

TAPE #47--SIDE A
DICK MEADOWS--NOVEMBER 18, 1981

KF Tell me when you first met Colonel Simons.

DM 1960. In preparation, 1961, for Laos. We started a mobile training team. I worked for him six months and that was the first time I had met him.

KF Where was that?

DM Fort Bragg. At Fort Bragg in preparation to go to Laos.

KF Then he was training there. Was he instructing people there?

DM That is right. At the time we got involved in Laos was in the early part of 1959 and Colonel Simons had taken one segment to Laos to train the Mao tribe which is the armed people of Laos. They were then, I think, under the guidance of their, government agencies. And the force had gone so until they couldn't control the force well enough to fully employ them. So they called on the Army and at time Special Forces was in full bloom and he took the first team over and got established. And my going in 1961 was the second segment. I worked for him for that period of 6 months, with the Mao headquarters up in (Phuc Loi?).

KF Oh I see, you worked in Laos for him. I see. Tell me more about the work you did. Was he a Colonel by then?

DM He was a Lt. Colonel.

KF What was your rank?

DM I was a Master Sergeant at the time.

KF So you worked directly for him?

DM Not directly. I had an intermediate commander, a Major Johnson, and he was given a task to go to Mao headquarters and help train them in staff procedures. Commanding staff. I was to train the operations officer, for (Colonel Ben Powell?) which was the equivalent rank of Colonel Simons. This went on for about two months and then Colonel Simons sent me down to train a battalion that had been isolated since Dien Bien Phu. That was a force that had gone there to help the French out, but didn't quite reach it before the French fell. Then they pulled back into Laos and went into a Valley and had very little contact with any outside assistance. I took a small force to train that battalion and was given specific guidance by Colonel Simons of what he wanted done. During this period of time, he took a seven day vacation and came up to spend the time with us instead of going to Bangkok or Hong Kong like some of us would do. He decided he wanted to go to the mountains. In fact, it was the first time that I had close association with him. I had been at his briefings prior to the deployment from Ft. Bragg, but to see this man for the first time and be in the same camp with him was quite an eye opener.

KF Tell me why?

DM Well, a lot of people talk about Bull Simons and you get the impression that he is a big man and he is rough and tough and all that. He is, I think on the outside, but there in the relaxed atmosphere that he felt comfortable in, he would get down and talk to the NCO's and sometimes do the dishes because we are living in a very crude environment. To do that sort of thing, I think really gave a different view of the Colonel. During this period of time we did have a small crises. One of the companies that we were training was under attack by the (Pathiolo?) and they needed to be evacuated and, of course, in those companies is families included. The soldier's are into a 100 to

accompany and then their families lived right there in the combat zone with them. He was very concerned about getting those people out. We brought in some helicopters flown by US Marines and we went there to get them out. It was under fire, and he supervised that whole thing. That is the first time we had seen his xxxxxx in action and we really appreciated that.

KF Was there anything unusual about that?

DM At that time there wasn't that US involvement in combat action. We knew a little of his reputation during the second world war, when he was a young captain in the Rangers or the equivalent to the Rangers during the second world war. But not to see him perform. He was pretty much of a legend because of that, but to see him in leadership that is admired and his quick reaction that he could get things moving. Of course, this is a Colonel supervising a very small group of people in an element getting things done, which could have been done by a Captain but yet he was there and he was part of that and he wanted it to be done right.

KF So basically the job was, there were existing Armies. Did you call call them Mao tribesmen. M A O. Who was basically anti-Communist.

DM That's right. Not really. There maybe a misconception here. They had no allegiance to anyone. But when the fighting started in their country, they were protecting their bit of territory. Which, their tribes that are down in the low valley of the Laos and then there is a Caos that commands the center parts of the mountain but the ones on top of the mountains. . . .

KF They also . . .

DM They are much different than the Mao. Their mentality is somewhat the same. They are independent people. (Mountain guards?) live mostly in Viet-Nam and the Mao are mainly in the Malaya ocean. I understand

DM they do go some depth into China and north Viet-Nam but that Cont. mountain region through that area. They were very primitive. A lot of them had never fired a weapon. They go with crossbows and get their game that way. Very colorful in their dress. The women had great silver necklaces, bracelets, and all their religious believes. They used their believes to assist in medical problems. But they were contacted and I guess analyzed to be a unit that could be transformed into help fighting the Communist. They selected a young man by the name of (BingPowell), I think during the French involvement he was a Corporal. He had a little on the ball, a little more education. They decided to mold this guy into a legend where the tribe would follow him. They did a very good job, but they didn't have is the experience of how to control a military force. In great packages of equipment, weapons and this sort of thing would go into the unit and they needed people to train them on these weapons and demolitions and how to fight that type of war.

KF You were there six months?

DM Yes.

KF Simons was there longer?

DM I think about nine months on that tour.

KF OK. I imagine from what I have heard of him that he did a good job of training those people.

DM Yes he did.

KF He was good at capturing people's loyalty and affection. Did you do it with them?

DM Absolutely.

KF How did he do that?

DM I think it was just his straight-forth approach to things. The professional manner in which he would approach things. The sincerity. I don't think he ever had to get down into the rituals of their habits, their tribal habits to win their confidence. I think just by him being an American interested in their welfare and treating them and demanding that they be treated properly by us, the ones that were doing the work, he acquired that.

KF OK. When was the next time you worked with him?

DM The next time was in Panama. Shortly after we had returned to the States, I went to Panama on an advance detail to set up, then, the organization of the eight Special Forces group. It was the beginning of it. They sent a small company of seven special forces there and then from that they grew into the eight special forces. Shortly after I got down there he came to be the commander. I served for him there for 3 1/2 years.

KF What the job there?

DM He was the commander and I was then a Detachment Sergeant Major. My jobs varied. One time he selected me to be the instructor for the halo team, which was a high-altitude openings, a matter of free fall parachuting. I had some experience in this, not good at it, but some experience. He was obligated to put out his wares of what this group was capable of doing. We had MPs, engineers, medical teams, communication teams, and the experts in these fields. They would lay out their wares for demonstration so that when the people from the countries, Central and South America, would come there to view this to find out what was offered to assist them; then we would send out a team to that country to train them in what they wanted. Kind of a highlight in showing off another capability, we would put on a free-fall demonstration.

KF I see.

DM It became such a highlight of the demonstration, that he decided that he would send myself and another person to the proper school to get properly educated. Which we went to the tutoring school at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina, returned and then we trained our own people. Then go to these various countries and put on demonstrations on how we could jump with a 60 pound (rock?)sack and fall free for 2 minutes and activate a parachute and land with precision on the ground. The end result was that we got a lot of missions down in central and south America training.

KF The job of the group was basically propaganda. Propaganda is the wrong word. So that the relations with the Armies with Central and South America?

DM It was providing them with the assistance that they needed. Some areas it might be weapons. They would buy US weapons and they needed someone to instruct a cadre. So a small group of people would go to that country and train them with those weapons, and then in turn they would train themselves. The same thing in the medical field. Communications, they were buying a great sums of communications equipment. Military police, which was always in order. Most of this country could use lot of systems in that area. Riot control--we were sent to the Dominican Republic to train a 200 men force in riot control in preparation for the election. Which a guy by the name (Juan Posh?) was elected President and two months after that he declared himself a Communist, so we blew that. This 200-man company did control the riots. There were no riots at all. In return, they thought we had done our job well enough that they wanted us to train a mountain battalion in guerrilla warfare because they anticipated the guerrilla action in Cuba. So we stayed there and trained them in that respect. That was primarily the commission of the eight special forces.

KF And that was for 3 1/2 years.

DM 3 1/2 years.

KF That brings us up to about 1965.

DM Colonel Simons, I heard in one tape that he was giving a talk to EDS to young managers of EDS and he mentioned that he was sent to Viet-Nam to do a job. It is kind of contradictory to what I remember. He called me into his office one day and said that he had been contacted by Washington and was offered a very special assignment. They wanted to know whether he wanted to staff it or command it. Of course, every officer wants to command. He said he wanted to command it, whatever it was. They couldn't tell him on the telephone but that he was due to return to Washington and get his briefing in preparation in Viet-Nam. He called me to his office and explained that and asked if I would like to go to Viet-Nam with him and of course, I said yes. He said, "I don't know how I am going to swing it, you are due for rotation back to the states. If you can manage to get to Viet-Nam and before you sign into anywhere, locate me and get in touch with me." I later found out that he gave this invitation to only seven people; Two officers and five NCOs. I felt very honored by that if that was a fact. He did leave. I went back to Ft. Bragg and managed to get an assignment to Viet-Nam within a couple of months, and arrived there in the fifth special forces. This is all special forces and told them that I wanted to get in touch with Colonel Simons. The then sergeant major, objected violently, but I did get in touch with Colonel Simons. He pulled a string and got me assigned to what is know as "SOGs", Studies and Observation Group; that was a cover name for special operations group. This was dealing with the behind the line operations. In particular in Laos because that's how I think he related my usefulness in being in Laos and thinking that if we did

DM operation in the Laosian complex that I would be useful. Anyway, I Cont. managed to get under his command again for a year. I performed various operations for him. We managed to come home with our skins.

KF What did you do? What kind of operation?

DM We were allowed to penetrate into Laos and Cambodia and on a couple occasions into North Viet-Nam to do special operations.

KF What kind of operations?

DM Mostly, intelligence work. Gathering intelligence on the enemy. Watching their movements. Checking out areas believed to be of importance. These would be identified by the Air Force in their photography missions and we would go into check it out, find out what was there. Or, after B52 strikes had been made, we would go in directly behind it and see what damage was done, that sort of thing. Plus others that I am still not released to talk about.

KF OK. That was for a year. That sounds like much more dangerous work that the two of you had done together before.

DM Yes it was.

KF You must have seen his coolness under fire a few more times.

DM That is right. He would not go underground with any of the small patrols that I led. But he would sometimes go on the inserts which were just as dangerous. Most of the danger is on the helicopter insert in the last twenty seconds in the air because you are so vulnerable. Then the pickup. He would come back for resupplies to provide resupplies. This was again to show leadership and to get what a lot of us believe in, you've got to lead and not to direct, to get the battlefield mission accomplished.

KF So he would come in on inserts. You think basically just to show his face?

DM No, not just to do that. The true interest that he would have in the mission. He liked the excitement of it.

KF What came after Viet-Nam?

DM After that we returned to the States. I had received a commission from Master Sergeant directly to Captain. He was instrumental in the initial recommendation to that. He was not there to follow up on it. He made recommendation to his replacement, which was a Colonel (Singalod?) which was promoted to a Two-Star General and retired as a Two-Star General. This guy came on and about three teams that were truly effective. I was lucky enough to have one of them. I guess I was under his watchful eye. Unaware of this recommendation for commission. Shortly after he got there he made the recommendation of General Westmoreland and he endorsed it and I got a commission of Captain. I had to return to the States to get the commission. I was stationed in Ft. Bragg along with Colonel Simons in different units at that time. Before my commissioning I requested that he swear me in and he came down to the office of my commander and did the swearing in. I wanted that done because I had so much respect for him. After that we broke up and I didn't see him again until 1970. It was in preparation of the Son Tay raid. That is when the force went into North Viet-Nam with the attempt of getting the prisoners of war out of there.

KF Were you in on that?

DM Yes. Again he called me forth to help him do the planning. I got a call from the Colonel in the Pentagon asking me to authenticate myself on the telephone, which is pretty hard to do, but after a little while he was satisfied that he was talking to the right man. He told me to cut my own orders and come to Washington right away, that they needed

DM me. At that time I was working as an Operations Officer in the Ranger Cont. training command. It was quite a task to get released from that, because my boss was very restrictive on his officers. I cut the order and went to Washington with the intent of a 60-day temporary duty. When I got up there, I was quickly ushered into a room and given about a two-hour briefing on the works of a feasibility study group that had used all the information they had available to give ideas on how to do the raid if it was permitted. In the way they went about it, I thought they had selected me to be the leader. When he finished a General Blackburn came down to the office and said, " Dick, what do you think." I told him it was a piece of cake if the Air Force can get us there, I can do the job. He said, "Good. What I need now is a good Lt. Colonel to command it." Objective to that, I said all you need is a good captain to do it. I can do the job. He said he wanted a lot of officers on the ground. He said if there is just two men, one has got to be an officer. If one man, he has got to be an officer. If it is five men, the leader has got to be an officer. He had Colonel Simons up to help do the planning and he would be the ground force commander. He said he needed a Lt. Colonel to be the on-the-ground commander. So I recommend two that I knew and one was Colonel Sidmore. He was the officer that went to England with me on the exchange program, then as a Captain and now he is a Lt. Colonel. Anyway, these two officers were interviewed, one didn't want the job; Colonel Sidmore quickly took it because he realized that Colonel was involved, John Blackburn and myself, so he took on the job. In the meantime, they gave me the mission to write the ground operations plan. Just the Army ground operations plan at the scene of the prison. The constraints given was to be on the ground no longer than 30 minutes and the use of no more than 50 people. So I went to work under Colonel Simons supervision and worked my tail off about two weeks writing that plan up. The thing again, most bosses will give you a task and leave you alone and go out and play golf or whatever. That wasn't Colonel Simons. He would give the task, leave you alone but stay there. If he was not participating in it, he was there to help. Again, the battlefield situation, he was there from start to

DM finish. Sometimes I would go to work in the mornings at 6 o'clock and
Cont. finish at 11 at night. He would be there at 6 o'clock and he would
leave after I would leave. One of those. After two weeks I gave a plan
that was in longhand about like (must have indicated with hands). I
said here it is. He looked at the first two or three pages and he said
come here, let me teach you something. He sat down and started
scratching through things to do the editing. Two or three pages that
he worked over, he condensed that to a half page. He told me to go
back and do it like that. So another day or two, I finally had this
thing reduced down to just the essentials. He did the rest of the
scratching and finally the plan went forth and it was bought verbatim
as it was. Then he had to go to Ft. Bragg to select the force. The
message was sent to the Commander of Ft. Bragg that Colonel Simons
was there to hand-pick some men. Again he goes back to seventh
special forces, to select what we felt we needed, 110 people, to select
the 50 from. The rest could be the Admin support that we needed. So
he went down there and met with the General, who was (Zenley),
before this special assignment, his boss. The General was very humble
and said have at it. He said, "I would like all of the seven special
forces to assemble in the theatre and I would like to talk with them."
So they collected what was there, those not out on training mission,
and he talked to them very brief as I understand. Something like, I
am here to get some volunteers to go out on a very sensitive and
perhaps dangerous mission on this training to be gone for about 60
days and there is no extra pay, there is no writing home to mamma,
there is no telephoning back home to mamma. You have to have your
stuff in order, and if you like, come with me and we will get this task
done. However, there is one thing I promise you. You will be back
home by Christmas, you may be in a pine box, but I will have you
home by Christmas. He said, Those of you who are interested, come
back in after a 15 minutes break. They left. He lost about a third or
half. Those that came back in put there name on the roster. He, a
doctor and a sergeant major with the interviewing board and they
would bring these guys forth and interview them. That 15 or 20
minutes with that person. The questions would be: Why do you want
to go on just a ridiculous mission?

KF Were you there at the board?

DM No, I wasn't there. This is what the doctor was telling me. Anyway he selected his 110. In the meantime, Colonel Sidmore and I had gone down to set up the returning base at Eglund Air Force base. By the way, when you go there you can see the same old buildings that we lived in and worked out of. It is not too far from where the Colonel lived and where his son is. I wish I would go with you there, Ken, and escort you around and show you those things. Anyway we went down and eventually the 110-man force came in. They were not to know anything about the mission. There were just about six or seven of us who knew we were going to North Viet-Nam in an attempt to get these prisoners out. We have to change the cover story to make them believe in something and still put their best efforts forward. We ginned up the story that we were going into xxxxxxxx activities. We had selected a general type compound that would fit in most situations. The Embassies overseas and this was given to us by exact measurements and this sort of thing. This is why it is so important that we make our mockups exactly like that. We would have to train the reactions to that. It went over pretty well for about a month, month and a half. Then as things began to get tight by the controlling mechanism they began to get suspicious about what we were really going to do. We went through this training with the intent that the raid would be launched around the 20th of October. We started the training the first of September. It was really involved. We had to really work our tails off. The first two weeks we would sort out the 110 and select our 50 from already acquired skills. We needed machine gunners, we needed small arms, we needed people that could fire from helicopters, going in on landings; we needed demolitionists, people that were already trained demolitionists, but we had to prepare a specific charge for this specific task. Flying in helicopters, getting out of helicopters, getting back in the helicopters quickly and getting our Embassy personnel out of the Embassy into helicopters. Again the Colonel was there watching, offering constructive criticism and changing things as he saw fit. But mostly his presence took the

DM pressure off of Colonel Sigmore and I that was doing most of the
Cont. training, the commander and the operations officer, by keeping the Air
Force well briefed and VIPs coming down on us from Washington that
had an interest in this, and he would take care of them. A lot of time
deny them entry into the training camp. It is that sort of thing. Going
back to the Bull. You get the impression that the Bull is a great big
mean bugger. Bullheaded is where I think he really got his name
because he...sometimes he would get an order to entertain some
Generals that were coming down to get a look. He would say No, you
are not coming into my training camp, I am in the middle of something
sensitive and I am not ready for them. By doing that, reduced the
number of visits down there where we wouldn't have to stand tall to
satisfy them, but get on with the training. We had a timeframe which
to meet. Anyway, eventually the force was ready and near the 10th of
October, he and General Manor, the Air Force General that was a task
force commander began to give briefings in Washington to various
levels, going into the direction of the President. They got to Henry
Kissinger and gave a briefing to him. The Bull would come back after
each one of these and give Sidmore and I a detailed briefing of what
went on and a lot of it was comic stuff. The one that I remember best,
that he was giving the briefing to Kissinger, and Kissinger is sitting
very quietly, watching the briefers. You would have a General that
would give the Air Force side of it and Colonel coming in giving a 10
or 12 minutes of the Army of how each would move. He said that this
whole time he hadn't moved at all, he wasn't sure that his eyes weren't
blinking. Finally, when he had finished he said, "Sir, that concludes
my portion of the briefing, are there any questions." Still, silence and
they were getting uneasy and he said finally he spoke. He said, it is
a workable plan and it will go, however, you can't go on your first
select date of 20 of October, change it to the alternative date of 20 of
November. He said, the President will buy the plan. Thank you very
much. He got up and left. That put us into another flap because we
had to extend our training and continue this very tight security that
we have moving. We thought we were at peak training; what else can
we do. Then only did we learn that we needed alternate plans to the

DM alternate plans to be sure that we were truly successful. And luckily
.Cont. that we did that because one of the alternate plans was the primary
plan and it worked like clock work. So eventually we moved from the
training site in Florida all the way into Asia. Honestly, the men did
not know where they were at. That is how clever everything was done
by all of the military intelligence and the air force. You were
confusing the issue because we had flown these profiles many times and
landing at different places where the guys didn't know. We arrived in
a very secret camp in Thailand from which we would base our launch.
We arrived there and the surroundings had palm trees and hot, it
could have been anywhere in that part of the world. They were not to
know anything about it until the President had given his approval,
which they did go to the President and he said go with it. Then the
next critical point was the weather window. The weather had to be
just right, the moon had to be at the proper phase, the xxxx moon,
all these things taken into consideration. OK, tonight is the night.
Colonel catches everybody in this little theater. At this time he has
included himself in, instead of the 50, we had gone up to 56 total.
Three air force guys that would be landing my helicopter in the
compound would become part of my command and then Colonel Simons
in the last couple of weeks decided that he would go on the ground.
That caused a little bit of confusion. Because all this planning and
training had not included him. He talked to Colonel Sigmore about it.
And Sigmore being the good soldier that he is, said fine. He called me
in, Meadows I want you to find a plan for me to be included in the
raid. I objected. No sir I can't see that you should be included
because you haven't been trained with us and we can only have one
commander on the ground. One voice, 30 minutes and we cannot react
to two. He said I promise you I will not come on the air unless
Sigmore is incapable of performing his duties. I said I can live with
that. You know it has got to be done that way. He said he understood
and that was the way it would be. That was the way it was. He did
not come on the air. Sigmore did everything as we had trained so
many times to do. Anyway we got to Thailand into the theater. It was
up front and it is normal that everybody stands at attention while the
commander is walking down to take his position to give his talk. He

said, "Have your seats. During all this time that you have been training you have been wondering what we are going to do, wondering where you are. I will tell you. We are going into North Viet-Nam to liberate the prisoners of war at a little camp called Son Tay." There was just total silence, seemed like 30 seconds, but was probably three and then I thought the damn roof was going to go flying into the air. Everybody started jumping up. Finally it is out, now we are going to do something for awhile. This applaud is going on for about seven minutes and he calmed them down. The nice crisp way that he can say things to put you back on level again. You have had your fling for a few moments, now let's get back to the thing we can handle. In a nice clear, clean voice that he would have. "Let's go do it." Away we went. We finished up, got back, and you know the end results of that no doubt. There was no prisoners there but the mission was a success in the sense that we got there and back without losing anybody. We killed a hell of a lot of people. Today, I don't think anybody really knows how many people were killed. When we got back, he estimated that his group had killed about 20, my group had killed about 8, and Sigmore's group had killed several. We were all totally disappointed and he was then called quickly back to Washington along with (Joe Manor?) to give a verbal briefing to the President. Of course, most of us were very deflated and turned back to Eglund where we did all of training, do the after action report, and then sent back to our own duties. The next time I saw him was when Ross Perot, head of a union for the raiders. The prisoners of war who were in that camp prior to our attempt, had been moved two and half months prior to when we got there and we didn't know about it. Anyway, Ross being the patroit that he is, asked some of the prisoners what they would like most that he could help them with. A lot of them said they would like to meet the raiders, the guys who made the attempt. So he rented a hotel out in San Francisco and got us all out there. Wherever we were, he got the Armies to send out messages to everybody. At that time I was on Okinawa. If the guy wanted to bring the wife along. My wife and I flew back and met Colonel Simons and his wife there. Had a few hours together in his room just chatting about old things. We had a good

DM time. Ross really did his job well. That was the first time that we had
Cont. done a good job. Most of us didn't want us to admit that we took part
in it because we didn't know what damage had been done by the
Viet-Namise to the prisoners, whether they had taken an "hard-ass"
attitude to them, and denied them any privileges they may have had
prior. But the first talk given by one of the prisoners, Bobby
Resoner, and he is now working for Ross. He was an Air Force pilot
shot down that spent about seven years in there. Now he is retired,
Brigade General, working down in Austin somewhere. He got up and
gave a short talk. He said that he had understood that there was
doubts in our minds the success of the mission. And he said don't let
there be no doubt. Your mission was totally successful in the fact that
it forced the North Viet-Namise to put them together. Some of them
had been in solitary confinement for so long. Anyway we all felt pretty
good about that. We had some private sessions in which Colonel Simons
would get up and give them talks, briefing on how we went through
the planning and the training and the actual execution. Which most of
them wanted to know. We had a mural bigger than this table of the
actual compound that had been put together by some experts of
Washington. Some of those guys had tears in their eyes. They could
look and see that there is the cell that I use to be in and I use to go
out here. . . They just couldn't believe this damn model. Minor
corrections to it. The perfection. We finished that up and shortly after
that Colonel Simons got out of the service.

KF Let me stop you there. We were talking about the week end in San
Francisco for the Son Tay raiders.

DM The next time I saw him it was on the, one of the anniversary, Son
Tay anniversary. The 21st of November. I can't remember what year it
was. There were five army and five air force participants invited to
the Pentagon to have lunch with the chairman and chief of staff,
Admiral Moore, who was also in office at the time of the raid. I was
stationed at Ft. Benning. The plane came down and picked up Colonel
Simons and flew by Ft. Benning and picked up Colonel Sigmores and me

DM and went by Ft. Bragg and picked up a couple other captains, then
Cont. the leaders of the smaller elements. We went up to Washington and met
with all the chiefs-of-staff, the Army and Air Force, and all those;
and Admiral Moore who is an outstanding person, proper person for
the job. The Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird, who was instrumental
in getting the approval of the President to allow the raid to go, was
there and he got up and gave a talk during this lunch. He had a box
of cigars because Colonel Simons was a big cigar smoker. He loved
cigars, not the big fat ones nor the ugly ones, but the small petite
ones, the quality type stuff. He had a box of these, I think they were
Cuban cigars--I'm not sure, he gave this box of cigars to Colonel
Simons and gave a talk in his honor. He said something to the effect
that he had retired from the Military before he was aware that he was
retired otherwise they probably kept him on where he would be
useful. He was saddened that he had been retired as a Colonel instead
of a General. The Colonel, I think, was not hurt at all by not being
promoted. He would have liked to have stayed on active duty to
continue to doing a lot of things. That ended the good feeling. Then I
was transferred to Eglund Air Force Base where my term assignment
was in the military and that is where I decided I wanted to live, near
there. Not because of him, he lives only 50 miles away, but I just like
that area and had everything that I had hoped for in retirement. Open
spaces, plenty of hunting and fishing. I went to his farm to see him
and spent a couple of hours with him. He took me out to show me the
pigs he was raising. I don't think he was involved with the pigs for
the money, he didn't have that many. He was trying to specialize and
study these hogs. I think later he was an authority on them because
he did study them, bred them, and dealt with them. He did all this
work himself. He was also raising what I think was a super hog
because he had one there that weighed about 900 pounds. I have
never seen one so big. He had a good story to tell me about that.
When this boar was servicing the sows he would get very demanding of
his territorial rights and he didn't want the Colonel anywhere near.
But the Colonel would have to get in there and prop the sow up
because the boar was too heavy and would crush her. He had built

DM some kind of a platform there where the sow could get into where he
Cont. could slide up to brace the boar's weight. This boar didn't want that
and he made an attack on the Colonel. The Colonel managed to get
over the fence and he said when he got out he felt, for the first time
in his life, his knees weak. He said he was so damn scared. If they
get you down they will kill you, they won't let you out. He said he
got out, his knees were wobbling, he thought I must be getting old.
The anger came on him and he went out and got a 2 x 4 which
measured about 6 feet long. He went back and looked at that big
son-of-a gun. He had tusks about 6 inches long, ugly, had a head
real big, ugly thing. He said, "OK you son-of-a-bitch, me or you?
There is only one boss here, and now we are going to see who it is."
He got back in the pen with this damn pig and again the pig came
after him. He clobbered it across the nose with that 2 x 4 and
knocked it to his knees. He thought he had killed it, because it went
down and didn't hardly make any sound. Pretty soon he got up and
snorted a couple of times and went to the far end of the pen and
stayed there. He let the Colonel do what he wanted. From then on all
the Colonel had to do was go to the pen and that pig would go to the
far end of the pen. I thought that was a funny thing. That is the way
he is. It is that sort of thing, with all of his other accomplishments
that I am sure gets him the proper name of the "Bull." There can only
be one boss and the job has to be done right, and that is what he did
with the old boar.

KF Now, the times you worked with him. He obviously inspired a lot of
loyalty and affection. Did that go right through the unit? I mean with
the enlisted men, did they feel the same way?

DM Yes. I don't know very many enlisted people that wouldn't follow the
Bull. I think that if the Bull were alive today and would put out a call
for volunteers to go anywhere to do anything, that people who had
never met him would come forward, because it vibrates. You know, a
legend vibrates down through the chain and everybody is affected by
it. You get the real young soldiers that maybe have never heard of

DM him, but once you would tell a couple of stories about him, they would
Cont. immediately say that is the type of man I want to work for, and they
would out. He would talk to his men a lot. He would get them together
when the moral would get a little rough. Especially in Son Tay where
we were in training many, many days--seven days a week. Everybody
would get ruffled. The NCOs would get pissed at the officers, the
officers would want to fire the NCOs and this sort of thing was
normal. He had the psychology that he would say now is the time for a
pep talk. He would get us all together and give us a little pep talk or
just listen to their bitches. He would say, "OK, somebody has their
feathers up. What is wrong?" Maybe one of the NCO's hand would go
up right away and there would be the normal half dozen that would
create this disturbance anyway. He would like them get up there and
just cuss and moan, if they wanted to throw rocks at him, he would
weather it. Then at the end, he had that mannerism to say, "Look,
get off of it. You got it off your chest. I understand what you are
talking about. Now we have a more important thing to do. Let's get
back to the job and get it done right because we are going to be
utilized one day." Whatever he says is proper for the time and for the
person. Everybody leaves again happy as could be, before another
week or two.

KF Would he do anything about grievances?

DM Absolutely. He had great compassion for good soldiers that were maybe
having family problems. Or having financial problems or something like
that. He would look deep into that person's background to assist him.
I know during this training at Eglund in preparation for Son Tay, I
knew that my job was going to be the toughest job. It was the one to
go into the compound and to open up all the cells and release the
people, drill a hole through the brick wall, and escort them out to the
helicopter. Because of that, he allowed me to select the prime unit for
the selectees. I did that kind of like he was doing. I would select my
officers and let my officers select their men that they wanted to work
with. One of these young NCOs, was a good worker on the job, but

DM sometimes we would have a break to drink some beer. You can't just
Cont. train all the time, you have to have some relaxation. We had a little
club there and the guys could go in there and drink some beer. I
would train my group a little harder than the rest of the group
commanders would do. Each morning at 5:30 we would get up and do
PT. I had about a 2 1/2 mile run that we would have to do in about 15
minutes. This one sergeant drank too much beer one night. After I
had told him to go to bed, he said yes sir, I'll go to bed. He went up
and went to bed. I went to bed. Then he got up and went back down
to drink more beer. I found out about it. He said, "I did what you
told me to. You told me to go to bed. I went to bed. But then I got
up again." Things like this, pressing it too much. So I fired the
guy. I told him to pack his gear, move down to the sport unit. You
can help them put up targets and that sort of thing. The Bull found
out about that. He counceled me on it. He said, "I think you have too
much time in this guy to just up and fire him." I said, "No. I
disagree with you there. I put a lot of trust in the guy and I don't
want him to pull something like that over me." He said, "Well, it is
your command. You do what you want. But, God, you got a lot of
hours in that guy. He can do the job. I've seen him, I've watched him
work." I said, "Yah, but I just do his job and mine as to have a guy
that I can't trust." He said, "You have a point. I will back you up on
it. It will stand." What he was trying to bring out to me. Which is
more important, the job, the training in this man, or to use a
principal to make your point? I stood fast. That sort of thing I think
he appreciated.

KF How did he exercise this. . . He had this, for the want of a better of
a better word, charm. And it wasn't only soldiers that felt for this, it
was everybody he ever met with the exception of his sons, which is
different anyway because sons never think as much of you as the rest
of the world. OK. But he exercised this charm on everybody,
children, old people, businessmen, businessmen's wives, everybody
thought he was just terrific. Why?

DM I have seen him in different environments and his conduct would surprise the hell out of me. The first time I think was at a social function which was small attendance, was at a wedding. This was during the Son Tay planning, training period. One of the air force majors was getting married and he sent an invitation to three of us: Sigmores, Simons and myself. The wedding was going to be conducted down at the main chapel, main base at a certain time. Each of us had a some form of a suit, coat and tie. Half-way respectable. We got dressed and went down expecting a church full of Air Force people and you know the courtesy and recognition of some Army guys, but we were the only people there other than the Chaplain and the witness and the guy that played the organ. His wife came in, I believe her name was Patsy, and Colonel Simons turned on the charm there I just couldn't believe. I mean really good, nice beautiful dialogue. Had that little lady just twisted. I don't know if she was interested in her fiance at that point or not. (Laughter) He went through this prior to the wedding and settled everything down. The wedding was finished. Major Grimes invited us up to the Officer's Club for a bottle of Champaign which is only proper. We went up there and just by chance there were some of the other guys, the helicopter pilots, were sitting there with their families. They kind of invited themselves into our little group and found out that Keith had just gotten married and they got a little upset because they had not been invited. But, again Colonel Simons stepped right in there with his wit, and little odd clean jokes and put everybody at ease and everybody was having a good time. We finished a bottle of champaign and then he very politely said we have things to do, we have got to go back and they had big trays of oysters and more champaign and you could see the party brewing up there. My weakness, I wanted to participate. He said no we have to go back and continue our duty. So, we broke away and went back. But for those couple of hours there was a different Simons than I had ever seen before. He has great compassion for animals. I think sometimes he likes animals more than he does human beings. Bring up you up to that point of going to his farm that day, it was misting rain outside. He invited us in and it was one of the few times

DM that he had invited me into his den. It is not a neglect of taking me
Cont. into his house, it wasn't convenient or something. That day he took
Bill Patton and I into his den and he gave us run down on some of the
things in there. He has this old dog which is called Muffin, you will
meet Muffin when you go out there tomorrow, that just appeared at his
doorstep. He took this dog in and doctored it and you know cleaned it
up and all that. It is still a long-haired musky smelling dog. It is wet
from this mist and stuff out there. I am sitting in this soft easy chair
that there is enough space for me and the dog. The dog is going to
get in the chair with me, I don't want it in the chair with me because
I am not sure if the Colonel wants the dog in the chair with me. I am
trying to hold the dog down talking to the Colonel and keep its
attention down here. Finally Muffin decided the hell with this guy, I
will go back to my master and he is stilling in a light type chair. The
dog leaps up into the chair and the Colonel acted like, "You damn old
dog, what are doing up here." At the same time he was moving over
so Muffin could slide in and sit down and make himself comfortable.
Plus other dogs would come to his place. Just old strays. After awhile
that people would just drive by and drop these dogs off so that he
would take care of them. One time I think he had about 15 or 20 dogs
out there, all different breeds, ugly looking things but he would just
fell in love with the damn dog. Same way with pigs. I bought four
pigs off of him. The first fall that I had bought my house, my place,
and put in a pigpen just to teach my kids those things. I wanted to
take an animal at a time and raise it up so that they would be exposed
to it. Using some of my childhood knowledge you know on how to do
these things I bought these four pigs, gonna teach my son on how to
do the feeding and the caring. In the end sell three to pay for ours
to offset the expenses. I took my truck out there and he has a kinda
of corral and chute that we would scurry these pigs through and then
it goes up a rack into the truck, into the loading truck. I had my
pickup truck with a camper on it. He is there singling out the ones
that I wanted. He puts them in the chutes. He is saying, "Come on
darling, come on sweetie." Things that he had never ever said
before. I had a friend of mine that had heard of him. When you hear

DM of him you have that immediate respect, there is a soldier's soldier.
Cont. Touch, Bull Simons, you know, here he is saying come on honey, come on darling, it blew this guys bubble when this occurred. This is the making of Bull Simons.

KF Did he ever talk to you about things like his family or how he felt about things? Religion, politics, or anything like that?

DM He never talked to me very much about his family. I know in Panama his sons were young teenagers. Young Harry, I don't know if you have met Harry or not?

KF No.

DM I hope you get to meet him tomorrow. I didn't know Bruce at all down there. But again, the hearsay, the friends of theirs would say that he just didn't get along well with his sons. He never talked about Bruce to me. Young Harry went off and had his adventure, whatever it was, and came back to his dad after he had been married and divorced, and had a child by this lady. I think he was trying to find himself at the ripe age of 28 or whatever. His dad took him in. I think he was under very tight control and restraints. He lived with his dad for a couple of years. One of the last times I saw the Bull. Harry had gone off to try to regain his wife again. I had mentioned, "I haven't seen Harry around. Is he sick? Is he alright?" He said, "No, Harry has gone off I think to get his wife back. I really miss that old boy. Harry is a pretty good old boy. I like Harry, he is alright." Talking as though a friend or something like that, that he has exposed himself in. But that was the only time that I had heard him say anything affectionately about his sons. I was working, after I got out of the service, with the Army. I was the advisor to the commander and his force (could not understand). I worked on that for three years there at which time after the Bull's wife died, he was a destroyed man. I knew that he needed something to snap him out of it, you know to get him back on the road again because his mind was just too brilliant to sit dormant

like that. So I talked my boss into hiring him as a consultant bring him up, brief him, because our unit was so new it was about a year down the road on a two-year total preparation before it was validated. I said, "Sometimes we get so close to the problem that we can't see the burs and the roughspots. I think we need somebody to come in, brief this person and use it as kind of a sounding board. He said it is a good idea. Bull Simons is the man. We got him on the phone right then. Bull said he would like to come up and see what you've got, however, I have my pigs down here and I need somebody to take care of them. It will take me a day or so. Colonel Simons said hell I will send a sergeant to take care of them. He did. The Bull drove up and he spent seven days with me. I had a two bedroom apartment at the time. He spent those seven days with me, during which time we would get in many, many hours of sections in the evening over a bottle wine, meat and tacos, we would go out to eat or whatever. He loved to talk, he would talk on and on. I think I was just a good listener. Interested in what he had to say. But I did express to him that I was really hoping my son would go to West Point, because that is what he wanted. Not that I wanted him to go to West Point, but that is what he wants to do. I let him go up to West Point when he was about 12 or 13 and he thought this is it, this is what I want to be. He hasn't lost that desire since. He said, "Jesus, how in the hell did you manage that." I said, "Well, I have never insisted my son being a soldier, and I will support him in anything that he wants to do, up through the college level. But he has decided that he wants to go to West Point." He said, "Jesus, what the hell did I do wrong? I must have gone wrong someplace because my sons hate the army. You would think that they would come in and want to be behind their father and pick up the ball. But they hate the military, total despise it. I wonder what the hell I've done wrong." That was the only other time that he said anything in reference to his sons. He never said anything about his love for his wife. But we all knew that he adored her. Totally, immensely. They were loners. I think when you get to his place out there you will understand that. I think each of them felt secure at this place because it is in the sticks. It is

totally in redneck country. I think the nearest neighbor is across the road a couple three hundred yards. Beyond that there is probably miles on each side. Very few people would come to see them. They liked that. They were engrossed with each other for the first time I guess without being in the social environment of the military and being separated and living at someplace where they didn't want to live. I believe they were really happy. Each time that my wife and I would go out there they would treat us like we were welcome. I am sure that half a dozen people that have the open invitation to go to his place unannounced. I would never go out there unannounced. I would always call and say I would like to go fishing in your pond. He got one of the best bass ponds I have ever fished in in my life. He would take me down to his workshops. All of this is different than what I had know him before. Everything was neat, orderly, in place. But there he just let things go, and he was doing things his way and to hell with appearance and that. You would go into his shops and everything is cluttered up. He probably has \$100,000 in a little metal shop, gun shop. \$100,000 in a woodshop of equipment, that Harry has since then (could not hear). You go in there and wonder how in the hell he can move around. It is so tight. He knows where everything is, he is comfortable.

KF In those seven days, when he stayed in your apartment, you said he talked and talked. What did he talk about?

DM Everything. Whatever his fancy at that time. Maybe something would happen in a newspaper and he would comment on that. Or, he would remember something about Ft. Bragg, some commander or some officer, some general that would lead him into some other assignment. He often talked about Korea. I think when he was in Korea, not during a war, but this is back in the, I can't remember when, probably in the '60s. He served for a General named DePue, that he retired as a four-star General. He had a lot of respect for General DePue. He had a lot of respect for General Yarbrough. He thought these two Generals were probably the brightest Generals of all times. He worked very closely

DM with them. He was their operations officer at one time or another.
Cont. Which in most Army commands if you don't command a unit, you want to be the operations officer that way you control the unit. That is what he liked. If he was a staff officer, he preferred that. But he preferred to be a commander. But to work under those Generals he got pretty much done what he wanted done. Those would be the subjects. Sometimes he would talk about food. He was a connoisseur of Chinese food. I don't know if he cooked Chinese food, but he loved Chinese food. We would go to Chinese restaurants and he would. . . Politics, of course, everyone has their own views on politics, and he had his.

KF Do you remember what they were?

DM Well I know that he was very found of President Nixon and I think one of the reasons was that he gave the OK on the Son Tay raid. He felt he was very stupid for getting caught with those tapes. He was stupid to allow it to American public, but behind all of that he has done a lot lot of good. And he would voice those goods. Opening up a General to Russia, and China making the world a better place to live in total cooperation.

KF Did you agree with that?

DM Yes, I do. I agree with that. I think one day Nixon would go down as a great President when some of this ugliness wears off and the history writers write it to where it is not so terribly ugly...it will always be ugly. He was a small arms expert. He really knew the weapons. He had rebuilt, reload his own ammunition. A crack shot. An excellent shot.

KF Did Simons have any views about politicians in general?

KF Old fools, all power hungry? For example, somebody told me he thought one answer to the problems of American politics would be if you could only be elected for one term. So that when you are in power you would not be looking to win the next election, you would just be looking to do the job. Ever say that to you?

DM I don't remember that.

KF I think to some extent he was what you wanted him to be. I think that might have been some of his charm. I have asked a number of people about his views and they generally say his views were their views. They generally found they agreed with him when they talked in general religion, politics, married life, whatever. I wonder if really he was interested in telling you what he thought, he wanted to know what you thought so he just went along with whatever you would say to draw you out. Do you think that might be right?

DM No. I don't think so. I know that a lot of times when we would have a session at his place I would go out to do some fishing but I would end up spending more time with him than fishing. It was like he was hungry to talk to someone. He subscribed to a couple of newspapers and one day he says, "Jesus, I sit here and I read all this rap in this damn newspaper and all these damn ideas start ricocheting around in my damn brain and I am helpless and I can't do anything about it. He had strong feelings and it would turn him own to something. Some item in the newspaper that he would want to talk about and he would express his opinion of that. He could go on for hours. It was like he had an audience but he didn't give a damn if that audience was there or not. But he was allowed to talk. It was a verbal release. Otherwise, he would just sit and think about it. Maybe he would watch expressions on a person's face. Maybe that is what you are eluding to there. If you have given a Yes I agree, or No, or you frown maybe he homes in on something like that. Unconsciously perhaps.

KF Can you remember any of the things he would sound off about?

DM Just trying to think of the time, who and what was going on at the time. He had zero use for President Johnson. Absolute zero use, zero respect for Johnson. I concur with that, I think, listening to him talk but having an inner feeling of that man myself I think that he has caused us all the problems that we are presently in. In Asia, getting us involved. He didn't GET us involved, but KEPT us involved. That nation that we would not forsake them, that we would stand by them, etc., etc. All the same time, we were losing, we had the military might there in '67 to win the war if we had wanted to win the war. We could have won the war through the South Viet-Namite winning their own war with just having our own special forces there to help them. To supply them, train them, and urge them on. Then when he allowed this great war machine to go into South Viet-Nam and didn't use them properly we were wasted. In '67 we were gone. He, at that time was working in the headquarters under these other Generals. To see all of this happen down there and the frustrations that occur when you are guided by politicians and the soldier is nothing but an instrument. He felt that, "By God when you go to battle the commander in charge is in charge and is not being controlled by the men above." The man above says, "Go do that job." Don't tell him how to do it. Then let that commander go do the job. But in this case Johnson was actually, he and (McNemara?) were actually identifying targets and approving specific targets in which to bomb. This would go down through the chain of command, and the security honor would be exposed, the enemy would normally leave the sight, and would be long gone. The commanders in the field didn't have that choice, they couldn't select the targets. But anyway, you know it was a great expectation of winning a war, and believing in a President. We will not forsake our friends the South Viet-Namite and drop them and caused more murder than any war. He was very bitter about that, about given that up and letting them go their own route and knowing damn well it was taking the lion out of the jungle and taming him and then putting him back in again. That is the way the Viet-Namite were. They were quite capable

DM of fighting their own war with the proper systems, but when you take
Cont. all the muscle in there and say, "Stand aside. We are going to take charge." This guy goes to the street and lives a happy fat life and the blackmarket and all the other riff-raff and corruption. Then all at once the muscle leaves and this guy has got to go back out there, he is not prepared for it. He expressed that, he didn't have any respect for the Johnson administration. When he would talk, I think most of his thoughts were well prepared. He really believed in what he was saying. It wasn't something said off the hip. It was well thought out. He would give reasons why he would do these things or say these things. This seven days that he spent with me in my apartment up there, was just prior to his being selected by Ross to do his job on the Iranian effort. He went off on that. I would call his place every now and then. He was gone and gone. Colonel Sigmore called one day and says, "I was over at Colonel Simons place, he hasn't been there for six weeks. Some sergeant came to the gate and talked to me." This guy had been sent there to hold down the pig farm for five days and he hadn't seen anybody in six weeks. It had been Ross's guys sent out to take care of the farm. He said he didn't know where he was at. What Sigmore wanted him to do was be a guest speaker at one of the Ranger graduations. Which Sigmore then was a director of. I said well I got suspicion that he is up to something. He is involved in something. I had heard that Ross had selected him to go to Laos to check on a possible POW's in Laos and he had made a couple or three trips over there from time to time. I thought maybe that was what he was involved in. Maybe he had gotten word that there was some there. Now this is all after his wife has died. After we had appointed him or selected him to be a consultant for this force. Then finally the news broke and there he was with Ross and his two guys, some details in the newspapers about the success of the operation. And then I saw him, I guess, a half a dozen times after that. I never asked him about the raid. He never said anything about the raid. I guess it was one of those things that happened between a couple of people. If I had asked him, I am sure that he would have explained everything that I wanted to know. He is a very modest person.

KF Do you know how he got his nickname?

DM No. There has been a lot of talk about that. I think the Bull. That you get the impression that he is a big man. He really wasn't. I have seen him overweight, very overweight. Have you met his brother Stanley?

KF Yep.

DM When I last saw Stanley he was a big guy. Maybe too much of a stomach. The Bull never had too much of a stomach, he had a big thick neck, big arms, big barrel chest. In during this '61, the first time I saw the Bull in the preparation of xxxx we had what was called a gladiator pit. It was just a big circular hole dug in the ground about five feet and the earth is thrown out on the side with a ledge around. The idea there is to get two groups of men in there and each combated against the other to throw the other side out.

KF This is at Ft. Bragg.

DM Yes it is at Ft. Bragg. It is no longer there. This is then. The Bull would participate, I swear and be damn, four and five guys would get a hold of him, he would kick. It was hard to get him out of there. He was a wiry son-of-a-gun. Then he probably weighed couple hundred pounds.

KF Ross told me that story in a very different way. He told me that Simons would not play the game. Ross told me that there was one man in there and the contest was to see how many men it took to throw him out.

DM That could be one way to play the game. The ones that I played in was group against group. Anybody can make their own rules. It was there to play in. To have the physical contact and strength.

KF That could have been true the way Ross told it. Simons wouldn't play the game cause it was silly and then eventually ragged him until he agreed and he went in . . . the way Ross told it, it took 15 men to get Simons out of the pit.

DM Well, I don't know, it could be. But I know that he freely participated in my ruckuses. He seemed to like that game. He liked that physical contact. Incidence like that may, have caused this. There is another view that I have seen him boar his way through superiors to get the job done. Like there is a Colonel called Charging Charlie. Get these nicknames. Here the Bull, goes right on through to hell with the opposition. He was very much like that. (Something about watching a train). That is a form of being bullheaded. To say hell with you I will suffer the consequences when they come. If he believed in it, Goddamn he would go at it. If you selected him for a job, don't tell him how to do it. He will quickly tell his commander, "Do you want to do this job, then you do it. You don't need me. But if you want me to do the job, sit back there and watch and I'll get it done for you." That is pretty much how he was about that. When he retired, he thinned down a awful lot. He had a very bad heart attach in Korea some years back which he nearly died. He was overweight at the time and the doctor said lose this weight. He would do nearly a thousand situps at a time. This was without stopping. Whether or not he got beyond a thousand I don't know. He said, "Goddamnit my muscles are right, except the blood choke you out, you begin to pass out." He was trying to break a thousand and he was up in the 900 and all of this blood.

KF When was this?

DM This was after that heart attack. This was in the last ten years during the Son Tay training he was doing that many. Each day he would slip out of the barricks and he would do these situps. He didn't particularly like to run a lot. He would thin down to around 160 pounds. He didn't look like the Bull you would imagine. He had big

DM hands, big health, strong hands. But he had lost a lot, he was real
Cont. thin. We had one period where we had a day of relaxation down at the
beach and I've got a photo of him standing next to another guy. His
legs are really thin.

KF What about when he was retired? Was he thin then?

DM Yes. This thinness occurred a couple of years prior to the retirement
and he maintained that weight throughout. Another time I went to his
farm and it was real hot one day, humid, and I drove up and he was
in one of the pigpen with a rototiller. It is a little machine motor
powered, and it spins blades around. You sit there and hold this
thing to dig up the earth to breath the earth so it won't get
diseased. He was drenched with sweat, he had that little cigar in his
mouth, which he was always with, he looked up and saw I was there.
He knew I was coming but he didn't know when. He was working this
thing. He turned it off and came over to the fence. Damn Colonel if
you keep that up you are going to kill yourself. He said, "Let me tell
you sometime my boy, if I didn't do this I would be dead in a month
and I know it. This is necessary for me." I said, "Have at it."

KF Tell me about your participation in the last Iran raid. The Embassy,
hostages. Ross told me that you were the on the ground man.

DM Ken, I can't tell you. What he has told you he is not suppose to tell
you. He got that information through another source. I confirmed it,
because he is a friend of mine. But, if I was to expose that I would
go to jail. I would like to, it was a very interest, very exciting and
little xxxx that would come up were just unbelievable. I will just say
that from my view that if that force could have gotten there, it would
have been successful. Disappoint there. Another Son Tay. All the
preparation, the . . something goes wrong. I didn't believe that
Colonel (Beckworth?) should have stopped the force, I think he should
have come on with five helicopters he could have done the job. He was
over strengthened with people anyway. He could have done that with a

DM much stronger force. I guess like most commanders, that when they
Cont. get too much time to plan, things begin to increase and increase and
you have to think of this and that and next thing you know you have
the whole US Army involved and it is not necessary. No I don't know
right now. It is in the records now and is being guarded very tightly
my participation.

KF OK. Let's go back to Simons. Before he retired while he was still in
the Army, what would be his idea of fun or relaxation?

DM He liked to work with gadgets. Tape records, he liked to see what
makes that tick. Or how he could modify it someway, to do something
else. He liked to work with machinery. He liked to work with guns. I
think his hobby after he retired was to go Eglund Air Force Base.
They had this surplus excess sells once a month. He would go down
there and buy. They have hundreds of old refrigerators, hundreds of
old furnaces, hundreds of old motors, old vehicle engines and things
of that nature

End of Tape