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I am Alan E. Goldsmith, a Supervisory Attorney Advisor (GS-905/13) with the Board for Correction of Naval Records (BCNR), located at the Navy Annex (FB-2). The following constitutes my best recollection of the events of 11 September 2001 that I witnessed and/or in which I participated. To the best of my knowledge, nothing in what follows is classified.

Shortly before 0900, one of my co-workers advised me that a commercial airliner had flown into one of the twin towers of New York's World Trade Center, and it was not known whether this was an accident or a terrorist act. About 1/2 hour later, I heard a sonic-boom like noise very "close aboard." My initial thought was that it was an airliner that had gone of course. However, a few seconds later, I heard what I felt certain was an explosion. I immediately jumped out of my chair and left my office, entering the large office space in the middle of the BCNR spaces. People were already starting to leave the building, and I yelled something to the effect of "everybody out!" I left the building right away, saw the smoke rising from the Pentagon, and knew immediately what had happened. I then rushed back into the building and into my office to retrieve my suit coat and call my parents to tell them that the Pentagon had been bombed, but that I was OK. I then once again left FB-2, exiting on the Columbia Pike. I then circled around to the Arlington Cemetery side of the building, looking for another BCNR employees. I was unable to find them, but ran into some other individuals who said that help was needed down at the Pentagon. We all ran down there, and observed the building in flames. After switching my wallet and car keys to my pants pocket, I took of my coat and tie, and draped them over a guardrail. I never saw them again.

Medical personnel were already on the scene, and I spent 15 minutes to half an hour moving medical supplies back and forth with a number of other people. I believe it was during this time that we were first advised that another plane was incoming, and we should take cover in the underpass near the Pentagon. We did, but no plane materialized. Subsequently, we were organized into four-person litter teams, with the expectation that we would be sent into the Pentagon to bring out individuals who had been injured or killed. Subsequently, all of these teams were moved to the large grassy area in front of that part of the Pentagon where the airplane hit, adjacent to Route 27. In addition to those of us on the litter teams, the "unskilled laborers," there were large numbers of civilian and military medical personnel setting up treatment tents and triage units. All in all, there were several hundred people gathered at this site. Sometime in the late morning, we were again told that another plane was incoming, and everyone retreated across Route 27 (with their litters) to the fence which separated us from the treeline. However, the warning proved to be unnecessary, and we returned. When we were moved into position, I would estimate that we were about 50 yards from the building.

During our lengthy wait, we were provided with food and bottled water; I am not sure where they came from, but both were appreciated. One item that was not provided was sun block; as a result, I acquired a rather nasty sunburn. During the afternoon, the assembled multitude, at least the non-medical

personnel, did little but watch the Pentagon burn and the efforts of the firefighters to extinguish the blaze. At one point, the litter teams were given a "crash course" in how to put an injured individual on a litter without further injuring him (her). However, we were never deployed, apparently since authorities were unwilling to send us into the building while any part of it was still burning. In anticipation of being sent in, we were given surgical masks and gloves. Late in the afternoon, firefighters were able to get one survivor out of the building, which resulted in a cheer from all present. During the afternoon, law enforcement personnel were busily combing the area for evidence such as debris from the plane, which was all around us.

At some point in mid-afternoon, we were told that it would be appreciated if we could stand by until 1630, at which time the non-medical volunteers would be relieved by the "Old Guard" from Fort Meyer. Virtually everyone remained, but we were not deployed in any rescue or recovery efforts. At about 1630, the on-scene commander, an Army LTGEN Van Alstyne dismissed us with his thanks, saying that even though we had been unable to do anything, it was what we were willing to do that counted. I personally spoke to him and volunteered my services as an attorney if such were needed, but he said not. Accordingly, I walked back to FB-2, went to my office briefly, and tried to contact my parents without success. The executive director of BCNR, Mr. Pfeiffer, was also in the office, turning off computers that had been left running during the hasty evacuation. We spoke briefly, said our goodbyes, and then I left FB-2 and drove home.