

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK

Living and working just a few blocks from the World Trade Center, **Allen Hanaïke '85** and **Kalei Kekuna '95** wake up to a Sept. 11 that the world will never forget

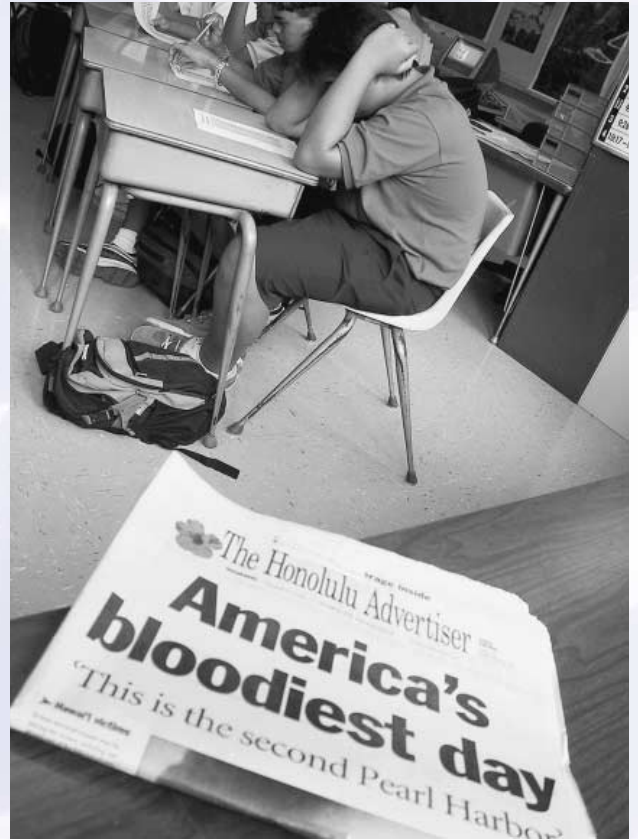
Like everyone else in America, life changed for Kamehameha Schools alumni on Sept. 11, 2001. In fact, some were lucky to escape with their lives.

Chester Char '80, an Army captain, works in the section of the Pentagon just to the left of where a hijacked airplane crashed, killing nearly 100 people. He was attending a meeting in the section that took the hit and left the area only minutes before tragedy struck.

Kirk Durante '70, an Army Lt. Col. also assigned to the Pentagon, was late for work that morning. He had stopped at the post office to pick up a package sent to him by Kamehameha's Alumni Relations staff and then decided to have breakfast with his wife.

Gail Agas '00, a student at NYU, heard the explosion when one of the planes hit the World Trade Center and saw debris flying in the air. "She is fine but in shock," her mother reported to I Mua.

Two Kamehameha graduates, Allen Hanaïke and Kalei Kekuna, live and work in Manhattan and experienced the horror of Sept. 11 firsthand. Allen is a telecommunications manager with AT&T and Kalei is an account executive with MTV. The following articles, reprinted with their permission, are e-mails sent from the two to loved ones in the hours and days succeeding the attack.



"Needless to say, we've all been having trouble sleeping."

— KALEI KEKUNA

PM OKAY - MY STORY

By Kalei Kekuna

(Sept. 13): Hi everyone. I'm doing okay, but still shaken up.

Even today, on Thursday, there are cops everywhere, on every street corner. There are still huge Air Force F-16s flying over Manhattan, circling to protect us. Smoke is still coming in from downtown and sometimes it's too overwhelming to be outside – you can smell the putrid remains of the burning buildings.

It's amazing to see the footage of the World Trade Center now. I was just down there a month or so ago with my parents, walking around the shops, milling around outside as we bought sunglasses and postcards. Now it is gone – completely obliterated. When I see the newsreel of the rubble and debris, this does not look like downtown Manhattan. I feel like I'm looking at a war zone in another part of the world.

On Tuesday, I had gotten into work a little late due to a slow subway car. (I work in the

MTV Viacom building on 44th and Broadway in midtown.) As soon as I got out of the subway, there were ambulances and police cars racing past us on Broadway, rushing toward downtown. I ran to my floor and saw all of my co-workers crowded around the television, watching the second plane crash into the tower. We realized we were under attack.

We were told by managers to evacuate the building, most likely figuring Times Square would be a good future target. We tried to get as far north as possible, away from midtown. By this time, all bridges, tunnels and subways were closed. We were confused, frustrated, scared. There were enormous lines around the pay phones – our cell phones were all dead. We were all crying and felt so helpless.

I was supposed to send this out yesterday, but at about noon, we received a bomb threat in our building. I was on the phone to my dad when the announcement came: "Daddy, I have to go, we're evacuating," and hung up. We ran down