

Next scheduled issue:
Saturday, September 21

The Main Street **WIRE**

Roosevelt Island's Community Newspaper

News updates on **Website NYC10044** www.nyc10044.com

Briefly...

Robbery Attempt An unsuccessful attempt on Tuesday to rob the Island branch of Montauk Credit Union is "still under investigation," according to RIOC spokesman John Melia, who responded to messages left for Public Safety Chief Jim Fry.

At press time, a Montauk employee had been scheduled for a polygraph test, but was in the process of arranging legal representation. According to sources, one man was arrested shortly after attempting a "push-in" at the Montauk office; allegedly, he and a companion had earlier confronted the Montauk employee in a hallway at 540 Main Street, showing a handgun.

Attacks, Thefts Reported The August Public Safety Blotter carries several reports of serious crime, including the arrest of two juvenile females for alleged thefts after asking residents that they be admitted to apartments to make phone calls. The Blotter is available on-line, on *Website NYC10044*, at www.nyc10044.com.

Blackwell Fund-Raiser The Historical Society, raising funds for restoration of Blackwell House, has created an event at the RIVAA Gal-



Chris Chase

lery for next weekend. It will feature "visits" from Mae West, Boss Tweed, and other historical figures connected with the Island's history. Details in *ComingUp* on page 3.

Bridge Tour The following weekend, on September 21, the Historical Society plans a walking tour of the Queensboro Bridge, complete with an authority who will answer questions and provide a fact-filled narrative of the bridge's history.

RIRA Elections Elections for residents to serve as delegates to the Common Council of the Roosevelt Island Residents Association are in the planning stages. Nominations committee and election committee chairs were selected at the Council meeting Wednesday evening. Nomination forms and other material are expected to be available shortly. More details in the September 21 issue of *The WIRE*.

Wednesday at 7:00

Ceremony Will Mark Anniversary of 9/11

Roosevelt Island will observe the first anniversary of the September 11 terrorist acts that took over 2,800 lives and destroyed the World Trade Center. The event, scheduled for 7:00 p.m. Wednesday, will take place in Good Shepherd Plaza at the Memorial Tree and Plaque just west of the church. (In the event of rain, the event will move to the auditorium of PS/IS 217.)

The scheduled program will feature music by resident Juanita Fleming and a classical performance by a trio from the Juilliard School, as well as a performance by the Roosevelt Island Youth Program and recitation of a poem by Jim Baehler, also a resident.

Doryne Isley, General Manager of Housing Management, will serve as master of ceremonies, and several religious leaders have been asked to participate. Housing Management is co-sponsoring the event with the Residents Association and the Youth Program. Trellis and the Bakery are providing coffee and pastries.

The event, and the plaque in Good Shepherd Plaza, will honor residents, an employee, and a resident's relative lost on 9/11 – Ed Beyea, Anthony J. Fallone, Taimour Khan, Scott Larsen, and Kevin J. Smith – as well as firefighters who were based on Roosevelt Island – Deputy Chief Ray Downey, Deputy Chief Charlie Kasper, Battalion Chief John Moran, and Battalion Chief John Paolillo.



Ken Carlson

At the Firehouse on Roosevelt Island, the flag still flies at half staff.

At the Firehouse, Life – and Preparation – Go On

by Ken Carlson

When you walk into a firehouse, you're met with a rush of memories from grade-school field trips: shining red fire trucks, axes hanging from the walls above protective



Photo: Ken Carlson

Chief John Norman

coats and black rubber boots. There's the brass pole that firefighters slide down when the bells ring. You see the firefighters themselves – solid, stout, many sporting a moustache.

These are the images that surrounded John Norman during his childhood. "I grew up in a firehouse," he says. "My father was a firefighter on Long Island. He was a volunteer firefighter. He's still doing it, 55 years now. He's 77." Norman is typical of many firefighters in that he became a firefighter because his father was a firefighter. To him, it was only natural to follow in his father's footsteps.

Today, Norman is the Chief of Special Operations at the firehouse here on Roosevelt Island, a post he's held since September 13 of last year. He's been with the New York

City Fire Department for 23 years and has served in many neighborhoods. "With every promotion, you have to move," he says, then reviews transfers from Brooklyn to the Bronx, back to Brooklyn and so on, until his appointment in Harlem as Battalion Chief, a position he held until the morning of September 11, 2001.

Norman's firehouse office is far from ornate. It has a gray metal desk and a small table with a couple of chairs. Through the windows, there's the American flag in front of the station. It flies at half-staff, just as it has since September 11,

2001. It's from this office that he takes a break from the piles of paperwork to talk about the challenges facing the FDNY.

"A lot of what we've been doing is recouping our losses, the equipment that was destroyed," he says, indicating a series of reports – a few of the many that must be resolved.

"This came in this morning – 26 pages of paperwork from FEMA to be filled out, looking for reimbursement of items that were either destroyed or used at the World Trade Center." This laborious task of backtracking is made more difficult because much of the equipment

needed at the World Trade Center was brought without hesitation when ordered by fellow firefighters. Some were lost; some have retired. "Equipment that was ordered and delivered to the site, where did it go? Who used it? It's even harder because we're so removed from it now. It's an ongoing issue."

The Fire Department faces other problems arising from 9/11, Norman says. "We have a tremendous amount of new personnel. They have to be trained, and we have a five-year training program.

See **Firehouse**, page 10

A Year Later, a Retelling – "Worst Day of Our Lives"

by Brendan Chellis

Why did the worst day of our lives start out so nice? Weather-wise, September 11th was beautiful. It was one of those days that you picture them having all the time in California. There literally was not a cloud in the sky. The weatherman was promising a high of around 80 degrees.

That day happened to be a "suit day". One day a week I used to wear a suit. Since we are allowed to dress down at Empire Blue Cross/Blue Shield, I needed an excuse to get my nice clothes out of the closet so they wouldn't get all dusty. And there's no better way to tell if you're getting fat than by wearing a suit on a regular basis. Suits don't lie. So one day a week I would wear a suit. Now when it was warm, I wouldn't really wear a full suit. Everything but the jacket. I really wish I'd worn a pair of sneakers that day.

I walked down to the subway at about 8:00. As usual I walked along the waterfront. This isn't necessary on Roosevelt Island.

One can just as easily walk down Main Street in the middle of the Island. However the view of the city would be blocked most of the way down. Or one can be really lazy and take the bus for all of two minutes. But I really like to take advantage of where I live. So when I walked to the subway, I would walk along the river. The view of the Manhattan skyline is awesome. You get the Empire State Building, the Queensboro Bridge, the UN, and the World Trade Center. Little did I know that this would be the last time I would see it from Roosevelt Island.

I got on the Sixth Avenue Shuttle that runs from here. I took that to West Fourth Street where I then switched trains. From West Fourth Street, I had my choice. I could take the A, C or E trains. The preferred train was the E because it brought you closest to the mall underneath the World Trade Center. But if the A or C came first, I would take one of those. They dropped you closer to Chambers Street and added about two minutes of walking.

Almost 90% of the time, the E-train would come first. However, that morning nothing came for about five minutes. That may not seem like much time but on a New



Brendan Chellis was employed at the World Trade Center on 9/11/01.

York subway platform, it can mean the difference between being alone or sharing the platform with a couple thousand people. Finally an

A train came. Little did I know that train and the otherwise annoying delay saved my life. I was one of the last people to cram into the door. I was probably viewed as one of those jerks that squeezes on when there's no room. But that morning I didn't care. (Do jerks ever care?)

I got off at Chambers Street and began the long walk to One World Trade Center. I walked through the underground mall just as I would do any other day. Between the mall and the lobby of Tower One, there is a bank of about 15 glass revolving doors. They are each separated by concrete columns that are the base of the columns that went all the way up the side of the building. The last thing I remember before the world changed forever was that I was thinking how empty the mall was. I was about fifty feet from the revolving doors when all of a sudden the lights went out for a second and came back on. I quickly glanced over at a cop in front of Banana Republic, who looked up

See **Worst Day**, page 6

September 11, 2001



Alex Gamburg

I was a teenager when I first came to New York in the summer of 1990. I was flying in from London and the Virgin Atlantic flight flew over Manhattan. I peered out of my window, excited that I could spot so many landmarks. We did not fly into JFK, though, and landed at Newark International Airport, much to my disappointment. Who wanted to go to Newark when New York was so close?

From my hotel room, I could see the skyline, glittering at night as if strings of lights had been put up just for my viewing pleasure. When I walked around the City the next day, I could feel its energy, its constant motion, its uniqueness.

island observer

Anusha Shrivastava

The Circle Line cruise I took must have gone by Roosevelt Island – I cannot remember now, but I wish I had paid more attention and taken pictures. I did not know then that the Island would be my home less than a decade later. Not only would it

be my home, it would be the birthplace of my son, now nearly four.

Over the years, we grew to love the City with a passion felt only by those who have chosen to live in New York. Friends and relatives moved away, wanting more space, a patio, a swimming pool in the backyard, two cars. None of that for us. Wasn't Roosevelt Island our suburb within

See **Observer**, page 10

The WIRE

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The Editorial Page

Letters

To the Editor:

I regret the unceremonious dismissal of Sister Regina Palamara as manager of the Thrift Store.

For years she has run the shop with warmth, compassion, and friendliness to all who came in. She was always there to listen and assist those in need.

The shop was the training place for many new residents who had no other place to learn English and work in a warm family atmosphere.

Our neighborhood thrift shop is now a business. The bottom line is all important. The monetary receipts count more than the good will and help that Sister offered to all who came in need. A new broom may sweep clean, but this broom has left scars.

It is the wrong attitude to have. I thank Sister Regina and her staff for the wonderful generosity they have shown to me and the Island organizations I have worked with. I was never turned away from the shop.

Sister Regina is a long-time member of our Island family and I thank her on behalf of all the residents.

Judith Berdy

To the Editor:

With reference to your “news analysis” (*The WIRE*, August 24), I recommend to you both the preamble and statement of purpose of the Roosevelt Island Residents Association Constitution, given below.

The “power” of RIRA is derived from the combined efforts of the members of the Common Council. In my experience, the outcome is a reflection of the abilities, will, and leadership of its president and his or her management of the Committee Chairs. Of course, first of all, they all need to *work* at it.

With elections coming, we should all familiarize ourselves with the purpose of RIRA and elect those who are capable, willing, and able to *work*. If we elect a bunch of do-nothings, nothing is the best we will get.

[From the RIRA constitution:]

We, the residents of Roosevelt Island, come from diverse backgrounds and have diverse interests and circumstances. We all want to live together in harmony based on mutual respect and the voluntary sharing of certain responsibilities for our common good. We form this community association to enable us to define, maintain and promote our common objectives in a democratic manner.

The purposes of RIRA are: 1) to represent the interests of its members to all governmental, quasi-governmental and private institutions that develop policy affecting Roosevelt Island and its residents; that supervise or manage our housing and that supervise or manage other Island operations; and 2) to ensure that the health, safety and welfare of its members and the quality of life in our community are maintained and improved.

Patrick Stewart

September 11, 2002



Alex Gamburg

To the Editor:

Being a merchant on Roosevelt Island is a difficult, frustrating, unprofitable, and thankless task. An example of this is the current situation of the majority of merchants. They have invested their money and time building a business that serves a limited number of residents in an area three minutes from the middle of one of the prime shopping and entertainment areas of New York City. The competition they have to deal with on a daily basis is relentless and overpowering. Probably 99% of the residents work, shop, go to school, and seek entertainment across the river.

Some of the residents consider themselves a captive audience. Far from it! The merchants are the captives who are waiting for the promised increase in population from the original 5,000 to the promised 20,000, with the hopes that a small percentage of Roosevelt Islanders will seek some of the products they sell or services they provide.

The recent letter to *The WIRE* is an example of the difficult, frustrating, unprofitable, and thankless task the merchants have. One by one this resident takes to task the merchants on the Island.

The operating hours of the Cleaners are questioned. The current hours are from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. As a rule, most residents who can't make the 6:00 p.m. closing time take their clothes to the Cleaners in the morning on their

way to work. The Cleaners is open on Saturday. The Cleaners also makes deliveries to those buildings with doorkeepers. The resident claims these hours are not sufficient.

The variety of bagels the Bakery has to offer is another sore point. A very small bakery that offers a small variety of products and provides a small coffee shop reminiscent of the bakeries of years gone by does not have scallion cream cheese, tomatoes, and onions for her order. I doubt if the Bakery has had an order for scallion cream cheese, tomatoes, and onions on a bagel in its entire existence. I doubt if they sell 210 bagels a day. The Bakery has very little space, carries a small variety of cakes and rolls, as do most bakeries, and is not a bagel shop – but gets blamed and threatened with the loss of their bagel business.

Next on the hit parade is the Video Store. Because the store did not have the movie *Halloween* available and there was no attempt

See **Merchants**, page 10

To the Community:

Given the community concerns over zoning, green space, and self governance, it is more important than ever to get out the vote. Roosevelt Island Greens invites other civic organizations to join us in a community voter registration day. This will be an opportunity for various organizations to meet and share information with our neighbors. On October 5, voter registration forms will be available from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. at the Roosevelt Island Farmer's Market. If your group would like to participate, please call (212) 308-6722, or come to the monthly meeting on Thursday, September 19, at 7:30 p.m. in the Island House Community Room. Our votes can make the difference!

Melanie Castine
Joseph Castine
Karen Ingenthron
Roosevelt Island Greens

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:** By e-mail to Letters@MainStreetWIRE.com (ASCII text preferred or use any wordprocessing software, but no MSWord files with macros), or PC-standard 3.5-inch floppy disk left at 531 Main Street for *The WIRE*. **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 September 21 issue: **September 16**

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

Continuing through Sept. 30, daily, Solo Exhibition, *Seeing Through Nature*, paintings of Jirapat Pitpreecha, Coler Campus of Goldwater-Coler Hospital.

Mon., Sept. 9, 8:00 p.m., Toastmasters, 576 Eastwood Community Room. Visitors welcome. Information: 751-9577 day, 759-0396 eve.

Tue., Sept. 10, 6:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m., Primary Election, polls at PS/IS 217.

Wed., Sept. 11, 3:00 p.m., Islander Roy Eaton plays *The Peaceful Piano*, a musical meditation for world peace, The Unity Center, 213 West 58th Street. Free.

Wed., Sept. 11, 7:00 p.m., Ceremony of Commemoration honoring those who lost their lives September 11, 2001; to be held at the memorial tree and plaque behind Good Shepherd Plaza.

Thur., Sept. 12, 5:30 p.m., RIOC Board of Directors Meeting, Chapel of the Good Shepherd. Closed executive session (at 5:30) is followed by session open to the public, normally at about 6:30, followed by an open "town hall" forum for residents' comments and questions.

Sat., Sept. 14, 7:00-11:00 p.m., Blackwell House Benefit and silent auction, sponsored by the Roosevelt Island Historical Society, RIVAA Gallery, 527 Main Street. "Guests" will include Mae West, Boss Tweed, Nellie Bly, Charles Dickens, Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini. Refreshments. \$25. Reservations: 688-4836 or e-mail jbird134@aol.com.



Blackwell House is the Island's oldest existing building. After a full restoration, followed by years of deterioration, the house is now being adopted by the Historical Society, which plans a benefit September 14.

Thur., Sept. 19, 7:30 p.m., Roosevelt Island Greens political meeting, Island House Community Room.

Sat., Sept. 21, next scheduled issue of *The Main Street WIRE*. **Deadlines:** Advertising in the paper, Fri., Sept. 13; decision on staffers for *The Bag*, Mon., Sept.

16; materials due Thur., Sept. 19. **Future issues** every two weeks through December 14: Oct. 5 and 19, Nov. 2 (pre-election issue), 9 (extra post-election issue), and 23 (Thanksgiving issue), Dec. 14 (holiday issue), then every two weeks starting in January, 2003. **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 send it by e-mail to ComingUp@MainStreetWIRE.com.

Sat., Sept. 21, 11:00 a.m., Queensboro Bridge Walking Tour, sponsored by the Roosevelt Island Historical Society, with New York City's unofficial bridge historian, David Longshore. \$5 for members, \$10 for non-members; reservations required. Call 688-4836.

Mon., Sept. 23, 8:00 p.m., Toastmasters. Visitors welcome. Information: 751-9577 day, 759-0396 eve.

Sat., Oct. 5, 9:00-3:00, Voter Registration forms available at the Farmer's Market, under the ramp at Motorgate.

Sat., Oct. 5, 10:00 a.m., Fall Tree Walk sponsored by the Roosevelt Island Tree Board, starting at Blackwell House. Free.

Wed., Oct. 9, 8:00 p.m., RIRA Common Council Meeting, Chapel of the Good Shepherd.

Senior Center

Computer Classes for Seniors
Call 980-1888 for more information

Monday
10:30, Blood Pressure Screen
12:30, "Oldies" Movies
1:00, Tai Chi
7:00, Dance (Beginners)
Tuesday
10:30, Jazzercise
1:30, Games (RISA)
Wednesday
9:00, Stay Well
10:00, English as Second Language
7:00, Pokeno (RISA)
Thursday
10:00, Tai Chi
10:30, Creative Arts
12:30, Movie
7:00, Dance Class (Advanced)
Friday
9:00, Citizenship

10:00, English as Second Language
10:15, Yoga Stretch
7:30, Lotto
Saturday
7:30, Bingo (RISA)

Special Events
Wed., Sept. 11, 10:30, Falls Prevention
Wed., Sept. 11, 1:00, How People Cope with Trauma
Mon., Sept. 16, 10:30, Health Lecture & Blood Pressure Screening
Wed., Sept. 18, Atlantic City
Tue., Sept. 24, 12:30, Lecture: Wills, Living Wills, Health Care Proxy
Fri., Sept. 27, 1:30, Birthday Party

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

Exhibition of Paintings at Coler

Through month's end, the Coler campus of Coler-Goldwater Hospital is showing a group of abstract paintings by Jurapat Pitpreecha. The painter, from Thailand, was educated at Long Island University. He describes his work as his "hope to share my vision" of "nature and the world that surrounds you," adding, "When my art is seen, my heart is heard." He selected Coler as a point of exhibition after a visit to the facility, during which, exhibition notes say, he "fell in love with Coler and its residents."



This has felt like the summer that wasn't to me. It's either been too hot and steamy or too cold and rainy. Half my *Mostly Mozart* summer concert series was wiped out by an abortive orchestra strike that lasted less than a week. The threat of a Major League Baseball strike has hung over the heads of fans all summer long like a sword of Damocles, and was removed only at the eleventh hour. This reprieve won't help my dismal Mets, who seem bound and determined to crash and burn this season, if only given the chance. The recent baseball exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History was a joy, but couldn't hold a candle to the real thing. Autumn has never looked so good.

We have two obligations this September that we as citizens must confront. The first is easy; to vote in the primary of our political party on September 10. Regardless of your affiliation or choice, I urge you to cast a thoughtful ballot so as to present the best candidates to the general electorate in November.

The second obligation, to ourselves, is to confront September 11 in as meaningful a way as we can.

Many people have expressed to me a repugnance for all the *hoo-hah* that's been planned, and several of the victims' families, interviewed on television, have echoed this sentiment. It's not as though the events of September 11, 2001, have been much out of our thoughts this past year. For New Yorkers, they have been pervasive and overwhelming. Nevertheless, it's appropriate to commemorate the day this year and every subsequent year. Roosevelt Island Housing Management and RIRA will sponsor a candle-lighting event Wednesday at 7:00 p.m., at the memorial plaque behind the Chapel of the Good Shepherd. At this writing, the program is still in flux, but I'm sure it will be tasteful and low-key. Please bring a candle, a remembrance of that awful Tuesday, perhaps, or whatever will make the event more significant to you.

I'd like to discuss Dick Lutz's thoughtful analysis of RIRA in the August 24 issue of *The WIRE*. It's true that the Residents Association has little real power in terms of the administration of the Island or the power of the purse. Clearly, the residential community was left out of the equation when Roosevelt Island's political structure was planned (or more likely, ignored).

Lutz mentioned RIRA's ability to muster public opinion, and the difficulties relating to this task. First, there must be consensus within RIRA's Common Council and then there must be Island-wide support for the issue. We achieved these goals last summer when the third shift of the Tram was threatened. The Island rose up as one and deluged RIOC with signatures, letters, e-mails, phone calls, and other expressions of outrage. However, this combination of factors occurs only rarely. Often the only viewpoint heard on many issues is the RIRA president's, often in these pages, on Main Street, or through direct contact with the media or with the powers that be. I've had strong views on many subjects that I expressed during the campaign of 2000 and I assume you elected me because you supported those positions.

The second area in which RIRA plays a part is direct action, and Lutz mentioned only some of the ways in which RIRA has been effective "on Main Street" over the last 21 months. In these things, fund-raisers,

dances, Roosevelt Island Day breakfasts, responses to tragedy and Island issues, a residents association's influence can be as great as its members are willing to make it. The Common Council is composed of volunteers both elected and appointed to the task. I agree with *The WIRE*'s position that all its members should be elected from the residential buildings.

Perhaps more important, though, is what the members, both elected and not, bring to the table. Like any organization composed of uncompensated volunteers, busy with the details of their lives, the Common Council has its share of seat-warmers as well as live wires. Some people, regardless of how full their lives are with work, family, and other obligations, seem

always to find time for community activism. And, having volunteered, these folks always manage to follow through and get the job done. I would have wished for more of the latter and fewer of the former during these past two years. However, the responsibility for providing an effective Common Council (as well as an effective City Council, Congress, and U.S. President)

is yours, the electorate.

Every two years, RIRA holds an election for its officers and members. These people are your neighbors and it is your responsibility to hold them to account. Have you seen them serving breakfast on Roosevelt Island Day? Were they pushing a broom at the RIRA parties or signing up donors for the RIRA blood drive? If your building representatives have been essentially invisible for the last two years, you can count on them to remain so for the next two years. Perhaps it's time you attended a RIRA Common Council meeting, considered the Council's strong points and flaws, and *got involved*. I'll urge you to vote as

we approach the November elections, but now is the time to determine for whom you will be voting. Perhaps, the "best man" is... you!

What's involved in being a Council member? Well, first you must get elected, so you'll run a "campaign" in your building. Then, you must attend a three-hour meeting of the Common Council once a month from September through June. You are required to participate in at least one RIRA committee and that might add another hour or so to your monthly commitment. And finally, when the Council votes to support or produce or participate in an Island activity, often on a weekend, you should make it your business to support that event with a little time, a little energy, and lots of imagination and enthusiasm. These experiences have been the

highlight of my presidency because of the pleasure of interacting with my neighbors and helping to present something of value to the community. A worthy RIRA event like last April's dedication of the memorial plaque makes up for much of the frustration that our basic powerlessness engenders.

By the time you read this, RIRA First Vice President Byron Gaspard will have convened the Election Committee and the Nominations Committee necessary to produce a credible, professional RIRA election on November 5. Shortly, you will be informed of how to nominate a candidate (perhaps yourself) for a seat on the Common Council. Please consider your choices carefully because RIRA's effectiveness starts (and ends) with you.

The RIRA Column



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

Remembrance Concert
September 11

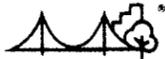
Roosevelt Island will join New York City in honoring the lives lost on September 11, 2001 and the men and women who participated in the rescue, recovery, and clean-up of the World Trade Center.

Wednesday
September 11, 2002
7:00PM — Good Shepherd Plaza

In the event of rain, the concert will be held at PS/IS 217 Auditorium.

Performing:
Classical musicians — The Juilliard School
Juanita Fleming
Roosevelt Island Youth Program

Please Join Us!



Roosevelt Island Housing Management Corp.
Roosevelt Island Residents Association
Roosevelt Island Youth Program



Remember...

Remember life before this.
Remember how we loved them.
Remember how they loved us.
Remember the bravery of those who tried so valiantly to save them.
Remember those who gave so much.
Remember that we are America, and in our diversity there is strength.
Forever, together, we will remember.
Together, we will persevere.

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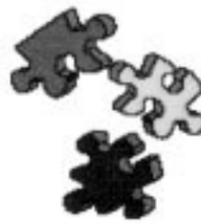
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Evening Hours: Tue., Wed. 6-9

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Join us this September for

Two Morning Preschool
for children ages 2.3 to 3 years

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from 9:15 to 11:45 a.m.

Taught by experienced Day Nursery teachers
in a well-equipped early childhood classroom.
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Worst Day from page 1

and reacted the same way I did. It's not something you see every day but probably nothing to be alarmed about.

What I saw next happened so quickly I barely had time to react. I noticed that the lobby of Tower One almost instantly filled up with a rolling brown cloud from floor to ceiling. I stopped walking when all of a sudden – **BOOM** – the entire lobby exploded. The revolving doors in front of me just vaporized. Amazingly nothing hit me. There was a second of silence as everyone started to comprehend what happened. And then all the running and screaming started. I have never run so fast in my life. Working in that building we had always known that, if terrorists ever came back to the World Trade Center, they were going to finish what they started. So even though I was running away, I was convinced I wasn't going to make it out of the mall alive. As we all started to run, a lady next to me fell down. I stopped to help her but she got up on her own. So I continued to run.

I reached a point where I had to make a choice. The mall formed a "T". I could make a left and go up an escalator to the street. But I knew in the panic people were probably getting trampled there. I could make a right and go up another set of stairs about 300 yards away. But if there was a larger explosion coming or we were breathing something chemical or biological, I could die before I made it there. So I ran straight ahead into the N/R subway station.

I was about to run down the stairs to the Uptown platform (where I knew I could get out to the street) when I ran into a crowd of people coming up the stairs. They were just frozen with terror in their eyes. I yelled to all of them, "The lobby to One World Trade Center just exploded! Turn around! Get the hell out of here now!"

Somebody asked me, "Was it a bomb?"

I told them, "I don't know. Just get out of here!"

Some people didn't even hesitate and turned and ran. Other people just stood there in disbelief. I yelled at them again, "Turn around! Run!"

I got to the bottom of the stairs where there was an underpass to go to the Uptown platform. There were more people down there asking me "What's going on?"

I told them the situation too and told them to turn around and run. Somehow I appeared like the expert of the situation because some lady pointed to a flight of stairs to our right and asked me, "Does this go up to the street?"

I don't know what the hell I was thinking because I said, "Yeah, I think so." I started running up the stairs and everybody followed me. I won't tell you the expletive I screamed when I got to the top of the stairs and realized that this was no exit. At the top of those stairs you have a choice, the Downtown subway platform or the mall. I think everyone lost faith in me because they actually started heading back into the mall. By this time smoke was starting to pour into the station. There was no way I was going back into that mall there, but I knew there was another exit down at the south end of the platform. So I pulled out my MetroCard, swiped it at the turnstile, and got onto the platform. Only one person followed me. That was the lady who asked me if the stairs went to the street.

We ran down to the exit at the south end of the platform. The only way out was to go back into the mall but it was right by stairs to the street. So we ran into the mall, up the stairs, and out on to the street.

I really didn't know what to expect when I got outside. When I did, the sky was black. There were burning pieces of paper, soot, and debris coming down all over. I continued to run until I got across the street to a little park at the southeast corner of the World Trade Center complex. And then I looked up at the horror. At the top of Tower One were four or five floors completely engulfed in flames. Pieces of the building were falling off. There were more sirens than I had ever heard in my entire life.

I was totally out of breath and shaking uncontrollably. I had never come so close to getting killed in my life. Just then I felt my cell phone vibrating like I had a message. I took it out of my pocket and could barely hold it in my hand. It was even more difficult to dial because of the shaking. It was a message from my brother Geoff saying he heard on the radio that a small plane had hit the building. It's amazing that they got the story on the radio that quickly. But it was obvious that it wasn't too accurate yet because his message did not reflect what I was seeing unfold before my eyes. From his description I was standing there thinking, "Holy

shit. He doesn't even realize how serious this is."

So I tried to call him back. No luck. I tried my mother and then my father and then Geoff. Again, no luck. I kept calling them over and over and over again but could not get any of the calls to go through. Finally I lucked out. The phone was ringing at my father's and then it went into voice-mail. Since he has the same voice-mail service I have, I knew it meant that he was on the phone probably trying to call me. So I left him a message. I don't even remember what I said but I remember explaining how the lobby exploded just as I was about to go through the doors, telling him that I didn't know when I would be able to talk to him again and asking him to spread the word that I was alive and OK.

As I hung up the phone, I heard people screaming around me. They were pointing up at the building and crying. I asked a guy next to me what was going on. I could see the fire raging at somewhere around the 90th floor of Tower One and pieces of the building continuing to fall. And this guy told me, "Look, those are people." It was absolutely horrible. Some people appeared to still be alive and conscious as they were jumping. Others just fell lifelessly. One

gling to get up as the masses ran around us. Somehow I got out of the pile and ran across Broadway. Cars were driving through red lights but we weren't stopping either. I would rather take my chances getting hit by a car than getting crushed by a chunk of concrete from 80 stories up.

I ran across Broadway and made a left on a small side street to hide behind a building. When it was clear that nothing else was coming down, I got out and walked down the street east. Who knew whether there were any more jets coming? It was then I decided to get out of Lower Manhattan. As I was walking, some guy must have seen me all out of breath and covered with soot. He asked me what happened. It was pretty clear that many people just a few blocks away had no idea. I told him about the lobby and seeing the jet hit Tower Two. He said "You should call your family."

I told him, "I've been trying. My cell phone isn't working."

He said, "Why don't you come into my building? You can use a phone there."

The people in the lobby of the building were nice enough to let me use the phone at the reception desk. I called my mother. I told her my story quickly and said I was getting the hell out of Lower Manhattan. When I hung up, I noticed that everyone in the lobby was listening to me. I thanked the security guards and went on my way.

By the time I got to Water Street on the East Side, the streets were packed. It seemed as if every building had emptied out and nobody knew what to do or where to go. As I walked along, I overheard a group of strangers talking to each other trying to figure out what was going on. I heard one of them say, "I heard a plane hit one of the towers."

I corrected him and said, "A plane hit both towers."

One woman asked, "One plane flew into both towers?"

I said, "No. Two planes. One into each tower."

She asked, "How do you know this?"

I told her, "I was there. I was just about to walk into Tower One when the lobby exploded. I was standing across the street from Tower Two when another jet hit that one. It's really bad."

I really didn't want to stick around and chat. I was determined to get away from any tall buildings. It was at that point that I realized I was extremely thirsty. I mean the most thirsty I had ever been in my life. I decided to make a pit stop over at South Street Seaport to get some water. There weren't any tall buildings that close to it so I figured I was relatively safe. As I walked in I noticed the bars were already open. People were there getting drunk. The temptation was overwhelming. I stayed in control and got a bottle of water. Then I started to walk uptown again.

As I was walking through the streets above the Seaport, I noticed that anybody with a car parked had the doors open with 1010 WINS

playing loud enough for everyone to hear. There were crowds around each car. I couldn't believe what I heard. They were commercial jets that flew into the towers. When I saw the plane hit Tower Two, I really thought it was something like a Lear jet. Looking back later I realized that those towers were so big, it made any jet look small in comparison. Plus I had never seen a jumbo jet fly that fast. But to think that there were actually innocent passengers on those planes was just too horrible to comprehend.

I got back over to Water Street and continued walking north. When I got to the Brooklyn Bridge, there was a woman standing out in the street directing traffic. People were still driving through red lights everywhere but at least this lady was trying to get things back in control. I then realized that she was an off-duty cop. I was about to cross the street in front of an entrance ramp to the Brooklyn Bridge when she yelled over to me and the other pedestrians to stop. I figured it was probably a good idea and did just that. But the crowd around me continued. So I wasn't going to stand there like an idiot and watch them. So I crossed too. And she yelled at the crowd, "I told you to stop!" Nobody listened. It was near anarchy. I later heard some guy behind me mention to his friend that the crowd stopped when she motioned for her gun.

When I crossed the street again just north of the Brooklyn Bridge, I noticed that there was a clear view of both towers. I decided to stop and watch with the crowd that had gathered there. Not only were we watching history, but I wanted to watch the Fire Department put the fires out. Those were my buildings and I would have stood there all day at that point to watch them put them out.

New York City Skyline

by **Essie D. Owens**

It's December.

The leaves have fallen from the trees.

From my living-room windows
the view is no longer the same.

For years I've looked at the two towers rising from the earth,
looking as majestic as the Pyramids reaching toward the sky.

Of course you know that the view really changed on September 11, 2001.
Yet, the leaves on the maple trees outside my windows
shielded me, protected me from the daily pain.

The pain of seeing the void in the New York City skyline
where the 110 stories of the Twin Towers have graced my views for a quarter century.

It's December.

The leaves have fallen from the trees.

From my living-room windows
the view is no longer the same.

Now I look out, I see the void, I feel the loss and
tears still swell in my eyes.

It has been said that this is the most festive time of the year.
Yet, I know I will have a blue Christmas -- an aching holiday season, but life goes on.

Spring arrives in March.

New leaves will sprout from the buds on the maple trees, and life goes on.

guy was in a suit and his body was falling parallel to the ground with his tie pointing straight up in the air. These were just regular people like you and me who went to work one day. And died a horrible death.

I really wanted to get in touch with my mother to tell her I was OK. But it was pretty obvious that the cell phone network worked a block away but I couldn't remember his number. I decided I would go to his building and see if I could find him. Then I could call my mother on his phone.

As I turned to walk away I heard a sound I will never be able to get out of my head. I could hear the sound of jet engines. It's nothing you would normally think twice about as it's just another loud sound you hear in New York. But not that loud and not in Lower Manhattan. The engines were screaming like they were being pushed to full throttle. I turned to look up at Tower Two and watched as the second jet plowed into the building about halfway up. A tremendous fireball shot out the side of the building as we instantly got hit with an intense blast of heat down on the street. The thought going through my head was, "So this is what it's like to die." Pieces of the building and the jet were coming down everywhere. Everyone standing in the crowd that a moment ago was almost shoulder to shoulder had now turned screaming and running for their lives. As I turned and ran towards Broadway I was just waiting for something to hit me in the back.

I saw to my right that people were getting trampled when all of a sudden the person in front of me fell down. The rush of the crowd immediately pushed me down on top of him. And everyone behind fell on top of me. We were all strug-

Tower One was still engulfed. It looked like four or five floors were burning at a time and the fire just continued to move up the building. Tower Two only looked like there were maybe one or two floors burning. And it really looked like they were making progress in putting it out. From the northeast corner of that tower, it looked like there was fire literally "pouring" out of the building. Almost as if somebody was welding. My friend Patrick days later explained to me that it was probably molten steel from the support beams.

I started talking to this guy next to me. I was the only person in that crowd who was anywhere near the World Trade Center when everything happened. I started to tell him my story. I never got a chance to finish. I was talking to him when all of a sudden his jaw dropped. I turned to look as Tower Two started to lean toward the east. And then the whole thing went straight down. We were about five blocks away but the noise was deafening. When the building hit the ground, it was the loudest, most horrible sound I had ever heard. We were standing there literally watching thousands of people die in front of our eyes.

The crowd screamed. A woman next to me fell to the ground and curled up in a ball crying. Her friends tried to pick her up but she wouldn't move. This was a horror worse than anybody could have imagined. I really thought I was watching the beginning of the end of the world. The World Trade Center had stood at that spot since I was a little kid. And like everyone else, I was convinced those towers would stand there long after I was gone. I was wrong. I turned away and started crying. But all of a sudden shock kicked in and shut off all emotion. It was like a switch went off and said, "You have to survive and this isn't helping."

Then I saw the dust cloud about 30 stories tall squeezing down every street in Lower Manhattan. I knew that anybody in the path of that thing was probably going to suffocate. And then I saw it come around the corner at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge and start heading towards us. It was time to run again.

I was ready to take off my shirt and cover my mouth with it when I noticed the cloud wasn't as thick as it once was. So I stopped running. The wind was blowing southeast and we were northeast of the World Trade Center. So we got spared the brunt of it. At this point I was really in shock. I had seen more horrible shit in an hour than the vast majority of people in the world would ever see in their lifetimes. The world as we knew it was over. And I just couldn't feel anything any more.

I walked uptown along the service road of the FDR. There were just people everywhere. I didn't even look up as I walked. I was all alone and, for all I knew, I might not even make it to the end of the day. For all I knew, all my friends were dead. I had no way of getting in touch with anyone. I just wanted to crawl into a cave and die. But dying wasn't an option so I kept going.

I continued to walk and walk and walk without paying much attention to where I was. All of a sudden I heard somebody say, "Hey, when are those servers coming back up?" And I looked up and saw my friend John smiling with about 10 of my co-workers waiting for a pay phone. I almost knocked these guys over when I ran into them. It was truly the happiest moment of my life. Words can't describe what it was like to see a group of familiar faces after going through all that horror. I was no longer alone. I was in a group of friends and we were going to get through this together.

We continued to walk along the FDR Drive. We could have walked into the streets in the center of Manhattan but there were just more targets there. So we figured we should stay on the outskirts along the FDR Drive as long as possible. We finally got to somewhere in the 20s and decided to walk in. It seemed like the entire city was either in a car or on foot. I don't know why anybody bothered to drive. Besides the emergency lanes that were set up, nothing was moving. The sidewalks were packed but at least people could move there.

Once we got to Midtown, we all started to separate. I stayed with John and another co-worker, Kathy. They each had to get to Grand Central, which was on my way, so I figured I would walk them there. I told them that if the trains weren't running, they could come up and stay at my apartment. It was at that point that Kathy remembered her sister lived on 36th Street. We decided to head over there to at least take a rest and figure out what we were going to do.

We had no idea what to expect at this point. How much were our lives about to change? Was there going to be a run on the banks? Empty supermarket shelves? Martial law, etc.? As silly as it sounds now, these really seemed like real possibilities.

We were in luck, as Kathy's sister and her boyfriend were

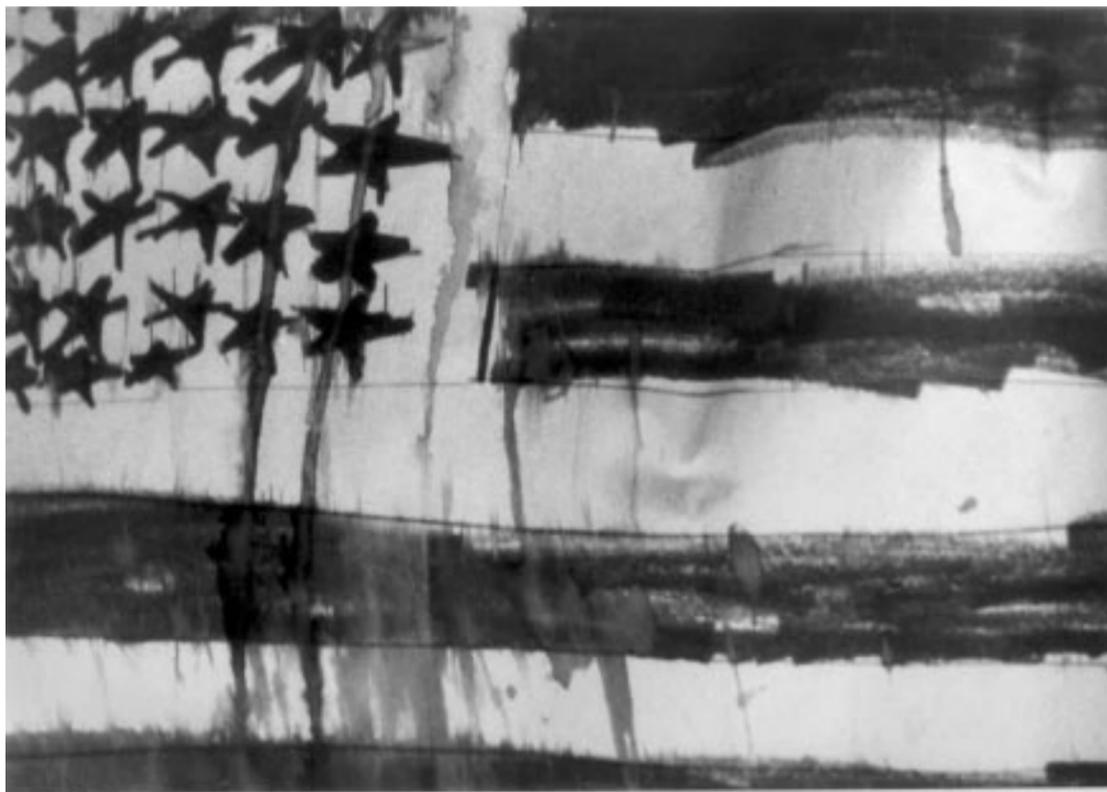
home. We got to rest our feet and watch TV. We found out that Tower One had collapsed shortly after Tower Two. (I remembered that we had heard rumbling earlier on the FDR Drive and had no idea what it was.) And at that time it really hit home hard what had happened. We were watching Channel 2 and all along at the bottom of the screen it said *World Trade Center Attacked and Destroyed*. I couldn't believe the words I was reading. I mean we weren't a military target. We weren't an aircraft carrier or anything like that. We were an office building filled with innocent people. Why did we deserve this?

After sitting at Kathy's sister's for a while, I decided to press on. I wanted to make it home no matter what it took. I knew that the subway wasn't running and the Roosevelt Island Tram probably wasn't running either. So I knew that I was probably going to have to walk the whole way home. But I didn't care. I had to get there. Kathy's sister and her boyfriend (whose names I will someday remember) offered to let me sleep on their couch if I couldn't make it home. That was really nice because I had never met these people before in my life. I thanked them and told them I might take them up on the offer.

When I got to the Tram, of course it was closed. But I looked across Second Avenue and saw that they had opened the lower level of the Queensboro Bridge to pedestrian traffic. To get to Roosevelt Island, I was going to have to go to Queens. So I joined the crowd on the bridge. At this point, I really started to feel the blisters on my feet. They were

The Day America Cried

Selwyn Fund



Selwyn Fund captured this photograph in November, 2001, at St. James Church in Lower Manhattan. The watercolors in the painting have run.

hurting so bad, I was limping. I didn't care. My goal was to make it home. As we walked across the bridge, every few minutes you could hear a fighter jet overhead. The sky was completely empty except for them. When I looked to my right toward Lower Manhattan, giant white plumes of smoke were blowing over Brooklyn. The World Trade Center was gone and in its place was a giant fire and death at an unimaginable scale.

And as I saw the mass of refugees crossing the bridge and the destruction in the background, I just couldn't believe what I was looking at. This was something we had seen in newspapers and on TV our entire lives going on in other countries around the world. People escaping from war, misery. And today, September 11, 2001, the invisible shield which protected us from all the evil things that went on in other places around the globe was gone. War had come to New York City. And nobody even saw it coming.

After a long, arduous journey of seven hours, I made it home. My feet were bleeding as the blisters that were there were rubbed off. I never thought my apartment would look this good. As I began to return all the phone calls I got, I realized what a lucky person I was. Twice today, I thought I was dead. But I made it. And all of my closest friends at Empire had lived. And nothing else mattered more than that.

I came to find out in later days that we lost eleven people at Empire and my cousin Chris who worked at Cantor Fitzgerald. And to this day, I cannot figure out how the deaths of these innocent people made sense to some asshole on the other side of the earth who never met them before. They were just numbers. It's all incomprehensible how evil people can be in the name of their God. But once again the United States is faced with an attack by fanatics. And just as in earlier wars, we are going to do what we have to do to defend ourselves. But, with the rose-colored glasses we wore in the '90s, who ever thought that we would be involved in something like this again?

Democracy Disrupted – 9/11/01 Was an Election Day

by Mickey Karpeles Bauer

It was 4:15 a.m., not a usual hour for me to be riding the subway. I was on my way to report for primary election poll duty at Elizabeth and Houston Streets. It was dark and there were few street lights, just as I remembered it from living there before moving to Roosevelt Island. There were several bars where people were still whooping it up. Everything else was quiet.

I arrived at 5:30 as requested. The meeting place was in a church and the lights were all lit. The large room slowly filled with poll workers. They knew they had an indefinite time to wait for the dispatchers to assign them to a polling site.

A waiting room meant only one thing to me – bring a book. The group was quiet with low conversations here and there. After what seemed like forever, someone took the stage and started to give instructions. One of the instructions was that you could leave the building but you must sign out and you must sign in when you returned. Some people left with their assignments, and the rest were anxious to start the busy day. Not having been called yet, I decided to sign out and get a cup of coffee at the candy store across the street.

Outside, oddly, people were standing, wide-eyed, staring at something in the sky. I followed their gaze and had a direct view of the World Trade Towers. Three quarters of the way up one of the buildings was a bright red line running straight across. Smoke was pouring from the windows and gray matter falling. It became painfully clear what the falling gray matter was.

When I was a child, Aunt Laura took me to the top of the Empire State Building. Then, when it started to rain, it was like being under a silver fountain. Now, suddenly, it was clear what the "falling matter" was – people were jumping from the windows of red smoke.

The onlookers in the street began to huddle together. As I turned back to leave, everyone started to scream – an airplane came from behind the second building.

I wanted to return to the waiting room, but it took a few seconds to make my body move. I went to a telephone to call my husband but, by the time I got to the corner, each of the four telephones already had a waiting line.

As I pushed my way through, my legs felt like jelly.

The second plane unfortunately confirmed that this was not an accident.

I returned to the meeting site, signed in just as the news blasted out. The speaker was remarkably controlled and said, "The primary is closing and will be rescheduled. Please leave the building slowly and carefully."

Got to the subway, and learned it was closed, as were the buses, cars, Long Island Railroad, and the bridges – only shank's mare was available.

Walking, walking, walking and worrying about what my husband was thinking. I called a few friends I knew from the Village, but couldn't reach them at home. Finally, I walked to Greenwich Avenue and thought of my old friend, Elma Denham, from Hunter High. The doorman rang her apartment and she came right down. We were both slightly hysterical at seeing each other. I immediately called my husband and fell into a deep and disturbed sleep.

When I awoke, the good old Sixth Avenue Subway brought me home.

On March 11, I called Elma, and thanked her again for her shelter on a day that was burned into my memory.



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September 11, 2001

A day that changed the world, one that will always be remembered.

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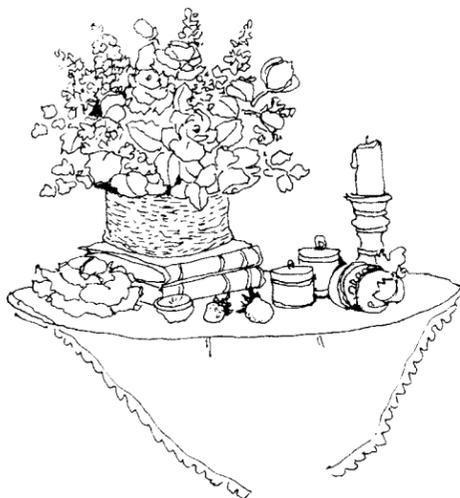
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On this occasion of remembrance of September 11, 2001, our thoughts and prayers are with the families and friends of all the victims of this terrible tragedy.



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Fr. Peter A. Miqueli, Administrator

Day of Prayer on September 11, 2002

We will have a Day of Prayer for the victims, their families, and for World Peace. The following is the itinerary for the Day of Prayer:

The Cabrini Chapel (564 Main St.) will be opened from 8:00 am till 8:00 pm., for visits to the Blessed Sacrament and prayer.

The Rosary will be recited beginning at 8:46 am (impact of the first plane) finishing at 9:03 am (impact of the second plane).



The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be celebrated at 10:00 am at Good Shepherd Chapel (543 Main St.).

At 8:00 pm we will conclude the Day of Prayer with a Holy Hour of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament concluding with Benediction at Good Shepherd Chapel (543 Main St.).

(The Thrift Shop will be closed on 9/11)

As we approach the one-year anniversary of September 11, we at Manhattan Park wish to express our deepest sympathies to all those who have lost friends and family on that fateful day.

As we reflect on this past year we would also like to thank all the firefighters, police, emergency volunteers for their extraordinary efforts and courage at Ground Zero.

Their memories will forever remain.

GOD BLESS AMERICA



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Firehouse from page 1

We've got to train them to get back to where we were."

As Chief of Special Operations, Norman is active in program development for future disasters as well. "We've made several proposals to the City that are being weighed in light of the recent budget crisis. We know that the potential for another attack on the City is still there. It's really this command's responsibility on the front lines to deal with it. The City could face weapons of mass destruction."

He points out that firefighters "are trained and equipped to deal with those kinds of incidents. We've expanded our capabilities in that area. We'll be training about 52 companies in chemical-protective clothing, chemical detection, decontamination of civilians and equipment. So we'll be able to put in a lot more resources.

"It's a Fire Department operation. You have to be protected to enter the chemical zone. We're the only people who can put large numbers of people in that kind of protective clothing on the scene in the minutes that you have to react. It's the Fire Department's job. They're used to wearing masks. Go in and drag people out of areas where they have to be working on air. So, until we get them out of the hot zone and decontaminated, we can't even pass them off. Our EMS (Emergency Medical Services) command has a limited number of medical people who can operate in the hot zone to stabilize a patient. If we're hit with nerve gas or something like that, really, the best thing we can do for you is get you cleaned off and get you out to really advanced life support, a hospital. We've been aware of it and have been working on it for a long time."

Norman's heavy workload has actually helped him at times to cope with 9/11. "Emotionally, it's what keeps my mind off a lot of the other things. Staying busy certainly has helped. I haven't had the opportunities to dwell on some of our losses. So, it's probably been therapeutic. The support that everyone (in the community) has given us has been absolutely outstanding. We're not the best of neighbors at times, with all this apparatus out here. There was a period in October and November when the place was an eyesore. People have been very understanding. It's been terrific. The memorial at the Chapel of the Good Shepherd was very touching."

"In a way, September 11th (of 2002) is

going to be overshadowed, at least for the Fire Department, because of our memorial service, which is on October 12th. We traditionally have had our annual memorial service the second week of October, during Fire Prevention Week. We've had our service up at the Fireman's Monument on West Side Drive for as long as I know of. Last year we didn't have it because we were still digging at the Trade Center. There are going to be 350 families involved. The 12th will be an even bigger event for us because the families will be awarded memorial medals for their loved ones, and then they'll be brought back to their firehouses. For the Fire Department and our families, Sept 11th will be almost anticlimactic. It's a low-key ceremony."

Of September 11, this veteran firefighter says, "Try to remember that day. Don't ever let anyone forget it. I hate to be jingoistic, rallying a cry like 'Remember Pearl Harbor,' but we should never forget this. It's a terrible price that we pay for our society with the way we choose to live. You can't let people just forget it all. You can't make it another sale day, an excuse for department store sales, something like that.

"This was a tragedy. Everybody needs to understand what happened and why."

Observer from page 2

the City? How could we leave? This was home.

Then, we watched the Twin Towers collapse as we stood by the East River. My mother tried to calm my son, who could only ask "Mama, what is happening?" With hindsight, I say that I should not have let him watch. Who knew then what was happening and what it was that we were watching?

Something was lost that day. Nearly a year has gone by and I cannot say for sure what it was. I felt it as I met people who walked over the Roosevelt Island bridge that day. They were confused, hurt. I felt it as I followed up with friends and neighbors. They were fearful, worried.

The day I felt the strangeness more acutely than ever before was at the Museum Mile Festival on Fifth Avenue in June. My entire family, including my parents, who visit in summer, attended the Festival each year.

This June, we came away disappointed and sad. Disappointed as we realized that the spirit of the City was still hurting. Sad that nothing would make it quite like it was before. The performers could not make us before. The performers could not make us happy. They could not make us forget.

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Merchants from page 2

to order it, they are threatened with the loss of a customer to a video store in Manhattan. There is also the complaint that the variety store is full of "junk," poorly lit, and has no selection, a common complaint about the merchants. When you invest all your capital, then don't get enough business to pay expenses, the first thing that suffers is purchasing power to buy new stock and make improvements.

The Chinese "restaurant" is called "an ugly, uninviting take-out place." The Chinese Restaurant has changed hands a number of times. In fact, one of the previous owners expanded and put in a function room, a cocktail lounge, improved lighting, and fresh flowers in vases placed on pink linen tablecloths, which added elegance and intimacy to the space. They went out of business in a few short months. Not because the owners retired to Florida with loads of money, but because they lost their shirts trying, as so many merchants have, to build a profitable business and failed. When they had a sit-down restaurant nobody ate in – they all wanted take-out. Now that it is predominantly take-out we have residents asking for a "real" restaurant. In fact, the owner has put in new floor covering and is planning to put in tables.

To prove there isn't any ethnic bias, Capri is given the dubious distinction of having lousy pizza even though *The Village Voice* in a recent article on Roosevelt Island described their pizza as "what may be the lightest, thinnest-crust, nice and saucy slice" in New York City.

That was the first day since I saw New York, since I loved it, since I had lived there, that I felt it was time to go elsewhere, to take a break.

I am in Toronto, taking my break. I like this city of condominiums and coffee houses but I cannot wait to get back. Despite 9/11 – perhaps because of it – and all that I saw that day, I will get back and, maybe, fall in love all over again.

There was faint praise for Trellis for extending their hours, providing outdoor entertainment, and providing a new menu. However, not letting them off the hook, they are taken to task for not having the makings for a new sandwich on their menu.

In conclusion, the popular refrain is repeated – that the merchants do not extend their hours (the worst feeling in the world is when a proprietor extends the hours and sits in an empty store for hours), upgrade their stores by painting, new displays, new seating, new services. The problem is, all this costs money and money for the harried merchants is in short supply. The basic fact is that Roosevelt Islanders patronize their merchants as a last resort with the result that the merchants are barely able to maintain their status quo with no hope (except new and more tenants) to improve their lot. The United States is in a recession and New York City has been especially hard hit, many people have lost their jobs, money is in short supply and, due to 9/11, there are fewer visitors to the Island. In addition, the rents on the apartments and stores keep going up with the end result that there is less and less disposable income for the residents to spend and more overhead for the poverty-stricken shop owners.

In spite of all this, the merchants are desperately seeking funds to upgrade their stores, they are making do with whatever funds they have, and are really trying their best to improve the appearance of Main Street. The proprietor of Julie's Sports Bar is busily at work upgrading the bar on a day-by-day, week-by-week basis.

In two months, the Stationery Store will remodel. The merchants have all signed on to a program of improvement and the residents could help by patronizing the local stores and contributing from their vast store of expertise, knowledge, and maybe even lending a helping hand in a community effort to improve their neighborhood.

We feel that Ms. Schwartz's letter was unfair and damaging to business.

Julie Palermo, President
R.I. Chamber of Commerce

IN SOLEMN REMEMBRANCE OF SEPTEMBER 11...

Congresswoman Carolyn Maloney
wishes all her friends and
fellow New Yorkers on Roosevelt Island
a happy and healthy season of renewal.

Katherine Teets Grimm, M.D.

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