REMINISCENCES
OF THE
NAVAL CAREER
OF
CAPTAIN JOHN ROENIGK, USN (RET.)

PREPARED

FOR THE

NAVAL HISTORICAL COLLECTION

NAVAL WAR COLLEGE

NEWPORT, RI 02841-5010

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(1) John G. Roenigk, born in Butler, Pennsylvania at home April 1, 1912.

No relatives nor friends in the Navy. The Navy was seldom heard of in inland Pennsylvania in those days.

Attended Butler High School, graduated with the mid-year class in January 1930, with highest scholastic average of any boy.

(2) It was depression days. With the highest grade in chemistry in the class, I was offered a job as chemist with nearby Pennsylvania Oil Co. (Pennzoil) on graduation. However, I wanted a career, more so than just a job. There were several Butler High School graduates who had earlier entered the Naval Academy and returned to Butler annually on vacation. They were very popular and the town was proud of them. I had indicated my determination to follow that same path, although I had not the slightest idea what the Navy was about. Immediately, the town's top lawyer, medical doctor, and politician jumped in to support me as a native son.

The lawyer's son had attended Annapolis a few years earlier. He advised me on many issues, without my asking.

Congressman J. Howard Swick was responsible for appointments. My three local mentors requested Swick to

appoint me to the Naval Academy, but he had already designated a principal and six alternate appointees for the coming year, so he said. He finally agreed, however, to add me to the list, in case others fell by the wayside, which was not uncommon.

Preliminary physical exams were required to satisfy the Congressman, however, civilian doctors were not adept at interpreting navy medical requirements. The local doctor took me into the hospital and, under ether, removed my tonsils to be on the safe side. It wasn't necessary.

The local lawyer told me to get down to Wertz Academy Prep School in Annapolis, immediately after high school graduation, to cram for the entrance examinations scheduled for two months later. He knew the ropes and made all arrangements, as he had done for his son several years earlier.

The final entrance mental exams were held in the Annapolis Town Hall Auditorium in April, 1930, as scheduled and were a success for me. Several of the other appointees dropped out of the race prematurely. I was concerned about algebra and geometry; however, I was prepared to admit, in case I had failed the exams, that the reason was because I had spent an inordinate amount of time in the local pool hall learning the game of pool, which no "good" boy was allowed to

engage in, in a small religious town in Pennsylvania.

Having passed the mentals, I returned home, briefly, to learn of my success in passing the exams and ordered to report to the Naval Academy in May for a physical exam and, if found satisfactory, admission to the Naval Academy immediately. I was subsequently sworn in on May 30, 1930.

(3) The Academy curriculum started out with heavy emphasis on math, engineering, electricity, physics, chemistry, history, seamanship, English, and a foreign language. Since I knew no foreign language, other than my six years of Latin, I opted for a new class in Italian, which was just being inaugurated that year at the Academy.

Athletics consumed the hours 4-6 p.m. every afternoon. Study hour in our two-man rooms lasted from after dinner in the evening until taps at 10 p.m.

Seamanship, navigation, astronomy, leadership were given increased emphasis in the curriculum during the latter years at the Academy. All students marched to class in sections.

All courses were mandatory for every midshipman. There were no options. There were no lectures, per se. Quizzes were held in the classroom every day, and marks assigned for each daily lesson.

There was no social life to any extent. Midshipmen were not permitted to drink beer or hard liquor, nor be caught sitting in an automobile. Such behavior could result in dismissal from Annapolis. First year men, Plebes, were permitted to leave the Academy grounds and visit Annapolis town Saturday afternoon, provided all marks for the previous week were passing. Upperclassmen were permitted out Saturday and Sunday afternoons. The two movie theaters in town were usually the most popular spots. Wandering beyond the town limits of Annapolis was taboo.

A Christmas leave period of 10 days was denied anyone with a failing grade in any subject. Special classes were held for these persons during that time period.

Hazing was unbearable. Well-known, but almost never mentioned.

1931 summer cruise (YOUNGSTER), was to Scotland, Spain, and Madeira. Enroute, USS WYOMING had to stop and pick up tow line from ex-USS NAUTILUS (Sir Hubert Wilkins, commanding) enroute to the North Pole. The old NAUTILUS never made her final destination to the Pole.

Midshipmen were rotated every two weeks among various departments on board ship to learn the different skills.

1932 summer cruise (SECOND CLASS) was dispensed with for Second Classmen to train and indoctrinate the new incoming class, experience in amphibian aviation, submarine operating, and small craft drills and operations.

1933 Budget retrenchment cruise up east coast of the U.S.A. to Newport, Rhode Island; Gloucester, Massachusetts; etc.

September was always "leave month" to return home and "show off" the uniform. Very, very few midshipmen owned civilian clothes or cared to don them, when uniforms were so very popular in those days. This attitude continued up to and through WWII. Nowadays, I seldom see a blue and gold uniform. We need a good, tough confrontation to get the country back on tack, as I knew it in my earlier days.

(4) I theoretically graduated the first week of June 1934 - always known in those days as "June Week". Actually May 30, 1934.

My first cruise as a commissioned officer of 1934 aboard the USS RANGER (CV 4), the first U.S. aircraft carrier, built from the keel up as an aircraft carrier. We visited Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Montevideo, Uruguay; and Buenos Aires, Argentina; on shakedown cruise. Captain (later Admiral) Arthur L. Bristol was commanding officer. This was the first

American ship to visit South America in 20 years.

The captain, A.L. Bristol, had served as naval attache to Brazil in the 1920s. We were treated royally in all ports.

In that day, very few navy men had "crossed the line" (equator). The ship's company thereby generally became the first new "Shellbacks", prior to WWII. The ceremonies attending those equator-crossing occasions were most auspicious and morale building throughout WWII, particularly in the Pacific.

(5) A cold weather cruise to Alaska (December 1934 - March 1935) was principally to test the feasability of aircraft operations in frigid temperatures. We learned to respect the weather, as navy men have ever respected, (rather than feared) the sea for centuries. None of these lessons seem to have carried over to those individuals accountable for the launching and loss of CHALLENGER two years ago in sub zero temperatures. There was nothing wrong with the "O" Rings, in my opinion. I personally feared that launch, which I felt no experienced naval officer would have approved of, under such frigid launching conditions, with icicles hanging down the sides of the vehicle.

(6) In 1936, Lynde D. McCormick, my CO in USS NECHES (AO 9), was one of the acknowledged up-and-coming commanders in the U.S. navy: clean-cut, highly intelligent, an excellent ship handler. Our three most senior ships officers on board (lieutenants) had already been passed over for promotion - the executive officer, navigator, and chief engineer. There were only three other officers, including myself and one other ensign. The three of us stood all the deck watches in addition to other duties, mine being Communications Officer, Ship's Store Officer and Division Officer in charge of the after half of the ship.

Commander McCormick was soft-spoken, always well-dressed in blue and gold, or whites, setting an example for everyone to follow. He never criticized, nor spoke in a harsh voice.

NECHES was one of two fleet tankers, engaged in peddling fuel and lube oil from Long Beach, California, to Hawaii and Panama.

During Fleet Problem XVI in early 1937 in the Pacific, NECHES was ordered to Tiger Island, northwest of Midway, to act as a simulated sea plane base. Just prior to arrival, we lost one of our two propellers. We were under radio silence, but required to report such a serious mishap. I quickly had to search the secret publications to find a code which was not used commonly in the Fleet to assure that no

one but the high command would be apprised of our casualty. The Captain was no more knowledgeable than I in this instance, however. It worked out nicely, and I earned a few Brownie points.

We suffered severely from the mosquitoes in Hawaii, particularly standing deck watch, while pumping oil throughout the night. This was before the invention of DDT, and before Hawaii became a tourist attraction after the war.

At Tiger Island we sent a party ashore to capture huge turtles, which were served to the crew as delicious steaks. Pineapples and avocados were plentiful at little cost in Hawaii, but the crew could not stand the bland taste of the latter, to which they were unaccustomed. In Panama, the papaya, in plentiful supply, and cheap, did not appeal to the sailors' appetites.

Captain McCormick had a pertinent pet-remark on proper occasion: "We can't all wear white collars". I heartily agreed with him.

(7) Language training in Japan first attracted my attention while still attached to RANGER, my first assignment following graduation. I had qualified in each department on board and had been designated top watch officer underway, as well as in port. I had attended several gunnery schools and

was a director operator, as well as a qualified range finder operator. I could see no future in the Navy for any further training as a line officer. I felt that I already knew it all and would merely mark time, as so many others were doing, and growing dull.

I studied the BuPers Manual and learned, that foreign language was provided in Russia, China, and Japan. I ruled out Russia and China, because they seemed too backward at the time, to be of any concern to the U.S.A. The idea of Japan, a forward-moving country, fascinated me. No one in the Navy seemed to know much about Japan. If I could learn about Japan and the language, especially, I could be of great service.

I was nearly reaching the end of the two-year ban on new graduates of USNA marrying. However, language instruction abroad required five years of sea experience, plus another three years as a student, all while still a bachelor. This seemed almost too prohibitive. I immediately applied for Japanese instruction, without waiting for the full five years sea experience as a commissioned officer.

The request went off from the RANGER, approved. (The Captain had already been informed that half his Ensigns would be reassigned to other vessels after two years.) ONI was delighted, but indicated that the annual quota of one was

probably filled for 1936, but that I would be seriously considered for Japan in 1937. On board NECHES, I again submitted my request, but no commanding officer in those days would approve a request for transfer of any officer, unless grossly incompetent to begin with. I corresponded privately with an acquaintance in ONI to inform them, that I was still seriously interested. Duty on board an auxiliary ship such as NECHES, was normally one year duration. ONI must have prompted BuPers to issue pending transfer advisement for junior officers about to complete their one year of required duty on board an auxiliary vessel. I again approached Captain McCormick with my request for Japan duty. This time, the Captain, fully aware of my pending transfer, congratulated my decision and provided a glowing approval in his concurring endorsement.

My transfer date to four piper destroyers came through and I proceeded to USS TRUXTUN (DD 229), having heard not a word otherwise. I gave up all further thought of studying in Japan. (The Japanese quota was only one officer each year.)

About a month after I had settled down to routine duty on board TRUXTUN, in the middle of the night, I received dispatch orders to proceed immediately via first available commercial transportation to Japan and report for language instruction. This was a hard blow for TRUXTUN to be suddenly deprived of an experienced gunnery, communications, and deck

officer without sight relief.

A shipping strike was on at the time; however, I did manage to board the SS PRESIDENT HOOVER, bound for Japan, in August 1937. This was the HOOVER'S maiden voyage. On her return trip (to the U.S.A.) she struck an underwater, uncharted reef off Eastern Japan and sank.

Experiences in pre-WWII Japan cannot be justly described in less than book form. Japan was an undeveloped country. Their exports were cheap paper products and were very cheap. However, there were many long-life, durable, manufactures which never reached the American market, but were eagerly bought up by individuals living in the Orient.

The average business man or diplomat and his family of every nationality, habitually criticized the "backwardness" and "odd ideas" of the Orientals, without understanding their culture, nor attempting to exchange ideas, because of the language barrier. The American Ambassador Joseph Grew proudly boasted of his refusal to learn a word of Japanese. His wife spent the afternoon playing American bridge with diplomat wives, as did most foreign businessmen's wives. Evening dinner parties were usually followed by mixed couples bridge.

I could not fully understand this universal foreign antipathy toward the Japanese, however, being young at the time, a lot of the foreign attitude did eventually rub off on me.

Living in Japan was primitive. Before the Sino-Japanese War of the mid 1930s, the Tokyo Planning Board had contracted for a six-stage sewage system for the capital city, the first of its kind for any Japanese metropolis. The first stage was completed, but the other five stages could not be completed due to budget limitations during wartime. "Nagai Compound" in Tokyo was an enclosure of a dozen Western-style houses built and tied into this new sewer, which provided the earliest of Western-style housing with flush toilets, hot and cold running water, and central heating. These houses were built for and maintained by the foreign businesses for their local representatives.

Language officers generally lived in native style houses, particularly since it was economically feasible on lieutenant (j.g.) pay. The usual procedure was to locate a maid/housekeeper, who had a house which she personally rented from a landlord. She would buy the food and pay all utilities as well, for a total cost to the student of about $35 per month, at an exchange rate of 3.2 yen/U.S. dollar. Yen could be bought on the black market at a much better rate, and since Japan did not enter into any international

monetary agreements, we could legally (by U.S. Law) buy such black market yen so long as we were not apprehended by the Japanese authorities.

Japanese houses were built of thin wooden boards, sliding wooden storm windows mounted outside of rice paper windows, to keep out the worst winter drafts and snow. One cold water tap was located in the kitchen. Water had to be heated over a single gas jet stove for morning shaving. There were no inside toilet facilities. The only facility was a one-seater outhouse, attached to a far corner of the house. This was emptied every night by the "night-soil" man, who would haul it away on a hand cart to the rice paddie fields, adjacent to Tokyo. Both sides of Tokyo streets were ditches, containing running water, where the locals habitually relieved themselves in public.

Normally, there was a wooden portable bathtub, three feet lower than the rest of the house and heated underneath with kindling wood and charcoal. The housekeeper would prepare this bath every Saturday evening. One washed down thoroughly before entering the hot tub to soak in hot water. Public baths were located in every city block. Mixed bathing was the custom. Japanese attended the public baths every evening, for a very small fee. These were usually on the ground level, where passersby could look in to examine the clientele, before deciding to enter and participate. I tried

many of them throughout Japan for experience.

There was no central heating. Most students had a rentan (charcoal) stove in their study, where they spent most of the day. One block of charcoal would last the entire day at 20 cents a block. Should the rentan stove run out of heat toward the end of the day, we had kerosene heaters for emergency. The housekeeper had only a small charcoal brazier in her room, inadequate, except to warm the hands. These conditions continued through 1940, when I completed the course of study and departed from Japan.

We dressed in heavy underwear and a heavy Japanese tailored suit (imitation Western-style) but cost only $10 per suit. Over all this, we wore a heavy Japanese "down" kimono, made by hand by Japanese housekeepers as a gift to the master at no cost. From time to time, it was necessary to warm one's fingers over the rentan charcoal stove.

Floors were covered with thick Japanese straw mats (tatami). No shoes were allowed inside the house but were stowed at the entrance way. One could use Western-style rugs on the floors, which were made of bare wood, as was the structure and siding of the house. Room separators were sliding paper doors, unpainted. Roofing was clay tile.

Japanese umbrellas were the best in the world; extra

large size and made of bamboo ribs, covered with shellacked paper, which lasted for several decades without a sign of deterioration.

The cook/housekeeper prepared American style food. Fish and chicken were plentiful. Kobe beef was available reasonably for foreigners, although Japanese themselves ate nothing but seafood.

Apples, persimmons and pears were imported from Kyushu, Formosa, in season.

Eggs, ham, and toast were becoming popular among the Japanese in the 1930's. The restaurant owners went so far as to develop a new character for "ham and eggs", by combining their alphabetical diphthongs to produce a new composite character. Since WWII, many foreign words have been introduced and adapted into the Japanese syllabary form.

Language instruction was entirely on our own. We had absolutely no other duties. Our only visit to the embassy monthly, was to collect our pay, or pick up international mail. We were given an exhaustive examination every six months by the head Japanese instructor and the assistant U.S. naval attache (Lt. Edwin T. Layton, later Rear Admiral) and a report of our progress transmitted to Washington.

The head instructor was a professor, Nao Naganuma, who maintained a group of trained assistant instructors, should a student desire such. The usual procedure was to take on three instructors for a full hour each, daily, six days a week. The head instructor would check up weekly on each student, or more often if so requested. We were assigned to learn about 100 characters a month, both to read (up to 18 different readings, depending upon usage) and to write. Naganuma provided character cards, textbooks, etc., as well as economic and history books, and dictionaries for us, as requested. For this, he was paid $42/month per student for instruction, including pay he passed on to the assistant instructors.

On our own, we could hire a college student to come in to help us simply to converse in Japanese. None of the instructors were permitted to even admit they knew a word of English, which was an excellent idea, even though we students knew full well that all Japanese learned English in school from childhood.

The great majority of us rented summer "shacks", up in the mountains in Karuizawa, north of Tokyo. The instructors always followed us to Karuizawa, to continue teaching and to avoid the Tokyo summer sultry heat.

During my last year and a half, Naganuma located a retired Imperial Navy Captain, Nomura, to teach me Navy nautical terms and despatch language. Like a good navy man from any country, he was well aware of his seniority well above me, and demanded complete reverence and respect, which I heartily approved of. I was soon to learn that the Japanese Navy operated very much the same, as we did and that their operations and communication procedures were similar to ours, which I attributed to their being allies in the Pacific in WWI. I could not have operated so efficiently in WWII, had I not had this earlier exposure to Captain Nomura. (Despatch writing is an entirely different language, whether Japanese or English, but the basic format is the same.)

Medical services were rare in the Orient in the 1930s. Most Japanese suffered severe colds all winter long. During my third winter in Tokyo, I contracted pneumonia and no doctor was able to diagnose it. For more than a week, I could not lie down without coughing my head off. I could only doze off finally, by sitting up. A friend located an M.D. graduate from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and brought him over to see me. The doctor would not allow me to move, but ordered an ambulance to take me to the only Tokyo hospital immediately. He administered something that caused me to perspire profusely. Nurses hovered constantly, changing my bedclothes at least hourly. By morning, I was feeling considerably better, and slept

throughout the day and following night. The third day, x-rays were taken, which showed that one lung had collapsed. I felt so good that I wanted to be released, however, the doctor said I must stay and recuperate for two weeks. I needed to return to my study. Alone in my room, I got up and found my clothes, dressed and jumped out the window, which was on the ground floor, and escaped to walk home which was about ten blocks away. It all worked out most satisfactorily and there were no repercussions. (Returning to the U.S.A. at the end of 1940, an annual physical exam showed no ill effects to the lung.)

I then passed my fifth six-month exam in Japanese with flying colors. I now branched out further into the language study. I was beyond the Japanese college student level of learning, although I didn't know all their slang language, which I didn't consider entirely worthwhile. The average Japanese common person, particularly the women, couldn't read the daily newspaper. In the evenings, my maid would come up to my study, and ask me to please read the newspaper to her. She knew the words, which were used in conversation daily, but didn't recognize the characters in print. Nor could she read the personal letters from her father, who used the old "cursive" style of writing, which I was specializing on learning during my final year. This is unbelievable in the Western world, but it is a fact. The housekeeper thought that I was doing her a great service, but I profited also by

learning her "kitchen talk" simultaneously.

The Japanese common man was ever pro-American, friendly and highly solicitous. Above all, the Japanese were honest, no thievery whatsoever at any time. They wanted to be accepted by Americans, even after the Nazis moved in politically after 1938. I never felt uneasy walking down a dark alley in Tokyo late at night. (Not so, in Chicago or the U.S. west coast.) The Japanese Navy personnel were likewise pro-U.S. Navy, right up until WWII. The Imperial Japanese Army was an entirely different breed. They had been fighting the Chinese since 1934 and had become unbearable. The U.S. Government gave them negative encouragement. The Japanese Army took over the Political government at home (against the Navy wishes). The die was cast! No one in America could, or would understand.

Following each six-month examination, we were advised, actually ordered, to get out of town and travel to wherever we liked for a week. I visited inland Japan, northward to the island of Hokkaido (where I learned to relish dried sea weed), and southward to Kyoto and Kyushu.

There were no tourist bureaus or agencies. One merely went to the train station and bought a ticket. Travel was very, very cheap. (Less than a dollar U.S. to any destination). However, the coaches became filthy after an

hour travel with banana and orange peels, apple cores and lunch boxes all over the floor. Throughout my tour, I was closely followed night and day while traveling.

Once a year, I traveled to China. My first year I took the train north through Korea, across Manchuria to Peking. The occupying Japanese were friendly once they realized that I spoke their language. The Koreans, who feigned not to know a word of Japanese (or English), were not so friendly. The native Mongolians were even less friendly. They hated any foreigner, particularly their occupying forces. Upon arrival in Peking, I was welcomed by the American Embassy who saw very few American visitors, and cheerfully provided quarters in the Embassy compound. American businessmen also solicited visitors, escorted me and entertained me lavishly.

The surprising thing was, that even the occupying Japanese Army types treated me as one of themselves, once I spoke to them in harsh military terms. My blond, foreign "devil" appearance didn't matter. I was considered friendly because I spoke their lingo. The same occurred in South China where the Japanese Army forces were in greater numbers. I had heard the American reports of foreign women being stripped and embarrassed in Shanghai, where I had personal access to the same areas without a question, once I spoke to the guards in their own language.

During my second year, I travelled to Southern China via Japanese government ship from Shimonoseki to Shanghai, two and a half days at $4.50. On the return trip, I bought my ticket in Shanghai at one half that price. This included a single room and American meals, including baggage handling, which was significant, with no tips accepted.

I spent my days walking leisurely throughout the towns, since there were no escorted tours, such as we have today. In South China I also visited all the night-life spots, including many opium dens, which were unique to me, and open to the public. This latter was a real eye opener, which I studied thoroughly to understand better. The experience is worthy of a book. I never saw a single foreigner in any of these opium dens, however, I felt perfectly at ease for obvious reasons of my experience to date. The Chinese were just as friendly as Japanese toward Americans.

However, my impressions of the Chinese were entirely different vis-a-vis the Japanese. These hadn't changed in half a century. The Chinese were inherently lazy. They would work to earn a pittance, then take time off to spend it. Only when they become hungry again, would they consider going back to work. The Japanese took great pride in anything they did with their hands. Earning money was entirely secondary.

Chinese will lie, steal - however, they are not killers as the Filippinos. Japanese are honest, polite, sincere, and want to maintain friendship for life. Neither are they as religious as Americans and Europeans. They revere ("worship") their forebears (ancestors), which I consider more practical, if not taken to the extreme. Americans would do well to delve into Asian, Middle Eastern and African culture, before they profess to be well educated!

The military quota for language instruction was one Navy and one Army officer each year, to study in Japan. The Marine Corps sent one officer every three years. The State Department ordered one officer each year, also. A month after I arrived in Japan, October 1937, the U.S. Navy sent another classmate of mine. The following year, 1938, Navy upped the quota to four officers, because tensions between Japan and U.S.A. were increasing. The next year, 1939, another four Navy officers were ordered to Japan, to learn the language. These latter were the last students to arrive before WWII, and could not complete the course before being evacuated in 1941.

The two of us, who arrived in 1937, completed the course in late 1940 and were the last to fully complete training. All other students were withdrawn in 1941. Not a single officer has trained in Japan since.

Before leaving the subject of Japan itself, I should mention, that Navy language officers actually lived the life of a Japanese, spoke usually only Japanese, day and night, and generally wore Japanese kimono and wooden clogs on the street. Usually, we travelled in pairs for companionship, but not necessarily always.

With a war on in China, we experienced a peaceful populace going about their daily chores in 1937, to a tense and worried environment, beginning in 1939. Long parades of individuals carrying one-foot square boxes of ashes of soldiers killed in China, were a weekly occurrence. Progress of the war and martial music blared over the radio all day long. Fire brigades of women began holding drills throughout Tokyo, with buckets of water passing by hand. Large ditches were dug through Tokyo to provide fire breaks. One summer in Karuizawa, there was an actual fire on the main street in town. There was only a volunteer fire department with a hand pumping cart. Language officers, including myself, joined the natives in taking turns on the pumping apparatus, drawing water from the side of the street ditch, which was fairly ineffective, as numerous buildings burned to the ground.

Imports from abroad became curtailed, then cut off completely by 1939, due to a shortage of foreign exchange.

Daily parades throughout Tokyo were mandated from 4 to 5 p.m. All school and college students were required to attend, thereby boosting morale for the fighting forces in China. A classmate and I joined several parades and marched along with Japanese college students, attempting to join in their national pep songs. We were accepted as being on a par with them, no inquisitive questions being asked.

The staple, rice, began to be imported from Southeast Asia, since all homegrown rice was shipped to the troops in China. This resulted in much dissension at home. Whiskey no longer was imported. Suntory Co. then developed a native drink which was labeled "Whiskey", but was unpalatable to a foreigner. Today, this Suntory Co. has distilleries in the U.S. producing expensive liquors, which are equally as tasteless, as their original blend of so-called whiskey. Coffee disappeared from the marketplace. A new local company produced a Japanese coffee, which was reported to be made of ground, dried banana peels. The taste was more like old-fashioned floor scrub water. Imported sugar, cigarettes, cosmetics, soap, shaving cream, and toothpaste, all disappeared from store shelves.

Those were days before Embassy stores had come into being. Embassy officials could import these necessities direct from abroad. However, language officers attached to the Embassy, were not accorded diplomatic privileges. We,

language officers, were on our own, and moreover advised by our Ambassador that if we were ever apprehended by the Japanese police, we would not expect to receive any help from the Embassy. "Appeasement of the Japanese" at any cost, was the guiding principle of Ambassador Joseph Grew, who never could understand the Japanese, nor his responsibility for protection of American citizens.

By 1940, officially, the Japanese had become arrogant toward American, Australian, Canadian, British, French, Indian and Dutch nationals. Their greatest friends became the Germans and Italians, following signing of the Tripartite agreement. The great majority of the older Japanese continued to admire Americans secretly on a personal basis. We, foreigners, were advised by the Japanese Government (actually controlled by the Army by now) via our Embassies, to avoid having any contact with other Japanese (even meeting and talking together on the street), and not to visit Japanese establishments, restaurants, etc. These were orders, and the U.S.A. did nothing about it.

Early in 1940, Japanese Ambassador Saito in Washington died. President Roosevelt dispatched cruiser USS ASTORIA (Captain Richmond Kelly Turner commanding; later, as Admiral, was amphibious commander of renown, in WWII.) to Yokohama with the remains of the deceased Ambassador. A whole week of festivities ensued throughout Tokyo. A song was composed

honoring the return of ex-admiral, Ambassador Saito, and phonograph records were cut and distributed free to Americans. All Americans were entertained lavishly throughout the week. The Emperor of Japan opened up his entire Palace grounds for special events, and passed out souvenir china drinking cups with the Imperial Crest (sacred) to all Americans. Every streetcar in Tokyo carried the American flag, flown from the front of the car. This was the first ever, and last, such a display of friendship took place. ASTORIA departed after one week, and we returned to normal, i.e. American flags were replaced, and German flags reappeared along with the Nazi pep rallies.

A 25-year old daughter of an American, having lived in Japan for several generations, was leaving the Embassy on foot one afternoon. A Japanese youth of slightly younger age, approached her and spit directly into her face. She rushed back into the Embassy for protection. Not a thing was done about it. This Jackie Reifsnider has been living in Ohio since 1941.

In 1940, U.S. destroyers from China were sent to Yokohama periodically, for recreation for up to four days. The language officers would flock to meet the ships on arrival, and go aboard for a longed-for shower bath on board. The ship's officers were pleased to see us and to renew acquaintanceships. We could go to the ship's store, and

purchase a cake of soap, American shaving cream, and a tube of toothpaste. Cigarettes and liquor were banned from being landed. Of course, no spirits were on board U.S. Navy ships at any time. We did tape a carton of our favorite cigarettes to one leg before departing. We just had to take a chance for obtaining this "necessity of life". We knew that we were unlikely to be bodily searched, and even though we were apprehended, we could talk our way out of it, by speaking up to the Japanese police in their own language, harshly. We were never apprehended, however, the taped leg became annoysome on the train ride to Tokyo.

On any train in Japan, curtains were pulled in any coach where foreigners were riding, whenever we passed a military installation, navy yard, etc. The latter had 20-foot high bamboo screens surrounding the building ways, so that nothing could possibly be seen by a passerby. Once the local papers made mention of the Imperial Fleet coming to Yokohama for rest and recreation. An American Embassy official asked me to accompany him to Yokohama, to observe and to help him read the names of the ships on sailors' hat bands. (I was well trained and could read their ship names at a glance.) The Yokohama docks were crowded with native Japanese, waiting for their loved ones to come ashore from the fleet ships. Instead, the fleet continued north, well offshore to the far reaches of Tokyo Bay. Sailors were allowed ashore in the farm country for recreation, out of contact with civilians.

This was 1940, more than a year before Pearl Harbor. A few sailors were spotted in Tokyo, however, they were now wearing plain hat bands, with no indication of their assigned ship or organization.

Calculating my personal knowledge of Japanese by actual count of word cards, made up of different arrangement of the characters, I had the use of more than 30,000 Japanese words and expressions, which I stored in a specially constructed card case, containing some thirty drawers. It was necessary to review all these cards periodically to maintain one's ability in the language. I usually flipped through one drawer of cards each night before going to bed, when I was too tired for conversation or practice writing of the language any longer for that day.

It had long been the practice in the U.S. Navy that officers completing the three year language course, were awarded a month leave to return to the U.S.A. via Southeast Asia, across Siam and India, to England, where they could board a ship bound for America. For the first time, in 1940 when I graduated, BuPers decided, that the urgent need for all officers in the Navy required that I return via the first available commercial ship surface transportation, direct to the U.S.A. I sailed in September 1940 on board the S.S. PEARSE, which was loaded with American women and children, being evacuated from Japan and China. For the previous two

years in Japan, we had been required by the Embassy to keep a suitcase packed with our uniforms and service sword, ready to evacuate on a moment's notice, to board ships, which would take us to our destinations, where needed. On my arrival in San Francisco, anti-Japanese tensions/feelings among Americans were running high. Customs officials greeted us with open arms. They didn't care to inspect our baggage. They merely wanted to greet us, and welcome us back home.

I bought a secondhand Chevrolet coupe, and piled my clothing and uniforms into the trunk, and started off across the continent to Washington. As I crossed the California border and headed eastward, I was stopped by a troop of state police with shotguns at the ready, and ordered out of the car. I was required to answer innumerable questions and to turn over all contents in my pockets, while others began to remove all baggage from my car. I could only surmise they were looking for a killer/bandit, or possibly a spy, and were sure they had the perfect culprit in hand. They believed not a single word of my explanation. I must admit, that my spoken English had deteriorated during three years of purely Japanese training. After about twenty minutes of examination of my baggage, they went into conference among themselves, and became convinced that everything I said was the truth. Their attitude switched 180 degrees and apologized for their mistake. They then wanted to be friendly and asked me to tell them, please, all about my experiences in the Orient.

This, I was happy to do, and pleased to find Americans interested. Before they patted me on the back and sent me on my way with assurances that I would not be stopped again for questioning along the way, I asked who was this gangster they were looking for when they stopped me? They could not tell me, except that they had received a tip and that I had matched the description of the person and vehicle perfectly. I continued on to Washington, D.C. without a hitch, or even a flat tire.

I reported in at ONI in October 1940. The purpose of this was to become acquainted with all the personnel in ONI and to see their operations, since I could, some day in the future, be ordered to join them in some capacity. I received no formal debriefing, inasmuch as I had had no intelligence duties, but merely a student experience. My time spent in ONI was no more than about a week. In the meantime, BuPers was working on placing me in a billet at sea, where needed and where I could accumulate experience with the fleet, which was mandatory for my next promotion to that of Lieutenant. BuPers scheduled me for gunnery officer of USS EDISON (DD 439) building in Kearny, N.J. However, my official orders were not issued until several weeks later.

While still attached to ONI, I was sent across the river to the Naval Gun Factory which was at that time building the new 5 in./38 caliber gun mounts, earmarked for installation

on board EDISON. I thereby learned the make-up of the gun and controls before reporting on board.

Upon arrival at the Kearny shipyard, EDISON was still in the building ways. Only a few of the ships' officers had arrived. Soon, some of the petty officers arrived, and the crew itself came by train from Newport, Rhode Island, after a few weeks of basic training there. It turned out that the majority of these recruits were Brooklyn, New York, lads in their early teens who had never been to sea.

Since these recruits required intensive training and assignment to stations and duties before launching day, I was concerned over the time factor. None of the officers had had experience in organizing a crew for a new ship. With what experience I had observed in the RANGER in 1934, I approached the Captain (Lieutenant Commander A.L. Murdaugh) and volunteered. He gladly accepted my suggestion and so designated me. He allowed me permission to drive over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and visit other recently commissioned destroyers there to learn their shipboard organizations and assignment of duties. From here on, my task was greatly simplified. Within no time, I was able to assign sea details of enlisted men, working with the Chief Engineer in assigning watches in the engineering spaces. Division officers could now train their own ship's company to find their way about the ship, and to man their assigned stations at sea as well as

for emergency evolutions.

I could next turn my attention to assigning stations for battle engagements, under the various conditions of warfare. Being the gunnery officer, my prime duty was "fighting the ship", i.e. using gunfire, firing torpedoes, dropping depth charges, all simultaneously as necessary. Working closely with the chief engineer, who was senior to me, even though I was in charge of this organization plan, I was able to obtain every engineering man who was not necessarily required in the propulsion organization for a particular evolution. These I assigned to various gunnery stations where needed under various conditions of warfare. The Captain was pleased and everyone else seemed satisfied and cooperative. We were off to a good start.

Thomas Edison's widow (their son was Governor of New Jersey at the time) arrived on the appointed day in December 1940, and christened the ship named for her deceased husband with a bottle of champagne in the building dock at Kearny, New Jersey. EDISON slipped down the ways majestically, and we tied up at an adjacent dock. Shortly thereafter, we moved to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to complete "fitting out" and final "commissioning" in the presence of dignitaries. We now flew the U.S. Colors of a fully commissioned U.S. ship. From here on, it was a rush and the full responsibility of the ship's officers and men to complete details of workmanship and

constant drill and training of the crew in various evolutions.

We remained on schedule and proceeded to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba for "shakedown" training. However, our final two 5-inch gun mounts had not yet been delivered from the Gun Factory in Washington for mounting on board. One final hitch before departing Brooklyn was, that we had not received our allowance of pyrotechnic material, which is required to be on board prior to departure for sea. There had been no barge delivery from the munitions depot in upper New York, although our gun munitions had arrived on time from another depot outside the state. It was illegal to ship any type of munitions across New York City for "safety" reasons, by City law. I solved the problem illegally by driving to the pyrotechnic depot in my secondhand car, obtained our allowance which I loaded in the trunk, and drove carefully across New York City to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where I unloaded them onto the ship under cover of darkness. No one else was aware, other than my Captain, and New Yorkers were none the worse off. I knew that the operation would be perfectly safe, unless I were to be hit head-on by an express train. City traffic was quite light in those days, and I knew the short cuts quite thoroughly. Either way, we would have to break civil law or else Navy law. Besides, in an emergency at sea, we could have endangered the lives of the crew without the pyrotechnics on board. The decision to be

made was readily apparent in my own mind.

We returned from Guantanamo training in their warm climate to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to have our remaining two main battery mounts installed; then ordered to Argentia, Newfoundland, reporting to the Commander, North Atlantic Destroyer Force (Vice Admiral A.L. Bristol, my former skipper in RANGER, 1934-36).

In the North Atlantic, we were engaged in escort duties and anti-submarine patrols. American ships were not very adept at anti-submarine warfare. We really had no equipment to search for and destroy enemy submarines. Anti-submarine warfare was conducted by intuition and sort of rule of thumb. Moreover, we could never know the depth of the submarine, without which knowledge we could not control the depth setting to use on a depth charge, to make a kill. The British sent several officers with one of their ASDICs to train destroyer crews. A Boston building loft had been converted to train in its use, but we still had no equipment or anything similar on our ships. We merely hoped that the training would help us mentally visualize exactly where to drop depth charges, but without knowing at what depth to set the charges, it was as hopeless as playing roulette.

We were suddenly ordered to Bermuda at full power to escort Winston Churchill on board HMS KING GEORGE V, (known

as KG FIVE) to England. We arrived at 10 p.m. off Bermuda and were advised to stand by for orders at 7:00 the following morning. The hours dragged on throughout the day, but no further orders. (Sir Winston earlier had been attending the Dumbarton Oaks Conference and had been smuggled out.) The operation was held under tight security. After "standing by for orders" all day, we were released from duty by the British, and informed that Sir Winston had landed safely in England by amphibious aircraft from Bermuda. It was considered too dangerous for him to proceed the rest of the journey by ship, if at all possible by other means.

KG FIVE was a newly commissioned ship, as was EDISON. (She was the pride of the Royal Navy, and was sunk off Singapore by the Japanese, early in 1942.) She asked us if we could stay with her for another day, so she could conduct live firing practice runs against us, firing ahead, beyond, and astern. (Washington had consented; however, we in EDISON jokingly doubted that she would miss hitting us directly by chance.) We were not hit.

None of us ever saw or met Churchill.

We had been on permanent North Atlantic Convoy Escort duty, when Pearl Harbor was attacked.

Life at sea, particularly in a destroyer, was difficult. After our first month of training following commissioning, our inexperienced crew of mostly boisterous, young Brooklyn teenagers became relatively efficient and loyal throughout. Convoy duty in the North Atlantic was generally extremely rough and cold. If the seas were not very rough from being kicked up by strong winds, we were surrounded by pea soup fog. We preferred rough seas, since that made it more difficult for the German submarines to make high speed runs to close on us for attack. We maintained two vomiting buckets on the bridge, one for officers to starboard, and the other for lesser ratings to port. However, these were used indiscriminately by both rank and rate, depending upon the speed required to reach one or the other, when vomiting was suddenly called for. Everyone had to keep their intake of food down to ease the constant vomiting in heavy rolling and pitching seas. It was necessary to hold on to stantions and railings constantly. Even so, bruises over the body were frequent.

Our routine was to join up with a fully laden convoy of about 48 merchantmen formed of six rows of ships, eight ships per column with three escorts, consisting of two American destroyers, and one Canadian or U.S. Coast Guard frigate. One escort, carrying the Convoy Commodore, (usually EDISON) was stationed ahead, out in front patrolling the width of the formation. Another escort vessel took up on either bow of

the formation, patrolling out and in. Under completely darkened ship conditions, it was not unusual to lose sight of the convoy completely at night and have to search frantically at daylight. Radar had not yet been installed on board U.S. Navy escorts, although a few German subs had an early model. Not even a lighted cigarette could be permitted on deck, for it could be seen easily a hundred yards away. Speed of the zigzagging convoy was limited by the slowest merchantman to about seven knots, requiring several weeks to cross the Atlantic. We would drop most ships off the British Isles, where they would be met by British war ships which escorted them into British ports. The remainder would continue on to Iceland with us.

We were allowed four to five hours to refuel from a tanker in Hvalfjordur Harbor, Iceland, before proceeding to escort another empty convoy back to U.S.A. Foreign warships were not welcome in Reykjavik, the capital, so as not to "contaminate" the town, or expose their maidens to sailors. I did visit the town once where, in company with a half dozen ship's officers, we walked through the town for exercise on solid ground. Suddenly from behind, unknown to any of us, a middle-aged woman approached, and cracked an empty wine bottle over a head of our Executive Officer, causing a three-inch gash on his scalp. The Executive recuperated satisfactorily on board the ship after several days, without benefit of the services of a doctor.

On a normal trip, we would usually lose several merchant ships to enemy submarine torpedoes during the night. We could lose as many as a dozen ships of the convoy on a single trip by torpedoing. The subs would start their attack normally by 11:00 at night. We, therefore, made it routine to go to general quarters by 10:40 every night, and stand by with all weapons at the ready. Without radar, it was almost impossible to spot a dark object on the black ocean.

As we approached the U.S. and the port of Boston on our first return voyage, the Convoy Commodore came up to the bridge after supper at twilight. I was officer of the deck at the time. We had been in dense fog for five days without visual navigation. (Neither Loran nor other electronic navigational equipment had been invented at this early date.) We had to rely solely on "dead reckoning" navigation. The Commodore raced back and forth across the bridge, sticking his head over the side as far as possible to listen. Suddenly he ordered a reversal of course, simultaneously, by each and every ship. He had sensed breakers, and from his superior experience he realized that the entire convoy was liable to ground if we continued westward any longer. (The Commodore was a retired Navy Commander from the Depression days who had been passed over for promotion, but recalled to active duty in 1940, and given his old rank of commander.) The maneuver was executed without a hitch, and we headed back

eastward for more than a half hour before turning south. The Commodore had been in this particular area before and estimated that the Gulf Stream had pushed us much further to the north, than the navigator had allowed for in his dead reckoning estimate. None of the officers on board could hear the slight sound, or sense the breakers that startled the Commodore; however, all of us learned a crucial lesson which we never forgot.

On each return to U.S.A., we were assigned to the Boston Navy Yard for three days of "voyage repairs". This entailed installation of new bulwarks on the deck edges, which had been knocked over by heavy seas, and cracks, which may have opened up in the hull and stove in gun mounts, especially up forward. Other miscellaneous repair and upkeep to pumps, antennae, and equipment was required, as well as replacement of broken dishes, chairs and tables, etc. We loaded our storerooms and refrigerated spaces chock-a-block. The Captain had a novel idea of loading the normally empty peak tank with black eye peas for emergency consumption. In Iceland we could purchase plenty of fish, but very little else in the food line. On more than one occasion on the return trip, we had nothing but black eye peas to eat, for as long a period as two full days.

The Germans had announced that they would not aim a torpedo knowingly at an American warship, so as not to

antagonize America into declaring war. However, one of our newer sister ships, the USS KEARNY, was struck by a German torpedo while on this convoy duty, but made it into port in Iceland. EDISON was ordered to proceed to Iceland under full power to relieve her. She had a 20-foot opening in her starboard side midships, and her gun control equipment, radio room, and one fire room destroyed. Casualties were high. Shortly thereafter, an older four stacker destroyer, the USS REUBEN JAMES, was sunk while on similar escort duty.

Routine work on board under such conditions of weather and wartime readiness, was generally restricted to chipping several inches of solid ice from the decks, masts, and gun mounts, caused by the freezing salt spray. The extra weight of the ice raised the metacentric height of the ship, and reduced her sea worthiness.

Course routings for Atlantic convoys, coming and going, were controlled from Washington. This was to avoid known trouble spots, and to keep individual convoys separated by a safe distance when passing, particularly during inclement weather. On one occasion, when EDISON'S Commanding Officer was acting as Convoy Commodore, we met an approaching convoy head-on from the opposite direction. We were in the usual dense fog, and I was officer of the deck, with the Captain on the bridge as well. We still had no radar. Through the pea soup fog, we could barely discern oncoming bows of another

convoy. It was too late for emergency maneuvers - we would have to thread our way through the oncoming vessels. By voice radio, we informed the other ships in our convoy, and ordered the other commanding officers to weave their way through as best they could. The Captain and I jumped from either side of the bridge alternately, trying to peer through the fog, to try to discern the next ships in column. Without delaying to communicate verbally to each other, we maneuvered the engines, and ordered rudder changes to meet the immediate needs, merely pointing out to each other, what we had just picked up and were trying to avoid. We managed to pass through the entire convoy without a scratch. I have never heard of such an occurrence happening before or since. I'm sure the Captain shook in his boots as much as I did for the next ten or twenty minutes. After it was all over, he turned toward me and said, "Thanks, Roenigk," in a low voice. (He meant for maneuvering in advance, without first delaying for permission in such an emergency.) I was glad that I was present for the occasion, as harrowing as it was.

While refueling in Hvalfjordur's Harbor over the approximate five-hour period, we allowed half the officers and half of the crew to go ashore for two hours of recreation. It was about a mile hike across the glacier to a Quonset hut, where beer and sandwiches were sold. The hut was heated by a large potbellied coal stove. After the first group returned to the ship, the other half of the officers

and crew were permitted ashore before sailing.

Not all of the ships company cared to go ashore nor did they all drink. Other than beer, soft drinks and potato chips were available. No one drank heavily - they merely wanted to stretch their legs, even in deep snow. In late November 1941, we arrived for refueling, and sent the first half of the crew off for their hike to the Quonset hut. A storm suddenly blew up, and it was impossible for anyone ashore to return to the ship. It came time to depart Iceland, and we had to leave without half of the officers and crew. With only one other watch officer, besides myself on board for the return trip, we had to stand one watch on and one off, for the three-week trip back. The crew was also very shorthanded; however, we all survived. Those shipmates left behind in the Iceland blizzard, rejoined us a few days later in Boston, having returned to U.S.A. via the next convoy.

On a clear night, steaming under the usual "darkened ship" conditions, we could barely make out the silhouettes of the other ships in formation. At midnight one night, while ahead of the formation, we observed a smaller vessel close aboard for some unknown reason. We quickly talked it over, and decided that it must be a surfaced enemy submarine, on a parallel course with us. This was an unheard of situation. The sub was so close that our guns would not depress far

enough for us to hit her with gunfire. We were also too close to turn and have any chance of ramming her with our bow. The submarine must have been as surprised as we were. She immediately dove, and we were at a loss to relocate the sub and attack, as she had apparently cut off her engines after diving in order to hide in the ocean depths. Under better lighting conditions, we might have attempted tossing hand grenades, hoping one would enter the funnel and cause damage. However, the encounter lasted so short a period of time, that it was all over in less than a minute. As the Executive Officer remarked jokingly later, "If we had had a bag of spuds (potatoes) on the bridge, we could have clobbered the enemy." After this experience, word went out to all the other escorts in the Atlantic to maintain hand grenades at the ready on the bridge.

On our last two voyages in 1941, the EDISON CO was assigned additional duty as Convoy Commodore. Since we had no ASW equipment, nor radar, our Captain resorted to our Radio Direction Finder, consisting of a simple loop antenna, which could pick up radio transmission signals from short range. However, the bearing could be either true or the exact reciprocal bearing. There was no way to determine which was actual, without injecting guess work. We could hear radio signals from, what we estimated to be enemy submarines, in the daytime, assumed to be trailing us and maintaining contact with our convoy, until darkness set in,

so that they could surface, and at full speed close in for the kill. Captain Murdaugh correctly assumed that the subs were trailing us from astern, beyond the horizon. When heard on the RDF he would send an escort out aft at high speed. Almost always the submarine would be sighted, but would dive well beyond the range of our guns. This would be followed by depth charge attacks, but without suitable control equipment, these attacks against submerged submarines were futile.

Interestingly, the uselessness of Radio Direction Finder antenna was recognized by our Navy earlier, and was scheduled to be removed under "strip ship" procedure early in 1941 in preparation for war. EDISON, being a newly built ship, was one of a few ships, which had a RDF antenna. (The ship had been built according to specifications, and removal of all unnecessary equipment had not as yet, been accomplished.)

I had come up for promotion to Lieutenant in June 1941. However, I was lacking the required amount of time on "sea duty" to be qualified for promotion, having spent a full three years on "shore duty" in Japan as a junior Lieutenant. My promotion exams were received on board a few months later. These required sitting down to the examination under supervision for about five hours each exam, answering questions and solving problems, for each of about six different professional subjects. This of course, was practically impossible under "undeclared" wartime conditions.

Nevertheless, by stretching the regulations, I was able to complete the six examinations within about a week, in spite of the fact that I had no chance to study in advance. Officers knew that failures were rare and re-examinations were rarely called for. Finally, my promotion papers came through in November, and I happily donned my second stripe. I was now the only (full) Lieutenant on board, other than the Executive Officer.

An interesting happening occurred on our return trip (destination Boston) in December 1941. I had stood the mid-watch and came below to rest briefly, before we were scheduled to sight land. We rarely had a chance to take a shower bath and change clothes, without being called to General Quarters on a moment's notice. Guns and equipment were all manned with skeleton crews day and night, however. This was a special day for me, since according to previous arrangements, my bride-to-be (a high school classmate who had waited for me, since prior to my departure for Japan in 1937) was to be waiting in Boston, having come from San Francisco, California, for our wedding, planned for the three-day period in the Navy Yard undergoing voyage repairs to the ship. Coming off the bridge, I decided to shave, jump in for a quick shower and change clothes, to be presentable. No sooner had I stepped into the shower than the "General Quarters" alarm sounded, and almost simultaneously the forward five-inch gun battery blasted away. Being the

gunnery officer, I frantically grabbed some outer garments, dressing, as I literally flew up to the main gun director, while glancing around to see, what we could be firing at. I glimpsed a submarine on the surface, flashing a signal search light at us. I recognized it immediately as an American submarine trying to identify himself. I immediately pulled the electrical switch on the director before the gun could fire a second round of ammunition. What happened was that our Captain was on the bridge, when he sighted this submarine on the surface. His standing orders were to shoot to kill any unidentified ship (these were post-Pearl Harbor days, and definitely wartime for the U.S.A.) Moreover, no American submarine was permitted to enter a U.S. harbor, without being escorted by a friendly surface ship. The submarine had arrived off the harbor, but no escort was in sight. Assuming that EDISON was her assigned escort approaching, our submarine was frantically exchanging identification signals. Unfortunately, the submarine gave the incorrect identification signal for the day. This was the cue for opening fire immediately. The first shot (and only one, before I could disconnect the electrical circuit) was well over, and the Captain personally was in the process of correcting the gun elevation downward. I was expecting the Captain to congratulate me for stopping the firing, before damaging a friendly submarine, as a result of error on the part of the sub. Instead, he was quite unhappy with me. I am still convinced that I did the correct thing.

After a good night's rest in Boston, the Captain was his relaxed self again. So were we all.

It was during this return trip to U.S.A., escorting an empty convoy on the return trip from Iceland and England, that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. We had very little news, other than that the Japanese had attacked. We knew not, what the extent of the damage was, if any. We had been apprised of the declaration of war against Japan and the Axis powers. We welcomed this declaration, which clearly meant "no holds barred". All along, in the North Atlantic, we had been operating under a double standard. Now, we were in it to win, without restriction, which made our task easier, or so we thought.

Our unanimous reaction to events as we knew them at the time, was: "Fine, now those fellows in the Pacific can find out firsthand, what we have gone through here in the Atlantic for so many months." We sensed no change whatsoever in the Atlantic operations. We were consoled, however, in realizing that colleagues in the Pacific would be working along as hard as we have had to.

By now, our "green recruits" had become seasoned seamen. They respected, and at the same time feared the sea. They looked up to the Captain, and relied on his superior

knowledge and protection from the elements. They highly valued a few hours recreation ashore. There were absolutely no disciplinary problems. From this time forward, I became aware and firmly convinced, that young seamen and petty officers are happiest when working hard, day and night. This must be interspersed with relaxing time ashore, on firm ground, without a care in the world, so to speak.

We sailed with our next loaded merchant convoy the first week in January 1942. I said goodby to my bride of two days. The Chief Engineer was extremely ill with "acute sea sickness." He was transferred to the hospital, and later retired for this incurable ailment. His young assistant, an ensign, took over the Engineering Department.

The day following departure, I received dispatch orders to proceed to CinCPac Headquarters in Hawaii, in all haste. There was no way I could return to the U.S. before mid to late February. It was necessary to encrypt messages back to my bride, not to unpack, and to advise the supply officer to hold my shipment of household goods when it arrived in Boston, and return it intact to San Francisco, since I had dispatch orders for transfer to the Pacific theater.

A week later, our Captain received transfer orders. He was now considered an expert in ASW warfare, and was needed in the Mexican Gulf area, where German submarine operations

were being stepped up.

The escort operation was becoming routine. We lost only a few ships in either direction on this latest voyage. We made record speed of advance and returned to Boston by mid-February. The new Captain (Lieutenant Commander Hedding) was naturally most unhappy, that his gunnery officer was being transferred at the same time he was relieving Commander Murdaugh, and attempted to hold up my orders without success.

My assistant gunnery officers and enlisted men had been well trained in advance to take over, no matter who should be missing. The ship had five or six junior ensigns who had been college students the year before, and had volunteered for the Navy. Three had just graduated from Harvard. We had been a closely knit family on board, and I really regretted leaving such a smoothly operating ship. I departed the next morning following arrival.

My bride and I piled our baggage in the car (a new one) and took off across country for San Francisco. Two days after arrival in San Francisco I was on board the "MARS" flying amphibian aircraft, operated by Pan Am, non-stop to Hawaii. My bride of the previous month, would remain in San Francisco and find a home. Dependents were all being evacuated from Hawaii at this time, and no new arrivals could be permitted.

Upon arrival in Hawaii, I was met at the aircraft by an old colleague, Arthur Benedict, who introduced me to my new headquarters office and living quarters. As we drove through Pearl Harbor, I was dumfounded by all the destruction. Sunken battleships and crude oil covered the whole area. Lieutenant Benedict had been aboard one of those battleships when attacked by Japanese torpedo planes and dive bombers. We had no real understanding of this devastation while operating in the Atlantic.

Former Japanese language officers had expected to be called into the Pacific theater should war break out with Japan, the exact type of duty unknown. We had not been alerted nor trained for any type of intelligence in advance. The majority of us had not even known of the term cryptography, except from what we had read on our own in books, such as Freedman's "Black Chamber", based on World War One operations.

My classmate and fellow language officer, Lieutenant A.L. Benedict and I were ordered to CinCPac staff simultaneously, three weeks following Pearl Harbor. We had assumed that Lieutenant Commander Layton, the Pacific Fleet Intelligence Officer, had requested BuPers to issue such orders. Layton, who was a former language officer, and had been our immediate boss while he was Assistant Attache at the

American Embassy, during our first two years' residence in Japan, knew the two of us well and considered us his two choices for assistants. After several weeks finding our way around and learning routine procedures on the staff, Layton ordered Benedict and myself to take turns on alternate days in writing up the 6 a.m. "intelligence report" for the early morning staff meeting. This relieved him of a time-consuming chore, although he kept himself fully informed of all details of the current situation.

Layton's only other assistant was another language officer (Lt. Hudson), who had preceded me in Japan by one year. When our allocation of duties had been firmed up and operating smoothly, Layton told us that we were routinely to finish up our work at headquarters by 9 or 10 o'clock each morning, then report to the Fleet Radio Unit (Commander J.R. Rochefort in charge) nearby, for whatever duties he assigned to us.

We had arrived suddenly in the broad field of cryptography, with no previous knowledge whatsoever. Everything had to be learned from scratch, without benefit of anything being in writing, from which we could learn. We had to learn from current coast watcher reports and traffic analysis, conjecture and calculated estimates, and finally attempting to solve the enemy codes and cyphers. In this we were blessed with a superior understanding and knowledge of

the Japanese language and their naval procedure. With long hours and hard work on the part of all, the Japanese secrets came to be realized.

The Fleet Radio Unit, a.k.a. as FruPac, operated in a small basement room, underneath 14th Naval District Headquarters in Pearl Harbor. There were not even enough desks for Commander Rochefort's eight language officer assistants, all of whom worked twelve or more hours a day. Yeomen were in great need. The Navy Band from their sunken battleship flagship was transferred and retrained as writers and messengers in Rochefort's organization. Within a few weeks they adapted well and became indispensable.

A new, large wooden building was rapidly constructed on Makalapa Hill, outside the Main Gate of Pearl Harbor, to house the expanding FruPac organization. This was across the road from a new CinCPac Headquarters structure, which was nearing completion. Once we were fully moved in by mid-1942, working conditions were greatly improved.

Construction of a submarine officer's housing area was started on Makalapa, before Pearl Harbor was attacked. These houses were now turned over mainly to CinCPac Staff Officers, three or four officers to each house. One house was used for a staff mess. (All dependents had been evacuated to the mainland U.S.A. following the Japanese attack and there was

little need for these as family housing.)

CinCPac had issued temporary additional duty orders to Benedict and myself to FruPac; however, we remained officially attached to CinCPac. This arrangement was most welcome, since fleet staff duty was designated as sea duty, which we required, if we ever hoped to be promoted beyond Lieutenant. FruPac was considered shore duty, even though three of four language officers always accompanied the senior Task Force Commanders to sea and engagements with the enemy. By 1943, requirements for sea duty and promotion exams for advancement were relaxed. Benedict and I were released from CinCPac and assigned to FruPac full-time. This deprived us of our housing on Makalapa, and we could no longer take meals at the CinCPac Mess. We were assigned rooms in the Navy Yard B.O.Q. and messed in the Yard cafeteria, just down the road a half mile away. We both retained our CinCPac top secret passes, however, and were privileged to come and go at headquarters as we desired.

Layton, like any former Japanese language officer, knew all other linguists well. I don't know of any antagonism between any members of our group. Layton was, of course, friendly and would readily support any junior, particularly if the latter had worked for him previously. However, being senior to many of us, we all expected him to be a taskmaster, which he surely was. That is what the Old Navy was all

about. Layton was accused of lacking personality by some of his seniors, but many other line officers were accused of worse than that. At the Naval Academy, Layton, being short in stature at the time, was nicknamed "Brute", which he greatly resented. No one dared use that term toward him in the service except a former classmate. (Every N.A. class automatically called their shortest member "Brute," such as my classmate in the Marine Corps, General "Brute" Krulak.)

I next saw Admiral Layton in 1951 at NWC in Newport. He had recently set up the first Naval Intelligence School, and was visiting the War College with his "team" to put on a demonstration in intelligence gathering methods and procedures. Later, in the mid-1960's, when I was naval attache in Tokyo, Japan, Rear Admiral Layton Retired was a civilian, living in Tokyo and representing an American aircraft manufacturer. Layton visited my office numerous times, as did many American businessmen and Japanese alike, not to conduct business per se, but to maintain contact with an American Navy person on the spot. Socially, I saw Layton numerous times, either at his home or mine. We were close friends, really.

After retirement, I corresponded regularly with Layton, particularly during the last ten years of his life, until he died in the 1980s.

Eddie was a good friend of mine, whom I addressed habitually as "Sir", throughout the first 30 years of nearly 50 years association.

Admiral Nimitz was extremely interested in our work at FruPac. He seemed to want to learn more about it and our methods, which were quite complicated. He would wander alone into our building, which was just across the road, when he had an hour of leisure. (CinCPac aides and staff members were not allowed entrance into FruPac building, except for Layton or the Chief of Staff.) Nimitz would visit each section: the IBM room, the "numbers" men (who were former mathematicians), and our language section in succession. He would stand behind each one of us and watch closely, as we worked on various and different systems. He didn't wish to disturb any one of us; however, I found it convenient to explain very briefly just what and how I was trying to solve the puzzle. He insisted we remain seated and continue to work, while he surveyed and observed.

My housemates and I pitched horseshoes with the Admiral in his backyard numerous times for exercise. One lieutenant housemate (H.A. LaMar) was Flag Lieutenant to the Admiral, and one of his duties was to round up staff members to make up a foursome for a half hour game every evening before dinner.

Admiral Nimitz habitually walked with his Chief of Staff in the countryside, adjacent to the Makalapa installations. These were long hikes of an hour or two, time permitting. On their return to the Makalapa housing compound, they often stopped in at our house (houses were never locked), regardless of whether or not any of us were at home, solely for the purpose of listening to our phonograph records. My other housemate, Lieutenant Benedict, owned a Capehart phonograph, which was considered to be an outstanding music box in those days, and of course the Admiral knew he was welcome to use it at any time.

The Admiral was known to stop and talk with anyone he met along the road, regardless of rank or rate. This custom became very popular with the enlisted men, knowing that the CinCPac would remember their faces always in the future.

Living in the same house with his Flag Lieutenant, the Admiral came to know Benedict and myself well, and to treat the three of us as his own sons. In March 1943, Benedict and I received promotion papers to Lieutenant Commander. Admiral Nimitz was greatly disappointed that his Flag Lieutenant was not promoted simultaneously, due to insufficient time in rank. Washington would not approve of Nimitz's request. He had wanted to personally swear all three of us in, and pin on our new shoulder boards at the same time. Nevertheless, he went ahead with the ceremony for the two of us at a dinner in

his private residence. Six months later, the Flag Lieutenant received his promotion as well.

There were absolutely no problems whatsoever at the working level in the Intelligence Community. There were, however, solid rumors going around with regard to the squabbling going on at the highest levels in Washington, based on nothing more than a struggle for power, by only a few high-ranking individuals on the staff of Admiral King in Washington. This was fully understood only by Commander Rochefort, head of FruPac, who was summarily fired by Washington, and given command of a floating drydock where his superb intelligence contributions were sacrificed for the remaining greater part of the Pacific War.

Simply stated, Intelligence was a "dirty word" in the Navy. Very few officers understood or believed in it and shunned "Intelligence Duty". The operations section of CinCUS in Washington was desirous of controlling ONI, by having it absorbed into Communications. FruPac was a part of ONI administratively, but an integral part of CinCPac for operational use of intelligence information, which was mandatory for the CinC of the Pacific Ocean area. Admiral Nimitz rightly and adamantly insisted, that FruPac not be taken away from his direct operational control on the scene. The whole operation was running smoothly and producing unheard of rewards. (This is explained in more detail in

Admiral Layton's recent book "And I Was There".)

Again, at Midway, there was no problem locally within the Intelligence Community. FruPac did have disagreement with Washington over small details. Admiral Nimitz fortunately, had the greatest trust in his "crew" of FruPac workers, however, he was prepared for any contingency in an emergency. FruPac, as it turned out, was dead right, as Nimitz's intuition told him. Following the Battle of Midway, Washington took full credit for having the correct solution, rather than FruPac. This was assumed by us as just another attempt to discredit Commander Rochefort as head of the organization which disclosed the vital intelligence information.

Coral Sea: Again there was no problem within the Intelligence Organization. A language officer from FruPac was assigned to the tactical commander, Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, to accompany him on the operation. The job of the FruPac officer and his team on board, was to pick up all close range enemy communications which could not be heard farther away. These were often in plain language, in the heat of battle, but not always. If the enemy force were too far distant to be picked up by radar, or not sighted by patrol aircraft, often the correct bearing (or reciprocal bearing) could not be determined with any equipment on board.

There was a personality clash between the FruPac lieutenant liaison adviser and his boss. Admiral Fletcher, had a distrust for his intelligence advice, and especially with regard to suggestions for tactical action that should be taken, even though, as it turned out, the lieutenant was on solid ground. This was a very rare occurrence. Perhaps the lieutenant language officer should not have tried to provide tactical suggestions to the Admiral in command, but only intelligence information.

The above is in contrast with other task force commanders, and their association with FruPac advisors accompanying them. For example, Lieutenant Gil Slonim accompanied Admiral Halsey on his first sortie. Thereafter, Halsey insisted that Slonim be assigned to accompany him always. Such assignments were always volunteers from the FruPac organization. Halsey and Slonim became inseparable buddies.

Later in 1942, FruPac members were advised by the Secretary of the Navy, that no officer nor enlisted man of FruPac was to submit a request for transfer for any reason, or they would be considered unfit for the service. Many of us felt that too much intelligence duty was "the kiss of death," so far as further promotion was concerned. There was nothing to be done about it, so we relaxed and continued our growing productive specialty.

Our day-to-day working on various systems, expertise and methods are still classified, and have not been released by the U.S. Government. Such information in the hands of the general public could cause serious damage to the National Security. For further information in concise form, see Captain Jasper Holmes' book "Double Edged Secrets", which was thoroughly "sanitized" prior to publication. Holmes was our office manager at FruPac. Many books have been written by speculative authors, adding a slightly imaginative interpretation, together with a touch of Hollywood to create interest.

On 7 December 1941, the Navy had less than 36 officers on active duty who had previous language training in Japan. Not all of these could be called in for intelligence duty, before they were killed at sea by their ship sinking or being taken as POW. A half dozen newer language officers had less than two years training in Japan, before being evacuated just prior to Pearl Harbor. The more senior officers were handicapped by having to neglect their Japanese language ability for sea service requirements for promotion. The Navy tried to correct the deficiency by urgently training linguists by the hundreds at Harvard, Massachusetts; Berkeley, California; and Boulder, Colorado; as Reserve Ensigns. A new book on this subject will soon be published by author, Captain Roger Pineau, USNR Retired, who was one of

these officers.

There was no longer any social life in Hawaii after December 7, with all street and road lights extinguished, and families evacuated to the mainland U.S.A. A few of our group would gather about once a month on a Saturday evening, if off duty, to play a game of stud poker, or on a few occasions, bridge. Stakes were minimum, since most of us had families to support back home. The game did keep our minds alert; it was a relaxation from the kind of tedious work we did at the office, day and night, or as long as we could endure in a 24 hour period.

By 1943, young reserve ensigns began arriving at FruPac by the dozen, who had undergone a crash Japanese language course in Boulder, Colorado, for up to a year. These had all been volunteers, many having had previous exposure to the language, such as having been brought up in Japan as young children. After some months of training and supervision on the various jobs, the great majority of these officers turned into valuable assets.

Shortly thereafter, a Joint Army Navy Intelligence Center (JIGPOA), headed by an Army General, was established in the Pearl Harbor area as a central repository for all sorts of captured Japanese material. A few of our people were drafted into this organization, as well as young

language officers recently arriving from Boulder.

Throughout the war, I had received no word on the exploits of EDISON in the Atlantic. In late 1944, following the end of the war in the Atlantic, I noted that USS EDISON (DD 439) was scheduled to enter port the following day, in company with other vessels from the Atlantic, to augment the Fleet in the Pacific. I made it a point to greet the ship on arrival, and to renew old friendships. As she docked in Pearl Harbor alongside the pier, I observed a Lieutenant Commander conning the ship on the wing of the bridge. It could have been the current commanding officer. I recognized the face and body movements. It was none other than one of those young reserve ensigns from Harvard in early 1941. He was the Executive Officer and Navigator.

When the war was over in the Pacific, EDISON was classified as outdated, and was scrapped after only six years of mostly wartime operations. She barely had a scratch on her after operations in North Africa, Normandie, and Okinawa, after I had left her.

Today, the former crew members - from Texas and as far as San Francisco and Seattle on the west coast - gather for an EDISON reunion every year at Hotel Viking, Newport, Rhode Island.

In late 1944, Washington decided that it was time to shift the old-timers at FruPac, among our other two processing centers, the one in Melbourne, Australia, and the other in Washington, D.C. for morale reasons, if nothing else. Orders began arriving in staggered fashion from Washington. No one knew to where they were being transferred, until the orders were received in hand.

My orders instructed me to report to CNO in Washington. Of course, I knew that it would be the identical kind of work, somewhere in or near Washington.

My personal effects were negligible, so I decided to pack two large cruise boxes with my uniforms and other clothing, rather than going through the base supply officer to have them packed and shipped at government expense. The U.S. Export Line ship, SS ANTIGUA, was in Pearl Harbor at the time, on her regular monthly trip from San Francisco, delivering meat and fresh vegetables for the fleet. I knew the ship's officers well, and they would habitually walk up to Makalapa to our house, bearing steaks, fresh California lettuce, and other vegetables. We would have a feast and provide an evening of relaxation over a drink. The ship's Captain offered to take anything back to the States for me, and to deliver it directly to my wife in San Francisco. My cruise boxes were lashed down in a corner of the wardroom, where they would be safe and dry throughout the trip home.

However, when exiting Pearl Harbor, the ANTIGUA was struck head-on in the bow by another friendly U.S. merchantman. A large gash was made right into the wardroom and my two cases fell into the sea and were lost overboard. I submitted a claim; however the Navy Paymaster could not honor such a claim, because my shipment was not covered by an authentic bill of lading. Just one more contingency of war.

I arrived in San Francisco by flying boat, and reported to the Commandant 12th Naval District for instructions, prior to proceeding eastward to Washington. Here I was loaded down with new identification cards and all sorts of ration cards for gasoline, food, drink, etc. We had no such rationing in the Pacific, other than for a carton of cigarettes and a bottle of spirits monthly.

I doubted the necessity of all these ration coupons but I soon learned. I was reunited with my bride of three years previously, and proceeded toward my first major "booboo". I changed into civilian clothes for the first time, and we went for a walk to see the town and have dinner out. In the Mark Hopkins Hotel dining room, I asked the waitress for a second pat of butter (I had been given only one on my butter plate). The waitress blared out for all to hear, "Young man, don't you know there is a war on?" My wife was soon to inform me all about this system of food rationing. I hadn't seen anything like it, since my days in pre-WWII Japan.

In San Francisco I was to have my very first glimpse of a Navy Wave in uniform. No female in uniform or otherwise was permitted in the Pacific, until after the fighting subsided. Heretofore, all military secretaries were male yeomen, by rating.

Following a day's rest, I gathered up my gas rationing coupons, keys, etc. and headed east by car to Washington. My wife would remain behind, close out the house, and arrange shipment of our household things to Washington. She would join me about a week or so later. One key on my ring was for a new type of gadget, a gas cap lock, to prevent thieves from siphoning off precious gasoline from the auto tank (unheard of previously). With no spare gas tank key, I had to always remember to keep it in a special pocket of my jacket. It being December 1944, I chose the southern route east, driving at a rapid rate, long hours daily. I noted my tank running low, so I stopped to fill up with gas at the next small town. As the Gulf Station owner was filling up my car I got out to stretch and look up and down the street at the sights. Directly across the street, I noticed an old wooden building with a sign saying "NIMITZ HOTEL", and thought nothing more about it. I paid the gas station man, jumped into my car and continued on my journey eastward. As I drove, I happened to recollect Admiral Nimitz once remarking that he was originally from Texas. This must have been his childhood

home, I thought, and would one day verify the matter. Toward afternoon, my tank was running low again, so I stopped at the nearest station in the next town. The station owner needed the tank key. I did not have it. I was in Louisana, about to enter Mississippi and turn northward toward Washington D.C. He asked where I had last filled up. I could not remember the name of the town. I then recalled seeing the NIMITZ HOTEL sign across the street. He replied, "Oh, that had to be Fredricksburg. I'll call the station." He instructed the telephone operator to connect him with the Gulf Station in Fredricksburg, across the street from the Nimitz Hotel. In a moment, the earlier gas station operator was on the line. "Oh, yes," he said, "The driver filled up here, and I left his tank key laying on the pump. I ran after him as he pulled out, but could not catch him to return his key. However, the bus is due here in thirty minutes. I will send the key with the driver and he will deliver it to your station at 8:00 in the morning." There was nothing for me to do, but to turn in for a good night's sleep. I was up at 7 a.m., the bus arrived on schedule at 8 a.m., and I was soon on my way again, with a full tank of gas. This was certainly friendly hospitality from the old days, and I could breathe a sigh of great relief.

I reported in to CNO and was immediately escorted over to my new duty station on Nebraska Avenue. This was a huge layout, a former girls' college, taken over by the Navy in

wartime. I first had to go through the process of having my picture taken, and a special admittance pass processed. This was required to be worn around the neck at all times. Once past the six or eight Marine Guards with pistols and rifles at the ready, I was ushered into the working area. There I met old acquaintances and former language officers, whom I hadn't seen in years. The facility was swarming with military uniforms of all sorts, and a number of civilians (male and female) in civilian dress. One quaint uniform appeared, by the shade of color and insignia worn thereon, it appeared to be U.S. Navy, however the bottom was a skirt. These, I surmised were the so-called Waves, such as I had seen in San Francisco. In my office alone, there were a dozen commissioned Wave officers, and a hundred or more young enlisted Waves. I was to learn later, that the officers were college graduates, while the enlisted Waves had volunteered directly from high school. As far as their usefulness was concerned, I soon learned that the enlisted Waves were eager, worked much harder, and were often superior in intelligence and more quickly comprehended a new assignment, with minimum instruction beforehand.

After settling down to the new strange environment and greatly increased numbers of workers, my own operations were no more than a continuance of the work I had been doing for the previous three years. However, the pace was greatly slowed down. No longer did we work around the clock - we

were assigned regular office hours like pre-war civilian office hours. None of us from the field were accustomed to this.

The noise level in the office was high, I thought, with people talking among themselves, and shuffling across the floor for no valid reason. This was never tolerated in my previous office experience.

The boss man, Captain Redfield Mason, personally supervised and ran the office. He knew each and every former language officer, as well as their capabilities. As we would finish a piece of work, he would select and pass another to us individually to diagnose. No longer were we working in a small outfit such as FruPac, where we would pick up a dozen such documents of accumulated material from the incoming stack at a time, and scan them for importance, and solving as we deemed necessary. Our boss in Washington was a seasoned and trained operator. He operated with tact in the monstrous Washington bureaucracy - who were we, juniors, to question his methods! In FruPac we really operated without a leader, after Commander Rochefort was "fired" by Washington in 1943. Rochefort's successor at FruPac was a Navy Captain veteran, without Japanese experience, who was assigned to recuperate from his recent battle wounds. He really never inquired into our work, nor issued orders. He seemed to have no real interest in our work, particularly, since he had had no

previous experience in cryptography. He never interfered in the manner we were operating among ourselves since it was proceeding so well.

My wife arrived in Washington, and we bought a house in Bethesda, nearby the office. Social life began again with colleagues from my contingent. I had so much spare time on my hands, working office hours, that I undertook to finish off the basement of our home into a family room, thereby increasing the value of the house nearly 25%, when we sold it a little over a year later.

The war ended in August 1945. There no longer was a valid reason, I felt, for language officers of the Navy to be tied down to desk jobs ashore. There was a mad scramble among my colleagues to transfer to sea, since the ban had been lifted, prohibiting us from requesting transfer for the duration of the war. CNO decided that priority would be given to the most senior line officers' requests first. All of the regular line Captains had been detached shortly after the peace treaty had been signed in Tokyo Bay. Many of the commanders had been assigned to new units being organized.

I received orders to accompany the Strategic Bombing Survey to Japan. I could fathom no benefit to be had from such a mission at this time. I pleaded with BuPers, that since I had spent seven of the previous eight years deeply

immersed in Japanese, I could no longer stand any more, and since the Pacific War was over, I simply had to get away, and asked for any assignment in Europe, or as far as I could get away from Japan.

I was now the senior commander in the Washington office and received orders designating me as commanding officer, OP-20-GZ, relieving our former boss, Captain Redfield Mason. My next superior in the chain of command, Captain Joseph Wenger, called me into his office and said that he was glad to have me remain, and hoped that I would stay on for at least a year to pick up the pieces and reorganize. I had no intention of doing so, if I could obtain an assignment at sea. My heart was no longer in my work. I considered it entirely useless. We now had captured code books for the first time, so the invigorating puzzle solving was eliminated.

The most useful Reserve veterans of the war were getting out at once and entering business careers. Many young professionals had volunteered, and received advanced commissions as lieutenant or lieutenant commander on entry into the service. They continued to advance rapidly to commander and captain at desk jobs. Naturally, they liked the Navy, and cherished their readily acquired high rank. They wanted to remain in the service. Systematically they set up their own jobs and bureaucracies, within the existing framework.

The lawyers wrote up a new code, and seduced Congress into passing it into law, eliminating the former Navy line officer lawyers altogether. (By the new law, seven years' shore duty in Washington was a requirement for judge advocate. No seagoing, regular Navy officer, trained in law, could meet this requirement and be promoted further in grade.)

The OSS people returned from Europe. They teamed up with other senior reserve officers, advocating a separate Central Intelligence Agency to supervise all intelligence activities within the various services.

There were numerous advocates of a separate Air Force. President Truman, in an attempt to prevent a "spin off" into various departments and activities, attempted to combine the Army and the Navy into one homogeneous organization with the same uniform throughout. Heated arguments, pro and con, filled the Washington atmosphere. When Congress tackled the bill in 1947 by so taking the bull by the horns, they passed a bill creating a separate Air Force, and also a C.I.A. organization. President Truman's idea of a single service was turned around into four separate bureaucratic entities, in place of the former Army and Navy.

I was unsuccessful at all attempts to be ordered to sea duty, until I happened upon my classmate and former language officer, Commander F.R. Biard, whom I had assisted in getting settled in Tokyo, when he arrived in 1939. He had recently been at FruPac, and had been transferred to Washington about the same time I was, but managed to be released shortly after V.J. Day, to be assigned to the security and scientific section, with duties connected with evaluation of captured enemy equipment from the Pacific and European theaters. Now, to repay me, he suggested that he had an idea. He was involved with a Joint Task Force being organized, to conduct tests on the atom bomb in the mid-Pacific. He was a member of the J2 (Intelligence) section of the staff, under direction of an Army major general. There were still a few billets to be filled, particularly an assistant for himself. I agreed heartily - anything to obtain sea duty. Biard spoke to his general and received approval for his suggestion. I assured him that we could work together in harmony, even though we were classmates. BuPers issued my official orders within a matter of days, assigning me to the staff of Joint Task Force ONE, commanded by Vice Admiral W.H.P. Blandy aboard Flagship USS MT. MCKINLEY in the Pacific.

My immediate superior in OP-20 questioned me if I really wanted such duty, even though he well knew that I needed sea duty, if I were to remain in the "Line" in the Navy. Following my affirmative reply, he concurred, thanked me for

my previous services, and wished me well.

It is to be noted that very few medals, or even letters of commendation were passed out to radio intelligence officers, for so-called "security reasons". One close friend and former language officer (Commander A.L. Benedict), who received no recognition for his hard labor and success in the Pacific, resigned on the spot after V.J. Day, remarking that if he was of no more use to the Navy than that, he was getting out for good.

Our house sold quickly in Bethesda at a considerable profit. We packed up and returned to San Francisco in May 1946, and I reported aboard MT. MCKINLEY.

The job assigned to Biard and myself was entirely new to everyone. We were responsible for security connected with the operation, particularly the civilian passengers, which consisted of 100 or more foreign officials from abroad, including the Russians, invited for the atom bomb tests, as well as a like number of press and news media reporters. We had to prepare special passes for all of these, assign staterooms and dining facilities, and act as cruise guides, so to speak. All went well except for a minor difficulty with some of the American press, who insisted on secreting hard liquor aboard, which is absolutely taboo on board Navy ships.

Commander Biard had one additional chore, a hold-over from his previous job. He was compiling the first U.S. Navy Security Manual. He was well along on it in his previous job, and volunteered to take it with him and complete the text on his new assignment. Since I was not too overworked, I offered to help out, on writing the Security Manual. By discussing various aspects between ourselves, we were better able to set it all down in print for the first time.

MT. MCKINLEY proceeded to Bikini Atoll to conduct the tests, first an above water blast, followed by a second underwater test a few weeks later, over and below various target ships anchored in the lagoon of the atoll. The few resident natives had been evacuated to Kwajalein Island. There being no facilities for recreation ashore, several beach parties were organized for passengers and crew. Beer and sandwiches from the ship were served at these outings and all concerned were happy.

The flagship, MT. MCKINLEY was stationed forward, nearest to the explosion, for the observation of the blast and its effects. All hands were ordered to close their eyes and turn away for the initial blast and heat, and dark film was provided as an added precaution for covering the eyes. The resulting high vertical pillar of sea water, surmounted with a huge mushroom cloud, was tremendous to behold. There were no after effects to the observers, but many of the

target ships were severely damaged or destroyed.

U.D.T. survey teams soon entered the lagoon to test for radioactivity, ready to withdraw immediately, once contamination approached the estimated maximum safe level.

Later the ships would be washed down to decrease radioactivity, and be towed to their destination, in such places as Hawaii, to conduct further detailed examinations. Some severely damaged ships would be sunk rather than towed back toward the U.S.

Many photographs were taken for research records and others for publication, and sometimes presentation to the visiting foreign officials. Passengers were warned in advance, that personal camera film could be ruined by exposure to the atomic radiation. Considerable scientific data was obtained as well as estimated damage to ships. This was all systematically compiled over an extended period of time. The whole operation was considered a tremendous success.

I should mention the crowded conditions on the flagship. It was necessary to provide several seatings for meals in the large wardroom. All officers and guests had to double up in the staterooms. It is not uncommon for junior officers on board ship to share a stateroom. However, as a staff

commander, I and two other commanders shared a small stateroom with a three-tiered bunk, in the place of the usual single bunk. We pulled straws for the initial bunk assignment, then shifted monthly thereafter.

I had enough spare time on my hands to get around among the various departments of the ship, and reacclimate myself to all the operational requirements at sea. After the cruise ended, short as it was, I felt that I was again fully qualified to handle any job on board at sea.

Before arriving back in San Francisco in September 1946, I was informed at sea, that my second daughter had been born at the Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in San Francisco. Upon arrival and before debarking, I was met on board by a district messenger informing me, that I was to call Washington immediately. I could not imagine what it could be about, whether or not I was about to be court-martialed for being AWOL, or for espionage charges in connection with my recent close association with foreign military persons on board MT. MCKINLEY, particularly the Russians. I telephoned the Washington number given by the messenger, identified myself and asked to whom I was speaking. It was the BuPers Commander Assignment Officer. I heaved a sigh of relief. He informed me that he had desperate need for several regular "Line" Commanders as Executive Officers for new AA cruisers, soon to be commissioned. Would I be interested? I replied,

"Certainly, but I am five or six years junior for such an honor." "Oh," he said, "I thought you were a commander." No sooner had I replied, "I am," than he cut in with, "Then, you are fully qualified." He offered me a choice of several new ships, nearing completion on the east coast, and offered me my choice. It made absolutely no difference to me, except that I would prefer one bound for the European theater. The detail officer knew this from his record card for various individual regular officers. He welcomed my hearty consent, and had anticipated my affirmative reply by having my official orders already typed up. These were mailed out the same afternoon, and I was soon on my way east, this time to Kearny, N.J. again, for completion building and to the Brooklyn Navy Yard fitting out of, yet to be commissioned, USS FRESNO (CL 121), with barely a passing greeting and farewell to my young family, who were to remain on in San Francisco, until final operational destination could be determined in Washington. Named in honor of the city of Fresno, California, it might be conjectured that the ship would be assigned to the Pacific Fleet.

The Commanding Officer, Captain Elliot B. Strauss, served as U.S. Naval Attache in London during the war, was also probably lacking in sea duty as was I, the second in command. The department heads were all lieutenant commanders, having graduated from the Naval Academy a year or two prior to Pearl Harbor, but well-trained by experience at

sea during WWII. The lieutenants and ensigns were generally ex-enlisted men, who had worked up through the ranks to commission status, or recently graduated into commissioned status. The crew was a mixture of all sort of experience; however, we had an abundance of key petty officers.

Organizing the crew, and assigning stations went smoothly, inasmuch as I had benefited from the experience of having done it on two previous, new ship assignments. As customary, we conducted shakedown training at Guantanamo, Cuba. Following completion of training, we were dispatched on a peacetime shakedown cruise to islands of the West Indies, and to Brazil and Uruguay, for a second time in my career (previously in RANGER), to show the flag among foreign nationals.

In February 1947, FRESNO was assigned to Norfolk Naval Shipyard, and eventually her "home port" was designated as Norfolk, Virginia. This meant that we would operate out of Norfolk in the future, and that our families could move in and take up residence, which we did.

In May 1947, FRESNO sailed for Plymouth, England to act as station ship (and to provide moral support for the bombed out former inhabitants). Upon arrival, we saw firsthand that the devastation in the town was complete. The only ships left in the harbor showed only the tops of their masts above

water. We became the sole operational vessel in the whole harbor.

A few of us walked ashore, and found the whole town to be a mass of rubble. Bulldozers were working feverishly to clear some of the destruction, in an attempt to start life anew. Unfortunately, none of us had a camera to record the devastation.

In Plymouth we were under the operational control of CinCNelm, Admiral R.L. Conolly in London. With no specific duties to perform, we operated at sea off Plymouth, to train in gunnery and exercise the crew at emergency drills. Soon, Admiral Conolly ordered us up the Thames River to London, in preparation for his planned trip to all the nations of Western Europe and the Mediterranean to "show the flag".

Admiral Conolly came out of WWII as a famous commander of amphibious operations in the European theater. He had been personally decorated by the heads of state of most all of the Western allies. In fact, he was the most decorated U.S. Navy admiral I have ever heard of, and he was proud to wear every ribbon. Upon arrival, the Captain of FRESNO hastened ashore to call on the "boss", his old, very close friend, Admiral Conolly. I later went over and called on the Chief of Staff to pay my respects (RADM Ragsdale, naval aviator and former shipmate from RANGER days). He was happy

to see me again, and to reminisce over olden days, after 12 years. I frequented his office regularly and became well acquainted with the staff officers. As Executive of the FRESNO, I was accepted as one of them, and had access to the Admiral's administrative office and coffee pot. I could, in this way, pick up pieces of information concerning what was in store for FRESNO, regarding future operations.

For the visit to Western European countries, the Admiral planned to take along only his intelligence officer, Captain Gill Richardson, as his acting Chief of Staff, and Flag Aide. This made it easy for FRESNO, since we had only limited space, which could be used for a staff. Captain Richardson was a former Japanese language colleague and housemate of mine in Karuizawa, Japan, in 1938. Richardson visited all these countries in advance, and informed the authorities of the planned trip of Admiral Conolly. "Would he be welcome, and would he be officially feted?" "So and so" is presenting him with a second decoration, for your information only. Might you do likewise, so as not to be outdone by your rival neighbor, etc.?" Richardson returned to London with the planned trip approximately charted out.

We sailed shortly, visiting most of the countries of Western Europe, then dropped south into the Mediterranean later, where we made the same type of visits to Southern Europe and North Africa.

In each country visited, the Head of State or Prime Minister was invited on board for lunch and an inspection of the ship. A larger party at a different time was laid on for other officials and important citizens.

The Admiral was publicly welcomed everywhere we visited and lavishly entertained ashore. The ship's company was not neglected.

Returning to London to offload the Admiral, I made my usual friendly visit to headquarters, and called on the staff officers to unofficially report on our cruise. My old friend, the chief of staff, had called me into his office with something on his mind. Point blank, he said, "What's wrong with that so-and-so captain of yours?" I replied, "Admiral, absolutely nothing. He's the best captain I ever served with. Why? What did he do?" The chief of staff replied, "Well, he came bouncing in here and went directly to Admiral Conolly's office, without coming through me. I didn't even know of it, until Admiral Conolly spoke to me about it." I could only make excuses such as, "Oh, well, they are old buddies, and my Captain probably was rushed at the time and didn't think much about it. Also, he lived here throughout the war, and knows his way around pretty well." Admiral Ragsdale was very angry, I could tell from his face turning a bright red, as it did in the old RANGER when, as

Assistant Air Operations, he would become upset over something minor.

I wandered into the executive office to snoop around the correspondence baskets as usual. Suddenly, I noticed a pile of officer fitness reports and glanced through the names to see, if there was anyone I was interested in. There was one for my Captain, and it was a very poor report. Why could it be? And why was it already signed by Admiral Conolly? This didn't make sense, but it could prevent my Captain from being selected for promotion to Rear Admiral. I searched further. By asking innocuous questions among my friends on the staff, I learned that Admiral Conolly didn't do much paper work himself, but relied on his staff, and would sign anything that was presented to him for signature, without reading it. However, what stumped me was, that by Navy regulations, the senior officer is personally responsible for filling out the fitness report of every officer under his command. The staff officers even made excuses to me, that Admiral Conolly was completely exhausted as a result of the war, and had a perfect right to rely on his chief of staff to do all the paperwork. Now I could associate the earlier remarks by the chief of staff and the fitness report.

I could not report my findings to my Captain. It would have been devastating. There was absolutely no solution that could have corrected the false reporting at this point.

Captain Strauss was not selected for promotion to Rear Admiral. He is still living in Washington at age 85. We correspond regularly.

Many of the scars of WWII bombing by the Germans were still visible throughout London. The devastation of Amsterdam Harbor, however, was one of the most complete destructions I have ever witnessed. Before WWII, Amsterdam had been a leading commercial port, but now the harbor was filled with sunken merchantmen, showing only the top of their mainmast, or a marker buoy signifying a sunken wreck. Skilled pilots had no easy time of maneuvering FRESNO around all these sunken wrecks, which were being removed as rapidly as possible, with such equipment as was available.

By late November 1947, FRESNO was ordered back to the U.S.A. home port at Norfolk, and immediately in December ordered on a classified mission to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with a flag officer on board for the trip. This was my third cruise to Rio on board a Navy ship. On our return to Norfolk to disembark the Flag, Captain Strauss received his transfer orders after the normal one-year tour. He was relieved by Captain W.G. Michelet.

In January 1948, FRESNO departed Norfolk, Virginia on her second deployment to Western Europe. We assumed that the cruise would last for about six months, the normal deployment

time away from home port.

Enroute, we happened to run into a storm which seemed to stay with us. From an examination of the Atlantic Ocean atmospheric pressure systems, it was readily apparent that we were near the eye of the storm, moving along on the same course, and slowing our own speed to match that of the storm. The simple solution in such a situation is to change course and head toward the safe semi-circle. The new CO, although an experienced aviation pilot, had previously little shipboard experience. FRESNO was his first heavy warship command, to qualify him for consideration for advancement to flag rank. He was blessed with a now experienced crew and capable officers; however, he refused to accept any advice from his executive officer initially, nor his navigator and other department heads. The ship continued to take a pounding from the seas and no operations could be accomplished on board. The high waves began to bend over the stanchions, and the motor whale boat was destroyed. The senior officers became nervous and pleaded with me constantly, to change course to get out of the eye of the storm, but I was helpless in trying to convince the new captain to take avoiding action. Our estimated arrival time in England was already several days delayed, and CinCNelm (Admiral Conolly) was naturally concerned as well. We finally did make port exactly one week late. CinCNelm was greatly relieved. The official report of our experiences enroute were entirely the

personal beliefs of the CO, and his criticism of BuShips designers back in Washington, and poor shipyard workmanship. This was not fact and we all knew it; however, we could not convince the captain otherwise. We were sent to the Portsmouth, England, Naval Shipyard for emergency repairs connected with the storm damage.

From this point on, the CO immersed himself in writing official (and personal) letters to CNO and BuShips complaining about FRESNO'S design and utter unseaworthiness. He pleaded that all sisterships in the CL (AA) class be taken out of service immediately. I, and other ship's officers, conjectured, that our skillful aircraft CO was operating the ship as an aviator, i.e. avoiding a cloud bank if sighted up ahead, but if entered unavoidably, just plowing through it, hoping to come out safely. This has never worked out in ship navigation.

CinCNelm eventually commended our Captain for the safe arrival of the ship back in port, and allowed us independent operating time at sea, to bring the ship up to standards of appearance, and time for training and gunnery exercises. We made a return visit to Plymouth, England, our original station ship assignment, to reassure the locals, who were making remarkable strides in rebuilding their bombed out city.

We were recalled to London to participate in the dedication of the Roosevelt Monument in Hyde Park, directly across from the American Embassy in London. We provided a marching contingent of a hundred or so crew members to participate in the parade for the occasion. The late President's widow, Eleanor Roosevelt, was the honor guest for the dedication.

The following day, our captain undertook to invite the widow Roosevelt on board to inspect the FRESNO and to have lunch. Being a holiday, half the crew was on liberty ashore. The remaining half on board were mostly in their bunks, resting, if not on watch or assigned to special duties for Mrs. Roosevelt's visit. Following lunch, Eleanor Roosevelt did not particularly care to look around the ship; however, she did have one specific request. She wanted to meet all the American black sailors. FRESNO was one of the first ships to integrate the crew. Blacks, for the first time, were assigned deck and engineering stations, and allowed to compete for higher advancement. Ten percent of our complement was black. Heretofore, only Filippino cooks and stewards were to be seen on board ship. To comply with Eleanor's request, it was necessary to rouse all the negro sailors from their bunks, while the white ratings dozed on. This wasn't popular with the blacks, who had to get dressed at once in impeccable whites and appear on deck, where they were formed on the foc's'le for Mrs. Roosevelt to inspect.

When all was ready, the former First Lady went down the ranks, stopping in front of each man to chat for several minutes, about their family and sweethearts, where in the U.S. they had originally come from, and how they liked their duty on board. These "human interest" replies were just the right stories, that Eleanor needed for her daily syndicated articles appearing in newspapers throughout the U.S.A. The black lads could now write home telling their folks, that they had personally chatted with the former widowed First Lady. Their original anger, turning into embarrassment, at being face to face with such a high personage, soon died down and they reverted to being happy again as a regular crew member.

When conducting training exercises and gun firing practices around the southern coast of England, we would often enter port and anchor for the night to provide a good night of sleep for a majority of the ship's company. The first night we did this, we had an unexpected visit from the manager of a local beach hotel. He came to invite a dozen or so ship's officers ashore to visit his establishment, to have dinner on the house. This was Brighton Beach in Southern England. Recovering from the war, tourism was being redeveloped quickly along the south coast. Large groups of unattached women, mainly school teachers, flocked to the beach resorts in the sunny southern regions. There were few men to go around, and the beach hotels welcomed unattached

males, and particularly uniformed officers scattered around the dining room. The touring ladies were personally advised to go out and invite any man in uniform to dinner, free, on the house. (Their own meals had already been included in their package deal ahead of time). This became a popular promotional idea for the British resort managers, and provided welcome recreation and experience for uninitiated Americans. However, the standard fare of lamb or sausage, potatoes, and cabbage could hardly compare to the steak and hamburgers served on board American ships.

In June 1948, FRESNO, having completed her second deployment to Europe, was ordered back to her home port of Norfolk, Virginia, where she received a replacement for the destroyed motor whale boat, and additional upkeep time in the Navy Yard.

With no advance warning, I suddenly received orders to the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island. My successor arrived two days later and took over as Executive Officer. FRESNO did not return to Europe, but was soon scheduled for decommissioning. Captain Michelet was transferred, and my successor took over as acting skipper to lay up the ship in "moth balls". The same fate was soon to happen to other ships of the class. What a shame! The only explanation was that upon arrival in Norfolk, the captain had gone directly to Washington to plead his case and had won. I packed up my

family and moved to Newport, Rhode Island.

Upon arrival at the War College, I was assigned to government duplex housing in the Navy Anchorage Apartments complex, nearby Gate 4.

My orders specified the Junior Course for commanders and lieutenant commanders - only captains and the more senior officers were ordered to the Senior Course. The Navy Department policy at the time was to assign to the War College mainly those officers, most recently returning from sea duty, who could exchange the latest fleet operations developments with other students.

Newport, at that time, was a navy town, rivalled only by Norfolk, Virginia, as a naval base with facilities on the east coast. Ship's company would flock ashore in the late afternoon or evening, for shopping and entertainment. Ships liberty boats would dock on South Thames Street, near the ferry landing from Jamestown. Each navy ship would assign one officer and several enlisted men to shore patrol duty, with headquarters at the local police station. (This was the usual procedure at every port visited by a naval vessel at home or abroad). The Newport Police force consisted of only a few policemen, since the Navy Shore Patrol patrolled the Thames Street area and vicinity, and kept the navy personnel in line. If a sailor appeared to have had enough beer to

drink, he was quietly, but forcefully, returned to his ship to sleep it off, receiving no police citation. The navy uniform merchants and shopkeepers on Thames Street carried on a prosperous business with visiting ships. Enlisted men preferred the wider bell-bottom trousers and inside gold-embroidered jumpers to be purchased from local shops, which were not "regulation" for wearing on board ship, but were saved for leave, and trips to their home town to visit relatives. Officers preferred their uniforms made from the higher grade cloth and workmanship of hand sewing by local tailors, especially when the cost was no more then standard navy uniforms. These modifications met the regulation uniform requirements, but also looked more stylish and well-fitted.

Newporters were proud of the navy and their installations here which was the only basis of the local economy. Many navy, as well as army families, lived and came to retire in Newport. Various streets are named for famous Admirals, such as Perry Street, off Bellevue Avenue, named for Commodore Perry who opened Japan to foreign trade in 1853; and Admiral Kalbfus Road leading to the Navy Base, where he had recently been in command.

The Junior Class at the NWC in 1948 was assigned to the top (third) floor offices of Luce Hall, three or four officers to each room.

The Senior Class was assigned to the second floor of Luce, with a small overflow into Pringle Hall. Staff and instructor offices were located on the first floor.

The curricula of both classes were tied into each other. Both classes attended the usual staff lecture each morning at 11:00 in the Mahan Hall Auditorium. An outside civilian lecturer was sometimes substituted.

The Senior Course was headed by Captain Bern Anderson, a recognized strategist and leader, who was retired in 1951 but recalled in 1952, serving until (three years before his death) 1960.

The Junior Course was directed by Captain Claude Ricketts, who was later selected and promoted to Admiral.

In addition, there was a Logistics Class under the direction of Captain Henry Eccles, which was separately established and conducted in Sims Hall. The class itself consisted mainly of Junior Supply Corps Officers.

The Junior Course consisted of working mainly in our respective rooms. Each week, Captain Ricketts would personally design a tactical problem, which we were required to solve. We would first consult with our roommates to determine a feasible solution, using the knowledge of an

aviator, submariner, or other specialist in mine warfare or surface ship operator as available. Then we would go to work to prepare sketches and typewritten orders, or schedule as appropriate. Captain Ricketts, who had only a lieutenant commander assistant, would personally correct these papers, and return them within a matter of days.

We were assigned a list of books to read during the term at our leisure. These books dealt mainly in strategy and tactics, and were available from the NWC library.

One full week or more was spent on International Law and case histories. Various sessions were conducted jointly with the Senior Course officers, to discuss the pro and con of certain cases. This part of the course turned out to be most interesting and useful to the students.

Twice during the course, we met jointly with the Senior Class to play a major war game on the floor of Pringle Hall, using toy ships and aircraft, to simulate actual forces. The Senior Officers were assigned as force and group commanders, while the Junior Officers served as their assistants. Staff members acted as referees, and assigned penalties and loss of units among the operating forces, to add realism to the war game. These assessments of casualties were necessarily arbitrary in some cases on the part of the referees, to render the games more interesting to the players. The final

outcome was usually close to a draw, so as not to hurt the feelings of the players unnecessarily. The overall games served their purpose, in providing useful experience.

One short course in Logistics, lasting only several days, was held jointly with the Senior Class. Only theory was touched on, which most officers were already cognizant of and relied on their supply officers to handle the details. The latest accepted tactics in underway replenishment, which was developed during WWII, were not discussed. This operation permitted our ships to remain on station in the war zone for an indefinite period, without returning to port for fuel oil, food and other supplies, not to mention mail. It was now standard procedure in the navy to conduct at least one underway replenishment at sea drill every year. On my previous ship, FRESNO, neither the captain nor I had actually witnessed such an evolution; nevertheless, we had discussed it, and between us had decided on, how we would execute the maneuver if ever called upon to perform it. Many of us felt the logistics instruction left much to be desired. However, since it was a separate entity from the NWC proper, nothing much was done about it.

For recreation, golfers could join one of several local, privately owned clubs. These were open to wives as well, and were very popular. In addition, the War College tennis courts were available at no charge. Other students could form

teams and use the War College bowling alleys at a nominal fee.

By the final month of the course, all students were required to turn in a thesis. Subjects, such in strategy, could be selected by the individual student, but had to be approved by the director at the beginning to the course. This required considerable outside research and study. By learning how to type by the "hunt and peck" system, doing my weekly assignments, I decided I would have enough time at night, to type up my whole thesis and save the cost of hiring typists, which were available at so much per page. I barely made the final date; however, I did receive a very good grade which I hardly thought I deserved. I have been using my self-taught typing skill ever since.

Individual photos were taken of the entire student body, and these were made up into composite productions (nearly two feet square) for more rapid recognition by staff and students alike. (A few years ago, I turned over my retained copies to the NWC archives to assist in augmenting their historical collection.)

As the course was nearing completion, I heard from a friend in the Plans Division of the Navy Department in Washington, that they had requested my services, but that the Bureau of Personnel had likewise wanted me to come work for

them. Accordingly, no decision had yet been made. When I made this known only to my wife, she announced her refusal to return to Washington for duty. To keep peace in the family, I let it be known to Captain Ricketts, my course chief, that I would like to stay on in Newport. Within a week or two, I received my official orders to the War College Staff.

With orders in hand, and knowing that the tour at NWC would probably continue for another two years, I went about searching for a home to purchase. Furthermore, knowing that my navy career was probably half over, I would need a place to retire. I knew of one desirable house away from the city traffic along the Cliff Walk, with plenty of yard for the children to play. It had been purchased only recently by the retiring Marine general in command of the large marine contingent stationed on the naval base. Following retirement, the general's wife suffered a "let down", realizing that she was no longer known as, or treated as, the "Commanding General's lady". She accordingly announced that they were going to desert Newport, and move to California, where they had left many friends, or so she thought. I dashed right over, and made a deal with the general on the spot without waiting, and before it was placed on the market. I am still living there in my retirement.

The final week of the course was a joint symposium, bringing together both Junior and Senior Course Officers.

These were known as the "Annual Global Strategy Discussions", referred to also as "Round Table Talks". Each table consisted of about six students of the two classes, several civilians from businesses and industry, and a staff monitor, who could interject questions on various subjects to generate lively discussion. This annual symposium generated enthusiasm, especially among the invited civilian and military guests from across the country, increasingly as the years went by.

America at this time was a country of one-car families. Students and staff formed car pools for driving to NWC, so as to leave the family car at home, except for one day a week. Accordingly, there was no parking problem at any time. It was difficult to buy a new car as late as four years following cessation of hostilities. The American manufacturers had not as yet completely retooled for a return to producing civilian necessities. Cars in use were of mainly pre-WWII vintage. During the final week of studies at NWC, the local Mercury dealer received a large shipment of new cars. These were immediately bought up by students, who had received orders to Florida or the west coast. Naturally, they considered themselves fortunate in being able to load their families into a brand new car and take off. The bad news was that in several instances the chassis of the new car buckled due to the weight of the occupants. Eventually, the manufacturer made good on the replacement, but only after considerable

inconvenience on the part of the owners.

Following graduation, I immediately carried out my new orders as a full-fledged staff officer.

Commander J.C. Wylie, who had also just graduated, was retained at the College to continue further studies and strategic planning without ancillary staff duties. This was the first time any such postgraduate work was instituted at NWC. I understood at the time that there were to eventually be three such researchers; however, I do not know any further details.

I was assigned to the Intelligence Department. Another recently graduated student, Commander J.O. Cobb, was likewise assigned to this department. The department name was a misnomer, inasmuch as there were no actual intelligence duties to be performed at the College.

Commander Cobb and I worked in conjunction, handling all miscellaneous assignments which were assigned to Intelligence, under the direction of a navy captain. Our first assignment was to prepare presentations on world events and geopolitics for the student body. Between ourselves, we decided that I would assume responsibility for delivering the latest world news (classified as "Confidential" world developments), and Cobb would lecture on world geography and

geopolitics. Both subjects had been seriously lacking in the earlier curriculum.

In addition, I was designated as Registered Publications Officer. This was a minor chore with a young Wave ensign assistant handling custody, and personally receiving signatures of each student, who checked out registered publications in the course of their studies. My responsibility was merely supervisory, and sighting of the regular inventory accounting for all registered publications. In addition, I usually spot-checked all offices at the end of the working day, to ascertain that classified documents had not been left lying about, and that all safes were locked. At the beginning of the year, discrepancies were not uncommon. I would call the officer concerned, at his home, and have him return to the College immediately to correct the discrepancy. A little of this treatment soon eliminated the forgetfulness habit of some students and staff members as well. In addition, marine guards were stationed on all doors, and non-NWC members without the proper identification pass, could not be admitted, unless accompanied by an authorized occupant of the building.

I was also designated as Library Officer, with no specific duties as such. The NWC library was headed by Mrs. Emily Heffernan, a Newport native, who still resides here in retirement. I visited the library frequently to observe what

was going on, and to see what actual use was being made of the facilities provided. Mrs. Heffernan was very efficient from her many years of experience on the job. Once a week, I would sit down with her, to ascertain that she had ordered copies of new books concerning military topics, which were being published at a rapid pace during that period. She appreciated my assistance in the event I had heard of a new book that she had missed.

My main duty was to prepare and deliver lectures on current developments around the world. The entire staff gathered in the auditorium early the first summer, to critique the lectures of other staff officers, in preparation for the opening of the August 1949 school year. In the middle of these first proceedings, the rear door of the auditorium noisily opened, and the Chief of Staff, Rear Admiral C.R. Brown (later a four star Admiral in Command Southern Europe), entered and stood there briefly. He stopped the proceedings forthright, and announced what was expected of every staff officer, particularly, that no notes were to be used by any speaker in the future. The meeting was adjourned until the following week, when we were to return, but without notes. Never again were any notes used by staff lecturers.

In preparation for his lectures, Commander Cobb visited the Army War College and other staff colleges around the

country, to see what they were doing. He returned with various new ideas, including "rapid reading" instruction for students. With the chief of staff's approval, we purchased six training machines, which were set up in a separate space, and students were urged to use them during their spare time. These turned out to be so popular that we soon ordered another six pieces of apparatus, to eliminate delay in waiting for an unoccupied piece of apparatus.

Commander Cobb also brought back an idea for "public speaking" classes for the students. He and I volunteered to teach the class, although neither of us knew very much about it. With the approval of the President of the College, classes were started in the Mahan Auditorium during the evening hours on an entirely voluntary basis. Two classes were organized, one night a week for six weeks' duration. Cobb and I alternated, with each of us taking one class. At each session, a simple subject was assigned for the next week's meeting. The purpose was to train officers to talk on their feet, on the stage without notes, and with the other volunteers acting as an audience out in front. Wives were welcome to join the classes, which they often did. These classes turned out to be very popular, and were retained as long as there were new volunteers for the training. One of my first students in one of my first classes happened to be Commander (and Mrs.) Thomas Wescheler, who eventually attained the rank of vice admiral, retiring in Newport where

he resides today. Not the least of the benefits derived from this experiment was the experience and training acquired by myself and Commander Cobb for our own presentations and lectures later on.

I was assigned one additional chore which I personally volunteered for. There was in existence at the time locally prepared "Strategic Area Studies", which contained geographical maps, transportation, economics, politics, and general information, which the students studied in preparation for war game problems. These covered mainly the Mediterranean basin as far east as the Middle East, and certain parts of Europe. I considered these to be grossly inadequate, outdated, and deficient in valuable information. I volunteered to update and revise these publications, which I did; and then continued further to add additional volumes on other areas, for which there were no available studies, including the whole of Europe as a continent, the entire Middle East area, and finally Africa, which did not exist in any available publication in precise form. For basic material, I relied heavily on a series of British Restricted manuals, which I found in the NWC library, dating from World War One, to be extremely valuable - however, they were hardly known to anyone at the College. This material, I blended together with the latest information of the economy, commerce, and government of the individual nations. These publications were classified "Confidential" as I finished

each, and were printed up in multiple copies for use by students, preliminary to the war games to be played.

The War College maintained a typist pool of stenographers, which the staff officers could use as they needed typing work done. The volume of work I began turning out daily, required more than a full-time typist to complete in the course of the day. This resulted in my being the only staff member with a full-time typist assigned to my office. I could now keep my accumulated stack piled high enough, that the Chief Yeoman Wave assigned did not run out of material to be typed, and saved me the trouble of running back and forth to the stenographic pool. I am sure certain senior staff members considered this to be special privileges for a junior staff officer; however, they soon recovered from their baseless "huff".

I worked late into the evenings with my various projects, and scanning all the periodicals in the library reading room for material I could use in my lectures and area studies. We even had British and Canadian periodicals and daily newspapers. The students had precious time to read any of these, even the popular U.S. weekly news magazines. This latter was apparent to me, as I observed the lack of reading on the part of the students, around the current periodical tables. On my arrival at the office, I would scan the "New York Times" each morning over a cup of coffee at my desk.

One senior staff officer complained to my boss early in the school year, that this officer was in the habit of reading the morning newspaper as he passed by, before getting down to work. My boss replied, "Oh, well, Commander Roenigk is required to keep up with daily developments, to provide intelligence information instantly on any matter, which might arise in the College." I could not have made half so good a reply myself, and the complaining senior was completely satisfied with the explanation.

After these initial rough spots were hurdled, the entire staff operated smoothly under the overall direction of Chief of Staff, Admiral Brown. My "Current World Developments" lectures were scheduled in Mahan monthly, for officers of both classes which included several British officers assigned to the classes.

We rehearsed repeatedly, until we could present the lecture without the use of notes. The efficient visual aids section could provide slides, made from any sketch or picture taken from a periodical. Such slides were used at all lectures to provide greater understanding and interest. The College had tape recorders for recording presentations then playing them back for listening and modification. We usually critiqued our lectures among ourselves, without a whole group of other staff officers listening in. Commander Cobb and I paired up usually, to singly critique each other's lectures.

Following each lecture I gave at the College, I would visit reserve centers from Philadelphia to Boston and New York, to give a similar briefing to reserve officers in the area. With some modification to the content, I spoke sometimes to the NWC wives group in Mahan Hall, and even among local civilian groups, such as the Newport Lawyers Association, which met regularly at the Viking Hotel. I found all these groups of outsiders extremely interested in, what was happening around the world.

The War College maintained a pool of officer lecturers who had an unclassified lecture prepared, which could be given on short notice as requested by any local organization. In one case I can remember, where a colleague had been programmed to deliver a talk before a civilian audience at the local Art Association. The day before, he became ill and was admitted to the hospital. I was asked to substitute for him in this emergency. I did, and the program came off as scheduled, without a hitch, the audience being unaware of the switch.

To verify some of my material, periodically I would make a trip to Washington to visit ONI, to obtain the latest intelligence available. I was still well-known in that organization, and retained my top secret credentials, so that I had the freedom to move around the various "country sections" of the office. I didn't feel that they had much

material that I didn't already know, just from scanning the current weekly periodicals from either side of the Atlantic. "Ah," my boss replied, "but you have verified your material with official classified sources, which makes your lectures, etc. confidential." A good point!

Commodore Richard W. Bates was a member of the staff during my entire tour at the War College. He was a full-fledged, active duty, commissioned commodore until retirement in 1949. He was retained on active duty, however, for another eight years, to complete his assignment of writing a "Critical History" of the individual Pacific sea battles of WWII. It was his job to criticize the action of every commander in every surface action of the hostilities. He was the ideal choice of individuals to perform this evaluation. The Germans had practiced this same critique procedure on each of their engagements, and had profitably benefited from such examination. The purpose was to consider alternative action, which may have possibly resulted in greater harm and damage to the enemy. Commodore Bates was handicapped in one sense. He had copies of all the Japanese action reports, which he could compare with the American commander's report; however, he could not read the Japanese reports, nor did he have a Japanese translator available. He approached me for assistance frequently, even after hours. I helped him all I could spare my time for; however, he needed, and should have had, the services of a full-time linguist assistant. We

became good friends - he related to me his life history and went so far, as to get me my first civilian job after retirement in 1964.

A similar WWII history research office was operating at NWC, directly across the hall from my office, on the ground floor of Luce Hall. This was a completely navy staffed office, set up to assist Admiral Morison, who had been commissioned by the Navy Department to write a history of WWII in the Pacific. The office was headed by Commander Samuel Shaw, USN. This office composed the text of the history in chronological sequence. Once a month, Admiral Morison would come down from Harvard, and read the prepared manuscript. Some chapters he would completely revise in his own words; others he would pass by with no comments of his own. Commander Shaw, likewise, had access to Japanese documents, and oftentimes would disagree with Commodore Bates' criticism. This was only natural. However, Shaw didn't have a Japanese translator either, which was a burdensome handicap to him. He found me, and I was now confronted with two outsiders, pleading for assistance during my busy day with War College official business. I sometimes regretted my close proximity to Commander Shaw's office.

Another outside activity involved the Newport Actor's Guild, which was instituted by a few War College wives. There was no such previous activity among the civilian

population in Newport, and the Guild was offered the use of an unused theater, opposite the tennis courts of the Tennis Hall of Fame. I was talked into taking a part in a planned play, under the direction of the capable wife of a close marine colonel friend. The cast was made up of War College people, and rehearsals were held weekly in the evenings. Halfway through the rehearsals, one member of the cast dropped out and I was talked into taking the additional part, which was minor. A few days before opening night, another member of the cast came down with bronchitis and could not speak. Again, the part was minor and in the final scene only; however, no substitute was available. My two parts in the play already would have been finished, so I was drafted into taking the third part for the emergency. It was hectic being made up for each part, and scrubbing the face between; however, the capable makeup artists had the biggest job. Opening night was a great success, and nobody outside the cast knew that I was substituting for several different characters, since the program had been printed up in advance. After the marine colonel and his wife were transferred in 1950, I was no longer pressured to participate in the only amateur theater production in Newport.

Another early additional assignment for me was designation as the War College representative on the board of the Officer's Club. Officer's clubs originated for the first time during WWII at various bases, where officers of visiting

ships could make a quick visit for a beer or whiskey, and return to the ship in a minimum of time to resume their work. Sandwiches and snacks were also served. The first club at Newport Navy Base was the small Quonset hut near Gate One. Later on, as the number of visiting ships increased, the Base Commanding Admiral provided for an expanded club in a section of an operating machine shop, near Gate #1, where it remains today. The machine shop proper was manned by Navy personnel to repair parts for ships in port. By 1949, the Officer's Club had expanded into additional space in the building, and served three regular meals daily. The Club was managed by a navy supply corps lieutenant, with previous experience in feeding the crew on board ship. The entrance to the club contained a bank of a dozen or more slot machines, which were most popular, and paid for the great percentage of costs of the club. Dinners were $1.00 per person, regardless of choice of entree. Breakfast and lunch were cheaper. Every Wednesday and certain holidays were declared "happy hour", when all drinks were free. No drinks were served prior to 5:00 p.m. The supply corps lieutenant manager was always present during operating hours, and made himself available in the dining room when meals were served.

The four board members, of whom I was one, were the actual overseers of the club's operations. We met once a month to audit the books, and approve with personal signature thereon. The board had to approve in advance any expenditure

for improvement in decor, alterations, or equipment, although we usually maintained ample surplus funds from the slot machine operations. The board's suggestions for improvement in services and facilities were readily carried out by the manager. Eventually, during my tenure, the matter of hiring a professional civilian manager was brought up. The board was split evenly on this issue. We could afford the cost of his salary, but some of us couldn't see any improvement to be forthcoming, as the result of hiring a salaried professional, over an equally well-trained navy supply officer. After a few months we all agreed to try it, and hired the first civilian manager, a graduate of the Cornell University Home Economics Course, who remained on as manager for many years. All went smoothly at the Club, until a new Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, was appointed by the President. Secretary Johnson, on his own, decreed that all slot machines were to be removed from military installations at once (for moral reasons - it being un-Christianlike to gamble). Income plunged, and meal prices had to take on an equivalent increase, to say nothing about the lowering of morale among the military on government property, which was legally free from any restrictions, placed by state or city governments.

My office at the War College was located directly underneath that of the Chief of Staff, Rear Admiral C.R. "Cat" Brown. On quiet evenings I could hear footsteps pacing back and forth overhead. I gradually came to the conclusion

that this had to be the chief of staff pacing back and forth, rehearsing his upcoming lecture. Admiral Brown insisted on presenting his own ideas on air warfare. On the scheduled day, with the classes and staff assembled in Mahan, he proceeded with his lecture without the use of any notes, just as he had directed all the staff to do earlier in the year. His presentation was coming off well, when his mind suddenly went blank, and he ceased his discussion outright, reaching into all his pockets, declaring with a laugh, "There! You see, I came on stage without my notes!" The audience joined in on the laughter. During the laughter, the Admiral regained his composure while collecting his thoughts, and continued with his presentation, which turned out to be most satisfactory.

It came time for the students to turn in their theses near the end of the spring term. Each staff officer was given six papers to read and assign grades. No names appeared on the theses - only an identification number to prevent favoritism by the graders. I took mine home with me that evening, read them, assigned comments to specific statements by the authors, and graded all six papers, returning them to the administrative officer the following morning. I was rewarded by the administrative officer by his handing me an additional batch of another eight theses to grade, accompanied by a large grin as he remarked, "You don't mind, do you, Roenigk?"

It was time for the final week of "Global Strategy Discussions", consisting of lectures in Mahan and group discussions in separate rooms. The program was passed around to the staff four or five weeks ahead of time for information, before the final printing. A considerable number of high officials from industry were invited for the session. I noted that I was scheduled to give the keynote lecture on current world affairs. I immediately went to see the chief of staff with the suggestion, that a junior staff member such as I, would hardly impress all the high executive officials of industry from around the country. The keynote speaker should be at least a captain. The chief of staff replied, "That's just the point, Roenigk. These visitors must be alerted, straight off, to the seriousness of the world situation, and you can arouse them from the beginning with your type of presentation". I answered with the common navy "Aye, aye, sir," and forthwith turned and left.

Graduating students departed happy, and seemed rested even after their eight months of crammed studies. No grades were assigned for the course; each student received merely a certificate of completion of the course. Fitness reports were submitted for each student, as required by navy regulations. However, with prior approval from Washington, no marks were assigned, nor comments entered on these reports other than, that the officer was a student, under instruction

at the Naval War College. For good or for worse, the student had no way of knowing this, until after he had departed from the College.

Rear Admiral Brown received his transfer orders, and newly frocked Rear Admiral Don Felt took over as Chief of Staff. Felt was hardworking, and kept his eye on every aspect of the College. He was a "taskmaster", and had some definite ideas of his own on how to make improvements in the curriculum. He welcomed any new suggestions and I never hesitated to let him know mine. However, some staff members feared his wrath and seldom went near him. From the start he seemed to tolerate me and to appreciate my suggestions. During the following year, he became even friendlier and showed me some of the projects he was working on, hoping probably that I would offer some comment, or even criticism.

Admiral Felt set up a separate office supervised by a commander, in which the walls were covered with large calendar pages, each sheet covering a month. On these were written the names of invited outside speakers to fill in every daily lecture, between already scheduled staff lectures. His plan was to increase the number of outside speakers to augment the lecture program. Remuneration was $100 honorarium to each speaker to help defray travel costs. Literary professionals welcomed the opportunity to address

the War College, which gave them the priviledge to add to their title the phrase "War College Lecturer". The commander in this office had the responsibility for drafting the letters of invitation to outside speakers, listing several alternate dates from which to choose, and monitoring the replies, until all spaces on the calendar were filled for the entire year.

My work continued, similar to my first year of experience on the staff; however, we were now better organized and could accomplish more.

The new chief of staff had his own ideas and input into the curriculum. He carefully monitored all auditorium lectures. I had proposed a short question and answer period following my classified "World Events" lectures, which he immediately vetoed. For months, I had proposed delivering a lecture on the various countries of the African continent. I had just completed compiling the first Strategic Area Study of Africa and was prepared. However, Admiral Felt saw absolutely no need for any military officer being bothered about such an insignificant and backward continent. He later acquiesced, and I delivered the African lecture. Later in the semester, I was assigned to deliver two highly classified presentations on opposing armed forces in a major war game, which was subsequently played out on the gaming floor in Pringle Hall. I continued with my regular World Events

lectures throughout the two years on the staff.

Early in 1951, Admiral Felt had received verbal notification from Washington, that he had been tentatively scheduled to take command of the Middle East Force, home based on Bahrain Island in the Persian Gulf. I was especially interested in the Middle East and Africa, areas of the world which I had never visited. I compiled new strategic area studies throughout those regions, but I had to rely on numerous written reports, without actually becoming acquainted with the area personally. One evening, when both Admiral Felt and I were working late in our offices, he happened to pass by on his way home and entered my office. We exchanged jokes, and I congratulated him on his rumored new assignment to command in the Persian Gulf. I expressed my disappointment in never having had duty in that remote and unknown area. The Admiral was in a good mood, so I ventured to tell him frankly, that he didn't need a captain as chief of staff on that job, but that the billet should be a commander, who would be equally knowledgeable as a naval officer and, besides, would be more ambitious and more energetic, than a captain about to retire. "Like me", I said. The chief of staff was contemplating, as I noticed his expression. "You may be right, John", he said, adding, "I will see what I can do." He departed for his quarters, nearby on the base, dead tired. Nothing developed until about a month before the current classes were due to

graduate, at which time I would also be eligible for transfer to other duties. I received a telephone call from the detail officer in Washington, reminding me, that I had made a notation on an earlier fitness report (as required), that I preferred commanding a destroyer in the war zone in Korea. BuPers had tentatively scheduled me for such, as I had requested. But, he continued, the situation had changed. He, the detail officer, several years senior to me, was due for sea duty in command and had selected USS WITEK (DD 848) based in New London, Connecticut. Due to the world situation, his continuing services were required in BuPers, and his boss would not release him. I, therefore, the next senior commander available, simply had to take command of the WITEK. I immediately acquiesced, knowing that I needed command above anything else. I reported my conversation to the War College Chief of Staff, who immediately replied, "Oh, by all means take it. You need command more than any other assignment."

Graduation ceremonies for the War College classes took place, followed by my detachment with orders to proceed to New London, Connecticut, to take command of USS WITEK (DD 848). My predecessor in WITEK had been acting commander of DesDiv 602, consisting of WITEK plus a destroyer escort, MALOY, and two PCERs, all based in New London. With the division commander's billet still unfilled, I was assigned additional duty as ComDesDiv 602. From here on, I would also

carry the title of commodore of the various ships involved, until a permanent division commander was appointed the following year.

I had a division staff of two junior officers stationed ashore in New London. Since all four ships operated usually independently at sea, the division command did not require a significant part of my time. The staff could prepare the operating schedule and handle all daily routine matters, consulting with me briefly when I arrived back in port.

WITEK, as well as other ships assigned to the division, was known as an experimental ship, and operations at sea were mainly designed to test and evaluate newly developed equipment. WITEK carried many experimental types of gear on deck, such as various designs for bollards, to simplify the handling of mooring lines. We were equipped with an experimental design of the first four-bladed propeller, which would replace the commonly used three-bladed model. This newly designed propeller proved to be so much more efficient (by saving fuel oil) that they came to replace the propellers on all destroyers in the fleet. More recently, large oceangoing ships have come to be equipped with five-bladed propellers. In addition to the increased efficiency, these propellers were also quieter.

WITEK's most important test equipment was a greatly enlarged sonar dome, many times larger than the WWII type. To equip the ship with this experiment, a drydock in the Boston Naval Shipyard had to be excavated to an increased depth in the vicinity of the dome. This drydock came to be known as the WITEK drydock, and it was necessary for the WITEK to return to Boston monthly, to enter the dock for inspection of the dome for erosion, loss of its experimental fouling paint, etc. At the same time, the propellers could be examined for any nicks or other deficiencies. This inspection and reconditioning became routine, and we were usually able to depart within two days at the most. BuShips assigned scientists to ride the ships for certain tests from time to time, with one technical lieutenant permanently attached for coordination and documentation of collected data. We would patrol up and down Long Island Sound, detecting every underwater obstruction, including lost practice torpedoes lying on the bottom since WW II. The dome had proven itself beyond expectations, and came to be installed on other U.S. destroyers.

At the same time, several types of "variable depth" sonars were experimented with, on board the destroyer MALOY. These, too, came to be used later on various ASW ships of the fleet.

American scientists were now experimenting with infrared for detection of surface objects at night, and under other low visibility conditions. WITEK would steam back and forth in the waters 40-50 miles south of Wood Hole Experimental Station day and night, while scientists ashore adjusted their test equipment, to gain maximum results from their new equipment against surface vessels.

We spent considerable time operating with submarines in Long Island Sound, to test our improved detection capability. The submarines could detect us and approach for their attack; however, WITEK could readily pick up the submerged attacker and simulate a depth charge counterattack against the sub, before she could get into attack position, where she could fire torpedoes at us. This was a far cry from my 1941 North Atlantic Convoy experience, when we had no real detection nor any attack formula.

We were next ordered to Key West Naval Station in Florida, to operate against U.S. friendly submarines in tropical waters to further test our capabilities. Again, WITEK was proven superior, which was a great surprise to these submarines. With completion of these tests after one month, we returned north, where orders were awaiting to act as target ship, while submarines would fire some of the remaining, but supposedly improved WWII type torpedoes, modified and reportedly corrected of their former defects. I

could not concur in such an experiment concocted by Washington. WITEK had the only two four-bladed propellers in existence. Not a single spare had been manufactured. Moreover, the slightest bump on our enlarged sonar dome and it would be useless. I sent off a despatch to the Bureau requesting specific written orders from the Secretary of the Navy, directing me to carry out these experiments, inasmuch as I was sure that it would result in certain damage to our experimental equipment. Some of my officers tried to discourage me from sending such a despatch, saying, "Ah, let's go along with it, Captain, thereby we could maybe go to the Navy Yard for repairs and a much deserved rest." I had expected a cancellation of the exercises, and that some other lesser valued destroyer would be substituted for WITEK. Instead, I received written orders over the signature of the Secretary of the Navy, wherein he reassured me that the risks of damage were nil, in that the torpedoes would all be set to pass fifteen feet below the lowest projection of the hull and pass on to the other side of the ship. No explosive charges would be used. From my knowledge of this torpedo, gained from experience in the Pacific War, I was still pessimistic, but proceeded with the tests in Long Island Sound as ordered. Early in the tests, one torpedo bumped the hull above the waterline, causing minor damage. Another torpedo surfaced just before reaching WITEK and upon bumping the stern, jumped clear over the ship, and landed in the water on the opposite side, only to reverse course and return to WITEK, bumping her

again at reduced speed. Another torpedo nicked a propeller, causing a noticeable vibration. From time to time, we sent a diver down to inspect damage inflicted. Inside the steering engine room, aft, which was manned in case of emergency, we were able to caulk the damaged seams to stop the seepage of sea water. After several days of this torpedo testing, all hands were becoming weary. Suddenly, one of the torpedoes not only struck, but actually penetrated the hull near the waterline, flooding the steering engine room. We were prepared for such an emergency, and had portable pumps standing by to counteract the rising water, while attempting to stuff mattresses into the hole in the hull. Luckily, our steering apparatus continued to function by hand. We headed directly to WITEK drydock in Boston for repairs. The hole in the hull was patched and the steering engine serviced. The propeller could not be straightened and portions had to be cut away. This caused increased vibration and decreased efficiency. On the next routine visit to the Boston Yard, both propellers were changed back to the old three-bladed type, because there still were no other four-bladed replacements. I heard nothing more from Washington, following completion of this series of tests; however, I imagine there were many red faces and a discontinuance of further use of this defective torpedo from WWII.

The ships of DesDiv 602 were required to navigate the Thames River to reach the New London, Connecticut, Submarine

Base, our home port, where we were assigned our own docks on a permanent basis. Navigation on the Thames was sometimes tricky due to the swirling currents of the river at several spots, depending upon the ebb and flood tide at various times each day. One of the New London bridges was a railroad draw bridge with an attendant. If a train happened to be approaching from a distance of five minutes away, ships would have to wait in the narrow river until the train had passed over the draw bridge before opening. Fortunately, none of us ever ran into trouble, nor damaged the bridges in passing.

The navy in New London was popular among the local populace of the early 1950s. In addition, we carried out an active public relations program of our own, which was common practice around the fleet. Newsmen and magazine writers were always welcome aboard to write up "human interest" stories. The commanding officer of MALOY, on his own, worked up a volunteer cast (from all male members of his own ship's company) and directed a performance of "Oklahoma" on a loaned stage in the city of New London. This was proclaimed equally as well performed as the show on Broadway and, of course, admission was free.

One of my officers was a reserve lieutenant on active duty for two years. He was on two years leave from "U.S. News and World Report," a magazine which had been founded just before the opening of hostilities in Pearl Harbor. Most

of the founding staff members had volunteered for the Naval Service. The lieutenant suggested to me that we take a group of his magazine colleagues, including the chairman of the board, on a short weekend cruise at sea. I requested permission from Washington, which was immediately granted. Details of the itinerary and invited guests, I assigned to the lieutenant, with the only specific instruction that an approximate quota of about fifty persons be supplemented with businessmen from any other field. We departed early one Saturday morning, toured the guests around the ship at sea as they liked, finally offloading them at Bridgeport, Connecticut, at dusk, from where they could find their way back home. They were delighted, thankful, and convinced that life in the fresh air at sea was the best profession in the world.

Eventually, a commander, one year senior to myself, was designated ComDesDiv 602, relieving me of my additional duties as commodore of all four ships in the division.

In answer to a request by a local news writer for a story on the WITEK and her operations, I granted same, requesting the highlighting of the new commodore to get him off to a good start within the community, even though he didn't actually ride WITEK but was based ashore in New London. The lengthy article appeared in the Sunday supplement of the "New London Times".

In July 1952 I received transfer orders to BuPers. My successor arrived, and I took him out to sea for a familiarization cruise up the Thames River. He relieved me the next day and I proceeded to Washington.

Upon arrival at BuPers, I was merely advised that my job was not quite ready, and that I should just relax for a while until everything was arranged. They were negotiating with the British to establish a new job for me in the Persian Gulf, over which area the British held a "protectorate" of the Arab Sheikdoms bordering the Gulf. I was given no duties in BuPers proper, but was directed to report to various other government departments, to learn anything I could about the entire Middle East, as far as their experiences were concerned. This included the State Department officers who had served previously at Middle East Embassies and as Consular Officers, who had the only experience of anyone in Washington. I was also trained for various other eventual possibilities, which I never found useful in the Middle East at that time of friendly relations with the Arabs, but which training I have found helpful later in life.

My main concern was learning Arabic if I was going to live among the Arabs. Nothing of that sort was scheduled in my program. I scanned the papers and learned that Arabic was being taught at a local Berlitz school. I signed up for

evening classes every day of the week. It was entirely on my own; however, I considered it basic to any contemplated assignment abroad. I gave it priority and worked at it diligently, until I felt I could comprehend common expressions, and speak fairly well. Only later was I to learn that I had been greatly disillusioned by learning Egyptian Arabic, which was quite different than that used in the Persian Gulf.

By May of 1953, negotiations had been completed with all concerned, and I had my official orders to Bahrain, to establish the new billet as the permanent Representative of the U.S. Commander Middle East Force, ashore in Bahrain.

Of considerable significance here is the fact that just a week prior to my orders I had received my promotion papers to Captain, of which I had no previous knowledge, but I was most pleased at the time. I departed for Bahrain Island via London and BOAC, the only airline scheduled into the Persian Gulf, as soon as I could have my uniforms converted into the additional rank.

Upon arrival at Muharak airfield, I proceeded directly to the office of SNOPG (pronounced Snopgy), the Senior Naval Officer present Persian Gulf, who was of course British and a regular line officer captain in the Royal British Navy. I can still see the expression on his face as he turned a bright

red and could only stutter, "But you are supposed to be a commander!" I replied, "But I was promoted to captain only last week, sir." Naive that I was with regard to the U.S./British negotiations over the new position, I could not possibly understand what this "SNOPG" was so upset about. I attempted to ease the tension by appeasing him and trying to act subservient. The British captain merely replied, "You Americans are always trying to pull tricks on us. Here you have done it again". I didn't know of any such thing. I wonder if anyone in Washington did? I didn't report this initial incident to Washington, because I didn't realize any real significance in it. If there were to be lasting repercussions, there would be diplomatic protests to Washington direct. Nothing further developed. (My successor, when he arrived some years later, was also a captain.)

I was assigned an office in Jufair, within the SNOPG Headquarters Building. Within days we developed friendly relations. The U.S. Navy already had an office in that building, headed by a lieutenant commander with an ensign assistant and a yeoman, whose duties included monitoring American commercial tankers arriving in the Persian Gulf and issuing sailing instructions prior to departure.

At the BAPCO refinery where tankers loaded just to the south, the U.S. Navy had a commander (petroleum specialist)

who personally monitored American tankers, and verified the specifications of the cargo. Stationed on the island was also a representative of the American Bureau of Shipping, who boarded all incoming vessels, to certify their safety compliances, as required by U.S. Coast Guard regulations.

As we settled down to daily routine, my initial concern was to establish friendly working relations with the British authorities. The principal British Government representative was the "Resident Agent" for Bahrain, who was a kindly and friendly man. (SNOPG insisted on being respected as number two man of importance next to the Agent.) The Agent's immediate superior was a knighted "Sir" who was known as the "Resident Agent" with supervision over all the Agents assigned to the emirates along the Arabian peninsula coast. The most senior British Government official in the Persian Gulf (living on the island of Bahrain) was the official go-between with the ruling Sheik of Bahrain, as well as other various sheiks of the British protectorates.

Social life on the island was practically non-existent, since there were no facilities, such as restaurants or clubs. SNOPG did insist on my joining him and the few other British Navy dependents at his small base swimming pool every Saturday noon sharp. (The water in the pool was usually too hot to swim in.) Otherwise, we were limited to socializing among the family members of the several navy staff officers

of ComMidEastForce. (The several officers of the U.S. Navy shipping office at Jufair Navy Headquarters were all bachelors.)

Another of my first objectives was to meet and establish relations with British businessmen and Arab industrialists. There were very few of either. The one bank was British, operated with Indian mathematicians as accountants. All accounts were maintained in handwriting. There was a modern telephone installation throughout the island, operated by the British, who conducted efficient monitoring to spot possible troublemakers in advance. Most shopkeepers, money changers, even barbers, were Indian merchant class people, since Arabs considered work as such, to be below their dignity. Every U.S. Navy dependent required a housekeeper/cook under prevailing conditions, and these also were Indian men (women never engaged in such duties. Arab women almost never appeared in public, nor on the streets.) I was fortunate in being able to meet the several Arab business entrepreneurs, who had visited abroad and had returned to their native Bahrain, to set up shipping businesses, travel bureaus, and even auto sales outlets. These friendships developed to the point, that I was invited into their homes to see their families briefly, with small children scampering around happily, while mama remained veiled in black cloth completely over her head. It was "the law" prescribed by the Koran, of which I had my reservations.

My landlord was an Iraqi who had studied building construction abroad, then moved to Bahrain to establish a residence, and embark on building foreign style homes, in which business he became prosperous, after building several two-storied structures such as mine, the first such two-story house on the island. Land was cheap. Building material was a different matter, with the odor offensive to the occupants, as in modern Russian cement construction. There was little wood nor lumber available - only a few slender poles for construction.

All of these locals spoke some English, so we were able to communicate. As I began to develop relationships with the Arabs, I ventured to try speaking my newly learned Arabic. One Arab asked if I had learned my Arabic in Egypt, since it was not the Bahraini dialect, but said that they could partially understand it. I soon came to learn there were dozens of Arab dialects, depending upon which area one came from.

Within a matter of weeks, the U.S. Navy station ship, an AVP (aircraft tender), air conditioned and painted white, arrived flying the two-star flag of ComMidEastForce, Rear Admiral Wallace Beakley, who lived on board. I greeted the ship on arrival, and met the staff and ship's officers for the first time. The small staff was headed by a commander as

chief of staff. The admiral was getting ready to start on his trip through the area of his jurisdiction in the Middle East and East Africa, then over as far as India. He had his own assigned aircraft which was used for this travel, based at the U.S. Air Force Base in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, right next to the Aramco (Arabian American Oil Co.) refinery. The chief of staff and I were to accompany the admiral, along with his flag lieutenant. This trip was planned for each successive new ComMidEastForce as a new one arrived at six months intervals, the normal length of his tour. The staff officers and navy people stationed ashore, were assigned for tours of one year. Since it was considered a "hardship post", however, they could be accompanied by their dependents. Our flight itinerary took us north to Beirut, Lebanon, where the only Middle Eastern U.S. Naval Attache, a commander, was stationed. There he would have a schedule of visits to leading officials in the area. Since the attache was also accredited to Iraq, he would accompany us on the short flight by plane to Damascus. From Beirut it was a short ride by car to Damascus, Syria; Amman, Jordan; and Jerusalem. After an overnight rest in Beirut, we flew west to Egypt, and down the east coast of Africa, stopping at Asmara, Ethiopia; Djibouti, Somaliland; and Aden. Emperor Haile Selassie would always greet us warmly at his palace, and put on a large state reception, at which we met the leading government officials and other important local people. From Aden, we would fly east to Delhi, India;

Kashmir, and Ceylon, returning direct from there back to Bahrain. It was a tiring trip, but informative and educational. I was to make this same, or a very similar trip, every six months to introduce the new Commander Middle East Force to the area of his responsibility.

Normal operations at sea for the AVP, flagship of ComMidEastForce, was to sail the Gulf area, stopping off at the various Crucial Oman Sheikdoms for official visits. These Emirates were all protectorates of the British, who conducted the foreign relations with outside countries, while providing protection from hostile neighbors, or even bandits/piracy. I accompanied the ship on several occasions merely for orientation purposes. Occasionally, the flagship visited the northern end of the Persian Gulf, visiting Kuwait. At this period in history, the main fear of the small bordering states was, that they might be subjected to Saudi Arabian rule, which never happened. There was little else for them to fear - even Persia (Iran) across the Gulf.

Western-type food was in short supply. Locally there was very little other than native flat bread, baked daily over hot coals in the open. Native butchers would hang a sheep or a goat carcass in the open air, from which "hunks" were cut off and sold indiscriminately. It was a common sight to see Arabs walking, carrying unwrapped flat bread in one hand, and a piece of raw mutton in the other, down the

road, the meat dripping of blood. The Royal Navy had a small canteen with a few canned vegetables and potted meat. The one single blessing was the availability of our own aircraft, which would pick up members of the half dozen navy dependent families, and ferry them over to the Air Force Commissary at the Dhahran Air Base, and back about every ten days. Refrigeration was needed, and this we solved by importing deep freezer boxes direct from the U.S.A. There were no such modern conveniences available locally. Such pieces of equipment were passed on to our successors, to save them the inconvenience of importing others.

In the autumn of 1953 a U.S. Navy chief yeoman in Washington happened to hear of the Persian Gulf Naval Station, and requested duty in the area. BuPers had just the right job for him, and he was immediately sent out to be my writer assistant. Up until that time, I was required to operate and type my own reports, without so much as even a yeoman. This chief was extremely capable and intelligent, and I could rely on him as I could any junior commissioned officer. ComMidEastForce recognized his ability, and two years later, with the Admiral's recommendation, the chief yeoman was designated as a Commissioned Ensign, USN.

During the grocery shopping visits to Dhahran, I became acquainted with the American Consul General, Dhahran, the Aramco Oil Company officials, and the Air Force Base Command.

Soon the leaders of all three of these organizations came to visit me on Bahrain, now that we had a permanent U.S. Navy representative living ashore. They adopted my home as headquarters. I had escorted them around the town of Manama, until they were able to find their own way. Beer and hard liquor in Saudi Arabia was strictly illegal. The attractiveness of my home was that they could sip a beer or two. On Bahrain the British controlled the single outlet for alcoholic beverages, which were strictly rationed, but did make exceptions for me, whom they considered reliable and would use discretion in its use. One rule was to never serve beer or alcoholic beverages in the presence of an Arab, nor partake of any if an Arab were present. Gradually it developed, that high officials of the U.S. State Department or Air Force visiting the Consulate General's Office in Dhahran, would be flown over to nearby Bahrain to see the town, stopping off at my house for relief from the heat. Our houses were equipped with large horizontal ceiling fans, which kept the air moving and fairly comfortable, inside the thick rock and cement type walls.

Soon the relief for ComMidEastForce, newly frocked Rear Admiral W. G. Beecher, USN, arrived, starting a new round of official calls and visits, on all of which I accompanied. Successively during my tour, Rear Admiral Harry Henderson relieved his brother-in-law, Rear Admiral Beecher, and in turn, Rear Admiral Andy Smith took over from Rear Admiral

Henderson. Commander Eugene B. Henry took over as Chief of Staff. He was later to become Chief of Staff at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island.

The U.S. Navy at that time had a "tropical white" uniform, which consisted of white short trousers, and an open collar white shirt with short sleeves. Shoes and socks were black. SNOPG was honest enough to tell me privately, that my low hung black socks were anything but attractive as a part of the uniform. The British always wore high white socks which reached to the knee. I appreciated his comment which I agreed with, but explained that we Americans could find no such socks available on the market. SNOPG invited me to use the Royal Navy Small Stores facility, to purchase any available clothing I needed. This I did, and donned the high socks immediately. They felt good and were just as cool as the bare legs. Several days later, the AVP station ship arrived back in port, and I boarded her as usual to offer any services I could. The ship's officers immediately glanced down at my socks, with critical, sarcastic remarks at such a non-regulation uniform. Later, alone with the admiral, he casually asked me where I got the socks, and I naturally told him the background. He thought the socks were attractive, whereupon I offered to get him some if he were interested. He seemed pleased, and I went ashore to purchase several pairs and brought them back to him the same day. He tried them on and continued to wear them throughout his tour,

passing the custom on to his successor. Soon, several of the more senior officers of the station ship donned them, following the Admiral's lead, "non-reg" that they were. I wore them constantly on my job, and my chief yeoman did likewise. Soon the regulation short black sox of the U.S. Navy came to be looked on with horror.

The ship's company rarely went ashore in Bahrain, other than to take a short walk to stretch their legs on solid ground. There was no entertainment nor interesting shopping to be found ashore. I volunteered to take the officers on a shopping tour of the town of Manama, which I had been able to scout. We visited principally the several establishments which I thought would be of interest to them. One was a coppersmith selling large brass trays, Arab coffee pots, and small animals pounded out of brass. An other shop carried Kashmir linens, small embroidered goat's hair throw rugs suitable only as wall hangings, and a few trinkets suitable as souvenirs to take back home. A clothing shop, owned by an Indian, had Arab robes for sale, Western-style white shirts imported from India, and various neckties and handkerchiefs imported from England. From here, the officers wandered off on their own for investigation, and found nothing of interest. After returning to the ship, they made up hand sketches of the several unimproved roads in the town to guide others, and soon the enlisted men of the ship wandered into Manama in groups, to explore the layout of the island.

As I became better acquainted with the Arabs in Bahrain, my landlord and several of his friends invited me out for a fishing trip in a native "dhow" on a Saturday. They brought along cooked goat and rice which was spread out on the deck, and we all pitched in with our hands, making small balls of the goat meat and rice, before eating it without any utensils. Following the feast, all hands took a nap with the exception of the "dhow" operator and one member of our party, fishing with a small line over the stern. In the course of an hour, after breaking his line several times, he landed two fish, each over a foot long. Learning from this initial demonstration, I went ashore, scavenged some heavy white line, and located a metalsmith, who could make a two inch piece of extra heavy wire into the form of a fish hook. I showed my equipment to my Arab friend, and he said we should take the "dhow" out the following Saturday, and that he would buy some fresh red meat for bait. Instead, I had an idea of using raw beef of which I had some. I tossed several thirty foot lengths of line with a piece of beef attached, over the stern. Almost immediately, 25 to 30 pound king mackerel grabbed the lines, and could not free themselves. Now, other members of the party, rather than sleeping, came to my assistance. With this additional help, we could launch all five lines I had, simultaneously, and keep hauling in fish constantly. Often the king mackerel were 40 pounds or more, which the natives advised were too old and tough. These were

thrown overboard. We returned to port earlier than contemplated, but with each member, as well as the boat operator, loaded down with four or five fine mackerel to lug home. From here on, the party was itching to go fishing again and again at monthly intervals.

When Rear Admiral Beecher first received notice that he would be going to Bahrain, he conceived the idea of taking his family along. He first surveyed the environs upon arrival, and decided to go ahead with his plans. My landlord, the Iraqi constructor, was in the process of completing a new, one-story Western-style house nearby. This was quite acceptable to the admiral, and in due course completed, and primitively furnished prior to arrival of the Beecher family.

My chief yeoman had earlier proposed that we import deep freeze boxes from the U.S., which turned out to be a necessity. Soon thereafter, he gained access to air conditioning units, supplied by American outlets which we all ordered in quantity to be shipped from the U.S.A. Now, our dependents could live in cool comfort at home, and the deep freezes were an asset as far as preserving food was concerned. The king mackerel which I caught in the Gulf had no scale and required little cleaning, which permitted filleting and placing in the deep freeze for future consumption. For one whole month, for example, we were

without red meat from any source, but thanks to the frozen mackerel in the deep freeze, we had plenty to eat.

The Aramco Oil executives in Dhahran invited me on a tour of their installations and operations in Saudi Arabia. At nearby oil well installations, I saw very few, if any Arabs. The workmen were all Americans. Upon inquiry, I was told what I should have known: that working with one's hands was a disgrace for an Arab. Aramco, for publicity purposes, had spent considerable time in training an oil drilling crew made up entirely of Arabs. I was to see this crew at work. Behind every Arab was an American, ready to jump and take over immediately, if the Arab failed to respond to his responsibilities. After years of training the situation continued.

It was a Tuesday morning and before returning from Dhahran to Bahrain, my hosts wanted me to witness Arab justice. It was carried out weekly, every Tuesday at noon, in a desert field near Dhahran. The prisoners were led in, having been accused of various crimes, particularly stealing. They were led individually to a chopping block where they had one or more fingers chopped off, or even a hand at the wrist, depending upon the seriousness of the crime. This was done in broad daylight in the open, for all inhabitants to see. I just could not appreciate this, nor stomach it, and asked to leave. I tried to compose myself by attributing it to

"experience", and the practice continued week after week. No Westerner would ever understand this sort of justice.

The U.S. ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Ambassador Wadsworth, was the most senior Foreign Service Officer in the State Department. He had visited the Consul General in Dhahran, who brought him over to Bahrain to visit me. Ambassador Wadsworth invited me over to Jidda, where the American Embassy was located, and to stay with him for a few days in his official house. I accepted. The Ambassador talked to me at great length explaining all the problems that troubled him, particularly that as the senior ambassador in the service, he didn't even have a naval attache in this important country with so long a coastline. I tried to sympathize with him and explain, that attaches were in short supply, and that none were assigned anywhere in the area, except in Beirut, where there were thousands of American nationals requiring attention. Since no travel was permitted in Arabia, except for infrequent guests specifically invited by a resident individual, there was no real need for an attache in Arabia. The Ambassador scowled and replied sternly, "Captain, I hereby designate you as my naval attache and I want you to come over for a week, stay with me, and be my naval attache." I answered with the common navy "Aye, aye, Sir," ending that conversation. Only a few months later I received a letter from the Ambassador telling me to get over to Jidda as soon as possible, and plan to stay with him

for at least a week. With my Admiral's concurrence, I complied.

I was likewise invited by the British Petroleum Co. (BAPCO) in Bahrain to inspect their operations and installations - likewise, the British commercial activities on the island. I was particularly impressed with the telephone company which had recently installed their newest equipment, and how easily they could monitor any activity on the island. The British were most effective in keeping the peace.

The Arab League, an organization of Arab States, was in existence; however, they could never, never agree on any decision among themselves. Persia, of course, was never a member, mainly because she had such a high population of Shiites, which were rivals of Mohammed, the founder of the Sunnis, who populated the other Arab States. Persia, under the Shah, was progressing toward a modern Western-style democracy, friendly to the United States particularly. Nevertheless, Shiites were not admitted to land on Bahrain, nor were they welcomed elsewhere on the Arabian Peninsula. I wanted to visit and see Tehran and my friends serving with the U.S. Navy MAAG Mission there. A resident of Bahrain could not have a Persian visa stamped in his passport and be allowed readmittance into Bahrain. This dilemma was overcome by the Bahrain officials, who provided me with a separate passport page for the Persian visa, which could be removed

from my passport prior to reentry back to Bahrain. The same difficulty existed between any Arab state and Israel, but even more stringent. I, therefore, never attempted a visit to Israel, even for orientation.

The Shiite Moslems were followers of the descendants of Ali, the younger brother of the founder of the Moslem religion, Mohammed. Ali tried to take over as head of the religion, on his older brother's death. The earlier sect, the Sunni Moslems, refused to accept a Shiite as an Arab or a Moslem. In Bahrain, as elsewhere, they were blamed for all thefts, banditry, murder, and other infractions of the law, and therefore carefully watched if they were ever admitted into another Arab state. It was an uncompromising situation, all in the name of an insignificant religious teaching. These people all looked very much alike, had all the same religious teachings, except for the argument over who was the true "Prophet". In Europe and America, where I have met both Jews and Arabs in Western dress, I have often mistaken an Israeli or Arab for the other, particularly since my Arabic spoken language is similar to both dialects and fairly well understood by both Arab and Jew.

I was nearing the end of my assigned one-year tour and was expecting orders any day, possibly to Washington in the Planning Division. I received a letter from the BuPers desk assignment officer informing me, that Washington was

experiencing difficulty in finding a suitable volunteer replacement for me. I replied saying not to be overly concerned, as we were doing fine in this "hardship" area, and that I was willing to stay on as long as necessary, until they could locate a relief. Another year passed without further information from Washington.

I regularly walked around Bahrain, often during mid-day, in summer uniform, visiting with British and Arab businessmen friends as I happened to pass their establishments. Most private businesses and shops usually closed their doors to customers from about 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. during the heat of the day. On one particular day, I began to suddenly feel light-headed and proceeded to my home, which was very near. I made it to the kitchen, and was barely able to reach for a spoonful of salt, which I downed quickly with a drink of water. Within a matter of a few minutes, I was completely back to normal. I had learned a lesson, and thereafter always carried a small packet of salt with me. We had all been advised (often ordered) to take salt pills daily, as we had in the South Pacific during WWII; however, I had studied the medical books well, and was convinced that actual salt was more effective. Outdoor temperatures in Bahrain often reached 136 degrees Fahrenheit. Oil rig laborers and ship loading crews had contracted with the oil companies to stop work immediately, once the temperature climbed to 132 degrees. Otherwise, the heat from the steel decks would burn

through the leather soles of their work shoes.

I received written orders from Washington to attend the annual conference of U.S. naval attaches from all countries of Europe, as well as Russia and the Mediterranean area, to be held in Rome, Italy. I was beginning to wonder who was really my boss. Was it ONI, who is responsible for all U.S. naval attaches, CNO, who issues such official Navy orders, or CinCNelm in London, the immediate superior of ComMidEastForce? The next year, I received similar orders to attend the Annual Attache Conference in Frankfurt, Germany. I attended both and found that I was the only non-attache present, besides the several ONI experts from Washington who conducted the conferences.

ComMidEastForce's next superior in the chain of command, CinCNelm, was four-star Admiral Jerauld Wright. Once a year he visited the Gulf and toured around the area by aircraft, discussing the current conditions while accompanied by ComMidEastForce. On these trips, he called on local governing officials and renewed friendships with those met previously. I was impressed by Admiral Wright with his stalwart posture and his manner of operating. Instead of the usual custom of having the flag lieutenant and yeoman prepare the customary typewritten thank you notes of appreciation to officials recently visited, the Admiral spent all his time during flights between the various stops, handwriting personal

letters at a small drop desk in the aircraft cabin, to each individual official he had met during the previous stopover.

There were no civilian tourists to Bahrain to consume my time, as regularly occurred at more civilized attache posts. Not infrequently I would be officially informed of congressmen passing through Muharrak airport, and for me to look out for them. At a small airport such as Bahrain, flights were seldom on time, which meant that often I would have to wait for hours in the middle of the night, for the Congressman to arrive. Often at such an hour during the night, they did not even care to disembark and visit the terminal building. Not once did anyone care to leave the aircraft, and lay over a few hours to visit the town. It must have been standard instructions issued by Congress, not to bother to disembark at Bahrain. We did, however, have occasional visits by various services, military officials on official visits of inspection. From time to time, U.S. Destroyer Divisions, having completed their tours of wartime duty in Korea, would take the western route home, stopping in briefly at Bahrain, at which time my Arab merchant friends felt honored to prepare a feast of a whole roast sheep with the head still attached, for the visiting officers. The Arab custom of eating with the hands, i.e. tearing off some meat and forming a ball with rice, was a good experience for the American visitors. Before digging into the food, the guest of honor, usually the commodore, was presented with the eye

of the roast sheep to taste, before others could start eating. More than once, the reliable American navy guest of honor dutifully complied, indicating his savoring the delicacy, which was anything but chewable, much to the surprise of the host, who thought that it could not possibly be acceptable to Western appetites.

Several of our Admirals had been invited to Jidda to visit King Saud, eldest son of the original founder of the Kingdom of Saudi in Arabia, who had died in 1953. We met in a large receiving parlor with musty, overstuffed chairs and broad weave Arab rugs, while drinking Arab coffee, after having our hands sprayed with Arab perfumes. All conversation had to rely on Arab interpreters. Before leaving, the king would present the admiral with a gold pocket watch with his own picture on the face thereof, and also an Arab robe and headwear, actually having been used by the king himself, which was a symbol of great honor. Other members of the party were presented with more common Arab robes and headgear. The admiral, likewise, had his gifts for the king, but neatly gift wrapped in accordance with Western custom.

At the time of my arrival in 1953, Aramco was paying the King of Arabia five cents a barrel for the crude oil, having just recently been increased from four cents. This furnished the king with increased gold coins to give to his various

tribal leaders to keep them in line. Of course, the oil company had carried out all the prospecting and drilling of the wells. In addition, roads had to be built across the desert sands to reach the dozens and hundreds of wells, as the search for new fields increased. There had been no previous roads, only camel foot marks in some places throughout the desert. Anything the king wished from abroad, Aramco would get for him. Then he wanted improved highways leading from his capital, Jidda, and numerous palaces built for his wives and 150 sons. These structures required furnishings, modern electrical iceboxes, etc., also at Aramco expense.

When King Saud died in 1953, his eldest son with the same name, succeeded to the throne. From this time on, the price paid to the Saudi King had to be increased by leaps and bounds. The 150 hereditary princes, all heirs to the throne, travelled extensively abroad, spending lavishly, particularly at the gambling casinos. The Arabian bureaucracy developed rapidly in the 1960s and 1970s, and demanded a say in the management of the oil company, until we have the situation as it exists today.

Ramadan, the month of fasting from sun up to sun down, is practiced universally throughout the Arab countries. Most business comes to a standstill whatever there is of it. Even the more enlightened and progressive Arab businessmen in my

day were required to use one or more of their British employees to handle essential paperwork, etc. I was friendly with several brothers, who managed and operated a shipping business on Bahrain. As I was passing their closed office downtown, they spotted me and motioned for me to come around to the rear, where they opened the door halfway for me to enter. They invited me upstairs where they had living quarters out of sight. We sat down and their attendants brought in several bottles of French brandy. Everyone drank heartily. I had never seen an Arab drink liquor before. I began to ask a few questions about Ramadan and their semi-starvation during this month-long period. They spoke frankly and were eager to tell everything about their routine. Being noontime, it was their custom to close up at this hour, Ramadan or not. They would then retire to their quarters and drink brandy rather than pray, and then fall asleep, until reopening time at four or five o'clock, for a few hours. During Ramadan, only the several British employees could attend to the business. However, I saw these several Arab executives in the background of the office doing their business as usual, out of sight, they thought. After sundown they could start to eat. My several friends bragged, that they often banqueted all night long and generally had a party night because it was vacation month. Now I was completely mixed up as to the authenticity of everything I had read in the books on Ramadan.

In the months to come, I was to learn more of the Arab mentality as separate from their religion, which was the only law of the land. According to the Koran, an Arab may not eat pork. On the contrary, one of their favorite foods is American or British ham. One of the most prized gifts by a foreigner to an Arab is a ham, but it must be passed most secretly in a disguised package. The recipient will guard it like a large bar of gold and will remain your friend for life, never admitting his sin of eating it in private. I was rapidly becoming disillusioned with all the world religions.

As the second anniversary of my tour in Bahrain approached, I again anticipated orders back to Washington and a job in some kind of planning. I was not enthusiastic enough to inquire. I finally received a letter from the detail officer saying, that I had done a favor to BuPers for remaining on the job for an additional year, and that they wished to show their appreciation by offering to allow me my personal choice in selecting my next duty station. I knew it was time to leave. Although I was holding up well, enjoying my many duties, I could sense that my wife was succumbing to the heat. This I partially attributed to the air conditioning in my house. I personally could not tolerate the constant change from the normal outdoor heat to the inside coolness. I could not sleep in an artificially cooled room at night. I replied to the Washington desk officer that I would like to return to NWC, Newport for the Senior Course

in Strategy, for which I was still eligible, even though I had been attached to the staff for two years. If not, any job in a more temperate climate would be most welcome. He replied that there were no longer any openings at NWC Senior Course, but there would be before the list was firmed up and that I would be so ordered. One week later, I was to receive my orders to NWC.

There were no movers or packers in Bahrain. There was no wood for crating or boxes. I planned to turn over the majority of my household furnishings and equipment to my successor. I visited some of my shopkeeper friends who had received crating and other shipping supplies for which they had no further need. I located some African mahogany crating material recently arrived, which I carted home to make into shipping boxes. The mahogany was too hard to take a nail, but I borrowed a hand drill to open holes to take the nails, without splitting the wood. I was able to produce five solid wooden cases which would accommodate all our linens, clothing and trinkets.

My successor arrived shortly. I could tell from the beginning that he didn't like the looks of the landscape. He would be anything but happy on Bahrain.

I preferred to return home eastward, to see Southeast Asia and the Philippines, which was denied me in 1940

returning from Japan. Since the Persian Gulf was halfway around the earth, permission was readily granted by Washington. I was able to bum a ride on the State Department classified mail plane, which made delivery and pickup at embassies enroute on a weekly basis. Bucket seats were not the most comfortable ride; however, we touched down every night from Bahrain via Delhi, Bangkok, Saigon, Manila, Taipei, Hawaii, San Francisco and on to Washington, where I remained for a week of debriefing by various departments of the government. By the time we reached Newport, my tenant, also a navy captain, had received his orders and had vacated my home, ready for me to take over.

As I embarked on my course of instruction at NWC, I had made up my mind in advance that I was not going to overwork myself. I already knew everything to expect. This was going to be a rest period for me, to recuperate from the tropical heat of the previous two years in Bahrain. The coolness of the fresh air on the oceanfront was the greatest luxury.

I noticed practically no difference in the course nor requirements from five or six years earlier. I paid my respects to Admiral McCormick in his office, where we talked over old times in the USS NECHES in the 1930s, when the then Commander McCormick was my skipper. The admiral was plans officer for CincPac during WWII when I was also a member of the same staff. Captains Henry Eccles and Bern Anderson had

remained on the College staff during the intervening years; however, they had been officially retired back in 1951. Commodore Bates continued with his critical history of WWII battles in the Pacific; however, he brought few Japanese translation chores to me this tour. I had direct contact with Admiral Conolly only on several occasions. He seemed not to have recollected my being executive officer of his flagship, FRESNO, in England 1946-48, and I never brought the subject up.

I accomplished all my course assignments faithfully; however, I never felt overworked, having been through it all in the past. For the thesis, I picked a subject which I knew well from experience, "A Discourse and a War Plan for the Middle East." This required no great effort on my part, particularly since no research on the subject was necessary.

I was disappointed in the course in only one respect: that I was not called upon, to give a presentation of my experiences in the Middle East. Every student, as well as staff members, could have benefited from such a discussion. Other students with whom I talked privately, had equally valuable experiences, which could have been shared by greater numbers. I received a high mark on my thesis; however, it benefited nobody. I would state definitely that a NWC course is of no value to a career officer with regard to promotion. Other benefits, however, are innumerable. The change of

pace, which allows an officer to relax and to read and study, is invaluable. Every graduate comes away with a vast store of knowledge in planning, programming, and use of various weapons systems that are available, but which he may never have had experience with in his career. Consideration of strategic factors in various parts of the world is another valuable offering of the course. The ability to apply this knowledge in practice, following graduation, is what determines the true capability of an officer insofar as promotion is concerned.

Early in 1956, realizing that NWC study was nearing completion, I was hoping to go back to sea in some capacity; however, I had no inkling of anything in store for me. I soon learned by personal letter from a former Admiral who had served in the Persian Gulf, that he had been designated to head a newly established section for planning on the Middle East. I could not enthuse over more shore duty, especially in the Pentagon.

CNO Admiral Arleigh Burke visioned a new course at NWC which would include officers of foreign friendly nations. The President, NWC, was asked to recommend officers who would be suitable to head such a course. A staff member approached me for my reaction, since I had previous experience in dealing with foreign officers. I outlined to the inquirer what I considered to be essential requisites, but not myself

since I was intent upon getting to sea, if at all possible. Some weeks later, a friend and NWC classmate at the time, Captain Richard Colbert, came to me and confided what he knew about the new foreign officer course plans and stated that he had a chance for consideration to head the first class, but that he was low on the priority list because there were more senior and experienced officers ahead of him. I encouraged him to actively seek the job, inasmuch as it would be a most prestigious assignment and that he was not yet eligible for a seagoing billet. I gave him the benefit of my experiences with foreign navy officers, and assured him that his lack of seniority had no bearing on his eligibility, since he was already wearing captain stripes. I pointed out to him the problems he was likely to run into initially, in setting up the course. In answer to his query of why I wasn't interested in the job, I told him frankly that I had to get a seagoing billet, otherwise I would welcome the assignment over any other.

In late April, I received a telephone call from the detail officer in Washington, informing me that I was scheduled to command USS NANTAHALA (AO 60), a fleet underway replenishment oiler. My fondest hopes had materialized. From here on, I carefully observed the maneuvers of similar ships entering and leaving Newport harbor. Thirty eight thousand tons of hulk seemed awesome to me in those days.

We were approaching graduation. I had received my official orders and was all prepared for my new assignment. Ten days before graduation I received an urgent despatch from the Bureau. NANTAHALA had gone aground in Key West, Florida. I was to proceed at once to Key West, relieve the commanding officer on the spot, stopping enroute briefly in Norfolk for further orders from Commander Service Force. I flew off immediately, missing several of the Global Strategy Discussions and graduation itself.

Upon arrival in Norfolk, a despatch had just arrived from NANTAHALA. The ship had managed to free herself from the underwater obstruction, under her own power, prior to the arrival of oceangoing tugs sent from Norfolk, and was proceeding to Norfolk with no damage. ComServFor Atlantic in Norfolk was delighted, and held me up awaiting arrival of the ship, which was urgently needed in the Mediterranean. The commanding officer's version of the incident was accepted, no further action was contemplated, not even drydocking for inspection of the bottom. The ship was turned around immediately and I took her to the Mediterranean. Enroute, the ship's engineers had considerable work cleaning out the mud which had entered the boilers, turbine casings, pumps, and the fresh water evaporators. Rather than receiving the usual courts-martial, the former commanding officer received a letter of commendation and ultimately promoted to rear admiral.

Upon entering the Mediterranean and reporting for duty, my new boss, Commander Service Force SIXTH Fleet, ordered me to join up with the fleet at a certain latitude and longitude, presently conducting replenishment underway. Upon rendezvous, the only other oiler present was completely empty and I was ordered alongside to transfer part of my full load, so that there would be two oilers available to complete the replenishment operation. I had never seen this maneuver carried out before, nor could I previously find anything written on the subject, even at the Naval War College, since underway replenishment was developed during WWII. I was able to make a safe approach, pass the six-inch hoses over, and commenced the oil transfer operation. I hooked up a ship-to-ship sound-powered telephone with the captain on the other oiler so we could communicate directly. No sooner had we settled down, steaming together alongside each other, than the fleet commander ordered a reverse course to be executed simultaneously by all ships. The captain of the oiler alongside me realized, that I was inexperienced, having just arrived, and told me not to worry, - that he would execute the turn only a few degrees at a time keeping me informed by sound-powered telephone, and would make sure that I was parallel with him and riding well before he would make the next change. All went well and we completed the 180 degree turn in good time. After such a sudden introduction, I now felt confident of any future maneuver which might be

required.

With the arrival of NANTAHALA, we could now furnish the fleet with all fuel oil, aviation gasoline, and lube oil required. As the fleet oilers became empty, they were sent back to Naples, Italy, for a new load of fuel. Besides Naples, we had various other stock piled fuel supply facilities throughout the Mediterranean. Several months later, as the demands for fuel increased, I was sent to another source in Iskanderun, Turkey, for the first time. This was a shallow and difficult harbor for a deep draft oiler, and the oil transfer facilities were not of the best quality. Iskanderun came to be used more frequently with time.

The SIXTH Fleet flagship, Service Force flagship, and the fresh provisions AKA were each home ported in the Mediterranean on a two year rotational schedule; however, the commander's tours were for one year. All operating ships were rotated every six months.

I encountered one difficult moment in our operations, when entering a liberty port for the weekend. My navigator was a lieutenant with little experience at sea. He was intelligent but lazy. He endeared himself to several previous Admirals who retained him on their staffs merely, because he could interpret and speak the Italian language

fluently. On board NANTAHALA, he delighted lying in his bunk eating chocolates, and it was a problem getting him up to the bridge to do his routine daily star sights, or as navigating in and out of harbors. I was becoming fed up with his shirking of duty. On this particular morning he had to be roused out of his bunk for entering port to anchor. He finally arrived on the bridge to argue with his chief quartermaster, which I tried to overlook since the navigator is a department head, regardless of rank. As we approached our anchorage, I could see that his course and speed recommendations were going to take us well beyond our designated anchorage spot, possibly into shoal water. (I always studied the harbor charts before arrival and retained danger bearings in my head.) I stopped all engines and was ready to reverse, so as to take off headway, as I directed the navigator to verify his bearings and position. At this he became excited and angry, repeating loudly, "Captain, I told you that we have a mile to go." I was sure that we were running into danger, reversed the engines, and ordered the navigator off the bridge. I then told the chief quartermaster to take a round of bearings and plot the ship's position, which he quickly did, showing that even with our backing on the engines, NANTAHALA was still ahead of her assigned berth. We continued backing down into position and dropped the anchor. I then learned from the chief that the navigator was using a wrong navigational mark. The chief was aware of the navigator's error all the time, and that's what

the earlier argument was all about. The navigator told the chief to "shut up" rather than listen to his advice before deciding. In such a situation, a seasoned quartermaster that he was, should have gone over his boss's head and mentioned the mistake to the captain; however, the chief quartermaster thought that he owed his loyalty to his immediate boss, the navigator, and nobody else. I sent off a despatch to BuPers requesting that the navigator be detached and put ashore immediately. BuPers approved, but added they had no relief immediately available. I replied that I had not requested a relief, only his removal from the ship. In the meantime I had relieved the navigator of all his duties, and denied him further access to the bridge. Shortly, I heard a rap on my cabin door. The navigator was standing with a despatch he wished to send to Washington, and wanted me to release it. I replied that as Head of Department, he still retained that authority, and I did not need to know the contents. By evening, a personal despatch came back to him from BuPers stating, "You cannot court-martial your commanding officer." That settled the matter. Official despatch transfer orders were received during the night, and the lieutenant was put ashore early in the morning. Surprisingly to me, the more senior petty officers on board voiced their unanimous approval of the sudden transfer for the unpopular navigator.

A monthly SIXTH Fleet operating schedule was published, listing the daily operating schedule for the various units,

including liberty ports scheduled for rest and recreation, which was not too frequent. NANTAHALA continued refueling ships at sea, which soon became routine. We plied the Mediterranean from east to west as needed. By late November 1956, we had completed our scheduled six month assignment in the Mediterranean and were looking forward to our return to Norfolk in time for Christmas.

NANTAHALA took on a full load of oil in preparation to cross the Atlantic. Sailing on schedule, we were within a few miles of transiting the Straits of Gibraltar to the Atlantic Ocean. Suddenly an urgent despatch arrived, ordering me to reverse course and head for the eastern end of the Mediterranean, with further details to follow. This operation became known as "The Suez Crisis" of 1956.

All the ships of the SIXTH Fleet were in port dispersed in various locations, enjoying a weekend of liberty. Crews were recalled throughout the towns, and all commands were ordered to proceed toward the Suez Canal and await instructions. NANTAHALA had the only available fuel to replenish the combatant ships, the two other oilers being in port loading cargo fuel. Upon arrival off Suez, we were still in the dark as to what was happening. All ships could use fuel, and we spent day and night filling them up so they would be "topped off" for any emergency. This resulted in a new record being set of refueling 26 warships in a

twenty-four hour period. NANTAHALA received recognition by being pictured on the front cover of the monthly "Service Force News", published in Norfolk, Virginia. This pace continued without interruption for the next two days, a total of 76 hours during which time I remained on the bridge continually, equaling or surpassing a new record number of individual ships refueled. By now, NANTAHALA was completely empty and we had to return to Naples for a new load. However, our other two oilers were approaching from a few miles, just over the horizon. These could handle the situation while NANTAHALA was reloading in Naples.

Only now could the crew get some rest and much needed sleep after three days of continuous labor, everyone being fed sandwiches on station during that three-day period.

Four Star Admiral Charles "Cat" Brown, CinCSouth, the NATO Commander-in-Chief of Southern Europe, was at this time stationed in Naples. We hadn't met since 1949, when he was Chief of Staff, NWC in Newport. Admiral Brown was always glad to welcome me in his office, anytime I could get away from my ship. I could barge into his headquarters without appointment. We could now begin to piece together the puzzle of what was going on at Suez. From various reports going around, Israel was about to attack Nasser's Egypt with full confidence that they would be able to overrun the country, and thereby stop, once and for all time, the continual Arab

incursions into Israel territory. First, Israel needed a commitment from the Allies that they would not intervene in any manner to hinder the Israeli operation. This, the French and British apparently agreed to; however, they could not obtain concurrence from the U.S. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. Under the Presidency of Eisenhower, Israel felt desperate and decided to go ahead, regardless of the American attitude. When Secretary Dulles heard of this and the fact that French and British observers were on the scene, the U.S. issued stern warnings to the two cooperating countries. The Israeli forces were moving rapidly, encountering little resistance. The U.S. ordered the SIXTH Fleet to the scene and issued an ultimatum to Israel, to cease hostilities at once and withdraw, which they did, signing a peace agreement, thus ending the "Crisis". Personally, I say "What a shame for U.S. Foreign Policy."

Under the circumstances, NANTAHALA was retained on duty in the Mediterranean, pending the arrival of two additional oilers from the U.S.A. in several weeks, following which NANTAHALA was released to return to Norfolk.

Upon arrival in Norfolk after dark, we entered port and dropped anchor in our assigned berth off the docks. I then went home to visit my family for the first time in six months. A half hour later, I received a telephone call from one of my ship's officers. NANTAHALA was dragging anchor,

and the duty commander (actually a junior lieutenant) had steam up, trying to hold the ship near to our assigned berth. I rushed back to the ship to ascertain the trouble. For some reason, the anchor would not hold. I prepared the lee anchor for dropping, and hauled in the anchor in use. Apparently, on dropping the anchor originally, it penetrated through an old crashed aircraft wing on the bottom, but held well. As the tide reversed, the anchor flukes tipped over and would no longer dig into the mud. The following morning after daylight, we cut the aircraft wing off with aceteline torches and the anchor was again operational. After an hour, the ship was secure again, and I returned to my family. I visited the port director's office to investigate the story behind the F4F fighter aircraft wing, which our anchor penetrated on the harbor floor. There was no record of any airplane crash anytime in the past. A harbor barge removed the wing from the ship, but the mystery was never solved.

NANTAHALA could now be drydocked for examination of underwater damage, due to the earlier grounding in Key West. Of great urgency was necessary, repairs and replacement of damaged super heater tubes, which developed as a result of intake of saltwater due to grounding. These pin holes could not be welded by ship's force and one boiler had to be shut down; however, we still had sufficient speed remaining to carry out all our assignments. Upon drydocking, we found that a three-foot section of the heavy keel had been dished

in where the ship had rested during her grounding. Of the two evaporators in the engine spaces, the ship's engineers had been able to completely clean one while operating at sea and having to rely solely on the other for fresh water for the boilers and drinking purposes. We had hoped for assistance in making repairs to the other evaporator at Norfolk; however, our time in the Navy Yard was limited and this could not be accomplished. We were needed in the Caribbean to operate with fleet units there, during the shortage of other oilers in home waters, since several had already been ordered to the Mediterranean in the Suez Crisis.

From my own ship's officers, the real story finally emerged in connection with the Key West grounding. Key West was an average harbor with plenty of maneuvering room as I knew it from WITEK days when I entered several times. The NANTAHALA had taken on a pilot, principally to control the tugs aiding in docking the ship alongside a pier. Once the pilot was on board, the CO relaxed on the after side of the bridge as the pilot eased her alongside the pier. However, the pilot seemed unaware of the deep draft of an oiler, even though he knew of the obstruction at one end, which the CO should have known as well. Having grounded alongside the pier, the captain, realizing that he was finished insofar as his career was concerned, spared no efforts in his attempt to free the ship from the shoal, with complete disregard for further damage by operating the engines almost continually,

stirring up the mud to enter the evaporators, engines, and boilers. He sallied the ship with the crew moving in one direction, then the other for three days at high tide, until she eventually floated free. The additional harm had been done to the propulsion equipment, but NANTAHALA was able to make it back to Norfolk on her own power, which was proof enough of nothing untoward ever happening. This avoided "unnecessary" hearings and paperwork; however, I had inherited a "lemon". Only by hard work on the part of my officers and crew, were we able to make every commitment.

I was approaching the end of my one year tour in command. The chief of ONI wrote me a personal letter saying that inasmuch as I would soon be transferred to shore duty, he was advising me that he had three attache posts to fill abroad, namely Paris, Mexico City, and Stockholm, Sweden. Would I be interested? I replied that I might possibly be interested in Sweden, which was not so well known or visited by so many Americans, as the other two choices. No other correspondence transpired with regard to my upcoming change of duty.

In June, I was ordered to join the Naval Academy Midshipman Cruise Squadron, enroute to visit Rio de Janeiro, and to keep them refueled enroute. (This wasn't necessary on my own midshipman cruises to Europe in the early 1930s.) In July 1957, enroute to Rio, I received my official orders to

Stockholm, Sweden, as attache. My relief arrived on board while we were in port at Rio de Janeiro. I flew back to Norfolk for the usual debriefing and on to Newport, to see my house again for a week's vacation before flying from New York to Stockholm on a SAS Swedish airline.

The mid 1950s was a sad period in history for many navy captains. This was caused by what was known as the "Hump", an excessive number of captains brought on by the large number of senior reserve officers, who entered service during WWII, and elected to remain permanently in the navy after the war. Fifty percent of the regular captains in the navy were scheduled to go, and were retired forthwith on reduced retired pay. I saw a partial listing of my Naval Academy class to be "Humped Out". I knew all these captains well, and the sacrifices they had made over more than twenty years. Now they were reunited with their families and had small children to support. I could not understand why I was lucky enough to be retained, while all these others, with equally good records, were summarily booted out, contrary to the promises of the Federal Government, when we entered the service as midshipmen twenty-five years earlier. The great majority were forced to go back to college to obtain degrees, many in teaching, then they taught higher mathematics the rest of their lives. I was beginning to lose confidence in our government leaders.

Sweden was a delightfully new experience. The family thrived in the cooler Scandinavian climate. I was impressed by the Swedish architecture and modern construction, right down to the hardware and practical office and home furnishings, far superior to American in my opinion. I rented a large spacious high rise apartment, previously occupied by my predecessor, with the landlord living on the ground floor with his family, and with whom we became good friends. Many other renters in the building were families of Russian satellite countries, with whom we had nothing in common.

At the embassy, being the senior attache, I was designated as the U.S. Defense Attache (as well as Naval Attache). There was absolutely no reason for such a designation by Washington, since the separate attaches were still the experts in their own service. (It may have worked for the Russians, but I could see no use for it within our own services.) The embassy officials were all friendly and pleasant. There were no difficulties or disagreements among us. The embassy had a weekly conference at which the senior officials, including the attaches, met to discuss recent events and pending instructions from the State Department in Washington.

Soon after I arrived, a new ambassador came to Stockholm. He was not a career man, but a political

appointee of President Eisenhower. I was shocked by the way he was continually bypassed by the senior staff of career State Department men at the embassy, who seemed to operate independently as if no ambassador was around. The Deputy Chief of Mission even chaired the weekly meetings. The ambassador was a kindly, aged widower who acted the part of a perfect gentleman. I felt sorry for him and asked him along for an occasional trip around the countryside, which he enjoyed and greatly appreciated. After this, I made a point of taking him along for a visit to any U.S. Navy ship which might visit Sweden. This, he enjoyed very much.

The Swedish military chief had set up a liaison office which was the contact point for all foreign attaches. The office was headed by a Swedish Army major general. Under this general were three bureaus, headed by a navy captain, an army colonel and an air force colonel, respectively. It was through this office, that every attache had to request permission to travel more than a days journey distant from Stockholm. I know of no such requests having ever been denied, they just wanted to know our whereabouts. Permission had to be obtained to visit a military installation, navy yard, etc. and an escort was often provided. There were no real military secrets, other than certain sensitive defense installations, and the "rumored" underground submarine and destroyer "pens", dug out of the cliffs along the coast on the eastern side of the Swedish peninsula. This area is

surrounded by the archipelago of thousands of islands, and is the area of recent incursions by Russian submarines on apparent espionage missions.

The liaison office arranged monthly recreational outings for all attaches, mainly to provide outdoor exercise. During the summer months, we would motor for an hour beyond Stockholm to a forested area. There we would be provided an army-type terrain map with eight stations marked, at each of which we would find a rubber stamp to mark our card, indicating that we had actually visited the spot. We hiked alone on foot or in pairs of no more than two. Upon completion of the course relying on a compass and the map, the first man to return to base received a small "fun" prize. This was commonly known as Orientating in Swedish and very popular. This was followed by a hot steam bath and a smorgasbord buffet served with Swedish schnapps. As winter approached, ski lessons would be provided for all new arrivals, including families. During the winter months, the attache outings were cross country skiing, followed by the usual steam bath, followed by the customary roll in the snow, and back to the bath, then buffet.

With the heavy snowfall in winter, it was impossible to plow city streets, which were all packed down snow until spring. Plows did keep a track open on the wide sidewalks for pedestrians. In the downtown shopping areas, bulldozers

would load the accumulation onto dump trucks for delivery to the sea, which practically surrounded Stockholm.

Having become fairly expert on skis, I commonly commuted between home and the embassy on skis as did most other Swedes between home and work, since it was the most practical way to move about. The Embassy had dozens of skis parked in the huge marble lobby during the day. None were ever stolen that I heard of. The Swedes manufactured excellent skis at a moderate price, which I still use occasionally at home after some thirty years.

Our embassy contained a commissary in the basement, which carried all the food and other essentials, that would be needed by families attached to the embassy. The local market, shops and department stores always maintained ample supplies. I learned to prefer the Swedish cooking and native food preparation, especially the smoked salmon and pickled herring.

Our embassy also provided for a language instruction class at the embassy for one hour every morning at 7:30. The course was open to all members of the embassy, including dependents, at no charge. I attended regularly, and before long I was beginning to make myself understood in the native language and preferred to use Swedish, which was often necessary.

Entertaining in the evenings was time-consuming. Practically every evening was filled up well in advance. Attire was invariably formal. The more formal dinners at homes included at least a dozen or more guests. Following dinner was usually dancing or sometimes bridge, played with Swedish decks of cards, which were only slightly different from American playing cards.

The aging King Gustav held annual receptions for all foreigners. The officers of the military services likewise were invited. Diplomats and attaches were always included on the guest list for the annual awarding of the Nobel Prizes, officiated by the King himself, in a large theater which must have seated a thousand persons.

I had noted on many port visits to Western Europe and the Mediterranean countries, that no American whiskey was served at official receptions, only Scotch and native liquor and wines. The same applied to Sweden. With the head cook and servants inherited from my predecessor, I entertained in the same fashion initially, until I had time to observe and think. I felt that one of my greatest obligations was to act the part of an American, and not follow in the rut of least resistance. At once, I abolished the serving of British Scotch whiskey, and instead, served only imported American blended Bourbon whiskey. In the event of criticism, I was

prepared with an appropriate response. Scotch whiskey, incidentally, was cheaper than American whiskey at tax-exempt embassy prices. Surprisingly, my change to bourbon blend was most popular with the Swedes. Time and again, many had told me that they were looking forward to their next invitation to my home, to receive another sampling of bourbon. (I neglected to inform the American brewing companies of this development. Otherwise, they may have provided me with a few free cases of whiskey for advertising purposes.) Likewise, for sit-down dinners, I introduced a few American courses, mixed with the usual Swedish dishes, commonly served at such gatherings. In this way, I could conveniently eliminate some of the popular so-called French gourmet recipes, calling for elaborate sauces, which I abhorred.

Within my first year, I had become fairly well-acquainted with all Swedish flag officers, and many captains and lesser ranks. I had been invited to visit their shore stations, the Swedish Naval Academy, and even their operating ships. By the time I left Sweden in 1960, I had made numerous trips to sea on Swedish destroyers. I was invited to cruise on their navy's sail training ship, observing midshipmen manning the yardarms and handling the sails on this impressive square rigger. One of my most interesting cruises was on board an icebreaker, observing their technique of clearing a channel in the ice between Stockholm and Helsinki, Finland.

I had made numerous close friends, principally among the military, but many others in business as well. An especially close friend was Captain Ulf Eklind who headed the navy section of the liaison office. Our families exchanged visits frequently, and we often visited the Eklinds at their island cottage in the archipelago north of Stockholm about fifty miles. He coached me on local Swedish customs and explained the differences among the various Scandinavian nationals. He even explained to me the folklore of ancient Swedish kings, who had commanded large Swedish armies, overrunning Europe down as far as the Black Sea, and of their Erik the Red, who founded the city of Moscow. Eklind taught me the favorite Swedish navy songs, including the more risque types. He suggested places for me to visit on various trips, and sometimes accompanied me if off the beaten track. I had been making the rounds of all shipyards in Sweden, many of which were nothing but small boat building yards, owned by private individual boat and yacht builders; however, these were capable of expansion in time of hostilities. Such visits had to be coordinated with the Navy Liaison Office and final approval granted by the chief, General Armond. Captain Eklind ushered me into the general's office for approval of such a visit to a boat building facility. The General sat me down in private and asked me to hold up on this trip for a while, the reason being that every time I planned a visit, the Russian General (Chief of the USSR Attaches) asked to

make the same trip. He went on to say, that he knew me as an American friend and approved of everything I did; however, he didn't want the Russians following directly on my heels. I said, "General, if the Russians are doing this, they must be receiving advance information directly from this office, because I am telling nobody about my travels in advance - not even my own family." He was stumped and so was I, as to how the Russians could obtain such information.

Relations with the Swedes continued well and we reciprocated with frequent evening parties. No Russian nor satellite attaches were ever invited to my home, nor we to any of theirs. The Swedish Air Liaison Officer, Colonel Stig Wennerstrom, had been Air Attache to the U.S. for five years just previously. He knew the U.S. well, travelled extensively in America, and was well liked in Stockholm. He put on lavish parties in his large home, where all nationalities were invited. I came to dislike his close relationship with the Russian General. At any gathering I noted that Wennerstrom would be off in a corner, talking privately with the general. I had seen enough of this, and purposely deleted Wennerstrom from my own guest list. The second time I did not invite Wennerstrom to my home, when he really should have been on the guest list, Captain Eklind came to me privately and mentioned, that I had pulled a "booboo", and should correct it as soon as possible. I told Eklind that I had good reason in that I didn't like

Wennerstrom's constant closeness to the Russian, particularly in public. Eklind tried to explain to me that the job of the officers in the liaison office was to be friendly with all foreign officers alike, and that many people were disturbed by my not inviting Wennerstrom to my home recently. I replied that the matter went beyond his "universal friendliness" excuse, and that on many such occasions I had often passed close by the two of them, engaged in close conversation, and Wennerstrom would ignore me completely.

Several years later, after I had departed from Sweden, my suspicions were confirmed. Wennerstrom was apprehended by the Swedish authorities, charged and convicted of espionage. Wennerstrom had even been commissioned a colonel in the Russian Air Force. The Russian general had been promoted from colonel to that higher rank during my first year in Stockholm, probably because of the lucrative information being supplied by the Swedish Air Force Colonel, Wennerstrom.

In retirement in 1980, my wife and I took a cruise ship which stopped over in Stockholm. We visited one afternoon with my old friend, Eklind, who related the details of the Wennerstrom espionage case. I asked how they had developed their first suspicions. These had been aroused by Wennerstroms extensive spending on only a colonel's salary. Contrary to local rumor, his wife was not a millionaire, which I had heard many times during my tour in Stockholm. At

this point, Eklind apologized and said that he could kick himself, for not following up on my "complaint" years before Wennerstrom's apprehension.

I had free access to the office of the Swedish navy commander-in-chief, Admiral Stig Eriksson. We had no particular official business to discuss. He just liked to talk with an American navy man and to practice his English, which was fairly good. He was anxious for American warships to visit Sweden. It would boost the prestige of their own navy in the eyes of the Swedish politicians. I passed the suggestions on to Washington, but it was some time, before I could convince Washington to send U.S. Navy warships on goodwill visits to Sweden. Admiral Eriksson conceived the idea that a visit by the U.S. Chief of Naval Operations himself to Sweden would add great prestige. I agreed with him, and suggested the best way to proceed would be to write a personal letter on Swedish Navy stationery to Admiral Arleigh Burke at his address in Washington. About ten days later, the Swedish Admiral telephoned me at my office and asked me to come over. Apparently, he had been working feverishly and had determined that Burke was really a shortened Swedish family name of the original "Burkegren" clan, many of whom were still living in the southern part of Sweden. This apparently cinched Admiral Burke's acceptance of the invitation, and plans were made for the visit. Commander Kierkegaard, Royal Swedish Navy, was placed in

charge of overall arrangements for the visit inside Sweden. Kierkegaard had attended the first NWC course for foreign naval officers in 1957 and was fairly fluent in English. He would accompany the U.S. Navy CNO throughout his visit, and act as his aide and interpreter. Admiral Burke would visit his Swedish relatives and kin in southern Sweden and would give a talk in the local parish house in Swedish. Kierkegaard and I would compose the speech in Swedish, and we would coach Admiral Burke as he practiced reading it from the script. He delivered it in fine intelligible style and the newly met kin were delighted. Back in Stockholm he would meet high officials of the government, and visit the underground civil defense control center, and the coastal defense network of hidden underground submarine pens. I worked closely with Kierkegaard and Admiral Ericsson, and briefed them well on Admiral Burke's background and war record. Admiral Burke arrived and was treated royally. New friendships were established. At the last moment, Admiral Ericsson invited me to accompany Admiral Burke on his visits to the secret Swedish control center, underground in the heart of Stockholm, and the coastal underground facilities for warships of all types. He cautioned me to discuss these tours with no one, inasmuch as they had never before been visited by foreigners. Such an outpouring of friendship was indicative of the Swedish admiration for America. Politically however, being in close proximity to Russia these many centuries, the Swedish government hesitated to show any

partiality, as much as they might fear the Bear.

During my tour, a Swedish skin diver had located the Swedish super warship, WASA, lying on the bottom of Stockholm Harbor, where she originally sank on her first trip out of the harbor in 1628. The Swedish navy undertook to raise the warship, and assigned a commodore to oversee the task. WASA was loaded with troops, supplies and newly cut coinage, as she departed to conduct the continuing war against Europe. A sudden gust of wind, aided by an abundance of family sightseers on one side, capsized the world's largest warship at the time. I often visited the working platform over the sunken WASA and talked with the officials in charge, including the original skin-diving discoverer, Anders Franzen. Admiral Burke offered the use of U.S. Navy salvage vessels to help raise the sunken vessel from the mud; however, politically the Swedes could not accept the offer. To avoid damage to the old waterlogged timbers of the ship, it was necessary to proceed very slowly as the vessel emerged into the atmosphere, and rose with the aid of cofferdams lashed to her sides. When I left Sweden in 1960, WASA was visible above water and divers had been working for almost two years removing cargo and deck guns. At the airport as I departed Stockholm, many Swedish friends came to see me off. Among them was Franzen, of WASA fame. He shook my hand affectionately and I could feel something between our palms. I closed my hand and slipped it into my pocket, without

looking, as he indicated by a blink of his eye. On the plane, I looked to see what it was. It was one of the 1628 square cut coins from the WASA, which was, until that time, a shape of coin unknown to Swedish historians. WASA was eventually raised and placed under roof. In 1980 I visited what is now known as the WASA Museum in Stockholm, containing the ship and her cargo of uniforms, cooking and eating utensils, etc. It is impressive, providing valuable historical information for Swedish research.

Swedish military officers continually complained about their #1 enemy, the Russians. Swedes in general loved the Finns. On numerous occasions, Swedish military friends would say, jokingly, "Of course all Finns carry daggers stuck in their waist band, but don't worry - they only use them to cut off Russian heads."

The outwardly formal appearing Swede was explained to me by several close naval officers. My original impressions were simply false. The average Swede is anything but formal after you know him better. I now had numerous nationalities to compare with each other.

Admiral Ericsson worried considerably over budget limitations placed on his navy. He often talked with me privately in his office, perhaps hoping for an American suggestion or idea. Unfortunately, I had little to offer.

The Swedes had two cruisers when I arrived in 1957, but had to decommission them both because of operating costs. This was a heavy blow to their prestige among foreign navies. The Swedes had proudly sent an officer to attend the first NWC course for foreign naval officers in 1957. The second year they were barely able to afford to send another officer; but the third year, there just was no funding and they had to renege. The CinC wanted to make sure that I explained this to my superiors in Washington, and that the Swedish navy hoped to be able to send another officer to NWC the following year. The year following my departure from Stockholm Admiral Ericsson was retired, but was appointed as personal aide to King Gustav V. The two of them had apparently been close friends early in life. Now the king was a figurehead, under the ruling party prime minister. From various Swedes in all walks of life, I learned that the P. M. was not well liked. Sweden, although they reputedly had nothing in common with the Communists, was truly a socialist state already, which system the USSR was still striving to attain. Swedish mothers and children were accorded free, paid vacations every year by the Socialist government. The poor and the homeless were well cared for, all at the expense of the working class and well-to-do businessmen, whose taxes were far above the world average. The bureaucrats, under the leadership of the prime minister, continued to promote and expand this give-away program among the so-called poor.

Captain Eklind was to be detached from the Liaison Office for sea duty, soon after I departed Stockholm. As Admiral Eriksson had earlier explained to me, Eklind was considered to be one of the most experienced and capable seamen in the Swedish navy, and was assigned to the old Swedish Midshipman cruise ship, ALVSNABBEN. On his first visit to Norfolk, Virginia, he arrived off the entrance to Chesapeake Bay bay and found, that he had no chart for the three mile long entrance channel. He anchored and through his resourcefulness, bummed his way into Norfolk Naval Base, where he located the former Assistant U.S. Naval Attache to Stockholm, who loaned him a chart to find his way into the Base. Eklind, now retired and a widower of one year, had two small children. One, a son, is a captain in the Royal Swedish Navy, and the daughter is the mother of three. We still correspond regularly, he writing in English, and I reply in Swedish to him. In this manner, we can correct each other's mistakes in the two languages by return mail.

Swedish parents habitually send their children to European countries to live with foreign families during the summers, and to learn a different language. The Europeans, in turn, exchange their children with the Swedish family for the same purpose. England, Holland, Germany, France, and Spain are the favorites. By the time a teenager graduates from high school, he or she is well grounded in at least three foreign lanuages.

I was ordered to attend an annual U.S. Naval Attache Conference to be held in Frankfurt, Germany. I tried my broken Swedish in the shopping district and surprisingly, I was understood. Likewise, I could understand fairly well what was being said in German. So if one is reputed to be able to speak a dozen foreign languages, one should realize that such an accomplishment is not so significant, especially if the individual is exposed to so many foreign tongues in close proximity, as in Western Europe.

My friend and next door neighbor in Newport, came to visit us in Stockholm while I was naval attache. In company with Captain Eklind, I was escorting my Newport, Rhode Island, friend along the Swedish archipelago, which is comparable to Maine, U.S.A. My friend was a yachtsman by hobby, and having been a junior U.S. navy lieutenant during the war, expressed a yearning for sailing through the area. Captain Eklind had an immediate solution. He would borrow the Swedish navy's 20-foot, single-masted sailer the next day and we would sail up to his island home on Chocka, twenty miles to the north. I had no qualms about the trip since Eklind liked to boast of knowing the archipelago thoroughly. "In fact", he would say, "I know every rock out there. I should - because I've been on every one of them...in destroyers." We took off early in the morning, went ashore at his home on Tjocka Island and had lunch. Toward sundown,

we started back to Stockholm, taking turns on the wheel, tending the sail, and the third man checking the chart. We arrived back in Stockhom safely, weary, and half starved. My Newport friend never has forgotten the trip. Because of my navy background and as a result of this trip, I was accepted into the Royal Swedish Yacht Club and given a certificate to prove it, although I have seldom sailed since.

I was invited to visit the Bofor's Gun Factory, whose original founder had set up the funds for establishing the annual Nobel Prizes. Bofors at this time was experimenting in developing new post-WWII weapon systems, which they hoped to market worldwide. I was merely one of their advertising outlets. Their latest experiment at that time was the small, wire-guided missile concept. Regardless of whatever pamphlets or explanations I forwarded, our Navy Bureau of Ordnance replied that the U.S. was already working on its own similar weapon. I expected to see many new U.S. developments when next I returned to sea. Such was not the case.

Swedish friends had tried to tell me that my family name was really Swedish; however I knew better. This I could not accept, as there were no similar names in the telephone book. I told one Swedish friend that a Dutch acquaintance in Rotterdam had told me the same thing a decade previously, and there were plenty of people in the Netherlands with the exact same spelling. I had already researched my grandfather's

origin and knew. I now went to work researching the migration of the Swedes. Ask any Swede his origins and he will promptly reply that Swedes are Vikings. This is true of any Scandinavian country. However, the history of migration patterns seemed to convince me that Sweden is a conglomeration of many nationalities from all over Europe, dating back centuries. They are not a homogeneous race as one finds in Japan, for example.

Every Swedish male must have a title or rank attached to his name. No one is ever addressed as plain "Mr". Our custom in U.S.A. military rank or office is common for the services, but for civilians or industrial people, various titles such as Doctor, Engineer, or Director are attached. It is necessary to have some title whether meaningful or not, but never plain "Mister".

Official orders were received in September 1960, ordering me to a major command at sea, which was great news. The Swedes hurried to award me their "Swedish Order of the Sword" with the "Rank of Commodore", which was their equivalent one-star flag rank, same as the U.S. I was fairly certain that this honor bestowed by the Swedish Government had originated in the office of the Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Swedish Navy.

My orders required me to report to Washington, D.C.

briefly before proceeding to my new home port in Naples, Italy. Departing Stockholm, I flew directly to Munchen (Munich), Germany, to deposit my family at an inn for a week, while I flew back to the U.S.A. for debriefing in ONI. This was mainly for meeting some of the new people in the Pentagon, and entailed no serious questioning. In less than a week, I flew back to Frankfurt, and picked up a new car which I had ordered from the factory. I took off down the wide German Autobahn, and joined the family in Munich, who had greatly enjoyed their vacation of sightseeing during my absence in Washington. I savored a German peasant dinner of sauerkraut, boiled potato, and knockwurst before continuing across the Swiss Alps. It was early October but snow was beginning to fall in the Alps. Several times daily, weather reports were broadcast, reporting conditions through the mountain passes. We headed for the only clear pass; however, snow began to fall and we were lucky to have gotten through headeding down the Adriatic Coast of Italy. It was an enjoyable trip along the sparsely settled Adriatic Coast. The only overnight lodging seemed to be a few converted monasteries. Rooms were spacious but musty. There were few tourists. It was an interesting trip all around, however, recommended for only once in a lifetime.

Arriving in Naples, I found my predecessor in port and expecting my arrival. He arranged for our lodging nearby, as we set about the details of change of command. My

predecessor would merely shift over to the SIXTH Fleet flagship as Chief of Staff to the Commander SIXTH Fleet, after being relieved.

I was fairly well acquainted with the U.S. Navy operations and procedures in the Mediterranean, having only recently commanded NANTAHALA in the area. Two days later, I relieved on board my flagship, USS MISSISSINEWA (AO 144), the commander, a capable captain, Tom Kimmel, Jr. In this new command, I assumed the title of Commodore as the Commander of the Service Force, U.S. SIXTH Fleet and Commander Service Squadron SIX. Under the first title, I was responsible for all the supply/replenishment ships assigned to the Mediterranean area, and the latter title was merely an administrative title, separate from operational matters in the Mediterranean.

My immediate superior would be Vice Admiral George Anderson, Commander U.S. SIXTH Fleet, overall commander of all ships assigned to the Mediterranean Sea. From time to time, various rear admirals in command of carrier or cruiser task forces would come and go, but these had jurisdiction only over their own task groups.

I had an extremely large staff, assigned to assist me with the many fleet responsibilities with which I was charged. I had an effective chief of staff who could move in

and take over my responsibilities at any time. The fleet engineer, another captain, handled any serious engineering problem that might arise on any ship of the fleet. My supply corps captain was responsible for all logistics in connection with keeping the operating ships supplied. As the "reviewing officer" for all courts-martials within the fleet, I had a trained legal commander. The operations officer planned the monthly replenishment schedule in advance, and distributed it among the ships operating in the Mediterranean. All of these staff heads had capable assistants who could take over immediately in an emergency. Naturally, I had to supervise their day-to-day operations and approve their actions. Dozens of messages came in daily for special services; however, I could rely on each of these assistants to take necessary action immediately in my absence. We operated smoothly with our motto of "Service to the Fleet" with no major dilemmas.

The fleet commander was thus freed from the many operational and administrative chores. He would issue general instructions to the task forces and others. The carrier commanders, heavy ship commanders, mine sweeping, amphibious units, and submarine forces, issued their separate schedules for forces under their respective commands. These we needed to plan our replenishment at sea schedules. ComServFor SIXTH Fleet planned the port visit schedule for all Service Force Ships in the Mediterranean. We avoided

sending replenishment ships to the same port as the combatants to avoid congestion. Any ship requesting a particular port visit was given due consideration.

MISSISSINEWA was home ported at Naples, Italy; the fleet flagship, a cruiser, at Nice, France; and the fresh provisions supply ship (AKA) at Barcelona, Spain. All other ships rotated back to the U.S. at six month intervals. The fresh provisions storeship, however, commuted back to the U.S. every month to load a new cargo of fresh vegetables to supply the fleet.

My flagship MISSISSINEWA had been built only several years previously, and was a considerable improvement over the WWII class fleet oiler. She could carry a much larger cargo of both fuel oil and aviation gasoline. We carried 40 to 50 drums of lube oil on the elevated deck amidships, to meet every need of the fleet. We had our own helicopter with a landing platform aft. There was considerably more deck space for the crew to work, handling the fuel hoses and cargo. We operated three eight-inch fueling hoses either side, all six of which could operate simultaneously. In addition, gasoline was transferred by a smaller diameter fuel line on either side. We carried an ample supply of spare parts for any ship emergency. These were transferred underway by high line as requested. We regularly handled incoming and outgoing mail for all ships. Transfers of personnel were also made with a

bos'n chair, attached to the high line between ships underway. Likewise, visiting officials from the U.S. often transferred between ships at sea by this method. Not once did we lose any cargo or dip a passenger into the sea, thrill that it was. I was always present in my flagship during all major evolutions.

Our normal operations consisted of several major fleet replenishments each month. By mid-afternoon, the entire operation would be completed, and ships would be dispersed for continuation of their regular operations. Upon arrival at the rendezvous I, as ComServFor SIXTH Fleet, would designate the base course and speed for the operation with my flagship, MISSISSINEWA, usually in the lead. My decision on course and speed was based on wind and sea conditions, as well as experience. Other fleet oilers and supply ships would be assigned stations astern. Within minutes we were ready to replenish, hoisting a pennant to indicate same. At this point, the fleet commander would turn tactical command of the whole SIXTH fleet over to me. This transferred to me the responsibility of maneuvering all 40-50 ships to avoid dangers, obstructions, etc. Often, a crossing vessel would have to be warned off by search light or a destroyer sent out ahead to intercept the ship, in case it were a merchantman on automatic pilot, with no human on the bridge. Groups of fishing vessels sometimes obstructed our movements. If these could not be frightened away, I would give the signal to all

ships to maneuver independently to clear the small intruders as they passed down our columns. The fleet flagship was free to operate independently at any time. She often operated in formation with the carrier group. Usually the heavy ships came alongside to fuel first, since they were the big consumers. After an hour or two, once the operation commenced and was proceeding smoothly, the fleet commander would call the various force commanders aboard his flagship for a conference. Helicopters were used for such shuttle trips. These conferences away from my ship didn't please me one bit since I was tactical commander for the whole fleet of ships and would have to turn over command to my chief of staff. Perhaps it was good training, if nothing else. I never thought these conferences ever accomplished much, nor were they really necessary. As the carriers completed their replenishment of fuel, as well as dry stores and fresh vegetables from the AKA, they would leave the formation and continue with their flight operations, but still within visual range of the fleet flagship. By mid-afternoon the entire replenishment would be completed, and the various forces would proceed to their next scheduled area of operations. Commander Service Force would have to bear in mind the next assignment, particularly for the carriers and cruisers, so that the replenishment operation would be completed at the nearest point to the next commitment, to permit them to reach their objective on time. Between major replenishment operations, the individual oilers were

available to replenish the smaller combatants at least weekly. The oilers were always on the run to top somebody off; but in an emergency, the carriers and cruisers could supply their own escorts. Following a fleet replenishment, one oiler would transfer her remaining cargo to the other oilers (consolidation) and the empty vessel would be sent back to Naples to load a new supply.

The USS ALTAIR arrived with a load of fresh vegetables, dry stores, and meat, reporting to me with a newly installed helicopter and landing platform, which she had received in Norfolk. A new concept of replenishment by helicopter rather than highline had recently originated in Washington and was to be tested out in the Mediterranean. I was pleasantly surprised to see my former NWC classmate of 1955-56, Captain Richard Colbert, in command of ALTAIR. He had high praise for the potentiality of this concept and the ability of his helo pilot. We took ALTAIR out with us for tests and found that the method was practical, and several times as fast as the high line operation. Using cargo nets carrying heavy loads of provisions, slung under the helo, the cargo could be unloaded on the fantail, or any convenient location on the receiving ship, simultaneously with the refueling operation going on at the same time. This reduced the entire replenishment time by a significant amount, because the fleet combatants had no need to make a separate visit alongside the AKA. After a few months testing without a breakdown or

casualty, everyone in the fleet was decidedly in favor of the concept. I went about collecting data and photos to prepare a final report and recommendations for adoption of this method throughout the navy for regular use, as soon as possible.

Captain Colbert was a capable and efficient commanding officer. Many of the oilers assigned to my command were commanded by naval aviators with limited seagoing experience; nevertheless, they, too, proved to be top-notch officers. This assignment was known as their "deep draft" command and if capable and reliable officers, they may next be assigned to a "major sea" command, leading to eligibility for consideration for promotion to flag rank. Meeting in the same port together, it was normal navy protocol for a skipper to report immediately, in person, to his next superior in the chain of command. Captain Colbert was always most punctual. Since we had known each other previously, we talked freely on many subjects. Dick never failed to bring up the subject of fitness reports, and whether I was reporting superior performance on his part. In reply to such queries, I would jokingly offer a vague reply. After about his third visit to me in various ports, I began to realize that he was dead serious and was definitely worried, lest he not be selected for flag rank. He confided in me that he had always maintained the highest marks on his fitness reports, and now at this stage he had to make certain that he would be

selected for flag rank. I picked up a stack of some twenty such reports on my desk, which I had been working on. All of these were for captains commanding Service Force Ships in the Mediterranean, each of whom was capable, or he wouldn't have been assigned to command in the first place. Navy Department orders required, that reporting seniors could not assign straight superior grades to more than one officer of that same grade under his command, i.e. all these captains under my command must be reported on a sliding scale. This was one of the most unjust rules emanating from Washington that I had ever heard of. I suddenly had a novel idea to help Captain Colbert. ALTAIR, having the replenishment helicopter and pilot, could logically report the results of the vertical replenishment tests and recommendations for adoption of this new method, then forwarding it through me, up the chain of command. This pleased Dick Colbert. When I finished the report a week later, I passed it over to him to have it typed up on his own ship's stationery with signature, then back to me for forwarding through channels. The report went through fine, was accepted and adopted by Washington. I also gave Dick the highest marks for any CO of the Service Force Ships assigned to the Mediterranean. He could now rest assured.

I ran into one disagreement with my boss VADM Anderson with regard to a court-martial case. As reviewing officer for such cases, I had on my staff the Fleet Legal Officer to assist me. The case involved one of the oiler COs. I

assigned the oiler to a ten-day upkeep period in Naples to carry out needed upkeep work on board. His ship was assigned dock space, and the engineering plant dismantled for maintenance and cleaning. The Captain came to me for approval of his taking leave in Paris. I tried to discourage him, from abandoning his ship in the course of a year assignment, since it was most unusual from my own experience. The commanding officer was indignant, inasmuch as the Mediterranean Fleet Commander had stated officially at a meeting of all COs, that they should take leave and rest when operational requirements permitted. This is true; however, no other CO felt free to do so. I finally approved the leave. While the captain was in Paris, the wind increased overnight in Naples, which it often does, and the mooring lines to the dock parted, allowing the oiler to float uncontrollably down the harbor, bumping into other ships at anchor. When the official finding of investigation came through for my review, the legal officer came running with it to me on the bridge. Normally we searched for mitigating circumstances, so as not to unnecessarily find a commanding officer culpable. The legal officer would usually prepare an approving statement for my signature in advance, but this case was different. He wanted to discuss with me in advance that the original finding was absolutely false and had no basis for the "Not Guilty" verdict. After devoting considerable thought, I simply had to conclude that the CO was derelict, in not leaving the ship in competent hands,

when he departed on vacation. When the wind picked up, if not long beforehand, additional mooring lines should have been led out to the dock, or even wire cables, during such a long period of time the engines were inoperative. In case the mooring lines did part, the anchor should have been prepared for dropping. I delivered my endorsement of disagreement with the finding to the SIXTH Fleet Commander, who emphatically disagreed with me, and attached his own approval of "Not Guilty", before forwarding to Washington. Washington approved the "Not Guilty" verdict, and the commanding officer was rewarded with command of an aircraft carrier on the west coast. This would be his final command before becoming a Rear Admiral. Entering San Diego a year later with a pilot on board, the ship went aground, and the captain was relieved of all future command. In such instances as this, one cannot help but find some superiors sharing part of the blame.

Oceangoing vessels have often suffered damage, particularly in stormy weather. One of the oilers I sent back to U.S. upon completion of her six month tour in the Mediterranean, ran through a storm enroute home and a number of her seams opened up, admitting sea water. Upon arrival in Norfolk, she had to enter drydock for repairs. This was considered an act of God, and the captain was not criticized. This same oiler returned to the Mediterranean a few months later, after completion of repairs and some rest for the

crew. When I next saw the same captain privately, I told him point blank, that the damage was probably his own fault for rushing at high speed to get back home, and for not changing course to prevent the pounding that the ship was apparently going through. The first thing to do under such circumstances is to slow down. The captain freely admitted his probable culpability, and he appeared not to have resented my criticism of his handling of the ship. He was an aviator, inexperienced in deep draft oilers, and just didn't know. Now, he had learned the hard way but never forgot it. He went on to command a carrier, was promoted to rear admiral, then advanced to vice admiral. His superior brain, together with his aviation and surface navy experience, made him a valuable flag officer for years to come.

I visited the fleet flagship numerous times whenever we happened to be in port together. The flagship captain, Francis Boyle, was a good skipper and a classmate of mine at the Naval Academy. There were many amusing incidents on board the fleet flagship, and some not so amusing. Admiral Anderson had no great admiration for his flagship captain. He continually harangued him on the quarterdeck in my presence and in front of a dozen or more of the ship's company, which I considered to be entirely improper. Pete Boyle was short of stature, and I was aware that the Admiral, being tall himself, preferred only large tall officers, such as his handpicked Chief of Staff, my predecessor. I happened

to be outside the Admirals's cabin one Sunday morning waiting to call on him. The Chief of Staff had just entered, showing the Admiral the dispatch which had been just broadcast listing new Rear Admirals selected from among the eligible Captains. As the Admiral read the list, he and his Chief of Staff commented on each. The comments were amusing, as I listened more attentively. Five of my Naval Academy classmates were listed. As the admiral saw the name Frances Boyle, he let out a loud "What is this guy doing on the list? I've given him his last two unsatisfactory fitness reports." The Admiral's day was ruined, but many of us were happy for Pete Boyle, having been selected for promotion to rear admiral.

Only once was my judgment questioned over a replenishment operation. This involved a minor squadron of destroyers, recently arrived, under command of a rear admiral, who happened to be a classmate. The sea was rough, with a strong wind. I picked the best course and speed possible, and decided that conditions were still unfavorable for the ships to be able to hold position alongside. I suggested that we delay briefly while moving to the lee of a nearby island which would provide protection. The squadron destroyer commander insisted that we go ahead with the replenishment immediately, against my better judgment. We did, and accomplished the operation without any casualties; however, the destroyer skippers had a very difficult time.

During this tour we visited all the usual ports in the Mediterranean, which the U.S. Navy habitually entered for a weekend of liberty. These visits included Barcelona, Naples, Nice, Palermo, Athens, Cyprus, Crete, Iskanderon, and Rhodes.

Vice Admiral Anderson was nearing completion of his one year tour and was scheduled to be relieved by Vice Admiral David MacDonald as Commander SIXTH Fleet. The latter had become a good friend during my tour in Sweden just previously. He was assigned to NATO staff duty in Paris; and every summer, he and his wife would take a week of leave time, and stay with us in our spacious apartment in Stockholm. I contacted Admiral MacDonald and asked for consideration to become his Chief of Staff in the SIXTH Fleet. The Admiral concurred, and I felt that I had something to look forward to. I was available right there on the spot, and was probably one of the best qualified officers in all aspects of SIXTH Fleet operations. Just then, I received a lengthy letter from the Deputy Director of ONI in Washington, Captain Rufus Taylor, a colleague who had, like myself, studied in Japan just prior to WWII. Captain Taylor had been assigned to similar duty as mine during the war, after which he opted for a return to sea duty, as did most other regular officers. However, he was unsuccessful at sea from the start, and had changed his status from "Line" officer to "Intelligence Duty Only". This was one of the new

Corps designations which came into being shortly after WWII by act of Congress. Captain Taylor advised me that I was desperately needed immediately to relieve Captain John Bromley, the incumbent Naval Attache in Tokyo. Captain Bromley was also an "Intelligence Duty Only" officer, a classmate, and former Japanese language officer. He had been Attache for less than one year of his normal three year tour; however, the embassy in Tokyo had requested his immediate replacement. I could not understand this at the time, as I knew Captain Bromley to be a capable officer and a fluent language officer for that job. I conveyed my awareness of this in my reply to Captain Taylor, as well as the fact that I had already recently completed a full tour of attache duty in Stockholm, not to mention semi-official duty as such in Jidda, Arabia. In conclusion, I contended that if it were truly an emergency to relieve the Attache in Tokyo prior to completion of his tour, then he, Captain Taylor, was the person who should do that, since he was available, fully qualified, and moreover, had not served outside of Washington for the previous fifteen years. I had opted for continuing line duty and was basing my career on sea service and not intelligence assignments. Captain Taylor was aware of all this without my telling him in writing; however, he had other plans for himself and was in the driver's seat in ONI to fulfill his plan. Next, I received a letter from the officer assignment desk in BuPers, Captain B.J. Semmes, another classmate, who later became an admiral and Chief of the

Bureau of Personnel. He said that he could understand my protest regarding my reassignment to Japan, and that there were already a number of captains vying for the job of Chief of Staff, SIXTH Fleet. Moreover, captains were not eligible for a second tour at sea consecutively. This was absolutely false because my predecessor had done exactly that. However, my good friend Captain Semmes added, that he had the best job in the Navy available for a senior captain, if I would like to be Assistant Chief of Staff with the United Nations Forces in Korea. I immediately replied that I would take it, provided that I was not likely to be selected for the SIXTH Fleet Chief of Staff. Fully believing that I had called BuPers "bluff" on this one, since I suspected they had no intention of sending me to Korea, I was surprised to receive immediate orders to report to the United Nations Command, Korea, as Chief of Staff, J2 (Joint Staff, Intelligence), in October 1961.

My relief arrived on board MISSISSINEWA, and we commenced preparations for turning over of command. Admiral Anderson was ordered back to Washington to become CNO, the top position in the Navy. However, he was not to become ingratiated with his superior, President Jack Kennedy, and was therefore not reappointed to a second two year term as CNO.

I was detached as ComServFor SIXTH Fleet with four days

leave before flying off to Korea, where dependents were not permitted to accompany their sponsors. I had arranged to keep my Naples apartment, where my family would remain during my one year assignment in Korea. The family enjoyed Naples, where there were the services of a U.S. Navy Medical Hospital staffed with specialists, a large navy commissary and post exchange, and living conditions were excellent and reasonable.

After turning over my duties, I went home for a good night's rest, planning to visit Rome the next day for several days vacation. Upon awaking the next morning, I was dizzy and could not stand up. My right side and leg were partially numb. I was taken to the Naples Medical Research Hospital where U.S. navy doctors carried out a series of tests throughout the day. The trip to Rome had to be cancelled. The doctors could find nothing wrong with me. Perhaps they thought I was bluffing. I was taken home, but ordered to return next day if conditions were not back to normal. The following morning again, I could not get out of bed and returned to the hospital to undergo all the same tests and examinations. Still, nothing could be found, all reflexes were normal. I was declared fit for duty at sea and ashore, this statement being inserted in my medical record. One doctor had the nerve to say, that there was nothing seriously wrong, for if it had been a stroke, I would be dead by now.

During the next couple days, I regained some control of my right leg and arm. Shaving was most difficult in trying to raise my right arm. On the fifth day I flew off to Korea with a two day stop in the U.S. for debriefing, all the while trying to disguise my lingering dizziness and numbness on my right side.

Upon arrival at Seoul, Korea, airport, I was met and introduced to the U.N. Staff Headquarters and environs. The staff was composed entirely of U.S. army, navy, and air force officers, headed by a U.S. army major general, whose chief of staff was an air force general. The majority of the officers were U.S. army, with a few air force officers. I was the only navy captain. There were allied units in the field holding down defense positions. There was a separate U.N.-North Korean Armistice Commission, (which negotiated weekly with the North Koreans), composed of various U.N. officers from numerous countries, but not including Russians. The U.S. representative on this committee was a Navy Rear Admiral.

I was assigned to the U.N. housing compound, where I shared a Korean bungalow with a U.S. army colonel. I was assigned my private Chevrolet sedan, painted brown, with an army private chauffeur. I had no great need for a car, but we were not permitted to walk around unaccompanied. I preferred a little walking exercise.

I was assigned to the officers' mess, where I would take all my meals. I felt out of place there at first, with as many as 38 Army brigadier generals, 20 colonels, and I the only naval officer, except for the U.S. Navy rear admiral, who was sometimes present in the mess, when he was not required in the demilitarized zone for ongoing negotiations. We sat at regular tables with linen furnished. After the initial few days, I became better acquainted with many army colleagues and learned valuable new army protocol. My army colonel colleagues presented me with their various types of uniform insignia, once they learned of my interest in making a collection of such. Of great interest to me was the fact that each of these generals, colonels, etc. held three different commissions simultaneously, such as acting, actual, and reserve; i.e. a general might have an actual commission in the army as a captain. To me, a navy type, it was extremely complicated and confusing as well, as the organization and assignment of responsibilities within our sister service. Many of the brigadiers felt that they commanded no more respect nor assignment of responsibilities than that of a colonel. The feeling was actually mutual.

Our Commanding General of the U.N. Force also was the commander of his own U.S. Eighth Army command, of which I was not a member nor did I have any responsibilities therein.

My predecessor, the Chief of Staff, J2 (Joint Command, Intelligence) had already been transferred back to the U.S.A. for "hardship reasons" prior to my arrival in Seoul. My assistant, an air force colonel, had been acting head of the division, pending my arrival. Essentially, I was to be the head of the entire intelligence community within South Korea, and anything connected with intelligence was to be coordinated through me. In like manner, the commanding general of the United Nations Forces was to be the supreme commander; however, there was the U.S. Embassy with an ambassador in Seoul, and the commanding general himself had his own U.S. Eighth Army command. I could not fathom how such an arrangement could possibly function efficiently. The United States CIA organization was assigned to our embassy. Instead of coordinating with me, they refused to even acknowledge their own existence. The Russians knew perfectly well "who was who" all over the world. I set about to learn how they did and very quickly learned on my own. Still, they refused to cooperate or even acknowledge our joint responsibilities. Nor would my U.N. commanding general care to hear any of my comments or suggestions. He had this same attitude toward his own Eighth Army intelligence officer, another colonel. The general relied solely on a subordinate army captain, operating a separate intelligence activity, with no allegiance to any official organization, but only direct to the commander. I set about to establish close personal relations with this officer, became good friends,

but he refused to cooperate with me officially as head of all intelligence activities within Korea. My position in Korea was superfluous and unnecessary.

The principal disturbing problem to my air force colonel assistant was the drafting of a new intelligence plan for Korea, which was due to be submitted within weeks. I asked him for background information and suggestions. I could sense immediately that he had strong desires to furnish air force input into the plan. I suggested that since I was so new to the job that he should go ahead and draft his concept from the start. I would then study it and approve, if practical in all respects. With this reply, he was as pleased as a kid with a new toy. He said that he had already drafted a plan which he had with him. I studied it for a few days. It was indeed most practical, with forces available. In comparison with the previous plan, I couldn't have done better myself. I approved it forthwith, and this became the revised intelligence plan for Korea. My assistant was elated, and we became close friends ever after. I hope he was promoted to general for this accomplishment.

At 8:00 every morning the senior officers of the U.N. Staff met outdoors, assembled for morning colors, to hear announcements for the day. At these assemblies, I endured excruciating pain when raising my arm to salute. I still had difficulty raising my arm to shave, and would become dizzy in

bed at night if I should roll over on my right side. I would become startled immediately, awaken and roll over on my left side to relieve the dizziness.

Every few months, the entire U.N. Command Staff would go off on a field exercise for a week. We would establish temporary field headquarters and play war games. I considered them to be vastly inferior to what we did at NWC in Newport. I often felt that my own presence was entirely unnecessary.

President Park Chung Hi regularly entertained the American officers lavishly at his official quarters. There was no other social activity. There was an officers club in our U.N. compound for dinner and orchestra music nightly, with a separate room of slot machines, which I found to be quite profitable to play. Most relaxing to me was a friendly bridge game at the home of our Navy admiral assigned to the Armistice Commission, with another expert bridge player, the Air Force major general who was Chief of Staff to the U.N. Command.

I visited around the city of Seoul to learn something about the people. I found them to be very industrious, like the Japanese, but much more friendly than they were previously under Japanese rule prior to WWII. I established a close relationship with the Korean navy. They couldn't

have been more friendly and cooperative, willing to share all secrets. Likewise with the Korean CIA command, headed by a retired Korean army general.

The incumbent President, Park Chung Hi (successor to the supposedly native born Korean, Sigmond Rhea, who had spent most of his earlier adult life in China, principally in the vicinity of Shanghai) was popular and respected. He was the driving force of the nation for development into a modern state, prior to his untimely assassination. He personally moved about the countryside by automobile, and forced the farmers and peasants to get out and plow their fields each fall before winter set in, and again early in springtime to plant the first crops. He was happy to greet all Americans personally and to talk with us on any subject related to his country.

I had served in Korea for six months and was settling down nicely to the routine, when one day I received a letter from my classmate in BuPers, B.J. Semmmes, saying "Sorry, John, you still have to go to Tokyo." Very shortly and before I could reply to his letter, I received dispatch orders to proceed to Tokyo immediately, and relieve as U.S. naval attache. No successor came to Korea to relieve me, but I had to comply at once. (Captain Semmes was promoted to rear admiral and eventually took over as Chief of Naval Personnel.) I was provided with the services of a U.S. Air

Force plane based in Korea and flew over to Tokyo with all my belongings in several small cases.

Upon arrival in Tokyo, I well remembered parts of the business district left standing, as well as the Imperial Diet Building (Parliament), the Emperor's Palace, and the American Embassy. Large areas of the metropolis were leveled to the ground in the massive air raids of WWII. A few commercial buildings and houses had been newly constructed. All Japanese street signs had been removed and in their place a system of American alphabetical letters and numerals had been substituted. Some of the streets had been re-routed. This was a little confusing.

Only after I had consulted with the incumbent naval attache, Captain John Bromley (my Naval Academy classmate and former Japanese language officer), did I learn for the first time a probable reason for his ouster, less than halfway through his normal three year tour. It was not the ambassador, but rather the deputy chief of mission who had personality clashes with Captain Bromley. Since all dispatches from the embassy went out over the ambassador's signature, our Navy Department may not have known the real reasons. When I arrived in Tokyo, the deputy himself was being transferred by the State Department the same day and I never met him. If BuPers had held off another day, perhaps I would not have been so suddenly sent to Tokyo. I could sense

something else troubling my predecessor even more than his being relieved as attache. He and Captain Taylor in ONI were the only two intelligence officers eligible for promotion to the single flag rank intelligence billet available. Taylor was selected and was elevated to Chief of ONI. Bromley knew that he would be relegated to some minor position when he returned to Washington. He resigned the following year, 1963, and died a few years later. Taylor, after completing his tour as head of ONI, was elevated to the Defense Intelligence Agency (an organization which I had always considered an unnecessary additional level of control), and from there he was promoted to three-star rank and appointed Deputy Director of CIA.

My office in Tokyo was no longer in the Embassy Compound, but the "Embassy Annex", a six-story office building nearby which had been taken over to accommodate the increased American Embassy staff following WWII.

The former Supreme Commander, General MacArthur, was gone by now, and the Japanese Government was again functioning under their new Constitution.

My home was to be my predecessor's - a large plush house with flower garden and a spacious parking area. This particular house had been privately purchased by Captain Bromley's predecessor, another classmate who, incidentally,

was my roommate at the Naval Academy. Captain Bromley could not purchase the property outright, so his predecessor offered it for sale to the Navy Department, which lacked funds for such expenditures; but the State Department quickly took up the option. (The residence was earmarked for the senior attache thereafter. By the time I left Japan in 1964, the value of the property had more than quadrupled in five years.)

I could now plan to bring my family, including a six-month-old son whom I had not as yet seen, from Naples to Tokyo. There were adequate packers and shippers in Naples who provided large shipping cases for overseas moves, where pilferage was not uncommon. The Tokyo house was completely furnished by the embassy. My family arrived direct by aircraft, and settled into the new life. Our shipment of household goods, consisting mostly of linens, clothing, dishes, crystal, decorations, etc., though not really essential at this early phase, duly arrived a month or so later. I had the cases unloaded from the trucks outside the house, since they were much too large to be brought inside. As they were lifted from the trucks and set down, I observed that two of the five cases were dripping water profusely. They had undoubtedly been dipped into the sea while being unloaded from the cargo ship in Yokohama. They had to be unpacked immediately, and all the linen and wearing apparel laundered and dry cleaned. Fortunately, there were cleaning

facilities established now in Tokyo.

Attache duty is quite similar anywhere around the globe, to represent one's particular branch of his own government, and to be well-informed on similar matters of interest within the host government. The place to start is getting acquainted with one's opposite numbers in the host country, and from there develop further contacts. I had experienced more than my share of such duty at four or five different embassies around the world. Rarely is a naval officer assigned attache duty more than once in his career.

In Tokyo, Ambassador Reischauer scheduled a weekly staff meeting of principal officers, at which he personally presided. This was ideal for exchanging information and developments. Department heads were required to submit their plans for home entertainment a month in advance for approval, to avoid scheduling on a date when some other event was planned embassy-wide. All officers were expected to attend official embassy receptions in the Ambassador's residence, and to converse with the guests to make them feel welcome.

Ambassador Reischauer was friendly to all officers; however, he appeared to me to be not too interested in military affairs. He carried out orders from Washington concerning obtaining permission from the Japanese foreign office, to bring an American atomic submarine into port for a

visit. This was a difficult time, when numerous demonstrations were being held throughout Japan against the use of atomic power. I knew very little about the ambassador's background, except that he was an expert in things Japanese as a professor at Harvard University. He was married to a charming Japanese lady of well-to-do parents. She spoke excellent English when called upon to do so. I did not think that the Ambassador had any prior military service. Years later, I was to learn that he had served in Army Intelligence in Washington during WWII. At times in Tokyo, I even felt that he was a pacifist at heart, like so many Japanese at that time. He was the son of an American missionary in Japan before WWII. His wife had taught school and worked in Japanese orphanages. In fact, his wife's sister still operated an orphanage in Japan. Although the ambassador did not neglect to entertain the other diplomats, he went out of his way, it seemed to me, to court religious people and missionaries from throughout Japan. His wife entertained small children and orphanage groups by day in the Embassy grounds. The ambassador and his wife worked extremely hard to popularize American friendship among all classes of the Japanese people.

Vice Admiral Thomas Moorer had recently taken over command of the Seventh Fleet. I accompanied him on all his official calls in Japan. I had known the Admiral as a midshipman, he being one year senior to me. I would brief

him on each individual, he would call on, and their principle fields of interest. On Admiral Moorer's second visit to our ambassador some months later, I advised him of the ambassador's seemingly disinterest in things navy, and suggested that he invite the ambassador out for a demonstration on board a carrier at sea. This the admiral did, and the ambassador accepted. Elaborate preparations were made for a flight demonstration off the carrier at sea. The ambassador was simply delighted with viewing the actual operations, and especially with the gift of a colored photo album made up on board, showing himself in the center of all things taking place on board. We no longer feared for his active support of all naval operations within his area of jurisdiction.

The new deputy chief at the embassy, John Emerson, arrived about a week after me in Tokyo. I was delighted to see my old colleague of pre-WWII days, when we were both young language students. We were the only two pre-WWII holdovers attached to the Embassy. There could be no future clashes of personality between the embassy and the Naval Attache's Office.

Upon arriving in Japan, I had made up my mind in advance that I would never discuss WWII, nor become involved in any argument concerning any particular action or incident in the war. I would meticulously avoid any such discussion. In

this, I was successful throughout my tour. The Japanese Chief of the Navy Defense Forces had actually spent the war years in Peru, as a young officer to learn Spanish. None of the senior officers of the newly created Japanese Defense Forces had held any significant command position during the fighting except for one, Minoru Genda, who was by now a duly elected member of the Diet. Genda had been a young lieutenant commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy, who actually planned the details of the Japanese navy air raid attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. He had been transferred to the Japanese air force, and still held the retired rank of general. I had only recently met Genga and was impressed with his sense of humor. I decided that the next time I entertained Japanese admirals in my home, I would also invite Diet member Genga, who must still have an interest in the navy. He accepted forthright, and seemed to enjoy conversation with the admirals. Later in the evening, after a few brandies following dinner, I noticed him in a corner, surrounded by four or five admirals, listening to WWII tales. I stayed clear of the group, but close enough to hear the conversation taking place as I moved around to various other guests. At one point, Genga used one of his few English expressions "Dirty Poker", then returning to Japanese and saying "How can anyone win a war when the enemy is reading their communications?" I invited Genga back to my home several times and he always gladly accepted. Never once during this tour in Japan, did Genga or anyone else ever

bring up the subject of WWII to me directly.

Invitations to my home always included the wives. This was something new, even in modern Japan, and a few of the more senior Japanese men were hesitant to bring their wives out in public. After my insistence they all came usually, and had a good time in their own reticent way. Again, I served American whiskey rather than the usual Scotch. Being aware of the general Japanese aversion to strong liquor, I always prepared an ample supply of fairly mild Old Fashion drinks. Even the ladies tried it, and politely sipped on the sweet mixture all evening, with no adverse effects. My wife was so impressed with the Japanese ladies that she planned daytime parties for them, whereby they all practiced flower arranging, origami paper folding, and one was simple hat designs with artificial flowers sewn on. Other Embassy military wives assisted, and could practice the Japanese language at the same time. These gatherings were very popular with no men around to interfere.

Unlike the pre-WWII years, today U.S. attaches abroad, whether in Western Europe or the Far East, are overwhelmed with visitors or callers. A guest book for signatures should be maintained. I had a yeoman who was an amateur photographic enthusiast, who liked to practice his skill. This worked well for remembering faces. Host country military persons and businessmen were of course the usual

visitors to the office. Visiting U.S. military officials from the U.S. usually came for briefing or orientation of the surrounding countryside. American businessmen and U.S. corporation representatives actually residing in the host country usually desire to maintain contact with official representatives at the American Embassy. By far the greatest number of callers today are American businessmen looking for foreign outlets for their manufactures, as well as just plain tourists from the U.S. on vacation. Many of these I would invite to my home that evening, if convenient. Many newly promoted rear admirals would come from the states to visit the area of the world that was new to them, and many times they expected me to accompany them around the country for as much as a week at a time. An attache has considerable official office work to accomplish, and cannot afford to be absent from the Embassy for any length of time. Earlier in my career, I had observed naval attaches all over Western Europe and the Mediterranean ports, being imposed upon by fleet commanders and lesser ranked officers to perform extra services. Many uninformed, high ranking officers expected that the Attache was there to act as his personal aide, having no important duties otherwise. I knew of numerous instances in which an otherwise efficient attache would receive a black mark on his record from a Fleet Commander, merely because he felt that the attache was not devoting enough interest to the commander's personal wishes. It is a difficult problem in personal relations confronting the navy

today.

Secretary of the Navy, Fred Korth, suddenly appeared unexpectedly in my Tokyo office. He wanted to sit down and talk. He first apologized for interrupting my work, and while not inquiring about official matters, merely wanted to know a bit about Tokyo and places in Japan. He was extremely friendly and easy to talk to. I couldn't believe that this was the Secretary himself. He apparently knew his way around the world, probably by private conversations with the naval attache in each country visited. Before departing he told me that he was originally from Texas and that he had quite a few important business acquaintances down there. One of these, a good friend of the navy, was due to visit Japan in a few weeks, and would I "look out" for him? Of course! The Secretary left forthwith, refusing to let me do anything for him. His Texas friend arrived, and I escorted him around for several days. They returned home and apparently lauded the personal attention they received in Tokyo. Secretary Korth wrote me a personal letter of thanks, and added that another "good friend of the navy" was arriving in Tokyo the following month, and would I "look out" for them also. This personal correspondence seemed to go on every month or so, almost indefinitely. It didn't bother me at all. Finally, I noticed a small article in the newspaper stating that Navy Secretary Korth was being asked to resign because of "impropriety in office". He refused to resign, and finally

it was announced that he was fired for the specific reason of "using official Navy Department stationery for his personal purposes." I heard various giggles within navy circles, and took stock of my own experience. Sure enough, there was something true about the charge against the Secretary; however, I felt that the announcement could have been phrased in more diplomatic terms.

Secretary Korth had visited Vice Admiral David MacDonald while ComSIXTH Fleet in the Mediterranean in 1962, and was most impressed with the operation. MacDonald was transferred to CinCNelm in London. Out of the blue, the admiral arrived in Japan for a brief orientation tour in preparation for a sudden new assignment, that of CNO, relieving Admiral Anderson. I was pleased to see my old friend Admiral MacDonald and his wife again, and accompanied them around Japan. In the course of our conversation he told me, that he was most happy in London with a golf course nearby, and having no further ambition, he had hoped to retire there when these surprise orders arrived, even before they were completely settled in at the new post. Only later did I learn that Secretary Korth had refused the recommendations of his navy advisors, and had personally picked his favorite Admiral MacDonald to be the new Chief of Naval Operations. MacDonald was an ideal choice to be the top navy admiral; however, it was contrary to his personal wishes or ambition.

We had an MAAG (Military Assistance Advisory Group) Mission with headquarters near Tokyo. Their duties were just that. I visited them occasionally, as I did with various other U.S. detachments. One commander, S.A. Taffinder in charge of the supply branch, was a familiar name. It turned out that he was the son of my next door neighbor in Newport, Rhode Island, Vice Admiral S.A. Taffinder, Retired.

I maintained close relations with the Japanese Self-Defense Forces. Their CNO and his wife on several occasions invited me and my wife to spend a day with them in a Japanese inn some distance away from Tokyo, where we would don Japanese kimono and relax, or walk around the countryside, sleeping on the floor at night in true Japanese style. Through the admiral I met his boss, the Secretary of the Japanese Navy, with whom we struck up an instant friendship. The Secretary, a political appointee, knew very little about the Navy and relied solely on his CNO, Admiral Nakayama. The Secretary's family loved to visit my home, even without invitation. They had a teenage son and daughter, and were anxious for their obtaining a higher education in the U.S. (money was no problem). "Would I help them to obtain admission" to any institution of higher education? I did, but it wasn't easy. The main stumbling block was their inability to speak English. This was eventually overcome.

I scouted Tokyo and my former favorite haunts throughout Japan. Most of them were gone. My former residence in Tokyo, as well as those of many others, had been wiped out by the air raids of WWII. All of our former cooks and servants had disappeared. No one knew what had happened to them. I did locate my former Japanese head instructor, Nao Naganuma. He had been married to the daughter of an American missionary. Now he was a widower, living with his daughter and her family, who still send me a Christmas card every year. Naganuma related to me his rough times with the Japanese State Department during the war. He was presently compiling a new Japanese-American encyclopedia, welcoming suggestions. He came to my office regularly, early each morning, to help me brush up on my speech-making, and to read the local newspaper together. The spoken Japanese language itself returned readily to me.

I had a visit from retired U.S. Navy Admiral E.T. Layton, who now resided in Tokyo as a civilian representative for an American aircraft manufacturer. He had been my boss in Tokyo when I was a language student in the 1930s, and had been one of my superiors all through the Pacific War. In this setting, however, I was now the senior U.S. navy official in Tokyo, and he, Layton, retired, was a civilian. I took advantage of the situation by jokingly asking, "Admiral, have you begun to slow down, now that you have passed middle age?" "Yes," he replied, "I actually have,

John." From here on, I could call him "Eddie". We met often in our respective homes. I still held him in great admiration, as I know he did me.

I visited the American Club, which was a noon luncheon club for American businessmen and company representatives, press reporters, etc. since pre-WWII days. I was still a member, absent on home leave for 25 years.

I appeared in the Tokyo Club, a former elite Japanese entrepreneurs' club with very few foreign members. I was warmly welcomed as a former member, and was presented with an updated resident membership card. Gradually, I recalled some of the aged members and they me. I enjoyed dropping in occasionally and listening to their tales of old. Their club property in Tokyo had increased in value manyfold. They have since built a new club elsewhere at a fraction of the price they had received for the old property.

An elderly Japanese gentleman visited my office and explained that he was Chairman of the Admiral Togo Foundation. Togo was the leader of the Japanese Naval Forces which decidedly defeated the Russian Fleet at the Battle of Tsushima Straits early in the twentieth century. Togo was revered as the father of the Imperial Japanese Navy, and his picture adorns Japanese navy offices alongside that of Emperor Hirohito. My visitor explained that Admiral Nimitz

had visited Japan a number of times and was kind to Japan (since the cessation of hostilities), and held Admiral Togo in high esteem. In fact, it was Admiral Nimitz, who was the driving force behind the raising of funds to enshrine the old MIKASA, flagship of Admiral Togo in 1903, having it embedded in solid concrete around the lower underwater part of the hull. Admiral Nimitz had written an article on Admiral Togo recently for publishing. He had remuneration due from the magazine publisher, but was too old and feeble to visit Japan to collect. Nimitz told them he didn't want any fee for his article. The foundation representative wished for me to act as stand-in for Admiral Nimitz, in receiving the check and turning it over to the Togo Shrine. In this way they would receive favorable publicity for their new navy. I explained that I would have to verify Admiral Nimitz's wishes in the matter. I sent a letter off to Admiral Nimitz; however, the next day I received a letter from the Admiral, verifying what had been told to me by the visitor, and saying that I might be contacted by the Japanese in the near future. He asked me if I would please be his representative, and act as I saw fit. I contacted the Japanese on this, and they appeared as a group, including the magazine publisher and press photographers. I received the check, turned around and presented it to the Togo Foundation representative, all the time photos being taken. This was not the end. There was to be a Buddhist religious ceremony at the enshrined birthplace of Admiral Togo, several weeks hence, and I was requested to

represent Admiral Nimitz as the honored guest. I consulted the Japanese navy office, which took me in tow and instructed me on what to expect, how to put on the solemn Japanese facial expression, when to clap the extended palms of my hands, as the Japanese do in reverence before a shrine, and also how to moan and croak as a Buddhist priest. I attended the ceremony in full uniform with white gloves in a temple in south Japan. Japanese military, high local officials, and plain civilians filled the available seats, numbering about one hundred. I was stationed in front of a table displaying the photo of Admiral Togo and some of his mementoes. About six Buddhist priests officiated. Spectators were all dressed in black kimonos. The only color was the bright orange robes of the priests and my gold braid. The atmosphere was solemn and tense. I was glad that I had come alone, with no other American friends present. Photo flash bulbs were popping. The ceremony was lengthy but all seemed to go well. I could not change my rigid, solemn facial expression for some time after the ceremony was over. As I bowed in both directions and started down the aisle, the Japanese CNO emerged from the darkened gathering and grabbed my arm, saying, "You did very well." As we emerged into the daylight outdoors, a staff captain remarked that "had I worn one of those orange blankets, he could not have distinguished me from a real Buddhist monk." I felt relieved and accompanied the Japanese naval officers to an inn nearby, where we had some warm sake and snacks to relax. Newspapers carried the full ceremony

with pictures. I could not cover all the details in reporting back to Admiral Nimitz, but I had plenty of photos to send him to prove "mission accomplished".

In addition to the many official Japanese Government receptions that took place regularly, the Emperor and Empress held receptions with native dancing and ancient martial arts demonstrations on the palace grounds, to which all foreign diplomats and government officials were invited. At these latter, all guests were usually given gifts, neatly wrapped and bearing the Imperial Chrysanthemum crest to take home. (The Crown Prince, now grown slightly elderly but a very pleasant man, had just been born when I was formerly a language student in Tokyo.)

Early in 1963, my navy supply lieutenant was to be transferred and his successor appeared in my office one morning. I glanced at him in disbelief. It was my former chief yeoman writer and assistant in the Persian Gulf, now Lieutenant Robert England, wearing the line officer star on his sleeve, with two stripes. I was delighted, but how could he handle fiscal matters and act as paymaster, I wondered. He told me that he had been transferred to Washington, where he searched through the records and finally discovered that I was in Tokyo. "Where you go I want to go, Captain. I requested any assignment in the Naval Attache's Office in Tokyo," he said. There was nothing available in the

immediate future except the supply officer's job, but England convinced his superiors, that he could handle that and had done so previously in the Persian Gulf. An exception was made, and he was given a brief refresher course before being ordered to Tokyo. England was an all-around man and could handle any assignment as capably as any officer with a college degree, which latter he did not have. I was happy to have him in an officer's uniform this time, even though a "mustang", which only meant that he could not be promoted to the highest ranks.

In 1963 I had a visit from the Director of the Port Authority in San Francisco. He was interested in setting up a representative office in Japan to promote commerce and shipping to and from the Far East. He came to Japan to investigate prospects and current conditions. I answered his many questions and suggested where and whom he might visit to further his knowledge. Upon his return to the U.S., he wrote me a lengthy letter asking more questions, some about costs and whether or not I would consider taking the job myself in Tokyo. I had no intention of resigning, especially since I had one more chance of being selected for promotion before being retired the following year. I sent him a detailed estimated annual budget, to establish a representative in Tokyo. Soon, I began receiving similar visits and queries from such cities as Seattle, Los Angeles, Boston, New York City, and Baltimore. They were all enthusiastic at first,

but none of them could obtain legislative approval of such a large budget outlay. Nothing ever materialized in any of these contacts.

I had never visited the large naval base in Sasebo, at the extreme southwest corner of Japan, because it was off limits before the war. An old friend and fellow language officer, Captain Ike Wilson, was now stationed there as Senior U.S. Navy Representative. I had not seen Ike since before the war, so I made the trip to look over the base. Captain Wilson had been evacuated from Japan a few months before the Pearl Harbor attack, and was sent to sea immediately in the destroyer USS POLK in Asiatic waters. He, like the rest of us, needed sea duty desperately. POLK was sunk in Indonesian waters shortly after Pearl Harbor, and Captain (then Lieutenant) Wilson was rescued by the Japanese and taken prisoner for the duration of the war. He acted as interpreter at one of the prisoner of war camps. Following the war, he was released and returned to the U.S. where he was hospitalized for several years. Throughout the rest of his life, he remained bitter over the fact that his extensive training could not have been used against the enemy during the hostilities. He and Captain Taylor, back in ONI at this time, had lived together in the same house in Tokyo for nearly three years. What confounded me was the fact that Captain Wilson was already present in Japan and could have conveniently relieved my predecessor Captain Bromley as naval

attache. He was already well-experienced and would have been an effective naval attache in Tokyo.

Facing retirement within a few months, my wife talked me into applying for a graduate degree in East Asia Studies at Harvard. (She would apply to Brown University for a degree herself, in teaching.) In this way I would obtain official college recognition for things I already knew. I was never enthused over a degree for the sake of "recognition". In my own mind, I knew what I knew, and that was enough satisfaction for me. Harvard sent me forms to fill out and to make my selection of courses, informing me that I could not apply for a PhD at this time, but could attend as a graduate student seeking a master's degree. I needed recommendations from several people. Ambassador Reischauer had been one of two Harvard professors, who had originally set up the Oriental Studies Program in the late 1930s. The other was Professor John Fairbanks, who was still there as head of the East Asia Studies Department, occupying one of the newer buildings on campus, known as The Harvard-Yenching Institute. Ambassador Reischauer provided me with a "glowing" letter of recommendation, saying that was really all that was necessary, over his signature, to gain admission. I also requested a recommendation from my Japanese friend and former head instructor of Japanese for American Language Officers before the war. The latter letter of recommendation, in beautiful English, went so far as to

list praises that I didn't think I deserved. He further stated that I had all the qualifications of a PhD in Oriental Studies and the Japanese Language, but that the U.S. Government had refused such official recognition because all their students had been U.S. Government employees and therefore such personal recognition would be improper.

I was nearing completion of my tour and facing retirement. I had reason to believe that Washington was having difficulty in locating and training a successor. I wrote Captain (now Rear Admiral) Rufus Taylor, Head of ONI, that I would be happy to stay on in Tokyo as long as necessary, to allow them time to train a relief for me, but was told that this was impossible. This, too, was not true, because I knew of dozens of captains in similar positions who were retained past their retirement dates, including several at NWC in Newport.

At a brief ceremony held in my office, the Chief of the Japanese Navy Self-Defense Forces presented me with the Japanese Order of the Sacred Treasure in the name of the Emperor. This was just a few days before my planned departure and a pleasant surprise to me. Apparently the Japanese still liked me.

My successor arrived in mid-June 1964. He seemed pleasant enough, however a very quiet person. I turned over

my responsibilities, and flew over to Third Naval District Headquarters in New York City for retirement processing. The Commandant of the District, Rear Admiral Redfield Mason, was a former Japanese language student and a longtime friend. He had anticipated my arrival and had planned a few days vacation, turning over his home intact to me and my family, while I was undergoing retirement processing in his Headquarters building. Because my earlier symptoms of numbness and dizziness had not completely disappeared, I demanded a complete physical examination for the record before signing retirement papers. Again, I was found "completely fit for any duty." I was to be discharged on 1 July 1964, the same day that summer school convened at Harvard, which I planned to attend. My retirement papers were ready, but I had to wait in New York for the official date to arrive.

My tenants in Newport had just departed from my house for a new assignment, and everything was in readiness for my family to move in. We arrived by car from New York, and after getting them settled I took off for Cambridge, Massachusetts, two days late for the start of summer school.

Upon arrival at Harvard, the registrar's office had me scheduled for the various Japanese classes I had requested. On the matter of language, they had changed my request for the beginner's course to the advanced class. Fortunately the

Registrar had made the change, for I found the advanced course in the language not too demanding and far behind what I had experienced in earlier days. Harvard graduate linguists were barely up to the level of Japanese high school students. There was absolutely no Japanese conversation conducted in the classroom. In this "advanced course", the students learned by reading and translating from small pamphlets containing excerpts from stories of birds and bees and flowers in paradise - nothing that could be of much use in real life. I had learned to read Japanese from actual storybooks used in the grade schools by Japanese students, as well as current newspapers and magazines. Students at Harvard were required to learn the characters in the text and the English translation.

I enjoyed the Harvard course because I learned new "artful" words I had never run into before, even in Japanese newspapers and magazines. The Japanese and Chinese history courses were interesting, because they were conducted by Oriental visiting professors from the west coast of the U.S.A. Their particular interpretation of history was not always in conformity with my own ideas. On final exams, I meticulously put down exactly what the instructor had said in the classroom. I was still groping around in a new environment, trying to find out how to succeed in a civilian world, to which I was unaccustomed.

I received all top grades for the summer session. I was called into an "advisor's" office and was informed that I had completed all requirements for my master's degree in East Asian Studies during this summer's session. This was a surprise, since I had assumed that a master's degree would be difficult and time-consuming. I merely wanted to get a little head start in summer school. My advisor now told me that I was free to take any courses offered throughout Harvard, even unrelated to East Asia, but I would have to remain in residence for the full year and submit a thesis. We quickly drew up a program for the fall semester. I decided to retain the language instruction itself, a Japanese "research" course, and all the rest were to be Chinese ancient history, of which I knew not too much.

I had entered Harvard using my entitlement to the G.I. Bill for ten years. Suddenly the G.I. Bill ran out. I assumed that Congress would renew it momentarily and retroactively. This was not to be. By spring of 1965, the G.I. Bill was reinstated by Congress, however, not retroactively. The G.I. Bill did not cover all costs; however, the few hundred dollars coming in was most appreciative. I was near graduation when the G.I. Bill was eventually reinstated.

I had earlier visited the head of the department and inquired as to what procedure was required for one to be

enrolled for the PhD course. He was the most vague person I have ever conversed with. He finally told me that one didn't just up and enroll at "Harvard". "One must be invited." He advised me to just stick around and perhaps sometime someone would "invite me as a PhD candidate." This was too much! I just couldn't take it. I had to get a job to support my family. I couldn't stall for the whole year at Harvard, then another two years residence to receive a PhD, in which I couldn't be sure I'd even be "invited". I decided that I would leave after one year and find a job. Graduate education was utterly useless, as far as I was concerned.

I inquired of the other non-military students as to how they were supporting themselves. They all had Federal grants. What would they do if Federal tuition were cut off? They would just have to quit school. They were also receiving Harvard tuition supplements as worthy students. I was the only East Asian graduate student matriculating under the G.I. Bill, now extinct.

I found the course itself a breeze, after having had my only previous college experience at the Naval Academy. There were no daily quizzes with marks assigned as at USNA. My Chinese history professor lectured constantly in class. We were assigned books to read, but still no quizzes on these. The final exam was based entirely on the instructor's repeated remarks in class, which had no semblance to the

required reading. I received top marks, and assumed that the professor could not read English well, no better than he could speak English in the classroom. I had a good professor in the Japanese research course, which was not too popular among graduate students. This particular professor was the son of an American missionary to Japan before the war. He had been a G.I. marine for a few years in the South Pacific. He knew me only as "Mr. so-and-so". He had been discharged from the marines after the war, attended Harvard under the G.I. Bill, and remained on the staff as an instructor. He had learned Japanese "child talk" as a lad, and had U.S. training in the Japanese language before joining the marines in the South Pacific. Now he was most interested in Japanese encyclopedia and Books of Knowledge, although his spoken Japanese was poor. He had us meet for class in the library to examine various Japanese "Books of Knowledge", of which there were many. He would assign each of us so many pages to translate and reach conclusions on, to be turned in each Friday in typewritten form, which he collected meticulously but never returned. I later discovered that he was publishing his own book concerning the contents of the Japanese encyclopedia. It was the one interesting class, however, and I enjoyed it. I took another continuation of his research class the second semester.

Classes in any subject were held only two, or at most, three times a week. No recitation was called for on the part

of the students. I could not determine how grades could be assigned, except basing them entirely on the final written examination. Nevertheless, I studied constantly until midnight and tumbled into bed in my one room, rented in the town nearby. I discovered the archives underneath the Yenching Institute building, and had ample spare time between classes to investigate. This was a large room filled with stacks of books and documents, evacuated from China and Japan following WWII. There were study cubicles along the whole length of the wall; however, I seldom saw another person within the whole area. I started examining the stacks from beginning to end, and found them to be fascinating on every phase of history, particularly China. I scanned the English texts of all these Chinese books. I spent all of my spare daylight hours in these stacks for some six months. I discovered a series of Japanese ledgers, submitted handwritten in Japanese, by the governor general of Taiwan to the Imperial Government of Japan, reporting annually on progress of schooling within this dependency since its capture in 1896. Nothing was ever known of any development under Japanese rule within any territory of the Western Pacific. This subject was approved for my thesis topic, and I proceeded to translate and record the annual number of new schools constructed, and the actual number of new students enrolled, both native and aborigines from the mountainous areas of Taiwan. I provided charts with the actual figures, and arrived at conclusions which were only logical, based on

the facts disclosed. The Japanese had done a superb job, where little or no education had existed in earlier days. Education was now mandatory for all residents under sixteen years of age - the same as in the Japanese home islands. After graduation from grade school, the Taiwan resident would be eligible to attend college in Japan itself. Every thesis at Harvard was critiqued around a table with eight to ten other graduate students seeking their degrees. I knew none of the students in my group, and assumed they were all taking the Chinese course and discussing their PhD thesis. Most of them chose a short subject, such as a couple lines of non-rhythmical Chinese poetry, which they would translate and to which they would attach their own English interpretation. The instructor at the table never entered into the discussion. A few students would make comments as each thesis was discussed; however, there was never any criticism expressed and I had no intention of doing so. Each student was given copies of the other theses to look over in advance of the actual critique. When my turn came, I thought "this will be a breeze." I gave a very brief summary and conclusion, thinking this was the end of it. Immediately, one young graduate student jumped to his feet, yammering, "How can anyone have time to read all this? And what good is it to anyone, anyway? You don't need to offer your own opinions; that is up to the reader to conclude, whether it was a good national policy or not." I was shocked and didn't offer a single word in reply. Two other students stated that

they could understand the point the criticizer was trying to make. Following the meeting the head instructor said he wanted to see me in his office. He told me not to take the criticism against my paper seriously and that the aim of the university was to develop original thinking and questioning among graduate students. (Harvard had really developed something here!) Then the instructor went on to say, "You have developed a valuable paper and we have need for this sort of material, of which we have little other information to date. None of those students grade your paper, I do!" (End of experience.)

While at Harvard, I saw an ad for positions available at the National Security Agency in Washington. I applied and was ordered to take a written examination at the Federal Building in Boston. Soon I received a report that I passed and that I should return to Boston for a security check of fingerprints and lie detector testing. Not being a believer in the lie detector apparatus, I purposely allowed my mind to wander to distant places as I answered questions about my mother, who had been dead for fifteen years and other trivia. I failed the lie detector test "because of no common pattern" and had to return to Boston. This time I also had to take additional fingerprints, because the earlier ones were unclear.

As a member of the student body at Harvard, I could

"audit" as many classes as I wished, at no cost. At the beginning of each semester, I used some of my free time to sit in on the more popular courses among the undergraduates. I audited one called Psychology. A professor was lecturing to the class in a large auditorium with 200 students. The first day, he was reinterpreting the story of "Sleeping Beauty". He changed the meaning of every sentence in the original child's story book, rendering it into a mature sex orgy. I thought the entire demonstration disgusting. The second day was a similar lecture, and I got up from my seat and walked out. Other popular courses turned out to be strictly lecture courses, with no outside reading required. This is what made them so popular. I had never before experienced liberal arts education, but was beginning to understand the meaning.

Examination week was just that. Exams were scheduled for morning and afternoon each day. Sometimes I might have a whole day off between exams. We were allowed a maximum of three hours for each exam, which had to be written in a special pamphlet with only an identifying number, to prevent the graduate student graders from identifying the individual being examined by name. (I could envision numerous ways in which such a security system could be circumvented, but that didn't seem important.) There were usually multiple choice questions to discuss, and I saw no reason for any student to fail. In addition, I spotted a section of the Widner Library

on campus, where all the final exams in every subject for the past ten years were available. Similar exam questions appeared year after year. At the Naval Academy we had no choice, but were required to answer each and every examination question.

I had received rumors that things were not going well at my former office in Tokyo. My successor was apparently not showing up for duty in the morning, nor was he keeping prearranged engagements with high Japanese officials. Soon thereafter, I heard that he was forcibly returned to the U.S. in a straitjacket. This could mean only one thing. I was quite busy at the time and could not follow up on the details; however, I felt very sad but could do nothing about it.

Final examination week was over and I had nothing to do. My department head said that there was nothing to stay around for and told me to go home. I could find out no information on graduation ceremonies or if there were to be any. I returned to Newport to relax for a few days.

A few days later, I received a letter from Washington, recalling me to active duty, and ordering me to report to Norfolk, Virginia.

In Norfolk, I learned that I would be attending an

instruction course for a few weeks, in connection with my future assigned mobilization billet. About fifteen of my former classmates, all retired captains, assembled here from various locations east of the Mississippi. The instruction was all "old hat" to a retired captain. Most of us had already experienced similar operations while on active duty. We were informed that in case of war, it was planned that each of us would be assigned as Convoy Commodore somewhere in the world; and that each year for the next ten years, we would be "invited" to make a convoy run for retraining purposes. This was disappointing to most of us, inasmuch as the great majority attending the class had special experience, which would be of greater use to the navy in the event of hostilities. Each year thereafter, I did receive an "invitation" from the Navy Department to join an exercise convoy from San Francisco to Hawaii. Much as I would have liked a free trip with pay, to Hawaii, I was too busy as a civilian, and had to decline year after year. After the ten year period, the invitations ceased and younger retirees took our places.

Upon arrival back in Newport from Norfolk, Virginia, a letter was received from Senator Claiborne Pell congratulating me on receiving my degree from Harvard. This was the first knowledge I had of having passed. I was impressed by the Senator's interest, and sat down at once to write him a thank you letter. I had never heard of Senator

Pell before and assumed he was new, having succeeded our former, well-known Senator Pastore. Later a friend kindly informed me that Senator Pell probably never saw nor signed that letter, but that it had been sent from his well-staffed office with a stamped signature in a franked envelope. I couldn't believe this, and went back to look at the signature on my letter from him. Sure enough, it was made with a hand stamp. I was depressed. Soon thereafter I received my official diploma from Harvard in the mail.

I began a concentrated search for a job. I answered hundreds of ads in the "New York Sunday Times" and inquired of numerous business executives whom I had previously met during my years abroad. There were no openings. Executives of electronic firms on the outskirts of Boston, whom I had met previously, expressed an interest and invited me to visit their offices. On one of these visits, I stopped by Harvard to call on some of my former acquaintances. The assistant head of the East Asia Studies Department passed me in the Yenching Institute and started a conversation. Why wasn't I coming back for my PhD degree? I had to laugh, "I was never invited." He replied, "I'm inviting you now. We want you. You have a tremendous storehouse of knowledge on China." I told him that I learned it all from reading the stacks in the archives, right under his feet at the moment, and that at the present time I was looking for employment, nothing else. His "invitation" to spend another two years to obtain a PhD

degree was just too late.

I ran across Commodore Bates of the NWC and renewed our old friendship. The Commodore had close connections with the Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco, which had considerable business in the Far East. The Commodore would write to the Chairman and tell him to hire me.

In the meantime, NSA informed me that they were having difficulty in clearing me for the position they had lined up for me. They could not obtain a background check, because of my extensive foreign duty, which was impossible to verify by the CIA. I was ordered to report to the local Newport Police Department for additional fingerprints, then come to Washington for an interview and briefing. I immediately telephoned Admiral Taylor in ONI, telling him that all the red tape with NSA was causing me to lose my patience. Taylor said to relax and he would clear everything with a telephone call to CIA and others, which he did without further to-do. I went to the Newport Police for fingerprints and the policeman said, "your hands are too rough to show any fingerprints." I replied, "Of course, I have been doing a lot of cement work with my hands, building a stone wall on my property." I went to Washington for the interview. NSA wanted me to come to work immediately, since they were in great need of translators, and I had proven ability according to the earlier written exam they had given me. Their offer

was good; however, they didn't realize that I would have to forfeit half of my retired pay by taking a civil service position. (This is a strange law, inasmuch as it applies only to retired regular officers. Former reserve officers and enlisted men are exempt from any such loss of retired pay, when they take another federal position. European and Scandinavian countries, on the other hand, reserve civil service positions especially for retirees of the services, so that they may take advantage of the prior training and experience of such retirees.)

I met my supervisor-to-be who was of Oriental descent; however, I could not be sure of his capability from listening to his broken English. I could imagine my being given a translator's desk, with no important duties otherwise. The NSA official offered me two additional steps in the civil service rating, and said that was the absolute highest grade they could give to a new employee. (Some of my civilian subordinates in Washington twenty years earlier had held higher civil service ratings than I had been offered.) I said I would have to consider, and inform them later. The supervisor replied that they would be waiting for me anytime I decided to join them.

To keep busy, I thought that I would try some adult education classes at night, particularly "counseling", to learn what this new field was all about. These classes were

held in Rogers High School and offered by the University of Rhode Island. The instructor was the assistant principal at one of the local Rhode Island high schools. On the first evening, he asked for a show of hands as to who wished to take weekly quizzes for grades, and who preferred a standard final grade of "B" with no exams. I was one of two members of the class who voted in favor of tests and an "honest" grade. I was in the minority, so the whole class was graded "B", with no one learning anything. I was disgusted!

I made trips to Boston, New Jersey, and Texas for interviews with companies, who were still in the planning stage for expansion in the Orient. A letter from the Chairman of Wells Fargo interested me, and they paid for me to fly out for an interview. Their representative in Tokyo, whom I knew well, had suffered a heart attack and was thinking about retiring. I would be a logical person to take over. It would be all right for me to return to Newport for about a month to close out affairs before taking up the position in Tokyo. Back in Newport several weeks later, I received a call from Wells Fargo, telling me that their man in the Orient had just suffered another more severe heart attack, and had passed away. I was to come as soon as possible. I promised to be there no later than 1 January 1966. I was planning to drive across country. Just as I was leaving Newport, the Chairman of Wells Fargo who had actually hired me, suffered a heart attack himself and died. I

reported in San Francisco two days before New Years day.

The Chairman who had hired me, had also been personally in charge of the International Section, which consisted mostly of Japanese and Hong Kong accounts. The bank had temporarily appointed their president as acting chairman. In the International Department, they had hired an executive from the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York. I could sense the turmoil as early as my first week. The rumor was that the new Head of the International Section had no interest in Far Eastern operations, and was shifting all the bank's business toward Brazil. I was to train at the Headquarters Office for a six month period, before a move would be made to replace the deceased representative in the Far East. I learned all there was to be known from the operators in the local International Office within two weeks and, on my own, I took an International Banking course at the local college in the evenings. Soon I was assigned as a trainee in a local branch office, to learn everything I could about running a branch office, making loans and even taking over simple teller duties. I was beginning to become suspicious. I could see no reason for the delay. I knew the deceased former representative in Tokyo and his general operations. Local branch bank training, such as I was engaged in at the moment, would not even be permitted by a foreign bank within Japan. So, why was I being given this training? A few months passed when my suspicions were confirmed by a call from the vice

president to come to his office, where I found several other department heads waiting. They all appeared overly nervous, which in itself made me slightly nervous myself. The senior V.P. started off slowly, mentioning that unfortunately the position in the Far East did not materialize, since the leading Japanese assistant to the deceased Wells Fargo Representative had taken over and was carrying on effectively. Instead, they offered me a position in one of their branch banks down on the Peninsula. I replied, "No, thank you. I came out here to be assigned a specific position in the Far East, not a common bank teller in California. I will just quietly leave." They expressed their continued friendship and their regrets that I would not be inclined to accept a job locally. I could not understand their nervousness, unless they had fears that I would sue them for "breach of contract". In fact, I didn't know at the time that was the usual procedure in California in a case of this sort. The director of the International Division was seldom seen and noticeably, did not attend this meeting.

I was so utterly uninformed on labor practices, that I didn't know that I was entitled to unemployment compensation from here on.

I departed and immediately telephoned NSA. They still wanted me. I told them that I would report in about a week hence. A letter arrived the same day from an old friend,

Bill Cox, a retired captain, who was the budget director for Oneida County in New York State. The letter was sent to Newport and forwarded to me in San Francisco saying he was sorry that I had taken a banking job as he had a fine position locally, which he was trying desperately to fill, as Director of Planning at Hamilton College and that I would be ideal for the position. I telephoned him immediately and told him that I was no longer employed, but was enroute across the country to take a job with NSA in Washington. He insisted that I stop by Utica, New York, overnight to visit and merely see for myself. He was so insistent that I had to agree, but only a brief stop enroute. I did, and friend Bill Cox ushered me right down to meet the "brass" of the Hamilton College. The President of Hamilton had just died. A young Harvard graduate of fifteen years, Richard Cooper, was acting president. (He was to become frustrated in his ambitions to become president, but he lacked the essential requirements of having a PhD degree and being a Minister of the Gospel.) The whole staff greeted me with open arms, and "pleaded" with me to stay. The pay was the same as at Wells Fargo and of course, greater than NSA. I was not inclined for a life on campus in a rich boy's college environment. I had to think it over, before I took off for Washington the following morning. I returned next morning to say goodbye to the acting President. He pleaded with me to stay, but I hedged and offered excuses why I could not. I asked to see a written contract for what he was offering. He grabbed to

shake my hand, saying that they were all common folk up there, and the handshake was even more sincere than a written contract. Just then the elderly man that I was to relieve walked in. He wanted to take me on a drive to see the campus, the new construction that he had supervised, the recreation facilities, the private golf course, etc. and his home nearby for a light lunch. I just couldn't refuse another hour or so. He related to me all the background information, that this was a new position and title created for me, his successor. He was in ill health himself and had been a board member for the past twenty years. He handled all the planning work and oversaw the activities of the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. Now he was very tired, and had already made plans to take a trip around the world with his wife; however, the board of trustees would not let him go unless he found someone to take over as campus planning director at once. I finally had to agree and stayed.

I was shown to my quarters, a completely furnished apartment over the campus dining hall. I would take over his large, fabulously furnished planning office. One admonishment by the acting president, "It should never be made known that I had ever had military service. The title Captain will never be used with my name. I shall be known and referred to as simply Mr." My office was located in the basement of the newly built freshman dormitory. Everything

was all set. My first job was to work with a civilian architect to design and build a new fraternity building, which would house students presently living in three separate wooden structures, which had been condemned as fire hazards. This naturally was fine with the students since it would not cost them a penny. Plans were moving along nicely, when a group of students arrived in my office. They wanted to discuss the new building. Every aspect seemed to be quite satisfactory to them until their leader asked "How about Tudor architecture?" I thought about it and wondered if the lad could be serious. He was! I explained as best I could, why that type of architecture had been used in the past by the English, when all materials needed for construction were nearby and it was the cheapest form of construction. In modern times, however, it would be very expensive to recreate. "Would we consider it?" he asked. I replied, "Yes, we would consider it," knowing full well that it was out of the question. The next edition of the local Clinton Daily News carried a large picture of the Hamilton students visiting my office and talking with me. The headlines read "New Hamilton Director of Planning not in favor of Tudor Style Architecture" (for new construction of fraternity structure). The acting president advised me that any student suggestion in the future must be accepted outright from the beginning, then studied and researched pending a final decision. To me, this was gobbledygook.

This was the period when girls were being admitted to all-male colleges and vice versa. The arguments, pro and con, had gone on for several years at Hamilton. By the time I arrived on the scene, the Board had already made a decision that Hamilton would remain a strictly men's college; however, an entirely new "Coordinate College" for women would be established and built across the road from Hamilton. The new institution would be known as Kirkland College for girls with a separate president, deans, etc. They would have their own dormitories, classrooms, and dining hall. Hamilton would have to defray the initial building expenses. I would supervise the planning, construction, etc. A president, dean, and a few staff were hired initially. The architect was hired to submit plans in advance for approval. The Kirkland president-to-be and assistants were housed in a small wooden building close by my office. Once plans were nearing completion, student groups from Hamilton College roamed the hillside, trying to envision the new structures. One student spotted several scrub trees, only about 8 to 12 feet high, which could never really amount to anything. The students proceeded to harass the young president of Kirkland so that those precious little trees not be destroyed. In private, I discussed the situation with the president and assured him those scrubs were horrible looking and would not grow into suitable looking specimens for the campus; however, he dared not say so to a student. We took measurements and verified that the nearest structure would be at least twenty

yards removed. During the next visit from students, he verified to them that the existing trees would not be harmed. They were not satisfied, since construction equipment might pass too near and possibly harm them. A high board fence had to be built around the periphery of the mound, well beyond to guarantee protection. The planned location of the structures had to be moved further from the center of dispute. Bulldozers began to level a bit of the hillside prior to construction, leaving a projection for the mound of trees sticking far above the rest of the campus. Small trees and shrubbery were scheduled to be planted all around the new campus when completed. Seven years later, I happened to drive through the area and observed that those "precious" trees which had caused so much additional cost and turmoil, had died of natural causes. The mound was still there, high above the rest of the campus, as a memorial, I presume.

The Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds at Hamilton ran a tight department and did an outstanding job. He had been an enlisted man in the navy during the war, but now he was boss man and would take orders from no one. He knew his job and his judgment was not to be questioned, regardless of reactions on the part of students. I was supposed to be his immediate superior; however that meant nothing. We developed into good friends, but I had no control over him. Although against campus rules, he insisted on calling me Captain in his own shop but not in the presence of students or faculty.

I felt that Hamilton needed a dean with some of his attributes. He soon became disgusted, resigned and moved to Florida where he set up his own private business.

Supposedly, there was to be no drinking on campus. The entire freshman class, housed in the building with my office in the basement, decorated their windows with gin, whiskey and brandy bottles, presumably only to signify their manhood. Over weekends, I would notice freshmen sitting on their windowsills, with their legs dangling over the outside of the building, drinking beer. The empties were tossed on the ground below. I was concerned about their safety and appealed to the deans. The deans refused to take any action or do anything which might "upset" students, whose parents or relatives might just be influential contributors of funds to the college.

Faculty and staff, as well as their families, had the privilege of attending evening lectures by outside speakers, as well as athletic events on weekends. The lectures were interesting and educational; however, students attending were usually in the minority. I enjoyed the hockey games especially, since I had never before seen this sport played. However, the "putt" so often flew up into the audience in the bleachers, that I found myself concentrating more on warding off a stray missile than the game itself.

A new member of the board of trustees, replacing the man I had relieved as planner and supervisor of B & G, was the local operator of a private commuter airline, Mohawk, who had been a naval aviator in WWII. He was much too busy running his airline to have any interest in anything on campus. The one and only job he assigned to me, was hauling some rock and performance of carpentry work on his own private home, on the edge of town. This task stumped me. I went to the superintendent of B & G for consultations and received his emphatic reply, "No Way!" This matter had come up previously, the superintendent told me, and that his answer had always been emphatically, "No!" Here, I was caught in the middle. On several weekends, I visited my new trustee boss's home and tried to do what I could, personally, but lacking the necessary heavy equipment to accomplish the job. The following year, the new trustee's airline began to fail on the stock market, causing him to commit suicide with a gun.

I readily established friendships among the faculty and staff. They were like one large family and accepted me as one of their group. We met regularly at 10:00 every morning for coffee. Very little business was discussed, merely idle gossip.

Several months following my arrival, I overheard a faint rumor to the effect that the trustees were still hoping to

find their long-sought "registered" architect, who could be employed full-time on campus, but at a moderate cost. I had my suspicions and planned to be prepared this time. The Federal Government under President Johnson, had just passed legislation granting large sums of money to the various States for building new college campus buildings. New York and California received the largest grants, based on their population figures. Congress didn't know the total campus population across the country, much less the adequacy of existing classrooms and other facilities. I had met the Director of the Facilities Planning Department in Albany, who was in charge of disbursing these funds to colleges and universities across the state. I immediately contacted him saying that Hamilton may not need me in the near future and I was writing in case he knew of any openings in Albany. It was an opportune moment, as this Director was in the process of setting up the required Facilities Planning Organization and so far had only found a man to head it, with a young assistant. He would welcome me and I should come over for an interview. Some days later, after a Board of Directors meeting at Hamilton, the acting president called me into his office and related that the trustees, for years, had insisted on hiring a licensed architect on a full-time basis, who would live on campus and draft all necessary architectural drawings required, without having to rely on outside architects. Now they think that they may have found one at a price the college can afford. He went on to say that if this

should possibly come to pass, he would take over my duties as well, and suggested where I might find other employment through some of his friends, using his name as a reference. Among the suggestions he gave me was the Director of Facilities Planning in Albany with whom I had consulted earlier. I replied that I had no concern about another job, many of which were already waiting for me, and that I stayed on at Hamilton merely because I thought Hamilton was sincere and really needed me desperately. (I got my lick in for their underhanded way of hiring me in desperation; however, it was a wonderful experience for me and I would never regret it.) Several days later, the acting president came over to my office to inform me that the new appointee had accepted and would arrive on campus the following day. I turned over my projects to the new man from New Hampshire and was on my way to Albany.

A permanent president was shortly to arrive at Hamilton, who had all the qualifications of PhD and minister of the Gospel.

The acting president, through connections, found a new position as Head of the N.Y. Public Library on West 42nd Street and resigned from Hamilton.

My successor as Director for Planning turned out to be not a licensed architect, in view of the fact that New

Hampshire State Law did not require such state licensing; however, he had acquired some practice in his earlier career (possibly as much as I had, however, I never advertised it). Upon arrival in Albany, New York, I first checked in with the Assistant Commissioner for Planning who had hired me. He turned me over to the "Coordinator" and assistant, whom he had recently hired to head the Facilities Planning Office, under whom I'd be working. These two briefed me on what was developing with the federal grant funds and what was planned. I accepted their offer of salary, without comment. The Assistant Commissioner dropped by momentarily to inquire if we had reached agreement, amount of salary, etc. To the coordinator's reply, the assistant commissioner's reply was an immediate, "Look! This man has a degree and that is more than either of you have!" The Coordinator stuttered, raising my starting salary by a thousand dollars. "No, that is not enough. It must be at least a couple thousand", the Assistant Commissioner replied. That was fine with me, no matter how much it was increased. I departed to find a place to live nearby. The next morning, I reported to start my new career.

Except for the Assistant Commissioner, we were all temporary appointees for the three-year grant program. We had no civil service rights nor benefits program, as far as retirement was concerned, but we did receive additional pay to compensate for the loss of fringe benefits. We knew where

we stood, and were prepared for termination after three years. However, at the end of this first three years, Congress decided to renew the grant for another period of three years.

Our offices were located on the 19th floor of a new privately owned office building, directly across the street from the State Office Building on downtown Washington Street. We had more than ample space; however, more employees were still to be found and hired. The Coordinator, who would be my immediate superior, had just arrived from Vermont, where he had been president of a state college for the previous fourteen years. He had been a major in the Army Air Force during WWII; now, however, the Vermont legislature had suddenly shifted governing parties and he was dismissed. Certainly, it would seem that he had the attributes and experience to assume the position as head of this new program. He was a distinguished-looking man with a black mustache, quiet spoken, and dignified.

After settling down to office routine, reading up on state regulations and contemplating our future work, I soon realized that our Coordinator had no ideas of his own, nor could he make a decision on anything suggested by a subordinate. The lead had to be taken by the Assistant Commissioner, who consulted with friends in the few other states who had similar responsibilities, and had already done

some work on inventorying their own colleges.

First, we had to devise a computer program. The Assistant Commissioner was the only person in my office who knew the basics of computers. He was able to obtain the services of the R.P.I. Director of Computer Programming on a consultation basis, who in turn provided one of his graduate students to work with us on a daily basis. I went out and took an adult education course at night in Computer Programming offered by Russell Sage College. Within a few months I could speak the same language with these computer specialists. Now, we could develop the program together. We had to develop a manual of terms to distribute to all colleges and universities in the state of New York, and to instruct them in taking measurements of all their physical facilities on campus and abbreviations to use in coding same, for entry into the computer at R.P.I. Next, we divided the State into fifteen separate areas, containing a dozen individual institutions within minimum commuting distance. Each institution was required to appoint an official representative and one centrally located would act as "host" for regional workshops to be held. As the computer program progressed, regional meetings were held throughout the state. The Coordinator did not care to participate, and the burden was passed to me to conduct these sessions. The Assistant Commissioner himself did attend one round-table meeting as an observer and decided that from here on, I should assume

responsibility for the entire program as far as instructing the nearly 300 private and public institutions around the state, and for entering the data into the computer for summarizing. I was appointed "Agent", a state civil service title with no real meaning. I carried the ball from here on, consulting with the Assistant Commissioner only if I ran into real difficulty. Several new young college graduates were hired to assist me. Prior to that, I had been assigned a black girl as a secretary, for typing form letters to all the colleges and universities. She was a "whiz" and wanted to help correct the coding on the first returns now coming in for computerizing, which I had to do all by myself previously. She learned easily and was most capable; however, she began to complain about the noise level in the office, with all employees talking over what they had done the night before. The noise bothered me as well, but I had never done anything about it, believing it to be common civilian practice, unlike the quiet bridge atmosphere I had always insisted upon in any ship I had served in the navy. The boss assigned me to a separate, unused, thirty ft. long office space where we could keep our stacks of work sheets laid out in production line fashion.

By the end of the first year, we had completed a preliminary inventory of higher education facilities throughout the state. By hand, I compiled a summary report of institutions by category, for submission to Congress, New

York thereby becoming one of the first states to be thus far advanced. We also provided copies of this pamphlet to each college and university within the state. The individual institutions could now compare themselves with their supposed rivals and began to take renewed interest in the program.

I conducted workshops around the state twice a year, attempting to correct apparent errors in the earlier data submitted. If data submitted were found lacking, I would go directly to that college or university and investigate.

Large federal building grants were being determined in Albany, based on the institution's showing on the inventory. Those college officials began to feel that I had influence in Albany. The grants, however, were determined by another section under the Commissioner. From now on, I carefully checked the construction grants contemplated with what my inventory showed to be the most worthy recipients. If I found a particularly deserving institution which was not being considered for grant funds, I would bring it to the attention of the boss of the responsible other section. We always agreed, and the boss commissioner himself kept a close eye on it.

The system was working smoothly, and I had spare time in the evenings since my wife was still living in Clinton, New York, where I commuted over weekends. Albany had many night

education classes, where I enrolled in various law courses, real estate, interior decorating, interstate commerce law, and federal tax law. One of my classmates in the real estate tax law course offered me a job in his real estate office in Troy, New York, just across the Hudson River from Albany. The federal tax law course paid off well by my being able to submit corrected tax returns for the three previous years, to receive refunds for valid deductions, which I had failed to claim. The course has been useful ever since, in that I have never had to hire a consultant to prepare my annual return.

A new Japanese CNO made an official visit to the Naval War College in Newport. He happened to be the first Japanese Naval Officer to attend the International Course at NWC in 1957. We were very close friends in Tokyo four or five years earlier. He had asked to see me in Newport. A letter was forwarded to me in Albany inviting me to dinner at the president's house in honor of the visitor. I jumped in my car and came right over to attend. It was a most pleasant evening, affording us both a chance to chat in Japanese together. That was the last time I was ever to be invited to the president's house at NWC since I had left the staff in 1951. The Japanese navy embarked on a program of sending their destroyers on visits to New York City annually. I regularly received invitations to attend receptions on board. I never missed such an opportunity. They served my favorite raw fish (Sushi), rice balls and fried shrimp, which could

only be purchased on street corners in Japan, but have since become a delicacy in New York City. I knew none of the officers or men on board, but once they learned that I spoke their language, they wanted to be friends for life.

My wife and I drove over to Newport one weekend to see our property. I passed NWC Chief of Staff Captain E.B. Henry on the street. We hadn't seen each other since Persian Gulf days in the early 1950s. He invited us to dinner at his home at Fort Adams that evening, which we gladly accepted and talked about old times. Almost a decade later, I returned to our home in Newport and searched out Captain Henry's house at Fort Adams, to discover that it was now known as "President Eisenhower House". This was confusing, and I was to learn that the former President came for a weekend visit to Newport, and Captain Henry was ordered to vacate his home intact, immediately, for the president to spend a few days. Loyal that I am, I am the only Newport resident who still refers to that house as the "Gene Henry House". Retired, affable Captain Henry always blushes when I utter that term, without comment.

In 1972, my wife resigned from her teaching profession in Clinton, New York, and returned to take over our home in Newport. I still had another year or two of the federally funded facilities job in Albany, but could commute back and forth to Newport on weekends. It was a chore commuting that

great distance, but no real problem.

In company with the Assistant Commissioner, I visited the new building of campuses in New York, which were progressing well under the Federal Grants Program. I couldn't understand why some of the plans already in use by colleges could not be used over again for similar buildings, thereby eliminating high architectural costs. I was only to learn that expensive architectural plans automatically became "the property of the architect". To use them over again would cost the same as (or more than) they did originally. That was the law! It had already been contested and proven by the courts.

Private colleges across the state began telephoning or writing letters, stating that they were considering expanding enrollment the following year to keep the cost of tuition within bounds. Would they have adequate classroom and laboratory space? I could reply to their query within minutes by comparing their inventory with liberal standards we had set up. Usually they could expand several times without noticeable difficulty.

There were still deficiencies in our overall inventory of facilities. The public institutions, numbering 75 or more, were operated under a central office of state planning. Years before, they had initiated their own inventory system

which did not include all public colleges; and their computer inventory was not consistent with ours, which now became the federal standard. The State Planning Office submitted annual figures; however, it was apparent to me they were deficient. It was hard to pressure the State office to comply, since they were receiving larger new construction grants directly from the state budget.

Eighteen state-wide proprietary schools (commercial) had never been considered in the higher education category, until the new federal definition of higher education institutions was published. I visited each of these, took actual measurements of their classroom space, and included them in the inventory. These privately owned schools, operated on a strictly profit basis, had only a fraction of the square footage per student, as did the colleges and universities. Another dozen and a half Rabbinical Institutions, many of them in Brooklyn, were never acknowledged by the state. Senator Jacob Javits thought otherwise, and had them entered in the Federal Register as colleges. With this dilemma to deal with, I went ahead and visited each of these so-called seminaries, measured their floor space and included them in the inventory from here on. Several of these schools refused to be included at first, but eventually acceded. The great majority willingly accepted being included. The governing State Regents either didn't notice their inclusion in the state facilities inventory or didn't care.

The Assistant Commissioner had considerable travel outside the state to consult with other state planners throughout the U.S. Private consultative requests became too much for him, and he began to pass some of these to me for handling. One of these was from Rhode Island State in Providence. The Rhode Island Director wanted information on how to go about an inventory of facilities. I was surprised that the state had taken no action on the federal program, which was already two years old, and consequently had received no construction funds from the Federal Government. Returning to Albany, the Assistant Commissioner asked how I had made out and what I had charged. I replied to the effect that they were entirely uninformed, but very pleasant people. I added that since I considered Rhode Island my home state, I didn't ask for any remuneration, nor did they offer any. The boss thereupon laid the law down to me, that it was a standard consultant fee, practiced nationwide and that I was to state so in advance and receive same, whether or not I thought I deserved that much. "Or, charge more, if you like," he admonished. Now, I knew why there are so many of various "consultants" around, making a comfortable living. A week later, I had a trip to make to Harvard in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to meet with several young planning men to instruct them how to go about an inventory of facilities. I returned to Albany to confirm to the boss, that I was now obediently collecting my fee as "Consultant" in accordance

with his instructions.

Just below my apartment in Albany, I observed a stamp and coin shop as I came and went every day. One evening, I stopped in to see what they had. I saw no old Japanese stamps and inquired of the owner. He told me that they were very rare because Japan hadn't been a member of the International Postal Organization until recently, since the war, and that they had therefore not been traded on the world market. I told him that I had some pre-WWII Japanese National Park Series blocks, which I had bought when issued in the 1930's, and wondered it they were worth anything. He replied that they must be listed in the current catalog and proceeded to look it up. I had purchased a number of each issue, from 1938 and 1939, which were issued in blocks of four stamps, bound in a pamphlet with details. I identified a half dozen different issues which I possessed. The dealer was interested since they were in great demand. I promised to return with samples. I later returned with two samples, for which he offered me $150. I couldn't believe it, since I had paid only about 18 cents apiece for them before the war. I looked around to buy something in appreciation of his kindness. I decided on a large stamp catalog and another on coins at a total cost of $60. He said, "Oh, you're now a dealer yourself by selling me those Japanese stamps, so you can have these two catalogs for half price."

A black man arrived at my office and took over the duties of assistant commissioner for facilities planning. I was disappointed to lose my former boss; however, he was moved only a few doors away in another position. The new boss seemed not to have much interest in the work going on at the office, and often stayed at home for as long as a week at a time. If his presence was required on an important matter, his secretary would call him at his home. I was determined to get to the bottom of what was going on. A very close friend finally explained to me how it worked. There was an agreement between New York and New Jersey, whereby they could exchange high executives between states. One had to be fifty years of age and sign a contract for five years. With at least five years service upon attaining age fifty-five, that person could retire with full retirement benefits for life. Our six year federally funded program was due to expire in another year and I wasn't overly concerned, except for the loss of the only other person besides myself, the Assistant Commissioner, who really knew all the ins and outs of our computerized system.

Over the previous several years I learned of the new approach for acquiring a PhD degree in education "without really trying". Several of the young men in my office enrolled at the University of Albany shortly after they started their employment. They were required to take no classes, only to report to their advisor once every month or

two, at no cost since no classes were attended. Nothing was required to be submitted, except for a thesis at the end of two or three years, on any subject concerning education. Even a facilities inventory or a grant building project which they had been working on at the office, was satisfactory for their final thesis. Several of my assistants suggested to me that I too enter a PhD program. What would I do with a PhD degree in Education? Compared with Harvard, I don't think I could have accepted a degree without doing any work for it. The first to obtain his degree, the assistant to the coordinator, who had come from Vermont, obtained a position as Assistant Dean at a New Jersey college and departed at once. A second one, a Mormon from Colorado, no sooner received his degree, than he was recalled to Denver to complete his missionary training.

During each of the six years of this Federal Program, I prepared an annual "Space Inventory Report" of all institutions for higher education in the state. I had personally visited the nearly 300 colleges and universities, and was well acquainted with many of the top administrators. A key page of any such official document listed all the regents of the University of the State of New York, with all their numerous degrees in education, which sometimes amounted to as many as six different doctorate titles. (Woe be to anyone omitting even one of the degrees.) These summaries were passed out individually to the regents at their annual

meeting in Albany. I carefully observed members opening their copies to verify the correct spelling of their name and proper listing of their degrees. Most members left the pamphlets laying on the table when they adjourned, having no interest in the contents itself. I never took any credit for this annual compilation, there being so many more important persons in the state hierarchy, who needed to have their name in print.

Albany provided many evening concerts, plays and art shows, which I never had much time for. There were also many public and private clubs and organizations, which met monthly. One such group had invited me to join several times, the neighborhood Jewish club, since the spelling of my name was easily mistaken for a popular politician of the day. The same thing had happened to me a dozen years earlier in Rhode Island, when I was actively looking for a job. Hasbro Toy Company asked me to come to East Providence for an interview, prior to consideration of my appointment to represent the company in the Orient, where they were purchasing plastic parts for dolls, clothes and unstrung beads for use in their toy business. They took one look at my blonde complexion and hair, and decided they had made a mistake in identity.

The Director of Facilities Research for the New York State University invited me to come to work for them. They

were directly responsible for all the state operated public colleges and universities. However, to receive any Federal Funds (as distinguished from State of New York funds) they were required to comply with the inventory instructions emanating from my office. Although we were good friends personally, I had been pressuring them for years to comply. As the director said jokingly, "I want to get you off my back." I jokingly replied, "You can't afford me," to which he answered that they would match my present salary and raise it to boot. Apparently, the State Director didn't realize that our Federal Program was about to end anyway.

A word of explanation is in order regarding definition of terms used in New York. I worked for the "University of the State of New York" which was in fact the State Education Department. The next lower echelon was the "State University of New York", which had direct planning and funding responsibilities for the public colleges and universities, as well as certain jurisdiction over City University, which was confined to only those public institutions within New York City. Many people do not differentiate between the terms. If I were to tell a person from out of state that I worked for the University of the State of New York, they might reply that they moreover, had a friend, who graduated from New York University. On the contrary, New York University is a famous but private institution, situated in New York City, with no connection to the state system. City University,

having control over 20 public colleges and universities, all situated in New York City proper, has its own control organization and planning department, with access to the University of the State of New York, through the State University headquarters in Albany.

There was little remaining to be done in my office, and employees were beginning to leave for jobs elsewhere. I went to work across the street, working with the Director of Research for State University, doing much the same work I had been doing for the previous six years. All the employees in my new office were civil service appointees. Only the boss who had hired me knew something about computers. He, like myself, had designed his own computer program, with a terminal tied in to a computer at SUNY Binghamton (State University of New York at Binghamton). None of the other employees would work on the computer programs, since it was not called for in their job description, which was guaranteed employment for life. The director had worked all by himself until near midnight nightly on the terminal, and he needed someone to help out. All that was necessary to operate the system, was to type in a few sentences of instruction on the terminal, and it would type out statistics for the next hour or so. We went to work, and made up a simple conversion table to convert his data into the required state-wide standard.

The civil servant employees were friendly; however, they resented my coming into the organization "for fear that I might take over as their future boss." I assured them that I was going to retire in a couple years, or three at most, but they still harbored doubts. Time and again they chided me for working overtime. I was already earning twice as much in New York as I earned as a navy captain on active duty; however, I enjoyed the computer work and the people I worked with. I paid state income tax in New York; however, Rhode Island claimed me a resident since I owned a home in Newport, even though I had visited only several days a year. This was a false claim by Rhode Island, as I was later to learn by reading the law itself, but it was too late to claim a rebate. (Another item charged off to experience.)

A number of the larger public campuses in New York had never fully completed their facilities inventory. This was known by the Director and I was well aware of it from experience in my former office. I was sent over to Cornell University to live on campus for a whole summer, and to do a new and complete standard inventory of everything, including their statutory colleges of Veterinary Medicine, Industrial and Labor Relations, Home Economics (later renamed "Human Ecology"), and the College of Agriculture (including their experimental stations). Other trouble shooting assignments took me to Buffalo University, four Medical Centers, a dozen Agriculture and Technical Colleges. Finally, I spent weeks

with a dozen or more New York City community colleges and four year colleges. In all of these visits, I was provided with ample assistance and support from the local officials.

We had completed all the necessary work for bringing the public institution inventories into line with the state-wide standards. I was becoming weary of commuting to Newport some 400 miles every weekend, and having to start back to Albany at 2 a.m. every Monday to arrive in my office on time. I had never bumped a fender; however, I felt my luck was bound to run out sometime. I was nearing the point where I had earned the maximum credit for Social Security retirement benefits, all from my post-navy employment.

I hinted to the Director that I was considering retirement, and returning to Newport. When he learned that I knew of the Naval War College, his eyes lit up and he told me how he had been the special consultant for the NWC building expansion program and had worked out all the space requirements, but hadn't been back since construction had started. I informed him that construction was almost completed. Then I asked him, "But why would you recommend such extensive new construction? NWC would never expand into all that additional space, nor would you think of such extensive expansion of any of your own public colleges here in New York State." His simple reply was, "That's how it worked out on the computer, and you always must allow for

future expansion."

I announced my retirement and the other employees in the office heaved a sigh of relief. They confessed, that they never believed me when I said I would not stay beyond three years. They wanted to give me a big surprise farewell party, and the head secretary was sent to inquire nonchalantly what my last name was. None of my co-workers had ever known my last name. I was simply "John," like they were, Joe, Mike, Fred, etc. One employee even telephoned my wife in Newport to inquire what my hobbies were, and what I would appreciate most as a going away present.

A year after I left, my boss, Director of Facilities Research, while driving across the state to inspect one of the colleges, suffered a heart attack, and was killed instantly in the resulting auto crash. Now there was no one to operate the computer program.

I returned to Newport in 1976, and took up residence in the home which I had purchased in the late 1940s as a retirement home, but had occupied only sporadically since that time.

I relaxed doing odd jobs around the house and gardening. I joined various military organizations for life, in order to dispense with annual dues bills during my relaxed retirement

years. My wife had already signed up with various local organizations.

I was now receiving Social Security pay, which was a wonderful source of income, tax free. I was able to talk my wife into delaying Social Security income until she reached sixty-five years. Mathematically it was the proper thing to do, and later she was happy she had taken my advice. That was so for half a dozen years, until Congress again reversed itself after fifty years, and taxed half our Social Security income. Rhode Island Bureau of Taxation went right along with the Federal increase, unlike so many other states.

My first visits of interest included the War College and other old haunts in Newport and the surrounding area. I drove over to the Naval Base (now renamed NETC) and entered Luce Hall. Marine Guards were still stationed at the entrances, but did not ask me for identification. The building was void of students and staff as I had last seen it. The same applied to Pringle and Mahan Library. I then walked through the new Spruance building and found the library, which I entered again without identification. I noted the reading tables filled with daily newspapers and current periodicals. I finally located the stacks, but it was blocked off with a ceiling-high iron gate. Upon inquiry, I was told that I could not enter that area with my I.D. card alone. I asked to see the Librarian, a Professor, and

identified myself. I told him that I merely wanted to see some of the strategic area studies, which I had personally authored some twenty-five years previously, in order to spot inaccuracies that may have developed with the passage of time. The Professor Librarian was hospitable enough, but said that according to the Security Manual, a retired officer without security clearance no longer could have access to classified material. (I could not recall any such statement in the original Security Manual compiled by my colleague and myself back in 1946. I attributed this fact to be the result of a later revision to the Manual and said no more.) My authored strategic studies had been printed in multiple copies and bound for local NWC student use. I had personally assigned a classification merely to prevent their use outside the College. I had not kept a copy for myself. The visit was a waste of time. I departed and have not revisited the War College Library since. Later I wondered: What if I had taken that job at N.S.A.? Then I would have automatically received my "Top Secret" clearance back again, and I would have been authorized to roam the classified stacks at will. Later the War College Library was renamed for a fellow War College staff colleague, Henry Eccles, who, himself, was a retired Captain and thus no longer held a security clearance. He departed from Newport for his retirement home in Massachusetts, before I had a chance to ask him the pertinent question: "Did he have free access to the (classified) library, which was now named in his honor?"

As a hobby, I took up a project of designing my family tree in the 1970's, since none had existed previously. Commencing with my immigrant grandfather, I recorded some 500 native US born relatives, and had the chart bonded in plastic, which I distributed to relatives at a family reunion. I updated this ten years later to learn that the number of relatives had increased to nearly 1000.

I was begged into the "Meals on Wheels" program on a substitute basis. After a few years of this, I became disillusioned by certain recipients of this service, who had the advantage of their own maid service, and insisted on my partner and me stopping long enough to have a cup of tea and cookies. We were rushed to make a dozen deliveries in the short space of one hour, to prevent cooling of the lunches for remaining people on the route.

I was asked to serve on the Building and Grounds Committee of the local Art Association, and concurrently to supervise the Association owned property known as the Swanhurst Villa. A federal grant permitted restoration of the villa itself and I served as building supervisor for the project. A small theater on the property was regularly used by a Shakespearian theater group, mainly at the expense of the Art Association. A fire, blamed on arson, gutted this theater. The insurance company paid only a small fraction of

the cost for rehabilitation. New seats were required for replacement. The Naval Base Theater was being torn down and the government tried in vain to give the seats away for free to any other military facility; however, it was illegal to pass them on to a civilian activity at any price, no matter how benevolent that activity. A contract was awarded for demolition with seats and all included. By request direct to the demolition contractor, we were able to obtain all the seats we could use, and the contractor received a deduction on his income tax for the donation.

The Art Association was usually strapped for funds and I looked around for savings and worked strenuously myself, performing as a volunteer to save on expenditures. My wife took charge of volunteers, who manned the reception desk throughout the day. Neither of us had any influence on the board of directors, nor the paid incompetent director in charge. There were plenty of ways to save on expenditures as well as to raise additional income; however, these were never adopted. The situation was becoming desperate until a few years later when the incumbent Director, Cora Gibbs, arrived and the name of the Association was changed to "The Art Museum."

The President of "The Friends of the Newport Public Library" requested me to take over as Membership Chairman on an interim basis only, to finish out the year. This I

consented to do with all my other volunteer duties. Retired Captain Gene Henry of NWC fame, was currently the Librarian. I hadn't seen him for some years since he had been NWC Chief of Staff. I had often suspected that it was he who recommended me for the Friends job. The following year, it was assumed and expected, that I would remain on the job as well as take on the title of vice president. Unaccustomed as I was to volunteer work in Newport, I did not realize that this implied that I would take over as president the following year. This I refused to do, and to appease the committee, I agreed to keep the job of membership chairman, where I was making good progress, increasing membership from scratch to well over a hundred new members each year, allowing for dropouts due to death, moving out of town, etc. This continued for eight years, in spite of the by-laws which stated, that no officer would retain the same office for more than two years. My ambition was to raise the membership to 1000, then quit. We were beginning to take in sizable amounts of money, and cutting down on stationery costs by ordering in bulk direct from New York. Soon the state got into the act, attempting to cut down the annual Public Library support, because of the sizable amount of additional funds raised by the Friend's Organization. I was slowing down in health, and my vision was becoming impaired to the extent, that I could no longer spend long hours daily scanning directories and records, searching for possible new members including those recently arrived in town. Two years

ago I had to firmly refuse to serve any longer. (In dozens of organizations around Newport, I have found so many people willing to take a position as a board member; however, for the most part, everyone refuses to take on any position that requires mental or physical work. The same comment applies with regard to the several small, semiprivate clubs to which I belong.)

Perhaps one of my greatest recreational pleasures was attending adult education classes at the private Swinburne School in Newport. I enrolled in every course that could be called a hobby, including calligraphy, basket weaving, picture framing, Oriental cooking, gardening, loom weaving, and stained glass work.

My wife and I took a three week tour of inland Russia, where neither of us had ever visited. We covered the Soviet Union from north to south, right up to the Chinese border. The tour was too long and tiring, particularly on the Russian outmoded aircraft, without the benefit of seat belts. Several years later we took a Baltic cruise, visiting the maritime provinces and Stockholm, where I could renew Swedish friendships of twenty years earlier. Later we joined a Mediterranean cruise ship; however, I knew this area all too well from the recent past, except for Yugoslavia, which was a new adventure. Our most recent cruise was Southeast Asia, Indonesia, and up through the Philippines, and south China.

This was one of our most pleasant experiences.

I had time now to study post-WWII histories of "what really happened in the Pacific War" by well-advertised, famous authors. I was more amused than enlightened by some of these so-called historians, who had not witnessed the actual events nor the basic planning. I prefer the "eye-witnessed" views of actual participants in the struggle, with perhaps a slight lapse of memory here or there, and maybe a bit of exaggeration, which is to be expected of any individual telling his own story.

Several years ago, the Naval War College celebrated their one hundredth anniversary. I received a telephone call from the office of President Derek Bok of Harvard University, inquiring if I would represent Harvard at the War College celebration. This I readily agreed to, and Harvard immediately sent me the crimson-lined robes and regalia of their doctoral degrees graduates. Gathering at NWC just prior to the procession, preliminary to the ceremony, I met many presidents and/or representatives from universities nationwide. As we formed into ranks to march to the festivities, I noticed a familiar face next to me. It was the former President of Kirkland College, with whom I had worked at Hamilton College a dozen years earlier. Kirkland College had failed as an "all girls" institution and was incorporated into Hamilton College. The president had lost

his job, and was now dean of a Massachusetts institution of higher education. The ceremony at NWC went off splendidly. I was recognized by only a few very close friends in Newport.

We attended the fiftieth reunion of my Naval Academy class at Annapolis, Maryland, where I met dozens of former classmates whom I had not seen in those fifty years. The vastly changed midshipman regulations, and newly constructed academic buildings were all fascinating to behold. Enroute to Annapolis, I had an amusing (sic) encounter at a gasoline station. While waiting in line for service, the driver of a car next to me approached and engaged in conversation, apparently seeing my Navy Base sticker. He had just visited Newport to find housing, since he had orders to report to NWC a month later. "Was I from Newport; was I navy; was I retired; was I an Annapolis man, etc.?" When I replied to his question, "What year did you retire?" his eyes really lit up and he said, "I'm a captain, too! That was the same year that I entered the navy." Now, I suddenly realized the truth in the old saying "It's later than you think."

I had been designated by the Retired Officer's Association, to represent the retired officer community of all New England, at the Naval Base activities of interest to retirees, and to attend the monthly board meetings at the Base. I found the makeup of all these boards vastly changed, now thirty years later. They were no longer boards with any

authority, but merely "advisory groups", where members could ask questions, or sometimes submit a minor complaint. All operating directives are issued by a central office in Washington, and profits, instead of being used locally for recreation, now have to be forwarded to this central office in Washington. This is by far the most retrogressive change I have ever witnessed in the navy. Today, proper service cannot be provided to either active duty or retired personnel. I have been at a loss, to provide any information of value or interest, let alone hope, for the retired community regarding the shopping facilities, Officers Club, or the Naval Hospital and dental facilities. Those locally involved with the management of these services, merely place the blame for the dilemma on the shoulders of Congress, as if the Navy management in Washington had nothing to do with it. (Another broken promise to those who served this country well and are no longer needed.)