Vol. 22, No. 3

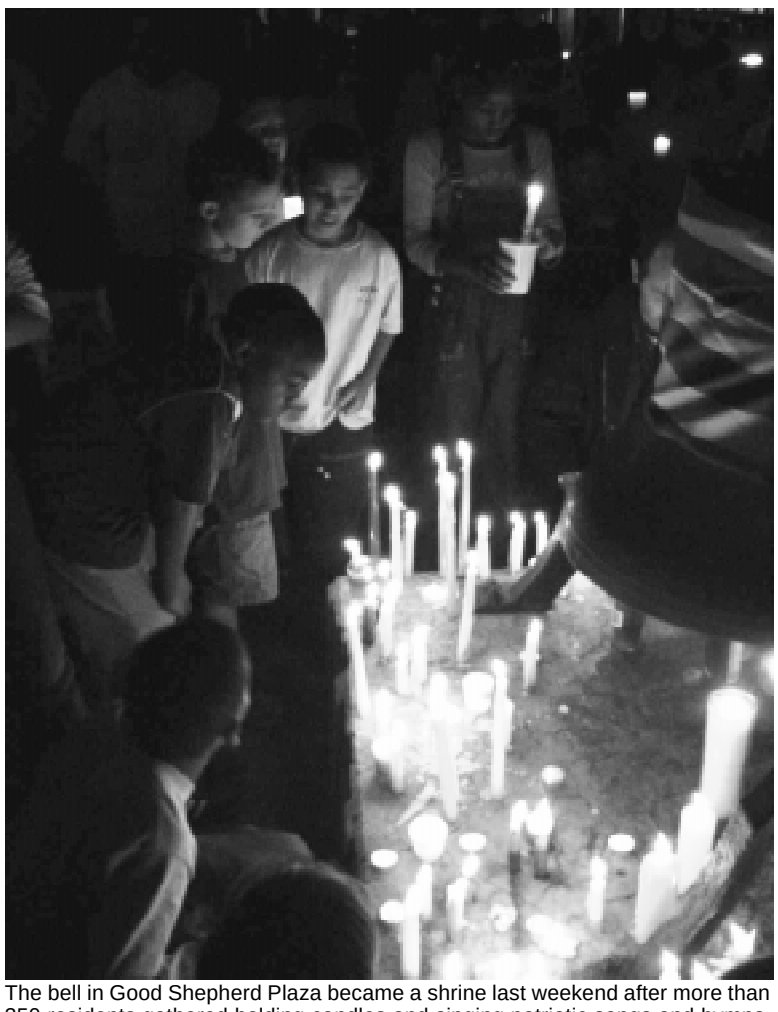
Saturday, September 22, 2001

Next scheduled issue: Saturday, October 6

The Main Street WIRE

Roosevelt Island's Community Newspaper

in association with ***Website NYC10044*** www.nyc10044.com



The bell in Good Shepherd Plaza became a shrine last weekend after more than 350 residents gathered holding candles and singing patriotic songs and hymns. A flag was draped around the bell, at right, as Island youngsters added candles. Through the week, additional services and candlelight vigils have been held at the waterfront and elsewhere on the Island. (Additional photos, in color, on *Website NYC10044* at www.nyc10044.com.)

Ten Island-Based Firefighters Missing, Including Their Chief

Special Ops Unit Lists 97 Missing or Dead

by Anusha Shrivastava

It takes a long time to count the names of the firefighters on the list.

Four are confirmed dead. One body has been found.

Ninety-seven firefighters are missing from the Special Operations Unit in New York City. Ten of this elite corps, including Chief Raymond Downey of Rescue Operations and three other chiefs, Charles Kasper, John Moran and John Pao lillo, responded from the Island firehouse on September 11, within minutes of the attack on the World Trade Center.

A change of duty was in progress

See **Firefighters**, page 13

Veteran of Oklahoma City Went to WTC

by Anusha Shrivastava

The bright red door of his office in the firehouse on Roosevelt Island is clamped shut.

A note tacked on the door reads *Keep Office Locked*.

The firehouse is not closed. It is abuzz with activity. Rosters of assignments are being drawn up. Firemen are testing equipment. Special equipment is being brought in and sent to Lower Manhattan as requests are made.

Chief Raymond M. Downey's name is posted on the red door. Another place his name appears prominently is on the heroes listed on the front page of *The New York Post* on September 17, the list of New York Fire Department personnel confirmed dead while on duty at the World Trade Center six days before. "He is just missing," said Fireman Jim Trainor, who has worked with Downey more than eleven years. "He is a tough cookie. When we find him, he will ask 'What took you so long?'"

Photo: Margery Rubin

Officially, he is still being counted in the list of those missing from the Special Operations Unit. "We have one body, four are confirmed dead and the rest are just missing," said Jack Spillane, the Battalion Chief on the Island.

"His reputation is accurate as being the nation's foremost expert on rescue operations," said Spillane, speaking of Downey, who has served as a task-force leader for

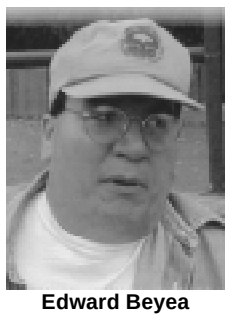
See **Downey**, page 12

Community's Losses Are Still Being Counted

Residents Find Ways to Pitch In

A week ago Friday, Jared Iwansky made a friend.

Four days later, his new friend was at work at 1 World Trade Center.



Edward Beyea

Visiting Roosevelt Island in considering a move from Manhattan, he had walked through the park south of Rivercross and encountered Edward Beyea, enjoying the day with his sister and her husband.

"We clicked," said Iwansky this week. "I absolutely connected with him. He is... was... a programmer, and I use computers as a graphic artist and video editor." Iwansky asked Beyea about life on Roosevelt Island, and recalls, "He said, 'I've lived here 22 years. There's no better place to live.' He said this not only because he was disabled but because he liked it.

"When we talked, his sister took his cigar out of his mouth. When he finished a couple of phrases, she would give it back.

Missing: Anthony Fallone

"Because of him, I was convinced I should move here," Iwansky said.

Beyea, a quadriplegic and resident of 580 Eastwood, worked for Blue Cross/Blue Shield in an office at 1 World Trade Center. Last Tuesday, he was one of the thousands who didn't get out.

Iwansky, persuaded by what he saw on Roosevelt Island and by what Edward Beyea said to him a week ago Friday, has taken an apartment in Manhattan Park. "I didn't know anybody else on this Island except this guy, and now he's gone."

Many other Islanders were affected by Tuesday's tragedy, directly and indirectly. Marilyn Engstler of Housing Management

See **Community**, page 13

Intense Moments, Intense Hours

Islanders Tell Chilling Tales of Crazed Tuesday

Many hundreds of residents were touched, directly and indirectly, by the World Trade Center disaster. Here are a few of their stories, some in their own words and some as told to reporters.

"What's That? Another Plane?"

by David Marcus

It started out as a regular school day. Having an early period, I arrived at my first-period class at Stuyvesant High School tired and groggy, and was relieved to be at my second-period class, phys-ed. The class had barely started when a student came back from the stairs excited, saying that a plane had crashed into the top of the World Trade Center. I thought he was kidding at first but, when a friend and I went to the farthest classroom and looked out the window at the North Tower four blocks away, all doubt was eliminated from my mind.

David Marcus

It is hard to describe what the building looked like when seen through one's own eyes. It almost looked like it was alive and in pain, the smoke, like blood, pouring out of a gash where the plane had so brutally collided. A collision – this is what we all thought had occurred. We returned to our gym class quite late and, some time later (18 minutes, I later learned), we heard a plane roar

See **Marcus**, page 6

An Airline Pilot Helps at Site

by Sharon Bermon

When Guy Midkiff, airline pilot, former Marine officer and Roosevelt Island resident, learned about the attack at the World Trade Center, he called his spouse to make sure she was safe. What we all did. But then he went directly to the crash site and spent the next three days at Ground Zero, working alongside "the bravest men I've ever seen" – the firefighters, police and other rescue workers.

What follows are his words, lightly edited for *The WIRE*. They portray, in gritty detail, a terrifying world of hard physical labor, almost unbearable emotions – and brief flashes of hope, always dashed.

Q: Why did you go?

A: I felt an incredibly strong urge to be there. This is our Pearl Harbor, our Arizona – such historical significance. I had to lend a hand in some small way.

Q: We all wanted to help. But you went down there.

A: In the Marine Corps, they taught us, "You can either lead, follow or get out of the way."

Q: What was it like?

A: There's an eeriness about the place, beyond surreal. At first it was quiet, then you begin to hear the sound of hand tools. The smells were incredibly pungent, the

See **Midkiff**, page 6

In a Vigil, a Deep Faith That a Son Will Return

by Anusha Shrivastava

Miracles happen.

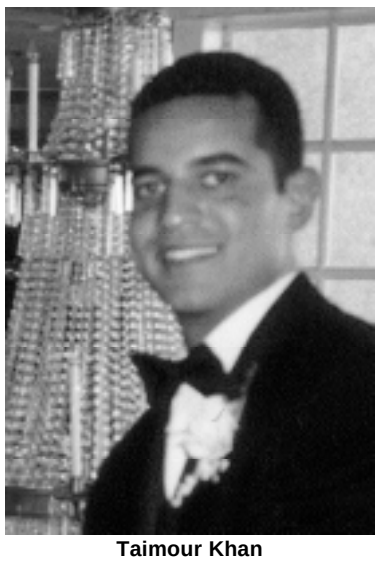
Faith in miracles has kept Tahira Khan from losing her mind. Her 29-year-old son has been missing since 9:00 a.m. September 11. Taimour Khan worked as a trader at Carr Futures on the 97th floor of 1 World Trade Center.

Rudely awakened by a near-hysterical call from her daughter, Zara, who was at work in her midtown office that morning, Tahira's first instinct was to rush out to find her son, but she says she sank into a state of shock and was immobilized. She hung up on anyone who called, even Zara. She wanted to hear Taimour's voice. He never called.

What Tahira did hear, from her fourth-floor Westview balcony overlooking the Queensboro bridge, was the constant wail of sirens from fire trucks and ambulances. She sank to the floor and waited for Zara to return, praying.

Two hours later, Zara arrived with no news. She had walked home, hoping Taimour would have contacted their mother by then, but no such thing happened.

Tahira's brothers arrived from Long Island with their families in



Taimour Khan

tow. The clan got to work. "We called every help-line we heard about," said Zara, 31, who works for KPMG. Zara's sleep-deprived eyes were swollen. "They were of no use. They just gave us more numbers to call. Carr Futures knew nothing. We had to do everything on our own."

Everything included combing the hospitals they could access in the downtown area, plus hospitals on Staten Island and in Brooklyn and

See **Khan**, page 11

The Editorial Page

Unconventional Warfare

So much death. So much destruction. So much pain. So much anger.

So much a feeling that retribution must pound sense – or failing that, death – into the ranks of terrorists.

We feel so much grief, so much sorrow, so much anguish. It is hard, at such a time, to ask for anything less than hurt for our hurt, lives for our lives, agony for our agony.

But America and the world face a very different enemy who seeks the advantage of striking from hiding against peaceful and peaceloving civilians, and this is a time for creative thinking in the matter of warfare.

With that in mind, we quote here from an e-mail forwarded to several Islanders by Rivercross resident Barbara Packer. It will not be a popular point of view at this time, but it is worth considering for its contrarian and creative content. It is appealing to imagine citizens of Afghanistan thrown off balance by a totally unconventional approach and, perhaps, reacting as we would like them to react to those who would do us and the world further harm.

With that caveat, and with an understanding that unconventional thinking is a necessary ingredient in unconvential war, here are those thoughts:

Bomb them with butter, bribe them with hope

A military response, particularly an attack on Afghanistan, is exactly what the terrorists want. It will strengthen and swell their small but fanatical ranks.

Instead, bomb Afghanistan with butter, with rice, bread, clothing and medicine. It will cost less than conventional arms, poses no threat of US casualties and just might get the populace thinking that maybe the Taliban don't have the answers. After three years of drought and with starvation looming, let's offer the Afghani people the vision of a new future. One that includes full stomachs.

Bomb them with information. Video players and cassettes of world leaders, particularly Islamic leaders, condemning terrorism. Carpet the country with magazines and newspapers showing the horror of terrorism committed by their "guest." Blitz them with laptop computers and DVD players filled with a perspective that is denied them by their government. Saturation bombing with hope will mean that some of it gets through. Send so much that the Taliban can't collect and hide it all.

The Taliban are telling their people to prepare for Jihad. Instead, let's give the Afghani people their first good meal in years. Seeing your family fully fed and the prospect of stability in terms of food and a future is a powerful deterrent to martyrdom. All we ask in return is that they, as a people, agree to enter the civilized world. That includes handing over terrorists in their midst.

In responding to terrorism we need to do something different. Something unexpected... something that addresses the root of the problem. We need to take away the well of despair, ignorance and brutality from which the poisoned weed of hatred grows.

Osama bin Ladens of the world water their gardens of terror.

To which we would add the thought that this greatest country in the world can impose a terrible price on its enemies, but we must not fantasize that it can be done without great cost, both in foreign campaigns and potentially in further mayhem here.

Our "big stick" is an ultimate weapon that might well be our only option. But as we consider our possible retributions, we should also consider what might be the greatest vengeance of all – a Taliban thrown into disarray by American creativity in unconventional warfare.

DL

Alex Gamburg

Letters

Robert H. Ryan, President
RIOC
591 Main Street
Roosevelt Island, NY 10044

Dear Mr. Ryan:

Since Tuesday, September 11 – the day America was attacked – the entire nation has become very disaster-conscious.

I know that during my years as a RIOC Board Member, we had developed and continually updated our Disaster Plan, which was prepared in a cooperative manner with both Coler and Goldwater Hospitals.

Since your tenure in office (as well as Jerry Blue's), the Island residents have received little or no information from you or your office on the topic of a Disaster Plan. You have, to date, ignored FOIL [Freedom of Information Law] requests on Public Safety, issued to you from the Eastwood Building Committee.

It is my belief at this juncture that it is irresponsible not to come forth to the population of Roosevelt Island regarding where you stand on disaster planning. Your responsibility in this area no longer can be a guarded secret. It is time for an exposure of what you are doing in these areas.

Lack of a reply will tell me what I already believe, as do so many residents.

Ronald T. Vass

To the Editor:

As you walk into the Cultural Center entrance at 548 Main Street, you see tarps covering saved artifacts of Roosevelt Island history. These are a stair rail, mailboxes, a steamer trunk from the Central Nurses Residence, a memorial board from the City Hospital entitled "Lost in the Line of Duty," and other tidbits from buildings long gone.

Will one day someone present to the RIHS a piece of the World Trade Center ruins? It is a frightening thought at this time.

Please save your e-mails and correspondence from friends far and near and send a few of them to us. We will keep them for our time capsule.

Our plans for a great history festival are in limbo. As soon as they are confirmed, we will publicize them.

Judith Berdy
President
Roosevelt Island Historical Society
RooseveltIslandHistory@USA.com

To the Editor:

As my daughter and I were walking back along the west promenade from the Post Office this afternoon, a thought struck me as we passed the mini-schools: What ideal places to use as relocation space for some of the businesses that require relocation.

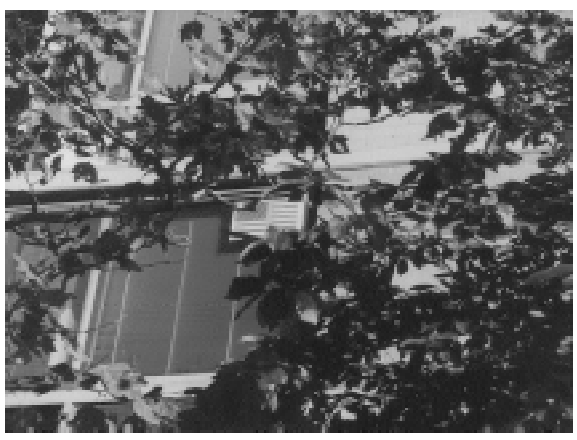
True, the spaces are small, but there are plenty of small businesses that could use them. It would only be a drop in the bucket of the immense need, but every drop helps.

The cost of getting the space ready for commercial use would be less than making them safe for residential occupancy. The businesses that could locate there would not generate large amounts of vehicular traffic (if any at all). The employees would use our merchants, when working here, for lunch, food, and other items. The spaces would be occupied and the cost of maintenance to RIOC would be reduced. In addition to the mini-schools, there is vacant commercial space, such as the drug store, that could also be made available. See **Letters**, page 10

island observer

One of my former newspaper colleagues in Connecticut, an editor I haven't seen in nearly three years, sent me an e-mail this week inquiring how I was doing "down there in New Yorkville after the craziness of recent days."

My reply, in part, was this: "Craziness is right. Surrealism, too, any word you can think of to describe a City that is not the same, where you can't step outside your apartment without being reminded somehow of the enormity of this event – enormity in its monstrous, grammatically-approved sense – even if it's just the sight, from Roosevelt Island, of that seemingly permanent cumulus at the tip of Manhattan."



I had in mind a couple of things – aside from all the heartache and exhaustion and inconvenience of the past week – that occurred right on our doorstep.

First, on Tuesday of this week, I noticed a sign next to the elevators at 20 River Road that had apparently been up since last Thursday. It was from Donna Cusano in 7B and was addressed to "Fellow 20 River Road Residents," the first such communication from a neighbor that I can recall since moving here, and it urged us, in red ink, to "Display the American Flag," to donate to the relief efforts, and sign up to donate blood at Goldwater Hospital.

As of September 13, she wrote, she was "displaying the only flag in all of Manhattan Park."

On that date, perhaps, the feeling of patriotism and war fervor associated with such flag-waving events in the past (the Persian Gulf War was the latest example) hadn't quite taken full hold, and it's possible she was correct. But even without such prodding, my wife and I put up in our window Kmart's paper Red-White-and-Blue as printed in The Times on Sunday, and by that day all of Manhattan Park was duly festooned. And Donna had edited her notice in the lobby to proclaim that she was no longer the only one.

We salute Donna Cusano. We're not just living in a big ol' apartment building. We can be a community.

Second, just steps away from Donna's posting, I recall an encounter last Friday with a young woman outside the doors of our building.

It was a gloomy day and she was wearing a bright yellow dress. She approached my wife and me as we walked back from The Trellis. "Is this safe?" she asked. "Is it safe here?" She was fleeing from Battery Park City and wanted to know about Roosevelt Island. She had children and asked about the Island's schools, its transportation. She had an appointment with a broker in the lobby of 20 River Road. She said they could no longer live in Battery Park, they had to get out. She was afraid.

Are we safe here? How many others had that same question as they fled the disaster and looked ahead to such an uncertain future?

Robert Laux-Bachand

Get ready for...
The Great Roosevelt Island History Quiz!
coming soon in *The WIRE*
Check the *TimeLine* on *Website NYC10044*
www.nyc10044.com

COMING UP

Compiled by *WIRE* staff – Fax information to 755-2540
e-mail ComingUp@MainStreetWIRE.com
or click on the e-mail link at www.nyc10044.com

Fri., Sept. 21, 7:00 p.m., **Memorial Service for Anthony Fallone**, Chapel of the Good Shepherd.

Sat., Sept. 22, 11:00 a.m., **Memorial Mass for Anthony Fallone**, St. Ignatius Loyola Church, Park Avenue at 83rd Street.

Mon., Sept. 24, 7:45 p.m., **Maple Tree Group** meeting, Chapel of the Good Shepherd. (Group working toward democratic election of the RIOC Board of Directors.)

Mon., Sept. 24, 8:00 p.m., **Roosevelt Island Toastmasters Open House Program**. Speeches on the World Trade Center tragedy. Call **755-7285** for details.

There is no charge to list Island events here. E-mail information to ComingUp@MainStreetWIRE.com, fax to 755-2540, or leave copy at the desk at 531 Main Street, addressed to *The WIRE*. Provide a telephone number for possible follow-up.

Tue., Sept. 25, **Primary Election Day** (rescheduled from 9/11). Voting at PS/IS 217.

Tue., Sept. 25, 6:30 p.m., **Book Discussion**, *The Fisher King* by Paule Marshall, Library. Advance registration required.

Tue., Sept. 25, 8:00-9:30 p.m., **Introduction to Private School Admissions** with Island resident Dr. Gina Lipton, Psychologist, a former Admissions Director. Basic steps in gaining admission to a New York City private school for your child. $25. Call **754-2331** for a reservation.

Wed., Oct. 3, 8:00 p.m., **Meeting of the Common Council** of the Roosevelt Island Residents Association (RIRA), Chapel of the Good Shepherd.

Thur., Oct. 4, 7:30 p.m., **Eastwood Building Committee Election of Officers**, Senior Center, 546 Main Street.

Sat., Oct. 6, 10:00-11:30 a.m., **Coping with Private School Admissions**, with Island resident Dr. Gina Lipton, Psychologist and former Admissions Director; 536 Main Street. Four-week workshop with additional sessions October 13, 20, and 27. Sponsored by Island Kids. Fee, $200. Information, (212) **754-2331**. (See ad, page 4.)

Sat., Oct. 6, next issue of ***The Main Street WIRE***. **Deadlines:** Advertising in the paper, Fri., Sept. 28; decision on stuffers for *The Bag*, Mon., Oct. . 1, with materials due Thur., Oct. 4. **Future issues:** Oct. 20, Nov. 3, Nov. 17, Dec. 1, Dec. 15, then every two weeks starting early in January, 2002. **Phone**/*fax* for news, **826-9055**/*755-2540;* phone/fax for advertising inquiries, **751-8214**/*755-2540;* to list your organization's Island events here (no charge), fax information to **755-2540**, or e-mail ComingUp@MainStreetWIRE.com.

Oct. 7-14, week-long celebration of **New York History Festival** and **Roosevelt Island Historical Association's 25th Anniversary**. Events to be announced.

Thur., Oct. 11, 9:30 a.m., **RIOC Board of Directors meeting**, Chapel of the Good Shepherd. (Executive session normally starts at 9:30, followed by open meeting, starting 10:30 or 11:00.)

Sun., Oct. 14, 4:00 p.m., ***Broadway Magic*, Pipe Organ Fund-Raiser**, jointly presented by the Church of the Good Shepherd and St. Frances Cabrini Parish to support installation of the new organ in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, at Manhattan Park Theater Club, with the voices of Daniel Rodriguez, Jorge Novoa, Maryann Mootos, accompanied by Victoria Ulanovskaya and Richard Paratley. Admission $20; seniors & disabled, $15. Cash bar & refeshments. Information: **751-1347** or **355-2574**, or www.broadwaymagic.net.

Tue., Oct. 16, 6:30 p.m., **Book Discussion**, *The Poisonwood Bible* by Barbara Kingsolver, Library. Advance registration required.

Sat., Oct. 20, afternoon/evening, **Dinner to Honor Individuals Important in the History of the Roosevelt Island Youth Program**, Manhattan Park Theater Club.

Senior Center

Monday
No events scheduled
Tuesday
10:00, **Jazzercise**
1:30, **Games** (RISA)
Wednesday
9:15, **Stay Well Exercise**
10:00, **English as 2nd Language** (beginner)
11:00, **English as 2nd Language** (intermediate)
Thursday
10:00, **Tai Chi**
10:30, **Creative Arts**
12:30, **Movie**
12:45, **Arts & Crafts** (RIDA)
7:00, **Dance Class**
Friday
9:00, **Citizenship**
10:15, **Yoga Stretch**
10:00, **English as 2nd Language** (beginner)
11:00, **English as 2nd Language** (intermediate)
7:30, **Lotto**
Saturday
7:30, **Bingo** (RISA)

Special Events

Mon., Oct. 1, 10:00, Medical Lecture and Blood Pressure Screening
Wed., Oct. 3, 12:30 p.m., Health Awareness Lecture (3rd of 4)
Wed., Oct. 10, 12:30 p.m., Health Awareness Lecture (last of 4)
Wed., Oct. 24, 9:30-11:30 a.m., Free Flu Shots

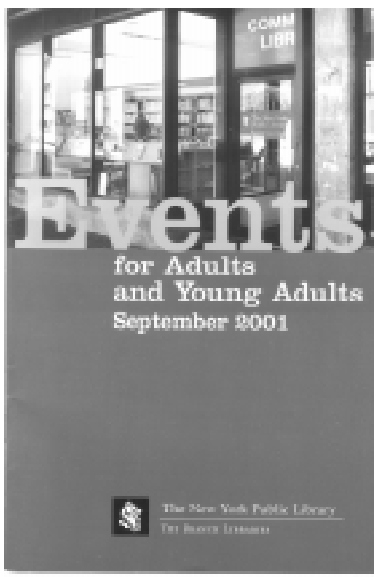
Home-delivered meals available: 744-5022, ext. **1203**

Eastwood Building Elections October 4

The Eastwood Building Committee will elect officers Thursday night, October 4, at 7:30, in a meeting at the Senior Center.

Harry De Vine and Ron and Fay Vass are resigning their positions as officers after over 20 years. "We feel it's time for new people to take over," they said in a statement to *The WIRE*. "We will always be available to help anyone who holds the posts."

An attempt had been made to hold an election last week, but attendance was insufficient to proceed. "We urge our neighbors to attend," said the statement from the Vasses and De Vine.



Island Library on *Events* Cover

by Maurice Bleifeld

Although the branch Library on Roosevelt Island is a relative newcomer to the far-flung New York Public Library system, it was featured in September on the cover of the monthly *Events* booklet listing activities at various branches.

"I was excited when I saw it, and people from other branches have noticed it and liked it," said Laura Sutherland, the Librarian here.

Ironically, on page 4 of the guide, there is a listing of a Roosevelt Island event for September 11, when resident Bernard Schwartz was scheduled to discuss his book, co-authored with Gerald Chatanow, *Another Time, Another Place: A Neighborhood Remembered*, relating their early memories of the Brownsville/East New York neighborhood. The event was canceled after the attack on the World Trade Center Twin Towers, but will be rescheduled.

Letters Policy

The WIRE welcomes letters to the Editor, to the community, and to/from officials. Publication on a *Name Withheld* basis will be considered, but the writer's name, address, *and phone number* **must** be provided for verification and for our records. **Preferred methods of submission:** PC-standard 3.5-inch floppy disk left at 531 Main Street for *The WIRE*, or by e-mail to Letters@MainStreetWIRE.com (ASCII text preferred or use any wordprocessing software, but no MSWord files with macros). **Alternatives:** Typed, double-spaced copy left at 531 Main Street or faxed to (212) 755-2540. Clearly handwritten letters will be considered if brief, but we cannot take telephone dictation of letters. **All letters are subject to acceptance and to editing for length and clarity.** We recommend observing a maximum length of 300 words, but will consider longer letters if their content merits the required space.

Letters deadline for Oct. 6 issue: Oct. 1

The RIRA Column

It was an obscenity. And, it failed. I'm sitting at my computer two days after the World Trade Center collapsed to the ground and three weeks after visiting the Observation Tower with an out-of-town relative. My eyes are stinging and my throat burns from smoke arriving on the breeze from the south. I don't know whether to rage or to cry.

When a tragedy occurs, we often have familiar surroundings to anchor us. We New Yorkers have been denied that solace. In that regard, we can empathize to some small extent with the citizens of Warsaw and Dresden, London and Tokyo, who saw the familiar landmarks of their lives disappear in an instant. Like them, the givens of our lives have been rocked, and in our case, without benefit of air raid sirens or even a declaration of war.

The attack was a failure because our military structure, our economic integrity and our resolve as a nation were not damaged; if anything, they are stronger. Even if their goal was simply to kill Americans, they failed. New York City and our nation's airlines are international entities, and so they killed indiscriminately, and earned the disgust of the world. The result of this atrocity will be to bring the day of their annihilation that much closer.

Your Common Council met the day after the attack in emergency session. We will put together a relief fund to help the families of Roosevelt Island victims. As the inevitable reports of Islander casualties start to trickle in, please get word to me so that we can properly register our losses. We are coordinating emergency services available to us, including Island grief counselors. At this writing, I have been unable to arrange for a blood drive at Goldwater Hospital because of the overwhelming demand on existing blood centers. When the apparatus and technicians are freed for our use, we'll let you know. At the end of our meeting, we moved, en masse, to the Fire Department's Rescue squad at the north end of the AVAC building, to thank and applaud the fire fighters, to commiserate with their losses and to offer food, anything, that would make their task easier.

Matthew Katz
RIRA President
e-mail: **matthewkatz@rcn.com**

Perhaps you've heard reports of bigotry against Arabs and Muslims around the country. I understand that reports of similar intolerance on Roosevelt Island were false, and I'm not a bit surprised. But this is unacceptable anywhere, and we must say so unequivocally, here in the most diverse community in the most diverse city in the world. The Common Council asked me to draft a resolution reflecting our concern and beliefs:

Resolution of the Roosevelt Island Residents Association Common Council:

We abhor and officially repudiate any retaliation for the atrocities of September 11, by word or by deed, against our innocent Arab-American or Muslim-American neighbors or against Arab or Islamic diplomats and visitors to our shores.

Roosevelt Islanders and New Yorkers have shown their stuff in times of adversity on many sad occasions, and this time will be no different. Over the last two days I've recited the mourners' kaddish, the Jewish prayer for the dead, and found it comforting. I've always been uncomfortable with overt expressions of patriotism, but I've sung *God Bless America*, and felt that it was appropriate, with a stirring lyric. We'll need to find consolation where we can and then get about the business of rebuilding our City.

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Managing Editor – Dick Lutz
Chief Feature Writer – Anusha Shrivastava
Reporters – Francine Lange, Robert Laux-Bachand, Gabrielle Parnes
Ombudsman – Armand Schwab – **838-3184**
Chief Proofreader – Kay Thompson
Proofreader – Linda Heimer
Chief Photographer – Margery Rubin
Photographers – Vicki Feinmel, Ronnie Stuart, Susheel Kurien
Advertising Manager – Ellen Levy
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So hard to know what to say that has not already been said.

Our thoughts and prayers are with you.

The Board of Directors - Island Kids.

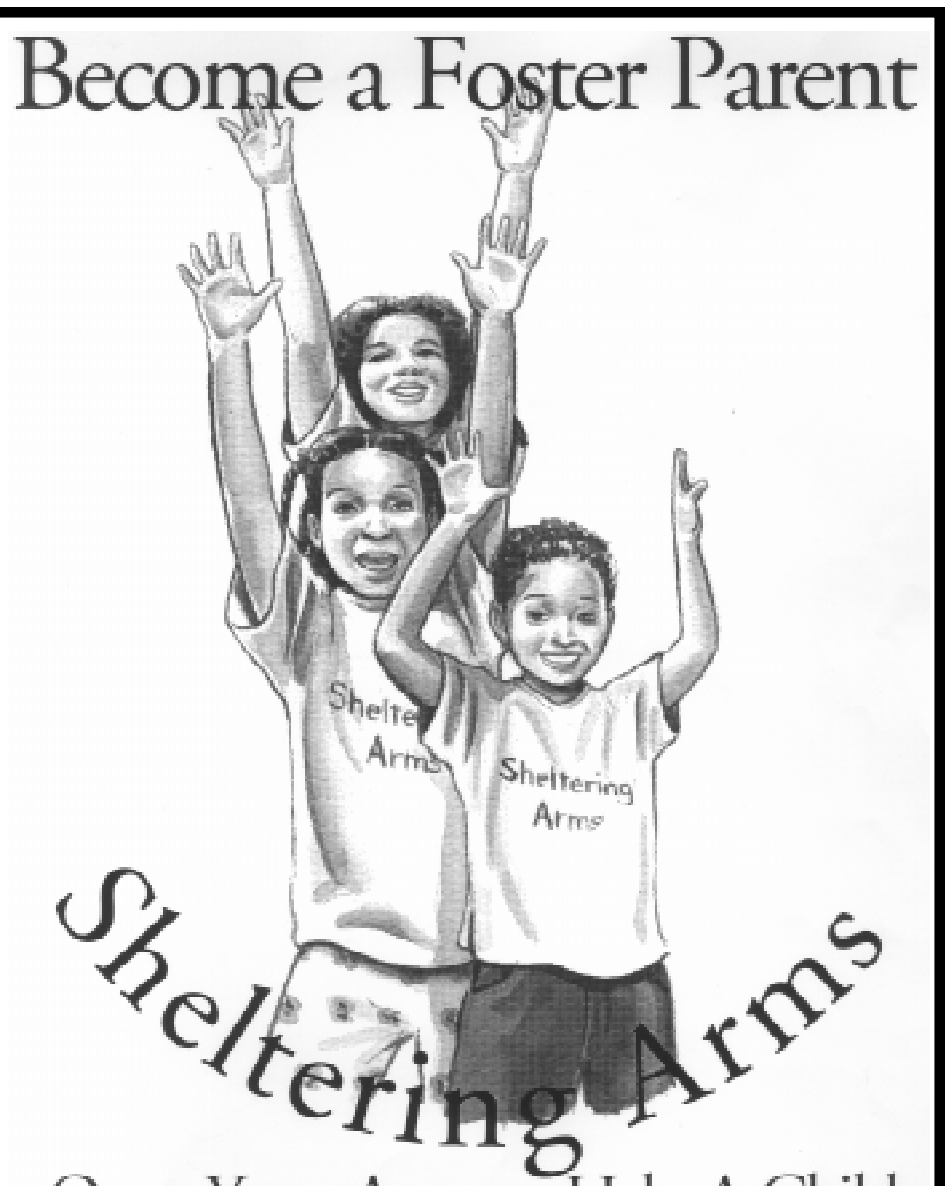
ISLAND KIDS

Saint Frances Cabrini Parish

extends its heartfelt compassion to our friends and neighbors during this time of unprecedented tragedy.

We are companions on the journey toward healing.

We pray,
God Bless America.



Coping with Private School Admissions

with Dr. Gina Lipton

Four-week workshop will be held on Saturday, October 6,13,20 & 27
From 10:00-11:30 am
Weekly topics include:
Week 1- Choosing the right school for your child.
Week 2-The application process and applying for financial aid.
Week 3-How to handle interviews.
Week 4-After the acceptance letters. Making the right decision.

Workshop is sponsored by Island Kids and will be held at 536 Main Street. Call Gina Lipton at 754-2331 for details and to reserve a seat. Cost is $200.

ISLAND KIDS

Roosevelt Island Jewish Congregation

There are stars whose light reaches the earth only after they themselves have disintegrated. And there are individuals whose memory lights the world after they have passed from it. These lights shine in the darkest night and illuminate for us the path...

YOM KIPPUR SERVICES

Wednesday, September 26th

Kol Nidre 6:30 p.m.

Thursday, September 27th

Morning Service 9:15 a.m
Yiskor Memorial Service 11:15 a.m.
Afternoon Service & Ne'ila 4:30 p.m.
Sounding of the Shofar 7:30 p.m.

All services are held in the R.I.J.C. Sanctuary at the Cultural Center, 548 Main St. Elevator entrance is at 548 Main Street, next to Bakery. Stairway entrance is to the rear of Video Store next to 540 Main St. Breezeway.

ALL ARE WELCOME

The Main Street **WIRE**

The volunteers and staff of The WIRE extend our condolences to all who have lost friends and loved ones.
In their name, we shall all persevere.

A Friendly Place for Children to open their first account and start learning how to manage their finances

FEATURES:
LOW $25 Minimum Balance lets you start saving right away
NO Monthly Service Charges
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BENEFITS:
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Call today for more information.
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Islanders Tell Chilling Tales of a Crazed Tuesday *continued from page 1*

Midkiff from page 1

smoke, the smell of natural gas was all over – it was really frightening – and a kid was smoking. There was paper everywhere – ankle deep – for five blocks around. Graffiti everywhere – notes from firemen to their comrades. "Rest in Peace, Charlie." I saw the Lord's Prayer twice.

Q: What did you do at the rescue site?

A: It didn't take long to figure out how to make yourself useful. There were lines of people – like a line of ants – passing buckets from hand to hand – a bucket brigade. There were a couple of false alarms, everyone would get really excited – thinking they found someone alive – but then the doctors would check and it was a body. There were voids, and you had to be really careful when walking on a beam. If you fell, you could fall fifty feet.

All of a sudden they started blowing these loud horns on the fire trucks – I didn't know what it meant – we were told to get out and everyone started running. It was a controlled stampede.

But the firefighters stayed because they thought they had found someone.

What had happened is the Millennium Hotel had shifted two degrees and they were afraid of another collapse.

After they blew the warning horn three times, I suddenly became aware of my mortality. I took a last look. There were shoes in the trees, family photos that were probably from the planes.

Q: Any message for the rest of us?

A: The most important thing – the incredible bravery of these guys. I've never in my life seen such brave men – firemen, FBI agents, marshals… I only had an inkling of what they do. Now I have so much respect for them. I can't say enough about what our country owes these men. They're not interested in getting on TV. There they were, covered by a layer of gray ash, just doing what they have to do.

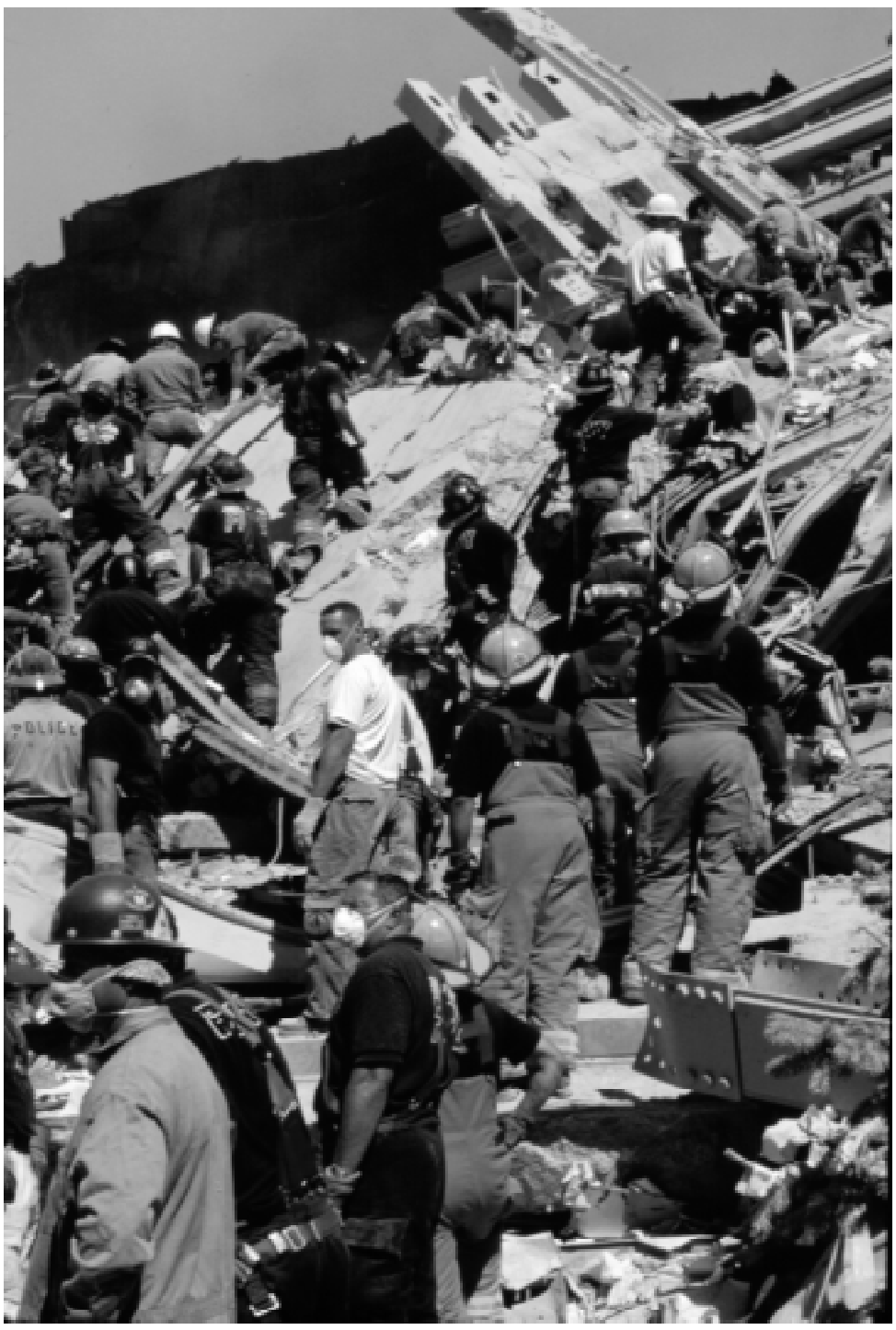


Photo: Guy Midkiff

A small segment of the 16-acre disaster and crime scene in Lower Manhattan.

No Warning... Just Complete, Instantaneous, Overwhelming Shock

The following is an e-mail sent Wednesday, September 12, by Island House resident Frank Farance to friends and acquaintances around the world, many of whom serve with him on international communications-standards and computer-standards bodies.

by Frank Farance

A bunch of you have been asking and I just wanted to let you know that I'm alive. I was downtown and saw the first plane crash from the Brooklyn side yesterday morning, from the base of the Brooklyn bridge.

Frank Farance

What caught my eye was: I saw a plane flying low heading downtown. Already I knew something was wrong: *Departing flights from LaGuardia should be very high after take-off, not this low.* Then the plane banked to the left (as a pilot, I recognized it as a smooth maneuver).

And then, all in slow motion, like one's thoughts the instant before you impact in a car crash. The thoughts were: *Something is wrong... oh no, is that really going to happen... oh no, is that... oh no!*

The plane hit the North Tower from the north side. It went through like meat in a meat grinder, impacting on one side, and debris and flames emerging from the other side. My next thought was, *What happened to the rest of the plane?* Did it hit the other tower?

I immediately called a friend who was in one of the skyscrapers "downstream" of the disaster. When he answered the phone, I said, panicky, "You're OK?" He said, "Yes, why?" (unaware). I told him that a passenger plane crashed into the World Trade Center. He said he was going to walk over and take a look. New Yorkers, in their lack of vulnerability, have a tendency to want to get close to things of curiosity rather than run away from disasters.

The next immediate, panicky call was to my wife, Marguerite. She was taking the subway through the WTC just at the time of the crash. Couldn't get through... got voice mail. It was hours later before I found out she was alive and OK. Subways, buses, everything was closed. She told a stranger, "I'm pregnant," and he gave her a ride part of the way home.

The next call was to the FAA's Flight Service. I knew they'd be recording my conversation, so I told them my observations and location of my perspective. At that time, I thought it was an accident, and I assumed that the NTSB (the agency that investigates airplane crashes) would want this information right away. In my observations, I noted that there was no smoke and that the maneuvers were smooth.

I was shaking when I called. My stomach was sick (24 hours later, I still feel sick). Seeing the plane blow right through, I knew lots of people were dead instantly. I didn't know how people would make it out from higher floors.

I was stuck in morning traffic and, for the next 15-20 minutes, as traffic moved along, my view was obscured. When the traffic moved up to the Brooklyn promenade... that beautiful view that we've all seen... I saw the South Tower was on fire, too. I incorrectly assumed that the debris hit the second building from the first crash.

By this time, all the cell phones were out. The radio was talking about the disaster. I was going over the Verrazano Bridge. And then I started to panic myself: *I'm on a bridge, a famous landmark, trapped in traffic.* I made it to the other side. At this point, all bridges, tunnels, etc., were closed in New York. I was stuck on Staten Island. It took 11 hours to get home.

People were lined up at pay phones. Quarters became scarce. It was hot, a "migraine sun" kind of day.

Overall, people were cooperative – no panicking, everything sluggish, but as best as one could hope.

Witnessing the crash, the sight of the buildings collapsing, thinking of all the people and firefighters dying instantly, the people jumping to their death, I just cried. I was thinking of the people in the building – if they saw the plane coming toward them, what they must have felt.

When I got home, Marguerite met me on the street. I gave her a big long hug, we both cried. I parked in front of a fire hydrant where the local Public Safety Officers park. Normally, they'd quickly ask you to move the car. They watched us hugging, they understood.

I heard a visitor from Colorado describe New Yorkers yesterday: normally we avert eye contact but yesterday we were all looking for eyes... to share emotion... so true!

I'm looking forward to giving you all a big hug when I see you!

Some afterthoughts... a couple of days later.

I've discovered that my personal experience has been a bit different from others'. I gave this some thought:

Most people have the experience of watching the second plane, not the first. Just prior to the first plane, it was a beautiful September morning. As a firsthand witness, there was no warning, no preparation, no anticipation with a news reporter's warning, "A disaster has occurred at the World Trade Center." Just complete, instantaneous, overwhelming shock.

Most people have seen this on TV. I didn't see the second plane hit, but watched it later on TV. Witnessing it first hand, in 3-D, is a very different experience from watching it on TV.

Marcus from page 1

loudly overhead. My gym instructor, perhaps regretting his words now, cracked, "What's that, another plane?" Shortly after, excited, we trickled to our third-period classes, most of us incurring long delays due to the animated conversations with friends in the halls.

Upon reaching my eighth-floor physics class, I sat with a friend and gazed out the window at the massive building with the huge gash in it, the endless supply of smoke rising out, and the endless supply of men and women in expensive suits running from the area on the street below. After a few minutes, we were able to identify some of the falling objects, horrifically enough, as people slowly and gracefully tumbling from the windows above, toward the ground below. Some of my classmates were attempting to contact their parents through cell phones, but soon realized that all service was out.

After watching our teacher attempt to keep us in order and struggle through the lesson plan, we listened to our principal in shock as he announced on the loudspeaker, "The Twin Towers have been hit by two planes, and similar attacks are occurring throughout the nation. The Pentagon has just been attacked." After further announcements encouraging us to remain calm and in control, we were told to proceed to homeroom.

Ironically enough, my homeroom is on the top floor, where I have a prime view of the North Tower. However, quite quickly we heard a large crash and the lights flickered out. Only later did I learn that this occurred because the buildings came down. Watching through the window, I saw people dashing as fast as possible from the area, and the air all around the building rapidly turned gray with soot to the point where it was impossible to see anything. The last sight I had before we all evacuated the building was quite eerie – the streets, the baseball fields, and the park, deserted and covered in gray soot.

After evacuating the building, we walked quite a way up the West Side Highway, where, to my surprise, I met my father, who was searching there for me. Later, a group of friends and I went out with posters to encourage people to give blood, and, to our pleasure, the hospitals and centers were overfilled with donors.

Three days later, I found myself and the same friends at the same area, working for the American Red Cross at a mass-care center at Elementary School PS 234, a block away from Stuyvesant. The area was completely different. Chambers Street was dirty and disheveled, filled with loose papers and debris and people from hundreds of different groups, some military, some civilian. We spent three days helping with makeshift construction in areas of the center and moving supplies and, least rewarding of all, cleaning up the street for President Bush's car.

We have had no school and will not until Thursday (September 20), at which point Stuyvesant students and teachers will be relocated to Brooklyn Tech on an 11:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. schedule for 3-4 weeks. So we volunteered for three days, at which point, due to extremely frustrating disorganization, we left the Red Cross.

A week later, I still find myself thinking about the attacks constantly, though more reflectively now. And although it is difficult to actually realize that the mighty Twin Towers, which have been perhaps the most essential part of our downtown skyline and a symbol of New York's pride and economic power, have been destroyed, I also realize that this is something I will never forget for the rest of my life.

Islanders Tell Chilling Tales of a Crazed Tuesday

continued from pages 1 and 6

The Worst Things I Have Ever Seen

by Brendan Chellis

Below is the text of an e-mail I sent out to all my friends. I just wanted to get the word out that I was OK. But I found out that it was being distributed to people all over the country. I am now hearing from people as far away as California. My story is minor compared to what happened to thousands of other people at the World Trade Center. But it seemed to offer some healing to people I have never met. I figured I would share it with my neighbors on Roosevelt Island.

I just wanted to send you all an e-mail and let you know that I am still walking the Earth. I was in the WTC this morning and saw the worst things I have ever seen in my life. I have been talking to a lot of you today but a lot of you I haven't. So I'll tell you what happened:

I was walking through the underground mall in the WTC from the subway this morning toward my building. At my building (which is 1 WTC – the first building hit), there is a bank of 20 or so glass revolving doors that open up into the lobby of 1 WTC. As I was about 100 yards from the doors, in an instant the lobby exploded and the revolving doors in front of me just vaporized. Amazingly, I wasn't hit by anything. But anybody who was in that lobby is gone. I guess the blast came down the elevator shafts and spread out in the lobby. So I turned tail and ran out of there as fast as I could. Since I was closest to the blast in the lobby, I was yelling to everybody that I was passing to turn around and run the hell out of there. A lot of people wanted a brief explanation but I told them as politely as I could that they were going to die if they didn't run.

I got out of the WTC and ran to a park across the street. We were being showered with debris from the fire that appeared to be somewhere around the 80th floor. There had to have been about four or five floors completely engulfed in flames.

Then we saw the people jumping. It was absolutely horrible.

At one point I turned around and heard a noise I'll never forget. I could hear a jet and looked up and saw the second plane hit 2 WTC. The explosion was so huge and we were so close to it that you could feel the heat from the blast. At this point I really thought I was a goner. People were running and screaming as pieces of the plane were coming down. Then somebody tripped in front of me and I fell on top of them. And more people fell on me. Somehow I managed to get out of there before I got trampled.

I ran all the way to the South Street Seaport just to get away from any tall buildings. I finally walked north to at least head in the direction of home. In Chinatown, I stopped at a corner that had a clear view of the towers. So I stopped and watched the buildings burn for a good 20 minutes. And then 2 WTC collapsed. People, women and men, were screaming and crying as they watched it. As I saw the dust cloud was heading our way, I again ran out of there.

I finally just kept walking uptown and miraculously ran into a bunch of people I work with. We stuck together as we all walked. Eventually we went our separate ways. I ended up having to walk all the way home. My feet were blistered and bleeding because I was walking in dress shoes. But that's a very small price to pay compared to what could have happened.

I have heard from most of the people I work with. Because we work so low in the building, most of the people at Blue Cross seemed to have gotten out of the building. But anybody who was in the lobby or in an elevator is probably dead.

I just want to thank you guys who called me and sent me e-mails. To be that close to getting killed and then hearing from all the people who care about you can really make you feel good. I just hope we bomb the crap out of whoever is responsible.

Follow-up material on
Website NYC10044
www.nyc10044.com

"A Huge Slice Missing... and Then the Bodies Falling Like Black Stick Figures"

by Anusha Shrivastava

They were running late on this, their fifth day of the new school year.

Paola Conery, 14, a thin girl with blue-green eyes, rushed out of the subway stop at Chambers Street with her childhood friend, Alexandra Menglide, 14, who stands half a head taller than Conery at five-feet-eight. They were racing to the elite Stuyvesant High School, located virtually in the backyard of the World Trade Center. "It's the same subway stop, but we get out of a different entrance," said Conery, looking at Menglide for confirmation. Menglide nodded.

Though in the same grade, the teenagers, who have lived on the Island all their lives, are in separate classes. "I don't remember hearing anything at first," said Conery. But Menglide jumped out of her seat and ran to the window when she heard what she calls "the loudest sound ever."

Paola Conery and Alexandra Menglide

"Our teacher shouted at us to sit down so we did, but all of us looked out of the window. We saw the World Trade Tower *smoking*. Actually, we could not even see the towers. We just saw lots of smoke," remembers Menglide, who was on the seventh floor of her school building. "We heard another *boom* and our building shook. The lights began to flicker and we could hear crackling sounds on the P.A. system."

When the principal announced that a plane had hit the Twin Towers, the girls thought it was a small bi-plane. They ran to the library on the fifth floor from where they could see more of the towers. "I saw a huge slice missing in one of the buildings and I knew it could not have been a small plane," said Conery. "Then, we saw the bodies falling. They were like black stick figures falling out of the sky. After a while, I could not watch any more." Menglide says she saw some people jump out: "It was unreal. We could not believe what we were watching."

The students saw a light flash and thick, gray smoke engulfed their building soon after. Their teachers ushered them out of the building. Three thousand students began to walk on the West Side Highway. "It looked like a marathon. There were people all mushed up. You could see heads everywhere. Policemen were shouting directions," said Conery.

One student shouted, "Bomb!" Everyone screamed. Many students were crying. Some were hugging their parents who had biked to the school to fetch them. Some tried to call their parents but none of the phones were working.

Menglide and Conery managed to find each other in the melee. They walked to 16th Street where Conery's father, Kevin, an advertising executive, works, only to find that he had gone to look for them at the school. They decided to wait. Kevin Conery returned to his office after what seemed like hours. He had picked up his son, Jack, from his school on 23rd Street. The Conery trio were re-united. They, along with Menglide, began to walk to the Tram station, only to find the Tramway closed. They walked to the subway stop at Lexington and 63rd, and managed to get home before service was shut down.

After much hugging and crying, the girls watched television non-stop for many hours. "It was then that it sank in. It became reality," said Menglide, who says she is happy to see American flags flying everywhere she goes.

The teenagers' lives have changed since the collapse of the Towers. They cannot go back to Stuyvesant until November 1. "Our school is being used to house the work force that is clearing the rubble," said Menglide. Their classes will be held at Brooklyn Technical School.

Conery said she has begun to appreciate life more ever since the events of that fateful morning. "I will never take each day for granted," she said.

People Running By – "Bomb! Bomb!"

by George Rubin

On September 11, Peter Garcia was standing on crutches with his ankle wrapped in a large Ace bandage in front of 40 River Road. The story he told was:

"I left for work this morning at Oppenheimer in the Financial Center and arrived at the World Trade Center station at 8:45 because my train was late. People were running by shouting, *'Bomb! Bomb!'* I ran outside and saw smoke, fire and debris on Liberty Street. I continued to walk to work when I saw and heard the airplane come down and hit the second tower. There was a ball of fire. I began running and it was not long after when I heard a rumbling and a tumbling and the first Trade Center building began to collapse. There was debris and smoke everywhere. I and many others ran into the bathroom in Battery Park. Everything and everyone was covered with ash and debris. After about 30 to 40 minutes we were told to leave and walk toward the Brooklyn Bridge. This is when the second tower collapsed and we all began running again. I twisted my ankle, and in the John Hancock building I was given first aid and was able to call my fiancée."

After a while he was able to find his way home. He said, "It was hard to tell this story without crying." He will never forget this day.

Len Guest, resting on a bench in front of Goldwater Hospital, looking at the smoke from the fire of the World Trade Center, works at the United Nations. He was at work at the U.N. when he was told, shortly after the Trade Center explosions, that the U.N. would be evacuated and he would have to leave. There was no public transportation, so he walked from the U.N. across the Queensboro Bridge with thousands of others. He said, "The people walking across the bridge walked silently, sadly and grimly. They looked like the pictures you see of refugees escaping their bombed cities." From Queens, he walked back to Roosevelt Island.

Photo: Margery Rubin

Peter Garcia

At 7 WTC, a Disaster Preparedness Seminar... Then a Disaster

by Ryan A. Jairam AB2MH

Amateur Radio is an extremely diverse hobby. One of our purposes for the hobby is to assist in times of disaster. To this end we've always been preparing ourselves by providing communications for public events. However, like many people, we didn't actually think that disaster would happen. At least not of this scale. What's even more ironic is that I attended a disaster preparedness seminar at the Mayor's Office of Emergency Management (OEM) a couple of weeks ago, at 7 World Trade Center. However, that seminar was focused on preparations for hurricanes. No one knew that we would be faced with a man-made disaster like this, or, as President George W. Bush said, "an Act of War."

On the morning of September 11, I was awakened by sirens. I thought that it was probably just another apartment fire or something like that. I went back to bed. The sirens continued. I realized something bigger was happening so I turned on my TV. I could not believe my eyes. I turned it on just in time to see the second plane crashing into the Twin Towers. My first reaction was to turn on my VHF 2-Meter radio. I heard that the Amateur Radio Emergency Service Network had been activated and that we were to report to Red Cross HQ later in the day. I also turned on my scanner to the NYPD frequencies. Hearing the cops talking about the disaster really shook me up. I tried to use my cell phone but, alas, it did not work. My mom called me from Fort Lauderdale to find out if I was OK, and I could hear the sigh of relief in her voice.

Like a soldier going out to fight a war, I wheeled out my radio equipment on a cart I had bought "just in case" and proceeded into the subway. At 7:30 p.m. I arrived at Red Cross HQ and we were given ID's so that we could navigate through the maze of police blockades in lower Manhattan. Red Cross staff from all over were there. The emergency operations center was already set up and the Emergency Coordinator for Manhattan, John Kiernan (call sign KE2UN), was ready with his radios. We were then given our assignments to various emergency shelters throughout the City. We were all sent on a school bus along with shelter managers, mental health persons, nurses and other volunteers.

I arrived at my first shelter assignment, at a school at 16 Clarkson Street, at midnight. I set up my antenna and radio station and proceeded to check in with HQ on the radio. The shelter was set up and gradually people began coming in. There was a delay in getting supplies such as cots, blankets and food, but we were in constant communication with Red Cross HQ via radio and this was eventually resolved. During the night there were several issues that needed to be resolved and, oftentimes, we found that the only line of communications open was the radio. The cell phone that the Red Cross gave us simply refused to work.

Gradually, people were coming to the shelters, most of them dis-

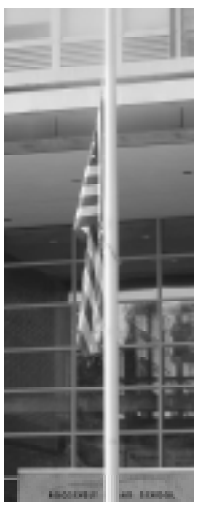
See **Jairam**, page 12

Long May It Wave...

...at Manhattan Park

...at Trellis

...the deli



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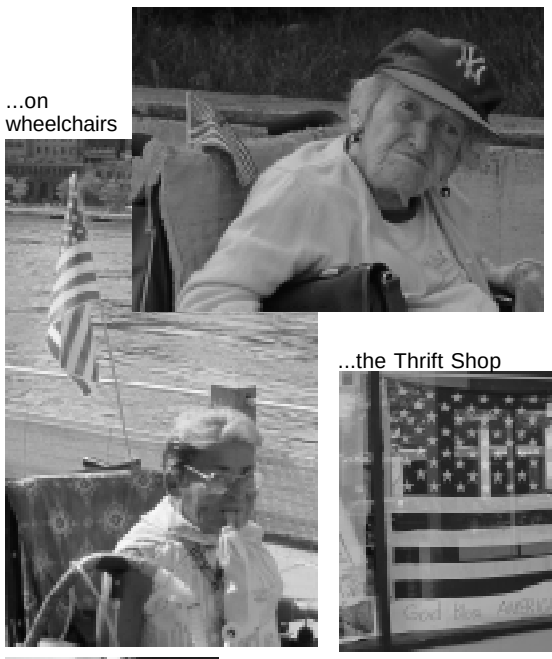
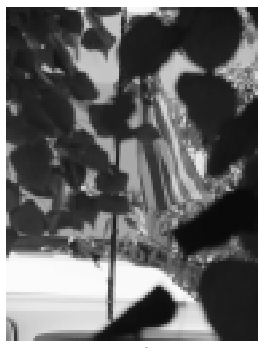


...on wheelchairs



...on a car at the Firehouse

...the Thrift Shop

...Island House lobby

...Rivercross lobby

...on cars

...Post Office

...at Goldwater

...RIOC offices

Photos by Susheel Kurien and *Website 10044*
www.nyc10044.com

...and the proudest and most sad place of all, the Firehouse

Candles Alight Against A Cursed Darkness

Last weekend, over 350 residents and guests held lighted candles and sang hymns and patriotic anthems in a tribute to the fallen of the Twin Towers, and to those at work in rescue and recovery. Vigils continue nightly at Meditation Steps and in the privacy of our homes and minds.

Letters

continued from page 2

I have already spoken to RIOC Board member Patrick Stewart about this idea and suggested he pass it on to RIOC. This is a way we can help in the rebuilding effort that would benefit both the City and the Island. I'd appreciate any reaction you might have.

Larry Parnes

To the Editor:

Recently I returned from Indonesia where the Board of Orphans International America visited an interfaith orphanage we support there. Never in our travels have we encountered a warmer reception – from Muslims, Christians, Buddhists and Hindus alike. At the orphanage we exchanged national flags – and the orphanage staff proudly flew our American flag from their building, proud to be connected to our great nation.

We returned to the United States to witness the attack on the World Trade Center – an attack on America. But more than that, it was an attack on our world – an attack on civilization by the forces of extremism. In our own country, sadly, a milder form of extremism exists: immediately, fundamentalist Christians proclaimed that New York City had lost its divine protection because of our "sinful ways." A few other Americans blindly targeted anyone or anything "foreign" - mosques and people alike.

Yes, friends and neighbors, it is extremism that is our enemy, not Islam.

For our own sake, as well as the sake of the world's children, let us battle this extremism wherever it rears its head. One way to do this is to support efforts in developing nations where children are being raised to respect each other's differences and to embrace diversity. Children taught tolerance do not grow up to become terrorists.

Our Board's treasurer shattered his leg escaping from the World Trade Center, and our thoughts and prayers are with him at this time.

Jim Tendean-Luce
Orphans International America
(www.internationalorphans.org)

To the Editor:

I have lived on Roosevelt Island for 25 years and not a day goes by without my thinking how fortunate I am to find myself on this tiny Island in the best City in the most wonderful country in the whole world.

What words are there to express our feelings about what has befallen us? Horror, outrage, disbelief, rage... none are adequate. And the "event" itself is a catastrophe, a tragedy, an attack and something so much more that we do not have a word that can name it except to call it "9/11."

Our country is great and powerful and those who are responsible will be brought to justice. We are a country of laws and we have leaders who act only by the will of the people. We can trust them to do what is right for all of us.

We Roosevelt Islanders call ourselves a community. We should now behave as a community of many peoples. A group of nurses in Canada, remembering how the King of Denmark wore a yellow star when the Jews were in trouble, are wearing badges that say, "I am a Muslim supporter." I personally do not have enough courage to do this, but I do speak out whenever it seems appropriate.

As soon as 9/11 occurred, I said to a group who had come up to the 19th floor of Eastwood to gaze at what was happening, "Before we rush to blame anybody let us remember how so many innocent people were made to suffer for what one of our own had done when the Federal building was bombed in Oklahoma City."

We Americans have the right to wear any kind of clothing, worship any god (or even be an atheist) and have the freedom to speak out and say what we believe. So now why don't all of us actively show our support to anybody who looks "different"? Instead of hateful looks, why not greet our neighbor with a friendly smile and a few kind words? That's what a community is all about, isn't it?

Diana Keyt

To The Editor:

Diana Keyt's letter to the RIOC Board regarding elimination of the Tram's late shift contained appalling and implicit attacks on Island residents. Her comments show a chilling lack of compassion for her neighbors.

Among them: UN employees who are neither "American citizens or permanent residents." It seems that, because these Islanders hold foreign passports, they are not entitled to voice their opinions or to demand quality of life. This display of xenophobia is embarrassing and out of place on an Island that prides itself on its diversity. I hope Ms. Keyt never finds herself living overseas; her lack of worldview would certainly make her experience miserable, and I am sure she would not enjoy the status of second-class citizen she assigns professionals working abroad.

Next, Keyt attacks those who "make a habit of dinner, theater, etc." A hardworking New Yorker, I have never been under the impression that attempting to take advantage of the City's vast cultural offerings was a crime. I suggest Keyt reevaluate her own bitterness for those of us who allow ourselves to have fun now and then, and who demand a safe, inexpensive return home to boot.

Finally, Keyt's ostensibly empathetic comment about the safety of our disabled neighbors, and the dangers of "finding themselves on Second Avenue and 60th Street in the middle of the night with a device that costs about $5000," is revoltingly paternalistic. Certainly, these neighbors are capable of making their own decisions and expressing their own needs – and they have, by protesting the Tramway shutdown.

Keyt's thoughtless comments immediately called to mind the poem *They Came for the Jews* by Holocaust-era Pastor Martin Niemoller, who laments his silence when the Nazis deported his neighbors. Because he did not belong to the first groups of deportees, he remained silent. By the time they came for him, there was nobody left to speak up. Each Island resident is entitled to his or her opinion about the Tram. However, undermining the concerns of our neighbors, because they are different from us, is disgusting and dangerous.

Finally, I find it amusing that Keyt, who seems so avidly anti-special interests, suggests using the late-shift money to build a pool and fountain in the Good Shepherd Plaza, so all Islanders could benefit because "everyone loves splashing in the water." I'm wondering if she would make the U.N. employees pay an extra fee to use the wintertime skating rink, to make up for their unpaid U.S. taxes; and whether she would allow our wheelchair-bound neighbors to slide on the surface (perhaps it would be okay if they agreed to use their wheelchairs as zambonis). As for the theatergoers, they'd certainly be so busy seeking culture in Manhattan that we wouldn't need to worry about their crowding the premises.

I might also remind Ms. Keyt that, were the Tram to terminate service after 10 p.m., she would be forced to endure the "horrible" music at Gristede's.

Gabrielle Parnes

To the Editor:

About a week ago I wrote a letter to *The WIRE*. A woman had sent a letter arguing that we did not need evening Tram service and we are bunch of complainers, and I was responding. My letter was never sent.

Through the last week, I hoped this person, whom I shall leave nameless, has come out to Main Street, walked up to the Fire House, to the Public Safety Office, and all around the Island.

Our community has come together as never before. We had so many individual acts of kindness, it is hard to mention all.

When I went into the deli, bakery and Trellis early Thursday morning, all the owners immediately sent food to the firehouse. The bakery packed a box of bagels for Public Safety.

When neighbors were on Main Street getting notes written on giant oaktag pages, hundreds came over and wrote beautiful feelings. We planned to have three or four pages full. We had 29 when we finished, Thank you, Ali (of the card shop), who kept donating the oaktag, markers and tape. Thank you, Housing Management and store owners, for posting these in your windows.

We had a touching service in the Chapel. Thank you, Sister Regina, for being here with us and receiving donations. On Sunday afternoon when there was a binful of blankets to be sent to the firehouse, they flagged down a car, loaded the blankets in it and the family made two trips to the firehouse without hesitation. The husband of the driver was a Connecticut firefighter.

Thank you, NYFD Special Operations Command, for being headquartered here. You probably never knew us until this week. You are now members of our Island family. We will be here for you, to help you heal and return to full strength on the Island.

Thank you, Public Safety, for being here. You are always here 24/7. You were here to help us escort police. You are the eyes and ears of the Island. You know us better than any outside emergency team. You are "our guys" and we are most proud that you stayed here and protected us instead of being at home with your families.

I had scheduled a tour for some guests on Saturday. Reluctantly, I escorted them around a small part of the Island. This is an excerpt of the e-mail they sent me: *Seth and I thank you very much for taking the time to show us around Roosevelt Island. Both of us found the tour interesting and informative.*

While this was a very sad time, perhaps that enabled us to see one of the virtues of Roosevelt Island. Although the housing is high-rise and the Island is in the middle of New York City, there is all the community cohesiveness we usually attribute to small towns. I really think Ed Logue would derive great pleasure from that.

Judy Berdy

To the Editor:

I am a second-generation Islander. My family has lived here for 23 years. Through all its changes, both positive and negative, I have always maintained a decent level of tolerance with the situations that we face on an everyday basis here on the Island. This tolerance was pushed to the limit the other day.

I am a motorcyclist who parks faithfully in Motorgate garage, currently under the management of Edison Parking. Over my family's timespan on this Island we have had a total of two cars and three motorcycles parked in Motorgate. Some of these vehicles have parked in that garage for more than ten years. We have been through the smashed windows, scratched doors and stolen stereos. We have been through the expansions, construction, dust and lack of lighting. We have put up with a lot because Motorgate is our Island's only facility, and we have no other choices.

I left for my annual vacation in the first week of September, returning after the tragic events downtown. I went to pick up my motorcycle and could not find it. After careful searching, I had come to the awful conclusion that someone had stolen my bike. How can a motorcycle simply disappear without a trace from Motorgate garage? I put that question to the Edison Parking staff and they had no answer either.

I asked further whether the video surveillance installed in the entry and exit could have caught the criminal in the act. The employee told me, "We are waiting for new equipment. Those cameras are not working." I could not believe what I was hearing.

The motorcycle area at Motorgate is on the fourth floor to the right of the main entrance, the busiest area in the garage. It is an area within clear view of the office windows, not more than 45 feet away. I always lock my bike at the wheels with a sturdy

See **Letters**, next page

The Coler-Goldwater Family recognizes the valiant efforts of the firefighters, police officers, and rescue workers who are giving so much of themselves to our larger community at this difficult time.

To the firefighters based here who have lost their fellow men in uniform, and to Roosevelt Islanders who have lost loved ones or await word of them, we extend our sympathy and our supporting thoughts.

God Bless America

Samuel Lehrfeld, Executive Director
and the Coler-Goldwater Family

COLER♥GOLDWATER

Pipe Organ Fund-Raiser, Starring Singing Cop, Is Slated October 14

The Island's Christian congregations will hold a fund-raiser to support installation of the organ recently acquired for the Chapel of the Good Shepherd on Sunday, October 14. The venue will be the Manhattan Park Theater Club, and the time 4:00 p.m.

The occasion will feature "Broadway Magic," a program starring New York Police Officer Daniel Rodriguez, whose professional career includes performances at Carnegie Hall and an appearance last year in *Man of La Mancha* with the Italian Opera Company. He will sing October 25 in Washington, at the invitation of President George W. Bush, for the "Top Cop Awards" ceremony.

Rodriguez was assigned to "Operation Zero" at the Twin Towers disaster site, and was one of the first NYPD officers to respond.

Tickets for the event will be available at the Saturday Farmer's Market from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., after 5:30 p.m. Masses on Saturdays, the 8:15 and 11:15 a.m. Masses on Sunday in the Chapel, in the Cabrini Thrift Shop Monday through Saturday, 12:00 noon to 7:30 p.m., or by calling **751-1347**. Admission is $20 ($15 for seniors and disabled).

The Clergy, Wardens and Advisory Board of the Church of the Good Shepherd offer our most heartfelt prayers for the victims of the tragic events of September 11, 2001, and for their families, friends, and loved ones. We also extend our deepest appreciation and prayers to everyone involved in the rescue and reclamation efforts, especially to New York's heroic firefighters and police.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Matthew 4

The Church of the Good Shepherd
543 Main Street, Roosevelt Island
Curtis W. Hart, Interim Vicar
(212) 746-6971

HELP YOUR NEIGHBORS

DONATE TO THE FAMILIES ON THE ISLAND WHO LOST THEIR LOVED ONES IN THE WORLD TRADE CENTER TRAGEDY

Our hearts go out to the victims of the World Trade Center disaster and we want them to know that their friends and neighbors are here to help.

The Roosevelt Island Residents Association (RIRA) has begun a fund-raising Campaign on behalf of the families who have lost their loved ones.

Donation containers have been placed around the Island, at the Thrift Shop, Cleaners, Bakery, R.I. Housing Management Office, and the Trellis. There will also be people collecting money over the weekend in front of the Church and the Green Market.

If you'd rather contribute directly to one of the collection volunteers, contact: Vicki Feinmel, Island House, 223-1108; Margie Smith, Rivercross, 838-2397; or Fay Vass, Eastwood, 755-4089.

If you prefer to give by check, please make your tax-deductible contribution out to St. Francis Cabrini Parish. RIRA members will coordinate the collection of all donations and the money will either be distributed to each needy family, or used for a memorial in their honor.

Roosevelt Island Residents Association

Khan from page 1

New Jersey, where Taimour could have been taken. It included putting up posters and distributing fliers. It included contacting every single friend of "Tai," as Taimour is lovingly called, and marshaling them to contact more hospitals. It included organizing vigils every night since September 12.

"It seems like it has been two long days ever since he went missing," said Joe Richards, Taimour's friend of ten years. "The first day was September 11, followed by a night when we kept the first vigil at Union Square and, since then, a long day when we have put up posters and made hundreds of calls."

Rallying behind the Khans are friends who have known the family for decades, since the time they lived in Pakistan. "I see positive energy all around me," said Tahira Khan, a petite woman who asks family and friends alike to pray for her "precious one."

"Don't cry. He will come back," said Khan to a group of more than 150 people gathered by the Meditation Steps last Saturday night. They were there to light candles and pray. Khan has decided to keep this vigil every night until Taimour is returned to her. "Her conviction is our biggest strength," said Shaan Khan, Taimour's cousin. "I feel it in my bones and in my heart that he will come back to us."

Mike Kaplan and Jarrod Neuman, Taimour's childhood friends, said Taimour's energy and zest for life always inspired them. Now, Tahira's strength gives them strength. "She has responded with more grace than anybody," said Kaplan. "She seems to be the strongest person around and I am sure she will be devastated if she does not hear good news."

Taimour's maternal uncle, Arshad Khan, has co-ordinated search efforts: "We have set up websites and sent Carr Futures a proposal to help all their missing employees' families, but we have not heard anything positive yet."

For now, Tahira is not even entertaining the thought of a loss. "No news is good news," she says to the stream of visitors coming to her apartment. They feel awkward talking to her, not sure what might upset her. They sit nervously on carved chairs, gazing sometimes at the multicolored rugs on the floor and sometimes at the mirror-work, hand-embroidered tapestries on the walls.

"Taimour's mother is such a positive woman," said Joe Richards, who has vowed to become an extension of the family. "She has an old soul. She understands a lot and I am hoping she remains positive. I am going to be there for her, whatever the news."

Letters from previous page

Kryptonite lock. A motorcycle that is locked at the wheels cannot be rolled so it could only have been lifted. One person could not lift my 490-pound motorcycle. That means that my bike was lifted by at least three strong people. Motorcycles are big and bulky. They would not fit into a normal four-door car. In theory, they would only fit into minivans, cargo vans, SUV 4x4s or 15-passenger vans, all of which fit into the Motorgate garage. That would mean that these thieves, three or more people, lifted my bike, maneuvered it into a large vehicle and left Motorgate garage. And no one, nor any staff saw anything? Incredible. Outrageous.

If the thieves could do that to my bike, that means they could conceivably tow a car right out of the garage without being seen or stopped.

Edison Parking has a very cozy situation here on the Island and we are a "captive audience," so-to-speak. They have totally monopolized the business for more than a decade. They have no competition; therefore their business functions in a bubble of complacency. The average Motorgate monthly parker pays upwards of $1200 a year in fees. Multiply that by roughly 400 vehicles and you have $500,000-plus a year. For that amount of money we should have adequate security cameras, all in working order throughout the garage, all recording on a 24-hour loop. There should be someone assigned to watch these cameras and/or the tapes. Signs should be placed on all areas of the facility clearly stating that recording is taking place to act as a deterrent. Additional cameras should be installed to record the interior of the fourth-floor office itself. Big corporations monitor their employees as a way of ensuring employee performance. Why should Edison Parking be any different? The Island security should increase the frequency of their patrols. The occasional ride through the garage is not working. Those frequent patrols work on a schedule. A thief could be timing the patrols and preying in the gaps.

How many vehicles have to be violated and/or pilfered before Edison Parking takes action? Would another three stolen motorcycles justify some action? How about a dozen stolen foreign cars or their radios? Maybe a Mercedes-Benz or two?

Edison Management is neither re-active nor pro-active in regards to security in their facility. The staff members working in that fourth-floor office are obviously powerless. No decisions or changes can be made without approval from the main office in the City. Out of sight, out of mind, is the way that they conduct their business. It's about time they hear from me and any of you concerned parking patrons about these issues. Make your voice heard before you become a victim also. Make my loss your gain. We pay far too much for Mickey Mouse service, and laughable security. Have no doubt – vehicles are not safe in Motorgate.

Mail or call your complaints or thoughts to:

Mr. Molina
Central Parking
360 West 31st Street, 12th floor
New York, NY 10001
(212) **321-7573**

Name Withheld

Downey from page 1

FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency, and helped supervise the rescue operations in Oklahoma City after the bombing there. "He has experience in operating in natural disasters and has written several books and articles on the subject. It's information which the Fire Department uses all the time."

"He is the guy who knows best," said Fireman Ray Phillips, who has worked with Downey for over 20 years. "His number-one thing was terrorism. He knew best. Unfortunately, he was one of the first to be trapped in there. On a personal note, underneath the tough Marine, he is an easygoing guy. Very disciplined. He is the guy you most want to be like."

When Downey took charge of the firehouse on Roosevelt Island, he probably did not know that this could be his last assignment. "I've been here five years and I think this is a special and unique place to be," he told *The WIRE* in an interview last summer. "On days when there isn't too much action, I think this is a really nice place."

Last Tuesday, however, there was more action than anyone could have foreseen or wanted. Downey's unit was among the first to be called in when the World Trade Center Towers were attacked. Along with nine of his colleagues, he did not return.

Way back in 1963, when Chief Downey graduated from Fire Training school, the ceremony was held on Welfare Island, the name Roosevelt Island had at the time. He had no idea then that 'his' firehouse would be located on the Island, and he would be Chief of Rescue Operations for the New York City Fire Department, overseeing the work of nearly 500 firefighters. That would happen nearly three decades later. "I did not attend class on the Island, but I did train on some of the old buildings that existed before apartments were built here. In fact, the Fire Department had its first training school on the Island, right where Motorgate stands today. The current firehouse was built in the 1970's when the housing was built."

The firehouse located here has one unit with pumper and hose on the Island at all times just in case the bridge is not in operation and units from outside cannot reach. "There are two hospitals on the Island so we cannot take any chances," Downey said last summer, talking over the pictures of grandchildren on his desk. The hospitals are classified as requiring a "special incidents" unit and this is why residents hear fire engine sirens all the time. Whenever an alarm goes off in either of the hospitals, three fire engines, two ladder companies and the Chief go down to investigate. Sometimes it is a false alarm, but the units have to go. "It seems like a lot of fire engines going up and down but that is only because this is a small community. If you look on the other side of the river, the noise is much greater. Also, there is just one road so, when we drive up, people think something major is happening. For regular apartment building incidents, fire engines come from across the bridge. We only investigate the special incidents," Downey told *The WIRE*.

Website NYC10044

Many residents have visited the Island firehouse with offerings of food and clothing.

Roosevelt Island was chosen to be the headquarters of the Special Operations Command because of its location. "Response-wise, we are accessible from all the five boroughs," Downey said. "All five boroughs can be reached by road or river in a very short time. Also, there is much more space here on the Island. In most other places, there are way too many buildings and too much traffic."

A Battalion Chief is positioned on the Island to respond to all types of special incidents like building collapses and water-rescue efforts. One of the units has the capability to light a fire for night rescue. There are four diving units and a tactical support unit, which has a boat. There is a crane on the boat unit that can lift a boat and lower it into the river.

The East River is a very rapidly-moving one and, depending on the tide, if someone falls in, the Brooklyn unit is notified, if necessary. In July of last year, a young girl jumped into the river off the Roosevelt Island Bridge. The unit on the Island was able to respond immediately and one fireman was so close that he could almost touch her but the tide was very strong. "We lost her in a matter of seconds," said Downey.

There is a decontamination support unit which responds to all hazardous material accidents as well as a dewatering unit which has special pumps to pump out water during floods. "I know you won't find the word 'dewatering' in the dictionary but that is the term we use for it because essentially that is what it does," said Downey.

Apart from these, there is a rehabilitation and care unit which looks like an ambulance. This goes to all the five boroughs and responds to all working fires, supplying water and Gatorade. It also has misters, which provide water through a fan.

For special events like United Nations functions, two units are stationed on the Island. This means there are two extra support units for those days. This also happens each time the Roosevelt Island Bridge is under repair.

On a regular basis, more than a dozen administrative people come in to work at the firehouse. "Even over the weekend, there are at least ten people working in the firehouse," Downey said last summer.

But for the past ten days, nearly 50 have been working in the firehouse, supplying men and materials to the site where more than 500 heroes, along with Chief Raymond M. Downey, may have made the final sacrifice.

Jairam from page 7

placed residents of Battery Park City. My heart went out to all of them, especially this man I saw who was still in his working clothes. It's not every day you come home to realize that you can't go home, because your home's been evacuated. My thoughts went straight back to my apartment home on Roosevelt Island, and how fortunate I was.

After a grueling 16-hour shift, my relief operator came and set up. I went back to Red Cross HQ, deprived of sleep, to see a virtual ant's nest of people wanting to volunteer and give blood. They had to turn people away and direct them to the places where they could donate blood. I was debriefed by two volunteer psychologists and I then returned home. It was an experience I will remember for the rest of my life.

Amateur Radio is a hobby enjoyed by millions worldwide and a national resource in times of emergency. The New York City Radio Emergency Service (ARES) is a non-profit volunteer organization whose purpose is to assist with communications in times of disasters and emergencies. We work hand-in-hand with the American Red Cross, Salvation Army and other volunteer organizations. Additionally, we also provide communications services for public events such as outdoor sporting events and parades. For more information on Amateur Radio and how you can become an Amateur Radio operator, please visit the American Radio Relay League's website at www.arrl.org. More information on ARES can be found at www.nyc-ares.org.

Our deepest gratitude to the heroes of the World Trade Center tragedy – the firefighters, police officers, emergency workers, medical professionals and volunteers. A special thank you to our own Public Safety Department and Roosevelt Island volunteers.

The victims and their families are in our hearts, thoughts, and prayers.

God Bless America.

ROOSEVELT ISLAND HOUSING MANAGEMENT CORP.

Eastwood Building Committee Island House Task Force Westview Task Force

Community from page 1

compiled much of this list:

• Anthony Fallone, Patty Fallone's husband and the father of her four children, is among the missing. At press time, his family had scheduled a memorial service for Friday at Chapel of the Good Shepherd, and a Memorial Mass for Saturday, September 22, at 11:00 a.m. at St. Ignatius Loyola, at Park Avenue and 83rd Street.

• Scott Larsen, a former Housing Management employee and shop steward at Eastwood,

• Tahira Khan's son is missing. (See story, page 1.)

• Rivercross resident Kathy Kross has a brother missing.

• Firefighters are missing and many are believed lost or are confirmed lost. (See story, page 1.)

• Glubys Carrera, a Westview employee, lost a close cousin – a widow – who was working at Cantor-Fitzgerald. The death left two daughters orphaned.

Many others, not so directly affected but feeling a need to become involved, made efforts to contribute in some way.

• Guy Midkiff went to the site. (See story, page 1.)

• Frank Tsu, a Rivercross resident, is managing a massive supply depot in a parking lot across the street from the Javits Convention Center. He has put out a call for industrial equipment, especially asbestos-grade respirators and torch tips used in welding.

• Judy Berdy, Isabel Bartley, Janice Taylor, Anula Maiberg, and Wendy Hirsch collected signatures and words of gratitude from Roosevelt Island residents. They are posted in many windows on Main Street.

• Lael Freeman is leading an effort of the Black History Committee to collect donations to place in gift baskets for the children who are victims of the tragedy. Suggested items include toys, stuffed animals, personal hygiene items, gift certificates, and canned fruit or nuts. Volunteers willing to help assemble the "Baskets of Love" are asked to call Freeman at (212) **759-3037**.

• Manhattan Park management and staff, along with residents, took up a collection last week for the Special Operations Command Center, and brought the firefighters a six-foot hero, salads, soda and water. The Seniors Association collected socks, gloves, t-shirts, and food. Other Islanders, in groups or individually, took food and other items to the Center. (The Center has announced it is not in need of any further donations of clothing or food. However, the Uniform Firefighters Association has set up a Widows and Orphans Fund; the number to call for information is (212) **683-4832**.)

• The Roosevelt Island Residents Association Fundraising Committee is organizing a Relief Fund for victims' families. (See advertisement, this issue, page 11.) For information, call (212) **223-1108**.

• Several Island therapists, organized by Ronnye Halpern, volunteered their services Thursday through Sunday, to help residents in managing their shock and grief. For information or counseling, call (212) **688-3969**.

• In Washington, Greg Goodman (son of Fred and Bonnie Goodman) led his college fraternity in a continuing fundraising effort for the Red Cross.

• The Residents Association, Coler-Goldwater, the Icla da Silva Foundation and the New York Blood Center are working together on a blood drive for early January.

Firefighters from page 1

at the Island firehouse when the attack occurred. Men who were technically off-duty, like John Moran, did not stop to consider that. "Guys just grabbed coats and went," said Battalion Chief Peter Stuebe, who had been assigned to the Island from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on September 18. "They just went to help. These were the men with the expertise to handle this operation. With them missing, we have one hand tied behind our backs. We may have lost our best men."

Under relatively normal circumstances, a unit comprising one officer and four men responds to a fire. In this case, more than nine people went in each group, doubling the losses. "We are never really off-duty," said Jack Spillane, the Battalion Chief on the Island. "There was total recall, which means every single person from the New York Fire Department was called back. Before that happened, our men went in, regardless of whose name was on the roster."

The operation has created a new timetable for the firemen – 24 on, 24 off.

On his desk notebook, Spillane has scribbled questions: "Who will work on company rosters? Who will go to the WTC? Which squad companies will go next?"

He says the men are devastated. Everyone wants to go to Lower Manhattan. "Everybody here knows 40 to 50 men who are missing. They want to find them. It is hard for the families, too. There are no bodies, so there is no sense of closure. We feel if we could not bring them back alive, we should at least get their bodies back so they can be buried."

The work is especially depressing because the firefighters lost so many friends. "We are looking for friends in the pile," said Stuebe. "You would expect a pile of rubble from the collapse of a building this high," he said, pointing towards the picture of Battery Park City with the Twin Towers standing proud and solid. "Not there. Everything is compacted." Stuebe explained that when a building collapses, there are generally "voids" or gaps where people can be found. "Nothing. There are no voids at this site."

Morale at the firehouse is low. Every bit of support from the community helps. "Two ladies came in last week and cleaned our kitchen. We did not even get their names down," said Bob Foley, a fireman.

"These are the men who put their lives on the line," said Radha Moorthy, one of the 150 Islanders who stopped by at the firehouse to offer condolences, food and clothing to the firefighters. "We did whatever little we could do for them. I took bagels, donuts and cupcakes."

It was Maxwell Stamatakis's second visit to the firehouse on the Island. The first time, the four-year-old was there was in the summer when his school organized a field trip. The second time was last week when his mother, Elva Stamatakis, took him and his brother, Ethan, 2, to give cold cuts, bread, fruit, towels, shirts and socks to the corps. "I want to teach them compassion and show them how hard these men have worked to help others," she said. Her name is in the book the firemen have kept on a table at the firehouse for Islanders to sign in.

Maxwell noted that there were many more fire trucks the second time around and that the men's clothes were dirty and their palms were sweaty. He came away with a sense of awe and respect.

"We felt there was nothing we could do and then we heard that the firemen needed food. This was our way of contributing," said Rosalind Tordesillas of Manhattan Park. She took bananas, cereal and bagels for the grateful firefighters.

After a point, there was so much food in the firehouse that Islanders were asked to bring only blankets and socks as donations. "We are very thankful to the people for their help," said Jack Spillane. "We don't have the usual relationship that other firehouses have with their neighbors because we don't usually attend to the fires on the Island, but this is a friendly Island and we try to be good neighbors."

Firefighters from Astoria or Long Island rush to the Island in case of a fire unless it is a two-alarm fire that requires special equipment that the unit on the Island possesses.

"I have been feeling like I needed to do something," said Teri Sheridan, 72, who has lived on the Island for the past two years."

More than thirty posters signed by the Islanders have been put up in the windows of stores and offices all along Main Street. Isabel Bartley volunteered to set up a table at the Good Shepherd Chapel plaza where passersby signed the sheets. Judy Berdy sat beside Bartley and called out to everyone who walked past, saying, "Come and express your thoughts about the firemen."

Their messages are simple: "God bless you," "Thank you, you are our heroes," "Be brave and strong," "We love you."

We at Manhattan Park wish to express our deepest sympathies to all those who have lost friends and family in this unspeakable tragedy. We would also like to thank all the firefighters, police, emergency personnel, and the countless volunteers for their extraordinary efforts and courage in the ongoing rescue and recovery.

During this time of tragedy,
we have undoubtedly seen the best of humanity.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

SPORTSWIRE

FLAG FOOTBALL The Flag Football League for ages 12-14 and 15-17 will be held on Saturday afternoons beginning September 29. Evaluations will be held at the Octagon Soccer Field today (September 22) beginning at 2:30 for ages 12-14, and 3:45 for 15-17. The 12-14 group is completely registered, but there are places available in the 15-17 group.

SOCCER The Soccer Program will be holding evaluations at the Octagon Soccer Field today on the following schedule: 9:00 a.m., Kinderkickers (ages 5 and 6); 11:00 a.m., Minors (7-8) and Juniors (9-10); 12:30 p.m., Seniors (11-14). Places are still available in the Kinderkicker program; the other age groups are completely registered. The soccer season is scheduled to begin on September 29.

Further information on both programs is available at the Youth Center, 506 Main Street, telephone **935-3645**.

Clip&Carry

The Subway

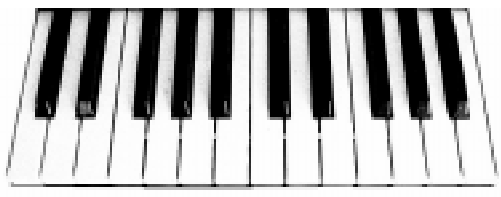
9/22 through 10/1	Mon-Fri day & eve 5am-12mid Weekend of 9/29-10/1 12:01am Sat to 5am Mon	**S** 6Av to/from 57th & 6Av
	Weeknights Mon-Fri 12:01am-5am Weekend of 9/22-9/24 12:01am Sat to 5am Mon	**Q** via Bway
10/2 through 10/22	Mon-Fri day & eve 5am-12mid	**S** via 6Av
	Weeknights Mon-Fri 12:01am-5am Weekends 12:01am Sat to 5am Mon	**F** via 6Av

The MTA urges riders to check the MTA website at www.mta.nyc.ny.us for changes resulting from the attack at the WTC.

Roosevelt Islanders

RIDE FREE

Live Piano



Fri & Sat eve
(Kitchen open till 1AM)

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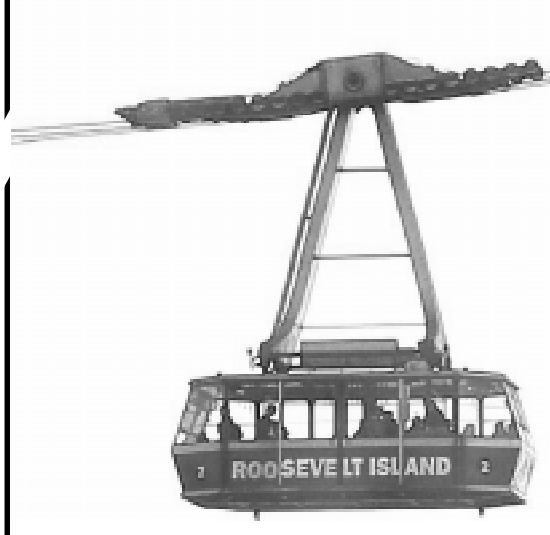

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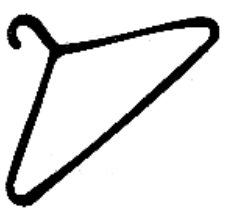

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We extend our concern and warm thoughts to the residents of Roosevelt Island during these difficult times.

Sincerely,

Dr. Gerald Sweder and Staff

RIVERCROSS TENANTS CORP.

extends its deepest sympathies to everyone affected by the tragic events of September 11th. Our thoughts and prayers are with the families and friends of the injured or lost, including the heroes lost in the rescue effort. Those heroes included over 90 members of the New York Fire Department Special Operations Division, whose Command Center is here on Roosevelt Island.

THE ROOSEVELT ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Our Island, Our City, Our State, Our Country

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The current crisis inspired this thought.
Please use it for your peace, and world peace.

Roy Eaton

Right Now
I take control of my mind
And think only of things
Beautiful and Kind

To my Staff, Friends, Patients, and Relatives,
And Residents, Employees, and Merchants of Roosevelt Island
And all citizens of our great nation

May Peace and Strength
be with all of us during
this difficult time

Lawrence Itskowitch, DDS, PC

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