
Ahead of
The Times

*News About the News Department
Special Edition • September 19, 2001*

How We Lived the News

How easy it is for us to be professional.

*In a company packed with so much talent and so much experience, how easy it is
for us to think of news as something that happens only to someone else.*

*How easy to forget that we are human, and that this time,
we are the victims as well as the storytellers.*

*Thank you for offering these reminders that, while we put aside our safety, our comfort
and our families when duty called, we did not cease to feel, to help and to mourn.*

Thank you for your stories and your images.



A Note From Howell Raines and Janet Robinson

To our colleagues:

The horrible events of the last week have scarred many thousands of people in this city and across America. Within this building, there are people who have friends, neighbors and relatives among those killed or missing in the attacks in New York City and Washington. But the tragedy has struck even closer to home for a small handful of our colleagues, who today count a member of their own immediate family among those missing.

- Ray Corio, an assistant to the editor in the Sports Department. Diane Urban, the sister of Ray's wife, Terry, is among the missing at the World Trade Center. She works as a supervisor in the New York State Department of Taxation.
- Susan Cullen, a counselor with the Employee Assistance Program at the College Point and Edison plants. Susan's husband, Thomas P. Cullen, a New York City firefighter and a member of Squad 41 in the Bronx, is among the rescue workers missing following the collapse of the towers.
- Mark Getzfred, a copy editor who works in the Business News Department. Mark's brother Lawrence Daniel Getzfred, a captain in the U.S. Navy, is listed as missing in the attack on the Pentagon.
- Gretchen Morgenson, a writer and columnist in the Business News Department. Gary Koecheler, the brother-in-law of Gretchen's husband, Paul Devlin, is among the missing from the trade center. He is a government bond broker.
- Harvey Morgenstern, a group director for Production and Business Systems in the Systems Department. Harvey's daughter, Nancy, is listed as missing. She is an employee of Cantor Fitzgerald, which was located in the World Trade Center.
- Luis Rivera, a sales manager for City & Suburban. Luis' wife, Carmen, is among the missing at the Trade Center.
- Regina Scott, a sales representative in the Classified Advertising Department. Her nephew, Scott McGovern, is missing; he is an employee of Euro Brokers.
- John Wright, a consultant who works on book development with News Services. His son, who is also named John and is an employee of Morgan Stanley, is among the missing.

Some recent employees of The Times also have been directly affected. Michael Ragusa, a New York City firefighter and the son of two longtime former employees — Vincent Ragusa Sr. of COF and his wife, Dee, of Advertising — is among the missing. Michael is also the brother-in-law of Donna Sollitto, who left the Human Resources Department this summer. He is with Engine Company 279 in Brooklyn.

In addition, Douglas Gardner, the husband of Jennifer Gardner, a lawyer who used to work for The New York Times Legal Department, is among those lost at the Trade Center. He was executive managing director and a vice chairman at Cantor Fitzgerald.

The Times will do its utmost to lend support and assistance to these families and others, including those who have been left temporarily homeless by the widespread destruction downtown. You may want to demonstrate your support for your colleagues and everyone else afflicted by this tragedy by making contributions to The New York Times 9/11 Neediest Cases Fund. Many of our staff members have already done so. For information on how to donate, please call Barbara Casalino at the Neediest Fund, Ext. 1092.

As we learn more about this tragedy and its impact on our own family at The Times, we will keep you informed.

Sept. 19, 2001



STEFFEN KAPLAN

9/11/01: Our Stories

A Rude Awakening

Melena Z. Ryzik
Clerical

Tuesday was my third day on the job, my first working as a clerk on the Metro desk. I came in expecting to be trained on that desk; instead, when I arrived at 8 a.m., I found an empty office. People had planned to start their day later, in anticipation of a late night covering the primaries.

Between 8:45 and 8:50, I got the first of many frantic phone calls: **WILLIE RASHBAUM** of the Metro staff asking: “Who’s there? Who’s on the desk?” When I answered, “Nobody,” he seemed ready to explode. “The World Trade Center just blew up,” he yelled. I transferred him to the photo desk. All of a sudden, all of the lines on my phone lighted up. Everyone was breathless, panicked and disbelieving, relaying their version — or their view — of the situation as it unfolded.

I lost track of all the reporters, editors and observers who called to give me information. I started saying, “We

know about the World Trade Center” as a greeting when I answered calls. Reeling in my own panic and disbelief, I struggled to seem dependable in an unfathomably volatile moment. When **SOMA GOLDEN BEHR** called, I began to feel reassured. By the time the news copters showed up for televised coverage, the Metro desk was fully staffed and buzzing.

I guess most mornings will now seem pretty ho-hum. I am grateful for that.

No Air, No Light, But Ash Everywhere

Sarah Slobin
Graphics

It is 9:40 and I have just ducked my first police line. One block east of the tower complex I stop and draw on my map, underlining Cedar Street. This will be the first boundary for my graphic. I scribble notes about the sidewalk: “glass, woman’s shoe, office

paper, fiberglass.” There are few people behind this line, only cops on the sidewalks guarding yellow-tape barricades, and firefighters on the streets hustling toward the scene. How close should I get? Closer. I head west, walking my “I belong here” walk, and stop near a fire truck.

Both towers are on fire. I mark my map, locating where the planes hit the sides of the buildings, but I am spotted. A cop yells at me — go back where I came from. I shuttle sideways instead and duck my second line. More notes, some disposable camera pictures: Burning tower on left. Burning tower on right. Shoot the street sign for reference. Church and Cortlandt. On the plaza steps near me is an NYPD photographer, loaded with equipment.

At my third police line, another cop. He’s good for information though, the parameters of street closings. He is also good for a face mask, and I beg one from the pristine bunch hanging from his belt. He is insistent that I move back. Dey Street toward

Broadway, for me this is the wrong direction. And then there is a rumble and a crack — the sound of a huge falling tree. I look up. The tower is imploding, falling in on itself. I hear rain, realize it is debris. Run. Everyone starts to run.

Around the corner under scaffolding are glass doors, shelter, a record shop. Two guys tear inside through the bins and I am right behind them. Crouching, we watch through the doors as gray smoke covers the street. I hear women screaming and crying. I think the cloud will pass now, but it doesn't. It pours in like it wants a closer look, backing us against the wall. Now I am yelling. Is there a back door? I yank open a shallow closet, only circuit breakers.

The cloud settles. It is impossible not to breathe it in. What I know about chemical weapons rises to my consciousness. An old graphic for the foreign desk: VX. How it gets into the bloodstream. Through the eyes. Through the nose. Through cuts in the skin. I need help. There is a huge cop, 6-foot-5, barrel-chested, in street clothes with a badge hanging on a chain. He yells for a cell phone. This is good he is here, I give up mine. I jump for the store phone to call my husband, but it rings as I lift the receiver and an employee named Steve gets a call from his wife instead.

We've got to get out. I put on the mask and stick by the cop.

On the other side of glass doors everything is dark gray. There is a thick layer of fine soot at my feet. It is like being inside a full vacuum cleaner bag. There is no air, no light, only ash. People move past, everything and everyone the same color, they look like ghosts. My cop is making a call. I walk bent low and hold his hand. I try not to inhale deeply, and then I just try to inhale.

We cross the street. In a doorway huddle two women covered in soot, shaking. I make them walk. We've got to get out of here. I ask the name of the one clutching her lapel over



RUTH FREMSON

her mouth. She is Danielle. She has asthma. She is so scared. Though I am reassuring her, I am hoping that she won't slow me down.

One block, two blocks, there are no edges here, no way to know. All time is compressed inside my need to get out. And then, at the top of the dust, there is light. We know where to head and I can see across the street now. My cop is there, still talking. Officer, may I have my phone back please? I follow him. He turns right.

The light disappears. I think, "he is failing me, he is in shock, he must not be concentrating." We can't get lost. This cannot become a maze. Down the block is a man who looks like he knows where he is going. I ask for permission to follow him and apologize that I don't know this neighborhood. We turn a corner. The light comes back. It is brighter. There is less dust and I can see to the end of the street.

I drop Danielle's hand as we emerge near the side of the Brooklyn Bridge. There is air now, but my throat is so dry, my nose so stuffed. Paramedics jog by pushing a single stretcher; they look stricken. We keep walking out, dozens of us, then hundreds. I am stunned. I shuffle forward with the crowd. A photographer with press credentials takes our picture.

Comrades in Arms

Ruth Fremson
Photo

I was in Flushing, shooting a feature at a polling place for the primary, when I was paged, so I headed for the World Trade Center.

At the corner of Vesey and Church, across from the Borders Bookstore, I photographed wounded people. Across the street, police and emergency workers were evacuating a building. Some people were being helped out by others. I saw a policeman carrying a woman in a rose-colored dress by piggyback. Others were crying, holding napkins or cloths over their mouths. Some were just walking out unconcerned. Meanwhile, the towers were burning, smoke billowing out.

Suddenly I heard a very loud noise and thought perhaps another plane was going to hit the towers. Looking up through the viewfinder so as to be ready to photograph the next plane on impact, I realized the building was imploding. When I saw that even the emergency workers were running, I followed one in a white shirt under a police vehicle parked at the corner of Vesey and Church. It didn't really register that he was a policeman.

All of a sudden, a tidal wave of black dust and little chunks of par-

ticles came under with us. I held onto the arm of the man under there with me. I opened my eyes but couldn't see anything . . . everything was completely black. My eyes were burning; I couldn't breathe. I wondered for a second if this is what death is like and was afraid.

The cop was talking. I asked if he was O.K. He said yes. He asked if I was O.K. I said yes. We heard glass breaking nearby and heard someone yelling, calling us to come into the Stage Door Deli on the other side of the sidewalk. The cop, Dan Mullin, grabbed my hand and pulled me in. Inside, firefighters and others had taken shelter.

A bit later we heard the rumbling again, maybe some kind of explosion, and then it began to get dark outside again. We ran to the back of the deli and waited on the steps to the basement. Outside, it was that black cloud again. The cop called for someone to come and evacuate us, but smoke rose from the basement and we decided to get out of there.

We held hands and headed toward City Hall and Broadway, over and through the carpeting of paper, ash and debris. It started to get lighter as we got farther away.

A 36-Hour Report From Ground Zero

Katherine E. Finkelstein
Metro

At 9 a.m., I grabbed my cell phone and charger, biked down Seventh Avenue toward the flaming World Trade Center, and locked my bike on a side street, a block and a half from the north tower. It was 9:15.

I began to interview those fleeing the building as I worked my way closer, finally just outside the north tower. I was yards from the door through which people were leaving.

Suddenly, there was a low rumble and people screaming, "It's going to



RUTH FREMSON

go." A mushroom cloud of debris sank from the south tower and raced toward the side streets as we ran blindly, just in front of it. I dove into a subway entrance, along with two police officers and an F.B.I. officer. We crouched in the blackness as the debris raged over us, people calling for help.

When the dust settled and we could see again, the officers and I made a circle and hugged. Then I took out my note pad and asked for a pen, which the officer handed me, saying, "Keep it."

We made our way outside into a blizzard of yellow dust, then fought to New York University Downtown Hospital, a war zone of hysteria and injuries. Suddenly, screams, and more people surged inside as the second tower collapsed. Then someone mentioned the Pentagon, also struck.

Given the all-clear, I walked north past the courthouses, where SWAT teams were standing at every entrance. At my friend's office on Grand Street, I threw out my shirt, washed my hair in his office sink, got an undershirt, filed my material, then left again, in search of churches for further reporting.

I was now outside the perimeter, but managed to slip through a checkpoint. Foley Square was a triage center, with 400-some medics, stretchers, equipment laid out by the fountain.

When the call came to head down to ground zero, I got a ride in an ambulance and got farther down to another outdoor triage center outside the Merrill Lynch building at 388 West Broadway and North Moore Street. Then Building 7 collapsed. I filed more material.

I joined a team of medics and slipped down farther, to Stuyvesant High School. By 8 p.m. the lobby was an operating theater, full of stretchers, klieg lights and trauma surgeons, waiting for casualties. My cell phone was dead. The four pay phones broke, one by one, though I managed to file some notes.

By 9, I joined a volunteer firefighter and we made it to the now black Battery Park and took a left on Vesey Street. We were at ground zero. The American Express Building on Vesey Street was a makeshift emergency headquarters, with a morgue to one side of the lobby. I found a phone that could make only long-distance calls. I called the Washington Bureau, had them transfer me to Metro and fed in more material.

There were no bathrooms, no electricity, no water, so for the next 16 hours, I used a garbage can in the back office of an elegant florist shop on the second floor, where perfect roses were still intact in vases. For hours, I

shuttled between the wreckage and the American Express building, reporting, until 3 a.m. I slept for an hour on an office chair, perched amid the rubble, and used gauze to wrap my bare feet, trying to warm up.

By dawn, I made my way to a Verizon truck, and used an emergency generator to charge my cell phone. In daylight, I was able to pick my way to within yards of the collapsed walkway, and reported amid the rescue workers, filing my notes from the truck.

At 5 p.m. Wednesday we ran, told of another building collapse, then returned again, tentatively. We were now in a designated building collapse zone.

By 1 a.m., another reporter made his way down to the blast site to replace me and, after 36 hours of reporting I left, walking home up the West Side Highway. The story had just begun.

Commuters Fleeing Death

Scott Malcomson
Op-Ed

By the time I left home in Boerum Hill, the three planes had already hit their targets, and the subways were closed. I walked into downtown Brooklyn, stopping to buy a notepad and a good pen, just in case. I headed toward the Brooklyn Bridge, hoping I could get across.

When I reached the entrance, the walkway was filled with thousands of people tramping to Brooklyn, getting out of downtown Manhattan. It was so crowded that I jumped down to the closed-off road and walked along it for a while, then climbed back up onto the walkway. Ahead of me — we're pushed up against the right-hand barrier by the people walking the other way — were three people in civilian clothes with sidearms; off-duty cops, I supposed, also heading toward the disaster.

On the walkway: an old man in a

dark suit, coated with white ash. He's dreadfully out of shape, in a rhythmic, heaving walk, carrying one of those distinct red-brown accordion folders that lawyers use to hold their papers. Ash covering his glasses. A young man with just a ripped T-shirt. Everyone with ash on their clothes. Very few people crying.

To say it was an orderly procession is somehow an understatement. It was as though people were commuting, but in this case commuting away from death — that was their point of departure for the day. A young man jogged past me toward downtown, in his running outfit, headphones on. He wasn't going to let a little terrorism interrupt his exercise routine. He was, you might say, the most surprising sight on the bridge.

I was halfway across when a rumble sounded and the north tower collapsed. It had been burning at about the 80th floor.

People turned around to see, then returned to their walk toward Brooklyn. Some people cried out, and friends or strangers braced them up. The helpfulness of people was striking in that it was so unsentimental, quick and practical. If there was a thief in New York City, I didn't see him. If there was a looter, I didn't see him.

A Missed Connection

Gerry Mullany
Metro

I learned about the attack when my wife called me in a panic, saying there'd been an airplane crash near her office near City Hall. She called again after the second plane hit the building (and we had figured out what had happened). I urged her to head home immediately, but she was too afraid to leave, fearing more explosions.

I soon headed toward work, hitchhiked along Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn, and was picked up by a tow-truck driver who dropped me at a subway station where some of the

trains were running. I took the Q train in over the Manhattan Bridge, and among the people who had started streaming across the bridge's walkway, there was my wife, walking home.

Of course, my attempts to alert her from my spot on the train proved futile.

Then It Was Gone

Bill Schmidt
Associate Managing Editor

The Metro-North train went as far as 125th Street, where the conductor told everyone to get off; the train would go no farther into the city. Along with three other men, I grabbed a taxicab, bound for Midtown.

The taxi turned south on Lexington, and revealed a chilling scene. Reports on the taxi's radio said the south tower had already collapsed. But far, far down the avenue, the second tower was still standing, framed clearly against the thick black clouds of smoke boiling against the sky.

As the driver wove through the traffic and disbelieving crowds, I turned briefly to talk to the man jammed into the back seat next to me. It couldn't have been more than a few seconds. But when I turned my head to look down Lexington again, the tower had vanished, collapsed into an even thicker pillar of black smoke.

Swimming Against the Tide

Tom Holcomb
News Technology

Tuesday at 8:30, a morning much like many others, I fired up the DSL connection and browsed on over to Citibank to pay a few bills when I half heard a news flash on the radio. It kind of sounded like the announcer had said that a small aircraft had crashed into the twin towers.

Luckily I was dressed and, for some reason, charged with a real feeling of urgency that even now I don't quite understand. I am convinced that if I hadn't shot out of Long Island as I did, I would not have made it to Manhattan Tuesday morning.

I drove into Jamaica, Queens, instead of heading for the L.I.R.R. Tuned to WINS as I headed down Hempstead Turnpike, I listened in disbelief as the announcer in the studio debated with the reporter near the scene about whether or not there had been an explosion in the second tower or whether or not another aircraft had crashed into the trade center. By the time I got to the F train in Queens, I was pretty sure that we had been attacked — there could be no other explanation.

At Queens Plaza, we were told that the F train would continue on the G line and that we should transfer there, at Queens Plaza, for service into Manhattan. On the platform at Queens Plaza, I spun around like a radar trying to get AM reception on my Sports Walkman. There was far more noise than signal, but through the static I thought I had heard that one of the towers had collapsed. Seconds later an announcement was made that all service was suspended in all directions. I rushed up to the street, planning to walk over the 59th Street Bridge. I was not alone.

A dozen or so others were also walking toward the bridge. I never questioned why I was heading that way, but seeing the others made me wonder why they were heading into the city on foot.

On the bridge it was clear that quite a few more folk thought it was wise to get out of the city than those who thought it important to get in, but whether you were coming or going, all heads were turned to the smol-



RICH GARELLA

dering scene in the distance.

One tower remained, cloaked in smoke. But no one stood still to watch it smolder, except for a photographer with a foot-long lens. Everyone had their own mission and just kept marching, eyes left or eyes right, until the second tower collapsed. Then we all just stood there and watched.

Through it all I kept WINS going so I knew what else was being reported. I knew that the president was being kept aloft and that the Pentagon was burning, and I knew that whatever was going on, there was no time for standing around. The remainder of the walk to the Times building was like swimming against the tide. I passed hundreds of people — I probably saw thousands — nearly all going the other way.

Sheets of Flame 10 Stories High

Rich Garella
News Technology

The first blast woke me up, part of the way. I thought I would check in on the news later to see what it was, and went back to sleep. The second blast really shook my building, which is on the Lower East Side. I heard some yelling outside and I thought maybe

the new building up the block had collapsed, but outside, people weren't running around.

I clicked on the radio and heard, "the other tower's been hit." From the rooftop I could see the towers, their tops shrouded in smoke, with flames in sheets 5 or 10 stories tall. At one point I thought I could feel the heat. The super's daughter said she had seen a plane hit the south tower. The towers were hollowing out like fireplace logs.

A helicopter tentatively approached the top of the north tower, dropping down, pulling away, dropping. Down below us, on Rivington Street, people were walking around, going to school, walking their dogs, doing whatever. Up on the roof, we watched as the helicopter appeared to give up.

One guy said maybe he would move back to Ohio. Another guy jerked his thumb at the Empire State Building. "When that one goes," he said, "that's when I'm outta here." A real New Yorker.

No Turning Back

Steffen Kaplan
News Service

I live in Jersey City, right by the Newport marina. I was woken up by the first blast, and I ran downstairs with my gear to see what it was. I ran down to Exchange Place and started shooting as the second plane hit. I used all six rolls of film that I had, so I ran down to the magazine stand, ran inside and grabbed six rolls of film. I saw the owner as I ran out, and promised, "I'll pay you next week."

They were starting to close the area off, but I got to the waterfront and started shooting. When the second building came down, it was phenom-



PAUL HACKER

A View From the Harbor

I was on the Staten Island Ferry. As we got closer to Manhattan, we noticed smoke coming from the World Trade Center. We did not know what was happening. I took out my camera and started to take pictures. When I put my camera away, the second plane flew over us and into the trade center. At this point, everyone realized what was happening. Groups of people on the ferry started crying and forming small prayer groups.

— PAUL HACKER, *Art*

enal. Suddenly I realized for the first time in my life how human I was. I fell to my knees and just started crying for about 20 minutes. I was hugging the gentleman next to me, who was thankful that he had been on the last train out of the trade center to Exchange Place.

I ran back home. They had closed all the stores, including the film place, so I got the guards to get the guys who own the store to open it and develop my film. I went home and scanned in my photos, but my e-mail was down and I couldn't transmit them. I ran upstairs to a neighbor who has a T-1 line, she hooked everything up and I got all my images in. We got eight of my images up on the New York Times News Service web site.

Then I couldn't figure out how to get in to work. So I ran down to the marina area, "Who's got a boat? I gotta get into The New York Times."

One man had a huge sailboat, and had a little inflatable raft or pontoon boat with an outboard motor, and he agreed to take me. I put all my camera equipment into a dry bag, and he throws me into the raft with him, puts a life preserver on and jets me across the river. The Coast Guard was trying to divert us back, but I flashed them all my credentials and they let us through.

The boat dropped me at Chelsea Piers, and I climbed up a ladder that had been left in the water. I got to 10th Avenue there and couldn't find a taxi, so I finally stopped a guy in a 4-by-4 with my press credentials by jumping in front of his car. I told him he had to get me to 43rd Street: "I have to get to work and I have pictures I have to get there."

I got to work about 3:30 p.m. and worked until 2 the next morning.

United by Chance And Common Cause

Jose Lopez

Photo

Tuesday is moving day for me, from the Boerum Hill section of Brooklyn to Tarrytown. Everything is boxed and wrapped and sitting in the living room of my former apartment, just waiting for the movers. I'm sitting on my stoop, and suddenly a neighbor runs down the street with a look of horror on her face. She screams at me: "Oh my God, they've done it again. They've bombed the World Trade Center."

I ring my landlord's bell, she lets me in and we watch the images live on CNN. I realize immediately that the move is NOT going to happen today. I go back outside as the truck pulls up, and the driver tells me that the bridges have now been ordered closed. I look at him and the crew and tell them: "Same time next Tuesday guys ... come back." They thank me and leave.

Before locking up, I grab extra clothes and water and run to the subway. There is no service to Manhattan, so I run out of the station with a Times colleague who I've bumped into and we head to the Brooklyn Bridge.

As we come to the bridge, the police won't let us cross, and I see why. Thousands of people are running across from the Manhattan side and they all look like they've had front-row seats to the Mount St. Helens volcano eruption. They are caked in a gray, concrete soot; wearing a look of horror I've seen only once before in my life — in Bosnia, where I was sent in 1995 as a staff photographer for The Times.

As I watch the people stumble and cross the street, I literally bump into Times photographer **RUBY WASHINGTON**. She is working, photographing what I've been watching, and she is covered head to toe in that concrete soot, glasses barely clear for her to see.

She is so happy to see someone fa-



RUBY WASHINGTON

miliar that she gives me a big hug, and I tell her what I believe — she's going to be O.K. As she leans against the concrete wall, I pull out a bottle of water and give it to her. I pull her glasses off and clean them for her, then I take a shirt out of my bag, pour water on it and start to wipe her face clean. Ruby is telling me that she was in City Hall Park when it all started to come down. She made pictures of the collapse of the first tower and stayed with it as long as she could, then was pushed by the hundreds running across the Brooklyn Bridge.

In as soothing a tone of voice as I can muster, I continue to reassure her that she's going to be fine, that she can continue to work. I ask her if she has shot film, or digital. She tells me that she has done both. Realizing that neither she nor I are going to get across the bridge the rest of that day, I ask her to give me her film. As she unloads her cameras, I write my address on a film envelope for her. I

let her know just how close my apartment is, then I head off with her film to my neighborhood one-hour photo processing center. I wait, staring out the window, watching the black smoke fill the sky over downtown Brooklyn, as her film is processed.

With negatives in hand, I run the six blocks home. As soon as I'm in the door, I start unpacking my computer, film scanner, phone, television set, and other assorted things needed to transmit pictures to the office. I call **JIM WILSON** at the office and explain that I have Ruby's film and will scan and transmit her pictures to the office within the next two hours.

Throughout the afternoon, Ruby and I work together. She shoots pictures and I transmit them to the office. Then we decide to walk to the Promenade on the Brooklyn waterfront to photograph the "new" skyline of lower Manhattan. It is a scene in itself. People staring in shock as the smoke and dust continue to rise into

the sky and cross over the waterfront into Brooklyn. As Ruby works the scene, I notice small pieces of paper floating in the sky as the wind carries them over the Brooklyn neighborhoods. More of her pictures are transmitted to the office, then she takes a car service to her home farther into Brooklyn.

The next morning, I awake and look out into my backyard. I see something in the grass, and I know what it is before I even go out to pick it up. Bending over, I lift the envelope out of the grass and see how the edges are charred and smudged. The return address is a financial firm, located at the World Trade Center. I whisper a prayer for those who were in this office when their lives were taken from them.

Teamwork. It's something that I believe in.

The End of the Line

Scott Teplin
News Service

I woke up to a loud boom in Park Slope, Brooklyn, and turned on the radio. The first tower had just been hit. I ran outside because a couple blocks away I had a clear view of the towers.

Just as I was rounding the corner to see what had happened, I heard a second explosion and saw both towers smoking. I knew I had to get into work at 43rd Street A.S.A.P., so I dressed and hit the subways. My train was the last one allowed into the city, and 42nd Street was the last stop on the train. While stalled in the tunnel between 34th and 42nd Streets, a man in the train said he had heard that the Pentagon was hit as well, but no one in my car believed him.

The train took such a long time to reach Times Square that both towers had collapsed while I was underground.

Welcome to Metro

Lonnie Schlein
Photo

I have been National picture editor of this paper for nearly 10 years, and it was recently announced that I was moving to Metro. Last week was to be my “training” period. Little did I know that I would get the training of a lifetime.

Tuesday morning, I awake earlier than usual with a little more than my normal anxiety about going into the office. I am a bit overwhelmed from yesterday’s introductory look at the world of Metro, and I hope to get in a bit early and at least make an effort to meet more of the Metro staff.

About 8:50 I am about to leave our apartment at Waterside Plaza, a complex in the East River, between 23rd and 34th streets, and head into the office. There is an urgent plea from the visiting 18-year-old daughter

of one of our many friends from Germany. She says I must come into my daughters’ bedroom and look at the smoke and fire coming from the World Trade Center towers. I can’t believe my eyes, sort of assuming it was a serious high-rise fire.

I call JIM WILSON at the Picture Desk, who nearly hangs up on me and tells me that a plane has just crashed into the trade center. I take my point-and-shoot digital camera in hand (cursing myself for leaving my serious equipment at our upstate residence) and run down three flights. I ask the management office to let me onto the roof of the southernmost tower at Waterside. They say they can’t because of construction work, but they agree to take me to a vacant apartment on the 35th floor of another building in the complex. They are so helpful and cooperative, not only because I am a longtime tenant but also because they know where I work.

As we walk to the building, construction workers yell that they have just seen another plane hit the other tower. Without any hesitation, I scream back at them that we are under attack by terrorists. I am frightened and try to reach my wife and our daughters. No cell-phone connection. I can never recall feeling this kind of indescribable panic.

When we reach the apartment, I can’t believe my eyes. The World Trade Center towers are in flames! My cell phone rings, a surprise because I have been unable to make outgoing calls. It is my closest friend in the world, calling from her office in Berlin. She is crying hysterically. As I start choking up with tears, I am holding the phone with my left hand and shooting pictures with my right.

I see the first tower implode as I look through my lens. I scream to Susanna: “Oh my God, the World Trade Center building just collapsed.” She doesn’t believe my words. I repeat them over and over and over again. Then I cry; my entire muscular system gives way and I fall to the floor in

tears. I lost the cell-phone connection in the process, but just for a moment. I also lost my innocence and sense of security forever.

A Walk Among The Ghostly Victims

Andy Jacobs
Metro

Living in the East Village, it didn’t take me long to drive downtown. It was around 9:15 a.m., and already there were thousands of people streaming up lower Broadway, an orderly but eerie procession of office workers forced out of the World Trade Center, adjacent buildings or halted subway cars.

When the crowds became too thick to drive, I stopped above Chambers Street and parked behind a car surrounded by nearly 100 people who were listening to its blasting radio. I jogged against the stream, ignored the cops urging people the other way, and finessed my way past several police cordons.

I found myself at the northern edge of the trade center, breathless and stunned by the sight of both towers aflame. Yet at that spot it was remarkably calm 20 minutes after the second plane had hit. The ground was strewn with unmatched shoes, baby carriages, briefcases and umbrellas. A lone paramedic had pulled the body of a man up the steps of a church and was silently working away.

In the distance I could see an unbroken column of people pouring out of the plaza, heading east on Fulton Street. I glanced down and realized I had nearly stepped on what was clearly part of a jet turbine. Just beside it was a thick puddle of blood. I indulged in a brief spasm of tears.

A cop saw me taking notes and barked, “Get the hell outta here.” I reluctantly moved toward Broadway, and then darted one block south. At Fulton Street, as the twin towers

burned behind them, thousands of workers wordlessly hustled past a sidewalk trauma center that two men were setting up. No one was looking back.

As I contemplated how to evade the line of cops and get closer, there came a deep rumble and a cinematic wave of screams. The aluminum façade of tower 2 was shimmering, quivering, turning to dust, and, it appeared, coming our way. In an instant, secretaries, paramedics, cops and lawyers were running and screaming. At that moment, my panicked mind imagined the cloud to be radioactive or poisoned by bio/chemical weaponry. I had to outrun it.

I ran toward the Brooklyn Bridge, thinking the East River a possible refuge. I ran so hard, so fast, my legs still ached two days later. It was the closest to death I have ever felt.

By the time I ducked beneath the Brooklyn Bridge viaduct, the cloud had outrun us. A smoky choking plume quietly settled on the crowd, many crying, wild eyed, too exhausted to run any farther (myself included).

When I saw that no one was dropping dead, I decided it was safe to keep working. Behind me, people began emerging from a sooty hell. It was a ghostly procession of ashen people, coughing, wailing and spitting out gritty phlegm. A young Polish architect, six months pregnant, who had walked down 64 flights. A Japanese banker, turned powdery gray, looked like a clown. A clutch of Pace University freshmen sobbing in each other's arms.

But the most heart-rending sight was two middle-aged black women, Port Authority secretaries, who had just finished walking down 74 floors when the building fell. In their dash for survival they had lost their shoes. They walked barefoot in the street holding hands, their delicately woven braids dust-encrusted and their clothing partially mangled. Through the muck you could see their intricately painted toenails. They were clearly in shock.



RUBY WASHINGTON

A burst of screams made me turn around. Number One World Trade was coming down. People wailed in disbelief, a teenager cursed in anger and then everyone stood silent as a 50-foot high wall of concrete, dust and smoke raced up Park Row. But as the crowd poised to sprint again, the cloud lost its fury and began to dissipate.

On Wednesday, I once again made my way past the gantlet of authority personnel. It was surreal to be back at the exact corner, Vesey and Church Streets, where I had been a day earlier. A few skeletal slivers of the twin towers stood, and all around were battered, burned-out vehicles. A booth had been spun around on its base and a majestic old oak tree inside St. Paul's cemetery had been blasted onto its side, crushing a score of colonial-era headstones. The globes of two ornamental lamp-posts overflowed with office paper, as if someone had stuffed them by hand. Shredded fire hoses, IV bags and shoes were scattered amid a scorched and muddy landscape.

The broad steps in front of Brooks Brothers were littered with clothed mannequins, and as daylight faded, passing paramedics would step closer, momentarily convinced they had found an overlooked victim. A few feet from the smoldering rubble, unconcerned by the smoke and dust, a flock

of pigeons clucked around a rare patch of clear pavement.

A Front-Row Seat To a New Presidency

*David Sanger
Washington Bureau*

The night before our world changed in ways we can only now begin to imagine, I flew into Sarasota, Fla., aboard Air Force One. President Bush had just finished a completely unremarkable — and news-free — event at a school in Jacksonville, pressing for his education bill and carefully saying nothing about the shrinking budget surplus and the sliding economy, the issues that, only days ago, preoccupied Washington.

At dinner that night at the seaside resort where the president was staying, my colleagues and I did what generations of White House reporters have done: complained about the need to drag around with the president to the blandest of events, on the off chance that disaster strikes. I think **HOWELL RAINES**, who did this job two decades ago, aptly called those moments stenography, not reporting.

Then we all reminisced about the

moments when all that boredom resulted in moments of action: Ann Compton of ABC remembered the Iranian hostage crisis; I told the story of the night the first President Bush fell sick in Tokyo (I was a correspondent in the Times's Tokyo bureau at the time).

A hundred feet away, the president was dining in a private room with his brother and Florida friends; when he left, he flicked us a happy wave. The next morning he went running, and we headed for a nearby school, where he was supposed to listen to children read, and press again to get the education bill out of the Senate.

I was seated in the back of the school's media center, next to Scott McClellan, the deputy press secretary. Just as the president's limousine pulled in, Scott got the Signal Corps beeper message that, in retrospect, put the country on war footing: "Plane crashed into World Trade Center."

After a few quick cell phone calls, we retreated to the nearby room where the networks set up their equipment to broadcast presidential events; only a moment later, the second plane hit. We all thought the same thing — terrorists — and yet I can't remember anyone saying that word. We froze.

A few rooms away, Andy Card, Mr. Bush's chief of staff, came into the room where the president was listening to second graders read, and whispered the news in his ear. Mr. Bush blanched. But — and this floors me in retrospect — he managed to turn back to the children, smiling. One leg was draped over the other; he managed to look relaxed, if distracted. "Really good readers, whew" he said after one child finished. "This must be sixth grade!"

The giveaway was the Secret Service — they kept inching closer to him and rather abruptly hustled him off to a holding room, where the terror of it all must have begun to sink in.

It was nearly half an hour before the president walked into the larger room where his speech was scheduled to take place, colorful posters behind

him. I'll never forget the look on his face: By now he was ashen, he almost twitched, he must have known his presidency had changed forever, that it would be measured from that moment forward by what he said, how he said it, and how well he could calm the nation.

He was all but hustled out of the room by his secret service detail, and his motorcade sped off. By 9:55 p.m. he was roaring off to 40,000 feet, on his way to a day of hopscotching from one secret airbase to another. A small clutch of reporters — including my replacement on the Air Force One "pool," was along for the ride. I, of course, was stranded, with a press plane we were not allowed to fly.

How we put together the story of Bush's day that day is still a blur — I remember the chaos of getting an account of it onto a front page that closed only an hour after the president's speech to the nation from the Oval Office that night, and I remember the calm professionalism of **ELISABETH BUMILLER**, who only the day before had become my colleague on the White House beat.

And I spent the next two days kicking around the flight schools where the terrorists learned to fly — only a half hour's drive from that nice, seaside resort where, one week and a lifetime ago, we were jogging, dining and swapping tales.

A Silent Procession

Jack Pfeifer
News Design

At 11 a.m., the only way from Astoria, Queens, to Times Square was over the Queensboro Bridge on foot. Every few blocks on 21st Street, a Queens thoroughfare, the intersections were barricaded by big, white trash trucks. Convoys of aid vehicles and firetrucks, sirens blaring, careened south down 21st, twisting wildly around the trucks.

Up on the Queensboro, for the first time you could see the smoke billowing out of Lower Manhattan, but no one looked. The bridge's roadway and walkways had been taken over by tens of thousands of people walking out of Manhattan, going home early from work. It felt like another continent, another century.

A handful of us were walking west, back into the city. At some points, the road was so packed, the only way to get past was to jump up on the steel girder dividing the road from the walkway. It was wide enough for one person, so when someone came the other way, you'd hang onto a girder to let them by. No one spoke, no one ran, no one laughed. People walked in twos and threes, expressionless.

At one point, a plane flew overhead, and many people stopped and looked, in a city where only tourists look up. It was a fighter, streaking, loud, white-tailed. No one said a word.

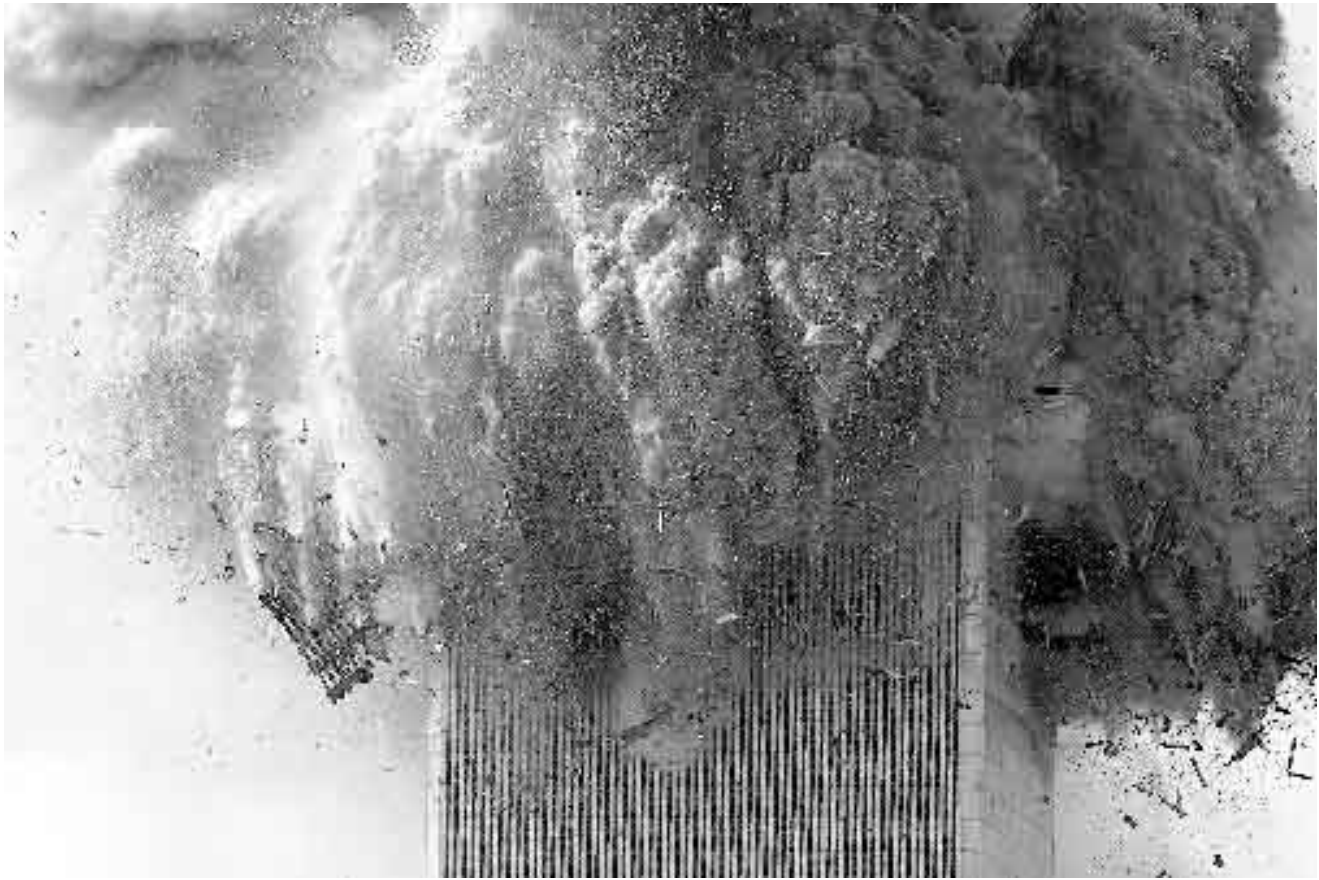
In Manhattan, there were no cabs. The east-west streets were deserted, so I walked down the center line. Down Seventh Avenue, I followed a man on a cell phone, who said loudly, "Is the Lincoln Tunnel open?" We told him no. "I'm trying to get to New Jersey." The man next to me said, "I hear Circle Line is shuttling people back and forth." He answered: "O.K. I'm headed for the river." Two-and-a-half hours from my front door, I reached 43rd and Seventh.

But They Need Me!

Lew Serviss
Metro

My first thought was the Queensboro Bridge. I left home in Huntington, just barely over the line in Suffolk County, about 11 a.m. I lasted only one exit on the Northern State Parkway before I saw the sign announcing it was closed ahead.

Fours years as the Queens editor



CHANG LEE

of New York Newsday taught me the backroads of Queens, so I drove cross-country, making a line for the neighborhood around the 21st and Ely station of the E line. I parked and walked 10 blocks or so north toward the bridge, not knowing exactly how one gets on the pedestrian path.

But as I drew near, I saw a line of people inching their way down the bridge from Manhattan. They looked like refugees, minus livestock and cooking pans. I traced their path to the walkway's entrance and advanced. After 20 feet, a policeman screamed to turn around.

I found a cluster of police supervisors and chose a captain to approach. The New York Times did not sway him. "Manhattan's closed," was all he would say. ("How would it look if they stopped The New York Times from publishing?" "Manhattan's closed," he responded cheerily in the manner of someone whose mind was made up.)

Something told me to go back to the first officer on the bridge.

As I approached, he began to shout again, but I held my Times ID at arm's length and he stopped and squinted, giving me the opening to say, "New York Times, they need me to help with coverage." "Good luck" he said, as if to say, "you asked for it." The "it" being the challenge of walking against traffic on the bridge as tens of thousands of people streamed in from Manhattan. I reached my desk at 2:50, wishing I had worn my comfortable, soft-soled shoes instead of the Florsheim boots.

'I've Seen Enough'

Michael Pollak
Metro

Noon Tuesday. The suburban train station at Goldens Bridge on the Harlem line was almost deserted of

the normal construction workers who were busy doubling the size of the station. One man who was still there said he was in the National Guard and wasn't looking forward to body-bag duty. Another said they were pulling ironworkers to go downtown.

There was no way I could get into the city from the north, so I drove to the White Plains bureau and answered phones. Finally, I walked to the train station, hoping I could persuade the conductor that a Metro editor was an emergency staff worker.

Metro-North couldn't make up its mind about me or the train.

The conductors on the 4:08 out of White Plains announced when I boarded that it would be an express to Fordham, 125th Street and Grand Central Terminal. While the train was in progress, they changed their orders twice. First they said the train would stop at Mount Vernon and only emergency personnel would be allowed on.



LONNIE SCHLEIN

“This train will be boarded by police and military personnel.” If you don’t have medical or emergency service ID, you have to leave. “There will be no exceptions.”

The conductor wouldn’t let me stay on, and wouldn’t consider me an emergency service worker. I said I understood. Soon they changed their minds again and announced the train would be an express. The passengers cheered.

“It’s really a sad situation,” one conductor said on the public address system. “Please do not go into the city to sightsee. You’ll see enough of it on television.” Pulling out of Mount Vernon West, another conductor announced, “You can see that plume of smoke now.” His partner said, “I’ve seen enough of it on TV.”

She added, plaintively, “If you do not need to go into Manhattan, please don’t.”

When the train pulled in, she reminded everyone to make sure they took all their belongings. She added, “Have a safe day.”

The 2-Wheeled Approach

Dan Gold
National

I learned of the disaster as it unfolded, listening to the car radio after I dropped off my daughter at school. As the first tower was hit, then the second, and the Pentagon and the collapses . . . I was thinking about how long a night it would be at work, not

that it would be a problem getting there. Until my father-in-law called from Albany and said he’d heard that all bridges and tunnels were being shut down.

For someone in White Plains — me — that posed a problem. I drove over to the White Plains Metro-North station to check, and found that the ticket agent there knew little more than I did. All trains were going out of the city; he didn’t think any would be headed back toward the city past Mount Vernon. That was not going to get the job done.

Stay home, my wife, Amy, said. You’re not going to be able to get in, anyway. I told her that I had to try and that if I couldn’t get in, I’d come back. I loaded my bicycle — a nothing-fancy 1983 Trek touring model — into the back of my Subaru wagon. I put on a T-shirt, shorts and sneakers and packed a backpack with a change of clothes and a towel. And I started to drive south.

I figured I would go as far south as I could and then try biking in from there. I took the Hutchinson River Parkway to the Cross County to the first blocked roads into the city. I joined other cars that were snaking around streets at the southwestern end of the county. We were all lost in Yonkers.

Until somehow, I found myself on South Broadway. At the intersection, where four cops were directing traffic away from the city, I showed one my Times ID and told him I had to get in. Sorry, he said, no can do. Could I bike in? That I could do, he said.

I parked the car in the lot adjacent

to a local restaurant, Cornyn’s. I went in, and found the owner, Joe, an older Irish gentleman having a late lunch. Could I leave my car in the lot? Sure, he said. It’s an emergency. Could I pay him something? Absolutely not.

I headed south about 3 p.m., past the cops, and down Broadway.

The streets north of Manhattan were filled with people, many walking home, but most just seemingly out to talk quietly to one another. Much of the Bronx was a thicket of cars, trucks and buses; every three blocks or so police were there to direct traffic and close off southbound lanes. It was particularly knotty in the streets surrounding the ramps to the George Washington Bridge.

But I heard no yelling, no honking of horns, no road rage . . . an almost eerie quiet was holding. It wasn’t full of dread; it was that people, knowing what was going on, were actually *civil*. To me, it was as remarkable as anything else that happened that day.

I wasn’t prepared for just how mountainous Broadway can get . . . particularly in the 180’s, and again on that heartbreak hill from 125th Street up past Columbia. From there, though, it seemed downhill and easy, with only an occasional car or cab to dodge — a daytime in Manhattan emptier than the earliest Sunday morning. By the time I was at the top of Times Square, I could sit up straight, raise my hands off the handlebars and just glide in to work.

After security directed me where to stash the bike, I headed to the newsroom, fully aware of just how sweaty a blur I was. I could really use a

shower, I thought, and recalled the one that used to be in the third floor bathroom before the renovation. I ran into **PETER PUTRIMAS**, and asked if he knew where one might be. He did, he said, and took me up to the 14th floor, to an executive bathroom.

I'm not sure when the shower there was last used, but it worked fine, and I could clean off, cool down, and change into fresh clothes. When I came out of the bathroom, wearing a work shirt, black jeans and carrying a black knapsack, **RUSS LEWIS** was there. Who was this guy, I imagined him thinking, and where's security?

That night, getting home was a lot easier. I brought the bike onto the last Metro-North train to White Plains, and rode it home from the station, about 3.5 miles. After the afternoon's run, it was cake.

Say the Magic Word

Charlie DeLaFuente
Metro

My tiny contribution to our momentous effort and my logistical prowess pale in comparison to my colleagues' work and dedication and fearlessness at ground zero, but my trip in on Tuesday morning is a testament to the power of the word "press."

I called the metro desk as soon as I was aware of the disaster and volunteered to come in or go wherever I could be useful. **ANNE CRONIN** asked me to come to the office. My normal commuting route from Rockland County is over the George Washington Bridge, but I suspected that the bridge would be closed for fear that it was a terrorist target. So I headed for the Tappan Zee Bridge to Westchester.

While I was in mid-span, traffic was halted, and as I sat there and heard radio reports of the attack on the Pentagon and the collapse of the first tower, I thought it was not good to be stuck on a prominent bridge.

I've covered many disasters — plane crashes, bombings, blackouts, riots — for more than 30 years. Being trapped on that bridge was the first time I've ever been scared for my life by the news I was headed to deal with.

After a few minutes, traffic resumed and I shoved fear out of the way. Adrenaline fueled my determination to get to the office before Manhattan was shut down. I worked my way to the Saw Mill River Parkway unimpeded. But the parkway was closed to all but emergency traffic in Riverdale. I waved a Times ID card and asked the officer at the blockade if the press could get through. He said no. From years of reporting experience, I knew that if one officer denied access, don't argue—find another entry point. So I headed for Broadway, then turned south.

The police were diverting traffic just before the bridge over the Harlem River. But here the power of the press worked. With my card and an urgent "can press get through?" I was waved on. There were three or four more such checkpoints. As I approached each one, my mind raced to come up with alternates: other streets, hitch a ride with an emergency worker, walk six or seven miles. But the same magic formula — an ID card and the magic word "press" — got me through time after time.

I made it to Times Square, topped off the gas tank so that if any reporter needed a car and there was a blackout, which seemed possible, we would have one with a full tank available, and walked into the office at noon, barely two hours after I left home, ready to pitch in.

I was, I admit, proud of myself. I have been, in the ensuing days, extraordinarily proud of my newspaper. But on Thursday I learned about someone else's trip when the bell rang. A firefighter, the captain of Ladder Company 4, up the block from us on Eighth Avenue, a man I knew casually, was about to end his shift when the disaster struck. He and his crew

headed to the Trade Center. They are still entombed there. It puts all the wonderful things we do in perspective.

All the Comforts Of 43rd Street

Ford Burkhart
Foreign

On Tuesday, I called down to the Edison printing site, being in New Jersey, having heard there was an emergency newsroom there and knowing it was hopeless to get to Manhattan. I reached **YVETTE REYES**, in charge of security there at the moment, and she said they were ready for us, almost from the moment the scope of the news became known to 43rd Street. And in fact, they were ready.

Somebody at the front desk was ready with what we needed most: precise driving instructions. At Edison, a large, comfortable newsroom was open and staffed with several technicians along with **JACK DEVINE** and **NEIL JEFFERS**, the senior plant managers. When I told Jack we had everything — desks, phones, computers, tech help — except stylebooks and dictionaries, he simply pointed to the rear of the room where a large bookshelf held perhaps 50 or so pairs of Times stylebooks and large Webster's New Worlds.

"Anything else?" he asked. Coffee, I said, would make us happy campers. The coffee cart rolled in a half-hour later, with baskets of pastries and other snacks (the snack bar downstairs had hot food all night).

A dozen or so editors worked the full shift, and counter to rumors (started by us, seeking sympathy), we did not lack a comfort or a tool. For what was reportedly its first test in a real emergency, the Edison newsroom seemed one more success story in a week that had many others.

So Much Was Lost

Patrick LaForge
Metro

I live in the West 50's and was planning to sleep in on Tuesday, then vote in the primary and maybe ride my bike down the Hudson River trail to Battery Park, as was my habit of the summer. But my wife woke me up and said that there had been an explosion at the World Trade Center. As I got ready to come in to work, she kept shouting out more news, then I heard her yell, "Oh my God," when the second plane hit.

We were both pretty wiggled out. The Saturday before, we had taken our 15-month-old daughter to Battery Park on a whim, because I had found it so pretty down there on my rides. It was a beautiful day. My daughter played in the playground for a few hours, then we had a snack at the Starbucks in the trade center complex, before catching the subway under the towers and heading home.

I walked briskly the 10 blocks south to work, down Eighth Avenue, passing many bewildered people. A man hustling down Eighth Avenue in a business suit suddenly slowed as he encountered an acquaintance in the 50's. He said to her, "I was starting to get shin splints I was walking so fast, but then I decided I wasn't in a hurry to get to this meeting."

Radios blared the news from parked cars, pedestrians scurried with cell phones to their ears, vainly hitting redial as no signals were available, an unmarked police car with siren and red light on the dash wailed up Eighth Avenue, a group of about 15 tourists stood at the corner of 45th Street apparently waiting for a bus that did not seem to be coming, dozens of shouts for taxis were heard. It felt like the end of the world.

At the fire station in the 40's, firefighters were hastily assembling equipment and suiting up. Many of them are now dead, and there is a memorial

of flowers and candles out front.

At the corner of 43rd and Eighth, people were craning their necks, looking up in the sky and pointing, causing others to stop and look up. I looked too. A plane? False alarm. It was the moon, still visible in a corner of the sky, despite the daylight.

Between meetings, I interviewed a friend of my wife, who told me an incredible story of hearing the first crash and running toward the burning tower to her daughter's day care center at 5 World Trade Center. The kids had moved out of the complex to safety, where she found her daughter. She caught a train uptown as the second jet hit. Her subway went under the towers, and people were still getting out of trains and entering the complex.

The rest has been a blur, the busy but mostly vicarious life of an editor taking part in a big news story. I can only stand in awe of those who have been much closer to the story, and I salute them.

Driving Toward The Horror

Mary Jo Murphy
National

RENEE MURAWSKI, my husband, Bill Sweeney (who works at The Daily News), and I tried to drive to College Point from Long Island, keeping in cell phone contact with **LAWRENCE DOWNES** and **FORD FESSENDEN**, who had been put off the L.I.R.R. at Jamaica that morning and had then cabbled to College Point. Our plan was to join them to try to make our way into the city, when and if any form of transportation was available.

Bill tried the Northern State Parkway, Long Island Expressway, Jericho Turnpike and, finally, 25A. Well before the Queens border, we were turned back at every attempt, by cops and/or traffic overflow. In the end, we were hugging the gold coast

north shore of Long Island, in "Great Gatsby" territory, on the world's most gloriously sunny late-summer day, trying to drive west toward horror.

We finally went home, then hopped on the first train we could get after the L.I.R.R. started limited west-bound service. Just past Jamaica, when the Manhattan skyline came into view, a blazing orange sunset silhouetted the Empire State and Chrysler buildings. Off to the left, a black plume from the unstaunched amputation.

First by Land, Then by Sea

Jeff Rubin
Metro

When the twin towers crumbled, I was at home in Woodbridge, N.J., about 40 minutes from the city. With my wife, I cried at the sight of the devastation. And then I made plans to get into New York, even though the reports said that the city was effectively locked down. I figured that helping to get that paper out was the most useful thing I could do.

Because phone lines were overloaded, I couldn't determine if the Edison plant, much closer to my home, had any facilities for editing. And I didn't want to waste time trying to find out. At 2 p.m., I got an e-mail from Gerry Mullany suggesting I try to get to the Circle Line in Weehawken.

As it turned out, I couldn't get anywhere near Weehawken. Traffic was being diverted off the highways. People in the cars next to me were crying at the sight of the smoke rising from the New York skyline. There were reports that a morgue was being set up somewhere on Route 3, which meant no one was getting through.

I ended up taking a random off ramp and getting trapped for two hours in Newark. Then I remembered that there was a speed ferry running between the city and Highlands, N.J., down near Sandy Hook, part of an

area I used to cover as a reporter for The Asbury Park Press.

I managed, after some time, to get out of Newark, and I sped south to Highlands. I called ahead and asked if they would let me ride across. An employee said it shouldn't be a problem.

In Highlands, the sight was staggering. A couple of ferries jammed with passengers were waiting to dock. Hundreds of people were coming off one, some caked in dust, some barefoot, some crying. They all had their feet hosed off to prevent them from tracking that mystery dust around the area. There were dozens of cops, paramedics, ferry officials. One cop seemed ready to turn me away, but another was sympathetic. She let me ride the ferry back to the city, along with a couple of survivors who had been evacuated to New Jersey but now needed to get back to families in New York.

As we pulled in to what I think was Pier 11, not terribly far from the Trade Center, I got a small taste of what so many others have seen in all its grisly and horrific detail. The air seemed unbreathable, so I soaked a T-shirt and breathed through it. The dust was everywhere, blotting up sound, imbuing the streets with an eerie, awful silence.

It took me about five and a half hours to get to work. When my shift ended, I was able to get home in less than an hour. Remarkably, NJ Transit was running on a regular schedule to Woodbridge. One small thing back to normal. Only a billion more to go.

The Place to Be

Marty Gradel
News Desk

I was amazed and pleased that people who no longer work for The Times came in to work as soon as they heard of the hijackings and attacks. Two that I know of are **ROGER PANG** and **JENNIFER ROGERS**. Roger, who recently worked in advertising and who was the Page One paginator a few

years ago, came in to help design the attack pages.

Jennifer, a Broadway stage manager who worked here as a clerk in the newsroom, said that upon hearing of the attacks she could think only that she "had to be at The Times."

Sorry I'm Late, Lew

Bob Rudinger
Metro

I started from Hackensack about 4 by bus. Instead of my usual route through the Lincoln Tunnel, I took one to the GW bridge, thinking that if I had to, I could cross it by foot. It turned out that the bridge had been closed because of a threat, and I joined a long line of people in Fort Lee who were waiting to cross into Manhattan.

After an hour or two, the police let us through, and after walking across the bridge I took the subway from Washington Heights to Times Square. I got to the Times just after 9.

Trapped in Prague

Stewart Kampel
Style

It was raining — hard — when we arrived in Prague on Sept. 1, the first stop on a "schlag" tour that was to include Budapest and Vienna. All went well. My wife, Susan, and our friends Martin and Roberta Rein and I trekked through the cobblestone streets, explored rococo, baroque and modern architecture, perused local markets, visited Holocaust memorials and ancient synagogues, glided through museums, etc., sopping up history and atmosphere in generous doses. Typical tourist fare.

So nothing seemed amiss when we left Vienna on Sept. 12 for a 45-minute hop to Prague and a nonstop flight to Kennedy Airport. The daily flight on Czech Airlines, the only nonstop

carrier between Prague and New York, started uneventfully. But about half-way through the eight-and-a-half-hour flight, the pilot suddenly announced that the plane was returning to Prague. All the airports in the United States and Canada were closed, he said, and he had no other information.

Perplexed, passengers peppered the flight attendants for explanations. They had none, they said.

As we landed in Prague, passengers whipped out cell phones and dispensed fragmentary and somewhat inaccurate information about the disaster. A flier distributed by the airline gave more details. Czech Air told us to collect our luggage and prepare to be bused to a local hotel. Passengers "in transit," like us, were entitled to a room for a night and dinner and breakfast. Passengers whose trip started in Prague had to fend for themselves.

There was mass confusion as tickets were returned and vouchers were distributed, or not. My wife thought of how it must have been in Central European capitals before World War II when Jews were told to gather their belongings and prepare for an uncertain journey.

We eventually arrived at the Kladno, a hotel that, on a fleabag scale of 1 to 5, would rate a minus 2. Our room had a television that didn't work, a radio that didn't work and a telephone that didn't work. There was one working telephone, and 40 people lined up for turns. A television materialized in the smoke-filled "lobby" and we were mesmerized as we watched the tragedy unfold.

Stunned, exhausted and drained, and out of touch, we went to our rooms. Although the linens were clean, we slept in our clothes and called a friend, who made arrangements for us to stay at the Marriott Hotel in Prague. But what were unpleasanties and inconveniences compared to the worst tragedy ever to befall the United States?

By 9 a.m., we were, incongruously, in the lap of luxury. We had a suite



VICKI VILA

That'll Be Seventy-Five Cents

On Wednesday when I arrived at work without a copy of that day's paper, I went outside to the Times truck that was feeding papers to a line of hungry readers to try to garner some for the Metro desk. I had tried to find one on Metro, but they were scarce. Others were looking for them, too, so I figured our truck was the place to go.

The drivers told me I'd have to talk to Roland Caputo, vice president for circulation fulfillment. The drivers said all the papers in the truck were accounted for, and had to be paid for, considering the demands of the market. When Roland came out, he gave the go-ahead and sent a stack up to Metro, where everyone was happy to see the papers.

— VICKI VILA, *Metro*

Roland Caputo, center, is flanked by drivers Gary Drum, left, of College Point, and Joseph File, of Edison.

with two double beds, bathrobes, access to the Internet, a health club, a sauna and a swimming pool, all for \$265 Euros a day (about \$250) and about \$25 for a sumptuous breakfast for two.

After ascertaining that our families and friends were safe, we watched the unending reports on CNN, BBC World and CNBC. Angry, frustrated, depressed and tired emotionally, we tried to book passage to New York. Thursday's flight was canceled; so was Friday's. We were booked to fly business class on Monday at a premium of

\$1,100 a ticket. The Reins got the last two seats to Newark. We got the last two to JFK.

In the meantime, we sought solace in the synagogue, finding one of the few in Prague that is not a museum. The building, from 1906, is supported by scaffolding and braces. An armed guard in plain clothes stands outside. The elaborate interior of the synagogue can be viewed only in the daylight.

On the second floor, in a small room, a few Jews and guests had gathered for the weekly service. The wom-

en sat behind a scrim. The prayer books had been donated by synagogues in the United States and bore memorial labels on the inside cover.

The service was no different from Friday night services Jews had been observing for generations. Thanks to five stranded Americans, there was a minyan, or quorum, to say the appropriate prayers and to remember the dead. I was able to render a silent prayer for the lost and missing in the United States. And I thought of all those who never had that opportunity in the Holocaust, and my heart is

grieved for all of them and their families.

Stewart and his wife returned at 7 p.m. Monday and were met by three daughters, two husbands, one boyfriend and three grandsons, all overjoyed to see them.

The Luggage Could Wait

Ed Wong
Sports

DAVID BARSTOW and I first heard of the attacks while we were driving back from Pennsylvania, where we had been working on a sports story. My girlfriend called me on my cell phone around 9 a.m. and told me what she had just seen on television. I thought she was joking.

But the news was all over the radio. We drove quickly down I-80, still two hours away from New York. Our cell phones stopped working. At a rest stop, David called the Metro desk and was told to get into Manhattan as soon as possible. Over the radio, we heard about the collapse of the first tower, then the second.

I was speeding, going about 90 m.p.h., when a patrol car came up behind us with its lights flashing. But the officer was just trying to pass us to get to New York.

Despite the widespread bridge closures, traffic was still being allowed to cross to the east side of the Hudson on the Tappan Zee Bridge. A stream of cars was trying to get to the Jersey side. Only a few were driving toward New York. From the bridge, we could see the gargantuan cloud of smoke hovering over Manhattan.

Traffic was backed up coming into the Bronx. Fire engines and ambulances were trying to squeeze through, but they had little luck. At an exit around 231st Street, David got out to talk to some of the rescue workers. A half-hour later, traffic began moving again, but I couldn't find David. I drove

down to Yankee Stadium and parked my rental car on a side street.

I first tried walking into Manhattan on the Macombs Dam Bridge, near the stadium, but the police had closed it off. I ended up walking across the bridge near 149th Street, caught a bus to a subway stop in Harlem and took the A train into work.

I found out later that David had also walked across a bridge and caught a train into the office. He worked virtually nonstop for the next two days without his overnight bag because he had left it in the car.

On Thursday morning, after the bridges reopened, I went back to Yankee Stadium and drove the car to the office. David finally had a fresh change of clothes.

Journalist's Instinct

Larry Mark
Database Marketing

On Thursday morning, as I was walking to the subway for work, I came across the police investigation of a suspicious abandoned Coupe DeVille, parked across from Lincoln Center.

Charged from my few hours of working on the third floor as a volunteer dictation transcriber, I took out a notepad and copied down as much as I could. I also got a few quotes from a police captain and a police detective; I borrowed someone's binoculars so that I could read the license plate off the car.

"Fire in the hole," yelled a policeman, as several pedestrians ran from the scene. The police used a small charge to blow out the car windows, but they found only trash and a suitcase inside. As the yellow tape was removed, the benign car was prepared for towing to a Manhattan pier, traffic lanes were opened, and I continued my commute to 43rd Street, newly stimulated, holding my notes and the name of a Times photographer who appeared at the scene.

Unexpected Sympathy

Arlene Schneider
News Administration

I spent a few hours Wednesday doing routine stuff, waiting for the crunch that would come when the copy desks arrived. As usual, I sent out dozens of e-mail messages to applicants, most of them the basic "thanks but no thanks" note.

The following day, I received this response from an applicant in India:

"Thanks for your instant response. No problems — win some, lose some. Also, please accept my sympathies on the tragic incidents of Sept. 11 in N.Y., Washington and Pennsylvania and pass on my heartfelt condolences and grief to the families affected by the tragedy in particular and America in general. Thanks and regards."

A Welcome Sight And Sound

William S. Niederkorn
Culture

In the East Village on Tuesday night, it was as quiet as a winter holiday after a snowstorm, with only an occasional emergency vehicle to be heard. Few pedestrians were out, almost all stores and restaurants were closed and only a couple of empty bars were open with their televisions tuned to the news.

But over the next two nights, with the streets still closed to regular traffic, more and more neighborhood people came out to observe the unusual scene, undeterred even when a change of wind direction brought in acrid air.

On Thursday night, suddenly the sound of cheering and scattered applause could be heard in the distance. Moments later, the sound was heard again, coming closer, and then again, closer still, as a truck rolled slowly up

Third Avenue out of the depths of lower Manhattan.

It was a big flatbed, loaded with rescue workers in yellow hard hats, their feet dangling over the edges as if on a hayride. They smiled as they were cheered all along their route, and some even mustered the strength to wave back.

Something's Missing

Pete Khoury
Metro

I turned 40 a couple of weeks ago. To celebrate, my parents came up here and we did something I've always wanted to do: walk across the Brooklyn Bridge. It was a beautiful day, Aug. 29, and we took pictures with the Manhattan skyline in the background. They're great shots, with the twin towers behind us. Only now, they're not there anymore. Who would have thought that three transient humans would outlive two of the major symbols of this city?

We're here, and they're not.

What's wrong with this picture?

A Childhood Vista

Molly Bloom
Clerical

The only house I ever lived in growing up was in Greenwich Village. If you stood at the sink and looked out the kitchen window through the branches of the tallest Chinese Elm tree in the neighborhood, you could see the twin towers. Three pots of African violets sat on the ledge above the sink and were always part of the view, forming the bottom border, and because of that my mind has always associated the towers with those little purple flowers.

My family moved out of the loft earlier this year, and for the last few days we lived there I often stood looking out of the window over the sink with the African violets to permanently etch the view in my mind.

On Tuesday I was awakened by a call to come to work. I don't have a television and I could sleep soundly if a marching band paraded through my room, so I hadn't heard the news until then. I threw myself into a cab that already had someone in it ("tough, bud-

dy, it's my cab too, now") and headed uptown.

On the Nasdaq screen in Times Square, I saw that the buildings had collapsed. I had thought that the smoke I had seen was from a fire, and that the smoke obscured the towers much like how low clouds would hide them on a rainy day; the possibility that even one of the towers could collapse had not occurred to me. How could that be?

I shared a long gape of horror with the man next to me. We looked downtown at the smoke and back up at the screen, back at each other, back downtown, back up at the screen, which was replaying the collapse over and over

I was shaking and nauseous. My first thought was of horror. My second was of the new skyline, the view from my old home, and the pots of African violets we had on the ledge above the kitchen sink.

The familiar skyline that I had grown up looking at is now changed forever, but I still have my African violets to remind me of growing up with such a perfect view of the twin towers, a view that I am thankful I never took for granted.



ANGEL FRANCO

Times Offers Support and Counseling

BILL SCHMIDT sent this note to the staff on Sept. 13.

None of us has ever quite lived through a story like this. Everyone in this building, in this city, has been touched by what happened downtown, some of you far more than others. And for those of you actively engaged in the coverage, it has been doubly difficult.

In the last few days, too many of you have seen things, done things, photographed things that have sucked the emotional wind out of you. And

this story is not going away anytime soon.

We all know there is a great tradition among journalists to put your feelings and fears behind you, and just get the job done. We applaud you for that kind of professionalism. But we also know just doing your job as a reporter or photographer out in the streets, or as an editor or clerk in the newsroom, take its toll, on you and your family.

Given that blunt reality, we want you to know we are here to help you get through these difficult days. We

can arrange resources and individual counsel. We can organize small sessions, if you choose, where people can come together and share their experiences and reactions. If any of you think such a session would be helpful, please let your supervisor or department head know, and we will organize something.

Both **JENNIFER PRESTON** and I are also available to deal with any questions or concerns you might have. You can call me at x1211, or Jennifer at x4472.

High-Level Negotiations Got the Papers to the People

By Sheryl WuDunn

It's usually a straightforward job to truck the newspapers from New Jersey or Queens every day to doorsteps in Manhattan — except when the borders of Manhattan are closed.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 11, as the newsroom was putting together Wednesday's newspaper, it became clear that we were in a fix. The rest of the country would get The Times, but it was entirely possible that those who saw the World Trade Center collapse so close to home would not.

Because of the local elections, **MARC KRAMER**, senior vice president for production, and his team had planned to run 10 presses, instead of the usual 9, so they could more readily print extra newspapers. But with traffic halted, those presses weren't going to operate if production managers and foremen couldn't get to the plants in the afternoon. And then, even if they did, it looked as though delivery trucks would be turned away at the city line.

At 43rd Street, **SCOTT HEEKIN-CANEDY**, senior vice president for circulation, and his team began discussing how much they would increase the draw. They tentatively decided to raise the draw by nearly 50 percent

of the newsstand sale across the country. As the news developed during the day, they began to think they could go higher, but how high?

They settled on doubling the draw across the board. The Times had not, in more than three decades, doubled the draw.

But the distribution problem in the city remained. Finally, after the Page One meeting ended, **ARTHUR** called Gov. George Pataki and asked for guidance.

He also called the governor's office in New Jersey and was directed to the deputy director of a police agency. The police officer's father had once worked for The Times, so he offered his help. Arthur also called Port Authority officials, but Governor Pataki turned out to be the most cooperative, calling back to make sure that things were "going O.K.," Arthur said.

Arthur also spoke with Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who helped the next day to resolve some distribution problems.

In the end, on Tuesday evening, it was decided that The Times would coordinate all the city newspapers -- The New York Post, The Daily News and The Wall Street Journal -- and the state would provide help.

First, members of the New York State Police escorted several Times plant managers to work at College Point. Then, when the papers were printed, College Point became the muster point for trucks from all the newspapers. Trucks from Edison headed toward New York on the New Jersey Turnpike, with the permission of the New Jersey State Police.

Most trucks from Edison had to head up to the Tappan Zee Bridge and then loop back down over the Whitestone Bridge to College Point. Others, after negotiation with local police in New Jersey, who at first refused passage, were able to cross the George Washington Bridge.

At College Point, at 2:30 a.m., the truck drivers were met by a team of New York State Police officers who, with help from their bomb-sniffing dogs, searched the trucks. Shortly after 3:30 a.m., the first of three caravans of trucks rolled over the Queensboro Bridge under a State Police escort.

A half-hour later, the second caravan left. Around 5 a.m., Marc found himself standing in the middle of the College Point parking lot directing truck traffic. Shortly after that, the third and the biggest caravan, with 25

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How News Technology Kept Us Connected

By Terry Schwadron

The challenge for News Technology in a story like this is apparent: make things easier for reporters and editors to do their work.

From the first moments of chaotic response, it quickly became clear that logistic help might be appropriate: a phone bank, emergency laptops, communications, satellite telephones, coordination with the Systems Department about support for people to get mobile and reach rewrite in a hurry. Within a couple of hours, there were special queues, a war room, a plan for supporting the extended news report.

Keeping a cranky Atex system afloat in an instant crisis proved challenge enough. Add in transportation problems, some ruined connections and the need for a remote newsroom at the Edison plant, and you have the makings of a support problem beyond the usual.

With help from Systems Support, the Systems Department and others, we managed to respond to a variety of problems, big and small, that resulted either from coverage demands or from the terrorist attack itself.

Two of six high-speed communications lines to the Edison plant ran near the World Trade Center towers and were lost. These included our connection to the Internet and a route to send pages to the satellite facility that

feeds national print sites. Networking folks rerouted our communications through a shared Internet line with The Globe, preserving e-mail and Internet searching, though at slower speeds.

By Wednesday, network people switched us once again to a new connection through the Shared Services Center in Norfolk, Va.

What we had was the equivalent of a national election night, and the pressures on our systems were intense. The first night was rocky, with system problems leaping around the room in

succession. By Wednesday, we put into effect some restrictions that kept the systems steady.

Under pressure, we developed databases to track casualties, to make stories and notes searchable, to track investigative leads.

We opened a newsroom at Edison for a dozen and a half editors who could not get to 43rd Street, and equipped correspondents with satellite telephones to get to Pakistan. We helped encode special headlines, and managed the system resources to keep crashes at bay.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
1	You Want HOW Many Words on This Story?							
2								
3			Sections A or B	Business	Week in Review	Science Times	Total Pages	Words
4	Wednesday	Sept. 12	25.00	2.50			27.50	82,500
5	Thursday	Sept. 13	25.00	3.50			28.50	85,500
6	Friday	Sept. 14	25.00	2.00			27.00	81,000
7	Saturday	Sept. 15	21.00	3.75			24.75	74,250
8	Sunday	Sept. 16	23.00	6.00	6.00		35.00	105,000
9	Monday	Sept. 17	13.00	6.30			19.30	57,900
10	Tuesday	Sept. 18	11.00	7.00		4.75	22.75	68,250
11	Wednesday	Sept. 19	11.00	5.00			16.00	48,000
12	Thursday	Sept. 20	13.00	3.30			16.30	48,900
13								
14	Total		167.00	39.35	6.00	4.75	217.10	651,300
15								

So just how big was the story? Using the tried and true news design estimate of being able to get 75 inches of type on a page, at 40 words an inch, here is an estimate from one man, PETER PUTRIMAS. This includes only direct coverage of the story and not coverage that appeared in other themed sections like Sports and Weekend.

Negotiations

(Continued from Page 21)

Times trucks, and about 20 from the other newspapers, was on its way over the bridge. After the trucks got into the city, the state police headed down to ground zero.

Though the trucks couldn't get to Staten Island, one of them parked in front of The Times building and became a makeshift newsstand, selling

papers to eager readers, who had lined up around the block. In all, we sold about 400,000 extra papers around the country that day.

The next day, The Times tripled the draw.

In the end, Wednesday's issue turned out to be much more than just a daily paper. People lined up on 43rd Street on Wednesday evening to buy it. We sold every copy we had available, include more than 10,000 that

came back from the field, and the demand from dealers continued.

On Friday, another 100,000 copies of the Wednesday issue were printed, and are being sold this week at locations in the metropolitan area at standard cover price. Plans were also under way to sell that issue nationally.

By Friday afternoon, through our back-copy phone number, readers had ordered 15,000 extra copies of that memorable Sept. 12 issue.