



Volume 39, Number 9

Newsletter of the Ship Model Society of New Jersey

September 2021

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The September Meeting of SMSNJ will be in person at the Roseland Library. The meeting will be;

September 28, 2021 at 7:00 PM (1900).

Next Tech Session

The Tech Session for the September Meeting is; "Bring a Model".

SATURDAY WORKSHOPS

Saturday workshops coming back soon!. Stay tuned!

Meeting Report: The virtual meeting was called to order by President Bill Brown at 1900 on Tuesday, August 24, 2021. There were twenty three members and six guests. Welcome to you all. Bill noted that this will be our last virtual only meeting as we have been invited back to the Roseland Library. Bill notes that we do plan to continue with a virtual presence even when we meet in person. We are working out the logistics to make that happen. Tom expects that a mask will be required, at a minimum, if you are not vaccinated. See the special announcement for further details.

The Treasurer reported of transactions for the month and the balance in the SMSNJ bank account.

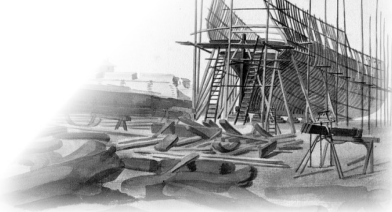
Before we closed, Roy Goroski stated how he appreciated the zoom meetings and the many new friends that joined us during the pandemic. Thank you Roy!.

We are back at Roseland Library!

Great news! Our September meeting will be in person at the Roseland Library. Additionally, we will be continuing with a virtual presence using Zoom. As this will be our first time back at the library in over a year and the first time that we will be adding a virtual tie in we expect a bit of a learning curve to deal with the logistics. We ask your patience as we work this out. Additionally, we expect that we will need one or two volunteers to pass around a microphone or move a camera. I am confident that this will be a great new phase for us.

Tom Ruggiero Editor

OLD BUSINESS



NEW BUSINESS



Northeast Joint Clubs

The Northeast Joint Clubs meeting will be Saturday, October 2, 2021 - 9:00 AM to 3:00 PM Port'n'Starbord Convention Center Ocean Beach Park, New London, Connecticut. This year's conference is sponsored by the USS Constitution Ship Craft Guild.

There will be the usual very large model display, vendors, lunch, round table demonstrations, door prizes, and an after lunch speaker. Registration is open now. As is every year, the sooner you get your registration in, the lower the cost. The Jim Roberts Competition will occur. This is a winner take all competition honoring one of our Plank Owners, Jim Roberts.

It also has been decided that the 2022 Northeast Joint Clubs will go back to its traditional Saturday in April. The 2022 Conference will be hosted by the Philadelphia Ship Model Society.

National Lighthouse Museum

We will be exhibiting on Saturday, November 13, 2021. The National Lighthouse Museum in Staten Island is a great venue that we have been to several times. The Lighthouse Museum will do all publicity for the exhibit and demonstration. If you haven't participated before, come this time.

Nautical Research Guild Charter Club Renewal

The Charter Club renewal is due in November. Given that we will be back to meeting in person, it is recommended that we include liability insurance with our renewal. The motion was proposed and unanimously approved at the meeting.

BOOKS AND PUBS



There were no Books or Publications this meeting.

THE NAUTICAL RESEARCH GUILD

"ADVANCING SHIP MODELING THROUGH RESEARCH"

Annual membership includes our world-renowned quarterly magazine, Nautical Research Journal, which features photographs and articles on ship model building, naval architecture, merchant and naval ship construction, maritime trade, nautical and maritime history, nautical archaeology and maritime art.

Other benefits include discounts on annual conferences, ship modeling seminars, NRG products and juried model competitions which are offered exclusively to Guild members. We hope you will consider joining our ongoing celebration of model ships and maritime history.



For more information contact us at: www.thenrg.org or call 585 968 8111

Tech Session

"Total Navy" by Capt. Jack Novack

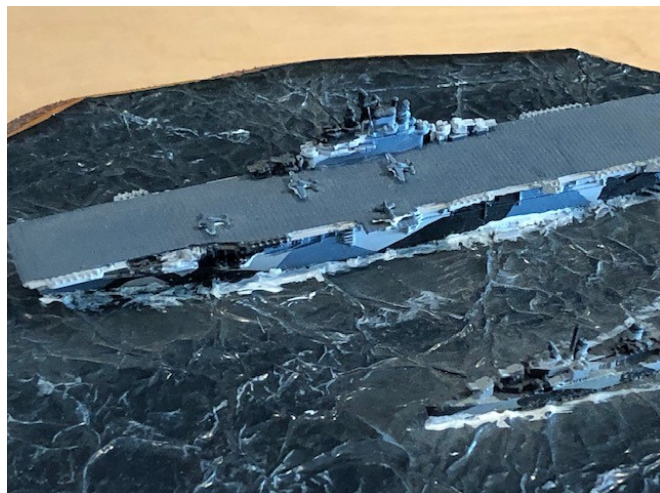
Mason Logie introduced the presenter of tonight's presentation. He met Jack about twenty five years ago at a small Hobby Shop in Manhattan. He now has a website and can obtain just about any plastic ship model kit that is produced. Jack described many of the models that he has built as well as the different techniques that he used such as the use of stretched sprue for rigging or handrails and wire insulation for floats and buoys. If you plan to build any US Naval vessel a very good source is Navsource.org. On this site you can search by ship name and type. There is ships data as well as several photographs.



For making water, Jack uses Acrylic gel. It is available online as well as in most art stores. The gel applies like shaving cream and dries clear. Jack puts down a first layer. He then adds successive layers and uses a toothpick to tease in wavelets and ripples. He paints the 'water' with acrylic. While many use cyanoacrylate for attaching photoetch railing, Jack has found that white Elmer's glue works well and allows some adjustment before it sets up. He made flood light lenses by rolling table pad material into the photoetch of the light. He described several other techniques as well.

The water for the diorama shown here was made with aluminum foil. The models in this case were 1:2000.

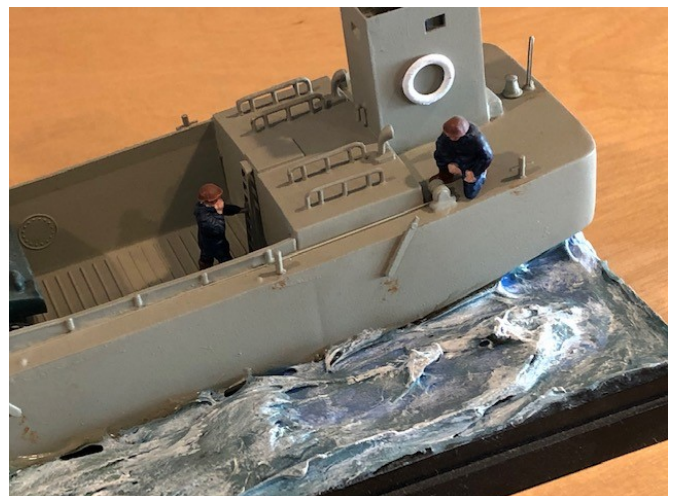
His site includes photoetched crew figures that have been painted so that they have dimension rather than being flat. The inspiration for Jack's website came to him after reading "Hunt for Red October". The website is very extensive, so go visit TotalNavy.com. Thank you, Capt. Jack, for a great presentation.



Tech Session

"Total Navy" by Capt. Jack Novack

Here are a few more photographs of Jack's collection.



The Broadaxe

SHOW &
TELL



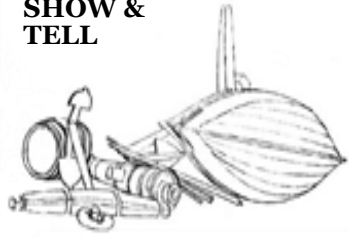
HMS Victory, English 1st Rate,
Scale 1:72, Modified Caldercraft Kit
(54 x 21 x 37 inches)

- Mort Stoll

Mort continues working on Victory. He has now detailed the entry ports including the assist ropes up to the entry port and then on to the main deck. Nicely done Mort.



**SHOW &
TELL**



HMS Winchelsea, English 5 th Rate,

Scale 1:48, Syren Shipmodel

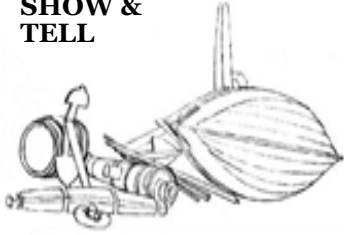
(40 x 8 x 10 inches)

- Joe Lorenzo

Joe is building HMS Cheerful, also from Syren. He last completed the 14 gun carriages. He started Winchelsea pre-covid but put it aside while he was working Cheerful to remove the distraction. He brought it out to show some visitors recently and that along with a motivating post on MSW got him back to Winchelsea. The four upright clamps are used as a stand before planking starts. The bulkheads are all in and faired. The various clips are to prevent snapping the bulwark extensions on the bulkheads. This is quite a beautiful project Joe.



SHOW & TELL



HMS Thorn, English 6 th Rate, Scale 1:48

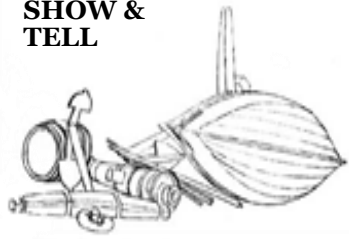
- Kevin Kenny

Kevin is currently working on the main deck structures of his model. He is making gratings for his model of HMS Thorn that is detailed on Model Ship World (MSW). He has posted a video for making the gratings (Video 79 HMS Thorn Making Ships Gratings on a Jim Byrnes saw. The upper deck). I have seen the video, and it is outstanding. The descriptions that Kevin has provided in his log on MSW are a practicum of building and fabrication of parts that can be applied to any sailing ship model. You really need to add his log as a favorite.



The Broadaxe

SHOW & TELL



Yankee Hero,- USA 1754,1:48 - Mike Waller

Mike continues the work on Yankee Hero. He has completed the hull, interior, and installed the bowsprit and sheet iron. He is proceeding to the spars. Good progress Mike.



The second item that Mike displayed is a pond yacht that his late Father got from Snugg Harbor. It is sailor built and Mike's Farther acquired it when he was 13. It will sail, but Mike doesn't yet know if he will refurbish it or just clean it up.



The Broadaxe

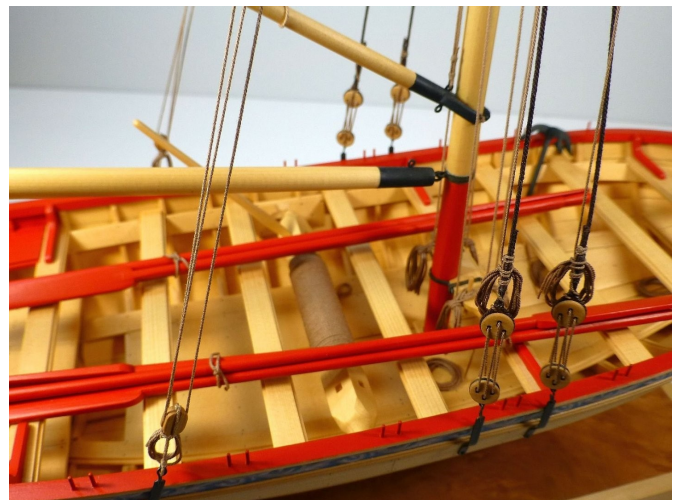
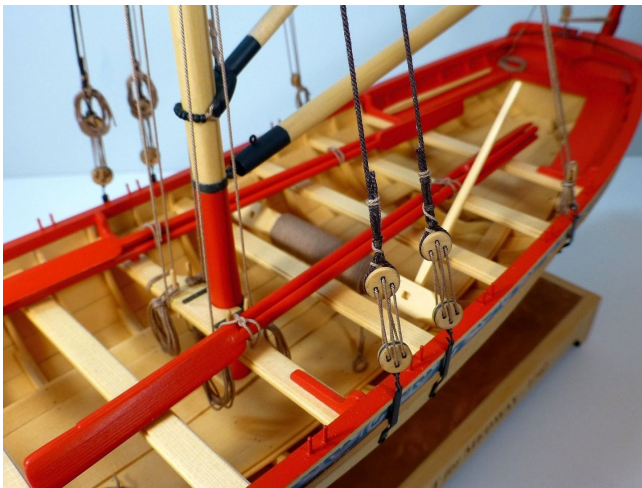
SHOW & TELL



Medway Longboat, English, 1742, 1:24

- Ryland Craze

Ryland has completed his long boat. (Ryland brought the model to Modelcon. It looks great! Editor). This is a day of celebration for Ryland. Great job!



The Broadaxe

SHOW & TELL



Skipjack, USA

- Steve Fletcher

The Skipjack is finished! The rigging of especially the jib was very complicated. He got some help from books on Skipjack books. He put crushed oyster shells in the basket. He put slip knots on the furling sail at the boom. As a surgeon, knots are a specialty. The model is in an acrylic case now.

Well done Steve.



An SMSNJ Member Remembers

This month marked 20 years since our nation was attacked. Many of use will remember where we were and how our lives changed. I received the following from Mason Loggie. It was written many years ago, and it is a bit long, but very thought provoking and something to remember.

Monday, September 10, 2001

At 8:00 AM I arrived at my office building located at 40 Rector Street, which is located three short blocks south of the World Trade Center. I went to lunch at 12:00 PM and walked up West Street past the World Trade Center and the Marriott Hotel (which collapsed as well the next day) and made a deposit at a cash machine one block north of the Trade Center. I then returned by walking through the underground mall of the Trade Center and stopped by a magazine store, checking an ad in a magazine, which I had placed in regarding a tour I was running to Indonesia in 2002. I also stopped by the Hallmark store, which had several items on sale for Halloween and Christmas. When I walked out of the Trade Center mall, I didn't know it would be my last time. At 4:00 PM I said good night to my supervisor Sandra Williams and reminded her that I was taking the next day off because I was working in the primary election for a candidate who was running for the New York City Council. Ms. Williams wished me a good night and said she would see me on Wednesday. (I didn't know it but it would be the last time I would see Mr. Salas, a co-worker. He was an elderly man in his seventies, who had a heart condition. He would die the next day from a heart attack, when he got caught in a dust cloud in front of our building after tower two collapsed).

Tuesday, September 11, 2001

At 4:30AM I got up out of bed had a quick shower and breakfast and reported to my candidate's headquarters. I was then sent to a school on Staten Island as a poll watcher at 6:00 AM. When I arrived at the school I was met by a New York City Police Officer in uniform. The officer informed me that it was his first time being assigned to work at a polling place during an election. Usually he is assigned to the Organized Crime Control Bureau, in Brooklyn, and worked in plain clothes. Several other poll workers were already in the school working. A short while later a friend of mine Cindy Voorspeys, who I knew from my hiking club, came by and voted. She informed me that she was on her way to Manhattan to work for another candidate for city council. I told her I would call her later that night. Several persons came by and voted early in morning.

At about 8:55 AM the police officer turn to me with his hand held radio and said that an airplane had just flown into the north tower of the World Trade Center. I asked him if it had been a small plane, but he replied it had apparently been an airliner. The other poll workers were just as surprised as I was. On the officer's radio I heard a radio operator request that all radio channels be cleared for the Boro Command, and for emergency response units only. I heard several emergency units responding by radio to the Trade Center. About a half-hour later the officer reported that a second plane had just flown into the south tower. At that point the officer, the other poll workers, and I concluded that it had to be some type of terrorist attack. A few minutes later an unmarked police car pulled up in front of the school. A plain-clothes officer came running out of the car and rushed into the school. This officer said that he had to say good night to his wife, a school employee, because he knew he wouldn't be coming home that night. He told me that I should go see the Trade Center Towers on fire for it's something to see. Based on what the officer told me I had to go to see for myself.

I got into my car and drove about ten minutes to Bay Street, on Staten Island. (Bay Street runs along the North Shore of Staten Island. It has a beautiful view of New York Harbor and the skyscraper office buildings on the southern tip of Manhattan). When I arrived I noticed several individuals were standing on the sidewalks next to a promenade that overlooked Manhattan. Some of them had binoculars and others had telescopes. But all of then where looking at the twin towers of the Trade Center. I also looked at the twin towers in sudden disbelief. They looked like two factory chimneys belching smoke. The smoke was now rising high into the sky. All I could think about was the poor persons who had either died or were still in the twin towers. I watched this sight for approximately three minutes, and then I couldn't look anymore. I then turned my car around and returned to the school. (cont'd)

An SMSNJ Member Remembers (cont'd)

When I walked back into that school I didn't have a very good feeling inside. Someone had just brought a radio to the school. In a short while we were informed that another plane had just been flown into the Pentagon, Washington, D.C. It was also reported that another plane, which was apparently on its way to Washington but had just crashed in Pennsylvania. Later the officer informed us that he had just heard over his radio that the south tower of the Trade Center had collapsed. I then listen in on the officer's radio. I heard another police officer screaming over the radio that he had just been buried alive in the rubble. There was several more sounds coming over the radio I heard the same officer say that he and his partner had just dug themselves out that he had a broken wrist and to please call his wife to say that he was okay also. There were other reports coming over the radio of other police officers and fire fighters being buried in the rubble of the Trade Center.

I also heard over the radio a report from a Staten Island Ferryboat, which was in New York Harbor, and heading towards Manhattan. The boat was apparently taking additional police officers, fire fighters, and medical personnel to Trade Center site. The boat reported that a dust cloud from the collapsed towers had just covered over the ferry dock at the tip of Manhattan and the boat couldn't be docked. A radio operator told the boat to try and dock at Thirty-fourth Street in Manhattan.

By this time all the school employees seemed to stop working. Several of them found television sets or radios and brought them out into the polling area. A short while later the officer again informed us that the north tower had just collapsed as well. Parents began showing up at the school and removing their children.

At about 11:AM it was announced over the radio that the primary election had been canceled by New York's governor, and would be rescheduled for another day. (The poll workers were later informed by phone). Several poll workers wondered if they should take a vote count before they closed. I recalled saying that because all that was going on that it was foolish to take a vote count. However, no count was taken and the voting machines were closed up. (It should be noted that one of our campaign workers had voted at 6:00 AM and then reported to work in the trade center. She was never heard from again, and her vote never counted).

I reported back to my candidates headquarters and everyone was watching a television, several had tears in their eyes. I also managed to make a phone call to my parents in New Jersey to tell them I was okay. My candidate Michael McMahon asked a group of us if we wanted to join him, in giving blood at St. Vincent's Hospital, which was across the street from the campaign headquarters. About twelve volunteers and I then went with him to give blood. (cont'd)

When we arrived at the hospital several persons were already there waiting to give blood. Of all things I ran into Cindy Voorspay who was giving blood as well and we gave each other a hug. She told me after she had voted she had gone to the Staten Island Ferry Terminal and boarded a ferry to Manhattan. On the ferry she was able to see the north tower on fire and then saw the second plane hit the south tower. It was then announced, over her ferry's public address system that the boat wasn't leaving for Manhattan because of the situation at the Trade Center. She and the other passengers were instructed to disembark.

After about an hour I was able to give blood. I have to admit I don't like needles and don't like to give blood that often. But all I could think about was if my blood was going to keep a firefighter or someone's parent alive, then I wanted to give it. While I was giving blood I had a nice nurse taking it from me. My nurse also told me in a very quite voice that the husband of the nurse who was working behind her had responded to the trade center with an Emergency Service Unit. So far no one has heard anything about her husband or his fate. She then said despite the fact that they had no word about her husband her co-worker was working away like nothing had happened. I sat up and looked at her co-worker who appeared to be very busy. I quietly told my nurse not to say anything to her co-worker. Her co-worker had to keep busy and to keep her mind from thinking about her husband. After I had given blood I gave my nurse a hug. I then wished her good luck because she was going to have a busy night and walked away. As I walked out of the hospital door there were about five to six hundred people now waiting to give blood. The Hospital at this time was taking names only and telling the people that arrangements would be made for them to come another day to give.

It should be noted that several hundred Staten Island and New York City residents went to their local hospitals on this day to give blood. So much blood was given that by the end of the week the blood banks were full. (cont'd)

An SMSNJ Member Remembers (cont'd)

I returned to my neighborhood late in the afternoon. My apartment is only a five-minute walk to a park that has a beautiful view on lower New York harbor, and the New York skyline. A crowd had gathered in the park and every one was looking to where the Twin Towers once stood. I looked at where the towers had once stood, but nothing but smoke was now coming from the ground.

In my apartment turned on the television and watched the local news but I couldn't watch it for long. (The scene of a person jumping from one of towers just sickened me.) As I was listening to the news I heard the mayor request that all retired police officers and firemen contact the city because they were now apparently again needed. I was neither but I called Boro police command for Staten Island anyway. I explained to the female detective who answered the phone, that I worked for another city agency plus I had wilderness first aid training from my hiking club. She instructed me to come on down, that they could use all the help they could get at this time.

I drove to the Borough command where I was instructed by a police officer to report to a field at South Beach Park. It was the staging area for all the retired cops and civilian who were coming to volunteer. When I arrived I met a retired police captain named Ruff, who had just set up a command post on one of the park's picnic tables. I identified myself to him and told him that I had first aid training. He told me that he was glad to have me. He told me that several of the retired officers were at a nearby hospital, to help to set up a helicopter landing area. (It was thought at the time that there would be thousand of persons with injuries. But no helicopter ever came and all injured persons that were still alive were treated in Manhattan. Only about thirty were treated in Staten Island Hospitals. I went to the hospital and stood around for a while with some of the retired officers. After an hour I was told I wasn't needed but to report back the staging area the next morning.

That night I didn't sleep that well, I just want to get up and do something.

Wednesday, September 12th, 2001

I'm not sure what time I got up in the morning but I turned on TV and it was reported all the buildings below Canal Street in Manhattan were closed for the day. Since my building was below Canal Street I knew I would not be going into work. Also, the magnitude of the tragedy was starting to become clear. About three hundred and fifty firefighters, seventy-eight police officers, and several thousand civilians were missing and presumed dead.

At about 9:00 AM I again reported to the staging area at South Beach Park. I was stopped by a police officer, who requested some identification from me. I identified myself as an employee of the Civilian Complaint Review Board. The officer told me that it didn't matter whether I was C.C.R.B. or I.A.B, everyone could be used. About one hundred fifty retired police officers showed up at the staging area. Some of them were used to deliver some supplies later in the day to ground zero. So stayed for a while and then went home. Everyone who was there wanted to go to the Trade Center and be involved. During the day several boxes of medical supplies were donated at the staging area. Several volunteers and I spent a good part of the day sorting the medical supplies and handing them out to the other volunteers. Also, several civilians who had first aid training like myself arrived and were allowed to stay.

During the day several building contractors came to the staging area and offered to provide bulldozers, dump trucks, and other equipment. Several restaurants came by and donated food to our group.

Several times during the day there was rumors that we would be used because the present workers at the Trade Center were becoming exhausted. At one point they informed the group that because of the conditions at the site we had to wear hiking boots. So I went right home and got mine and returned. I also called my mother to tell her that I might be going to ground zero, which she wasn't all that happy to hear. I told her not to worry that was like when I went scuba diving, and I would watch myself. (cont'd)

An SMSNJ Member Remembers (cont'd)

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At 7:00 PM, a police lieutenant came by wearing a white shirt, who appeared to be from the Staten Island Boro command. He called our group together and stated that he felt it was stupid that our group of volunteers were now standing around doing nothing. He then informed us that the Staten Island dump had just reopened and the debris from Trade Center were being taken there to be searched for evidence by the FBI and the A.T.F. The lieutenant informed us that he was going to have our group taken by bus to the dump and demand that the FBI use us.

Captain Ruff had us line up in formation to be counted. The retired officers and the civilians were lined up in separate groups. It was funny to seeing the retired officers (men in there fifties and sixties), lining up as if for a precinct roll call as though they were in there twenties again. The civilians including my self lined up the best we could. In the mean time two Transit Authority buses arrived at the staging area. Captain Ruff then announced that only six civilian volunteers with medical training would be going to the dump. I was one of the six volunteers' chosen and I felt very lucky. I was glad that I was finally able to do something, even though I wasn't going the Trade Center site. The six civilian volunteers and I boarded one of the buses first. The other two buses were quickly filled with the retired officers. Once the buses were filled two marked police cars with their lights flashing pulled up. One of the cars was positioned in front of the buses and the other one was behind. The buses and escorting police cars then drove off towards the Staten Island Expressway. Once on the expressway it was thrilling for me to be on a bus with police escort. In the bus there was already talk about whether the world trade center should be rebuilt or not. There was some agreement that whatever buildings were built they should not be built as high.

About a half-hour later that bus pulled in front of the Staten Island dump. Some men wearing blue jackets with FBI printed on them came out to greet the buses. There was some talk between several police officers and the agents. A short while later a police sergeant entered the bus and announced that our group was going to be used to search through the trade center debris for evidence, now at the dump. Every one on the bus was pleased. The buses entered the dump, then proceeded up a winding road, to the top of a hill. There stood some big white pieces of concrete debris lit up by giant floodlights. Men in shiny white plastic suits were searching through the debris, and were wearing gas masks. It was a strange sight as though I entered the twilight zone. The same buildings that I walked through on Monday were now being searched for criminal evidence in the Staten Island dump.

As our group got off the buses a police sergeant called us all together. The same sergeant told the retired police officers that there were several jump suits near by and to put them on. He also told the retired officers that while they had several years of experience, that the FBI was in charge of the site, and although the FBI agents might be younger they were to listen to them. The other civilian volunteers and I were instructed to find a site and set up a medical aid station, so as to treat anyone who was in need.

The same sergeant then introduced police Lieutenant Tom Zerrella as the Commanding Officer now in charge of the dump, stated we were to take orders from Lt. Zerrella. It turned out that I had interviewed Lt. Zerrella, as a witness, in one of my C.C.R.B. investigations. So I went up introduced myself and he recognized me. He and I kidded each on how far the Staten Island dump was from C.C.R.B. He and I spoke on how much debris had been removed so far. That it was only a small fraction, which had just been brought to the dump. It then dawned on both of us that it was going to take months or quite possibly a year to remove all the debris from the Trade Center site.

I then joined the five other civilians as we looked for a site to set a medical aid station. The retired officers were busy trying to squeeze them selves into plastic jump suits. It was at that point that I noticed Lt. Zerrella several other police officials talking with some FBI agents. I overheard one of the agents saying they couldn't have the retired police officers searching for evidence because they were no longer city employees. If they got injured they could sue the FBI. However, he would call his supervisor and check. Five minutes later the agent returned and said he was sorry but he couldn't have the retired officers on the scene. (cont'd)

An SMSNJ Member Remembers (cont'd)

The police sergeant then called everyone in our group together. Apologizing that couldn't be used for the above stated reasons. He told us to return to the buses, which take us to the staging area. Several retired officers yelled expletives that I can't print. One of them yelled out that it was no wonder that FBI stood for "Famous but Incompetent". (I kind of got the impression that New York City Police officers either on the job, or retired, don't have a high regard for the FBI. This incident only reinforced that thought). Several of the retired officers took off the plastic jump suites they were wearing and threw them on the ground in disgust. We then boarded the buses and returned to the staging area.

When we arrive back at the staging area there was a reporter from the Staten Island Advance our local newspaper. Several retired officers were around her venting their feelings. It was at that this point the reporter expressed surprise that the dump had been reopened. (I should added that I moved to Staten Island fourteen years ago and all during those years the residents of my Boro fought to close the dump. It was finally closed supposedly for good in July. However, it was reopened after September 11th). I had enough for one day, so I went home and was and finally able to rest.

Thursday September 13, 2001

At about 9:00 AM I again reported to the staging area where Congressman Veto Fossil's wife accompanied Captain Ruff. She was there at her husband's request to determine we could still be utilized. Captain Ruff hadn't anything at point for us to be unutilized. Some of the retired police officers and I went to an office in a local building and made some phone calls to some retired police officers to find out what their skills were and if they were available. But a short while later we were told to stop, and ordered to return to the staging area.

At about 10:00 AM a nurse from a New Jersey hospital arrived at the staging area, volunteering her services. Captain Ruff told her that they were turning away doctors and nurses from the Trade Center site, but that she could go to the Javit's center in Manhattan. However, they had several thousand people at the center for the past few days, and New York City didn't know what to do with them. In fact they were only using construction workers and persons specializing in debris removal.

Captain Ruff told me he didn't think there was a need for my services at that point, and I could go home. I left returning to my apartment. It was obvious that my volunteering time was over. I would have the next seven weeks off from work, because my office building was in the frozen zone. No one was able to enter my building. (The next day Captain Ruff disbanded his command post, as there was no further need for volunteers).

Wednesday September 19th, 2001.

By now I had received several phone calls and e-mails from persons asking if I was okay, in light of the past few days. Since I was off from work my friend Yolanda came over and help me install a new bookcase in my apartment. After we were done, and as she was leaving, I got a phone call. A call that I knew I was probably going to get, but I didn't know when. It was the phone call that several thousands of people received after September 11th, and I was now getting one. It was Fran Bello, from my Appalachian Mountain hiking club, to informing me that Swarna Chalasani; a fellow club member was missing from the North Tower, and probably dead. The phone call hit like a thunderbolt. Swarna had been on my whitewater rafting trip to the Thousand Islands, in up state New York, on Memorial Day Weekend. Everyone on the trip had liked her. She was only thirty-three, but the vice-president for one of the financial houses in the Trade Center. Swarna and I had spoken after the trip and informed me that she had good time, and would be signing up on another one of my trips in the future. Fran told me that her parent's still hadn't given up hope. I told my friend Yolanda what the phone call was about with tears in my eyes. There were tears in her eyes as well. (It's the middle of December and Swarna's body hasn't been recovered at this time. Her parents finally did have a memorial service for her in November).

On Monday the 24th, my supervisor from work called and informed me about Mr. Salas. She also wasn't sure when we would be going back to work. The office building was still closed. (cont'd)

An SMSNJ Member Remembers (cont'd)

Thursday, October 4th, 2001

I finally was able to get to my office building and see the area. I first found building five from the Trade Center. It was still standing but was now a burned out hulk. I was sad to see this for it had a bookstore, where over the years I had brought several books. I got to Rector and Washington Streets. When I looked up Washington Street to where south tower of the Trade Center had stood, I was shocked at what I saw. Where on Monday September 10th, there had been a 110-story skyscraper, now is a four-story pile of debris. I stood and looked at it for about twenty minutes in disbelief. My office building, which is near by, was undamaged. As I returned to the Staten Island ferry, I walked past Battery Park, located at the southern tip of Manhattan and was now an encampment for the National Guard, and had several tents spread out on the park lawns.

EPILOGUE

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I returned to work on October 25th, and was finally able to hear my co-workers stories. One had just walked in to the door of our office, when she heard an explosion. She went to the lobby window and saw a tire from the plane that hit the north tower, roll down the street and come to a stop at the bottom of a street sign. Three of our office managers went to the south tower to see what they could do. All of them witnessed people jumping from the buildings. Also, when the south tower collapsed one of them witnessed a woman yelling hysterically. He ran over tackled this woman to the ground and rolled himself on top of her. He probably saved the woman's life, but cracked a rib while getting her to the ground. He and the woman were caught in a dust cloud. When the air cleared there were several inches of white dust around them. The woman took this manger to her friend's apartment, which was near by, and he was able to clean himself up. Several other co-workers got caught in the dust clouds as well.

I met a woman on the bus the other day that had gotten out of the 90th floor of the south tower. When the first plane hit the north tower she got up and left her office with several co-workers and started to walk down the emergency stairs to the ground floor. After they had gone down three flights of stairs two of her co-workers said they had forgot something's. So they went back to their office and she never saw them again. She and the other co-workers kept going. At the third floor from the ground when the second plane hit the south tower, the building swayed, but they kept going. At the ground floor she was met by a police officer, who told her to run. She told the officer she couldn't because she had just come down from the 90th floor and was exhausted. The officer picked her up on his shoulder took her across the street and put her inside the lobby of another building. The officer then went back to the trade center, and she never saw the officer again. When towers collapsed, she was safe inside the building that officer had put her in.

I met a police officer several days later who arrived on the scene a few hours after the towers had collapsed. He said it was something to see for there were about five hundred injured persons on the ground being treated around the site. He also had the job of collecting the bodies of the people who had jumped. He told me most of these people were badly burned. They made a choice of either burning to death or end it by jumping. A choice he hoped (and I hope) he would never have to make. He also told me that he was wearing a surgical mask the kind they wear in hospitals, which didn't do much good. He told me that the air he and the other rescue workers were breathing contained PCBs and asbestos. He told me that later they found the body of one of a stewardess, on top of one of the buildings. She had been bound and gagged. They found body parts of one of the terrorist. He had been apparently catapulted from the plane when it hit the building, and his body was apparently pulled apart by the force.

Later I was told that several rescue workers had been pulled from the trade center site because they had lung ailments and were having hard time breathing. Apparently this was because of the contaminants in the air they breathed. (cont'd)

An SMSNJ Member Remembers (cont'd)

My borough, Staten Island lost about two hundred people in the trade center attack. Also, three hundred and thirty children lost parents. A firehouse not far from my apartment had fourteen firemen respond to the scene, but only one came back. The firehouse has become Staten Islands shrine to September 11th.

At the present time, many people can't stop talking about September 11th, and what they did. Others like my office building security guard can't talk about it. They saw too much of the body parts near our office building, and the people jumping out of the towers.

After I returned to work I read in a newspaper that several restaurants in my neighborhood had lost a lot of business since September 11th. So I arranged meet and greets for my office building on November 8th and 27th. Both events were attended by about thirty-fourty people, and were greatly appreciated by the restaurants.

IN RETROSPECT

Ten years ago when I was working as a private investigator I had finger printed a fellow on one of the upper floors of the south tower, for a brokerage license. I remember as I was finger printing him looking out his window. I though at that time he had a great view of New York Harbor. But I was glad I wasn't in his office on September 11th. Last year I interviewed for a job with the State of New York Agency on the 80th floor of the south tower, but I didn't take the job. I'm very glad that I didn't take the job when it was offered to me. For that agency lost forty-nine employees in the attack.

I have to say that the Twin Towers were never my favorite buildings, and I had never been to the observation deck, or to the restaurant Windows of the World. When I had visitors come to New York. I always took them to the Empire State Building. However, I enjoyed the mall at the ground floor, which I found a great place to shop during my lunch breaks.

The other day one of my co-workers was telling me how lucky I was that I was not at work on September 11th. That I was immune from the horror, which every one else saw. He might have been right. However, if had been there I would have done what ever I could.

On September 11th, and the days after, like most people I wanted to do more then I did. I also realize that I did more than most people. Most of the people like myself who volunteered wanted to do something. Like myself they weren't able to do as much as they wanted. I have to say now in some ways I'm glad that I had taken the day off and was not at work on September 11th. I'm satisfied with what I did do on those days in September, and I'll always remember them. I'll also remember training Mr. Salas on how to use a computer at work, and how happy he was when he could use one. Additionally I'll remember Swarna having the time of her life on my whitewater-rafting trip last Memorial Day weekend.

Every day when I walk up Washington Street to work I see the ruins of the south tower. Smoke is still coming from fires that are still burning deep inside the debris that hasn't been removed. The fires are the last bit of terror from September 11th that hasn't died yet. Building number five was torn down this week, and is just a pile of rubble. Building number four is being torn down as well. In addition a building know as Three World Financial Center, had a piece of metal, from the north tower, going into it for seven stories. This metal piece was finally removed from the building. However, several stories of the building's southeast corner had to be torn down to remove it.

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The Ship Model Society of New Jersey



The Broadaxe is published monthly by The Ship Model Society of New Jersey (SMSNJ), a nonprofit organization dedicated to teaching and promoting ship modeling and maritime history. Membership dues are

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Regular meetings are held on the fourth Tuesday of every month at 6:45 PM, at the Roseland Free Public Library, 20 Roseland Avenue, Roseland, New Jersey. Guests are always welcome.

Contributions to *The Broadaxe* are always welcome, and SMSNJ members are encouraged to participate. Articles, shop hints and news items may be submitted directly to the Editor as typed manuscript or electronic files, either on discs or by email. Handwritten notes or other materials will be considered depending on the amount of editing and preparation involved.

The Broadaxe is edited by Tom Ruggiero. Your ideas and suggestions are always welcome. Please submit them to Steve Maggipinto at trugs@comcast.net.

If any member would like an email copy of the roster, please drop a note to Tom Ruggiero at the email address listed below. If there is an error in the roster let Tom know and the roster will be amended. Please make sure that your spam filter is not blocking emails from Tom because if it is, you won't get member bulletins. Please keep your contact information up to date. Your email address is particularly important because that is the main avenue of communication for club announcements. In case of emergencies such as last-minute cancellations due to weather, emails will be sent to the members. Direct All Correspondence to Tom Ruggiero.

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