WORLD WAR II VETERANS

NO. 294

CAPTAIN CHARLES K. MOORE, USN(Ret.)

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

NAVAL WAR COLLEGE

2002

NAVAL WAR COLLEGE
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
WORLD WAR II VETERANS

INTERVIEWEE: CAPTAIN CHARLES K. MOORE, USN(Ret.)

INTERVIEWER: EVELYN M. CHERPAK

DATES: JULY 30, 2002, AUGUST 5, 2002, AND AUGUST 13, 2002

EMC: Today's date is July 30, 2002. My name is Evelyn Cherpak. I'm the curator Naval Historical Collection at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. I'm interviewing retired Captain Charles K. Moore, who saw action in the latter part of World War II. Captain Moore, I'm delighted that you're here today to be interviewed on your career in the Navy. I'd like to begin by asking you where and when you were born.

CKM: That's easy because the numbers are easy to remember: 3/3/23, which, of course, is March 3rd. I was born in Vallejo, California, General Hospital. The reason I was is that my dad's ship was in. I think that would have been the destroyer McDERMUT--I don't have a handle on what his duties were. But that's why my mother was up there at that time. This was not our residence at the time. I guess we were following the ship or some such thing.

EMC: You came from a Navy family on both sides, apparently, from a long line of men who served in the Navy. Can you comment on that, on those who served on your mother's and father's sides?

CKM: My dad's father, C.B.T. Moore, USNA 1873, retired as an admiral. He died shortly after I was born. Probably retired from the Navy--well, he did retire--before World War I because he was not on duty during World War I. He was on the lecture circuit, you might say. He was a native of Illinois, and his family were pioneers in Illinois, centered in Decatur. They came to this country many, many years ago and came up from Virginia, through Kentucky, and then to Illinois. So my grandfather, really, on my father's side was my first ancestor to have had a naval career.

He clearly instilled in my father an enormous regard for the Navy as a career. My father went to the Naval Academy when he was 16, literally went there by himself. His father went to Samoa as the naval governor of Samoa in about 1905 or '06, and left my father in a boarding house with friends to finish high school and to go to the Naval Academy. So he was in Samoa and from there went to Pearl Harbor as commandant at Pearl Harbor. So they were out of the country and away quite a long time. I'm sure that he was back by the time my father graduated in 1910. He probably retired not long after that.

So those years my father was pretty much on his own to finish high school with a family that was a long-time sort of second family. In those days, of course, families didn't follow the fleet. My grandmother went out to Samoa, financed her trip out by a contract with a Chicago newspaper to write articles on Samoan life and Samoan culture. So that's my father's side of it.

On my mother's side of the family, my grandfather was a rear

admiral. Sumner E. W. Kittelle was in the Class of 1889, USNA. My middle name is Kittelle. Admiral Kittelle at one time commanded all the destroyers in the fleet, east and west, which he was always very proud to tell me. I would say that he was a rather formal gentleman. He retired in 1931, long before War II. He was commandant at Cavite; they lived in the Philippines for a number of years. He also was the naval governor of the Virgin Islands not long after they were purchased from Denmark, which would have been during World War One. But he was a good deal younger than my paternal grandfather by quite a few years, and, you know, I remember him very well. He died in 1950. So I knew him pretty well. He was not the grandfatherly sort. He was somewhat austere and kind of a proud man. But pleasant enough, and always very interested in my career.

EMC: Oh, that's good.

CKM: And knew what I was doing, that sort of thing. But I don't ever remember sort of sitting down and having a heart-to-heart conversation about the service.

EMC: Yes, I wondered if he was an influence on your joining.

CKM: When he was a lieutenant commander in about 1919, he built a house in Washington on California Street, a brick townhouse, three stories high and very narrow, in what at that time was

wooded fields and vacant lots. Washington then became the family's "home town." Now, of course, the Diplomatic Corps has taken over all that area. That house was sold in the 1950's. But I remember that house very well, and it had a lot of his Philippine artifacts and furniture, and bits of presentation materials. Not flamboyant. I've been in naval houses where everywhere you look there's a signed photograph of some big-shot. I think a lot of my father and also my grandfather on my mother's side, how they did not advertise their relationship with people unless it was something really special.

My Grandmother Kittelle's family provided the most significant naval ancestors. Her father was Charles Dwight Sigsbee, who was captain of the MAINE; Sigsbee came from a Dutch patroon family in Upstate New York. He, as far as I know, is the only Navy person of his line. However, his wife's father was Henry Hayes Lockwood. Thus Henry Hayes Lockwood was my great-great-grandfather. Henry Hayes Lockwood was a founder of the Naval Academy. Of all these ancestors, he is the closest one to having left his mark on the Navy. It was not Sigsbee. After the MAINE sunk and he became a national hero, he became kind of a pain in the neck.

Henry Hayes Lockwood was gone by then. But he was a West Point graduate, 1836, who ultimately was a brigadier general in the Army and, at the same time, a flag officer in the Navy. After he graduated from West Point, he went into the Seminole Wars, and later he fought in the Civil War. Then the Navy drafted him or

talked the Army into lending him to set up the Naval Academy and to become one of the founding faculty. He helped Bancroft select Fort Severn as the location for the Naval Academy. He's buried at the Naval Academy. His students knew him as the general, although he held a commission as commodore, and in fact his tombstone records him a general.

Lockwood was a very distinguished gentleman who taught tactics and taught mathematics. He was an instructor of mathematics. In those days some of those people were commissioned officers. Then he went back to the Army during the Civil War, and then back to the Navy where he retired. He was my grandmother's grandfather, not of the Sigsbee line.

EMC: Right.

CKM: Henry Hayes Lockwood's son died of starvation at the North Pole in the Greely expedition. He was a lieutenant in the Army. He's buried at the Naval Academy also. There are books on the Greely expedition, which was one of those unbelievable disasters that some idiot thought up. So that goes back recounting down through my youngest son who is in the Navy to about six generations of men of direct Navy connection on both sides, paternal and maternal sides.

EMC: Right. So you had no other choice but to join the Navy.

CKM: Well, I don't think it would have occurred to me that there was another-- My friends were Navy Junior friends, you know.

EMC: Well, that's how they were brought up.

CKM: We just, you know, that's the life we lived. We used to come over here as boys when the naval station in Newport was pretty much closed down; there wasn't anything here but the War College. Coddington Point was the rifle range, and a string of abandoned fields that we'd go and see, and a few odd buildings. We used to go over there and play. The principal quarters up here, from my family's quarters north four or five buildings there, we knew all those kids, and we went to dancing class together.

EMC: When was that? What time frame?

CKM: This was in....

EMC: The thirties probably?

CKM: Definitely in the thirties. Well, I'll tell you when it was, it was '34, '35, '36, and '37, when my father was at the War College. Spruance was also. Spruance was on the faculty, and my dad stayed on, so we were there for three years. During that period of time, living in town. That's where the Navy Juniors

used to play over here at the training station; we used to come over here to what is now the communications school nearby there. There was a barracks and armory, and they had all these rifles with the broomstick barrels, which they used to drill with. A bunch of us played over there. We were practically like a Navy. The Firehouse Gang were sailors, and there was a gang down where the officers' club is now near the machine shops. There were a few things going on down there. That was the Navy when the training station was closed. The sailors were great.

So this boatswain's mate would pass us out these wooden rifles, and we would drill. Whenever somebody-- I remember when the station commander retired, we all put on old uniforms that we had which were mentioned as white service, white work clothes that older brothers had left behind and sailor caps and wooden rifles. We went down to the gate, and formed up and gave him his military salute. We were, at the time, like 14, 13.

EMC: Nice innocent play.

CKM: Yes. So I tell you I remember this area, as I was suggesting, when the War College was it, and the grounds were deserted.

EMC: And it was just in this old complex, three buildings.

CKM: Yes, this was the complex. As I say, across the causeway to

Coddington Point, during World War I, when the training station was open, the rifle ranges were all there. We used to go over there and look for brass cartridges, expended brass. We went over there once, and we flushed a pheasant which ran into a fence and broke its neck, which we took home to our quarters up here. My mother said, "Well, you clean it, I'll cook it." We plucked this pheasant, and she cooked it for us. It killed itself on the fence at Coddington Point, which was interesting because pheasants come and go on this island. Right now at home where I am in Middletown, I had this morning a cock and hen pheasants feeding at my bird feeder. The pheasants are back. The foxes are gone, and the pheasants are back.

EMC: Right. We had a fox here.

CKM: Yes.

EMC: Right outside this window a while back. So you lived in Newport as a youth, in your teenage years, a part of your teenage years. You must have had a number of moves during that time, during your youth.

CKM: We lived in Norfolk, we lived in Coronado and Washington. But I don't ever recall feeling disrupted by any of those moves at all. I have a hard time remembering some of the really young ones. I remember when I was in the fifth grade, and we were

living in Coronado, certain things I can remember about Coronado. I remember Newport more than anything. Because the Newport that we lived in during that time is still exactly like it was then: Kay Street, Catherine Street Complex, and all those big old houses.

EMC: Yes, that hasn't changed.

CKM: Rhode Island Avenue. The students at the Naval Academy lived in those great big houses. Housing was never a problem in those days.

EMC: No. Where did you graduate from high school? Where were you then?

CKM: Well, I went to a lot of high schools. I went to public schools here, Cranston Calvert School and then to John Clark when I got to seventh grade. Then, because I was a charming student and charmed all the teachers in the public school system in Newport, my family decided that my education was not going to get me in the Naval Academy. I suspect that is what was behind all those moves in my life. So I went to St. George's School as a day student. In among that crowd that went, there were a number of Navy Juniors in my high school, and we learned a lot.

It was during the Depression, and St. George's was so much smaller than it is now, so much more kind of close aboard. They

didn't entertain a lot of day students there. There were a clutch of them that hired a taxi in the morning, and I was the last one on the route. Also the youngest because I was in the second form or the eighth grade; now they don't have them down that small. Then there were at St. George's, in second form only six or seven of us. I'd come out of the house and get into the taxicab, and these thugs would beat me to shreds. They treated me like a plebe; they were wonderful.

EMC: Sounds like an English public school.

CKM: I just used to love it. Ike Kidd was one of them and subsequently was an admiral. I believe he was a senior. I saw him a couple of times in the intervening years. But the next time I saw Ike Kidd where we could sit down and talk, he was commander of the Sixth Fleet, and I was a Destroyer Squadron 10 commander in Naples. He said, when he saw me, he said, "Where the hell have you been! How is your mother? Is she still alive?" This kind of thing. Because he taught me to swim out here at Third Beach.

EMC: Did you graduate from there?

CKM: No, no.

EMC: Oh, you didn't. Just attended.

CKM: I just attended one year. I loved it. I remember distinctly not enjoying the idea of leaving because I did a lot of things here, and there were a lot of things going on at that time that I could do out there--sports and all. I integrated beautifully into that society at that time, and had a lot of fun. I earned my first art material up there from William Drury. There were some wonderful teachers, and it was an opportunity to pick up on a lot of disciplines and things as a boy that the public school didn't have. So we left. We got orders. So my dad went out to the Pacific Fleet, Battle Force Pacific Fleet, to work for Admiral Kalbfus, who had been a president of the War College when Spruance and my dad and a couple of others were commuting to the War College every day.

So he moved us to Long Beach. Public school system in California was heavily influenced by John Dewey, who thought it was more important to learn how to knit a washrag than it was to learn mathematics. This wouldn't do at all. So I was put into boarding school in the Pomona Valley, California Preparatory School for Boys, a boarder. A little school. Once again, it was Depression time. It was a small school, and I just loved it very much indeed. Then my family would come up and see me from time to time. They were in pretty much steady contact with me out there. It wasn't that far away from Long Beach, but far enough where I was pretty much on my own. So I did two years there. Then we got orders to Washington, and the war was--no, the war was not yet. It was 1938, I guess, when we left for Washington. I went to St.

Alban's.

EMC: That's a prep school.

CKM: I had to work all summer to bring up my level of spelling and English and a few other things. I was there for two years and graduated from St. Alban's. We were a fairly small class, 29, and it's interesting that four of us went to the Naval Academy. Two of us were Navy Juniors and boys that I'd known all my life and still do. A couple of them have passed on.

EMC: Oh, interesting.

CKM: So I just loved St. Alban's. I took one summer, between my sophomore and senior years, to join the Army, oddly enough, in the Citizens Military Training Corps, which was an Army-run endeavor to indoctrinate young boys and young men. If you went four summers in a row, why, you had a chance to get a commission as a second lieutenant in the Army Reserve. It was a month out at Fort Meade in the heat of Maryland, where we lived in tents and marching and learning how to shoot 30-caliber Springfields.

So I had this month in the Army that all these people don't believe, but it was true. These little collar devices that we were supposed to turn in when we left along with all our uniforms and pith helmets and so on, I kept them, and I think it cost me 35 cents to get away with them. I had them made into cufflinks.

There are a set of those collar devices here in Newport in the Newport Artillery Museum. You can see there is indeed a record of the Citizens Military Training Corps.

EMC: Right. No one knows much about that.

CKM: The war came, and that all terminated. There was one here in Newport out at Fort Adams in the Coast Artillery.

EMC: Right. My father was in that.

CKM: Oh, really!

EMC: Yes. So I know about it. In fact, I donated a picture that he had. It was a rolled-up picture of Fort Adams.

CKM: I've got one of those of the whole troop at Fort Meade. All these guys, they were all Pennsylvania miners and people, kids from Baltimore and all over.

EMC: All over the place.

CKM: And, of course, I think, when the war finally came, those guys were sucked up in the maelstrom. They didn't last long. I was in the Navy then. So I was only in basic in the Army.

EMC: You should write an article about the Citizens Army. That would be interesting.

CKM: I should have the piece of paper that appoints me or says that I completed the basic training in the CM. The infantry, I was in an infantry course.

EMC: That's forgotten by most people.

CKM: You're right. I believe it. A lot of people have never heard of it at all.

EMC: Nobody knows. The Coast Artillery, I've heard of that because, as I say, my father was in it here in Newport. Well, you're on your way to the Naval Academy. Apparently, as you said, there really was no other option for you at this time.

CKM: Yes. I got my appointment from William Wheat, a representative from Macon County, Illinois, which is one of the homesteads of my father's family. As a result, all I had to do was take the comprehensives that showed that I could read and write.

EMC: You went in what year? You were in the class of--?

CKM: I went in in 1941.

EMC: So Class of '45.

CKM: Yes.

EMC: But you graduated in '44.

CKM: I graduated in '44.

EMC: Can you comment on the wartime academy, academics and athletics and cruises?

CKM: Wartime academy. Yes. We did a cruise on the ARKANSAS, which did not leave Chesapeake Bay and provided very high-temperature experience when sleeping on a cast-iron deck and doing-- I think we fired those--I think they were 14-inch guns once. The old ARKANSAS was a decrepit creature, and it sure gave you an idea of what it was like to be in battleships to start with and serving in World War I and up. But she never did anything more than that, I think. I don't know whether she was ever deployed anywhere or not. I'm not sure. But that was--must have been youngster cruise, because thereafter our cruises were pretty much in the bay and my YPs, Yard Patrol craft. That was great fun, because we visited all of eastern shore ports. It was pretty much fun and games. We'd go down to Yorktown and Chesapeake Bay. The captain of the boat would be an

upperclassman. So I'm not sure what practical experience. Well, we got some navigating experience and a lot of fellowship and friendship and a lot of funny stories.

EMC: Well, you were trained in seamanship.

CKM: Well, you know, even in a proper midshipmen's cruise, you spent most of your time in training lectures, and you go to a gun mount for target practice. Mostly it was to get your feeling what it was like to live and operate and move aboard ship. During one of those summers we were asked if there were any midshipmen who would like to volunteer and be on a cruise on the USS SOUTH DAKOTA, which was a brand new battleship. This mission was going to be going on her trial cruise. So I said, "That's for me!" There were about eight of us who went on and picked up the SOUTH DAKOTA in Philadelphia and went to sea in the Atlantic. That was an experience! We were assigned to a division and unit in general quarters station and had a very good experience including the possibility at one point, when we were headed up towards Newfoundland up there where it was getting pretty heavy, where we thought we were going to encounter the SCHARNHORST, one of the German battleships or something, a great deal of excitement. It turned out to not be. But it was fun contemplating that. Then ultimately we went back into port where we disembarked. En route the SOUTH DAKOTA hit a sandbar and ran aground.

EMC: Oh, no!

CKM: So we were in a slight tilt, but nobody got hurt, and nobody, as far as I know, was court marshalled. the ship got off without any strain.

EMC: But you had to report that.

CKM: Well, then.

EMC: They had to.

CKM: I'm sure--yes. Not that it's important, but anyway Captain Gatch was the captain. Of course the SOUTH DAKOTA subsequently went out to the Pacific and was called "Battleship X," you know. This ship encountered and shot down many Japanese airplanes after post Guadalcanal time. She was a heroic ship! So that was an interesting episode.

EMC: Wow! Right!

CKM: I kept a journal on that, but at some point in my life I said, "I don't need that anymore." And no sooner I'd thrown it away.

EMC: Oh, no!

CKM: --than one of the guys who was on that cruise wrote an article on that cruise for the Shipmate magazine.

EMC: Yes! Sure!

CKM: They asked me for some material, and I said, "Well, let me just get my journal out." Then I said, "Oh, my God, I threw it all out!

EMC: Oh, never do that! It would be a nice record.

CKM: Nice little record of that life aboard the SOUTH DAKOTA on its shakedown cruise.

EMC: Yes.

CKM: It would have been very useful and interesting.

EMC: Yes, yes. Right, right-- Well, people do write articles on these things, as you know. It's what you make of it, I suppose. Well, anyway, you had some interesting cruises, and that certainly was outstanding. Can you comment on academics--your classroom instruction and courses and what you thought of it? Was it challenging?

CKM: We had some elderly old profs. at the Naval Academy that had been there for a hundred years who had about-- I'll tell you what I thought about academic instruction at the Naval Academy. Years later, when I was going to a job at the Fleet Sonar school, San Diego, I took a teaching course for instructors, Class C Course for Instructors, where all of a sudden we discovered that there were some instructional techniques the professors at the Naval Academy never encountered in their lives such as motivating your students and have them do presentations. A lot of our academic life was, you know, man the blackboards and solve problems or listen to lectures or write paper and marched in front. Depending upon what your level of enthusiasm probably was--measured what your grades were going to be. I frequently had a low mark in enthusiasm for some of the stuff.

But the commissioned instructors, in military things like ordnance, were commissioned naval officers. A lot of them had just come back from or had been at sea. And, you know, in those days a lieutenant was God! I used to look at two stripes and say ____ our mentors, and at the Naval Academy company officers guided us in military discipline. The instructors in department ordnance and gunnery and so on were active-duty regular naval officers and did their best. Even those guys could have used instructors in training. The Class C's instructors from San Diego were good. I think now people in those teaching positions are much more up on that for obvious reasons. So, what was the academic level? I graduated in the middle of my class, which was

fine, having made not a whole heck of a lot of effort and having problems with some sophisticated engineering subjects.

EMC: Did you participate in any athletics there?

CKM: Not if I could help it! Yes, just company athletics, company and battalion athletics, yes. I played soccer and I played-- I did a lot of that kind of stuff, fun and games. But I did not embark on any--or attempt to get in any varsity athletics.

EMC: I should have asked you this earlier, because it's earlier in time. Where were you and what was your reaction to the attack on Pearl Harbor?

CKM: I wish I could measure that better.

EMC: You were first year at the academy, probably.

CKM: Yes, and I know exactly where I was living. My roommate was Ted Cochrane, and his father was Admiral Cochrane. Subsequently he was head of Bureau of Ships and designed all our landing craft in the war. Ted Cochrane was also a classmate of mine at St. Alban's. It's rather as if such a thing were anticipated. Our focus, then, became much on our own welfare as to, you know, when were we going to get out of here and go to war? When all of a

sudden we found that the first class was going to graduate like next month, and we were thrust instantly into the three-year academic regime, that and security like we have here--nothing as intense as this today.

We went on sentry duty. I can remember standing sentry duty in the basements of Bancroft Hall with a .45 caliber pistol and through those dark passage ways and wondering what I was supposed to encounter. I spent my time painting great huge cockroaches on the walls. There were places down there in those crypts in Bancroft Hall where you could make a turn, and all of a sudden you could see this great cockroach on the wall, which I meticulously installed with--don't know what I used for paint, but I thought that was amusing. So, you know, we were all alert to what was going on. It wasn't as if we-- I think we all said well, it's about--you know, about time, and how do we get out of here and get on a ship and go get them?

EMC: Right, right, so there was war fever, sort of popular militarism among the midshipmen.

CKM: Yes, that's what it was, really.

EMC: You were in a condensed class. Did you have to work harder because of the three year--packing four years into three?

CKM: I don't think we worked harder. Yes, we missed a lot.

EMC: Oh, that's what they did--eliminate.

CKM: We had to eliminate a lot, and cruises were shorter. Otherwise, oddly enough on the level of technology that we were really into at that time in the Navy, wasn't a-- I missed a lot of English history and government.

EMC: All the liberal arts end of it?

CKM: Liberal arts took a shellacking. I still don't understand poetry. Well, the Naval Academy wouldn't have taught me how to understand it, but you'd be surprised. Incidentally, foreign languages, of course, we were talking about-- Well, instructors in foreign languages were an interesting bunch because they commissioned all these really freaky guys that were French teachers. The battalion you went to depended upon language routine.

EMC: Oh, really?

CKM: We were very good friends with the French professors. Even postwar they were fundamentally totally civilians that had been commissioned left-handed lieutenants, rather an amusing bunch. But it's interesting, because a lot of that language training rubbed off, you know. I took French in high school, but we had a

year, a good year of language. They didn't eliminate that. But English history and government, and that's really where the old coots lived and wrote books rather than taught midshipmen. It would be heresy, probably, to say that, because they were honored professors and academicians. But they weren't very good as instructors.

EMC: Well, you graduated in '44 and went out to sea in a ship. What ship did you go to after graduation?

CKM: Well, we all went down to Jacksonville, Florida, in two groups. We went on leave after graduating and then to Jacksonville, or we went to Jacksonville and then went on leave. The reason we went to Jacksonville was to be indoctrinated in naval aviation. So we spent a month in Jacksonville, which was very much fun and games.

EMC: Oh! But you had no intention of being an aviator? This is just general training.

CKM: No, this was a general indoctrination--decided that everybody had to know something more about airplanes, or they did not get in the Naval Academy or in any other academic inputs into the Navy. So we went to Jacksonville, and our girlfriends came down and visited, with their mothers from time to time, and we had-- We partied down there unendingly. We flew around in PBYs.

We got a ride in the dive bomber. We studied a little bit of aerodynamics. It was fun and games. As I recall, I was on leave the first section and went down to Jacksonville with the second section. From there, that's when we started to head for our ships. From Jacksonville took a train up.

EMC: Probably went to Norfolk.

CKM: Up to Norfolk and then up to-- No, I took the train from there--not sure where. I remember the train going up, because it stopped a few times, so we could get out and play. But to get west where I was headed, or many of us, was to San Francisco. Ultimately we went on a train to San Francisco, which was a bunch of old pullman cars that were hotter than hell.

EMC: Oh, I bet!

CKM: Once again, it stopped every now and then for reasons unknown and let something faster go by and then trundled across the continent.

EMC: Where were your parents at this time? This was '44.

CKM: My dad was at sea, and we were living in Washington. In Washington, from the time we left back there in 1930. After we came back from Long Beach, we moved to Washington, and rented a

house. We were in that house through the war and until my dad retired from Brookings Institute, when he bought our house in Chevy Chase. Prior to that we were living right near Washington National Cathedral, right near St. Alban's School. So us boys, we'd jump the fence and run to school when we heard the bell ring. My mother stayed there while my father was at sea and it was sort of headquarters for her sister's family, her husband was a Marine and, oddly enough, in Samoa. And my grandfather and grandmother were still alive. My mother was born in Washington. We were a Washington oriented family.

EMC: Oh, I see.

CKM: Washington. My father's family was Mid West. My grandfather on my mother's side, Kittelle, was fundamentally a New Yorker from Upstate New York and ancestors from way back, came over, settled in the Hudson River Valley, and ended up in Washington where, as I say, he left his house in the woods, which he built in 1917, and which became today--

EMC: Very urban!

CKM: --a series of big apartment houses and big homes.

EMC: So you will find your way to San Francisco, was it?

CKM: Headed for San Francisco with a bunch of people, a lot of whom I knew, lot of others had gone before. So San Francisco was the point of shipping off and trying to enter the realm of "How in the hell to find the ship you were assigned to."

EMC: Oh, so they didn't tell you? You had to kind of scout around?

CKM: Oh, it was hard work! It was big receiving station in San Francisco, lots and lots of transient people looking for transportation to out West, lots of people coming back the other way, lots of hotels that were turned into BOQs. No sooner I got off the train than I ran into very close classmates of mine and friends, Naval Academy classmates and others. We had a hotel room with two or three of us staying in it. Then there was another hotel I finally had to move to which the Navy had commandeered and turned into a BOQ. Stayed there, and what we were waiting for was a ship, to get on a ship and go out to the Pacific and find our ships. To me it was a ball, because my father's only sister--only sibling--lived in Berkeley. Her husband was an old Navy commander. I couldn't tell you how old he was. He was still on active duty because they couldn't figure out what to do with him. They went out there because their daughter had a baby, and her husband was out in war.

So I had this--not just an obligation, but a real desire to go see Aunt Frances and Uncle Johnny and my cousin and the new

baby. So I did manage to get over to Berkeley a number of times. I don't have any idea what kind of transportation I used. Times I know--I was reading my letters there, and I was driving a truck that I'd picked up somewhere. But, you know, you made do. You found things to do and ways to do it. So I guess I visited a number of times, including-- Well, I guess later I was there when I went for Thanksgiving.

EMC: So you were there for quite a while in San Francisco?

CKM: Finally, I ran into classmates that had been there long before I. People finally boarded the transport called the GENERAL HOWZE--USS GENERAL H-O-W-Z-E, HOWZE. There were bunches of them headed--at last we headed out to find our ships. That was a large one, that ship, I'll tell you! It was hotter than hell.

EMC: Oh, my goodness!

CKM: It was a Navy ship, and I was given a job to take care of a detail of ten men and to keep a whole bunch of ladders cleaned. I had a ladder cleaning detail.

EMC: Oh, that was exciting.

CKM: We didn't go anywhere (unless you were able to escape) without being assigned some kind of a job. Even in San Francisco

you'd be collared and put on shore patrol. You could be collared and put on something, because if they needed someone to do something, they'd just go, you know, catch these guys. If you weren't careful, you'd miss a ship out. So you didn't let yourself get too far away. You wanted to check in every day and find out what's going on.

EMC: Right! Yes, if you got an assignment, right.

CKM: I must say that in between-- You run out of tape yet?

EMC: Not yet!

CKM: We went out and dined out in restaurants and went to nightclubs. We could pal around. So quite a few very close friends and I ran into one another there. That was a pattern of life throughout the Pacific, in my experience, full-time ____. It was running into friends, running into people you had known, sometimes way back and sometimes just Naval Academy classmates, sometimes Naval Academy classmates that were your real pals over the years.

EMC: Everybody heading out!

CKM: Everywhere you went in the Navy, you ran into somebody. I did. So, anyway, we ended up on the GENERAL HOWZE, and we made

one stop in Pearl Harbor. I don't remember much about that, except I did go for a swim at Waikiki. I figured I'm an expert surfer and going to go out. I found myself in deep trouble at there at one point. Some guy on a surf board gave me a ride in. I don't remember a heck of a lot about that layover. It was a stop en route, and then we continued west. The people, wherever we encountered shipping, whenever we--can't remember if we made any stops between where I finally got off the ship, but everywhere we went, we were looking for our ship!

EMC: Oh, you mean on the high sea?

CKM: Where in the hell is my ship?! Then we were down in Guadalcanal letting some people off and taking some people on board and doing something, I don't know what. There's ____ transport. Somebody spotted the USS REMEY at anchor in Tulagi Bay. Now, you had to get out and look for your ship, or you'd miss it. There was nobody to tell you where your ship was. We didn't know where the ships were.

EMC: Well, were you assigned by that time to a ship?

CKM: Oh, I always had orders for the REMEY.

EMC: Oh, you knew you were going to the REMEY.

CKM: I knew from the day I graduated.

EMC: Oh, okay.

CKM: I knew I was headed for the USS REMEY (DD688).

EMC: But nobody knew where it was?

CKM: Nobody knew because there was no way to know.

EMC: Right, right.

CKM: There was no way to know where anybody was. We knew they were out here somewhere doing something.

EMC: So you had to look for the REMEY at whatever port you stopped at?

CKM: Somebody on the--of the HOWZE said, "I think your ship is here!" There was another officer assigned to the REMEY on board the HOWZE also going-- Now, was he--yes, he must have been a classmate of mine that I'd never met. There were 914 of us in my class at the Naval Academy. I knew a whole heck of a lot of them by face and by name, and I knew a lot of them very, very closely, and I knew some middle closely. But the other officer assigned to the REMEY was named Doc. Doc was his name, and Doc Cranney--C-r-

a-n-n-e-y. I had never met him before in my life. He was on there. We got off the GENERAL HOWZE with all our sea bags and gear and over to Guadalcanal. The ship was in Tulagi Harbor, which is another island right off-- We stayed in Guadalcanal for a night somewhere. God knows where, in a tent or somewhere, because I remember seeing the Japanese general's outhouse. Of course, the Japanese were long gone. We had secured that for a while. The general's outhouse was out on a little pier on stilts out there over the water. So one had to use the Japanese general's outhouse as a token of respect. It was quite interesting to me, to us, I think. This was our first step ashore into the tropical islands, and I remember the coconut palms and-

EMC: No air conditioning!

CKM: No air conditioning. Of course, we didn't have any on the HOWZE, either.

EMC: That's right. It didn't exist!

CKM: So it was always fun to be able to say, "Well, when I was at Guadalcanal--

EMC: Two years after the fact!

CKM: On the fourth of September, 1944, I guess, commandeered or

got transportation, got a boat and went out and crossed the water and enter Tulagi Bay. At one o'clock in the morning we went aboard the REMEY, which was looking very dark and mysterious and dirty or rusty sort of, you know, like somewhat modestly beat up.

EMC: That was a destroyer, correct?

CKM: Oh, yes, that was a Fletcher Class destroyer. I used to think it was pretty big ship until I came up and got on board one in Charleston Naval Shipyard a few years ago. They have one as a museum.

EMC: Oh, the YORKTOWN.

CKM: Like the YORKTOWN. This was a Callaghan or something like that at the Boston Naval Shipyard. How tiny those ships really are! Anyway, so we came aboard and, you know, I wish I could have a visual picture of what exactly transpired or what the OD did or what the--how-- I mean, wow, here come two new officers aboard. I know that I was berthed, for that night, anyway, in the captain's sea cabin up at bridge level. I don't know where Doc Cranney slept. I guess, you know, our gear came aboard, and we found some place to stow ourselves. Until we got underway, I guess I probably stayed in the sea cabin. Ultimately both Doc and I and the chief warrant officer who was already on board, you know, berthed in the chief's quarters. But there just wasn't any room

for anybody anywhere. We were hot bunking.

EMC: No. How many men were in the ship?

CKM: Good question. There were 25 officers and 300 men, little more than that.

EMC: Also, yes.

CKM: The reason there was all these people is you've got to man all these guns and stand watches and sleep and eat. You can't do that without a lot of people. The ships were never built, really, to handle the people situation until years later they began automating it, solving personnel problems and making life aboard ship--

EMC: More comfortable, probably.

CKM: But do you know they still don't give enough room for the troops, even their new construction. When they finally get out there and start working, say, "There's not enough room ____."

EMC: Well, what was your assignment in the REMEY? What was your job?

CKM: Well, I was assigned to the gunnery department, and Doc was

assigned to the navigation department. This is the beginning of what all junior officers encounter for a large part of their early duty assignment called "training." Not just you're charged with training your part of the crew, but also yourself. The Destroyer Force headquarters in Pearl Harbor had a course the junior officers had to take when they went to destroyers called the G.I. course--general information course.

EMC: Now, did you take that?

CKM: You had this big sheaf of course papers.

EMC: Oh, that were given to you on the REMEY?

CKM: Oh, yes.

EMC: Oh, alright, you took it there.

CKM: You don't just sit down take it.

EMC: No, I know, practical application.

CKM: Work in progress--

EMC: Right, right.

CKM: --which takes you through all the departments--engineering departments. And, you know, you talk to the chief engineer and you talk to the bosun's mate. In my case they-- I was made an assistant machine gun officer, which meant I better learn something in a hurry about machine guns. So I'm trying to learn about machine guns, do the G.I. course, and I was assigned a watch station as a main battery director, which is manned by me and the range finder operator and radar operator and the pointer and the trainer. About three sailors ____ fire control men, strikers. On the one in three watch.

EMC: How long is the watch, now?

CKM: Four hours.

EMC: So you have eight hours of watch duty.

CKM: Yes.

EMC: Eight hours of sleep, maybe.

CKM: You have eight hours between-- You're on four hours, off eight hours.

EMC: Right.

CKM: Which gets locked into a pattern, and then to break the pattern while you-- The dog watch is the midnight-to-four, or was it the four-to-eight? The midnight-to-four is the most hairy one. But then by dogging the watch, it means cutting it into two two-hour watches. You shift the whole watch schedule forward, so that you don't end up on the same watch over and over and over again. You might have the good watch for four or five days in a row, and you dog the watch, and you shift to somebody else has the good watch, and you're on the four to eight.

So you're training, and meanwhile, you know, you're interested in your--in where you are--watch. You have a GQ station. You're assigned a GQ station. Somewhere in here you have to eat. There are 25 officers on board plus squadron commander's staff. So there's around 54. Commodore was named Coward--Jesse Coward--J-e-s-s-e. He had on his staff more officers than I had when I was a squadron commander, and about three or four officers. He had a doctor on board. So not only did we have the crew, man the ship, man all the ordnance, and stand the watches, but we had the squadron commander and his staff, which is a burden. Any flag ship commander will tell you it's a burden when you have staff to accommodate.

Sometimes it can be a lot of fun. I was in a flag ship once as executive officer. We tamed our staff, and it became operational--operated very well. This was a flag ship of the Seventh Fleet which was a huge thing.

EMC: Well, you were very busy then--extremely busy.

CKM: Busy? My letters say that I'm busy all the time.

EMC: Right, right, you would be.

CKM: Then, you know, meeting and learning who your shipmates are and the men you're working with.

EMC: Who does what.

CKM: Who is the most important chief in your life, and who is the most important first class petty officer, because they're the guys you're going to lean on heavily. And being up there in the director, we were just on condition watch, and we weren't at general quarters. This was just a readiness watch.

EMC: Now, were you out to sea at this time, or were you still in port?

CKM: Now we're out to sea.

EMC: Oh, okay.

CKM: I mean, I don't know how long we swum around Tulagi Bay, but not very long. We were there to pick up some ships and some

logistics for logistic support for the invasion of Palau. So we weren't there very long, and then we were off for my first operation. The ship was down there. The ship itself had just come down from an arduous operation at Saipan. So the crew was saying, "Oh, you should have been at Saipan!" "You missed Saipan! You should have been there!" and regaling the newcomers with the time they'd had in Saipan, which was deep into trouble. There were amphibious landings, shore bombardments, and counter battery fire. The ship never got hit, but they were fired at, and they fired. They were in the teeth of the battle and with the amphibs. They were down there in Guadalcanal to sort of rearm, take on ammunition and supplies to get back and pick up some ship that had started out to Palau. So Palau, for me, was the first military operation that the ship had been on since I'd been aboard, and it was within-- I think it was around a week.

EMC: Right! So you were baptized by fire!

CKM: Yes. Fortunately at Palau. Palau was absolute hell on Marines, and some Marine friends of mine were wiped out. Like Iwo Jima, it was extremely difficult. One wonders why we had to take Palau. But what the REMEY did, and a group of ships and transports, was to make a fake landing on the northern part of the island, or maybe it was a northern island of the group, to try and throw the Japanese off as to where we were actually going to land.

EMC: Oh, I see.

CKM: So we were not really engaged in that landing, you know. When we went back to regroup and move on, that's, for instance, the first time I saw a dead Japanese, which was a Japanese soldier floating in the water by the ship. You could get some idea of what that landing had been like. It wasn't anything like earlier landings like at Tarawa, except that it was very hard to take that island, and the Marines were the ones who suffered.

So that took us to Palau. Guess we left from there to Manus, which was a fleet anchorage to regroup and rearm for what was to be the invasion of the Philippines. When we left there-- We were there long enough to do some repair work and do some training, go ashore from time to time, run into classmates of mine who still couldn't find their ships! I mean, the ship they're looking for has gone back to the States.

EMC: Oh, for heaven sakes! Sounds so disorganized, just looking for your own ship.

CKM: Looking for your ship, yes.

EMC: Waste of manpower.

CKM: There was little that support activities at advanced bases

could do to help. One had to wait for his ship to come in, for whatever reason. Ships were assigned to task groups in the current op orders, which were highly classified. But there was no logical way to deliver new or returning personnel to ships so deployed. Best to wait-- Manus Island in the southwest Pacific, then Ulithi in the western Pacific. Life at Ulithi: We normally would be alongside two or three other destroyers and sometimes alongside of a tender or a repair ship. The objective was to rearm and to get provisions, hopefully.

Then on every stop, no matter where you were, and sometimes at sea, swap movies. We had movies, but the most important evolution when you went into port (and Ulithi had to be considered a port) was to get movies! To trade movies with other ships, and there was a procedure. Every movie had a booklet that went with it that tracked where it had been and who had seen it, who not. If some admiral wanted a certain movie, why, chances are he'd get it. But otherwise it was hard to get the good movies, and you could tell because the movie operators would write on the outside--"NFG"--No Flaming Good," if you know what I mean. When you saw "NFG" on a movie--

EMC: You didn't want it.

CKM: NFG, you knew that was a lousy movie! Of course, that movie operator might be opinionated. His idea of a movie might be different from others. But a lot of letters home, when looking

for something to write about, was what movies you'd seen, and if they had a double feature or shown movies in the wardroom. Most movies were shown topside. And movies were shown, too, outside on big mounted screens.

EMC: Well, it was major entertainment in those days.

CKM: Big! Big time entertainment. Another was to get mail, and these were the sorts of jobs that the junior officer would do when at Manus or any Fleet anchorage. There were things like guard mail rounds--had to go pick up the guard mail, pick up movies, swap movies. You might have to go ashore and, if you had recreation parties ashore, do shore patrol or just escort recreation parties from the ship to ball fields and whatnot, pick up parts and bring them down, try and find or con stuff anywhere you could get it. As I pointed out to you, if you were lucky, you could get some seabee greens and one of those nice sun helmets and some boots, some boondockers. So there was a lot of rummaging around and stealing and conning of this to get parts and, as I suggested, to get the things that should keep the ship going that you don't get over electric wires, like movies in the guard mail. The mail, of course, was a sometime thing, and sometimes it would come in huge quantities like second-class mail--hundreds of bags of mail. It would take a very, very long time to sort it, distribute it, and that sort of thing. Meanwhile, every time you went ashore on a task like that, you had a boat officer, or some-

-going somewhere. Somebody's going somewhere, you need a boat officer.

EMC: Did you ever have to go ashore on these kinds of errands?

CKM: Oh, I was assigned. I didn't have to ask.

EMC: Oh, you were assigned.

CKM: Yes, I mean, I'd go ashore and look for gunnery parts. Gunnery officer would say, "I want you to go ashore and seek out this activity, see if they have any--" whatever for five inch thirty-eight. So I'd trundle ashore. Every time I went ashore, I'd run into somebody I knew. Every time I went ashore in the Pacific, going to shore, going to many, many, many different destroyer officers' clubs or just fleet officers' clubs--thatched roof, I'd run into friends from the Naval Academy, friends from home, friends from high school, friends that I knew only because I knew they were friends of my family or friends of their family. I was able to stop and say, "I know you."

EMC: So kind of like old home week, in a way.

CKM: Yes, it's hard to believe this, because it's a big war, and there were thousands and thousands of people involved this. But there they were. Some of my closest Naval Academy friends that

went to the destroyers were in the same squadron with me. So it was fun to see them, too, and compare notes--ask them, you know, what they were doing, what we were doing, how their families were and all that sort of thing. Training films. That's another thing, as I pointed out, training was involved all the time. You'd go ashore to these establishments where you pick up training films today would be considered kind of archaic. We had slides that you'd show, and you'd play a record at the same. The record would be the lecture that goes with the slides on the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of mark so-and-so torpedo or part 38 something or other part. You know, the junior officer gets most of these jobs like setting up training and executing some training within your home divisions and so on. So I kept going ashore in Manus trying to pick up the right material to do--to be at my training chores in line. You know, we had fun and games going on. We had a band on the ship, a three-piece band. It was just terrible! ____, and I tried to get them to start a harmonica band, because I played a harmonica. And, you know, we had fun and games.

EMC: Well, that's good! It wasn't all horror and--

CKM: Oh, no.

EMC: Who was your CO? Do you remember that you told me who the--?

CKM: Lieutenant Commander Reid P. Fiala. I'd been aboard two weeks, perhaps, before I had any conversation with the captain at all. He and the commodore both were sort of-- I could almost say "war ravaged."

EMC: Oh, my!

CKM: The principal action they'd seen that was when they were under fire was in Saipan, but it was tough. Furthermore, the personalities of those two people were not conducive to any-- I'm sure the captain welcomed me aboard, but he was dour, and the commodore, they ate in the wardroom. We had at least two sittings because we couldn't feed all the officers in one. We used to fight to be sure we were in the second sitting rather than have to be at the table with the commodore and the captain and the XO, a fellow named P.G. Dye--D-y-e, whom we (privately) all called "Pus-Gut." He was a large sort of pain. And he and the commodore and the XO--not the commodore, the captain, hunched over at the end of the table talking in hushed tones. They were not socializing, not at all friendly except, of course, the commodore with his own staff officers. Doc Cranney and I were the most junior officers on board, and I was certainly the youngest. I was 21 and not inclined to run up to the austere commodore on the bridge and say, "I'm Ensign Moore, Commodore. I'd like you to know I'm aboard. What's going on here?"

EMC: Not that casual.

CKM: I'll tell you this, in later days I've been a commodore and had junior officers come right to me and say, "Commodore Moore, why are we out here? What are we supposed to be doing?" I thought to myself at the time how wonderful that is. These kids are perfectly at ease to come up and say, "Commodore, why are we here? Why am I up here doing this?" Whereas I wouldn't have gone up to Jesse Coward and asked him the time of day, because he was a scary individual. A captain was a scary individual.

EMC: Yes, yes! Well, they were more austere in those days, I think.

CKM: They were austere and, as I say, they looked like they'd been shell shocked, and I couldn't see. They'd both been decorated for shore fire control and shore bombardment action and dodging salvos themselves. They did a fantastic job, and they were decorated for that. That's why "Share the wealth," you know. "Let's talk this over." Let me point out, and we'll probably get to that when they were--both of them were relieved some time later. The new captain had more reason to be shell shocked. He'd come from two tours already. He was a Naval Academy guy, Lieutenant Commander "Red" Balch, and a new commodore, Captain Preston Mercer, two totally different people. We junior officers

were seldom assigned berthing in a stateroom. Most of the time we lived in chief quarters. We displaced chiefs, sleeping on mattresses in the chief's mess, while the executive officer had a room and a bank for another officer in the cabin. Wouldn't take another officer in his space. A new captain came aboard. He told the executive officer, "Take another officer in your cabin." He got us out of chief's quarters and into our officers' staterooms, where we should be. The commodore, the new commodore, was totally friendly, totally open.

EMC: What a switch!

CKM: Also, he didn't come from Washington; he came from another group of ships at sea. They were entering into their second term of duty in another ship in the same damn area. They were fighting the same war!

EMC: Well, different personalities, I guess, entirely. More open.

CKM: There's sort of hate and discontent with the officers in the wardroom. There were no Naval Academy officers in among 30 officers other than Doc Cranney and myself and the captain and the commodore. There was only one--maybe two regular naval officers. One was a first lieutenant, and he was a leader, extremely capable. We had a chief warrant officer--chief warrant

electrician and a few regular CPO's. The rest were reserves running that ship hating every cotton-picking minute of it and wanting the war to be over tomorrow if not sooner!

EMC: How interesting!

CKM: And doing actually wonderful jobs, and they were wonderful people. They included a Hallmark greeting card salesman, a lawyer, guy that owned a feed store in Virginia. The doctor, in particular, he was bitter because he wanted to be practicing medicine. And, you know, at the time you really get into trouble and need a doctor--are rare when you need one. It's a crisis management. You've got massive problems.

EMC: Right, right.

CKM: Our doctor was sent over in the Philippines subsequently to the USS GRANT, which was decimated by the cross fire in the battle of the Philippine Sea. Perhaps one other time we sent the doctor over for emergency--some major medical. Otherwise the doctor-- You know, he doesn't have any patients except boils carbuncles, minor injuries.

EMC: Yes, few things.

CKM: Our doctor did not consider it to be fun and games to be a

medical officer in that destroyer. He was a nice guy and all that, and he personified the reserve drafted ____ in the Navy, but was doing the job as best he could with what he had, but he didn't like it! You know, he wanted this war over and go home. They had families. They were young fellows. A lot of them had been commissioned lieutenants or JG's.

EMC: So it wasn't ____?

CKM: They did not like the war! People like me, I kept saying, "Bring on the enemy! Let's go!" They used to give me a real hard time.

EMC: Well, you were gung ho, and the others were not.

CKM: I was gung ho!

EMC: The others were not.

CKM: They were not gung ho!

EMC: Well, that's interesting.

CKM: They were absolutely wonderful people. To this day they were the most genuine, honest, and they did not like the captain. They did not much like the commodore. The reason is that none of

them probably ever really got to know the guy. God knows, I never got to know him. They were upset because he would not let officers go. An AllNAV would come in looking for certain qualified officers to do certain things where the fleet was needed. He wouldn't let any of our officers go. Our most experienced and highly trained department heads, the chief engineer, gunnery officer, people like that who had properly trained relievers, officers who could relieve them. The chance of their going to another ship or getting orders home, or orders to the Navy yard or whatever, and he was blatantly reluctant to let them go, because he had them, he had trained them, they're his, and he needs them. He didn't trust himself with having other new officers and letting these guys go. You could feel that stress, the captain has got you, and you ain't going to get off! This crew had been on board since the ship was commissioned in Bath, Maine, to fight the Pacific war. So they had been aboard a couple of years. They had been out there all this time.

EMC: No wonder they were disgruntled!

CKM: Yes, and when new officers came aboard like Doc Cranney and myself, it was kind of exciting. Of course, by the time I had been aboard for a few months and had action had begun to pace down, we began getting new officers. We didn't have any support, I mean, and all of a sudden they've got a whole bunch of new officers coming aboard. They were great! We were happy to see

them. Sometimes it was hard to know who was where. It took some maneuvering on-- Our new captain-- The new captain was capable of doing that and looking forward--looking ahead and seeing what we needed to do with these officers. They're all short-term. Soon as the war is over, they're going to be gone. "Who have I got here to work with?" We got a new supply officer who was a classmate of mine at the Naval Academy and began to get some more long-timers and lots and lots of freshly commissioned officers that we welcomed because they were new faces and new ideas and ideas involved. By that time we were kind of--

EMC: Winding down, probably.

CKM: Winding down. You know, we spent a lot of time with carrier groups--____ carrier task groups and shooting at airplanes.

EMC: You mentioned, I think in your write-up that you sent me, that you were in six campaigns in the Pacific. I assume that Palau was one of the campaigns.

CKM: Yes, Palau was one.

EMC: Was Surigao the second one, because that's October '44.

CKM: Yes, I think so. Then, you see, you get into these things where a campaign is kind of measured by-- Well, there was Iwo

Jima, Okinawa, and then strikes on the Japanese mainland. Then, at almost the end of the war, we went up to the Kurile Islands in northern Japan, some sweeps. I don't know if it counted as an engagement or not.

EMC: Can you comment on the battle of Surigao Strait which you were in? You sent me a letter, I think, regarding that.

CKM: It's hard to think beyond the letter. One has to recognize that I had actually zero to do with any of that operation other than to be an observer and to see it build up to when an executive officer or the captain announced the fact that we were going to make a night torpedo attack on the Japanese force. By that time it probably had leaked to the crew that something big was going on, because prior to that we had been down in Surigao Strait talking to PT boats. They were sort of backing up. They were at the entrance to the strait between the outer islands and the Philippine mainland coming up from the China Sea. We were swapping intelligence and information and food with the PT boats. We encountered some mines, destroyed a couple of mines with gun fire.

When you're dodging in fairly close waters, and you're encountering friendly torpedo boats when the guys hadn't seen a uniform for God knows how long, I mean, these are really down where the tough guys are. I know that you are kind of in the middle of the war, rather than being out deeply at sea screening

a carrier. I mean, we're in that now. The ship having experienced Saipan counter battery fire, and somewhere lurking by could be some coast artillery. Then when the intelligence leaked out that they were-- We knew that north of us at Leyte Gulf they had amphibious forces which we had escorted from Manus. We left Manus for the Philippines. We left escorting, along with some other ships, rather a huge group of landing craft--LSTs and patrol craft screening, a slow ponderous operation. It was obviously headed for Leyte Gulf and was part of the amphibious force Seventh Fleet task force. The Third Fleet and Halsey were off somewhere. We had some idea that we had left the carriers, and we were still with the amphibs., and we were stationed there with the rest of our squadron to sort of block these entry ways and keep track of when the Japanese force was coming up from the south.

So I think probably Captain Coward, the commodore, probably ginned up the idea that we could torpedo attack if they come up and get through and are headed up towards Leyte Gulf. I guess the task force commander in the amphibious force outside of Leyte Gulf knew we were there, because he said, "Do whatever you have to do," I presume. I'd like to know. I don't know. There was a good deal sort of hand ringing activity and CIC, which was the pits--dark and dank and hot and giving a message to the other ships in the squadron as to how we're going to do this, you know--two to the west and three to the east. As far as I was concerned, there was excitement! You figure you've got to dig out

your old life jacket and strap on your--try and find your tin hat, that you're going to be going to the GQ in the middle of the night and make a torpedo run against a force of Japanese ships, including battleships.

EMC: Now, that would be exciting!

CKM: Very! Very exciting.

EMC: So you were primed for this, I guess.

CKM: Yes! Of course my battle station was, once again, a machine gun battery, but right where I could watch the torpedoes actually being fired.

EMC: Oh, so you had nothing to do with firing?

CKM: Yes, I never opted to fire any guns. We were not going to fire any guns. This was going to be a torpedo attack and then withdraw in a smoke screen. So this was announced at about nine p.m., and about two o'clock in the morning, I guess, we went to GQ. So, you know, nobody slept up to that point that night! I think they served a nice dinner before the announcement or before we went to the GQ or whatever. There was a level of excitement, but you had to just sense it. It wasn't evident by anybody's particular action. ____ I know when we started this run and we're

beginning to be taken under fire, the gun mount captain on one of my 40 millimeter batteries was a nervous wreck. Poor guy, he was a nervous wreck anyway, whether we were in war or peace. I think people on topside and exposed to stations like--not like we were in this particular machine gun battery right by the torpedoes, were interested in looking for shelter. What you do is say, "Where can I hide?"

EMC: Yes, protect your hide is right!

CKM: Particularly when shells begin to fly overhead and where we were being strafed, where flashing, falling shells were splashing the ship. Then being illuminated first by searchlight where you can see your shadow on the smokestack, then by star shells.

EMC: You know you're in trouble!

CKM: I thought to myself, "I might be able to make some funny things--shadow things--on this. Well, the search light was on and off a couple times. Evidently they fired some illuminating--some star shells. By that time we had fired our torpedoes and were starting to head out and make smoke.

EMC: Do you know if the torpedoes hit the mark? Because they were so poor in those days.

CKM: Ultimately, on analysis. We were informed there would be analysis. We saw explosions.

EMC: Oh, okay.

CKM: But we were beetling out there about the time the torpedoes crossed--would have hit the target.

EMC: Right, escaped.

CKM: We ran away fast, and the Japanese fire against us fell off rather sharply about that time, because we were opening range and getting by a little island there, Dinagat Island, pretty fast. But we were credited with having hit a Japanese battleship and possibly a destroyer or a cruiser. I think that was verified as far back as my personal memory goes. We were confident enough that, you know, we painted on the side of the bridge a silhouette of a Japanese battleship. I don't know what war--postwar reconstructions were ever done really where those torpedoes went. Everybody fired torpedoes in the war.

EMC: Oh, yes!

CKM: We had a flashback on one torpedo which didn't fire correctly, but the Japanese were great on optics, and they had us

on their spy glasses. That flash was one of the things that initiated a whole lot of shell fire right at us. It was aimed at the three ships, and made the turn.

EMC: Were there any casualties during that battle in your ship?

CKM: The REMEY went through the war, from beginning to end, from the time she was commissioned, and they never had a casualty.

EMC: That's great!

CKM: The crew of the REMEY were so grateful for that, that in subsequent years we had many, many, many reunions--reunions of the REMEY crew from commissioning in 1943 until decommissioning in 1946--the Wartime Crew. Subsequently, the ship came back for the Korean War. We had reunions every second year, and then every year until very recently. I don't know if they're doing that now or not, because so many of them are gone. So many of the ones that--the officers that I knew and worked with. REMEY was full of New Englanders. In recent years, reunions invited members of the postwar (Korea) crews because of diminished numbers of wartime crews.

EMC: Oh, that's interesting!

CKM: An officer that I loved dearly and worked for on the REMEY

became gunnery officer after I'd been aboard for about a month or so. He ran a home heating oil business in Boston. Assistant Engineering officer who was a very good friend of mine was a school teacher. Both those guys are dead. The first lieutenant was a lawyer, a country lawyer, now gone. But every time we had a reunion, it was in praise of the fact that we'd had, as I say, almost 100 percent of the men.

EMC: Right, right. Reservists, yes.

CKM: They wanted--not only wanted out, but they were grateful when they got out alive, and was the focal point of all these reunions, which were great. We went through this thing and did our job, and we survived without a scratch! How wonderful that was!

EMC: This is the second interview with Captain Charles K. Moore. Today's date is August 5, 2002, and the interview is taking place in the curator's office at the Naval Historical Collection at the Naval War College. Captain Moore, we were talking a little bit about your World War II career and your catching up with your ship, your finding the USS REMEY and being involved in the battle of Surigao Strait, and now you're going to fill us in some of the other operations that you were involved in.

CKM: Well, I'm thinking now back and probably will be repetitious in some way, and I might have to go all the way back to your initial introduction in the interview where I was stumbling, and I can't even remember who my relatives are. Let me clarify something. Henry Hayes Lockwood is my great-great-grandfather. He was on the founding faculty of the Naval Academy, as I told you, and was commissioned both as a general in the Army and a commodore in the Navy concurrently. When he finally died, he was buried at Annapolis, but had his Army rank chiseled on his granite tombstone. Anyway, that's where he cometh and whence he cometh, a very distinguished man in Naval History. I don't know what the War College Historical section has on Henry Hayes, other than a very good write-up on him in a very old Shipmate magazine probably from the forties. But it's quite interesting on that score.

To get back to where I joined the ship. Our first operation was in the assault on Palau, Peleliu Island. As I ended up

saying, we were not involved in real landings. We did a lot of screening for the landing and ultimately--particularly troops that landed on Anguar Island, which is one of the Palau group, and up until about the 23rd of September 1944 when I came aboard. It was not long after I came aboard ship. So obviously I was plenty wet behind the ears. We departed the Peleliu operation where we did this. I can't remember if we had any action, gunfire operations, but mostly it seemed to me it was screening operations on a fleet assault on Anguar Island, which was an Army operation. Palau itself was a Marine operation, and it took a long, long time to finally crush that out, and we lost a lot of Marines. There was nowhere near that kind of opposition where the Army landed.

So we began that operation from Manus Island, which is in the Admiralty group on the west of the Western Caroline Islands, sort of right near New Guinea and had been established as a free operating anchorage and base facility, as only an American military can do. We regrouped there with other units of the fleet and principally to gather together logistic support for the end point of the invasion of Philippines. Ultimately, in the first week or second week of October 1944, we departed Manus with a large gaggly group of assault ships--MSTs, some smaller patrol craft, and some assault craft. Mostly it seems to me that they were LSTs, lumbering sorts of formation and intended for the initial assault on Leyte.

When I got there in the Leyte Gulf area and we established

patrol on--actually off Palanan Islands and in towards Surigao Strait, where we did mostly screening and some communication work. We rendezvoused with a number of PT boats that were stationed further south and to the entry way from the South China Sea, which was always extremely exciting, because these guys were down there on the front lines, and they were the first ____ guard. They were sort of intelligence gathering. So that was kind of an exciting rendezvous sort of a thing that we did in the Philippines. Other than that we did rescue one pilot, one Navy pilot who had to ditch, and that also created a lot of excitement on the ship, because we had a new face we could--hopefully he's alive and kicking, which, in this case, he certainly was. These men are, well, "exciting" is half the word. It's a new face for a change. He's on board for awhile and so grateful to be on board and also drying to get back to his carrier.

We picked up at least one pilot during that period of time and got involved in destroying one floating mine, which took a long while for some reason. We couldn't seem to hit it with small arms and couldn't seem to hit it with machine guns--20 millimeters, but we finally blew that up. So that was another kind of thing. We didn't sort of brag about the excitement until we got the report that there was a strong Japanese surface force approaching Surigao Strait from the west. So, looking at that tactically and strategically, that situation, it's my understanding that our commodore, COM DESRON 54, Jesse Coward, captain U.S. Navy, who was embarked in our ship, requested

permission to execute an unsupported torpedo attack at close range.

I might say that was labeled an unsupported torpedo attack, in other words, a night attack without air cover, without any folderol. It was to be ships of our squadron, which we had five present, to be more or less on the front lines against this approaching Japanese task force, which ultimately turned out to be two battleships and two cruisers--maybe one--certainly two and about four destroyers; the idea being to send two of our ships down the western side of the straits, and our ship plus the McGOWAN and the MELVIN on the eastern side. We would therefore attack this group on both its starboard and port bows.

We got reports from PTs and from--I'm sure from land observers that this group was approaching and about where it was and ultimately made contact with them. They were about 20 miles away in two little groups. The crew was advised about nine o'clock at night to what we were doing. There was kind of electricity around anyway. It was the general knowledge that we were preparing to attack a major Japanese force. So the crew was, you might say, cleaning their rifle barrels and preparing themselves, knowing that before long they were going to be at the general quarters stations for an attack, in this case a night torpedo attack, which is something the destroyer officer simply looks at as the peak of an engagement. The perfect employment of a destroyer would be in a night torpedo attack against a battle force! Ah, tremendous! Now, when I sound excited about that, I

was considerably excited, and you can be sure that most of the rest of the crew was something less than excited.

EMC: Were they frightened?

CKM: Not that they were frightened. The adrenalin rising fast. I think the average member of the crew of youngsters probably were feigning total indifference. The older people with families and all said, "Well, here we go again. I don't know what's going to happen to us this time." Finally, after around two in the morning, we went to general quarters with steel hats on and a .45 pistol in my belt and reported to my general quarters station, which was after the machine gun control area, which is right near where the torpedo battery was.

EMC: Now, you weren't involved in firing torpedoes, were you? Or were you?

CKM: Oh, I had nothing to do with it. I have a letter here from the captain that says I was torpedo officer, but at that time I was not torpedo officer. I was assistant machine gun officer. I wasn't nearly qualified to be the torpedo officer until later. It's interesting that ____. [Pause in tape] When this engagement was finally terminated--and I'm reflecting now back because I'm looking at a letter--the commanding officer and the commodore were both decorated. The captain got a Navy Cross, and as is the

proper thing to do, the captain wrote all the officers a letter for their jacket of how they supported this thing and the fact that he won the Navy Cross was due to the effective operations of the whole ship. He didn't exactly say it that way. But he does say that I was, at the time, a machine gun and torpedo officer--assistant machine gun and a torpedo-- Okay, that's good. So I was assistant torpedo officer, and I was assistant machine gun officer, and the battle stations were associated with the 40 millimeter batteries, not the torpedoes. I was right on top where I could see the torpedoes and what was going on. Just wanted to clear that up myself.

We were at 25 knots and closing the range on this group, which we had pretty much in our sights. It was around 27,000 yards. At the same time the Japanese spotted us. We got illuminated, and I think I said in my first preachment that we were illuminated by Japanese search lights at first and very briefly. Ultimately we pressed on and fired our torpedoes when the range was about 11,000 yards. We focused our point of aim on what has been described as the number two target, which turned out to be the battleship FUSO, which ultimately was sunk in this action. I think I've covered that before. There were some flashes from one of the torpedoes--had sort of a misfire. And the Japanese illuminated us by searchlight again and then by star shells; then they began throwing heavy ordnance at us. At one point we were straddled in, and the water from the misses actually splashed on the ships. We were that close.

By that time we were exiting at flank speeding and making smoke. You know, everybody is saying, "Go, man, go!" So we retreated around--and took shelter around Dinagat Island, one of those passageways they have there. We could look back and see main landing force with the fleet--Second Fleet, which consisted--included five old battleships and a bunch of cruisers and stuff. They were up there in the landing area Leyte, Leyte Gulf, the island of Leyte, and to see their fire tracing through the air behind us, arching through the sky, it was an incredible sight! It was fireworks at its best! The thing that was curious, I mean, was how slow those trajectories were from the time they were fired, which was up north of us, arching through the sky in what looked like slow motion. Of course they were shells going as fast as they could.

EMC: Just as fast.

CKM: But when laid out like that, they looked like they're going so slowly. So we had all these streaks of light, because everybody near had the Japanese under fire--the famous "Crossing of the T" operation. The Japanese were coming north, and our forces were spread out to shoot right down that line of fire. So we escaped in a hurry, and the Japanese stopped firing at us rather early. The rate of fire slowed down and looked like they were in some state of confusion. We did see some explosions in the enemy formation around three in the morning, something like

that, not long after we fired. But calculating the running time of the torpedoes it seemed--we hoped that our torpedoes in fact had created some of those explosions. On the other side of the strait the other two ships from our squadron fired in a range of about 9,000 yards, according to the record.

Well, we withdrew from that, and we got between Dinagat Island and another island up there and watched, as I recall, saying, I think, in a letter that I wrote about this, a rainbow of fire. It really was a rainbow of fire since--when you consider the Seventh Fleet battleships, like the CALIFORNIA and WEST VIRGINIA and all those old things that supplied a lot of shore fire, too dated to get out there with the carriers. So that was a job.

Where did we go after that? Well, we fired all our torpedoes except one. We had one hang fire. So we were ordered to go down to Hollandia in New Guinea. Don't remember a whole lot about Hollandia. I know that we picked up torpedoes and maybe some other operations, but that had been made into an important base and was rapidly losing its importance because the war was moving north towards Japan. But it was interesting to be in the beginning just enough to say, "Hey, I've been in the beginning!" We had an important air base there, and a lot of smashed up Jap aircraft.

EMC: Why? Why was it interesting?

CKM: Well, it's interesting to say that you were there. Hollandia was Dutch, I think. That's where I picked up some leaflets which had been dropped on New Guinea, in Dutch and/or in English, and in whatever language they were saying, "This individual comes from occupied territory. Give him safety." I picked up a couple of those leaflets with the same sort of degree of interest that I had in just being able to say, "Hey, I've been in Hollandia," and, as I recall--

EMC: Kind of an odd place.

CKM: Well, it had been assaulted, and with each it was clearly a site of action that had been bulldozed away and cleared up. They had a very effective logistics support there. They must have had; they were able to give us torpedoes, and I'm not sure whether there was a tedner that had those torpedoes or where we got them. Anyway, we regrouped, rearmed, which reminds me that one can forget that when one fires a shell, one has to replace it. Rearming was a ritual, because over a period--the next period of war, in particular, where we were out more prominently engaging Japanese aircraft, fired less shore bombardment but a great deal more anti-aircraft.

So any time we were in a fleet anchorage, almost every time we had to rearm--take aboard ammunition. One of our shells was 50 lbs., 50 lbs. or so. They can be brought aboard in skip boxes--skip boxes, you know, with a crane. But then you have to strike

them. You have to unload them. They have to go below into the magazines, and they have to be segregated into the type of ammunition they are, whether they're VT fuses, which are detonated by magnetic influence. Regular anti-shipping, surface type ammunition, smokeless and powder in separate containers.

So this was hard work, and frequently the ammunition provider was a merchant ship, not a U.S. Navy ship. I remember one point, I guess that was probably in a fleet anchorage up north of Manus, somewhere up there, where we went alongside a merchant ship to take on ammunition, and it was manned by a civilian crew. They wouldn't work. It was Sunday morning or there was some obstacle that their union contract did not allow them to work. So that irritated us no end, and I don't remember how that was resolved. But obviously we took ammunition.

EMC: Well, the Navy must have contracted with these ships, I assume.

CKM: Yes, they had a lot of merchant ships carrying stuff out there. One of them had a movie star on board. It was Victor Mature, who had joined the Merchant Marine. He was a sailor on the ship. I thought that was cool. I don't recall he went on strike on that ship. But it did point out that even in war it wasn't total obligation involved there--total commitment. It was even back in the United States, you know, we had some problems from time to time in that area. So that's how we rearmed.

EMC: Hollandia.

CKM: From Hollandia, Manus, Ulithi, and often at sea underway.

EMC: This must have been in late '44?

CKM: Yes, I want to turn that off, and then we'll find-- [Tape paused] After leaving Hollandia, we went from fleet anchorage at Ulithi. We returned to the Philippine area, and we did some screening operations and had some recreational periods at Leyte while the security in the Philippines continued. It wasn't until, oh, somewhere in about December that we really got involved once again in some action. Unfortunately for me, I was gone at that point.

EMC: Oh, you had left the REMEY?

CKM: Well, the handwriting got to be on the wall, here. Let me stay here on dated in November.

EMC: 'Forty-four?

CKM: 'Forty-four, yes, because we were in the Philippines area long enough so that I remember very clearly two times we went ashore to investigate the natives! One time we left on the big

fleet officer-club establishment. It probably was Leyte, where, as I say, it didn't long to set up the destroyer officers' club and a series of thatched huts and a big fleet officers' club. There was one with a bar that was 350 feet long and crap tables set up all over the place. In fact, it was a wonderful establishment! Here you ran into everybody you ever knew in your life. Along that time three of us decided we would go inland and see what we could find.

We set out to thumb a ride, and over a short period of time we'd gone about 50 miles on this good highway. It was a very, very dirty dusty road. We rode for awhile in an ambulance, and then for awhile in a truck. Then an Army officer picked us up, and we ended up at an airfield establishment where the Japanese aircraft that had been all shot up had all been bulldozed aside. We met a number of Philippine natives and were impressed by how skinny they were, and how clearly they had been oppressed, and how grateful they were to have Americans. In fact, we commented among ourselves that at last we were seeing Filipinos again smile. They were full of smiles.

EMC: But you didn't understand their language.

CKM: Oh, but there was always enough of them somewhere in there that spoke English.

EMC: Oh, I see. Okay.

CKM: They spoke Tagalog mostly. But the Filipinos already reinvented themselves before long. He noticed the Yankees have money and have cigarettes and have candy and things like that. They had deals all over the place. But they were very charming and very respectful and very, very clearly grateful that they were freed and that the Americans were in fact there. Another time we did a similar job. We took our boat and beached it, disassembled the throttle so nobody could take the boat. We walked into a little Philippine barrio. These were, I think, native Philippine Indians, Igorotes. Once again they all stood at attention and saluted, and we traded them stuff. They had some Japanese cigarettes, and, you know, they were great--turned in a hurry into merchants and great entrepreneurs.

All this was going on, and it became clear that we were beginning to get some more new people on board and a couple of new ensigns on board. Things were crowded to start with, particularly crowded now. Rumor was that I was going to be sent to Pearl Harbor to go to torpedo school. I was pretty horrified to have to leave the ship and the war. But the handwriting was on the wall, and this was not an unusual proposition. Certainly some schooling would have been in order for me and anybody.

So I was somewhat embittered by that. But I packed up. One of the things that disturbed me was how was I going to get there, how long was it going to take. Once I got there, and once I finished this schooling, what am I going to go through to go back

out and try and find my ship again. Well, I got off pretty well, and I cannot remember to save my soul how. I think I flew to Guam from somewhere and then flew from Guam to Hawaii and checked into the receiving station, looked for BOQ accommodations and things like that.

Well, Pearl Harbor at this time was absolutely a mob scene! I checked in first to a barn-like place where there were probably over a hundred officers, young officers with all types of _____ berths in bunks with a locker, because there was no room in any of the BOQs anywhere. It took me ten days before I finally got a room in the BOQ with three other officers, a Marine and a lieutenant jg, a lieutenant and myself. I don't think I even got to know their names. I probably was hearing their first names, but we were all very busy. It was a lot of human activity going on with transient officers and officers going back to the States from sea duty and other people, and then a phalanx of people who were integrating into the support activities in the Pearl Harbor area. Once again I kept running into people that I knew by the dozens. We did some interesting sorts of excursions and picnics and things like that.

EMC: Did you meet any of the WAVES there?

CKM: I did not meet any WAVES at all. Isn't that strange? I usually managed to do that. It was awful hot, and it was very male oriented back then. That's curious.

EMC: Well, the WAVES came in late December they went out there--'44. So they were probably just arriving when you were there.

CKM: Yes. I was somewhat disturbed by a lot of these transients that were in there rattling around these BOQs and this car barn bunk room. There were a lot of kind of, you know, not embittered. Well, I guess I could say "embittered." Their topics of conversation ran towards how they were unable to beat the draft or how they got their commission or how they did this and did that, whereas the guys that had been--were coming through from the Western Pacific had been in action would get pretty irritated by individuals like that. There were some of those individuals around.

Once again I'd say there are two sides to the war, and there are always those who are unhappy, and they're looking for an easy job and let someone else sweat it out on the front lines. But around them were sober souls such as myself-- and a lot of friends I had in torpedo school and an activity called Camp Catlin. I think that was across the island. I think, as I recall, we ____ had a lot of night classes. We had practical classes out at sea in a ship, and we were awfully clear on how that one was. We had a wonderful bunch of students, and then the staff in this torpedo school were wonderful. We had some great parties. We had one on Christmas Eve where we took a truck and went over to a beach for a cookout kind of a thing. When we got back to the BOQ,

they let us off. They all came in to--the room that I was in with these other fellows. We just brought all our ice that we still had left, and we lit off a brand new party! It went on through much of Christmas.

EMC: How long was the torpedo school instruction?

CKM: Well, it was a good three weeks, and I was gone for six weeks perhaps.

EMC: Oh, so that was it.

CKM: Yes, I got one period when we were going to one activity or another, partying, where we could manage to get 12 men in one closed jeep. It should be a record, it seems to me. But once a year in Pearl I ran into roommates of mine at the Naval Academy, long-time school mates of mine, older friends that I'd known through the family. Of course on top of this all, I had a commitment to visit a lot of people, because my dad had left a Fifth Fleet staff not long before I was deployed and went out to the Pacific. We probably crossed, and really there was no way for us to meet, although there were a lot of a chances to do so.

EMC: Where did you father go after he left the Fifth Fleet?

CKM: He went back to Washington, in war plans.

EMC: Well, did you happen to meet Nimitz in Pearl Harbor?

CKM: I didn't meet Nimitz, but I met a bunch of people, and I had a long list of people that I knew that I was out there and that I knew in my life as a Navy junior. It was very hard to get together with them, the most of which was that to try to get together with the Fifth Fleet staff who were all in there planning for the next war. Halsey and the Third Fleet were out there in the Philippines at that time and headed towards Iwo Jima and Okinawa, not yet, but coming. In fact, I would think Fifth Fleet, that's what they were planning. It was a hard time to try, particularly, to get hold of the flag secretary, who was Charles Barber.

EMC: I interviewed him!

CKM: Oh, he's bright!

EMC: Yes.

CKM: He was up to his neck in work, and when he was available, I was off doing some school function. An arrangement had been made whereby some packages and some mail were to be sent to the Fifth Fleet staff where I would pick it up, because it was common knowledge that I was going to be in Pearl Harbor. So some stuff

was sent, and I was looking for the arrival of these packages and all. I would call and try and make a rendezvous with Chuck, and also I wanted to see the admiral.

EMC: Oh, did you ever get a chance to see Raymond Spruance?

CKM: Yes. Ultimately it all panned out.

EMC: Can you comment on that meeting?

CKM: Well, after I was invited up there to the senior BOQ for lunch, and I was meeting other members of the staff and meeting the officer that relieved my dad as chief of staff and finally getting a hold of Chuck Barber, I then over a period of a day or two was up in Makalapa a lot. I had lunch in the senior BOQ, and in the admiral's quarters. I had lunch with the admiral. I don't remember that at all, but I do remember that Chuck said, "You're on the swimming list coming up, so be alert."

EMC: What does that mean?

CKM: That means that you're going to go swimming with the admiral.

EMC: Oh, really!

CKM: Okay, as I say, I'd see Chuck, but he always had a pile of work, and he was a hard guy to get down to be able to play with. But he invited me to lunch with the staff at the admiral's house, and I met most of the senior officers of the staff. Also at this lunch some of the important ladies of the Hawaiian aristocracy. These were the pineapple barons mostly in Hawaii, and there are a couple of outstanding names that are still big in the Hawaiian Islands. Then after that lunch I joined up with the staff doctor who always went on swim call and a fellow named MacKissik, and I've got his name in my mind, but I can't remember what his function was on the staff. But he was an aide of some sort. So after lunch, with the admiral, we drove I'm sure with a driver, and I don't know what kind of a vehicle, we drove over the Pali. I had not been over the Pali before.

EMC: What is that?

CKM: The Pali is where the mountains in Oahu go from flat lands to steep pinnacles and then dump off on the other side onto the leeward side of the island.

EMC: How do you spell that?

CKM: P-a-l-i.

EMC: Oh, okay.

CKM: I think that's close, anyway. It's a fantastic place, fantastic scenery and fantastic views. The Pali is Hawaii at its most sort of mysterious and glamorous at the same time. I had not been over the Pali before and I really enjoyed that. We got to this sort of private beach, I think it was over by the pineapple barons, and walked for oh, God, I don't know--walked for an hour, and then swam for an hour. I was actually exhausted. Of course, the admiral walked and swam at every opportunity. He always had a coterie with him, including a doctor in case he fell down dead, which was unlikely. He was strong as a horse! He wanted to see me, and that's when I saw him.

EMC: What was your impression of him?

CKM: Well, I had known him before, and I remember way back when he was a student, when Admiral Kalbfus was president of the War College. He was on the staff then and lived just not far from us. Of course my dad from his very earliest days was his exec when he was skipper of the BAINBRIDGE, which was Destroyer Number One. So he was his taciturn self. Anyway, he didn't make light conversation socially. I don't recall. I'm sure he said, "How are you? What are you doing?" All sorts of things.

EMC: The basics.

CKM: I was about to say, "Well, how's the war going?" Things like that. But during this couple of days, which was after Christmas, I had a chance to meet almost all the staff officers, junior officers and then the senior officers, and got a chance to run down and look up a number of other flag officers, Admiral Ainsworth. I finally caught Admiral Harry Hill, who later was president of the War College, also. When a classmate of mine was at torpedo school, we decided we'd go out and play golf. We went to the Honolulu Country Club. Then we decided we wouldn't play golf; we'd just sight see and find a cool beer. But Admiral Hill was out there playing golf. That's how I finally caught him. He'd been looking for me.

EMC: Did you know him through your father?

CKM: He was a classmate of my father's. We'd known him, and back in those days--

EMC: Well, it was a smaller Navy.

CKM: You knew everyone. They didn't come from far afield. Most of your flag officers or all of them were Naval Academy graduates. You know, I knew a great many of them. I got to see Ainsworth, and I got to see Harry Hill, and I finally got my mail and the packages. I quickly changed the address and said, "Don't send any more to the Fifth Fleet Staff," because that's really

hard to get to! So it then started going to the Fleet Training Command at Pearl Harbor instead and then all the way back to the REMEY.

So getting home, that is to say, getting back to the REMEY, was not all that difficult, but I can't tell whether I'm in Guam or how that trip was back, but I know that I was stuck there for awhile. The fear was that I'd be technically given additional duty in transit as a shore patrol officer. In fact, I was. But transportation arrived, and I managed to get out of shore patrol, managed to get on an airplane from somewhere, and ultimately I got back to the ship.

EMC: Now, where was the ship at this point in time?

CKM: Well, that's a good question.

EMC: This must have been in early '45, I suspect.

CKM: Yes, early '45. After I left, the ship was involved in the invasion of Mindoro and then up to Lingayen Gulf. This is where the ship first started shooting down a lot of airplanes and experienced its first suicide attacks. The ship was escorting some light carriers up in the Lingayen Gulf and then Mindoro. We were back kind of in the amphibious support role again. I missed all that. That's another thing when I got back in the ship. "Well, you missed a real dog fight! You escaped all this stuff!"

You escaped fear and trembling in that!

EMC: Combat!

CKM: Yes, so we were focused on Philippine bases once again. It's interesting that new formations seem to dominate a lot of the stuff that I remember, because steaming of with carriers. When I got back to the ship, we were with the Third Fleet. We were with carrier strike groups, heavy carrier strike groups, no more shore bombardments or amphibious warfare very much. We were screening carriers. That meant we were doing plane guard duty, and everywhere along side then we were picking pilots that couldn't make it. That meant that we were shooting out lines. That's what I remember. Mostly we were doing anti-submarine screening, and we were on zigzag plans. Then the carrier would turn into the wind and buzz off. We'd have to regroup and gallop around and do this thing. Then all of a sudden a Japanese aircraft would be spotted somewhere in there, and there'd be a whole lot of fighting anti-aircraft. Sometimes that got really thick. I mean, the Japanese were still operating out of Okinawa, and what is developing is the invasion of Iwo Jima and then Okinawa. That's to stifle some of these air attacks.

EMC: Now, did you shoot some of these planes down?

CKM: We like to think we did, but there's so much anti-aircraft

fire going up, you can't see.

EMC: You can't tell.

CKM: We claimed a bunch of them.

EMC: No, you can't tell.

CKM: You know, we wrote them up on the bridge. I think on one or two occasions that I can remember we very definitely had a part in. But as I told you in the beginning, the REMEY was never hit--never took any kind of--not even a piece of stray sharp shrapnel aboard. So we were charging around ____ and then firing a lot of ammunition at these folks. So your life aboard ship in these sorts of situations can be kind of tedious, because you don't get all that much sleep. Routine steaming we always went to general quarters at dawn.

EMC: Oh, so six a.m.?

CKM: Yes, because dawn was always the best time to be under attack, and likewise the evening twilight. So no matter where you were, you went to general quarters at dawn. If you'd been on watch that night, that meant you weren't going to go below and go to bed. At least these GQ's weren't necessarily very long. We had a fair idea of what the threat was. We would know that.

EMC: So you were exhausted!

CKM: Well, I was so exhausted. But there was one period of time during the Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns we were very lucky in the fact that we were, in fact, with a fast carrier task group, because the destroyers that were in the picket lines off Okinawa were being destroyed one by one by suicide bombers. Iwo Jima, we didn't do any close-in work there, either. We were screening. The cariers were targets for suicide attacks, not the destroyers. The guys that were in the air--aviators--were doing the fighting for us, and we were just taking care of the carriers. Yes, but then as the war rolled on, we began to get closer and closer to the mainland of Japan. I can probably collapse a lot of this stuff. Lingayen Gulf, I missed that.

EMC: Right.

CKM: I got back to the ship around January 15, 1945. In February '45 the Fifth Fleet's out there again now. They started doing raids, air raids on Tokyo right up into the Japanese mainland. We were operating to the east, of course, Iwo Jima and ultimately Okinawa and hitting the Japanese Islands in the centers of military capability and preparation for the invasions of Okinawa and Iwo Jima, but also ultimately to the invasion of homeland, the Japanese homeland. So particularly, as I recall, we'd had

quite a lot of heavy Japanese air raids.

EMC: You were talking about preparing for invasions of Okinawa and Iwo Jima and the homeland of Japan.

CKM: Yes, basically we were based at Ulithi. That is, the fleet anchors at Ulithi, nd all the facilities there were astonishing, including recreational facilities. So we were in there, and I was usually busy running ashore to find spare parts and make sure to swap movies. We talked about that before. We were hoping we would find some decent food. So that was all pointed towards supporting the carriers, and we got quite a lot of air opposition during that time. We shot down or we shared in the destruction of some planes, but pretty hard to tell. But it was a little nerve wracking but not to me. Us guys that liked to think that we were fighting something were excited by all this. Once again, as I say, those reserve officers were sucking their teeth, because now, you see, the ship is beginning to talk about going home. It's not only due! It's overdue for a major overhaul. [Change to Side B of Tape]

EMC: So you're thinking about going home for overhaul.

CKM: We were, yes. It seems that about the time we say, "Well, we're scheduled to go in June," it becomes obvious we were not going to go in June, because we're embarking on supporting the

operations at say Okinawa, and we're beginning to support air operations against Kyushi and the Japanese mainland. So this distressed the crew to a degree over a period of time, but it gets worse.

In screening and giving support to the carriers, as I pointed out, particularly in March of 1945, we had quite a lot of air opposition, quite a lot of time at general quarters. Then the force began to move after they secured Okinawa towards the mainland of Japan. On one occasion we went fairly close to some of those islands in the South of Japan and with some battle cruisers. The ALASKA was one and the GUAM. I call them battle cruisers. They were sending battleships, of which we had a few. We went in there at one point, into islands near Okinawa and did some shelling. So when I said that we were out of the shore bombardment, this wasn't quite true.

Then, as time wore on, and it was decided that the heavy units were going to go in and shell the mainland of Japan. It was a daring strike, you might say, by surface ships bombarding Japan. What it meant to us was that we were going to be at general quarters or "Condition One easy," which meant at general quarters, but you could stand easy for a number of days in a row and nights and eat "C" rations on station. So we had runners taking food to us and that sort of thing. Battleships went in. There was some shelling.

When the time finally arrived when our squadron was going, in fact, to be sent back for their overhaul, well, some bright

head, probably on the squadron staff-- Maybe it was one of us, not me, took a look at the map and said, "If we're going to go down here, say, in the Ulithi area--" because the fleet anchorage was still the principal fleet anchorage well north of Manus and well east of the Philippines "to get back to San Francisco area is a long haul, and a better way to do that is to go the northern route, be detached from the fleet up off Japan, and go around skirting the Alaskan Islands." What do you call them?

EMC: The Aleutians?

CKM: The Aleutians, skirting the Aleutians and come back down around. It was a great deal shorter to go from where we were rather than going back, taking on fuel, and struggling across and probably stopping in Pearl Harbor and all that sort of thing, we can make a straight jump back. Concurrently, we could make an anti-shipping sweep of the Kurile Islands and shoot up anything we could find that was still floating around in the area of Paramushir. Well, unfortunately the commander of the Ninth Fleet heard about that. The Ninth Fleet is the fleet that monitored the Alaskan waters.

EMC: Oh, I see.

CKM: There were a couple of old four-stack cruisers and a couple of destroyers, task force something-or-other. But, in fact, they

said, "Hey, we want in on this. We'll just take charge of Destoyer Squadron 54, and we'll run this sweep we're all talking about." So we became a unit of another task group instead of just going off by ourselves on a holiday. We swept up at Kurile Island and shot up some supply barges and some fishing craft, very hard to see; thereby we called it an anti-shipping sweep, and threw some shells in the northern Kurile Islands as a gesture, and then headed off and left the Ninth Fleet, and headed down towards Adak and, in fact, went into Adak. We were in Adak when the war ended.

EMC: Oh, you were!

CKM: So we're headed home and the war ends!

EMC: That was VJ day.

CKM: We were in Adak and had been with the Ninth Fleet, which means that we had served, when we finally hit the Ninth Fleet, we'd served in every numbered fleet in the Pacific area. Every one! Very unusual.

EMC: Third, Fifth--

CKM: All seven. We'd changed to the Seventh when we got involved with particularly the Army of Douglas MacArthur. The Seventh

Fleet was like his fleet.

EMC: Well, how did you celebrate on VJ Day?

CKM: I don't know. It was so obvious that it was going to happen that I don't recall. We had a very interesting time in Adak. The Army had wonderful facilities there, and we sorely needed a few wonderful facilities. We saw-- There were women officers there in the Army, some WACs were there. There was an Army outfit there. Gave us a jeep to go around in, and we had fun.

The war ended; I was on deck. It's almost like, you know, we've already celebrated. We're so fixed in our ways that this is an anti-climax. The war is over; we know the war is over. We're headed home anyway. War should have been over a long time ago, you know. So it wasn't as if we--

EMC: But you didn't know about the bomb at all. You didn't know it would end that swiftly.

CKM: Yes, we finally-- We knew enough about that. We had--

EMC: Oh, you did!

CKM: By then we knew that. We knew that had happened. Something big had happened. You know, Japan was falling. We knew that.

EMC: Before they dropped the bomb.

CKM: Yes, when we went sweeping up--anti-shipping sweep up the Kurile Islands. Ridiculous, there was nothing to shoot up. It was a short route home, and we were bent on going home. Well, what happened was we didn't go home. The war ended, and we turned around and went back to Japan.

EMC: Now, why did you do that?

CKM: Well, we went back to Japan as part of the occupying forces.

EMC: Oh, really! Where were you stationed? What port did you go into?

CKM: Well, we went into Mutsu Bay, Northern Honshu, which is way up north near Kamchatka, where there were some very interesting heavy duty Japanese installations. Went in at the head of a group of ships. Once again we were back in the Ninth Fleet with a couple of these old cruisers. Our ship was the lead ship. We picked up a Japanese officer, a translator type, and a little Japanese signalman. This was very exciting. They were very proper, very braced up, and very ready to respond to our every command. They piloted us into this passageway into this area where we ultimately wanted to keep the Japanese from restarting a

war or anything like that.

EMC: Oh, really! That was your goal? Did you ever get on shore there?

CKM: No, never got ashore. I'll tell you, the day we went in, as I recall, Mutsu Bay in Northern Honshu, really quite at the end of the line, but there were shore emplacement--gun emplacements. They all had big white cross flags. There were some frigates in there and a couple of other ships all had big white crosses painted on their sides. They had all laid down their arms and surrendered. The only thing that we saw up close was what we'd commandeered, and got them to run all our garbage removal services. So it was a garbage barge that came alongside. I pity the sailor or marine who was guarding them and had to ride the garbage barge. So the Japanese who were, believe me, happy enough to take the garbage, they'd come alongside, and they'd salute. We'd dump all the garbage in there. That was kind of a break in the routine.

EMC: How long did you stay there?

CKM: Not very long. We were there for less than two weeks. Now, when we were in Adak, before we rendezvoused and set out to go back to Japan, we underwent some shore training in demolition. We had a landing party that knew how to blow up guns and things like

that. I was the assistant landing officer--landing patrol officer of landing forces. But we never got to land, never got to go ashore, too bad. What we did was turn around and depart Mutsu Bay and head for Pearl Harbor and the West Coast. As I pointed out to you, we operated in every fleet, including the First Fleet, because we came around from the East Coast.

EMC: When did you finally leave the REMEY?

CKM: Well, it was Mare Island Navy Yard, where the crew met their wives and sweethearts, and the married ones set up housekeeping in Quonset huts. We turned to getting the ship out of commission.

EMC: Oh, you were involved in that.

CKM: Intensely involved. Our second captain, Captain Red Balch, unlike that other dour, first captain, was much more tough, mind you. He was tall, red headed, slender, and tough! He'd been through the war already in a couple of destroyers when he came in the REMEY finally and relieved Commander Fiala, whom we were very happy to see go. He did such things as made the executive officers take a roommate. Here we had five officers sleeping in chief's quarters, and the chief sleeping in the chief's nest on the deck. He made the execs take their own aide, and we were readjusting the quarter arrangements. He changed a lot of

assignments. I was in communications by then.

I had, incidentally, in addition to all these various general quarters, and I pointed out earlier we did have watches to stand. Over this period it was a watch and three. I stood all my watches in CIC, which is absolutely the most hateful thing that you-- It was stop and start; it was confused; the lighting was bad. It was a hellacious, mean, horrible place to go. I had CIC watches when Captain Balch came aboard as a lieutenant commander at the time. He took me out of CIC and brought me back up to the bridge where I had some experience. That's where I learned the niceties of station keeping maneuvering with fast carrier task force instead of being down there in CIC or up in the director. I wasn't in the director very often--for a very long period of time, just when I first came aboard. I stood the watches and perhaps a few times after that. So he brought me up into fresh air, and he asked me how I liked the fresh air, and I said, "I like it good."

Well, what he had in mind was, and knew was going to happen, is we were going to lose all our troops. We were going to lose our officers, that is to say as soon as they can get the orders required to get out. No officer is going to be left to finish up, take the ship to San Diego, get it out of commission, carry on in the Navy one way or another.

EMC: How many battle stars did it get? Do you know? Battle stars?

CKM: Oh, we had six.

EMC: Why did they want to decommission it?

CKM: The war was over.

EMC: Well, I know. They couldn't use the ship, then, for any other purposes?

CKM: We've got a picture that shows all those destroyers tied up at San Diego one after another. Had nothing left to run them with. Another thing that's great: When we left Adak, the war was over, and all of a sudden we are running with our lights on. It is a most astonishing feeling to suddenly see ships in company together at night showing running lights. I'm told that even on the old four-stack cruisers there that they had the OD in port back in white gloves and the boat crews in dress uniforms. We hadn't even touched that sort of a thing. The war was over, and those cruisers were going right back to prewar, putting every spit and polish back in the fleet, putting the crew in uniforms, put the OD in white gloves. I couldn't believe it.

We were in Mare Island a long time, starting cocooning our hardware and things like that up there. There were a whole lot of sheets of instructions. Things had to be fixed and put out of commission, cocooned, all these sorts of things ready to go if

the need appears down the pike somewhere. So we were there a long time. It was interesting to me because once again I'm in the San Francisco area visiting relatives. But I am practically the only junior officer, regular Navy, that's going to be left. My cohort in my class opted to go to flight training. There was an AllNAV out looking for people. I thought about that heavily, but not very heavily.

EMC: So you still wanted to stay in destroyers?

CKM: Yes, I was in destroyers.

EMC: You were determined to stay in the Navy. You had no other option.

CKM: Well, and also Captain Balch, he rode my tail, I'll tell you that! He didn't let me kind of slack off in the slightest moment even before or when the war had ended and after. He sought to train me and make sure that I qualified as officer of the deck, because I was going to be the only one. In my postwar ships, the next ship I went to, I was the only--frequently the only--qualified officer on board to be officer of the deck. So he knew what he was doing when he shifted our stations, and he was a very good man.

As I say, he didn't let me get away with anything. He was on me pretty much all the time, for which I was really grateful,

because I don't ever remember having a conversation with Fiala. As I say, they would huddle together. They were there with the exec at the head of the table muttering to one another. You wondered what they were planning. Then you discovered what they're planning is to send you to Pearl Harbor to torpedo school. Why didn't he talk to me about it? You know, that kind of thing.

EMC: Just gave you orders.

CKM: So we went down there, and that really is a piece of history in itself, you know, which I have quite a modest amount of information on. The life we led in the process of overhauling the ship and taking it down to San Diego and putting it out of commission.

EMC: How long did that whole process take? Was it three months by the time you got to San Diego? Do you have any recollection?

CKM: Well, let's see. I can tell you exactly, I think. Hold it for a minute.

EMC: This is kind of a sidebar. You're going to mention the officers' club in the Philippines.

CKM: Well, I've talked about the various watches that one stands

and how I ultimately went to go back to standing bridge watches. I didn't mention that one of the watches is the coding watch. It's a monotonous thing that kind of gives you a chance to see if there's any action coming about that wouldn't normally be seen by somebody. Something like six hours out of thirty-six is about what one did, including watch but back on deck. I have a comment here. This is all from the Philippines about destroyer officers' club here, and I think it must have been up at Lingayen. This is written--from a letter. "There's a beautiful DeSPAC club here, one cool, quite, large thatched building with several smaller ones around, comfortable chairs and tables under large low banyan trees, shell paths, fountain, lovely landscaping, and practically surrounded by steep, wooded, cliff-like pinnacles. It is very exclusive and nice and beautifully handled, and it's located in a cove among a group of pinnacle islands. Lot's of monkeys and jabbering birds. I have been a couple of times and saw several friends, including Fred Kelly, a classmate of mine.

"About a quarter of a mile away from this club is another club quite the opposite in character which is reached by a little trail through a swamp." Now this would be the fleet officers' club. "Doc, Chuck, and a couple of others and I went over the other day. What an establishment! The bar is 350 feet long, very nice, but well able to handle many thousands of officers. Well, we ran into so many friends it was like a reunion. Lots of wild back slapping. We destroyer people were a novelty and handed them a line a mile long! Dan Zinn told me Baird Snyder was around, and

I took two steps and there he was, handsome as ever and a little bald. We talked fast and furiously in circles until we had to go. He seemed fine and a bit disgusted by it." He was in a Juneau Class anti-aircraft cruiser.

So this is where we met people. Frequently we went out visiting them aboard their ship. Sometimes we'd miss the boat and spend the night aboard a ship. Guest of the wardroom: three of us. I think I told you this. This is when we took the motor rail boat and beached it in this little barrio and met the village mayor. I didn't tell you that. We got some fresh fruit and things like that.

Alright, let me go on to the movies. Sounds like fun and games, and that's because really for one thing it's what you remember, because it's things you were able to write home about, and something was going on. Being on watch, or general quarters, or gun station and shooting the guns and things like that were episodes spicing what was to be extremely boring. I would-- When I look back on the REMEY which, as I say, came through the war unscathed and has had reunions every year since. Now they're with great affection for one another and great knowledge and understanding that they were saved in that. A lot of those people say they were saved for a reason, and they were really touched by the fact that we had gone through this war without a scratch for a long, long period of time. One time, I think it was around March '45, we were at sea, with the exception of two days, something on the order of eleven weeks. That was never stopping

and dropping anchor. We didn't duck in once, and I've forgotten what the reason was.

EMC: Did you go to any of these REMEY reunions?

CKM: I went to all I could go to. It got a little bit out of hand there. The first one I went to was in Boston, and they lost track. Oh, they were so furious. "Where have you been!" I was right down here in Newport, and I didn't know really where they were. They had started this thing up, and then we'd have one every two years, and then every year as everybody got older.

EMC: Well, they still hold a lot of those.

CKM: Yes, and then it died off, which I think I pointed out earlier. My closest shipmates and friends died off at terrible rates. Then there were others who couldn't make it. This is from Mare Island decommissioning in January '46 now, talking about decommissioning the ship. As I say, our married officers are living ashore in married quarters--BOQs are pretty rough situations. The captain was there with his wife, Eleanor Balch. His wife was a Navy junior. I was familiar with her family. Drove to Los Angeles. We did some playing around, cocktail parties. What it became in San Diego, carrying the ship down there, was a cold fear that you were going to be made available to the district commandant to further assignment, which could mean you

were going to be a Pacific sailor forever, that you could be reassigned to a ship that's going back out there on weather station, picket duty, or get involved in "operation whatever-you-call-it" bringing the troops back--misery! One could then end up in Pacific forever and a day. It was my absolute bound duty to myself to get myself back to the East Coast.

EMC: You did that.

CKM: It took a little while. I got a copy of a message, here it's a mailgram, to BuPers--no, it's from the CO to BuPers--a copy of the DesPAC, and in this case can cancelling orders that I had to report to COMII, but just moving it further down calendar. See, and it says here, "He'll be ready for orders by the fifteenth of January 1946." Well, that's a kiss of death! It says, "This is a substitute for qualified relief." But I don't know how I managed to swing it when I got ordered to go to gunnery school in Anacostia. I found out that gunnery officers school was an important school to go to. That, once I got my feet in the door, you know, I was on the East Coast.

EMC: Right.

CKM: I could contact the bureau myself and try, and I went through that on to new construction, you know, a 2200-ton destroyer that was building in Staten Island. It hadn't been

completed but was worthwhile completing, although the war was over, precom to put a crew together and got the ship built and outfitted at the Brooklyn Naval Shipyard. And ultimately joined the fleet. As I say, I'd be a JG right now, probably. So I was about the only qualified officer. We had a madman for a captain, and you could see during the war strange ____. He was relieved by a stranger one who'd been a blimp pilot and kept wanting us to give him a 40 degree down angle on the bag.

EMC: Sounds like a strange experience! Can you comment at all on what the postwar Navy was like and on the downsizing?

CKM: Yes, I'm amazed the FORREST[redacted] DD872 was commissioned in 1946, having been built, as I pointed out. The pre-commissioning officers detail for that ship included two classmates of mine, both of whom were smart enough to escape somehow or another and leave me holding the bag. And the exec was not the happy sort. We had some damn good sailors on board, career sailors first class, third class petty officers, that sort of thing. My cohorts, one of them went to Rensselaer at Troy and became an engineering duty officer, and became an admiral and Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks. Another one got off, and I don't know where he went, but he ended up in another destroyer somewhere. The handwriting was on the wall--I'm stuck with working up and outfitting the ship.

And the Brooklyn Navy Yard was a great experience, because

New York was wide open. We could go to New York City without a fear of anything happening. Down at the end of those piers at night you could see the ship, and there's your ship way down there. It's a long pier. You see the scuffling going on. There's half your crew fighting the other half of your crew or fighting the crew from some other ship. It was a lark! I had deck courts going one after another. They were tough hombres that we had manning that particular ship. I presume the other ships were the same, but this was new construction, a new ship trying to break out. We went down to Guantanamo for a shakedown. As I say, we had the shaky captain who was kind of on the verge of panic most of the time.

I remember we were coming into New York Harbor, which was a typical bad judgment call. The Army/Navy football game was on, and we had it piped into the headsets sound power system. We were in the heart of New York Harbor, and we were getting ready to go in the Navy yard. The exec made us turn off the football game because he wanted our attention focused on what we were doing as line handlers, which irritated me absolutely out of my mind! But he didn't stay aboard a long time either, and we got a new XO. Our CO ultimately left the ship, thank God! We got the fellow who had been in blimps. After we finished refresher training at Guantanamo, we were very briefly with the fleet. We ended up in Pensacola, Florida, as plane guard for the training carrier out there for carrier qualifications for Naval aviator students. Loved it. It was a great ship, mostly all bachelors. We did all

kinds of crazy things. This ship was the FOREST ROYAL (DD872), a 2250-ton DD.

EMC: But the Navy was downsizing at that time, wasn't it?

CKM: Yes, that's why all those 2100 tonners were tied up in port. Personnel problems were huge. We were working from scratch.

EMC: Did you serve at all in the Korean War?

CKM: No, that was another thing. I went from the FOREST ROYAL, which was my second destroyer, to skipper of a PC--173-foot, 350 ton patrol craft, which ultimately was named USS MILLEDGEVILLE. (I was a LT(JG), 25 years old.) This was a ship which could make 19 knots flat out, probably, built for a complement of five officers and sixty men. I had three officers and forty men, and that was a comfortable enough size. So you can see what happens when you have to overman a ship like our ships were in the war in the Pacific--like the REMEY was, because you build a ship for what it takes to run a ship and the gun battery, but you don't account for the fact that you've got to man the battery three times a day and rotate the watch. All of a sudden you don't have enough berths for the crew you need to run it. Then you put on top of that, in the case of the REMEY, a squadron commander and his staff. The staff yeoman, say three officers, so that little ship. I could write a book on this type of ship. PC skippers, that was

a plan. They were all reserves during the war. The war was over for me. This was like my own private yacht. I had two officers and a first class pharmacist mate who was the doctor. I had a chief storekeeper who was the supply officer, and forty men. We left Norfolk and went to a place I had almost never heard of before, which was Key West, Florida.

EMC: There was a Naval base there.

CKM: That's where--two squadrons of submarines down there and two submarine tenders. Fleet Sonar School was there. I tied up at that place, and one of the first noteworthy things, once you tie up and get into town, you wonder where you are, because everybody's talking Spanish. No air conditioning, except in five-and-ten store. But the officer who met me when I came in said, "I have orders from the captain, commanding officer of the Sonar School here, to come to his quarters Thursday at five p.m." He said, "Every Thursday Captain MacFadden has everybody in, and he makes the best frozen daiquiris on the island." That was my introduction to Key West, Florida. From then on it was frozen daiquiris all the time and shrimp. We had a little squadron of small craft back then. We were providing services for the Sonar School, anti-submarine service, submarine targets. That's where I was almost, not quite, during the Korean War.

I met my wife down there, who was down there from college visiting her family.

EMC: Oh, that was a college vacation spot!

CKM: There were very few girls in there. Her uncle was a Navy physician in some duty down there. She had some cousins. Only in modern times did they begin to get spring breakers. This was "old" Key West.

EMC: Right, yes.

CKM: A country band and, you know, you can gamble anywhere, and fun didn't start at night until ten p.m. and went all night, that sort of thing.

EMC: That's a small place, too.

CKM: Very small.

EMC: Very small.

CKM: Very small, and all those people. I knew everybody in Key West. There were some very distinguished people. It was a center of writers and artists. Now it's a very popular gay community. I mean, there's gays probably, but they're not like I visualized in Provincetown. You know, Key West is known to tolerate actually any behavior, period. So everybody just minds their own business.

It's that way today, but it was quite different then.

EMC: Oh, yes. It's like Hawaii's very different than what it was. You were in old Hawaii.

CKM: We're talking 1948-49. I got orders back to San Diego to the Fleet Sonar School. That's where I was when the Korean War was pretty much on.

EMC: I'd like to ask you about your War College experience. When did you attend the War College, and what did you think of the course?

CKM: Well, I graduated in-- Was it '94? Does that come out right?

EMC: No, not '94.

CKM: I mean '64.

EMC: 'Sixty-four.

CKM: It's interesting, because I commuted to the War College from like many residents in Newport. This time I was living on Mount Vernon Street. I had just made captain. In fact, I put on my captain's stripes almost as I reported in. I may have put them

on a few days before I was actually. I checked in as a captain. George Hawes was the oldest member of the class. Tom Sherman was the youngest. I think between the two of them and myself we were wondering why we were here. Particularly George Hawes. "Wonder why these people sent me here?" He was fun. He retired and raised Hereford cattle. He's long gone now. Tom Sherman was a captain and served in destroyers.

What did I think of the War College? I had just come from Japan. You know, there's a stretch in between. I was on that PC, then I went to Fleet Sonar School, San Diego. I was ordered to report to CINCNELM in London, thence to the Admiralty at Whitehall for such duty as "their lordships" may see fit. I was to relieve an officer who had been over there far too long who was on exchange with the Royal Navy at Portsmouth, at their principal torpedo and anti-submarine school. Turns out the Admiralty really didn't want me going down there anymore. They had a program with joint anti-submarine school in Londonderry. They had had a naval aviator out there, who really was okay as a liaison officer. The British were not looking for a liaison officer. They had a British naval officer at Fleet Sonar School at San Diego when I was there. He filled the billet. He was in there on the staff, and this was his job. If he hadn't been there--a naval officer of the same period would have been there doing the same job. He filled the billet. That sprung a naval officer to go on the other side.

Well, the one that they had over there, as I suggest, was a

naval aviator attached to the joint anti-submarine school. This was a joint establishment with the Coastal Command. We deal with air things as well as service things. But it wasn't a place for a liaison officer, and they needed somebody who was going to get in there and teach, be on the tactical faculty.

So I reported with my wife and two little bitty children very late. Bought an English car in London somewhere, ultimately sought out Londonderry, Northern Ireland. Whoever heard of that? Now, we were there nearly three years. It was an absolutely unbelievable town. Gorgeous! Had the best time of my life!

EMC: Oh, really! Did you teach at all?

CKM: Oh, yes. Everybody on that staff had an opposite number who was in the Royal Air Force. We taught in parallel. It was convoy defense and things like that. I knew exactly what I was teaching. I knew exactly what the British stand was. I knew more or less how to cope with anything that came up. You know, I was the Yank on the staff. This was nothing but great. We were invited to all the parties with dignitaries that came up there by the score. We were always included in it. When our own ships came in for training--there were ships and there were aircraft and air crews for certain courses that we gave, and things like that.

I could advise and give them information and teach and all that sort of thing, but I didn't get involved in taking care of them, because we had a little radio facility there with a

lieutenant in command and a public works officer of the supply type and a handful of sailors. That really would become a huge, huge communication station for communicating with nuclear submarines and things like that. But at the time it was just little Yankeedom. The lieutenant who was in command of that was somebody on first terms with the mayor, first terms with assemblymen, first terms--and he'd also be on good terms with the local priests, because it was a hot spot for Ulstermen in Londonderry, for the defense of Londonderry against the Redlegs of King James, you know, a Catholic king. So there were a lot of political things, but no damaging sorts of things. So we were integrated into the local population, in our homes. The school at the Navy level. We neighbored with a Catholic family for about a year and became very good friends with them. Believe me, you didn't invite them to a party where the British were at. You did not talk about politics.

Anyway, so that was a pretty long haul. I'm trying to figure out how I got to the War College. I was ordered from Londonderry to Norfolk to be executive of a destroyer, and it was a DDE, a Fletcher Class Destroyer that had been upgraded. I was on that probably a year and a half and got orders to command a destroyer escort, the FRANCIS E. ROBINSON, DDE 220. She also was an experimental DE, and she was based in Key West, Florida. So we went to Key West, and that was a wonderful tour of duty. I managed to get out of Key West in that ship and work with some hunter killer groups off the East Coast, but mostly I was a

school ship and/or an experimental type. I stayed down there back to back with a tour at the Anti-submarine Development Detachment, which was under the operation of the development force.

We did operational testing on torpedoes and submersibles and things like that. I was in the torpedo section. This was just another extension of a magnificent series of duties, both of those tours of duty section once again. Key West by that time still was pretty much old Key West, and we did all the proper things and had a lot of parties and there were the social sorts of things. Everybody knew everybody once again. The Little Theater was filled with aspiring actors who were commanders in the Navy. We knew a lot of the writers and people. The officers' club had wonderful parties, and we were doing skits and things like that.

We had two children down at Key West. We have four children now. After about four years, my wife said, "We've got to get out of here! I can't spend the rest of my life listening to the dinner bell and when it's time to go to go to somebody's house for frozen daiquiris again. The children haven't learned how to put on shoes, and they don't know how to tie knots. They still wear training pants, because they don't have anything else. We are ossifying down here!" She probably was quite right.

So I got orders to Newport, where she had never been, up in New England. I managed to get orders to a destroyer in Newport. To get there I went to the Armed Forces Staff College. So I'd been at the Armed Forces Staff College, I went to command the

GAINARD DD706, largely Mediterranean deployments. Then got a so-called "bonus tour" to be exec of the OKLAHOMA CITY, a missile cruiser, which was flag ship of the Seventh Fleet. At that time it was in the shipyard in San Diego, but was ultimately deployed once again out to Yokosuka where we embarked the Seventh Fleet staff. So we had a wonderful tour. I had, as an XO, I had a captain, Captain Emmet P. Bonner, who let me run the ship, and he took care of certain projects he was interested in and certain relationships with the Fleet Commander. I made peace with the staff, who always looked upon the flag ship as their servants. I said, "We ain't your servants, buddy. We're shipmates. You don't screw around with my ship." That worked out fine. From that I got orders for....

EMC: I think we better stop.

EMC: Captain Charles K. Moore, USN retired. Today's date is August 13, 2002. The interview is taking place in the curator's office at the Naval War College in the Naval Historical Collection. Captain Moore, I'm pleased that you're back today to tell us about the remainder of your career, the kind of waning days of your naval career and your assignment at the Naval War College as a faculty member. But you also mentioned that you would like to give me a few anecdotal comments about your naval career prior to your assignment at the college. Can you give me your comments?

CKM: Sure. I'm looking back at what I've already given you, and various things keep cropping up. We talked about the interlude where I went back to torpedo school in Pearl Harbor and was so irritated that I was bound to miss part of the war, which-- I was one of the few sort of enthusiasts aboard the USS REMEY, populated, of course, by reserves who were excellent officers, but were wringing their hands completely. They were not happy with the idea of engaging the enemy any more than we absolutely had to.

So, in Pearl Harbor you might say that I left that--left the war on Western Pacific to enter the war in Pearl Harbor, which was a maelstrom of transients and officered people under training, people back from the war en route home, and people--officers back for rehabilitation--all sorts of things. So there was a certain degree of havoc. On the recreational end of things

there, parties in the BOQ and the various officers' clubs and various recreational facilities around Pearl Harbor, which were utilized to the maximum. I point out that these were the days if you wanted to buy a bottle of booze at the local liquor locker at the officers' club, wherever it might be, what you were saddled with was either Three Feathers or Four Roses, bourbon or rye. In order to get a bottle of that, you had buy two bottles of Jamaican rum--black material which normally you use a tablespoon to a Tom Collins. But that was tolerated, and I suspect a lot of that dark rum was ultimately drunk.

But in the echoing halls of the BOQs and those barracks that people were waiting for to get room in the BOQ, why, I wouldn't say "rowdy," but there were parties. I'm struck by some of the songs and things that, bearing in mind that this is a Navy and Marine Corps establishment, and the Navy and Marine Corps were not fond of the U.S. Army and Douglas MacArthur in particular. It's reflected in the song words. I have here in my hand now some five or six verses of a song to the tune of "Bless Them All." I think throughout the war there were numbers of people using that meter to write current doggerel about what they were doing, but this one refers to-- I'm going to read you one verse or maybe part of another. I won't sing it, since that won't record very well or print very well.

This is "Bless Them All" that we would sing around the bar in connection with the BOQ in Pearl Harbor at Christmas time, really, 1944: "On A-day plus 80, still fighting on Leyte, was old

Dugout Doug and his boys. Still shooting up trees on Ormock Bay and making a hell of a noise! Now, the Japs had new mortars, their only supporters, while Doug had his long toms no end. Enough for today! Let's go to the play--entertainment for our fighting men! I've returned! I've returned with fiery vengeance to burn. My Air Force is hitting them hard in the rear. My soldiers are all drinking Blue Ribbon beer. Now my Navy has swept the seas clean from Pearl to the great Philippines. If there's Japs on this island, I'll have to compile them. Then I will call my Marines." And so this song goes, and I hope that some of these songs were recorded in history, because they were absolutely fantastic.

EMC: They were made up by the fellows, right?

CKM: Oh, yes! They, you know, they traveled on. I don't know how I got this, a typewritten copy. I said, "Hey, I want that song." And somebody said, "I'll get you a copy." These reflect in all the verses a real distaste for the Army, a real distaste for General MacArthur, and a heavy duty plug for the Navy and particularly the Marines. It's almost as if this particular song was written by the Marines.

Another-- I don't know what tune this is, called "Doug's Communique," and there are quite a number of verse of this poem to an unknown, as I say. I'll just read a couple of verses so you can get the trend of what people were talking about back in Pearl

Harbor during this period. "For two long years since blood and tears have been so very rife, confusion in our war news burdens more a soldier's life. But from this chaos daily, like a hospice on the way, like a shinning light to guide us rises Doug's communique." Back to the last verse, "And while possibly a rumor now, someday it will be fact, that the Lord will hear a deep voice say, 'Move over, God, it's Mac!' So bet your shoes that all the news that last great judgment day will go to press and nothing less than Doug's communique!" So you can see how they disappreciated war news from MacArthur, who was in the process of conquering his Philippines and let the world know step by step.

Of course the Marines were too familiar with the fact that the Army troops who came in after they had cleared the way were a different breed of cat from our Marines. There's also in the same tone I remember waking up one night. Somebody had gotten a hold of the P.A. system in the office of the BOQ, and I heard this strident voice calling out and trying to sound like Franklin D. Roosevelt, "My wife Eleanor is the only woman I know who can eat an apple through a picket fence!" We were often awakened in the middle of the night by somebody who would get hold of that and do a little play acting, but you get the point, not a happy crew as far as the president and Army and Douglas MacArthur is concerned.

EMC: Well, you think of the military as being supportive of the president.

CKM: Of course they were supportive, but they would-- They still took him to task. You know, you had to have somebody to put the blame on.

EMC: Yes, you need a scapegoat, I guess.

CKM: Yes, it's-- One of the things that holds the wardroom officers together is to have something that you bitch about, you know. Whenever you're going home or--

EMC: Yes, it's human nature.

CKM: They've changed our overhaul time again or, you know, what are we doing next or something to nag a bit. It's a glue that holds on.

EMC: That's true! That's true.

CKM: Yes, and you know, it's not at all times hateful or anything like that.

EMC: No!

CKM: But it's ____.

EMC: It's an undercurrent of murmurings.

CKM: Absolutely. Then after I'd left and I was back in the ship in the February area--February, March, we were steaming a great deal with the fast carrier task groups, because we were embarked in the Iwo Jima and Okinawa episodes and where we would dash in and launch air strikes. But we were beginning to get to the point of where we were ready to move in a do some bombardment with the heavy units and battleships and things like that. At the same time we were beginning to lose our more experienced officers, which I pointed out earlier are lingering on board ship rather bitterly because the captain wouldn't release anybody, because he didn't want them to deplete his trained people and have to retrain someone or take someone that they were less experienced with. Now this captain is leaving. A new captain was coming, and we were beginning to get some new arrivals from the United States, and some of them were-- They were all reserves for the most part.

The only regular that I can think was the new supply officer who was Charles Alvin Gardner, who was in my company at the Naval Academy and a very close friend of mine. He had opted for the Supply Corps probably because of bad eyes. I can't remember for sure. So he had been through supply corps and was finally joining the ship. Then, lo and behold he joins the USS REMEY, so that was very pleasant for me, among the new arrivals. It was good to have new people from civilian life come and tell you what it was like back home.

I wrote also that housekeeping aboard ship was an evolution that people forget to look at. We didn't have barber shops. We had a laundry of some sort, but I don't remember too much of that. Obviously we had to have our clothes washed. The days of trying to scrub your jeans in a bucket using saltwater soap-- We weren't to that, but we would be and on occasion did do that. But we--and the hair cutting, you know, we had a-- I think he was a radioman striker that cut hair back on the fantail with the, you know, hand clippers--old squeeze-type hand clippers. And another thing associated with housekeeping was working out on the fantail. You'd go through episodes where you'd say, "I'm going on the fantail--workout."

EMC: What would you do there?

CKM: Oh, you'd do calisthenics.

EMC: Oh, oh, actually physical work out.

CKM: Physical workout, yeah. Oh, I think we had a medicine ball for a while before it went overboard to toss around. You'd go through these phases of where you had the time; you'd say, "Let's go workout," and grab some--another officer and shift into shorts and go out, work out on the fan deck. None of my friends wanted to work out. I don't recall-- Usually you're too doggone tired and too busy to do this sort of thing. But, you know, you

absolutely had to-- You had to keep your body in shape, and some more than others.

EMC: Yes, that sounds very "now."

CKM: Yes, very much now. Another thing, speaking about whether you had time or would prefer to take a nap rather than go work out was the fatigue level really builds up when you're doing a lot of GQ such as full-time GQ when we would move in to bombard the Japanese homeland. I can remember one time I was absolutely exhausted! I was topside, probably coming off watch or some such thing, or coming off general quarters. I got down the ladder to where the chief engineer and a couple of other officers' cabins were. I went no further. I just jumped into one of those berths. I felt like I was being sucked into a vortex of dark. I felt like my whole mind was going. I said, "I'm dying! I'm going down a hole; I'm going down a dark hole!"

EMC: Strange sensation!

CKM: It was strange and scary, because I said, "I mustn't lose control. I mustn't slip away. What am I going to do?" It was just utter exhaustion. And, you know, I finally dozed off down there, and it wasn't even my bunk. That struck me that I could be so tired that my mind was literally sort of floating off in infinity--not pleasant! We had another constant nightmare, at

least I did. I think it was a usual one. We had these zigzag plans, of course, all the time. So when you came up, you had to make your turns on time, or you'd wander into the formation, and this was--or somebody would be on your back in an instant. So the nightmare was that you were--that you'd forgotten to make a turn. You wake up with a start, and I'd holler, "I forgot to make a certain turn." That was a recurring sort of a nightmare that certainly plagued me, because if you had-- If there was any one responsibility you had as junior officer-- I was not standing top watches at that time. So I was a JOD on the bridge, and my job was to make sure that we turn on time.

EMC: Oh, I thought the navigator would do that or the--

CKM: No, the officer of the deck does that. We had the zigzag plan to follow, it's in the book, and you're on zigzag plan so-and-so.

EMC: Oh, I see. Okay. So you have to give the instruction to somebody to turn?

CKM: Yes, I tell the helmsman, or I tell the OD, or maybe I have the con or the OD has the con. I can tell the OD it's time to turn; or if I have the con, I'd give the orders to the helmsman, but the next course to come to. So this was a requirement that you weren't likely to forget. Even when you dozed off, you're

still trying to give--do in your mind the zigzag plan, which doesn't contribute to silent sleep. You wake up and say, "God, did I turn on time?"

We had a dog on board. I don't think I mentioned that, Scotty. Over a period of time that Scotty had puppies. So Scotty had a son with us about the time in 1944 or '45. Then Scotty got pregnant again from a tanker, I think.

EMC: You were talking about the dog, Scotty.

CKM: Yes, it was nice to have a dog on board. Provides entertainment and as long as somebody sort of takes care of it, you know, not me. We had this dog, and over a period of time the dog had a puppy. The reason I remember this is, we had promised everybody in the fleet a puppy, because everybody knew the dog was pregnant that we were in close contact with. Then Scotty proceeded to produce only one puppy. The puppy was the image of his father, which one would expect since his father was also his brother, if you get the point! In other words by now these fleet dogs were pretty inbred.

EMC: Yes, yes!

CKM: They didn't have much opportunity hitching up with--

EMC: Anybody else!

CKM: Anybody else. But a dog is part of the action in a lot of ships. In the REMEY, why, Scotty was one of those sorts of things. We used to refuel, of course, not only from tankers and not only when we were in fleet anchorage, but at sea frequently. Frequently it's the carriers, if you refueled from the carriers, it was an operation that was interesting because it brought you up close along side where you could kind of see what was going on where the action was, you know, the hustle and bustle of getting ready for a strike or-- But the carrier's way up there high and the destroyer along side. You don't have sort of any kind of warm relationship with any one of the carriers as a ship or its crew. They used to do things that irritated me like throw us candy bars. Our sailors would drop everything run around trying to recover a candy bar. We didn't have any candy, but the carrier had candy and felt like they were like feeding the monkeys in the zoo sort of an attitude.

But on the opposite side of this, refueling from a ship like the WISCONSIN, which was here in Newport until fairly recently-- out of commission, those folks were great to go alongside. They always had a big sign out saying, "You are the 430th destroyer we have refueled." They always broke out their band. They had a good band. They'd send over copies of their newspaper; they'd send over ice cream. They were delighted to have you alongside, and they really expressed it. Not only that, they were down more on your level. You know, they're deeper in water, and you felt an

affinity for them. They weren't about to throw candy bars at you. If you needed candy, they'd send you a case of candy bars rather than-- The last time we refueled from the WISCONSIN, we were being detached from the Task Force to integrate with the Ninth Fleet group that were going to go up and do a shipping sweep in the Kuriles.

So we tried to reverse the procedure with the WISCONSIN. We put a big sign up saying, "You're the umpteenth battleship that we have refueled from," and we have our band, now, a three-piece band, and played lustily! We had a special edition of our newspaper we probably mimeographed and sent over there. We sent them something neat, and I don't think it was ice cream, because we treasured that, but we had a great rapport with the WISCONSIN, and sort of episodes like that one really looked forward to and enjoyed. I think when we broke away from the WISCONSIN to join up and say goodbye to the Third Fleet or the Fifth Fleet, I don't remember which one it was at this time, and we broke out our homeward bound pennant and joined up with the rest of the squadron, almost all the squadron, with the exception being the NORMAN SCOTT and the WADLEIGH. Both those ships had been damaged and had already been back to overhaul. So they were kept in a forward area while the rest of us were ultimately heading for home via this bombardment sweep in the Kuriles, anti-shipping sweep and bombardment.

Then, as you know, on August the fourteenth we were in Adak, which meant we weren't headed home. So we had flown our homeward-

bound pennant when we said goodbye to the WISCONSIN and the rest of the strike force. Now we're headed back to Japan. When we finally got detached from that, departed Mutsu Bay. We're in Northern Honshu when all this is taking place. As I pointed out, we never got ashore, but we were there a couple of weeks. We flew the homeward bound pennant for the second time. Now, finally we are, in fact, going home. Finally, you know, can solidify leave plans and things of that nature which we've been worrying about now for months and months and months as a time for our overhaul kept slipping, kept slipping, and kept slipping. That was the second time we flew the homeward bound, and we flew it one more time. That's when we entered San Francisco Bay. That, of course, was the great top off to the whole thing.

So we ended the war then in San Francisco, I guess. It's interesting to note, I think, that the REMEY during that war period in the Pacific, from the time that she went through the Panama Canal, served in all the numbered fleets one way or another--the First Fleet, the Third Fleet, the Fifth Fleet, the Seventh Fleet, the Ninth Fleet, and the Fourth Fleet. I don't know what that Fourth Fleet is. I had it written down, and apparently that was the occupation forces were given the number four, which is kind of strange and one I hadn't heard of before I read it. Also written along with that information, our ship transited from Panama on to Honshu to Guadalcanal to the Aleutians, 175,000 miles.

EMC: A lot of ocean!

CKM: One period of time in, oh, about March '45 we were at sea for ten weeks--consecutive weeks with one exception, two days. We got a two-day break. Otherwise we were at sea end to end for ten days without stopping for a moment. If I were to summarize life aboard ship during extended periods of time on the way, the things that united the crew would be expectations for getting mail, which, of course, you would get underway anytime a plane flew in mail. There were times where we would finally get second-class mail in 100-150 bags of mail. This is where, in June, you get Christmas presents that are things like books that are all mildewed or food products that are spoiled, but also other sorts of things. Had one episode, I remember, where a long time without mail, why, one of the chief petty officers got first-hand word that his wife had died and another sailor's-- She had been ill. So it wasn't like a big surprise. I'm sure that he was released and went home. Then another sailor's mother had died. This was all coming in from mail. There wasn't all that immediate Red Cross response, you know, although there were humanitarian channels for advising people when there were tragedies at home.

So mail was important; food was intensely important! We had so much bad food and so much good food. When it was good, it was very good. When it was bad, it was indeed Spam, cabbage, canned peaches for some reason. Everybody remembers that very clearly. That was a good thing to bitch about, and that holds crew

together, too. Sleep, a matter of sleep--try and find some place where you can take a nap and get some rest. Then rumor mill. When are we going to get released? What's the latest dope on-- What's the next operation? Are we going to go back to shore bombardment, or are we going to stay with the carriers and be plane guard and do that sort of thing? Those were the things the wardroom talked about. And within that wardroom community the warmest of friendships evolved, which I may have mentioned earlier, but we're sustaining in postwar years by regular reunions of the wartime crew of the REMEY, which, of course, went through this entire business without any damage whatsoever.

So much for the USS REMEY. We haven't talked about the War College. What do you want to know?

EMC: Yes! Okay, very good! Yes, I would like to know when you were assigned to the War College. What year did you arrive here?

CKM: Well, let me say that I was a student, of course, in 1964, having come from executive officer of the OKLAHOMA CITY, which was a Seventh Fleet flag ship. I'd just made captain. The first president of the War College when I got there was an Admiral Melson. As I recall, he was not very well. He was a battleship admiral. That is to say, he was not an aviator, best as I can remember. He wasn't there very long, and I think it was because he was ill. I was not in on the workings of all that. He was relieved by Admiral Chick Hayward, who, of course, became a

fixture at the War College.

EMC: So that was 1966?

CKM: Yes, well, he was there when I was a student, so it has to have been earlier than that, because we dedicated, for instance, the War College Follies to Hayward, and the songs were all "Chick Hayward, Chick Hayward." As a student, in fact, it's the follies-- I'm not sure if that's what we called them.

EMC: Gaieties?

CKM: Gaieties! I was deeply involved with the Gaieties. I wrote a couple of scripts. We had a crew put together some skits. We did a tableau that took off the marble statue in Pringle Hall of Columbus discovering America, these chaps in the boat, you know. We made ourselves look like marble through various ingenious uses of white paints and all. The pitch of that skit was that when we thought Columbus had discovered-- Out of the jungle comes our Danish naval officer from the Naval Command College.

EMC: Command College.

CKM: Yes, saying, "Hey, hey! We were there first" kind of a thing. Then we had a takeoff on another group that did a takeoff on "Cigarettes, Whiskey, and Wild, Wild Women." We had a bass

drum beating, and I was the preacher saying, "Dear friends, a preachment you're about to receive on John Barleycorn, nicotine, and the temptations of evil--cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild women." The verses were all tuned to War College sorts of things. That was a lot of fun. That tells you about what I remember as a student.

EMC: Oh, did you find the course challenging, or did you learn something new?

CKM: I had been, not all that many years back, to the Armed Forces Staff College. A lot of the stuff in those days I had already been through. I was a tiger at the Staff College, where we had a degree of competition with the Air Force and the Army. That's where you learned the Army are trained in giving presentations, and the Navy are trained in creating destroyer officers clubs, and where you grow to really admire the fact that you--and happy--glad you're in the Navy, not the Army and not the Air Force. The Air Force is kind of in between. They haven't really established a tradition or anything. The Navy had its inborn tradition. You never called a staircase anything but a ladder. The Army were stiffened to protocol and stiffened to gorgeous presentations. They knew how to use training aids, and they'd all been trained in that sort of-- Navy guys, we'd say, "What is all this?" We'd scratch our heads. But I liked the Armed Forces Staff College, and, you know, I was in a frame of mind

then where I would raise my hand and jump up to talk to the CNO or whoever was addressing the group at that time. We went on great field trips. So I was a hot-to-trot and wrote some nice papers.

When I got to the War College some years later, this was before the War College curriculum had been upgraded. So, you know, I had heard a lot of our military leaders and civilian leaders address the school before. I heard that all at Staff College, and I'd quiz them, and I'd raise my hand. At the War College as a student, I was much less inclined to do that. I found it hard to keep awake in a lot of that stuff.

EMC: Lot of lectures?

CKM: Lots of lectures. Our seminar work. I admired my classmates. I had Naval Academy classmates who were in my class at the War College and vast numbers of others. They were all fine. I scratched my head when you were told that you were among a specially selected group to go to the War College, because I knew doggone good and well it was whether you were available or not and what else to do with you. I had classmates that used to guffaw the fact that they would--the hierarchy was bold enough to say that they had been selected among a select group to go to the War College, because they knew, in fact, what the process was of being assigned; like if you don't go to War College, you're dead. They sought you, in one way or another. If they tell you that

you're specially selected, that's good. That's good for morale. The fact of the matter is, you know darn well it's a bunch of hogwash.

EMC: So you didn't find it that challenging or that interesting?

CKM: I didn't find it challenging. For instance, the war gaming stuff that we did in seminar--my seminar, two things about-- This is one. The scenarios were so grotesquely ugly. It was always a great nuclear attack by the Russians down into the Middle East. You end up trying to fight a scenario that's ridiculous and counting beans. "How much black oil would you need to support a division, and how you going to get it?" You know, it was number punching, using Naval warfare publications of the time. I found it dim witted. But I admired my seminar mates. They dug in and fought like it was truly a war that was going to happen and a realistic sort of a situation. I kind of cringed at a lot of that.

So I concurrently did the-- You had the option of doing--going for a master's degree in International Relations through George Washington University.

EMC: Oh, so you did that as well?

CKM: Well, I figured I'd better do that, because otherwise--

EMC: Be bored stiff?

CKM: I wanted to have something to show for all this. I was not vying to be a stellar graduate. I'm not sure how that was measured, anyway.

EMC: But you returned again to the War College as your final billet before retiring.

CKM: Well, we had people who were close to retirement, if you--

EMC: Well, but you did. Your last assignment.

CKM: Oh, well that was-- Of course, I left War College and went to Washington for a tour of duty.

EMC: Right, right.

CKM: Then from there I went back to sea, fleet oiler.

EMC: Yes, I think we talked about that before.

CKM: I went from that ship to command a squadron of destroyers out of Newport, and so I came back after two years in Washington after being a War College student. Came up here in 1968 or '69. Skipper of the NATAHALA AO60. Then, after nine months, I got a

squadron of destroyers, Tenth Destroyer Squadron, and deployed to the Mediterranean. Then from that tour I came to War College.

EMC: Right! The War College was your last--as a faculty member was your last assignment.

CKM: Yes, I started out at the War College on the staff.

EMC: Oh, you did? What area were you connected with? What division?

CKM: We ran things like the Sea Power Symposiums.

EMC: Oh, yes!

CKM: I had an office in Luce Hall overlooking the bay--gorgeous office. I had two or three people that did all the work. I had a treasured WAVES officer! Lieutenant Commander Betty Jo Hill worked with me, and a real good civil secretary--civil servant secretary--Alice somebody or other, and some other helpers. We ran the International Sea Power Symposium, you know. We went down to Newport and hired a whole motel. We chartered a bunch of cars. We got the military from all over the place to support this thing. Then they had all these foreign CNOs and things like this. I'll tell you, we did it mostly with Betty Jo Hill. I don't know if you ever encountered her, since she's dead now. She was so

effective and nifty. Absolutely. I kept corresponding with her or visiting with her and vice versa for years, and years, and years up until last year.

Then all of a sudden I discovered that she had died. She was a Christian Scientist, so you never would have known she was sick. She wrote me a letter I guess just about a couple of months before I finally find out that she's dead by virtue of the fact that the letter I mailed was sent back with a note saying Betty Jo-- "Sorry to report Betty Jo passed on." I wrote back trying-- "Tell me something about it." I never heard. Then it occurred to me that she was a very serious Christian Scientist and active in the Christian Science organization.

EMC: Well, you were on the staff then.

CKM: Well, not for long, and then I became the military chair of Surface Warfare. The incumbent in that, see, got orders finally. So I became a chair holder.

EMC: Holder.

CKM: Chair holder, and that was a nothing job.

EMC: Oh, really? Did you teach, though?

CKM: I would give talks to people, like the Vietnamese Officer

Candidate School, or occasionally I would work in to teach--do some teaching. I presumably was the focal point for questions on surface work or destroyer work or like that. But I don't recall that I was burdened by too much or that I was consulted to any great degree.

EMC: Oh!

CKM: Those chair were abandoned when Stansfield Turner became president.

EMC: Oh, so you were here from about '72 to '74, or '70 to '72, maybe, because Turner came in '72?

CKM: Seventy-two. I retired from the War College '74.

EMC: Oh, okay.

CKM: Stansfield Turner decided that these chairs were redundant, which is true. The whole faculty organization and curriculum and all changed quite radically.

EMC: What did you think of his reforms?

CKM: Well, some of them I liked, and some of them-- You know, it was Zumwalt sort of a thing where I was not happy with a lot of

the Zumwalt reforms, and I was not happy with the "Old Boy" system that was setting in, where, you know, if you weren't on Zumwalt's team and gotten into the Vietnam with Zumwalt-- Stansfield Turner was an offshoot sort of-- He was a Zumwalt selection. He was bright as can be. The whole focus was on systems analysis, and in came people from out of town that you never heard of before. But they came from the Department of Defense. We got new civilian professors and new young people full of p. and v. that you--that sort of took over.

So, anyway, I moved from the military chair to faculty in the tactics area, where I ran seminars. A young submarine officer--submarine captain named Bill Yates, really a bright guy, was-- I worked with him, and then ultimately I worked for him, because he was a submarine officer. I obviously was going to retire in '74, and Bill Yates-- So Stansfield Turner said, "Bill needs you, and I'd like you to work with him and keep him on track and sort of lead as senior guy and take a seminar. By that time, why, you know, I retired in June, '74. So I was pretty much of a short timer.

EMC: Did you appreciate, or did you support, I should say, the curriculum changes that he made--Turner made during this time period? Do you think they were of value, making the curriculum more vigorous and grades and the like?

CKM: Well, it sure took a lot of the fun out of coming to the

War College, which used to be a rest stop.

EMC: Right!

CKM: You know, back in those-- That was still in the days when--well, at least when I was a student, when aviators had to qualify, or keep their flying up. So they were always disappearing over to Quonset to fly. You could do that. Also when I was a student, another thing that disturbed me a little bit was how many people were suddenly, at noon, calling their stock brokers, particularly a Coast Guard officer who was in my seminar. I never heard of a Naval officer getting involved in the stock market before. My father told me years ago, he says, having lived through the '29 and seen Naval officers who were in the stock market fall all apart, said, "You cannot do this. You want to handle your finances, you've got to get in trust funds or something and into money management and don't ever try and play the stock market!" He felt the same way about organizations like that--being a Mason or being involved in these sorts of things, that they interfere with your career. That your focus has got to be on your career and your Navy, and don't get side-tracked. So, to see these stock brokers--guys calling their stock markets and talking in them in the board room over a cup of coffee about what's going to buy and what isn't going to buy. It was as if it was a whole student body moved away from the War College curriculum. I mean, it was playing the stock market, but there

were just enough of them to where I thought, "This is weird!" But that you would come to the War College, and your primary drive is to call your stock broker when you got your noon break.

EMC: Oh, interesting!

CKM: So, when I was on the faculty, you know, I thought a lot of the changes were called for. But, you know, for years and years and years I was in Navy Choristers and started as a chairman for awhile, and then I stayed in when I was retired for a number of years, too. In the earlier days of that, why, you could get student body members. They had time to do that. Now, I haven't seen Naval Choristers now for years. But I know a lot of them are still the same old people that were there when I--except that they're in the seventies now. That can pick up some of the activities around here and get singers, because they're still there and still singing. There isn't room in a student or a faculty life now it seems to me to even consider the fact that to come to the War College is going to give you a break from your operational routine.

EMC: Right.

CKM: It's no break at all.

EMC: Yes. No, it's not fun anymore. Do you have--just kind of to

wrap up, do you have any post retirement connections with the Navy?

CKM: No, I mean, one of the things I admired about-- I came back here for coffee a lot of times before I wore out my welcome, and talking to the guys. They all admired me because they had a commitment, and they do to this day. I talked to one that retired just last week. Commitment to their early life when they were on duty in Washington, and they had to buy a house in Springfield, Virginia. They've owned it ever since. They've rented it. Maybe they've been back and lived in it once. They have children that they want to get in Yale and Harvard. They're retiring. The only thing they can do is go down to Washington, get a job in military-industrial complex where their currency in what the Navy is doing is still with them, and see if they can make enough money that-- But none of them really wanted to do that at all. So I would go in there having-- Oh, four or five days, I guess, after I retired, I was suddenly involved in the horticultural business and then within months owner and operator of a store in Bellevue Avenue, garden supply store--shop.

EMC: Oh, really?

CKM: Yes, when house plants were just getting popular. Seeds and bulbs and--no heavy machinery or anything like that. I had a lot of--grew into--had a lot of estate clients. I got to know all the

gardening community and the estate superintendents and gardeners.

EMC: That's really interesting.

CKM: Those who now are replaced by kids in pickup trucks who cut grass and cut hedges, but don't know anything about gardening at all, so the big houses don't have fancy gardens anymore.

EMC: Well, that's interesting! What did you call your shop?

CKM: Newport Plant and Garden. I was secretary of the Newport County Professional Gardeners Association. Those folks are long gone.

EMC: How long did you keep the shop?

CKM: Eight or nine years. The little group of stores there on Bellevue Avenue were owned by a couple of folks. One of them was a beauty salon there, called Louis's Beauty Salon. The one who owned that, they owned the whole block. There was an art store there and Cabbages and Kings was there still and a few other sorts of things. They decided they were going to unload that whole block. It was very old, but sell them as commercial condos. You could buy your storefront if you wanted. I could have bought my store from them for something like $120,000. I thought, "And still doing business today, trying to--" I had done what I wanted

to do. It was great fun. Me, occasionally my wife, and one or two really nifty girls-- We had a magnificent time! As I say, when I would come back over here, why, students would all say, "Gee, it's wonderful to us to see you doing something different! We've got to go back to our house in Springfield."

EMC: Right. Why did you return to Newport?

CKM: We were here.

EMC: Oh, you were here? That was it.

CKM: Yes. You know Newport has its quota of retired Navy people, but it's not like San Diego, Norfolk, places where you're inundated with retired communities.

EMC: More of a mix.

CKM: They're retirees. Like the Naval Academy Alumni Association here is a modest group that you're happy to see once a month at dinner. That's about the only time you see them, with occasional exceptions. So there's enough integration of other social circles that the Navy doesn't become--the Navy retired doesn't become the dominant factor in your life. Neither does the golf course or the other things that drive you to distraction.

So, you know, we'd been up here in 1960 when first commanded

the GAINARD, a destroyer. Although I'd had a DE before and a PC. So I've been on so many ships I can't--sometimes I can't think. So we came up from Key West with two kids--three kids, by then, four. We had two in Key West, two in San Diego. We had four kids then, and one born in Newport in 1961-62. So we came up then and came back when I was a student at the War College, and came back again when I went to sea, again out of Newport. So, we'd been in Newport that much.

EMC: So you like Newport.

CKM: Yes, don't you look out the window and say, "Aren't you glad you're here!"

EMC: Yes, it's very nice--very unique community.

CKM: I've never met anybody yet that didn't like Newport.

EMC: It's a little too cold in the winter and blustery, but--

CKM: Well, and yet it really isn't. All you have to do is look and see what they're doing in Atlanta and say, "Thank God, I'm not in the South where they're having a monstrous ice storm!"

EMC: Yes, well, that's true. Did you have any role models in the Navy that influenced you at all--that you patterned yourself

after or that had an influence on you and your life?

CKM: Other than my father and my ancestors, my grandfathers who I-- My grandfather Kittelle, who could and would, if you'd just give him a chance, would stand up and bellow out all the orders necessary to wear a full rigged ship--sailing ship just like the captain of the sailing ship said, "Stand by to wear ship." All the sailors are running to stations, and then shout out commands to bring that ship to a new course, bring the yardarms across and over and all that sort of thing. I admired that memory. Of course he used to like to tell when he was in command of all of the destroyers in the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, concurrently for a long period of time, and all tied to a big fleet exercise on one coast, but I don't remember where. All the destroyers were under one commander. Within the fleet, you know, it's always been that competition between destroyers Pacific and destroyers Atlantic, and why destroyers Pacific were always the better, always. But they did Far East deployments. Destroyers Atlantic were a little closer to Washington, a little closer to being, you know, "Big brother is watching you--" that sort of a thing. You deployed to the Mediterranean, which was infinitely more desirable, from my point of view, than deploying to--once again to the Philippines or to Japan. But all those other plans.

So we did both, you know. We lived on both sides. We lived in Japan; we lived in--actually in Northern Ireland when I was with the British. You will recall, at the end of the war when you

were putting a ship out of commission in San Diego, how I was fighting to get back to the East Coast. I wanted to get back to my girlfriend and my family and that sort of a thing.

EMC: Where did you meet your wife?

CKM: Met her in Key West. She was down there.

EMC: Oh, that's right! You did mention that.

CKM: Yes, her uncle was a Navy doctor down there.

EMC: Right, right. That's where she was visiting.

CKM: Yes.

EMC: So it was basically your relatives, you father, your grandfather that had a positive influence on you.

CKM: Yes, but let me say it never occurred to me that I was not going to go to the Naval Academy. On the other hand, if I had failed--my eyes or something had failed, and I had friends of mine who didn't and were just absolutely crushed when they reported in and couldn't pass the physical because some ridiculous thing that they had in those days that was really tough. My roommate and long high school friend Ted Cochrane,

whose father was Admiral Cochrane of Bureau of Ships--designed and built the major designs of our amphibious warfare ships during World War II, his eyes were bad. He had to go in the Supply Corps. Well, he fought that tooth and nail through the war period, and then--and ultimately got back into the line and then ended up captain in the line, tore up his Supply Corps emblem and said, "I've had that!" Chuck Gardner came aboard the REMEY as a supply officer. He retired as a captain in the Supply Corps. Ted Cochrane wasn't able to put up with that. He beat that rap and was a very excellent person and line officer.

EMC: Can you tell me how the Navy has changed during your 30 years of service? What kind of changes, outstanding changes, have you witnessed?

CKM: Well, I think that the changes have been--certainly the social changes that Zumwalt brought in that went too far in that direction.

EMC: How do you mean they went too far? Too far in what way?

CKM: Too many liberties and freedoms, you know, too casual and easy going and too much attention to--you know, and probably correctly with the postwar times--more attention to family matters. I don't object to any of that, of course. But I noted the other day where Navy wives now go to school. A new flag

officer's wife goes to school and learns how to be a flag officer's wife. We never had to be taught how to be a flag officer's wife. By the time you made flag officer, your wife knew how to be a flag officer's wife. And, you know, when I was a young officer, we had calling cards, and we called on our COs. I had them call on me. I remember a phalanx of them when I was skipper, I think it was on one of the destroyers, but I can't remember. Two or three junior officers said, "We'd like to call on you and Mrs. Moore." I said, "Come by at five o'clock." Calling hours were five to six, or something like that. They all came, and they all had cards, and they put their cards in the card tray.

EMC: The old salver.

CKM: The salver, and I got them a beer or something like that, and we were chatting. Twenty minutes went by, and an alarm clock went.

EMC: Out you go! Next group.

CKM: No, they had brought the alarm clock.

EMC: Oh, oh.

CKM: They had brought the alarm clock, and they all jumped up

and said, "Well, captain, 20 minutes! But they were-- You know, they were pulling my leg. I've never been to a job I didn't absolutely love. There were those I loved better. I had one of the best times as executive officer of a cruiser with the Commander Seventh Fleet on board, almost as much as being captain of the ship. Captain's still the most responsible guy, but I was running the ship for all intents and purposes.

EMC: What did you think of the changing role of women in the Navy and women in ships and as pilots?

CKM: Well, you know, I never--

EMC: Did you support that? Because it was just beginning when you retired.

CKM: Wasn't a problem with us. As I say, Lieutenant Commander Betty Jo Hill was my most experienced in her corps, and I've worked in the Royal Navy very closely with WREN officers and then WREN radar plot ratings. They were all Navy junior kids, and they worked the tactical plot and that sort of thing. In a sense I was one of their division officers.

EMC: So you're not anti-women in the Navy, then?

CKM: No, but I must say that I can't help but question the real

honest-- I know it's politically correct, but the idea of women aboard ship does not appeal to me in the slightest, even to this day. Some ships, okay, you know, hospital ships.

EMC: Well, they are on hospital ships. Yes, the nurses, right. But do you think it interferes with the morale of the crew and the work flow, and is just a disruptive influence?

CKM: I guess what bothered me, I think, as a young officer even at the Naval Academy, to have lady midshipmen. I would have been distracted. I would have thought it was great. No question but my personality, I would have been distracted. I guess they can control that distraction to some degree, but every now and then they have breakdowns and certainly in the fleet some major problems, some ships probably worse than others. I've never cheered the idea of integrating women into ships at sea. Then when they keep pressing to put them on submarines, that's a horrid idea. On a little ship like the REMEY, 2,100 ton destroyer, no way could we accommodate them. Now they're being ordered to ships.

EMC: Well, you have to refigure.

CKM: Well, you know, that's politically correct. I don't know what it does to the character of the ship as a man of war, but I cannot believe for a minute that it contributes much physically

to the ship itself.

EMC: Interesting. What are the differences in the sailors today versus those of, let's say, 45 years ago? Do you see any difference in the enlisted rates?

CKM: They're smarter, and they have to be. They're all volunteers. They're sent to school early, and so are the officers, incidentally. You don't go to sea and get commissioned. You think you're going to sea, and you're more likely to go to school somewhere. Post graduate work is more important than ever, not that many billets at sea anymore. The manning level of ships is reduced because of automation and modern technology. So you have a different crowd of people. I look at the ones I see, and I don't know any today. I've been really quite out of contact. But I look at, for instance, the corpsmen at the dispensary over here, and here is a third class petty officer that's really doing a job that a doctor would normally do in civilian life--that kind of level. But he's only a third class, because it's hard to get to be second class and harder yet to get to be first class. I don't know what the chances of promotion are among enlisted these days. But of course in my day--wartime, anyway--much of your crew were reserve. Much of them were in the Navy because otherwise they'd be in the Army as draftees. They had no intention of making Navy a career, but they were darn good sailors, and whether they were chipping paint or manning or mounting a gun.

For the most part, they were honest, God fearing, multiracial--you know, the whole smear. Racially speaking, of course, all of the black sailors were all stewards' mates, and it wasn't until my first ship after the war, the FOREST ROYAL, which I went to from the REMEY, where I had black sailors who were gunners' mates.

EMC: Very good. How do you see your own naval career? If you had to sum it up, how do you see it?

CKM: Oh, I think it was wonderful, absolutely wonderful career! Once again, you got to a destroyer officers' club after work, say, "I'll meet you up at the club." You meet there with your pal from another ship, and a couple of the other guys come up. You start talking shop. When you start talking shop, you start talking about how you think you should have done that better or how-- You might start picking--nitpicking. You're not degrading your command, but you can say, "The exec is driving me absolutely crazy!" You know, and why is that. Then, "That's nothing! Let me tell you what my exec does!" You know, and comradeship in the ship at sea. We used to do funny things. I did independent duty in the GAINARD in the Persian Gulf, and we all got these Arab shimogs and headdresses and sorts of things. We had some Arab music.

When I left the Persian Gulf, I turned over my papers and the duty to another destroyer coming down from the Med. in Port

Suez and some port like that came alongside. I knew the skipper of that ship. I had the crew all decked out in Arab clothes, and I had the MC screaming this Arab music. I came down in an Arab shimog. He was absolutely shocked when I--the skipper of the other ship came aboard. He didn't know whether to run back to his ship and call the authorities, whether we had gone bonkers or whether this was some kind of a joke. At the same time, in the same cruise, I bought in Bahrain or somewhere a couple of cases of Heineken's beer. It looked just like Heineken's bottled beer, except that there was a surcharge over the label where you wouldn't even see it, in Arabic: "Non-alcoholic." I used that beer.

I used it in more tricky operations. I'd be sitting there fueling alongside the carrier. I'd be in the captain's chair and have a phone talker. I'm talking to the bridge of the carrier way up there. I'm holding a foaming glass of beer. I'm saying, "Tell the captain--Ask the captain if he'd like a cold beer." And I would send over in a box on the high line wrapped in cotton a bottle of Heineken's beer.

EMC: Oh, how nice.

CKM: Those people, they didn't know what it was. Until they found out it was nonalcoholic and that I was not infringing on anything.

EMC: Right, Navy rule you can't drink at the--

CKM: In Naples once I missed my boat, and I was going back to the boat, and I ran into a friend of mine who was a squadron commander of another squadron. I was just captain of the ship, and I had known him a long time. He says, "I'll give you a ride back in my gig if you can take me aboard your ship for a cup of coffee." Said, "I've never been aboard your ship for a cup of coffee." I said, "You got it! I'll do you one better." He came aboard ship. I opened the pantry. The ship was dark, was two in the morning. Turned on the lights, turned on the wardroom lights, and I said, "How would you like to have a cold beer?" I had it already foamed. He was stunned. He said, "You may not believe this, but this is the first time that I've had an alcoholic drink in a U.S. Navy man-of-war." Of course, there was no alcohol in it at all.

EMC: Oh, right, there wasn't.

CKM: Sometime later, back in the States he was escorting one of the hunter killer groups to Bermuda or somewhere. He got hold of me. He said, "Do you have any of that beer left?" He said, "I want to pull the same trick on the skipper of the carrier when we go there." I said, "Just happen to have another one!"

EMC: Oh, that's good!

CKM: You know, if you have tricky stuff like that, you go along. I used to play the bagpipes. We had bands; we had stuff going on all the time.

EMC: Keep the crew happy!

CKM: Well, you know, we did things. We had fantail follies on the OKLAHOMA CITY. We had a wonderful variety show in the flag ship. I remember crossing the equator.

EMC: They had the crossing the line ceremonies, yes.

CKM: Yes, we had them. Of course, I'd been across it several times prior to that, and--but the captain had not. They were a little leery of this whole thing. The admiral was on board. The admiral was a shellback. He'd been across before.

EMC: Well, interesting!

CKM: He'd sort of pontificated. We ran a real tough crossing of the line program. You better believe that it was wonderful.

EMC: Yes, I've been to those.

CKM: I've got photographs of that. I sent them mostly to the

OKLAHOMA CITY Association, which was a rare historical record of that thing. That was fun!

EMC: Can you tell me who you thought was the best CNO during your time frame in the Navy?

CKM: Well, I tell you, my relationships with the CNO were a million miles apart.

EMC: Right, I know they were limited. I don't mean personal, but for the Navy.

CKM: Well, I can think of a person who-- Who the heck were they? I'd have to see a list.

EMC: Well, Burke was there.

CKM: Well, I guess one as an honest destroyer man, Arleigh Burke has got to have been, you know, for things he did and things he started, and plus the fact that he was "Thirty-one Knot Burke," and don't overlook that. Then, it seems to me, that the CNO began to edge to be more and more a political appointment and not a performance appointment. I kind of lost track of what the issues were. Surprisingly enough, perhaps, to somebody who has been that close to the navy historically, I never felt, even as a boy-- I knew I was going to be a Naval officer. I knew I was going to go

to the Naval Academy, whatever. I knew that if I didn't get in for some reason, I was going to go to Haverford or somewhere like that. But I wasn't about to be terribly, terribly disturbed if I didn't. Neither was I going to be disturbed if I didn't get promoted at this level or that level.

I was going to do what I could do and take what comes. I was not about to try and maneuver my career to get promoted or get one job or another. That worked fine, because my career and things I did were all just absolutely right. There was a point in my life where I was reasonably well known throughout the Navy, particularly when I came back from Ireland, from the Royal Navy, and I was big into anti-submarine warfare. I commanded anti-submarine warfare ships. I was in anti-submarine warfare development and served-- My Washington tour was in the materiel command, developing torpedoes and sonar and things like that. But I never went to post graduate school. I was never very good in mathematics. I was much better in performing--doing things and going to sea, tactics and that sort of thing. So my relationship with the CNO kind of went with what Newsweek magazine would tell me about him, or my friends in Washington. But, you know, I retired in '74. I was still pretty much of a young fellow and went into the horticultural business.

EMC: Right! Yes! Very good!

CKM: Let me say this about my-- I've told people this before,

and everybody knows it. The theory is when you retire, you go to the place where you can get the job you need, because you've got to send your children to Yale and Harvard. The state university will never do or whatever. So you go where you can get a job that pays you money and cope with whether it's a miserable place or not, or you go to a place that you really love and want to be a part of. Then, if you've got to work, look for a job. That may be driving a school bus, like a retired Army colonel in Washington, lived in one of those high rises in Alexandria, used to drive a school bus. He carried his golf clubs with him. He'd take the kids to school, and then he'd drive to the Army-Navy Country Club and play golf until about three o'clock. Then he'd jump in the bus with his golf clubs, go pick up the kids from school. I thought for awhile that was a pretty good idea when I was retiring. But retiring as I did and going into the gardening business, thinking of Captain George Hawes, who retired a year or two before me, but was a classmate of mine at the War College, and Gene Henry, who was a long-time fixture at the War College--captain, retired-- He retired from the Navy, too. George Hawes bought a place out on Paradise Avenue and went into raising polled Hereford cattle for breeding. Gene Henry went to URI and got a degree in library science and became the director of the Newport Public Library.

I always pointed that out to people that said, "What did you do when you retired?" I said, "You can go back to the old homestead because you've got a house you've got to take care of.

Your whole life you've invested in it. Your options are almost nil; or you can wrestle with that problem and look on retirement as to going to where the lifestyle is the way you want to live and then look for a job, or go to a job that's going to pay enough money to maintain your standard of living, which is probably too high.

EMC: Did any of your children join the Navy?

CKM: I have one son in the Navy now. He's a naval aviator; he's in Hawaii. He's a local boy. You know, by the time he went through school and all, we were locked into Newport. He doesn't remember that he was in Japan, because he was an infant. He doesn't remember any of that, but he remembers that he went to school in Middletown--elementary school in Middletown, high school and graduated from Middletown High School, went to the University of Rhode Island and went to OCS in Newport, Rhode Island. He almost speaks with a Rhode Island accent. He just sort of on his own-- I don't think I ever urged him or any of my kids. I could tell instantly that the others were not at all interested in a military career of any sort whatsoever. My daughter might possibly have been. I was retired by then.

But this one, he was a lifeguard at Second Beach, decided that life doesn't be all and end all as a lifeguard at Second Beach. It's pretty good for a year, but I'd better start looking for something to do. He himself researched that he had to go to

OCS. I signed some papers, and the next thing you know he was in OCS. Next thing you know, why, he was in a destroyer, and then he went into naval aviation, was a helicopter pilot. They've lived in Japan, and now they're living in the Island of Kauai at Barking Sands, Barking Sands Proving Grounds, Pacific Missile Range. And they bought some land out there. I don't think they'll ever come east.

EMC: Interesting! So they'll stay in the Hawaiian Islands.

CKM: Very likely--or at least on the West Coast. They own a condo in Coronado and a house in Coronado.

EMC: For heaven sakes!

CKM: He's got a lot of support in his wife. She is a LCDR in the Naval Reserves--does all her reserve training. They have two kids. She's from Mississippi. They have property which I'm sure, in fact, the bank owns, but rented properties in Coronado. That condo in Coronado is right there on First Street and Orange Avenue will probably will do nothing but go up in value, and they bought it at a real estate auction somewhere, a foreclosed mortgage. So they won't be east except around Thanksgiving.

EMC: Interesting! Well, do you have any more comments on your naval career, anything we've overlooked or missed?

CKM: Well, I'll reinforce what I've said that you better enjoy it, because there's a lot of discomfort, and you will have seniors that aren't very pleasant and experiences, but the great thing is, at least in the old days, you're never going to be in one place more than two years. If you started pressing two years, and you haven't got a job, you better start knocking on the door of the Bureau of Naval Personnel and saying--because you're not stuck with any one command forever.

EMC: That's good. You can move.

CKM: Yes, and never left a job yet that I didn't feel a sense of regret. I'm not saying it was all sugar and cream. But I did some wonderfully outrageous things and made fun out of almost everything we did in any of the ships I served on, and it seems to me there were a bunch of them.

EMC: Well, that's great! That's great--very positive look back at your naval career! Well, I want to thank you for your reminiscences. We will get these typed up, and then I will send back the transcript to you for editing. Then we will proceed with final typing. Thank you.

CKM: I feel sorry for the typist, but somebody was telling me that you could put that on the computer and it would just read it

right off and put it into script. You have a program like that?

EMC: Well, I don't think we've got that yet. Well, thank you very much.

[End of Interviews]