

A 'GLUTTON FOR LIFE'

Climb into that hammock between two trees on an island in Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H. Feel the soft summer stillness. Look up. A tile hanging from one tree reads, "Do what you love, love what you do."

That was Frederick Cox's hammock, his motto, the tile he hung.

Like his motto, Mr. Cox, 27, was a full-throttle enthusiast brushed by naïveté.

Even though he sought the serenity of his family's summer home, he lived a Manhattan life of joyous clatter. Buoyantly confident, with his green eyes glowing with mischief, he made friends easily.

Who could resist that pied-piper promise of adventure, the courtliness of a Georgia-bred gentleman, the charm of a super salesman?

Not Annelise Peterson, his girlfriend, who described Mr. Cox, an investment banker at Sandler O'Neill, as a "glutton for life" < a painter, writer, golfer, shopper, food lover. He reminded her of her older brother Davin, a trader for Cantor Fitzgerald. Both were tall, loyal, attentive.

After Mr. Cox's parents divorced when he was 8, he gave his mother a rose every Valentine's Day. His father, the son said, was his best friend.

Both Mr. Cox and Davin Peterson, who dined with Ms. Peterson on Sept. 8, worked on the 104th floor at the World Trade Center < Mr. Peterson in the north tower, Mr. Cox in the south tower.

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