

PEDDIE

Fall 2001

C H R O N I C L E

A Community Remembers

Henry G.P. Coates '28

Everett J. Higbee '35

David Beresford Blanchard '61

Charles W. Mathers P'82

Katherine Wojciechowicz Angrick '83

Swede J. Chevalier '94

W. David Bauer P'03, '05

John Green is doing a wonderful job! He is relating not only to the students, but to the parents as well. His strength and leadership were certainly tested during the week of Sept. 11. He was visible and available for the students and made sure parents were contacted. He handled the needs of the entire Peddie community during this horrific time and came away complimenting the students and faculty for their compassion for each other. He is a true gentleman!

—Andrea Lewis
(mother of Drew Lewis '03)



New Head of School John Green: "The community responded with remarkable continuity." ▶

John Green's First Challenge



Students gather at an all-school assembly in the chapel for an "open mike" to air grief and fears. The flag stayed at half-staff for weeks following September 11th.



Building a Network of Support in the Aftermath of Terror Attacks

■ Bonnie Powell ■
Special Writer

On September 11th, the campus woke to brilliant blue skies, warm temperatures and the promise of a perfect day. Early that beautiful morning, American Airlines Flight 11 and United Airlines Flights 175 and 177 took off from Logan and Dulles bound for Los Angeles only to be stealthily hijacked soon after takeoff. Minutes later, the World Trade Center, with the landmark twin towers that dominate the New York skyline, and the south ring of the Pentagon were attacked by

hijacked planes, and the world changed forever.

Headmaster John Green had an early morning breakfast meeting that day with local town leaders. He proceeded back to campus as faculty and 523 students hurried to classes and prepared enthusiastically for the second day of fall term.

"[College Counselor] Ted de Villafranca came into my office about 9 a.m. and reported an explosion at the World Trade Center," Green reports. "I felt badly about

September 11, 2001

Like America, Peddie Emerges Stronger Than Ever

that incident and didn't yet have a sense of it. It was from that point on, the news proceeded to build and elevate the shock of what had actually happened."

Dean of Students Melanie Clements was in an early morning child study team meeting with administrators when Dean Sandy Tattersall interrupted to report the incident. "I immediately thought it was an accident and thought a

plane went terribly off course," she recalls. "Then, we heard about the second plane, and we were stunned. It was just a horrific situation. To make matters worse, this was the second day of school, and my initial reaction was that we didn't yet know all of the kids and their personal circumstances. That was my utmost concern."

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"What gets you through is a need to satisfy – perform a job, focus on the students. But, there was this second layer effect with the faculty. They started to need support themselves."

—Dean of Faculty
Tim Corica

Three of Peddie's Family Lost

Parent David Bauer: Athlete who Valued Education

W. David Bauer, 45, father of David '03 and Stephen '05, died with 700 others from Cantor Fitzgerald in the World Trade Center. As head of global sales for the E-Speed division of the financial company, he carried the nickname 'gentle giant' for his inner strength.

At home and in the office, Bauer "would always calm [people] down, ask them what the problem was. He would try to get to the root of it and get it solved," said his son David.

The weekend before the attack, Bauer successfully competed in bicycle, swimming and running races. He also watched his sons play football and entertained friends at his Rumson, N.J., home. His wife, Ginny, told *The New York Times* "it was a perfect weekend", spent with family, friends and sports.

Fox 5's Howie Long paid tribute to his college classmate during the pre-game program. Bauer had recently been inducted into the Villanova Football Hall of Fame. He was an excellent athlete and participated in all sports.

A passionate man, both in and out of work, Bauer had many interests. "He played golf with his friends a lot," said his son, David, who plays

varsity football and lacrosse. "He ran a brewery out of Red Bank for a long time. He had a passion for cigars, collected wines and, of course, sports were a major interest. He took [my sports] pretty seriously, but he never pushed me to do anything. It just happened that I had an interest in sports, and we shared that together."

Mrs. Bauer said that sports were a large part of their family life, but her husband also emphasized life-long learning.

"I think my dad's attitude towards everything made him a special person," David said. "He knew what he wanted to do and never let anything get in the way of that. He was a very focused person. He never let us quit a team. Mentally, he was the strongest person I've seen. He was a great guy. I hope whatever he taught me stays with me, and that I can live a life half as successful as his."

Bauer was a founding member of the Villanova Financial Club and was on the board of the Family and Children's Services. With his wife, he received the Helen Hoffman Award for Community Service. He was also a member of the Holy Cross Roman Catholic Church.

Many students and faculty attended services on Sept. 21 in Fairhaven, N.J. Contributions can be made in Bauer's memory to the Tuberos Sclerosis Alliance, 801 Roeder Road, Suite 750, Silver Springs, Md. 20910.

Charles W. Mathers, Father of Lisa '82

Charles Mathers, who worked as a managing director at Marsh & McLennan in the World Trade Center, was lost on Sept. 11 at the age of 61. He was the father of Lisa Mathers Hartigan '82.

He and his wife of 39 years, Margaret, lived in Sea Girt, N.J., where they raised three children, and he served as a volunteer firefighter for nearly 25 years. He had spent most of his six years in the Navy on a nuclear submarine and had traveled around the world, consulting on insurance for utility plants.

The New York Times, in its "Portraits of Grief" project, described his spirit: "Here is man you want in a crisis: While everyone squawks, he is listening. A great bear of a fellow, his eyes bright blue and calm, white-haired head nodding, he says 'hmmmm.' Then, 'I'll take care of it.' And he does."

Visiting Scholars Educate and Inspire at First Current Events Program

Experts on terrorism, Islam, the media, international relations, trauma, war and peace converged at Peddie on Nov. 28 to help students better understand the unpredictable new world that will soon be theirs to lead. "The War on Terrorism: A Discussion for Today's Youth" was the first of what Head of School John Green anticipates will be an annual current events program.

"All of us have a special responsibility in times of national difficulty and crisis to remain informed about key events," Green said. "This day-long program was designed not only to educate our students and teachers, but also to sensitize us to other cultures and to inspire and empower us to take action in any way that we can."

A panel discussion was moderated by Warren Levinson, New York City correspondent for Associated Press Radio, who discussed the challenges

and emotional impact of covering the rescue and cleanup efforts at the World Trade Center site.

Other panelists were: Faiz Khairzada '57, former deputy minister of arts and culture in Afghanistan; Michael Doran, Ph.D., assistant professor in the department of Near Eastern studies at Princeton University; Michael Hoyt, editor of *Columbia Journalism Review*; Mohamed Esa, Ph.D., an Israeli-Palestinian and professor at Western Maryland College; and Naomi Drew, an author and expert on conflict resolution.

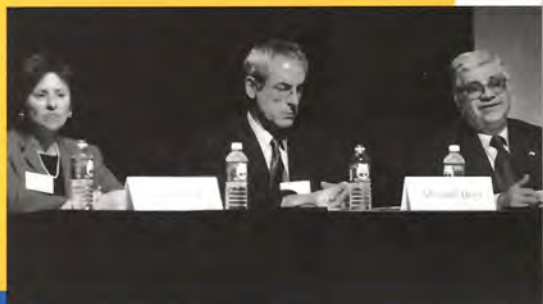
Students and faculty divided into smaller breakout discussion groups led by each of the panelists plus other experts, including photographer Phil McAuliffe; Jeffrey Rutstein, a clinical psychologist; Reuters correspondent Steve James (father of Alex '99 and Megan '01) and *New York Times* News Service edi-

tor Jack Topchik (father of Jeff '92).

To enable students to devote their full attention to the current events program, two classes and Community Meeting were suspended for the day. Students did, however, complete homework assignments, such as reading articles or book chapters.

The event was organized by Green, with history teacher Peter Kraft, Communications Director Susan James and freelance writer Robin K. Levinson.

Panelists (left to right) Naomi Drew, Michael Hoyt and Faiz Khairzada '57. ▼



Swede Chevalier '94: An Adventurous and Enterprising Young Man

Swede J. Chevalier, 26, was killed in the World Trade Center on Sept. 11. A resident of Middletown, N.J., he had worked in the equities trading division of Cantor Fitzgerald since 1998.

At the age of 16, Chevalier had founded Holly Hill Farms, a landscaping business that he began with a dump truck and a load machine from relatives and an answering machine he had bought from Radio Shack. The business prospered as he devoted much time throughout college and in his free time while working at Cantor Fitzgerald.

Chevalier was planning to move with some of his co-workers at Cantor Fitzgerald to an office in Shrewsbury within a few weeks of the attacks, said his father, Vernon. The group of about a dozen New Jersey friends hated the commute to Manhattan.

"He was thrilled about it," his father said, adding his son wanted to buy a motorcycle so he

could ride from his family's home to the office every day.

"That was the kind of young man Swede was," said a tribute in *The Asbury Park Press*. "[He was] adventurous, industrious, fun. But he was also courageous, the kind of kid who, at age six, wrapped his sister up to put out the flames when her dress caught fire as they played with sparklers."

Before coming to Peddie, Chevalier had attended Christian Brothers Academy in Lincroft, N.J. In 1998, he graduated from the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, where he served two years as president of Phi Delta Theta. There, he was inducted into the "Sphinx Head," an honorary society of campus leaders.

After graduating from Cornell, Chevalier got into Cantor Fitzgerald's training program and worked his way up to equities trader.

"He was a rock to his family," the *Press* wrote. "His entrepreneurial spirit and unyielding work ethic led to a myriad of successes. His witty remarks, self-effacing humor and love of life made any activity

fun. His humor and integrity touched many and earned him countless friends."

His father heard about the attack while on vacation in Idaho when someone had shown a video tape of the Twin Towers burning and collapsing. "I watched in horror," said Vernon Chevalier, "and my only hope was that Swede didn't go to work. But I knew that he went to work every day."

Memorial services held Sept. 20 in Colt's Neck were attended by numerous alumni and friends of Chevalier.

"It was a great tribute to a wonderful young man," said Peddie's Associate Director of Development Brian Davidson, who attended.

Chevalier is survived by his parents, Elaine and Vernon Chevalier, two sisters, Tylia and Brittany; and a companion, Melissa Markewich; his maternal grandparents, Joseph and Helen Polguy; his paternal grandfather, Vernon Chevalier Sr.; and several aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Donations in his memory can be made to the Stephen J. Fiorelli Eagle Scouts Scholarship Fund, c/o Robert Shea, Troop 66, Box 171, Matawan, N.J. 07747.



▲ Swede J. Chevalier '94



Emily Brickner '03
 "The first thing I saw in my mind was my father in the midst of a mass of suits in New York City and hoped that he was alright."

Dean of Faculty Tim Corica got an early start that day to prepare for meetings with new faculty members, Dean of Studies Catherine Rodrigue and Library Director Brian Dubrulle. Admission Associate Gary Schwiager wandered into his office with a transistor radio and reported the news.

"There was this weird mix of emotions," Corica remembers. "First I felt sick to my stomach worrying about

family members related to our students and faculty who might be affected by this. Then I felt we had to take immediate action, and I headed to John's office."

"There wasn't very much concise information available at first from the media," explained Green. "It was difficult to grasp what had happened. I summoned as many faculty administrators as I could to my office. We sprang into action. We didn't even sit. In fact we stood in a circle. It was an amazing

meeting! Everyone was talking very fast and throwing all these terrific ideas on the table about what should be done. We were as calm as could be expected, and there was a remarkable continuity. It was clear we had to alert the students soon, because we knew they were going to find out eventually. We all felt

Greg Stefano, '02

"I fear war and the draft. I'm also concerned that this could happen again. I don't want to see innocent people killed on either side."



▲ Seizing the "teachable moment," Peter Kraft discusses the balance of national security and civil rights in one of his older classes.

9th Grade History Classes Shift Focus to Middle Eastern Studies

Last summer Peter Kraft and Lesia Bilak designed a ninth-grade history course that focused on the culture, history and geography of China. This strategy was sidetracked after the Sept. 11 attack.

"We thought that this represented such an extraordinary change in the

world that we just had to do something about it," said Kraft whose approach to handling the aftermath of the attacks was featured in a story in the "New Jersey" section of the Nov. 11, 2001 *New York Times*.

Kraft and Bilak have the class focusing on terrorism, Osama bin

Laden and Afghanistan as well as the entire volatile region of South Asia. As a final project, students split into groups are assigned one of the countries in the terrorist-fighting coalition, and must discuss that country's role in the war as well as have a clear understanding of that nation.



◀ Students spontaneously created a reflection wall in the campus center to express their feelings and fears.

it would be better for them to hear it from us. After 15 minutes of some very strategic teamwork, we began to implement what proved to be a broad course of action."

The community came together that morning for an emergency meeting in the chapel.

"No one wanted to go inside because they were afraid of the horrible things they expected would be announced," said history teacher Dacque Tirado. He had been teaching an eighth grade class when he heard the news of the attack.

"Almost everyone in the chapel was

silent as John Green compassionately revealed the events as he knew them up to that point," "It was like nothing I have ever experienced before."

"I read from scribbled notes I had been gathering and updating all that morning, and that's really how it all started," Green said. "I still had not seen any of this on TV at that point, but I knew it was a real disaster. I think I benefited from this because the sight of it might have overwhelmed me with grief and sorrow. I don't know if I could have gotten through it."

"Some kids began crying and fac-

Autumn Frederickson '03

"Seeing so many people coming together for a common cause is good, but I also worry that they could fall into a mob mentality, trying to rid the country of Muslims. This is a similar reaction to the Japanese-Americans after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Most people don't realize that we've suffered a tragic blow, and we don't know how to act. I also fear biological and nuclear weaponry in the Northeast Corridor. But it gives kids a chance to look to their country and realize that they have taken a lot for granted. In the short term, there is some real ignorance and prejudice. I heard someone say they wished Bush had died in one of the attacks."



Kraft was particularly impressed with the students' ability to qualify their comments and pleased there wasn't shallow thinking or displayed prejudice.

"The kids were respectful and open," Kraft acknowledges. "I think they feel grateful not to have to live like the people of Afghanistan. I hoped that this would lead to their not taking things for granted here at school and in real life."

Kraft and Bilak encourage students to participate by verbalizing their thoughts and opinions in class. Kraft feels that this type of critical thinking leads to passionate opinions and intelligent perspectives.

"We conducted a mock symposium in class on terrorism," recalls Kraft. "It was a real success, and may have even provided the kids with some closure. Afterward, a couple of the students thanked us for giving them the opportunity to discuss something that had been taking up a great deal of their life. I think we could have continued the discussions well after class was over."

Additionally, Kraft has gone online to broaden the flow of facts that he can share with his class. He has students surfing the Internet for current information on Asia and the Middle East and studying international newspapers to search out alternative views.

His American history class has juniors focusing on the Constitution and discussing the United States' international role as well as considering the delicate balance between our national security and civil rights.

Kraft hopes that these courses enlighten his students by providing them with insight into parts of the world previously unfamiliar to them, and by posing serious questions pertaining to U.S. policy, home and abroad.

He and Bilak plan to continue this course of study next term and will incorporate interactive maps of the Middle East into the classroom.

—Bonnie Powell



◀ Illustration by Alex Kim '03

track down all of the new students and, in fact, used "runners" to deliver messages to them from their relatives. It was manageable. Our crisis policy is good, but we had to adapt as necessary."

Green felt that it was crucial for students not to be alone: "I asked the faculty to make the rounds if they were free. It was important for them to go to the common areas of the dorms where the kids might be watching this on TV. As I made my way around campus I saw teachers sitting and talking with kids everywhere. By the time I made my final loop, I was sure compassion was in place all over campus and people were doing the right thing in light of the events."

Clements remembers a sense of camaraderie all over campus: "We saw kids taking care of kids, faculty watching out for kids, kids taking care of faculty. It was a true community folding in on itself to provide protection for all of us."

The faculty continued to meet in small groups to maintain control, stay on top of parent e-mails (incoming and outgoing), stay abreast of news stories and deal with students.

"What gets you through is a need to satisfy – perform a job, focus on the students. But, there was this second

Nick Mencia '02

"I was shocked! It was incomprehensible. Until I got into Chapel later that morning it didn't occur to me that so many kids had family and friends working in the World Trade Center who might have been lost. I heard a kid cry and then ran out of the chapel. Then later I saw the footage of the plane and the feeling really set in."



ulty members would step into the pews and individually take them outside" said Director of Counseling Jim Harris. "John [Green] told the kids that there were telephones available in the deans and counselor's offices to contact family. We wanted to get them into a supportive environment in case they were to receive bad news. There were kids trying to contact grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, sisters, etc. In some cases, they couldn't get through."

"We took those numbers [from the kids] and kept dialing and dialing, because a few students were in a panic," said Clements who kept a constant vigil on students who used her office to make calls. "We tried to

layer effect with the faculty. They started to need support themselves," Corica said.

The pressure continued to affect faculty and administration as news reports supported evidence of large numbers of casualties in the attacks. "I was worried that Peddie could lose 10, 20 or more from our community, but even the loss of one would have been too much," recalls Green.

"We decided to meet again as a community at 3 p.m.," he added. "I was soul searching to express myself properly - handle everything carefully. It was a different meeting than the morning session. We had a moment of silence, and then I read from a press release, stuck to the facts. When it came to people's loved ones, I was not going to speculate. I needed to be cautious. I made some announcements. We felt it was important to keep the kids busy, talk to parents - keep them informed. We kept TVs available for the kids to watch, some sports prac-

Jess Meirs '03 (daughter of Robin Parker Meirs '76)

"I thought no way will anything be the same again. Whether or not we go to war, everything has changed. Americans have changed. Years from now, our children will ask about this, study

it, refer to it as a "surprise attack on America, September 11, 2001!"

But as Shakespeare said in a scene from 'Romeo and Juliet':

*For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give*

A rough translation is, no matter how bad a situation may be, in the end some good will come out of it."

A student breakout group, "Stereotypes in the Media," as part of the campus-wide discussion on the "War on Terrorism." ▼



tices took place, the counselors and deans were available. Dorm parents would make themselves available anytime. We were trying to keep the atmosphere family like."

"The faculty was struggling too," Jim Harris recalls. "They were giving so much of themselves to the kids, they were tired of talking. They had been deeply affected by the tragedy and loss as well. I met with them to describe how to identify danger signs in the kids and in their fellow faculty members."

That evening about 100 students organized a prayer vigil under the flag at half-mast; a Muslim student led the spontaneous service. Later that week various faculty members and students participated in a Quaker-style open forum in Chapel to express their feelings and emotions. Additionally, faculty members incorporated various aspects of the terrorist attack into the classroom.

"I had the kids write a chronicle of their feelings and thoughts, seal it, and I asked them to read it in 15 to 20 years," explained Tirado.

"I feel we've come out this feeling stronger about ourselves and our community – a microcosm of what's happening in the rest of the world," stressed Corica.

"I'm proud of our school and how it handled such an unprecedented event," added Harris. "We were able to mobilize our community and focus on what was important."

"I feel as though I've been here a long time now in light of what happened," Green reflects. "The Peddie that I first came to know and the values it espoused should be cherished. Now more than ever, given these events, our mission statement stressing tolerance, diversity and community may never be more



▲ The Peddie Singers participated in "An Evening of Healing and Hope," a collaborative effort to gather the art community and offer comfort.

important. We must continue to work hard to graduate students from diverse backgrounds to be ethical, skilled and tolerant. We've emerged stronger than ever."

One month after the attacks, Peddie's arts department collaborated with other local and regional arts organizations and Hightstown to present "An Evening of Healing and Hope." The event included an outpouring of expression in visual art, poetry and music.

"Art has always been a form of healing," said faculty artist Cathy Robohm Watkins.

Added Robert Rund, executive director of Peddie's CAPPS, who organized the event. "Everyone wants to help our nation heal. These organizations reached out to offer their voices."

"We saw kids taking care of kids, faculty watching out for kids, kids taking care of faculty. It was a true community folding in on itself to provide protection for all of us."

—Dean of Students,
Mel Clements



◀ Flags decorate a classroom window sill.



Editor's Note: Peddie father and son, Jeff and Matt '02 Brown delivered more than 5000 free cases of the energy drink Red Bull to workers at Ground Zero in October. Recounts Matt: "Staring at the piles of wreckage of the once-proud structures gave me such a sense of mortality. The unearthly piles of twisted metal, the dust, the fire, the suffering, this is what is meant by a war zone."

Matt is a boarding student and senior editor with *The Peddie News*, where this first-hand account appeared. Jeff works as vice president of operations for The Beverage Works N.Y. They live in Freehold, N.J.

Heaven and Hell Converge at Ground Zero

■ Matt Brown '02 ■

Hell was given an earthly shape on Sept. 11.

A projection of nightmares exists where the World Trade Center once stood. Now, completely obliterated, only fire and brimstone remain.

From my father's office and warehouse at Pier 8 in Brooklyn, the World Trade Center was visible. In fact, my father told me office papers blew over there from the Twin Towers when they were hit. The office was close enough that an employee found a flaming ticket to one of the planes. However, from the spot where I looked — where the silence and calm made it seem like the cool breeze foreshadowing the cold winter was the only thing worth observing — I could not see the site of the World Trade Center through the Manhattan skyline, still a strong fortress even without the towers. I

looked hard at the skyline for a few minutes and then went back to the office where my father, mother and I waited until about 5:15 p.m. when we would begin our trek.

Michael Anhouse, a copy machine salesman, got involved early in the relief effort to help bring supplies to the site of the World Trade Center. When he arrived, we all shook hands hard, our spirits light at first because of the new acquaintance; we had not yet been shaken. My father and I took a company van following my mother and

"Mike" in his SUV. We entered the Battery Tunnel, since Mike had the proper identification. The guards were looking at every vehicle with a cold eye. Everyone was suspect. We entered the mouth of the tunnel and what followed can only be described as a descent. As the natural light was lost in the middle of the tunnel and found again coming out, I felt like I was being ferried across the River Styx.

The other side of the tunnel was wet. The air was wet, the ground was wet, and the trucks that were leaving were wet. More guards arrived again and the N.Y.P.D met us as soon as we exited the tunnel. They checked Mike's identification and allowed him to pass. Mike told them again that we were with him, so we pulled up to the guards without too much tension. They looked inside and asked my father what was in the van, and who



Michael Anhouse

◀ Jeff and Matt Brown '02 at Ground Zero.

Jeff Brown



◀ A construction worker's helmet.

was with him. When he answered, they took a long look at me to make sure I was really his son. Since I look so much like my father, the man who for an instant glared at us, laughed at himself. My father and I joined him.

Teamsters approached us after that, throwing up their arms in excitement over the arrival of "the Red Bull guys." My father gave the tired men — the teamsters and the police — a few cases of the energy drink to keep them going. While this was happening I looked around. Men and women wearing masks and plastic coats were hosing off the tires and the underside of a truck that was carrying debris. Some of the construction workers who passed had stickers on their helmets that read, "Ground Zero: Welcome to Hell." I could smell the wet dust. My throat started to burn, and my pulse quickened. My father told me to prepare myself; we were about to pull into the first "station."

The Salvation Army had checkpoint stations surrounding the center. We hit each station quickly, and the workers were full of gratitude. They had become familiar with life without sleep. The stations surrounded the border of the World Trade Center, so there was no escaping the image. After the deliveries, I was allowed to absorb it all.

Staring at the piles of the wreckage of the once proud structures gave me such a sense of mortality. The unearthly piles of twisted metal, the dust, the fire, the suffering, this is what is meant by war-zone. There were still people under the wreckage when I visited in October. Floors of Tower Two were still standing and the effort had to turn to demolition to bring the rubble down. Nearby buildings stood without windows because of the tremendous sound of the crash-

es. Pieces of both towers scarred nearby buildings. The tower's guts had poured onto and torn into some surrounding buildings causing a number of floors to collapse inward.

Monstrous cranes were everywhere. They were moving the debris, tearing chunks from the ground and trying to sort through the rubble. From their arms hung American flags. Hoses sprayed water at parts of the wreckage. I thought at first they were for fires. There were in fact fires burning below the surface at 2000 degrees Fahrenheit, but the hoses kept the dust and asbestos settled. People with uniformly masked faces manned the hoses. Groups of the highest officials of the N.Y.P.D. convened in the middle of the sight.

Salvation Army workers were busily moving around the site. There were so many workers helping each other. Under these circumstances they had forged deep friendships

between complete strangers. The empathy was almost tangible. Amidst all the destruction, seeing people standing together, trying to help all they could was the best I have seen of the human condition.

And then, I observed the most powerful image. When the towers had gone down, sections of the steel beams had split apart. What once had formed intersections of beams in the huge structure now formed perfect crosses. The workers took these as a sign to all that God had not given up on them. It was a sign of hope. There were several of these natural crosses mounted around the site with messages of goodwill painted on them. It was like standing in hell and heaven all at once. It was such a strange and tragic dichotomy. Standing with these people drained by work, running on an undying urge to help, I watched the sun set behind Ground Zero.

"And I observed the most powerful image. When the towers had gone down, sections of the steel beams had split apart. What once had formed intersections of beams

in the huge structure now formed perfect crosses.

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Michael Anhouse



Alumni in New York



▲ Liz Torrance '02 took this photo of the smoldering Manhattan skyline on a clear Sunday, five days after the attacks.

43 - Stair Escape From World Trade Center

"I was present at 2 World Financial Center, 43rd. floor, when the first attack took place on the North Tower, and I was on the street in front of the South Tower when the second attack took place. My office looks out directly at both towers, 300 yards away. I saw the first hit, got everyone out of our office (walking down 43 flights in about 10 minutes), and exited my building onto the street just across from both towers. The scene was horrific, with bodies crashing to the pavement directly in front of me (one as close as about 100 feet), and debris raining down from the North Tower. I, along with three co-workers, took shelter just inside a delivery tunnel across the street from the North Tower, and slightly to the left from the South Tower. We witnessed the second attack at 9:05 a.m., were thrown a small distance by the blast from the huge fireball and explosion of what we now know to be airplane jet fuel, and again witnessed more debris raining down from the sky landing in front of us on the street.

"I believed it was a missile attack, but I was told by a co-worker that a commercial plane had hit the tower. I was truly afraid for my life, and thought that all the buildings in the complex at World Financial Center were targets also. I made my way to the water taxis at the river by the Atrium of the World Financial Center, made it across the Hudson River to Hoboken, and took a PATH train to Journal Square, then onto Newark Penn Station. As I was traveling on the water taxi, I looked back at the inferno blazing in both towers, and the thick, acrid, black smoke being carried swiftly high into the sky above both towers. It was not until I had reached Newark, and called my brother (Tim '76) in Florida that I found out both towers had fallen. I am very lucky to be alive. As it turns out, the delivery entranceway I initially took shelter in, was later used by firemen as a staging area, and many of them perished in this tunnel when both the towers collapsed.

My office is now destroyed, but my spirit is not. My company has 26 employees, and all are safe and accounted for. My heart goes out to the many people that lost their lives."

Pat Lang '72
Robbinsville, N.J.

Pentagon Smoke Billows From 14 Street Bridge

"I was at a meeting three blocks from the White House when the Pentagon was attacked. The building was cleared shortly after that, and I went to my car and headed out of town. I was able to get from Constitution Avenue onto 14th Street after a 30-minute creep up to the intersection. Once I passed across the Mall there was virtually no traffic. The 14th Street Bridge was virtually empty, which seemed odd in view of the traffic jam that had already formed in the city. I had a clear view of the Pentagon. Smoke was billowing out on the far side. There were quite a few spectators standing along the banks of the highway. Since many of these people were in uniform, I assumed that they had evacuated the building, but had not been able to reach their cars or transportation. I gave a lift to an officer walking along the road. It seemed to me that we were the only two travelers on the road."

Jamie Thompson '67
Alexandria, Virginia

and Abroad Feel

Washington, D.C.

Terrorism Tests a Community

Watching Twin Towers Fall Like Sand Castles

"It is difficult to speak of the tragedy without sounding clichéd. I spoke with Jon Neufeld '96, who was six blocks away when the towers came crashing down. Jared Latagona '95 was on his way up to the 80th floor when the first plane hit. The elevator stopped a few floors below the crash. They immediately traveled back down and got out, just as the second plane hit the second tower. I heard from another friend who may have been on that same elevator.

My father used to work in 7 World Trade Center, the building that came crashing down hours later. It is assumed that all employees had time to evacuate. Having been responsible for renovation, design and construction of the building, he says it was very sad to watch four years of dedication crumble on TV. I guess it's like spending all day building a sand castle and having the tide sweep it away just as you are leaving. That's pretty devastating. His instinct was to get on the phone and go to work, but since he has been retired for some

time, there wasn't much he could do. However, he let it be known to the appropriate people that his knowledge and services are on reserve. My father was there to experience the 1993 bombing. I remember that morning well, and fortunately that incident was not as fatal. He received a lot of praise and recognition for the quick recovery and facilitation of several companies that were affected by the blow."

Craig White '96
Hollywood, Calif.



Protecting Lady Liberty

"I'm a federal police officer in New York City and have been involved in this tragic event. Thank God, I'm physically okay along with all the people in my agency. Some of our fellow police officers were killed along with many firefighters and civilians. We were working long hours assisting with the search as well as policing the city and defending against another terrorist attack against the Statue of Liberty, which had received many bomb and terrorist threats over the years. This city has really pulled together, yet it's frustrating in that only so much can be done.

"As tragic as this sounds, I can't explain how it actually felt to be there. In my line of work I've dealt with dead bodies, but this was like something I'd never imagined: the constant sight and smell of smoke in the air as well as a smell of death that just lingers all around you. It sometimes seemed like a scene from a book or movie, but it was real."

Terrance Hill '85
Brooklyn, N.Y.



Proud to be Hit by Dust in Lower Manhattan

"The Peddie Planned Giving Committee met in lower Manhattan this fall, thus I was afforded my first excuse to visit the Apple since Sept. 11. In the jaundiced caverns of Wall Street, just as in quaint Portland, Maine, people are driving around with American flags on their cars. The reception area at the law firm had a flag held in place by the law books behind the receptionist's desk. Most interesting to me, though, were the housing projects of East Harlem and the Lower East Side where people had found ways to stick flags outside of the barred windows.

I walked along Broadway from Trinity Church to St. Paul's Chapel to have a look at the pile. It has a big fence around it, so one can't actually see it from street level. The hole in the cityscape, however, is heartrending because it is so unnatural. I have been accustomed to seeing it in television shots from the river to mid-town. To stand in front of it on Broadway produced in me a sadness that I cannot describe. There was a strong wind and it whipped the ubiquitous dust into the eyes of every passerby. For reasons I cannot articulate, I felt proud to be hit with that dust.

New York has changed forever and represents the front line in this conflict in a way I had not appreciated. The security line at LaGuardia took me an hour and 20 minutes to negotiate.

My bag was inspected at both office buildings I visited (the other one on Lexington Avenue at 53rd Street). The police are everywhere, randomly stopping and examining cars. The whole bottom of the island, not just the end around the Trade Center, but all the way over on the East Side and everywhere in between, is ripped up. Pavement has been removed, manholes are open, workers are below ground everywhere. I guess that shouldn't surprise me either, but I hadn't heard or thought about it. This is a very traumatic and threatening time."

David Hunt '71
Portland, Maine



Journey to Ground Zero

"Friends, I write this with great sadness and astonishment. I went to Ground Zero to see, smell, taste, hear and feel the tragedy that had struck us. I approached the site at midnight and did not leave until close to 5 a.m. In addition to walking within a few hundred feet of the rubble, I have a friend who lives in a 17-story building on Maiden Street, one block and a half away from the towers. The view from her roof, which once had a splendid one of the towers, is now a 10-story high pile of smoking, stinking, choking, rotting mess. Her roof still littered with papers from the towers was closed because a woman's leg was found wedged in a corner. I have no words to express what I saw, nor can imagine what people who witnessed the initial carnage must be going through. As hard as it was to stand before it, I feel it was a very worthwhile emotional journey"

Jay Scher '92
Brooklyn, N.Y.

the Pain of Sept. 11

Helping Hands Emerge on College Campus

"On Sept. 11, I awoke to the sound of my telephone ringing, and from that moment on, the news and miscommunications did not stop. I opened my computer screen to about 14 messages: 'Where are you?' 'Are you OK?' 'Are you going home?' or my favorite, 'Get out of DC!'"

"While on the phone with my mom, the news of the Pentagon crash came in. Within minutes, phones did not work, televisions blared, and a mass of students, faculty and workers congregated on the streets of a quad just below my window. Girls ran up and down halls screaming and crying, desperately trying to get through to loved ones. What was an unnaturally polarized student body just hours before, quickly evolved into a community of helping hands, kind words and unforgettable gestures. Cell phones were being passed to complete strangers in the hopes that loved ones were safe and protected. Students lined the halls of information buildings, wondering where and when to give blood, clothing, and monetary support to victims and families of this devastating tragedy."



Jill Carpenter '01
American University
Washington, D.C.

Isolated and Helpless: ESU Student in Britain

"I had been in England just over a week when the terrorists struck New York City and Washington. I cannot explain to you how helpless, vulnerable and angry I felt as I was in a totally different country on the other side of the ocean. When I come home our country will never be the same. I would give anything to step on to U.S. soil. Remember that you are blessed to be able to mourn with your countrymen and to comfort your fellow Americans. I went through our country's darkest hour without being able to do so."



Caroline Addis '01
Oundle School
Peterborough, England

Tourists Stranded in Europe

"My wife, Jo, and I were stranded in Milan, Italy. We were mid-flight over the Atlantic on the Alitalia Flight 606 returning to Newark on Sept. 11 when the plane was turned around and returned to Milan. We were not immediately informed about the reason except that all airports in North America had been closed after a plane crash in New York City. Phone calls from the plane later revealed bits and pieces, but the full extent of the terrorist attack was not known until we were back on the ground. While we were seeing the sights and eating the food, all was muted by the intense feeling of uncertainty in the air as appreciated by the whole world."

Dr. Arthur Brown '63
New York, N.Y.



Comforting a Sister Who Lost her Husband

"My sister's husband, Captain Thomas Haskell, Jr., and his brother, F.D.N.Y. Timmy Haskell, were missing. Timmy's body was found that weekend, but my brother-in-law was still missing. He was promoted to battalion chief sometime while he was buried under what was the World Trade Center; he worked so hard to get there. My brother, Kevin, and another of the Haskell brothers, Kenny, both F.D.N.Y., were off duty, but were at Ground Zero in a matter of minutes. My Tuesday night was spent trying to comfort my sister and her three daughters (ages 8, 5 and 2).

On Thursday morning I spent an hour at work, then headed down to "the pile" to try and do my part. I made it to Chambers Street, about six or seven blocks away before I was stopped by a soldier. I was turned away from the digging, but I found some Red Cross trucks to help out at. Even though I was nowhere near the horror, what I saw was unbelievable. I never thought the greatest city in the world would be a war zone. Debris everywhere, emergency vehicles crushed, storefronts desolate and exhausted men and women, black and white, blue and white collar, pulling together to do their part.

They were from Chicago, Boston, Florida, Los Angeles and Mississippi. It made all Americans proud. Every single one of them a hero.

"Politicians, strangers, firefighters and police from all over Long Island and many 'brothers' attended Timmy's funeral. Unfortunately, not as many were there as would usually be for a 'brother's' funeral. This was because there were three other local boys buried that same day, not to mention the thousands of others working and missing in 'the pile.'"



Matt Rich '91
Seaford, N.Y.