

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-