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I work on the Navy staff and worked in 4E395. My father and several friends called me to inform me that the Twin Towers had been hit. I had worked Homeland Security issues on the Joint Staff for two years prior to reporting to the Navy Staff so I was not very surprised. A colleague asked if we shouldn't evacuate the Pentagon or take precautions. I remember telling him that I didn't think it was necessary since the terrorists had made their statement.

I continue to work on projects and then went to an outer E-ring office to watch CNN. After a few minutes, I noticed a traffic jam on route 27 and remarked that a blockade/checkpoint must of been established to provide security for traffic entering D.C. I looked toward the Navy Annex and saw a twin engine American Airline's jet just skim over the top of the building where I had worked from '95 to '97. It was banking slightly to the left and clipping off light poles. Myself and a friend just sat there, glued to the spot, as the airplane approaches. I kept thinking that perhaps a bomb had gone off in the plane and it was crash landing. My mind couldn't tie it to the attacks on the Twin Towers. The engines seemed to increase in pitch as it came to us. We did not start running until the airplane went passed our window and slammed into the Pentagon about 200 yards from where we were located.

We ran out of the office and I do not remember hearing and explosion or feeling a shock. I remember being underwhelmed by the actual effects. We started to evacuate toward the courtyard. Coming down an escalator, I noticed two officers urging people to calm down and evacuate more slowly. In general, I saw extremely little panic. I suspect this is because few people knew what had happened and probably thought it was a precautionary evacuation.

We entered the courtyard. Most people were exiting toward the parking lots. For some reason, I thought it would be safer to stay in the Pentagon than go out in the open spaces. I went to the NMCC to help people start setting up. I reported to the officer in charge that it was definitely an American Airlines jet. I also asked if anyone had called the CBIRF to determine if there were chemicals or biological agents present.

After about 20 minutes, a friend and I went back into the courtyard. We asked a medical officer if they needed help. She replied that they only needed trained medical personnel. I then tried to work my way back toward my office to retrieve personal effects, key documents, and secure the room. As we moved toward an entrance, people started running toward us from the site where wounded were being evacuated and treated. Firemen, EMTs, etc rushed passed us in a mad scramble. We asked what was up and were told that a second airplane was inbound.

We both decided to go out to the South Parking lot and watch the 2nd plane come in. Morbid curiosity. It was a helpless feeling. When no second attack materialized, we tried to get back into the Pentagon to do something, anything to help. We could not. After milling around Pentagon City, I started off by foot to my home in Old Town. I joined a slow caravan of cars

and pedestrians fleeing D.C. It looked like CNN clips from Kosovo, Chechnya, etc. However, this time it was the U.S.

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