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Co. in Boston, where he worked for four years, providing legal counsel for the firm's trading and brokerage subsidiaries.

His supervisor, John Morin, described Jeff as an affable future leader with a knack for instilling confidence in others, and as someone who could work with anyone.

Heavy-metal music allowed Jeff an outlet from the pressure he put on himself, his relatives said. Great White was one of his favorite groups, and he had photographs of himself with the band's guitarist, Ty Longley, who also died in the fire.

"He had personal notes from the band," said David Bloom, husband of Martin's stepmother, Dru Bloom, of Nashville, Tenn. "He just loved that music."

Morin said he found a list of concert dates through June in Jeff's desk that included the Feb. 20 concert at The Station and another Great White show on Feb. 23. Jeff and a friend went to The Station. The friend made it out of the fire.

Jeff drove more than an hour from his new apartment in Melrose, Mass., to the West Warwick club, but it wasn't the farthest he had traveled for a show: he spent his vacations following bands throughout the country and across Europe, and hiking and mountaineering.

Born in Boston, Jeff grew up in Massachusetts and spent his teenage years in southern California. He earned his undergraduate degree in political science at University of California at Santa Cruz.

He was a Thanksgiving fixture at his stepmother's in Nashville, where he showed his lighter side, cajoling relatives into joining him on late-night forays to the grocery store for Milano cookies and Little Debbie snack cakes and on trips to used-CD stores for his favorite music.

Besides his cousin and stepmother, Jeff leaves his mother, Suzanne Fox, of Carson City, Nev., and his brother, Stephen Martin, of California. He was the son of the late Kenyon Martin, a nationally known mime.

At the memorial service at John Hancock's corporate headquarters, Morin told the family that he would always remember Jeff's bright promise.

"Any time I see another young person starting out in his career, I'll think of him," Morin said. "I can't help but make comparisons."

David Bloom said all the hard work had started to pay off for Jeff.

"He was reaching a point in his life where he was really happy, and that was a good thing," Bloom said. "He was a kid on his way up."

—Louisa Handle



Tammy Mattera-Housa, 29 Trainer, devoted to two sons

Jaromir Housa remembers the moment his stepson, Nathan, slipped under the cold, deep waters of a mountain pool in New Hampshire. It was years ago. They were hiking with Nathan's mother, Tammy Mattera-Housa, when they came upon a waterfall — beautiful, Housa recalled, but also dangerous. When Housa's back was turned, Nathan fell in.

Tammy dove in after her son. "She just ran," her husband said. "She got into the water and took him out."

It was the kind of person Tammy Mattera-Housa was, her family says.

"If she could help anybody she would," said Tammy's mother, Diane Mattera.

Tammy, 29, divided her life between two passions: her work as a certified personal trainer, and her two sons, Nathan, now 9, and Nicholas, 2. Employed at two Cranston gyms — Lady of America and Body Language — Tammy's dream was to open her own gym and design a fitness regimen for women and girls.

But she also cherished her family. The second-oldest of four siblings, Tammy had recently moved with her husband and sons into her parents' house in Warwick.

She shared a crazy sense of humor with her younger sister, Gina. Only a few weeks ago, during a snowstorm, their mother dared them to run across the street and back with no shoes or socks — and wearing only boxer shorts — for a dollar each.

Because of her children, Tammy didn't go out very often in the evenings. When she heard that Great White would be playing at The Station, however, she decided to go with a friend, Erin Whelan of Coventry. It was a band she'd always loved. She told her husband she'd be back by midnight.

By that time, her family had already heard of the fire. Jaromir Housa rushed to the club, only to find it in flames.

Whelan survived. Tammy did not.

THREE WERE REGULARS AT THE STATION

Andrea Mancini, 28 'She always had the scoop'

Andrea Mancini, of Johnston, was always looking out for her family.

The 9th of 11 children, Andrea was the family worrywart, and it was she who brought them together, said her family members.

"Every time she left the room, everybody got a kiss," said her oldest brother, Peter A. Jacavone Jr., 41.

She would drive her 13 nieces and nephews to school, to the mall, to get their nails done. She took her godson, Anthony Jacavone, now 4, to get his first pair of shoes.

"If you needed a gofer, she'd do it," said Robert Jacavone, 20, her youngest brother.

Peter said that his sister would do anything for her parents, too. When her father had open-heart surgery last fall, Andrea cried in the hospital, said her mother, Jackie Jacavone. "She had the doctor crying, too," she said.

At the Jacavone Garden Center, the greenhouse on the property on Route 5 in Johnston that the Jacavones have owned for decades, Andrea worked the register and ran the show.

"She knew everybody, everybody knew her," Robert Jacavone said. "She always had the scoop."

Johnston Police Chief Richard S. Tamburini said he often stopped by the gardening center, and Andrea was always there, always working, always positive.

"She never had anything bad to say about anyone or anything," Tamburini said. "I admired her so much."

Behind it all was her love for her family. Her niece Julia Jacavone, 11 — a little Andrea, her family says — said that her aunt taught her to run the cash register.

"She told me that if she had kids, or anything were to happen, I would be the one in charge of the register," Julia said.

On the night of Feb. 20, Andrea, 28, was checking IDs at the door of The Station, where her husband of 15 months, Steven Mancini, 39, played in an opening band. Peter Jacavone said that his sister was probably right by the door when the fire broke out, but she may have gone back inside to get her husband.

"She wouldn't leave without Steve."

—Katherine Boas



Steven Mancini, 39 Love for rock started young

It was a far-out father-and-son event.

Douglas Magness, a guitarist in a garage band, took his 12-year-old stepson to the civic center for a heavy-metal dose of glam and gothic rock.

Black Sabbath headed the bill. KISS opened the show.

Adolescent thin, with shoulder-length hair, Steven R. Mancini was enthralled.

"As soon as he could, he picked up a guitar and started playing," Magness remembered. "He was self-taught."

The Providence-born musician grew up with his step-dad's favorite artists, including Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin and Steppenwolf. Along the way, he picked up some other favorites, like B.B. King and Eddie Van Halen.

Over a period of 11 years, Steven went to work in the seafood department at the Stop & Shop grocery store on Manton Avenue; started a band; and married Andrea L. Jacavone, the manager of a family business, Jacavone Garden Center on Atwood Avenue in Johnston.

Steven had no siblings. Andrea had 10.

"Andrea was that person in every family who had hugs and kisses for everybody," said her sister, Michele Pistocco. Together, Andrea and Steven "had this glow about them."

The couple worked part time at The Station in West Warwick, checking IDs and doing other work. Steven also played guitar in a band.

Then, one night, Steven discovered just how small Rhode Island can be.

After talking to members of Skyhigh, a hard-rock house band, he discovered the band's bassist was Keith

A. Mancini — a distant cousin.

Keith had been playing in Skyhigh for more than a year. He also worked in the warehouse of the Rhode Island Novelty Co. in Johnston.

Steven started a new band, Fathead, and Keith joined it.

Fathead became a regular band at The Station, and on some Saturday nights, Steven, Andrea and Keith worked together at the club.

The band was so good, Fathead opened for Great White on Feb. 20.

After the gig, Steven, 39, and Andrea were going to Disney World with Douglas and Barbara, Steven's mother.

It wasn't unusual for the two couples to do things together. Magness built an addition — a second story — to his own house for Steven and Andrea. He even built a music room for Steven.

"We were father and son and also the best of friends," said Magness, who put down his own guitar, a Les Paul Sunburst, to make a living as a heavy equipment mechanic. "Steve was living his dream."

—Paul Davis



Keith Mancini, 34 Hoping to be discovered

As a teenager, Keith A. Mancini dreamed of being a rock 'n' roll star. Weaned on Black Sabbath, KISS and Poison, he grew his blond hair

"I believe she didn't get out because she was helping," Jaromir Housa said, through tears. "I know her personality. She was helping."

And then into Housa's mind came the memory of a mountain waterfall, and he told the story of that other, triumphant rescue.

That day in New Hampshire, he said, when Tammy emerged from the pool, she was bruised and bleeding. She was holding Nathan. She had saved her son's life.

"She didn't think once," Jaromir Housa said. "She just jumped."

—S.I. Rosenbaum



Kristen McQuarrie, 37 Coworkers were like family

Kristen Leigh McQuarrie's giggle was contagious.

Her coworkers at the Branches Restaurant at Foxwoods Resort Casino say they're going to miss that laugh. The staff of the country-style restaurant in the resort's Two Trees Inn have been her family for the last seven years.

Many of the wait staff are single mothers, like Ms. McQuarrie.

"We knew she didn't have much family, so we took over as family for her," said Rayna Reynolds, of Voluntown, Conn.

Ms. McQuarrie, 37, grew up in Lynn and Saugus, Mass. Her relationship with her mother was strained, and she didn't know her father.

"Her mother would never tell her who her dad was," Reynolds said. "She was trying to find herself and that one little piece was missing."

Ms. McQuarrie had lived in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Coventry, but she moved from Coventry to Ledyard a couple of weeks before she died. She is survived by her children, David A. McQuarrie Jr., 19, of Coventry, and Melissa McQuarrie, 18, of Pawtucket.

Her ex-husband, David A. McQuarrie Sr., of Peabody, Mass., still sends her anniversary cards on their wedding date, according to Reynolds and Ms. McQuarrie's former mother-in-law.

"They were friends," said Agnes

McQuarrie.

Kristen was a fun-loving person who loved concerts and kept a display of all her ticket stubs.

"I think she's been to every [concert] there ever was," Agnes McQuarrie said.

Reynolds said she and Ms. McQuarrie attended several concerts together, including Hootie & the Blowfish and the Goo Goo Dolls.

"She loved her music," Reynolds said.

Her friends described her as youthful, energetic and outgoing.

When listening to a story, she would interject with a dramatic "Wow," "No, way," or "Oh my God."

"She was very expressive," said Kimberly A. Blais, a fellow waitress who lives in Baltic, Conn.

One friend said, "She lived like a rock star and she died like a rock star."

—Cathleen F. Crowley



Thomas Medeiros, 40 Always willing to help out

Joe Sosnosky hired Thomas P. Medeiros to work at Bradford Original Soap Works 20 years ago.

He never regretted the decision. "He had a really bright, bubbly personality," said Sosnosky, executive vice president of the company. "He was a very caring person who would help anybody. And his work ethic was just wonderful."

In all the years that Mr. Medeiros, 40, had been employed at the company, he never missed a day of work, Sosnosky said. And because many of Mr. Medeiros's family members — including his brother and two sisters — also work at Bradford, he was truly part of the fabric of daily life there.

"There are people here who are crying every day when they stop and think that he is gone," Sosnosky said.

Mr. Medeiros had been a star runner in high school, Sosnosky said he always prided himself on keeping in excellent physical shape.

He could run like the wind, recalled House Speaker William J. Murphy, who went to West Warwick High

School with Mr. Medeiros and was a teammate on the boys' cross-country team.

"Tommy was the best runner that ever came from West Warwick High School," Murphy said.

Mr. Medeiros broke many local and state track records, and was named Most Outstanding Athlete of West Warwick in his senior year.

Andrea Silva, one of his nieces, said he was more like a brother than an uncle. A passionate fan of the New England Patriots — and their former quarterback Drew Bledsoe — Mr. Medeiros was planning a trip to Buffalo, N.Y., next year just to get his name on a football helmet he had inscribed with other Pats' autographs, she said.

"If you met my uncle, you'd love him right away," she said, recalling that on a hot summer day, he used his work break to cut his father's lawn. "He'd do anything for anybody," Silva said. "There aren't enough words to describe him."

—Barbara Polichetti



Donna Mitchell, 29 Loved family, Friends

She saved the ribbons.

Blue and red, first and second place, they are some markers of Donna M. Mitchell's life that her mother, Joanne, cherishes. Donna won them during countless afternoons spent swimming or doing other things as a little girl at the Fall River YMCA.

"She made me very proud," her mother says.

When Donna grew up, other things made her mother proud.

Donna, 29, didn't have to make Thanksgiving dinner for the guests each year at the Best Western hotel in Fall River where she worked.

But she did. "With all the trimmings," boasts her mother.

She didn't have to take in a stray cat found at a warehouse where a friend worked.

And she didn't have to stop at a Swansea bakery on Sundays to pick up a slice of lemon-meringue pie for

her mother.

"She would always do things like that. She was very generous."

Joanne shared her memories of a little girl, a teenager, and a woman who sometimes held down two jobs to take care of her kids.

As a child growing up in Swansea, Donna had plenty of guests.

"We had sleep-overs," said Joanne. "I would call home and she'd say, 'Can [a friend] stay for supper?' She always had friends over. This continued throughout her school years."

Donna enjoyed gymnastics. And she was a cheerleader at Joseph Case High School in Swansea, from which she graduated in 1991.

Donna wasn't into sports much, but she grew to love football. Defying geography, she was a Pittsburgh Steelers fan. Donna also liked Boston Bruins hockey.

Donna, who moved to Fall River, grew to have five or six close friends in her 20s. During summers, they would make pilgrimages to Virginia Beach to catch some rays.

She loved to watch the television show *Friends*. Sometimes, she would go to a cousin's place in Franklin, Mass., for a *Friends* night.

Other times, Donna would go to local bingo events, such as ones at St. Anne's Church, Fall River, with her mother.

Donna had two daughters, Brooklyn and Joslynn Belanger. She wanted them to be part of a family and planned to marry Robert Feeney of Fall River next year.

Feeney, who was critically injured in the fire, was released from the hospital three days ago.

—Michael P. McKinney



Leigh Moreau, 21 Credo: 'follow your heart'

If you knew her, you loved her. The fact that she was loved by all is what set 21-year-old Leigh Ann Moreau apart, her family and friends say.

It may have been the radiant, infectious smile that initially drew the many, many people she counted

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