

DAY OF REMEMBRANCE



WINDOW OF ANGUISH Photographs of some of the people missing in the World Trade Center disaster are posted in the window of a store outside Bellevue

For kin & friends, time to

By **RUTH BASHINSKY** and **CORKY SIEMASZKO**
DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITERS

She never got to say, "I'm sorry."
And now, three days after her husband vanished in the wreckage of the World Trade Center, Karen Pabon was trying to convince herself that soon she'd get the chance.

"The last time I spoke to Israel was Monday night," Pabon said yesterday at St. Vincent's Medical Center, where hundreds like her came in hopes of finding loved ones.

"We were arguing about silly things," said Pabon, 30. "I went to sleep in my daughters' room. On Tuesday, he left for work at 4:45 a.m. I was still asleep, so we never had a chance to talk."

Israel Pabon, 31, father of two girls, 4 and 6, was a pizza chef for Forte Food Service, which was on the 101st floor of 1 World Trade Center.

"I believe he is still alive," she said. "I love him and just need him to come home."

But Pabon's tears betrayed

her doubt. As she trudged back to her lower East Side apartment, she clutched a slip of paper with her husband's missing persons number, 10GP0220.

A little girl lost

Alan Braker knew his ex-wife, Mailene, was dead. She worked for Morgan Stanley on the 107th floor of 2 World Trade Center. He saw her body on a slab in a Jersey City hospital. She never had a chance.

Now he was in Manhattan, going from hospital to hospital with the other weeping relatives, looking for his 6-year-old daughter, Mya.

"My ex-wife brought my daughter in that day to meet her

co-workers," said Braker, 46, of Livingston, N.J. "She told me that she was so excited about going to work with her mama and being in a tall building. She told me she wanted to go up to the observation deck."

Braker said his ex-wife managed to call him on her cell phone after the suicide plane struck.

"I told her please try and get our daughter, and then I told her not to take the elevator, and I told her I loved her and that I was on my way," Braker said, the words tumbling out.

Now, he said, all he has are regrets and fading hope that Mya is still alive.

"We got divorced because I was a workaholic who spent too much time away from home," said Braker, who designs weapons for the Defense Department. "If I had one more chance to speak to my child, I would retire and devote my life to my family."

List of living & dead

At the Armory on Lexington Ave. at 26th St., the rain drummed on the umbrellas of the hundreds waiting to get inside to see the list.

The list contained the names of the survivors — and the confirmed dead.

Those who came to see it carried with them folders containing the most personal details about their missing loved ones. Some also brought toothbrushes and combs so that, if needed, a DNA match could be made for identification.

David Vincent of upstate Rochester came looking for his daughter Melissa, 28. She worked for a consulting firm on the 102nd floor of 1 World Trade Center.

"The process is basically establishing a missing persons file, then you go downstairs and look at all the lists," said Vincent, his hair silver, his jaw set, his voice steady.

Was her name on it?

"There was no use in going there," he said and shrugged.

He handed over a flyer with a photo of Melissa. It said she was blond. It gave her weight and height. It gave Vincent's phone number upstate.

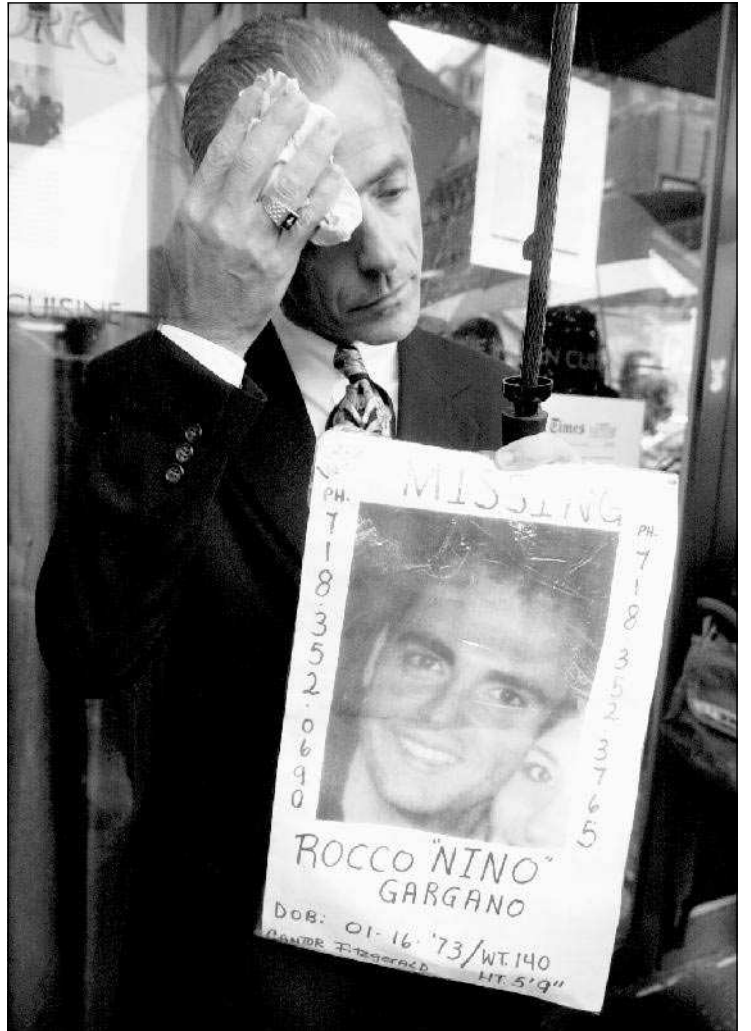
"She's my oldest daughter, and I love her very much," Vincent said and began to cry. "She loved New York. She loved everything about the city. Loved being down here. It's all she ever talked about."

Whereabouts unknown

John Marquet drove in from New Jersey to look for his brother-in-law, Leonard Snyder, who worked on the 102nd floor of 1 World Trade Center.

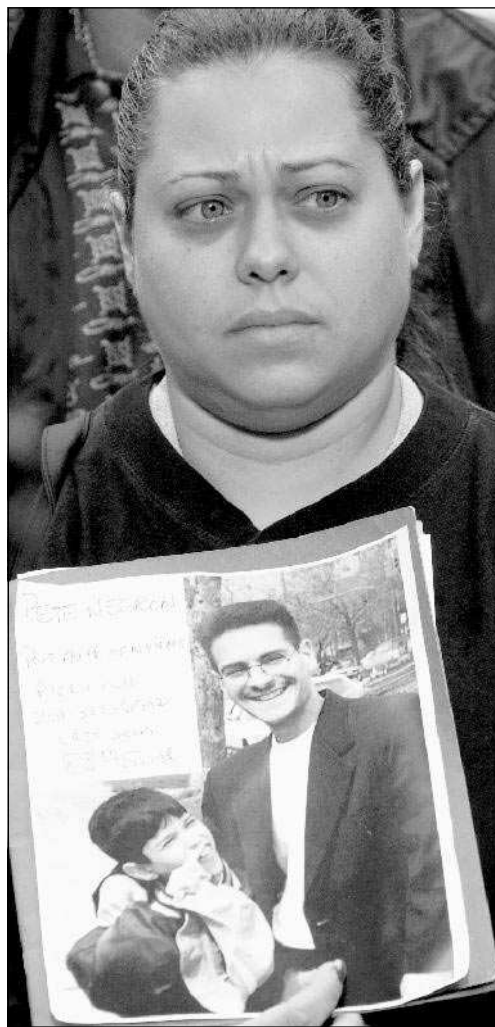
"The last thing we heard he was on the 78th floor making his way down," Marquet said. "He was with eight people from his department. Some of those people went one way, they are home and safe. Four had gone a different way and no one's heard from them at all."

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SUSAN WATTS DAILY NEWS

AGONIZING WAIT Antonio Urgese holds picture of missing nephew Rocco (Nino) Gargano outside Armory on Lexington Ave.



SUSAN WATTS DAILY NEWS

TEARS & FEAR Woman at Armory on Lexington Ave. holds picture of loved one.

Send News pictures of victims

The Daily News is seeking photographs of people who are missing or dead in the World Trade Center disaster to aid in news coverage and identification. The photos should be labeled with the name, age, occupation and victim's community of residence, and the name, address and phone number of a contact person.

Please send your pictures to:
**New York Daily News
WTC Photos
P.O. Box 3313
G.P.O. New York, N.Y.
10116**

Hospital. More than 4,700 people are unaccounted for, officials said.

wait and pray

Was Snyder's name on the list?

"No," Marquet said and looked away.

Sitting & hoping

James Boyle spent much of yesterday waiting by the phone in his Long Island home.

His 37-year-old son, Michael, followed in his footsteps and was a firefighter based at Engine Co. 33 in Greenwich Village. He was one of the first firefighters to arrive at the twin towers Tuesday and has not been heard from since.

Boyle, a former president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, went to the site of the carnage after the first plane hit. He knew his son's company would be there.

But he couldn't stay long. The building collapsed, and he had to run for his life with everyone else.

Hours later, Boyle went to his son's firehouse and opened his locker. Inside were his son's car

keys and wallet.

"Michael joined the Fire Department six years ago," he said. "He just got engaged. To Rosemary Kenny of Rockaway, Queens, the daughter of a retired firefighter."

Boyle said every minute of waiting has been agonizing. But he was not ready to say goodbye to his boy.

"There's always hope," he said. "There's always hope."

Candles in the rain

Hundreds of candles flickered in Union Square where university students had erected a makeshift memorial. When the rain threatened the flames, students ran over to keep them burning.

"I'm here to keep lighting the candles," said Adam Bell, 25, a graduate student at the School of Visual Arts. "Can't let the rain stop me. I'll keep going until I run out of matches."

June Bae, 20, also kept watch over the flames.

"I've been trying to revive ev-

erything," said Bae, who studies at Fashion Institute of Technology. "But the wind and the wetness doesn't help. It's like all of a sudden the weather is so dreary."

But Charles Mastropietro, 23, who came from New Jersey, made no attempt to rekindle any of the candles before him.

"Each one of those candles represents a life that was extinguished," he said. "It's kind of ironic that they keep going out."

Kerry Choe, 28, a Wall Street computer programmer, said he just missed being killed by falling debris. He said he remains haunted by what he witnessed.

"Every time I see one of those candles, I think of the people falling out of those buildings," he said.

As the students watch over their little flames, someone with a trained tenor voice started belting out "God Bless America."

One by one, his voice was joined by those of the students until the whole square was singing in the rain.

AP