.

Mullen grabbed his gear again Monday, when a plane nosedived three blocks from the church. Other past and present firefighters came running just as fast as they had to the twin towers.

Five more parishioners appeared to have met death from the sky, along with the 260 poor souls on the plane. Mullen asked aloud the question that he had carried into church.

"You wonder why bad things happen to good people," he said.

The closeness of the knit in Rockaway was clear as he cited his familial tie to one of the victims on the ground, 24-year-old Christopher Lawler.

"His mom is my brother-in-law's kid sister," he said.

Mullen's next words made Lawler kin to us all. "Just a nice, caring person."

#### MOURNING ON SEPT. 11

Mullen strode off in his helmet and boots. The pastor, Msgr. Martin Geraghty, appeared shortly afterward. He allowed that even he was surprised by the faith of Rockaway when he summoned people to prayer by ringing the church bells on the evening of Sept. 11.

"I thought maybe 50 or 100 would come," he said. "It was 500. The next day it was 1,000."

Since then Geraghty had conducted 11 memorials for World Trade Center victims.

"We thought we had kind of gone through one of the stages of our grief," he said.

He and his parishioners would face this second tragedy just as they had the earlier one.

"The first language of consolation is non-verbal," he said. "It's hugs."

He had no doubt that the parish would meet even so dire a test of its mettle.

"We're from Rockaway," he said. "We have a little salt from the ocean in us. We're salty."

Nobody had more salt in him than young Richie Allen, who had loved to swim and fish in the ocean just a block away. He had written a poem titled simply, "The Beach."

My escape is the beach where I can be all alone and out of reach.

I often sit in the open on the cold, hard rocks  
My thoughts circling around the hands of a cloud

I stare into the ocean blue, and see all my fantasies, plans and dreams come true.

This pure Rockaway boy's dream was to become a firefighter, and he was one for just five months when he perished at the Trade Center. Geraghty had presided over Allen's memorial last Friday, and he used images of the sea in his talk.

"Going against the tide of people coming out, helping people who have lost sight of the shore," Geraghty recalled.

Allen's parents, Gail and Richard, were around the corner, in front of their house on Beach 130th St. Their ocean-loving son gave the father a fishing rod for Christmas. The father was Rockaway born, but he had never been much of an angler.

"I think I'll take up fishing," the father now said.

A neighbor came up, looking stricken, saying she had just seen some belongings that spilled out of the plane.

"Children's clothes," she said. "Flip-flops. . ."

Flip-flops in Rockaway, meaning kids and summer and life at its best. The neighbor's voice broke, and she seemed near tears, but one of her own youngsters ran up and she caught herself.

She walked off, and another neighbor backed her car up the block. The street ahead still was blocked by emergency vehicles.

"We have some of the cockpit in the backyard and some luggage, but we're okay," the neighbor said.

#### HORRIBLE PIECE OF CATASTROPHE

Across the street, 4-year-old Kevin Otton, son of Firefighter Dennis Otton, picked up something from a strip of grass along a driveway. He went over and placed two small pieces of the plane in his mother's hand. She tapped one bit of blackened aluminum with a painted nail.

"It's scary when you think how huge an airplane is," Donna Blackburn-Otton said.

She then looked at her boy, who seemed already infused with a firefighter's spirit.

"He wants to be right there in the midst of helping," she said.

Back in front of the Allen house, Gail Allen showed a visitor a photo her fallen son took from the beach. It captured a dark sky clearing over the ocean as if cleaved by light.

"Like the gates of heaven," the mother said.

She was certain Firefighter Richard Allen passed through those gates and will watch over them all no matter what else may befall Rockaway.

"Thank God we have an angel on the beach," she said.

[From the New York Daily News, Nov. 14, 2001]

#### THE TIES THAT BIND THE ROCKAWAYS (By Alex Storzynski)

In the wake of the crash of American Flight 587 this week, the nation has learned a lot about how special the Rockaways are. As one who grew up there with sand in my shoes, I know it's true. Let me tell you why.

First of all, there's something about having a roaring ocean on one side and Jamaica Bay on the other that draws people together. It makes you appreciate Mother Nature and the fragility of human life.

During some storms, the ocean and bay have even met, flooding the streets. The last time this happened was during the great nor'easter of '91 that was immortalized in "The Perfect Storm."

The isolation of this 10-mile-long, four-block-wide sand bar also forces you to appreciate your neighbors.

When I was growing up, the house my family lived in was the biggest on the block, so the neighborhood kids used to get together in the backyard and driveway to hold bazaars to raise money for muscular dystrophy.

Incredibly, one of the engines from Flight 587 landed in the driveway of that childhood home, setting it, a boat and the garage on fire. Luckily, the family living there escaped with only cuts and bruises.

The isolation also gives residents a unique vision of the city—literally, in some ways. As a kid looking out the window from the top floor of my house, I could watch the twin towers of the World Trade Center rise in the distance as they were constructed during the '60s and early '70s. An awesome sight—but that was New York City. We were in Rockaway.

People who visit Rockaway from "the city" are known as DFD—Down for the Day. Generally, you have to keep your eyes on DFDs because they often can't swim, and they don't always take all their garbage with them when leaving the beach.

Rockaway teenagers often work as Parks Department employees cleaning the beach, or they learn how to save others as lifeguards. Many continue in the rescue tradition by becoming cops and firefighters. The common experiences they have as youngsters help form lifetime friendships.

Another intense experience that helps bind the good folks of Rockaway together always has been the roar of the planes on the flight path from Kennedy Airport. When the Concorde started flying in the 1970s, teachers at local schools had to stop classes for a minute or two whenever it passed over us because it rattled windows and made lessons inaudible.

Many of my friends who heard the crash Monday said at first they thought the sound was merely from the Concorde, which recently resumed flights.

It ripped my heart apart when I realized that St. Francis de Sales Church will be holding more funerals and memorials for its neighbors. The parish has suffered incredible torment lately because so many of its members were killed in the terrorist attack on the WTC.

As the smoldering embers turn to ashes and the smell of jet fuel is wafted away by the salty ocean air, I pray that Rockaway will heal from this latest tragedy. While these days I may technically be a DFD, I still have sand in my shoes.

Mr. COSTELLO. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman from New York (Mr. WEINER) for his leadership and for sponsoring this resolution.

Mr. Speaker, reserving my right to object, I yield to the gentleman from New York (Mr. SERRANO).

Mr. SERRANO. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman for yielding.

Mr. Speaker, I want to join the gentleman from New York (Mr. WEINER) in expressing our sense of loss and pain both to the community and the Rockaways, as well as the community in the Dominican areas and throughout the City of New York.

It is somewhat even sadder to know that a community that lost so many people, then on another day saw so many people being lost right there in their community. It is the kind of thing that you cannot explain; and you do not try to ask why they happen, but they did happen.

The stories that are coming out about people who were on that flight, the stories of the American immigration and the immigration to this country. So many stories of people who came here, especially from the Dominican Republic to find a new world, a new life. And so many were involved in doing just that and were going back for whatever reason.

Interestingly enough, interestingly enough, I learned something after this tragedy that I did not know before. And that was that a lot of folks were going back to celebrate Thanksgiving in the Dominican Republic. One would ask, why celebrate Thanksgiving in the

Dominican Republic; it is an American celebration. Well, these are families who have been here so long and traveling back and forth to the point where that celebration has now become part of many, if not all, communities in the Dominican Republic.

So the same way that this weekend and this week we will be traveling to be near loved ones, some folks come from the Dominican Republic to celebrate Thanksgiving in New York and the United States, and some go back to the Dominican Republic to celebrate Thanksgiving with all of that which is ours, the trimmings of the turkey and the celebration with a little touch of rice and beans and fried bananas that make who we are as a country, that we take every tradition and add our personal touch to it.

Then there are the other stories of, for instance, the woman in my district who started to go to beauty culture school in the Dominican Republic at the age of 12. Came to the United States and saved all of her tips, saved all of her tips for 6, 7, 8 years with the intent some day of owning her own place. And on 149th Street in the Bronx, she owned her own place just 6 months ago. She was going back to her folks to tell them the story of the success she had found in this new land of opportunity and she never made it.

We also have the stories about people who came here, the man who came here and became a citizen and was going home to pick up children who now because of his citizenship could enter into the country and he was lost. And so when we honor the memories of these folks, I think we have to realize that this is a classic American story of people who came here, of people who came here to make a better life for themselves, and who either did or are in the process of doing it.

In closing, let me say as I started to say to the gentleman from New York (Mr. WEINER) before, that there is something so dramatic and yet so sad and yet so strong about the fact that in that community in the Rockaways, which also has the tradition of immigrants coming here to succeed, they became the final place for the death of so many of these people. And these communities, who probably on a daily basis had perhaps very little in common at times, certainly maybe in the home-ownership style or somewhat culturally; yet, at the end of it all, the suffering of 60, 70 families in that community through the World Trade Center and then the suffering of 260 through this airplane.

I am glad this resolution is up. We join today in expressing our sympathy to all these families, and we just hope that we can now go on and help the survivors to face this tragedy.

Mr. COSTELLO. Mr. Speaker, I withdraw my reservation of objection.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. OTTER). Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Ohio?

There was no objection.

The Clerk read the concurrent resolution, as follows:

H. CON. RES. 272

Whereas American Airlines Flight 587 en route from John F. Kennedy Airport in Queens County, New York, to Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, crashed on the Rockaway Peninsula in Queens County, New York, on November 12, 2001;

Whereas the crash resulted in a tragic loss of life estimated at 265 individuals, including passengers, crew members, and people on the ground;

Whereas New York City has strong cultural, familial, and historic ties to the Dominican Republic;

Whereas many of the passengers of American Airlines Flight 587 were of Dominican origin and resided in the Washington Heights community, a vibrant neighborhood which is an integral part of our national cultural mosaic;

Whereas the Rockaway community has already suffered greatly as a result of the attacks on the United States of September 11, 2001, as home to the highest concentration of firefighters in New York City, many of whom lost their lives at the World Trade Center;

Whereas many Rockaway residents ignored the risks and rushed to the site of the plane crash in an effort to help;

Whereas the people of the Rockaway community have served as an inspiration through their resilience in the face of adversity and their faith in and practice of community; and

Whereas the professional emergency personnel on the ground performed valiantly limiting the devastation of this tragedy: Now, therefore, be it

*Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That Congress—*

(1) sends its heartfelt condolences to the families, friends, and loved ones of the victims of the crash of American Airlines Flight 587 on the Rockaway Peninsula in Queens County, New York, on November 12, 2001;

(2) sends its sympathies to the people of the Dominican Republic and to the Dominican community in New York City;

(3) sends its sympathies to the people of the Rockaway community;

(4) commends the heroic actions of the rescue workers, volunteers, and State and local officials who responded to this tragic event with courage, determination, and skill; and

(5) directs the Clerk of the House of Representatives to transmit an enrolled copy of this resolution to the President of the Dominican Republic.

The concurrent resolution was agreed to.

A motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

GENERAL LEAVE

Mr. LATOURETTE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 5 legislative days within which to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous material in the RECORD on H. Con. Res. 272 and H.R. 3093, the matters just considered by the House.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Ohio?

There was no objection.

APPOINTMENT OF HON. THOMAS E. PETRI TO ACT AS SPEAKER PRO TEMPORE TO SIGN ENROLLED BILLS AND JOINT RESOLUTIONS THROUGH NOVEMBER 27, 2001

The Speaker pro tempore laid before the House the following communication from the Speaker:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
Washington, DC, November 16, 2001.

I hereby appoint the Honorable THOMAS E. PETRI to act as Speaker pro tempore to sign enrolled bills and joint resolutions through November 27, 2001.

J. DENNIS HASTERT,  
*Speaker of the House of Representatives.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the appointment is agreed to.

There was no objection.

ADJOURNMENT TO MONDAY,  
NOVEMBER 19, 2001

Mr. SHIMKUS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that when the House adjourns day, it adjourn to meet at 2 p.m. on Monday next.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Illinois?

There was no objection.

AUTHORIZING THE SPEAKER, THE MAJORITY LEADER, AND THE MINORITY LEADER TO ACCEPT RESIGNATIONS AND MAKE APPOINTMENTS NOTWITHSTANDING ADJOURNMENT

Mr. SHIMKUS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that notwithstanding any adjournment of the House today until Tuesday, November 27, 2001, the Speaker, majority leader, and minority leader be authorized to accept resignations and to make appointments authorized by law or by the House.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Illinois?

There was no objection.

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE SPEAKER PRO TEMPORE

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair will recognize Members for Special Order speeches without prejudice to possible resumption of legislative business.

SPECIAL ORDERS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2001, and under a previous order