

**Naval Historical Center
Oral Interview Summary Form**

Interviewers:

CAPT(sel) Michael McDaniel
CDR Karen Loftus

Interviewer's Organization:

Navy Historical Center
Navy Historical Center

Interviewee:

Mr. Wallace A. (Tripp) Lloyd III

Current Address:

N323

Date of Interview:

16 October 2001

Place of Interview:

Navy Annex

Number of Cassettes:

1

Security Classification:

Unclassified

Name of Project: Pentagon Terrorist Attack Incident

Subject Terms/Key Words: Pentagon; Terrorist Attack; 11 September 2001; triage; evacuation; lessons learned; Defense Protective Service; FBI; carnage; Navy Command Center; renovation

Abstract of Interview:

Interviewee Information: Born in [REDACTED]. Grew up in Northern Virginia. Attended college at Virginia Military Institute with an ROTC scholarship. Graduated in 1981 and was commissioned an Ensign in the U.S. Navy. First tour at Navy Annex, NMPC 432, Aviation Assignments Branch in Flight Pay and Flight Bonus section. This assignment while he waited to start flight school in Pensacola, FL. Designated into propeller aircraft. Stationed at NAS Moffett flying the P-3. Deployments to Misawa, Japan, Adak, Alaska and Diego Garcia. Rotated to Commander Patrol Wing Pacific Staff. Then assigned to Chief of Naval Technical Training in Millington, TN. Selected to come to BUPERS in PERS 6E. Resigned active commission and joined the Navy Reserve. Took a contractor job that took him to St. Petersburg, Russia. Recalled to active duty on Drug Demand Task Force as Program Manager for Drug Education for Youth. Left active status and affiliated with various reserve units. Civilian career : hired by Hayes and Associates contracting him to Navy Counter drug Office as a financial analyst. He acts as the Deputy to Paul Brady. He is now a Reserve Navy officer.

Topics Discussed:

Had recently moved to brand new spaces on the 1st floor, 4th corridor, D ring specifically room 1D471. Command Center 1D450 actually one large room quadrant off by partial walls and solid temporary walls made of sheet rock and aluminum studs. When entered from front door (a reinforced door hard to push open) there was a slot you swiped a pass card through and then and

ID code that opened the lock to get into the spaces. Going up a ramp to the space. 20 feet up the ramp directly to the right was a partial wall, which brought you to the watch section of the Navy Command Center. Making a right at the partial wall, walk 60 feet; make another right into his spaces. There were 6 work pukas set up. He and Paul Brady had the two pukas directly against a solid concrete wall. No windows, few exit doors. Suspended TV above him and to his right with CNN on it. Paul Brady sat to his left and behind him.

They saw the news showing the information about the aircraft striking the World Trade Center. Initially he thought maybe the pilot of the plane had suffered a heart attack. It flashed through his mind that it might be a terrorist attack, but he immediately dismissed it. A second later he saw live the second aircraft hitting the World Trade Center and he knew it was definitely a terrorist act.

He sat back down to his desk to do some more work. He felt a violent shudder. There was a change in air pressure, immediately black. He moved with the force of the explosion down into a duck walk position and his head down. He saw a yellow orange flash above and to the right. He thought somebody had planted a bomb above the watch center of the Navy Command Center. Debris was raining down on his head. He was afraid there would be a second explosion or attack. He was amazed at the absolute silence in the Command Center.

He lifted his head up and saw light he recognized as daylight directly in front of him (where a solid concrete wall should have been). There was a hole large enough to walk through but he didn't want to move. He wanted to get under his desk but something was blocking the way. He realized he had to move. Stepped up and into the hole and through. He was amazed at how easy it was. He found himself in a mechanical room. The doors to the room were forced open. He

climbed over more debris and found himself between the C and D corridor. He found other people and they yelled into the hole that he had exited through and started yelling “This way out”. He thought about his wife and baby and how he didn’t want to be hero. He helped Paul Brady out.

He began to hear glass breaking and saw an Army Major slamming the windows up above him and trying to break the glass to escape. He broke through the window and black smoke started pouring out of the space. It was a 12 – 14 foot drop down to the first floor, people gathered under him and cushioned his fall as well as other Army personnel.

They headed to the fifth corridor and found a locked chain link fence with their being stuck behind the fence. Someone got a gate open and they went out the gate and down the fifth corridor towards the courtyard.

A large contingent of people were in the courtyard. He wanted to find a cell phone to call his wife to tell her he was okay. People told him cell phones weren’t working.

Defense Protective Agency person started telling them they needed to get out of the courtyard. They went out a vehicle tunnel that led to the South Parking Lot. As he saw the light at the end of the tunnel he had an anxious moment where he wondered if there would be a second attack. \

He and Paul Brady got into Paul Brady’s car and exited the Pentagon compound. HOV was blocked off but they got on 395 South.

His number one concern was self preservation and getting word to his wife that he was okay.

He got home safely.

He called everybody in his office or their family. He found out Jerry Hinson was at Arlington Hospital. He spoke to Jeremy PUNCHES who said he hadn't heard about his father.

The next day he, his wife and daughter drove over to see the Pentagon. They were not allowed out of the tunnel. This was the first time he saw the attack site outside of the Pentagon. He visited Jerry Hinson at Arlington Hospital. He realized he no longer had his wallet or his car keys, which were in a locker at work.

There were 36 people in the Command Center, 9 got out. 6 of those were from his immediate work center.

He did not go back to the Pentagon until 2 weeks after the attack.

He is back working with many of the people he was working with before the attack. New spaces on 5th floor, D ring, Room 660. The smell of smoke is a constant reminder. They have windows and instead of seeing the sunshine he sees a 40-foot drop to the roof of the second floor.

He is not happy about being in the Pentagon, would rather be at the Navy Annex, but has a job to do. He is looking at an opportunity to be recalled to active duty with the Navy for a tour in the Azores. He looks forward to this opportunity to go live on a small island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean away from Washington, D.C.

Lessons Learned:

The SPRINT team needs to go and actively talk to people, not wait for people to come to them.

Don't give people choices about whether to participate in SPRINT team meetings, make it mandatory. The survivors are victims and NEED someone to COME TO THEM for "triage" – don't expect me to crawl off my stretcher and come to you to say, "I need help".

The SPRINT team dissolved after a short period of time when there was still need present (months later). If you make it hard for people who have been traumatized and wait months to get help, they will probably not get help.

It was very difficult to get his wife counseling help. Perseverance got the counseling for her, not the Navy system. There needs to be a better "safety net".

Better emergency lighting in enclosed spaces. Emergency generators were placed outside because it was assumed an attack would come from the inside. Battery powered lights that come on automatically would be helpful.

Practice emergency evacuation drills.

Abstract by:
CDR Carol O'Hagan
25 Oct 01

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Born in [REDACTED]. Grew up in Northern Virginia. Attended college at Virginia Military Institute with an ROTC scholarship. Graduated in 1981 and was commissioned an Ensign in the U.S. Navy. First tour at Navy Annex, NMPC 432, Aviation Assignments Branch in Flight Pay and Flight Bonus section. This assignment while he waited to start flight school in Pensacola, FL. Designated into propeller aircraft. Stationed at NAS Moffett flying the P-3. Deployments to Misawa, Japan, Adak, Alaska and Diego Garcia. Rotated to Commander Patrol Wing Pacific Staff. Then assigned to Chief of Naval Technical Training in Millington, TN. Selected to come to BUPERS in PERS 6E. Resigned active commission and joined the Navy Reserve. Took a contractor job that took him to St. Petersburg, Russia. Recalled to active duty on Drug Demand Task Force as Program Manager for Drug Education for Youth. Left active status and affiliated with various reserve units. Civilian career: hired by Hayes and Associates contracting him to Navy Counter Drug Office as a financial analyst. He acts as the Deputy to Paul Brady. He is now a Reserve Navy officer.

Topics Discussed:

Q. Describe that day for us just getting up in the morning. Walk us through what your day had been like up to the incident.

A. My alarm clock went off at 5:30 a.m., as it normally did. I got up, shaved and showered, got myself dressed in the dim light from one of our other bedrooms. I tried to let my wife sleep. Put on my belt, put on my shoes, cinched my tie up and put my money and identification in my pocket. Kissed my wife good-bye and she responded to me in sort of a mumble, which any husband would be able to interpret as, "I love you dear. You're the light of my life."

Q. For the record?

A. For the record! I then went into my 19 month old daughter's bedroom and put my hand on her back and said, "Be a good girl for Mommy today. I'll see you later this afternoon."

Q. How old is your daughter?

A. She's 19 months.

Q. Okay, 19 months.

A. I then went downstairs, got the newspaper, had breakfast, which consisted of a bowl of cereal and grabbed the sandwich I had made the night before from the refrigerator and put it into--no, I take that back. It wasn't a sandwich. It was some leftover Chinese food; put it in my satchel, walked out to the car and drove over to where our carpool met. We all got in the car and we drove over to the Pentagon. MR. BRADY, who keeps turning up in this discussion, was the driver of the carpool that day, which becomes relevant a little later on. We pulled into our parking space in the carpool section and then we came into the Pentagon. It was a, as I remember, bright sunny day. We watched the sun coming up, if you cared to look, as we were driving in. We came down Edsall Road, took the turn off onto 395, which allowed us to get onto

the HOV, High Occupancy Vehicle, carpool lanes and then took that down to the Pentagon. We came into the building through the concourse entrance, which had us go through a little security checkpoint which more or less was a flash of the badge and up a set of stairs into the building, walking down past several shops and food areas, you then came through the formal security area which required us to swipe our badges. From there I made a left. This was also called the Metro Entrance. Went down the second floor ramp of the first corridor, made a left hand turn down the A-ring until I got to the apex of the third and fourth corridor. This was all part of the new renovation at the Pentagon. There were escalators there, something very unusual in the Pentagon. I took the escalator down to the first floor and walked down the fourth corridor, through a set of glass doors which brought me across the alleyway between D- and the C-rings of the Pentagon, through another set of glass doors that put me in the D-ring and then continued down the hallway, maybe 40 feet, made a right turn, through a set of double doors into a access alleyway that paralleled the fourth corridor and then directly in front of me from there was the door into the Command Center. Swiped my badge, dialed in the code, went into the Command Center.

Q. What time is that?

A. This would have been around, I'd say, about 7:20 a.m. I'm guessing. Walked back, said hello to the people that I knew, dropped my lunch off in the refrigerator that we had in MR. HENSON and MR. PONCHIAS' office that we had, clandestinely brought in from our old spaces and then went to my desk. We had just recently received word that we needed to provide a budget estimate and palm [phonetic] submission for the counter drug budget and we were starting to work on that. I had historical files on my computer, which allowed me to just input numbers. Then the spreadsheets and the data bases did their magic and the majority of the reports that we

needed to put out magically appeared. While I was working there, I remember hearing a PETTY OFFICER MICHAEL NOETH, who did not survive the attack say, "Oh, my God!" At that point, everybody started looking up at the television sets. As I had said before, there was one located just above and to the right of my desk. The news came on that an aircraft had struck, I believe it was, the south tower of the World Trade Center. I went over to the watch area of the Command Center where they had big screen television sets and watched the replays. The first thought in my mind was, something must have happened with the pilot. The initial reports were confusing. They weren't sure if it was a private aircraft, if it was a commercial airliner, they didn't know. My impression was it was probably a private, small airplane that a pilot had suffered a heart attack, there had been a mechanical failure in the aircraft, somebody was joy riding and managed to put themselves in an extremist situation that they couldn't recover from and had hit the tower. The thought that this was a terrorist attack flashed through my mind but I immediately dismissed it. My first reaction was what a horrible tragedy that this would have happened. I watched the replays of this several times and then, all of a sudden, the image came on the television of the second aircraft coming up. It was definitely a commercial airliner that struck the north tower.

Q. You saw that live?

A. I saw that live or as live as television can make it. At that point, I thought, this is definitely a terrorist act. "Oh my God!" I remember the last thing I heard from CAPTAIN LARRY GETZFRED. He picked up one of the telephones at the main desk of the Command Center and I remember hearing him say, "No, we don't need an attack report at this time." I remember wondering if that was an acronym for something or if it actually meant the word attack. I

watched replays of this a couple of times and finally got tired of seeing the constant replay and bombardment of this horrible tragedy as reported by the news media. I went back to my desk.

Q. Can we stop you for just a second?

A. Sure.

Q. You said, CAPTAIN GETZFRED. What was he doing? Was he the senior officer on the scene at the time?

A. CAPTAIN GETZFRED, I believe, was the Senior Watch Officer in the Command Center.

Q. Okay, LIEUTENANT VAUK was the NDDC at the time, right?

A. I presume so. I don't know. I don't know.

Q. Okay, I'm sorry.

A. No, that's okay. It's your question.

Q. I just wanted to get that clarified.

A. Okay. I was back at my desk and the angle of the television set above my desk was such that I could see it if I stood up. That afforded me the chance not to have to crane my neck at a very obtuse angle. I stood up and the President of the United States came on the news. With the replay of the aircraft striking the World Trade Center behind him, he made a couple of statements and basically said, "This is a probable terrorist attack. May we observe a moment of silence?" I bowed my head for a minute and lifted it up and saw the President walk off. I sat down at my

desk and was facing a solid concrete wall. I think I was looking at some papers to start doing this budget analysis. All of a sudden, wham! There was a low thud. The room had a violent shutter from my right to my left, from the outside of the building toward the center courtyard in a downward direction. There was a change in air pressure and it was immediately black, no lights at all. Water was coming down on us. I remember moving with the force of the explosion and not trying to fight it. I found myself crouched down sort of in a duck style, remember I have a 19 month old, with my feet on the ground next to her on the floor next to my chair, the back of my thighs right against the back of my calves, my chest right against the top of my thighs and my head down. My hands were behind me. There was dust everywhere, debris everywhere. You couldn't see anything. I remember observing a yellow-orange flash above me slightly to my right. I don't know if that was a fireball. I don't know if that was the television set blinking out. I remember thinking that somebody had planted a bomb just above the watch center of the Navy Command Center on the second floor. The spaces, I believed, were empty. We were one of the first ones to move into this section. I thought one of the workmen has planted a bomb and that's what's gone off. I remember thinking and actually being able to see the force of the blast coming down and through my body and off to my left. Sense memory, I don't know. I thought to bring my hands up over my head to try and protect my head from all the stuff coming down and I realized it was a feeble effort because things were just raining down so much. I remember something that felt soft came down and hit my back. I remember using my right arm to slough it off. I was amazed at how heavy it was when I used my right arm to get this thing off my back.

Q. What was it?

A. I have no idea, but it left a hematoma on the back of my right arm just above the elbow with a perfectly horizontal line that went across the hematoma from side to side. I also got scraped from whatever it was down my right arm. Whatever it was also left a “V” shaped bright red mark down toward the base of my spine with a gouge at the apex of the “V”. It might have been some sort of a box that came down. I have no idea. I also had two other red marks further up on my spine.

Back to the moment at hand, I found myself gripped with the fear that there was going to be another explosion or a second attack. I remember being absolutely amazed at how profoundly quiet it was in the Command Center. Absolute silence! I lifted my head up and in front of me I saw light that I recognized as daylight. My mind recorded this as a very beautiful scene because the small shaft of light was coming in directly in front of me. With all the dust, it was actually a shimmery affect as the dust settled through this light. Directly in front of me it was supposed to have been a solid concrete wall and the partition of my modular furniture. This says something for the quality of giving a contract to the lowest bidder. The wall had apparently exploded outward, away from me and had left a hole that was large enough that I was able to stand up and walk out of. I remember not wanting to move. I remember, prior to seeing this light shaft, thinking I need to get under my desk. I remember trying to move under my desk trying to get some protection and I couldn't--something was blocking my way. It might have been my chair. It might have been the television set that came down. I don't know, but I couldn't get under my desk. That I remember trying just after realizing that putting my hands over my head wasn't really going to protect me too much.

Back to this opening in what had been a solid wall, I recognized it was time to go. Not using the euphemism of “go to the light”, I remember thinking this could be really tough. I’ve got to move and I’ve got to move now! I reached forward and stepped up and into this hole. Directly in front of me should have been my computer monitor. Directly to the left of that should have been another computer monitor on a little makeshift desk that we had there, yet, I didn’t have any problem whatsoever getting over any obstacles and getting through this hole. I remember thinking, “Wow, that was easy!” As I stepped into this hole, I knew there was a mechanical room directly behind that, what had been, a solid wall because I looked at the blueprints of the spaces before we physically moved down there. I’m grateful for that.

Q. Why did you do that?

A. There were several different possibilities of where our office was going to be situated within the Command Center. I had asked once they said, “Okay you’re going to be in this spot.” I had specifically asked, “Let me take a look at some of the blueprints. I want to see where we’re going to be. I just want to see where.” Perhaps my guardian angel at that point said, “You need to know what’s going to be on the other side, what’s going to be around you.” As I entered this hole, I remember thinking that this was just absolutely surrealistic. This was the perfect set for a disaster movie. Directly above me there was a pipe that was spewing water out. I presume it was a fire main that had been broken so water was going everywhere. I don’t know if I mentioned earlier, as soon as the office went black, water was spewing down on me from somewhere. I thought it was the sprinkler system. Back into the entrance to this mechanical room, as I stepped into it, on the far wall were gray electrical panels with green lights on them. I walked in; there was debris all over the floor. The exit from the mechanical room that went out into the alleyway between the

C- and the D-rings of the Pentagon had been--there were double doors there that been either blown open or there were two very large workman's carts that I would guesstimate were about three feet wide, four feet high and five feet long that had toppled into these doors. Either their force or the force of the explosion forced the doors open. I climbed up on one of these workman's carts so it was about a three-foot climb and I was outside between the C- and the D-corridor. When I got out there I saw RICK SANDELLI from my office and CAPTAIN JEFF WAROFF [phonetic] also from the Navy Command Center. Some other people came out and people started yelling in the entrance saying, "This way out! This way out!" I ran back to the entrance that I had come out of. I remember either stating it or thinking it, but I found the words "I don't want to be a hero. I don't want to be a hero. I don't want to be a hero." going over and over in my head. My thoughts were for my wife and for my baby. I looked into the opening and I saw PAUL BRADY and I ran back into the building and I helped PAUL come over all that debris and get over those carts and got him out into the alleyway with me. My back was really hurting me on the right just above my belt line. I remember putting my hand back there and hoping I wasn't going to find blood on my fingers as I brought my hand back to look. Fortunately, I didn't. I had PAUL take a look at my back and he said, "You just got a couple of red marks back there. You're fine." About that time I started hearing glass break above us. I looked up on the second floor and I saw an Army Major slamming his body against the windows. He had his arms up over his head and he was just pummeling the windows with his body. Finally, the glass broke through. This would be one of my votes not to put in shatter resistant glass in the Pentagon. People couldn't get out. He finally broke through this window and black smoke just started pouring out of his office space. He came out and was hanging on to the window frame. It was about a 12-14 foot drop from the second floor down to the first floor

where we were. A group of people gathered around under him and we cushioned his fall when he came down. Another Army Major came out. He was much bigger than the first guy so he also took down a couple of the people that were trying to cushion his fall. He had a gash on his head. It is true what they say about head wounds bleeding profusely; blood was ushering forth from the wound at a pretty remarkable rate. I had grabbed a set of curtains that I found out in the alleyway, which seemed really odd to me at the moment, but I figured it was meant to be there. I was thinking we could use this as some sort of a tarpaulin to cushion people's falls but I gave it to the Army Major. He held it against his head and he headed off toward the fifth corridor. I looked at PAUL. He looked pretty shaken. I'm sure I was pretty shaken. I know everybody was pretty shaken. We headed down toward the fifth corridor. There was a chain link fence that had been put up by the construction crews. That was locked and people were trying to climb over that fence. On the other side there were some Emergency Medical Techs and some Defense Protective Service folks. I discovered that the toe of my shoes now are not as small as they were when I was in elementary school and used to climb chain link fences without any problem at all. About the time I was about to put my foot up on one of the horizontal bars of that chain link fence, somebody got one of the gates open. I made sure PAUL was with me and we went out that gate and headed down the fifth corridor toward the courtyard. There was an Air Force Colonel coming toward us. I asked him, "Is it clear this way?" He looked at me as though he was oblivious to anything that had gone on. He said, "Well, yeah." I remember thinking you haven't the foggiest idea what has just happened in this building. You have no clue. You just keep going the way you're going mister. You got a surprise coming.

Q. You think he really didn't know?

A. I think he was either in a state of shock or he was clueless. The man struck me as clueless. Now then again, PAUL and I probably looked like the wrath of the gods. We went to the center courtyard down the fifth corridor, which in the fifth corridor looked perfectly normal on the ground floor. When we got out to the courtyard, there was a large contingent of people out there. My number one concern was finding a cell phone so I could call my home and tell my wife that I was okay. I went to several people and they said, "Cell phones aren't working here. It's not even worth trying." About that time a Defense Protective Service guy started yelling from right at the ground zero cafe, "Folks, we got to get you out of here! We got to get you out of here!" So he was motioning everybody toward the vehicle tunnel that runs at the eighth exit of the first and second corridor. I made sure that PAUL was with me and we went out that vehicle tunnel which dumps you into the South Parking lot. As we were walking down that tunnel, half in jest, I looked at PAUL and I said, "You wouldn't, by chance, have your car keys would you?" He said, "As a matter of fact, I had just put them in my pants pocket moments before the attack." He normally kept them in the pocket of his jacket. We continued walking and when I saw the day light at the far end of the tunnel, the first grit of panic hit me. I thought if I was going to make a second attack on this building, I would make it where everybody was leaving. I remember feeling extreme anxiety and a very strong sense of 'this could be it.' This could be where the second attack comes. I just kept moving along with everybody else. Everybody was going at a very controlled walking pace. We got out into the daylight and the Defense Protective guy said, "Keep going until you get to Army Navy Drive," which was at the far end of the South Parking lot. As PAUL and I were walking along PAUL said, "Well, where's the car?" We headed over toward the car. PAUL unlocked the car and we agreed that it would probably be a real good idea to get the heck out of there. We got in the car and we exited the Pentagon compound the way we

normally exited to go home on a normal workday. We went up and took the HOV exit. I was somewhat surprised, HOV had been blocked off. There were a whole string of police cars there. We got on 395 South and kept going. Traffic was almost non-existent until we got down to about Seminary Road and then it started really slowing down because the highway patrol were taking vehicles off of HOV and forcing them to go back South on 395. HOV was coming North at the time. I don't remember turning around and looking at the Pentagon as we exited. I do remember when I was in the courtyard, before physically leaving that, looking in the direction of our old offices and just seeing black-gray smoke rising into the sky.

Q. At that point, you still thought it was a bomb?

A. Even at that point I didn't know what I thought it was. I dismissed the idea that it was a bomb instants after I had that thought when I was still in the Command Center in the "mouth of hell."

Q. Did you think anytime at that point that it might have been a plane?

A. Yes, I did, having seen what had happened at the World Trade Center.

Q. When did that occur to you?

A. I would say shortly after I dismissed the idea that it was a bomb. I felt this could have been a plane; could have been a missile; could have been anything. Probably wasn't a submarine! I remember not thinking about it. My number one concern was self-preservation and getting word to my wife, somehow, telling my family I was okay.

We continued down 395. Traffic was really backing up. We got off at the Little River Turnpike exit; heading west on Little River Turnpike. Just after the first light, there was some construction going on on the left side and a piece of heavy equipment or some explosions or something, there was a loud boom. I found myself just absolutely tense up. PAUL and I talked about it and agreed that it was probably the construction site. PAUL and I both shared that we had some misgivings about leaving, survivors' guilt, I guess. I found my background in biology and psychology and such coming back to me and thinking, well, I'm going through classic symptoms of what's going on. I'm going through numbness. I'm going through denial. I'm going through guilt. We'll see what happens next.

Q. Did you recognize it during the time?

A. I recognized it during the time. It was almost as if I was outside watching my reactions. We continued down Little River Turnpike until we got to Hummer Road, which is where I got off. PAUL slowed the car down as we came to the light and I jumped out of the car before the car had come to a complete stop. I ran across Hummer Road and I remember as I was running across thinking of the headlines "Pentagon survivor hit by car while crossing street." I ran across the street and I ran down the block toward my house, jumped the chain link fence, ran all the way.

TAPE ONE/SIDE TWO

...in the kitchen, she stared at me. I said, "It's okay. I'm MR. LLOYD." I recognized that my wife was not in our living room. I ran upstairs. I had a humor response, which is how I deal with stress. So as I came into our bedroom, my wife's back was to me. She was making a telephone

call. The television set was showing what was going on at the Pentagon. My daughter was sitting on the ground and she just looked up, recognizing Daddy was home. I looked at my wife and I said, "Honey I've decided to take the rest of the day off!" My wife, [REDACTED], turned around, saw me, screamed and then we met and she just sobbed. I think all of the stress came out of her. My daughter looked at Mommy and Daddy like we were behaving quite strangely, but heck, we're Mommy and Daddy; we can do that. We went downstairs. We saw off our housekeeper. ANN wanted me to take a shower because I reeked of smoke and chemical smells. My shoes were covered with dust. My trousers were covered with dust but I didn't want to get cleaned up. It was like I had on my red badge of courage and I didn't want to take off this uniform to become just another man.

I remember when we were driving down Little River Turnpike. I remember looking at all the other cars around me and thinking, "You haven't a clue what we just went through. You're happy in your apathy in your Washington, D.C. numbness." I found myself thinking, had this aircraft hit the White House or the Capital I would have been just as numb and just as apathetic. "Oh, what a tragedy! Oh, well!" Had the events stopped at the World Trade Center, I would have had the same apathy, but here I was a victim of it. I wanted to scream out to the world, "Look what happened to me. Pay attention to me. See what I went through."

I took a shower. My hair felt like straw. Black-gray stuff was coming out of my hair. When I cleaned my ears with a Q-tip, black-gray stuff was coming out. I was getting black-gray stuff out of my nose. I had my wife look at me. I had a large hematoma on my right arm, just above my elbow with a perfectly horizontal line across it, which I had described earlier. There was a long

scrape down my right arm below the elbow. There was this “V” shaped mark down at the base of my spine. My right rib hurt immensely and I thought maybe I pulled a muscle or maybe I cracked a rib or some such. Also, my right side hurt immensely. It felt like it was a blunt trauma injury. I had [REDACTED] look me over after I had showered. I recognized, as I looked in the mirror, that I had not looked at myself prior to getting myself cleaned up so I don’t have a before picture. My wife said that my face had dried rivulets of water that were gray-black. My clothes were just covered with a gray-black dust. My shirt looked as though it had mildew from all the gray-black spots all over it from the soot and the water droplets.

I put on a set of jeans and a t-shirt, a set of tennis shoes, put on a shirt and my wife suggested that my daughter and she and I go over to the park behind our house to the playground there. I remember just before leaving, once again the media was replaying and replaying and replaying events of the day. The President came on television again and I told my wife to please turn that off because the last time I heard the President speak my world blew up. We went over to the park and I felt separate. I felt distant from everybody around me. It was as though I was outside looking in as opposed to being part of what was going on. I remember, very vividly, there were a group of people playing tennis on the tennis courts. One of the women was wearing a classic Islamic headdress. I found myself feeling a rage toward her and all of her friends. I recognized this as very normal reaction to a very abnormal situation. I didn’t want to act on it. I wasn’t angry. I recognized it as a totally unreasonable and illogical reaction. At the same time, it was very pure and it was very strong. My daughter and my wife had some fun at the park and I felt like I was a spectator. We came on back to the house. I remember we got something to eat and the rest of the day is more of an existence than anything I really remember.

I made a point of calling everybody in my office or their families. I remember it was very important for me to contact all the folks from my office or their families. RICK SANDELLI from my office, I got in touch with him. I also spoke with PAUL BRADY. We were the three individuals that I knew of that got out.

Q. Up to that point, did you know if there had been any casualties? Was there an assumption that there had been?

A. No, there was an assumption that nobody else got out of the Command Center from me. I know that PAUL got out. I knew that RICK got out and I saw a couple of other people, but I presumed that nobody else got out alive.

Q. But you had not seen anybody that perished in there?

A. No, I had not seen anybody that perished. I talked with RICK for a while. I talked with PAUL for a while and, strangely enough, we all recounted that our right sides were very sore. It turned out that all three of us were facing the same wall when the attack hit. I think the concussion of the blast struck our right sides and we had a concussion injury, all three of us. PAUL, the next day I found out, had a very large bruise on his right side. RICK said his hip felt as though it was just killing him. I spoke with [REDACTED] HENSON who said that her husband JERRY was at Arlington Hospital. I spoke with [REDACTED] PUNCHES, more specifically, to her son, [REDACTED], who said that they did not have any word on their father yet. I got a phone call later that night from CHIEF CARNEY [phonetic] from the Command Center or from the N3/N5 organization. He initially said, "Is this MR. WALLACE?" which is one of my first

cues that the person who I am talking with that they don't know me. As a result I almost said, "I'm sorry you've got the wrong number." He said, "Wait, wait is this MR. LLOYD?" And I said, "Well, yes it is." He said, "This is CHIEF CARNEY [phonetic] calling from the N3/N5 organization. We're trying to find out what's going on and get a list of who's there." I told him that TOM MOORE [phonetic] and DAVID WARREN [phonetic] from our office were both TAD down in Jacksonville, Florida. I also told him that COMMANDER RICHARD HOLTZ [phonetic], who worked in the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, our drug enforcement policy and support branch, was also with our people in the event that their office had to be evacuated. He said, "Thank you very much." As he was hanging up I heard him say, "I got three more!" That made me feel good that I could tell somebody what was going on with some of the people from our office and it also told me I was the first one they contacted.

I remember when I went to sleep that night. I remember my senses were ultra high. Any subtle light variation woke me up. Any sound that I interpreted as being outside of my comfort zone, in other words, something that wasn't crickets or wasn't birds singing outside, I was immediately awake. I remember that the instant of the explosion kept replaying in my head, from the moment that everything went black in the Command Center to a few seconds afterward. It was like a videotape playing over and over and over just that section of time. I interpreted that to be okay. I'm safe. My head knows I'm safe and now my brain is trying to make sense of the instant of the attack and what happened. From talking with PAUL, from talking with RICK, and from talking with JERRY HENSON, all four of us had exactly the same thing happen. We all had that instant going constantly in our minds over and over and over again.

Q. For that first night?

A. It lasted, for me, for a couple of hours. JERRY HENSON told me that it was the entire night he was awake with that image, frame by frame by frame, going over and over in his head. PAUL said he had the same experience. RICK SANDELLI said he had the same experience. I remember waking up. It was about 2:00 a.m. I remember--this might have been what stopped that mental video from playing in my head--I remember seeing the blast come down and through me from just behind me to my right side, from up diagonally down. I remember I spent some time while I was laying in bed with my hand pointing just behind me where that blast came from. I slept fairly fitfully. The next morning I woke up and I knew I had slept for about nine hours, but I still felt absolutely exhausted. My eyes felt crusty. I felt like I really hadn't rested. Got up, shaved, showered, tried to make it a fairly normal day. Got on the phone with RICK SANDELLI and PAUL BRADY, made arrangements to come over to PAUL'S house and visit him. Went over to the hospital to visit JERRY HENSON. The first thing that we did is my wife, my daughter, and I got in the car and we drove over to the Pentagon. I wanted to see it. We parked over in the visitor parking lot and Defense Protective Service would not let us out of the tunnel. What I didn't know at that time was, that there had been a bomb scare at the Pentagon. They had dismissed everybody at noon, which was about the time that we arrived. They did not let us out of the tunnel. My wife and I went back to the car and drove out. As we were going South on 395, I looked behind me and it was the first time I saw the wound in the side of the Pentagon.

Q. Which you had seen on the news, but--

A. I had seen on the news, but it wasn't the same thing. We went to Arlington Hospital and visited JERRY HENSON. JERRY had been pinned in his office. He indicated that he believed

that the bookcase on top of his desk had come down and then part of the ceiling had come down on top of that. He was pinned against his desk in his chair. He can tell you that story much better than I can. After seeing JERRY, we went over to PAUL BRADY'S house. My car was there. I started recognizing the things I didn't have any more. My jacket was in a wall closet. In my jacket were my glasses, my dark glasses, my car keys, and my wallet; didn't have car keys anymore; didn't have a house key anymore. Went over to PAUL'S house with our extra set of car keys for my car and PAUL and I sat down and we concurred on our battle stories. I needed to know what happened to him. I suspect he needed to know what happened to me. I left to come back home and tried to get on with the day as best I could.

On Wednesday I made the decision it was time to start putting things right so I got in touch with my credit card companies. I got in touch with Department of Motor Vehicles to get a new drivers license. I got in touch with AAA to get my new AAA card. I got in touch with my insurance company to say, "I had a bad day on September 11th, kind of lost everything. What's up?" I had a long conversation with my brother who lives in Washington, D.C., which was a good thing. On the day of the attack, we got in touch with my bride's mom and dad who live down in Lake Ridge, tried to call my parents, but could not get a phone line out. ■■■■■'S mother and father down in Lake Ridge in a different sub-district were able to get a call to my parents and they were finally able to get in touch with me. It was very important for me to let family know that I was all right. Got in touch with my company, Hayes and Associates, to let them know I was okay. Got in touch with the CO of my reserve unit and said, "Your XO was at ground zero on this thing and I'm okay; letting you know." Called up to Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, to the Naval Air Station Joint Reserve Base and asked the question any CO and XO doesn't want to ask, "Do we need to

mobilize? What do you want us to do? Here's my phone number. Here's how to contact me. I'm checking in." We didn't know what to expect and that was the day of the attack. Bits and pieces are coming back to me. That's why I'm doing it in this manner. I remember on Thursday when I went over to the Department of Motor Vehicles, the woman behind the counter, I said, "I need to get my driver's license re-issued." The woman behind the counter said, "Well, what happened to your old one?" I said, "It was buried at the Pentagon." Her reaction was shock and surprise. I think she was first generation in this country. I saw her as being from the Middle East. She was incredibly helpful, "Is there anything we can do?" I found that to be the reaction of just about everybody. I had lost a gift certificate that we had purchased for a friend's wedding. It was in my briefcase. One of the other things you suddenly realize you don't have, all the bits and papers and so forth. I went to J.C. Penney where we had gotten the gift certificate and they went through--I could tell them the date. I had the information on my credit card receipt from my credit card company and the people at J.C. Penney went through every single one of their slips and found the sheet from months earlier that said I had purchased this for this much money. Everybody was incredibly helpful that I talked with. People needed to have some way to help after the attack.

I remember we put up an American Flag and I went to a fabric store and I purchased a swash of blue ribbon, which my wife thought was her crazy husband, but I hearken back to World War II when people flew victory flags and you had a blue star when you had a son or spouse that went away to the war and a gold star if they were killed. I wanted to put something blue on our American flag so I put a swash of blue up along the top, which was my way of saying, "This is what I went through!" In this house, somebody different lives. Even if nobody else knew and

nobody else probably ever will, I know when I came home that I lived through something pretty incredible and pretty devastating on this 11th of September. It was the day my generation lost its innocence.

Q. You talked about your wife earlier and how she responded. Can you talk about that since the day of the incident; how she's dealt with this?

A. ANN has been very supportive. She's been going through a very rough time. I cannot talk about my wife without talking about my daughter, [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] has been an absolute Godsend. [REDACTED] has said all she wanted to do was pull the covers over her head and just stay in bed; the stress that she's going through and the stress that she's observed me going through. For me, [REDACTED], and for my bride, [REDACTED] has been incredible because she doesn't care that Mommy and Daddy are feeling bad. She wants her diaper changed. She wants lunch. She wants dinner. She wants breakfast. She wants naptime. She wants to play. She requires the routine of her daily life that is essential for the recovery from any trauma is to get back into a routine.

[REDACTED] has kept [REDACTED] and I from sinking into a depression and not wanting to get up in the morning and just wanting to spend the whole day in bed running away from the world. [REDACTED] has been having trouble sleeping. She has been awakened since shortly after the attack with nightmares of either me or our daughter being in trouble, being in a life-threatening situation and her not being able to come to our rescue. [REDACTED] had said to me that when she was, on the day of the attack, when she heard that the Pentagon was hit she said, "I had to get there. I had to come find you." I'm very grateful that she didn't or I probably would have gotten home and by the way I got back to the house at 10:30 a.m., the attack was at 9:38 a.m., and I was in my house at 10:30 a.m. If she had tried to find me I would have been sitting in the house wondering where

the heck my wife was. I'm grateful that she was not trying to find me. She said that she knew, she prayed otherwise, but she knew that I was where this attack had occurred. She had no idea where my office was. It was just a wife's intuition. I've gone to a couple of counseling sessions that have been offered by the Navy. I had an appointment for [REDACTED] to go to one this morning and I hope that helps with the nightmares and the sleeplessness.

We had made arrangements about three months ahead of time to go up to a bed and breakfast that we found years before at which we'd spent our honeymoon. We go there for our anniversary every year up in West Virginia. We'd made arrangements to go there on September 13th or 14th whatever the weekend is following the attack on the Pentagon. [REDACTED] had asked me if I wanted to cancel and I said, "Absolutely not. This is the place I go to rejuvenate and I want to go there." We dropped our daughter off with [REDACTED]'S mother and father and we went out to West Virginia to regroup and have a chance to leave the pressures of the world behind. We both commented to each other as we were coming home that we really wanted to stay in West Virginia, buy the bed and breakfast and just say, "Thank you very much Washington, D.C., I'm not coming home. I'm not coming back." Friday night after the attack there was some stuff spread on radio stations and television and the Internet saying, "Light a candle at 7:00 p.m." Part of this bed and breakfast, which is called the Inn at Lost River, they have a general store that's a gift shop now. It's right off the roadside in the main road that goes through Lost River. The main road that goes through Lost River is one lane going that way and one lane going this way so it's pretty rural out there. They had the American flag flying in front of the general store. [REDACTED] and I went out there with candles and every car that came past flashed their lights or tooted their horn. It gave me a real good feeling for rural America. The big town that we come through before getting to Lost River,

there were American flags flying on the road sides at every house and that made me feel good, too. Seeing the flag on tops of buildings and places that you wouldn't have seen it on the 10th of September has been helpful in ways I didn't think it would.

I went to the funeral of one of the guys from our office, a COMMANDER PAT DUNN, who I'd known for a number of years. I went from the service up at the Old Chapel at Ft. Meyer and I walked down with the caisson. I found I wept a lot when they played Taps and when they were folding the flag. Those were the two hardest moments for me. I found myself very grateful that they weren't playing Taps and folding the flag over my coffin. The more I talked to people the more I find that it was a matter of inches and seconds that allowed me to get out. It was a matter of God's grace that allowed me to get out. The people in the spaces four feet to my right didn't get out. The people in the spaces ten feet behind me didn't get out. As I understand the numbers, there were 36 people in the Command Center, nine people got out and six of them came from my immediate office area.

I'm sorry, you were asking about my wife.

Q. Were you able to go to the memorial service at the Pentagon on October 11th?

A. No, I did not.

Q. Because you had talked about this feeling of panic and I'm wondering how that affected a decision, if it did, whether or not to go?

A. No, no. I went back into the Pentagon for the first time about two weeks after the attack. I don't remember the exact date. I had to go in to get a building pass because mine was about to expire. I remember going into the building and finding a pallor over everything there. The people were all moving slower. They were all looking down more so than they normally do. The building just seemed to be in pain in a way I just can't describe any way other than that, not just the people in it, but the building itself.

Q. It has a personality now, doesn't it?

A. Yes, it does. It had a personality before, it's just more pronounced now. There are a lot of souls in the building that weren't here before. I came in a couple of times after that. I remember not being at all happy about it any of those times. I find that it is an incredible relief to me to talk to people who had been in the Command Center that I'm seeing again. Shortly after the attack, I remember saying, "What scares me the most is that first staff meeting where the people who are supposed to be there aren't going to be there." I've seen a couple of the folks from the office yesterday and today that I hadn't seen since the attack. I'm trying to reach out and offer them as much support as I can saying, "Hey I've got a story to tell and I know you've got a story to tell so when the time is right, let's compare notes." I've sat down with a lot of the folks from my immediate area and we've talked about how we got out. I was telling my story to one of the folks in what's now called the War Room, which is the new Command Center, the temporary Command Center, here in the Navy Annex, and I was overheard by a COMMANDER MIKE SAVAGE [phonetic]--at least I think that's his last name. He came over to me and he said, "I just want you to know that a group of folks and myself tried to go back in through that mechanical room and through the hole in the wall into the Command Center that you came out of. We had

fire extinguishers. We couldn't get in more than about 10 feet and there was nothing to get once we got in the 10 feet. So even if you had turned around and tried to find people and get people out," and this is one of the guilts that I've been beating myself up about, he said, "there was nothing to find. There was nobody to find."

We tried to get back into our old spaces about two weeks after the attack. We submitted paperwork to get back in there and it was approved. We went down and we were told dress in old clothes. We're probably going to put you in the hazardous materials suits with respirators, hard hats, the whole nine yards. We went down there and we were PAUL BRADY, TOM MOORE, DAVE WARREN [phonetic], and myself. When we talked to the contractor who was going to take us in and said, "We want to go to room 1D471." His face went blank and went very, very pale. He said, "You came from that space?" We said, "Yeah!" He said, "That's still a crime scene. We can't get you in there and you all are very lucky you have come out." It has struck me how many people that I've talked to that know where we came out of and know the circumstances of this. In a very hushed tone their first reaction to me has been, "You're a very lucky man." I've heard that from a lot of people. I think my mind is still protecting me from what happened. I resolved myself when the contractors wouldn't let us back into our spaces to say, "Okay. I walked out and the good Lord has decided that if I go back in there and see this all it's going to give me is sleepless nights, nightmares, and it isn't going to do me any good. I need to be able to close this chapter and not try to see what I walked out of." Still burning in my mind is, what hit me on the back? What was the condition of the spaces? I've seen photographs since then. The entire space has been bulldozed clean. It's just concrete floors and pipes hanging down from the ceiling and pillars. It is very eerie to see where I had once worked. There is a wooden

wall that has been put up where the concrete wall had come down that I went through. I was hoping to be able to see the hole. I'm hoping someday to be able to see photographs before the bulldozers went in to see what I came through.

Q. Which photographs did you see? Was it a combat camera?

A. I haven't seen anything from a combat camera. One of the folks from our office had gotten in there and taken some photographs. If you all are aware of any photographs, I would be very grateful to be able to see them.

Q. Where do you go from here?

A. I'm hesitating to answer that question because I've put some things into action.

TAPE PAUSED

Q. Okay we're back on tape. We're talking about where you're going.

A. I'm talking about where I'm going to be. What does my future hold? Where I'm going from here? Right now I'm still working in the same office that I was working on the day of the attack, working with all but one of the same of the people. JACK PUNCHES was killed in the attack. I'll continue working there even though everyday I walk into the Pentagon it's a very disquieting thing for me to do. Our new office spaces are on the fifth floor of the D-ring in Room 660. The smell of the burning and the soot is omnipresent where we are and it is a constant reminder. I look out the windows; we have windows now as opposed to the Command Center, and instead of seeing sunshine, I see a 40-foot drop to the roof of the second floor. If I have to go out a window,

I better have some rope and repelling gear. I found myself thinking if an airplane strikes the Pentagon or a missile strikes the Pentagon I'm on the top floor. This does not afford me a great deal of protection. That's not a comfortable feeling for me. I've worked for the past two weeks here in the Navy Annex and at least the illusion of safety is here. Osama bin Laden made an attempt at felling the World Trade Center nine years ago and he came back and succeeded on the 11th of September. He's made an attempt at destroying the Pentagon on the 11th of September. When is he going to come back? I don't think it's a matter of if. I think it's a matter of when so I'm not real happy about being in the Pentagon. I'd be much happier to be here at the Navy Annex, but I have a job to do and my job is down at the Pentagon.

My reserve unit, the one I'm just leaving, mobilizes over in the Azores which is an island out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean; a sovereignty of Portugal. When I was last over there, the active staff and I had entered into discussions about my coming back on active duty to come over there as the Director of Operations and Plans/Chief of Staff. I had initiated paperwork to make that happen. The last piece of the pie that needed to come in was a letter from the Commander of U.S. Forces Azores Staff signed out by their Commander saying, "We would strongly endorse COMMANDER LLOYD'S selection for this position." I've been in long conversations with the detailer, had been in long conversations with the Placement Officers, been in long conversations with the people in the Azores, and got all the ducks lined up. On September 10th the day before the attack, the last piece of paperwork had come in and I had sent that off to BUPERS. The package had already started moving along and all the necessary paperwork was already flowing but this last piece of paper, I felt, was important something signed out by the Azores that said, "We want this man." It wasn't just me saying I wanted to go; it was the Azores saying, "We

want him.” The detailer had said, “TRIPP, you’re going to make my life very easy. This is an extremely hard-fill billet for me so I fully endorse this.” Sent all the paperwork in on the 10th of September. The attack occurred on the 11th. Had I waited one day, it wouldn’t have happened. I’ve been in touch with the Detailers. I got a very urgent phone call from them saying, “Oh my goodness, we just realized why nobody was answering your telephone. We’re glad to hear you’re alive. We’re pushing the package through.” I told them, if anything, this attack has strengthened my resolve to come back on active duty. It is my hope that the future is going to involve packing up my wife and daughter and going over to the Azores. This will do a couple of things. It will, hopefully, get me an active duty retirement. I’ve already got 15 years, seven months active duty so this will give me a chance to do that. I can honestly say that the best times of my life were when I’ve been in uniform and I look forward to going back to that. It would not upset me terribly to leave the Washington, D.C., area to go to a little island in the middle of the Atlantic that a lot of people have never heard of before. My wife has said the same thing. We’re hoping that my future is going to hold permanent recall to active duty for a two to three-year set of orders to the Azores and then, hopefully, two to three-year set of orders over in Europe and then we’ll see what happens after that.

Q. Anything else you want to add for the record?

A. You said this was all off the record. I can tell you stories about other people that I’ve spoken with.

Q. Who else should we talk with? That’s probably a better way.

A. Well you’ve already spoken with PAUL BRADY.

Q. Right.

A. I would suggest that you talk to RICHARD SANDELLI.

Q. We talked to RICK.

A. You already talked to RICK? I would suggest you talk to JERRY HENSON.

Q. We do have him on the list.

A. I would suggest that you talk with PETTY OFFICER LEWIS, YN2, if I'm not mistaken. I would suggest that you talk with YN1 WILLIAMS. PETTY OFFICERS WILLIAMS and LEWIS were both in the office with JERRY HENSON and had just turned around when the blast struck. Both of them, PETTY OFFICER LEWIS, and this is third hand, I have been told was blown 15 feet. PETTY OFFICER WILLIAMS is having a very hard time at this point. She had an extremely rough experience in the hell of the Navy Command Center. She may not be ready to sit down and tell anybody her story yet. PETTY OFFICER LEWIS may not be ready to tell anybody his story yet.

Q. What do you think about MR. HENSON?

A. I think JERRY HENSON would be happy to talk to you. He's had several interviews with national--

TAPE TWO/SIDE ONE

Q. Have you dealt with the SPRINT Team at all?

A. Yes.

Q. Is that where the counseling comes from?

A. That's where I went to a one-on-one session with one of their psychologists. I went to a group session--PAUL BRADY and I and several other people from the N3/N5 organization went to a group session. Then I went back and had a session with one of the psychologists as a follow-up. So I've used the SPRINT Team three times. Today, the 16th of October, I took my wife down to talk with one of the psychologists over at Occupational Health over at the DeLorenzo [phonetic] Clinic at the Pentagon. So, yes, we've availed ourselves to some of the counseling opportunities.

Q. So, in your eyes, is it an effective group, the SPRINT Team?

A. I think it is an effective group. I think you are dealing with the bravado and the machismo of the military mind to get somebody to go in there and use it.

Q. Are there any lessons learned there, I guess, is what I'm looking at with the SPRINT Team or even a better awareness of the need for that or is that still to come?

A. I think the SPRINT Team needs to go and actively talk to people, not just sit in an office and wait for the people to come to them. If they did that they never contacted me. It has to be somebody coming and sitting down across from me and saying, "MR. LLOYD, I understand that you were at the base of this explosion and that you crawled out of an office. Here is my card if you'd like to do some one-on-one counseling, but more importantly, we're getting everybody from your office together and that's going to be at such and such a time on such and such a

date.” It’s not a matter of whether you want to be there. It’s a matter of you are going to be there because that’s the only way you’re going to get a lot of people to come. Now at the same time you are going to have the individual that sits in the back of the room with his or her arm crossed and says, “Alright, I’m here. Now I’m going to read my newspaper or think about the TV show I watched last night and you’re not going to get inside my head.”

Q. Your sense of observation of that, is that brought on by your education? You mentioned a couple of times during the interview that you noticed some of the symptoms that you were experiencing that you recognized from what you had learned.

A. Part of it, yes, part of it looking at it from the side of “I am a victim and I want help and I’m not getting it. I don’t want to have to come to you for triage. I need you to come to me” Because though I got out of there with bumps, bruises, contusions, cracked ribs and all that sort of thing and I’m up and you see me walking down the hall and I’m like anybody else, inside there is a big part of me that’s still on my back on a stretcher with a mental IV plugged into my brain. Don’t expect me to climb off that stretcher and crawl to you and say, “I need help.” How’s that for an illusion?

Q. Well put.

A. So, I personally, think the SPRINT Team did very well, but--

Q. It needs to be more proactive?

A. They fell extremely short of the mark in getting out to people.

Q. Were you aware that there was such a team before this?

A. No, I was not. Another thing that really irked me is the SPRINT Team is now gone. Where is the SPRINT Team when I tried to set up this interview for my bride? I called the phone number here in the Annex. It doesn't work anymore. Went to the office, isn't there anymore. Went over to the Pastoral Care office, which was room 1605. They're not there anymore. The fact of the matter is you're going to have people that are going to need to talk to somebody months from now when their mind is going to allow them to start facing some of the traumas. If you make it hard for them to go find somebody, that initial courage to step outside the military box of "I'm fine. It's okay. I'm fine" is going to drive them right back inside that box. If they go, "Okay, I now have to make an appointment at Bethesda. I've got to drive to Bethesda or try to find a way to get to Bethesda. It's probably going to be a rainy day. I'm going to get soaked trying to get from the parking lot over to the building. Now I've got to find the room in the building. Forget it!" is what you're going to have, I would expect. Honestly, that's how I felt. If it weren't that I felt an extreme responsibility to get my wife an opportunity to talk to somebody, if it had been for me at this point in time, I would have said I don't even want to deal with it. The easy answer is the one I need right now. Don't make this complicated on me. I'm having a hard enough time stepping out of my comfort zone saying I need to talk to somebody because there is something that's not right in my head.

Q. Is there any resistance as well because of not wanting something in a record?

A. The SPRINT Team was very straightforward. If they kept records and I'm sure they did. Nobody was sitting there during the course of my discussions with the SPRINT Team with a note pad or video cameras so the perception was that there were no records or notes being taken.

It needs to be done that way. In the event that they want to get cretaceous about this and have a hidden microphone in the room, that is fine for them. Had I walked in and somebody put a pad of paper in their lap and said, "Okay!" I would have had a very hard time about it.

Q. How did you end up getting the counseling help for your wife? What was your route?

A. The first thing I did was I called the SPRINT Team number here at the Navy Annex. It didn't exist anymore. I then came over to the room where the SPRINT Team had been. They weren't there anymore.

Q. Was there a forwarding number or anything or was it just dead?

A. Nothing, just dead.

Q. It was disconnected.

A. I then went over to the room where the Pastoral Care office was supposed to have been. It doesn't exist anymore.

Q. Was there any forwarding information there either?

A. No.

Q. Nothing there?

A. Nothing, it's as though the military in their extremely efficient way had said, "Well, we've reached the appointed day and the appointed hour, obviously nobody else needs this anymore.

Pack up the office and send them home.” I’m sorry there may be a little bitterness creeping in here.

Q. That’s okay.

A. I have noticed that the tape recorder is still running. The next thing I did is I had received a handout Monday as I was leaving the Pentagon. It just happened I was walking out the North Parking exit through the eighth corridor and a number of folks from the DeLorenzo [phonetic] Clinic were handing out forms saying, “We want you to use this online resource or you can give us a call at this number to record what happened to you physically, what your physical problems were.” I went ahead and called that number. I said, “Hello, let me be straightforward and up front with you. I’m a Naval Reserve Officer. I’m a contractor here in the Pentagon. I was at ground zero at this attack. I crawled out of the ruins of the Navy Command Center. I’ve gone through some counseling with the SPRINT Team and my wife is having some sleepless nights and is having nightmares. Is there anything we can do for her? The SPRINT Team told me there was.” “Oh, yes sir, absolutely. Please hold on.” I was shuffled a little bit and I was set up for an 11 o’clock appointment today by DAVE. I said, “Well, DAVE, who should I ask for when I get there?” “Oh, you can ask for me.” “Well, who else should I ask for when I get there?” “Well DR. SHAYE or COLONEL VIARA.” [phonetic]. Fortunately, I have it written down. When my wife arrived this morning, I picked her up at corridor two and escorted her through the Pentagon down to the clinic. Nobody had any idea who DAVE was. Fortunately, somebody knew who DR. SHAYE [phonetic] was. We were escorted over to where DR. SHAYE’S [phonetic] office is and she said, “Well you’re not in our books. You’re not supposed to be here.” I thought another military catastrophe has just occurred. Fortunately, she said, “Look we don’t have anything

going on. Why don't you meet with my colleague, DR. TIM?" I can't remember his last name. He sat down with my wife and the two of them had a long discussion. I came back about an hour later and DR. SHAYE said, "Well, your wife was supposed to be in a debrief group." I said, "Well, what exactly is that?" She said, "It's like a group discussion thing." At which point DR. TIM, whatever his last name was that started with an "H" said, "Your wife did much better coming in and talking one-on-one with me. You got her to the right place." So I would say that personal perseverance is what got my wife some help rather than the resources that were painfully unavailable, at this point in time, after the attack. I'm a little disappointed with that. Once we got to the right place, things happened the way they should have.

Q. It's a matter of getting to the right place?

A. It is. There is another issue. I'm not wearing my uniform today. I'm not COMMANDER LLOYD. I'm MR. LLOYD and MR. LLOYD does not get treated the same way that COMMANDER LLOYD gets treated. Sometimes I use, what my wife refers to as, my Commander voice, which tends to make things happen. I know both of you know exactly what I'm saying.

Q. Sure do.

A. That helped a lot.

Q. From the lessons-learned standpoint, there needs a better safety net?

A. I would say that's a very good way to put it. From a lessons-learned standpoint, there needs to be adequate and effective emergency lighting in closed and secure space. The Pentagon, very

wisely from the pyridine that they were working from, put the emergency generators for the Command Center outside the Pentagon. Thinking, if there was ever an attack, if there was ever a catastrophe that would cause the lights to go out, it would be from something inside. So we're going to put the generators outside where they will clearly be safe. Nobody had any conscious thought that there might be something that would come from the outside to the inside or that just by luck this aircraft would hit the emergency generators before it hit the Pentagon, which is what happened. There has been a lot of discussion with people I've talked to that there should have been battery-powered lights that came on automatically. In retrospect, I had a flashlight in my briefcase. I didn't think about that until two days after the attack when I was putting together a list of things for my insurance company. Another thing that probably would have been a waste of time except for those that wanted to do it, would have been to have had some sort of an emergency evacuation drill. If you were to do it today everybody would be actively and absolutely involved. If you were to have done it on the 10th of September, I feel very confident that about 60% of the people would have sat at their desks and just closed the door and hoped that nobody came and knocked. I found it interesting that when I went into our new spaces up on the fifth deck here at the Pentagon the very first thing that my boss, JERRY HENSON, said was--and he was the person that was pinned at his desk--"Welcome to the new spaces. The emergency exits are here and here. You've got to go through about five sets of doors to go out the main one so this emergency ladder takes you right down to the first deck in a supply room and then from there, you can get out." On the 10th of September it wouldn't have even entered into the conversation. There was a new awareness. I'm sorry that we're having to realize it in this way, but perhaps it's a good thing.

Q. Thanks so much for your time and for all your insight.

A. Thank you. Thank you for the opportunity.

Q. Thank you, MR. LLOYD.

A. Thank you, MS. KAREN.

Q. Oh, we turned it off already?

A. No we haven't.

Q. Oh, we haven't turned it off.

A. Nope, I can say things now to embarrass us.

Q. Are you ready to turn it off?

A. Do you have any questions?

Q. No I think you covered just about everything.

A. Do you have any questions?

Q. Anything else you want to add?

A. Nothing to put on tape, no.

Q. Thanks.

Transcribed by:
K. Lacik for Tim Ayoub
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