

(done to p. 1)

DAVID WEBB
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Edmonds, Washington

SG: It is the 5th day of September, 1989, and I am visiting David Webb in Edmonds, Washington. It is a nice day, the day after Labor Day, and I have spoken enough. I'll turn it over to David.

DW: Okay. Where do I start? When I first entered?

SG: That's a good time.

DW: I enlisted in the Coast Guard in Seattle on the 5th of October, 1939, about a month after the war began in Europe. I said to my brother, "If we're going to be ⁱⁿ this war, I'm going to get me a good job." And he says, "Yah." I had a little problem with my mother, but I picked the Coast Guard because I had heard about the Coast Guard Academy, and I decided that ^{to do} ~~was~~ what I was going to do. But I thought maybe I'd better join the Coast Guard to see if I want to do anything, stay there. ^{had} ~~And, about this time I was looking~~ ^{at} the other services. I didn't even consider the Army. The Marines wanted four years. The Navy at that time wanted six. That was too long, but as a friend once said, "If the war doesn't come, they'll be happy to let you out." But I took the Coast Guard, sworn in down at the old Federal Building, and was sent immediately to Port Townsend where they were establishing a training station. They commissioned it about a week after we got there. We scrubbed the barracks twice, three times, and they had some type of organization. We just got ^{the} ~~to~~ elements, the rudiments, I should say, of seamanship there. Had a couple of 75-footers, a couple of chief gunner's mates, that was about it. A few days after we got there, a gang of recruits arrived from Port Angeles air station. They

had been sending everybody to Port Angeles until they, I guess, got control of the old National Youth Administration set-up. It is now a motel out there at Point Hudson in Port Townsend. So, all in all, we had maybe 40 to 60 recruits there by the first of November. ¹ Now the *Haida* and the *Cyane* were down, and they passed the word that they would like people, ~~were going to put people~~ on the *Haida* and the *Cyane*, and, "Great, I'm going on the *Cyane*, because nobody would want that." But, in the meantime, I had spoken to somebody there, ~~I forgot who~~, a chief, about going to the Coast Guard Academy. The man was not very optimistic. He didn't think being in the Coast Guard was going to help. But apparently he passed the word because when the list came out, I was down for the *Haida*. And I said, "Chief? I would just as soon go to the *Cyane*. Why the *Haida*?" He said, "If you want to go to the Academy, the *Haida* is a better place. There ^{are} ~~is~~ more officers ~~on the~~ who can evaluate you and use their input. ^(one word) The ~~Ship~~ will only have two officers. I guess that's about what it had. And, sure enough, when I got aboard the *Haida*, within a few days some lieutenant, I've forgotten his name, called me up and mentioned the Academy and said they would get started on it, ^N and not too long later Harry Morgan, who was an ensign at the time, said the Captain had told him that he was to help me apply for it. We checked, and I didn't have chemistry in high school, and at that time that was a requirement. ^H So Harry Morgan, working with the Juneau High School ^(the *Haida* was home ported in Juneau) and the University of Nebraska, arranged for me to take a correspondence course through the University of Nebraska ^A in chemistry. But since the Academy would not accept correspondence courses, I would get the credit from Juneau High School. ^P So, by this time, I was the Chief's mess cook, and I would go up a couple of afternoons a week to the chemistry lab

and do the experiments and talk to the instructor and follow the lessons and send them in. And in a couple of months I had done a year's chemistry. I got the credit from Nebraska, and the Juneau High School put it down on their records. So I was all set to try for the Academy. That was in the spring of 1940. I took the exam; I took it on the *Haida* with somebody else, I don't remember who. I thought I did pretty well. I passed it. But the results, I stood number 216. And that year they were taking all of 95. They weren't even going to go by 116. So I didn't go. I spent another year on the *Haida*, on deck, occasionally mess cooking, back and forth. The *Haida* at the time was running halibut patrol, seal patrols, ~~going out~~ and we were searching islands ~~there~~ in Southeast Alaska for overdue hunters. We made one long trip to Amchitka. At that time, the only sea otter herd was located on Amchitka. It was a refuge, and the Fish and Wildlife, or the early predecessors of it, had some men stationed out there to protect them. One of the men came down with appendicitis, ~~so after fooling around all day,~~ I remember this because I carried the original message to the Captain as a messenger, saying, "Get underway and go." Well, by about 8 o'clock that night we were under way heading across the Gulf, six days of 30 degrees each side, straight across. Of course, by the time we got out to the Amchitka the man had recovered, but we picked him up and took him to the Indian hospital at Unalaska, and they took out his appendix just on general principles. We did several other things, like running around, ^{and} made the court cruise twice in the spring of 1940. That was made in April or May. And then again early in 1941. That was interesting, because we got to see every little fishing village and cannery along the western Alaskan coast and up into Bristol Bay, ^{Covering} and ~~covered~~ the area pretty well.

In the fall of 1940 we made a Bering Sea patrol. We got as far as Nome and King Island. We didn't go around the Cape or into the Arctic Ocean that year. The following year after I was off, they went to Point Barrow ^{the last ship to}, Bering Sea patrol vessel to go to Point Barrow before the war. In the spring of 1941 I tried again for the Academy and did better. In fact, I got a message that I needed to take a physical exam. We were on the court ^{cruise} ~~crew~~s then. We went into Dutch Harbor where the Bering Sea Patrol fleet was, ^{and} three or four doctors and a dentist got together and gave me my physical. Took all of ten minutes. They asked the doctor on the ship, "Is this guy in good shape?" And he said, "Yes, I think so." They said, "All right. Let's sign it." I remember on the dental exam, I went aboard one of the 165-footers and found the dentist in his bunk and said, "I need a dental exam for the Academy." He said, "Have you passed everything?" "Yes, Sir." "All right, give me the paper, I'll sign it." So that's how I got my physicals. ~~Then~~ ^{from} then on it became a little nerve wracking. Was I going to get that appointment or not? Would they go down ^{enough?} as far as ~~I forgot where I~~ ~~went~~. ~~Probably, let's see,~~ ⁵ there were 150 in our class that year, and ~~they took,~~ I forgot how far they went, but I can remember sweating it. And I was pretty sure I was going to get the appointment. The Haida was due to go to Seattle for an overhaul at the end of June, so a bunch of us took leave, come down to Seattle on the ^{Alaska} ~~Alaska line, the Yukon,~~ S.S. Yukon. I had ten days leave and ⁶ I was expecting any day to get a call that the ship was in and I had an appointment. And you know, leave's up on one Thursday, and I thought, tough. Boy, I got to put up with that Chief another year. So, I went down to the ship and reported back from leave, and the Chief Yeoman said, "We've got your appointment. You are to go to the Academy." It was a discharge "tomorrow". I thought,

"Nah. So I mentioned it to the Exec. He saw me. I said, "You know, Commander, if I leave today I can make it in time. I could make it in time by visiting several relatives." So he said, "All right, we'll discharge you this morning." R.C. Jewell was the CO, Harry Stinchcomb was Exec. E. W. Holz was the Engineer Officer, and we had . . .

SG: Ed Richey was aboard.

DW: No, Ed Richey, ~~he was on, he~~ wasn't aboard. We had Bill Ellis, Ralph Dean at one time or another, and just prior to that, Sandy Goodwin and, I've forgotten who else, ~~I've forgotten who the second one is~~. Gool. Goodwin and Gool were the members of the class of 1941 that ~~we~~ reported aboard. So, I got a discharge. An Honorable Discharge for the convenience of the government. And, boy, I went down and bought a Pullman ticket to New York and left that night on the Empire Builder, stopping along the way in Colorado to visit the ²granddaughter there. Got back to New London and became a Cadet. In 1941, I went to Ketchikan. I took the exam at the District Office in Ketchikan—with Jim Hodgman, and we both made it. So that covers that part.

SG: Were the exams that you took the essay type?

DW: Well, ²yes they were. They were the old ones prepared by the Coast Guard and I guess almost Civil Service. I think that we had Civil Service examiners sitting there with us. They were essay, math; they were not the SAT like they use now ~~and what have you~~. No true/false. You had to know it. So ⁱⁿ~~after~~ three years in the Academy, ~~that was about~~ ~~normal I guess~~. I stayed out of trouble most of the time, even got some deductions for no demerits in some months. I came out in the middle of the class. And 96 of us graduated, which was about right.

The first summer we were there, in 1942, we had the *Danmark* and the *Atlantic* for our cruise. We spent it going from City Island ~~down there in~~ New York, out to Martha's Vineyard and back. Never got outside. A few weeks on the *Danmark* and then we transferred to the *Atlantic*. I was very impressed by the Danish officers on the *Danmark* as instructors and as seamen. I wasn't impressed by the reserve officers on the *Atlantic*. I learned some new words from them. But it was an interesting month or so out there. The second summer, ~~by then~~ they were organized with the reserve school there, and the *Danmark* wasn't available to us. So we went travelling. We spent two weeks at Fort McHenry in Baltimore at fire fighting school and visiting shipyards, as well as the Coast Guard yard. And they were building one of the 255s there. We climbed over it and looked at drawings. Then, we went to Elizabeth City. We all went to ^{the} air station. They spread us out. Ours was Elizabeth City for two weeks. But we were in the way down there, but I did get one Coast Guard flight on a haul flying boat which I thought was probably built by the Wright Brothers. It was an interesting flight ^{and} airplane. Girdler was the pilot, I think ~~he was~~, I'm not sure. And the Navy had lighter-than-air station, blimps, over there in Weekes, North Carolina, which is a few miles down the road, and they were happy to take six of us at a time on a blimp. So ^{one} morning we went over and went aboard the blimp ~~and~~ ^{took off} sailed along the Coast. It was great just watching all the tourists, girls on the beach, not doing a darn thing. ~~Sitting there doing something,~~ and the CO comes up and taps me on the shoulder and says, "It's your turn to take the wheel." So I went up and took the wheel. You steered it by watching your shadow on the ground and by then we were over the swamps, we were over land, so you could follow a highway or something, ^{we} had a reference. We sort of went along crabwise

and steering it was not hard. But when you had the elevators, I never did get the knack there. You had to work them to keep air in the envelope, or the nose would droop. But we spent about eight hours in that blimp. It was a very nice trip. Then, we went to Camp LeJeune ^{base} ~~at the~~ Marines. Everybody said wait til you see the boondocks. We got there. They put us in a barracks, a Marine barracks, and started outfitting us with boondocker shoes, the greens, an MI pack—a complete Marine outfit. They kept saying, “We’re going to treat you just like we treat our officer candidates.” ~~So~~ the Marines did a good job of breaking us in. Every morning we put on these new field shoes and went for a hikes. The first one was half a mile, then we started lengthening them out to break them in. So that by the time we took off for the boondocks, which was 12 miles down the road, there were no blisters and the shoes fit. And we started out with a full pack, down the road with a Marine gunnery sergeant leading. That guy didn’t know how to walk slow. He kept at a lope, and we kept right with him. We’d be going along, and I’d say, “My God, this is about it. When we get to the top of that next rise down there, I’m going to tell him to go to hell, I’m going to sit down.” But just before we get to the top of the rise, the Marine said, “Okay, sit down. Take ten.” We did that about four times just before I was ready to quit. He must have been watching. So then we arrived in the boondocks where we were supposed to sleep in foxholes. Well, the foxholes had a foot of water in them. So we didn’t sleep in foxholes. It rained every night. One night I spent sleeping on the shelves, just upside the galley outside the mess tent, just to get out of the rain. The ground cloth and the tarp you had would not cover you. It was a miserable night. In daytime, they had us out running through the boondocks, and one night we attacked the Marine officer candidate company, and went down by landing

crafts, jumped out, went in. They cheated. They had barbed wire around their camp. Then we got back about dawn with the reveille at 6 o'clock. Then, from there, we went on to the rifle range and learned how to handle landing craft—LCBP. Had mock-ups of ships, brought them alongside the side of the ship under the cargo net. Did quite good. Good swimming beach. Finally, that month was over. By then, we were salty. We went on leave, back to the Academy. ~~That would have been the first class year.~~

I started out the first month of first class year as a platoon leader. Joel McClelland was the Tactics Officer. In those days, they ^{had} only one, ^{rather than} ~~they didn't have~~ one for every company, or platoon, like they do now. One morning at drill ~~I was~~, we were drilling by platoons, and I was giving [“]by the right flank, by the left flank, back to the rear. [”] Well, I gave one command on the wrong foot apparently, because one-half of the platoon went back and the other half went the other way. And I'm marching along just like everything is ^{OK and} suddenly I look over and there is only half a platoon there. So I halted them. About that time Joe McClelland comes up and says, "I halted the other half of your platoon up by the bandstand." Needless to say, the following month I was assistant squad leader, but then I got promoted back to squad leader, which probably was my niche.

After graduation, I went back to the *Haida* as a student engineer. In June of 1944. Several ^{other graduates} asked for cutters, many asked for transports, LSTs, and me, I said, "This war is going to last a long time. I'm going to start off with a cutter and learn that before I go out ~~here~~ and start fighting the war. ~~So, I came back.~~ Orders said go to Juneau. I got to the Seattle District Office and they said, "Okay, we'll arrange transportation to Juneau for you." I said, "Why? The *Haida* is right down at Pier 91." So, Bob Johnson and I reported in and the *Haida* was on weather patrol in the Gulf of Alaska. Station Able.

SG: Seventeen days for you. Twenty three for us.

DW: Yah. That's right. Frigates had more fuel. We did 17 out, and, gee, we got 20 in or something, when you did 23 out and got about 10 in.

SG: That's right. Johnny ^{Waghline} ~~Waglein~~ was your CO.

DW: John ^{Waghline} ~~Waglein~~ was CO.

SG: And you had a beer mess.

DW: God, I didn't know about it.

SG: Oh, yes, the station was littered with empty beer cans.

DW: Gee. I ran into beer messes all the time. Took over the *Klamath* and they had a magazine full of beer. ~~Gee~~, I wasn't aware of it. And all I know is that I lived down in the steerage, the Warrant Officer's quarters. I started out as a student engineer, which I enjoyed. Two hundred pounds of pressure, turbo-electric, two boilers. Simple. The first two patrols I stood by the Chief and I was qualified. Patrols were monotonous, out there drifting. In bad weather they weren't quite so monotonous. But I never got qualified as an assistant engineer. That bothered me. And about the only thing ^S we saw out there ~~was~~ ^{were}

ships running between Vladivostok and San Francisco. One morning in the fog, we picked up one and they had general quarters. It was the only general quarters I was ever ⁱⁿ

at that was not a drill, and I slept through it. Somebody forgot to call me. I had the 8 to 12 watch, and I woke up about 7:30. I was mad ^{that} they didn't call me. I stepped outside my room down there in steerage, and that was where the magazine hatch was. Here's an ammunition party with the Supply Officer there. I said, "For Pete's sake, Sandy, what's going on?" He said, "Boy, I hope you're kidding." So I quick got dressed and ran down to the fire room. I said, "Anybody miss me?" "Nah, we thought you were over in the

engine room." But that was the only real GQ, and it turned out to be a tanker en route. After about, let's see, about a year, Bob Johnson got transferred to a DE out in the Philippines. Me, I'm still on the *Haida* as a student engineer. ~~Then~~ the war was over and we stayed on weather patrol for awhile before they finally decided to discontinue it. We were on patrol during VE day, but VJ day we were here in Seattle. I had the duty that day, but the next day when they took gas rationing off, my brother and I got his car, filled it with gas, and drove around the Olympia Peninsula, 400 miles. We made up for it. Then, about the next spring it seems to me, we started going to Alaska to bring reservists back who were getting out, our men who had enough points to get out. And we'd go up there and transfer all the regulars off and put a reservist aboard in his place. Those watches coming back from Alaska were headaches because you had nobody in the engine room that knew what they were doing besides watching the throttle which wasn't much. Running around checking the oil, temperatures, the evaporator, and coming down to Seattle and unload and pick up a couple more regulars to go back up there.

In the spring, April or May, the ~~Engineer~~ Officer got transferred, and then ~~I got~~ they sent a letter to Headquarters saying I was qualified as an ~~Engineering~~ Officer. I said, "What took you so long?" He said, "Well, the ~~C~~ Captain and I knew that if we qualified you, they would transfer you." So, I guess it was a compliment, but I think they just had a live one, they were going to keep him down there in the engine room. So we went up into Base Ketchikan, and they took about everybody off the ship then. All the regular officers went on buoy tenders except me. I was still student engineer officially, and regulations said student engineers could not be assigned any other duty. I remember the Old Man saying, "Stay out of sight of the Personnel Officer. He keeps asking about

you." So one day when everybody was ashore, I get a call from the District which said the Personnel Officer wanted to see me. I thought "Oh Brother, here we go." I went up and talked to him, and he wanted to assign me as the ~~Engineer~~ Officer on the Ketchikan base. I said, "Geez, Commander. I'm planning to be married in June. Could I get leave to go back to Milwaukee to get married?" He said, "Yes. As soon as the *Haida* gets back to Seattle if you'll come up as quickly as you can, I'll give you the leave." ~~So I~~

~~Went to~~, the *Haida* ~~came~~ made another trip down to Seattle, and I got detached right away, went down to the Alaska Steam and the Canadian Pacific to see about a ship to Ketchikan, and there were none for months. They were filled up. I got to thinking, and finally decided the railroad went to Prince Rupert. I would go to Vancouver, take the train to Prince Rupert, and from Prince Rupert to Ketchikan I could get a ship. So, that's what I did. My mother and a friend drove me to Vancouver one afternoon and I got on the train and we headed for Jasper National Park and I transferred there to a mixed train that stopped every few miles to pick up fish, I think. Had one pullman. There ~~was~~ ^{was} a Canadian Lieutenant, two nurses going to some hospital half way to Prince Rupert, and me ~~and~~ ^{and} the Pullman. We had a very nice trip up there. Every time it stopped, we got off, looked around. Had a dining car on the train. Got into Prince Rupert late at night. The lieutenant took me up to the barracks, to the BOQ, and I turned in there that night. The next morning I caught a Canadian Pacific steamer to Ketchikan. I got to Ketchikan, reported in, became the ~~Base~~ Engineer. It was an interesting job. The ~~District~~ Engineer kept telling me, "You got to make these civilians sign their time cards right. They're not filling them in right." That seemed to be the main problem I had, ~~was~~ time cards. Because all we were doing was buoy work, and I had a civilian force for that. I was the only one

in the military there. So, I sat in the office all day writing a letter to Winnie, going out and looking, watching them do a little welding and what have you. And that lasted two weeks, then I got orders to Ellis Island for further assignment. It was great. It worked out right because I had 20, 30 days leave, and it was going to be when I got married. I got on a Pan-Am plane and flew to Seattle, eventually took off for the East Coast.

~~SG: That means you had to go over to . . .~~

~~DW: We went to Annette Island. We met in the airport there. It was DC . . .~~

SG: Ellis Airlines flew you over, or you went by boat?

DW: I went by boat. Motor ^{boat} or launch of some type. I drove back east, got married, went on a short honeymoon. We both got food poisoning one night somewhere.

Fortunately we were only a hundred or so miles from Milwaukee, so she drove back, stopping every fifty miles for me because, boy I was in bad shape. Got back. I was well by then, and ~~then~~ she got sick. And here I'm saying, "You know, you've got to get on

the train Tuesday because I have to report in about Wednesday or Thursday." She said, "Go away, get lost." Anyhow, we got to Ellis Island, found a place to live on Staten ^(one "t")

Island, and then I just started reporting in every morning, ^{took} take a ferry to the Battery and then to Ellis Island, check ^{in, sat} in, ~~sat~~ around, have lunch, and if orders hadn't come by 1

o'clock you could go home. So we had a great time. Every afternoon we went

somewhere. It was in July. Went to Coney Island, went to plays, went to Central Park.

Weekends we took off, went visiting Baltimore, New London. And the *Eastwind* was

~~laying~~ in the Harbor. I remember Winnie saying, "I sure hope you don't get an

icebreaker, because they're gone for three months at a time." So, one day my orders

came in, ^{for} ~~it was~~ the LORAN school at Groton. ^L So we quick moved to Groton, in nothing

flat. We got there on a Thursday; class wasn't going to start until the following Monday. We rented a room, met all the others—there were six of us. Two more of my classmates and three out of the class of '46. So we had six weeks of LORAN school. I learned to diagram a LORAN timer and a transmitter. What they didn't teach us was commissary reports, repairing diesel generators, all that kind of stuff. Service records were no problem. The last day our orders came in and I got the Fourteenth. Three of us went to Fourteenth, three of us went to Seventeenth for further assignment, so I didn't know where I was going. Winnie, by the way, was going to Conn College. I met her ~~at a~~ . . . when I was a first classman, at that freshman dance they had where all the cadets were required to go because there were so many Conn College freshman. They needed everyone—this was the first year I didn't have to go, but I went anyway. I met her there. We got engaged the Christmas after I graduated in 1944. She had come out to visit family in 1945, in July, just before the war ended, and then we hadn't seen each other until I got back to get married. So, what a courtship. ~~So then~~ we took off for San Francisco. She talked her professors and instructors at the college into letting her have a couple of weeks off so she could go to San Francisco with me. We went to San Francisco, met the other two, put her on the train back to college, got on a plane and went to Honolulu. That was a Navy plane. We got to Honolulu and they said as we walked in the office, "You're going to Cocos (sounds like "Cocus") and Guam, you're going to—somewhere-- (sounds like "Bethuiap") or Anguer ~~(sounds like~~ "Angar"); caretaker status. Pop Ollery went too. George Warren went to Palawan ~~(sounds like "Palafwan")~~ in the Philippines. So I really got the best station because it was just off the ~~Southern~~ tip of Guam. Things were not well organized in those days.

When we left they said, "If you're lucky, you'll be back in two years." That's all they would tell us. We got out there and we had, ^{2,} ^{2,} manned by Seamen Second Class. I had a Radioman Third, an Electronics Technician Third, and a Fireman. The rest were Seamen Second Class. And the Seamen were all scopies. They stood the watches at the timers. The ET, boy he was a godsend. I mean he not only could keep the electronics going, but he was a good diesel repairman for the firemen. They kept the vehicles going. Of course, a few months later, Captain Lindholm came out as Section Commander, and he came down and visited the station and found we had a nice beach, and besides that, it would be a good place to have parties. So it got so about every week he was bringing people down for a party, a beach party out there. They would arrive about 10 o'clock, and I would run them down the beach in a weapons carrier, bumping over the coral. In the afternoon, ^{the} put them in the LCVP ^{that would} and take them back to Guam. He found the Army had surplus ducks, so he got one for me. And I said, "Geez, Captain, I can't keep the vehicles running that I have now. What do I want a duck for?" He said, "So you can take people down the beach to an island where the good swimming beach is. Besides, you won't have to do any maintenance on it for months." So I took him at his word. Well, we got the duck down there and, boy everybody was proud, shining it up. Was driving the ² duck mainly, inspecting it. My fireman was working on the headlights and he fell off and broke a leg. So away he went. Never got a replacement. So then I had two ~~Petty~~ Petty officers, a Radioman and my ET. Then about that time one of the tenders came back from the Philippines and they decided that three or four men had enough time in, they should get out. They had enough points. So I ended up ~~then~~ with ~~about~~ not more than ten men and myself in the station. We made trips twice a week up to

the supply depot at Guam to get stores and go to the PX and pick up the mail. And we ran the station pretty ^{well} good, I thought. The LCVP we sank once, but we raised it, rinsed it out, and it ran. But then about 18 months after I'd gotten there, I'd been putting in letters to get Winnie out there ~~all the time~~, but I was getting them turned down. Finally, one of them got as far as Headquarters which they had never gotten through the District before. But, here again, Harry Morgan, I think, was the M Officer in the District, and I sent it to him, and he got it through at the right time and the Admiral or the Chief of Staff or somebody was not present. He got somebody else to sign it. And it came back saying, "No, we plan to relieve Lieutenant J. G. Webb early in December." And I thought, yah. But sure enough, early in December of 1947, a Chief ET arrived as my relief. So he looked everything over. Boy, I couldn't wait to get out of there. By then we had taken the duck up to Guam a few weeks before to get it repaired. We had never rinsed it out. The brake drums were rusted, frozen practically, and then we had to go in compound low to move. We took it up, left it at the monitor station there, who had some machinists to repair. I mean ~~_____~~ said I didn't need to give it any boat maintenance. We had enough trouble keeping a weapons carrier and a boat going, let alone a damn duck. Even the diesel was beginning to slow up. But I got relieved, left the station, arranged to come ^{to the Mainland} back on a transport. ~~A Navy USS transport. And the Banners, Roger Banner was there.~~ He'd been up as the Section Commander until Lindholm came, then he'd been the Deputy, and he had his family. So we all came back on the transport together.

Oh, by the way, Pop Ollery, Marty, had graduated from college about the time we got out of LORAN school that summer, so he put in and got her out there. First they went to ^{Anguar} ~~Anguar~~ to a caretaker status down there in the _____ (sounds like "Pitau's"),

Palau,

could this be Ollery?

Loforte?

and then when Bob ? (sounds like "Lofar") and his wife left Saipan, they moved him up to Saipan because there was better housing. But I guess he was the only one in the group who got a wife out there. Because I know Warren didn't, and I don't think any of the guys in Alaska did. In fact, they got out of Alaska. A couple of them were relieved up there in nine months. They were out quick. ~~So, back,~~ I got aboard the transport thinking, Man, this is going to take forever. The first day out they passed the word for Lieutenant J. G. Webb to report to So and So. So I do. And they said they were using all the bachelor officers, there are jobs around here, and you're going to be in charge of three heads and four washrooms. Captain of the heads. I thought, well that's how I started out on the *Haida*. I went down and looked them over, and I had two First Class Petty Officers and about 20 other people. I thought, this is going to be heaven. I ran a LORAN station with one third and two third-class. So we got it organized, and the advantage to these Petty Officers for doing this was then they got to go to the head of the chow line for meals. And in those days, ~~an~~ ^{the} enlisted ~~man~~ ^{man} traveled with troops, their wives were up in the cabins with the families, and they were allowed to see each other during the meal hour, roughly, or right after meal hour in the exchange area, or certain areas. So by getting to eat early, they got more time with their family, so they thought that was great. And by the second day, we had it organized so they said, "Lieutenant, all you have to do is sit here and keep people out. We've got a watch schedule to clean it up, to check it twice a day, to keep it clean, we'll run it." I said, "Fine." So back to Guam. Then the Navy called me up and said, "We're sorry. You're Coast Guard. We can't require you to do that." I said, "Think nothing of it. I'll do it happily." Something to do. We stopped at Honolulu, picked up Denfield who was going to be the new CNO, and the Marine

bands, Navy bands, more ~~Flag Officers~~ than you could shake a stick at. Fortunately we stopped there because my orders said to report ^I into the District. So I made a quick trip to the District, said, "I'm here, I'm going, what do you want to know?" They said, "Nothing." And you know, the whole time on the station the ^{Kukui} ~~Kakui~~ came through and just ransacked it, but nobody from the District ever visited the station. So they didn't know anything about it.

SG: Who was CO on the ^{Kukui} ~~Kakui~~ at that time? Do you recall?

*L.J. Who?
Kirstine?*
DW: Lance J. Kersti, the son of a . . . He came aboard and inspected my station. He read the riot act to the cook. God, he chewed him out. The guy was only a seaman and the reason he was cook was I said, "You're a cook." And they spent the whole time making a foundation for a new generator. I had three generators, and they needed repairs bad. They were running oil out through the seals. We had no parts. Nobody would do it. And so they tore out my engineer's storeroom, built a beautiful concrete foundation, ^{ala} a couple days before they left hauled a new generator in there, bolted it down, and said, "You only have three switches here. Sometime when you've got time, shut down and connect this one up and replace one of the generators that you don't want to use." That was it. They left it disconnected. In the meantime, they were telling us, "We are going to bring you 250 drums of diesel fuel." Great, because I was hauling it by drum from Guam. So they brought it by LCM and left it at the high tide mark, the whole length of the island, ^{away} And a few other things like that. ^{Kukui} ~~Kakui~~ was not my favorite ship. Anyhow, well to get back, we got to Honolulu. Oh, going back, first thing, all I had was those old cotton grays because going to Guam I didn't need blues, and I didn't need dress blues because I was going to be out on the boonies, so I sent them all home. So we leave

Honolulu and about the first night out they say, "Uniform for dinner will be with jackets." Well, I had the jacket. About two nights later they say, "The uniform for dinner will be blues." I didn't have them. I said, "I'm Coast Guard." So I showed up for dinner in cotton grays. They were never ironed. They were wrinkled all the time. We arrived at San Francisco and went ashore. I looked around. Couldn't find my wife, and I had sent her cable grams galore. Finally, I hear somebody say, "David?" And I turned around and here was this young lady ^{whom} I didn't recognize. She said, "You only walked by me three times. ^{I said,} "Well, you didn't dress like this when I left." You know, the length of dresses had lengthened the time I was out there. And she had done her hair differently, and, God, she was a different woman. So, then we started East. My first assignment was navigator on the camp at Mobile. First deck duty. Arrived in Mobile, they had a freeze down there; everybody was freezing to death. Fortunately I had blues and an overcoat by this time. Found us a place to live, got into the routine of never going to sea, it seemed. Boarding every Friday, we always had to go out and board so many boats. In those days the Coast Guard thought they were boarding every boat there was. And [?] heel and toe watch at the gangway.

SG: Who was your CO?

DW: Victor _____ (sounds like "Teglacka"). Clarence Waring was Exec. It was a nice place. The living conditions up town weren't too good. There was no really new apartments. We had a garage apartment, temporarily we had a house, and then we had an upstairs apartment in a house. So we made out fairly well. The weather was great. Every weekend we'd go to Golf Shores or the beach or something like that, if I didn't have the duty. The ship, the wardroom was a family. Very cohesive. Saturday afternoon

if you had the duty you sat out on the quarterdeck under the awnings in the bamboo deck furniture and the bachelor officers who went ashore came up and we sat around and talked. If we went to a party, we all went to the party at the Officer's Club at someplace. The *Tampa* was a comfortable ship. That wardroom was fantastic. I still have trouble convincing people, you know, two decks, the grand stairway, a balcony outside your rooms. So I said, "You could stick your head out the door and look down to see who was in the wardroom, whether you wanted to go down or not, or wanted to sneak out the other way. And that went on for about a year. Oh, we had one assistance case. An Army transport went aground at the mouth of the _____ (sounds like "Passes"). We went over, took passengers off, all these troops coming back from Panama, loaded them in _____, were towed up the river somewhere, I've forgotten just where. But that was the only night away from home in the first 11-1/2 months. And, of course, as Navigator I had to ruin it all by getting seasick going down from Mobile to the Passes. The first time I'd been aboard a ship like that in years. The Captain couldn't seem to understand why I—I was only sick for one night. The next day I was okay. Teglacka didn't like that. Then back to Mobile. A couple of times we'd go down into the bay for drills, always back tied up. And that ended suddenly the 4th of January, 1949, when we started towing ABPs out of the reserve fleet in Orange, Texas, around to Charleston Navy Yard and the Coast Guard Yard. Our first two went to Charleston. We left the 4th, went to Orange, lay there a day, then started out. The _____ brought the ship down to the Sabine Pass where we put our tow line over and away we went. It was fun. It was navigating. Good navigating. I learned to take sun sights the second trip. The first trip I was still having trouble. And, of course, my wife took me to the ship, went to a railroad

station later in the morning to pick up her mother who was coming down to stay with her, and her mother took one look at her and said, "Where's the hospital?" They went to the hospital. Then her mother said, "Then I had to find out how to get home. I didn't know where she lived." So, our first child was born that night or the next day, I forgot when. So I got the message a day or so later in Orange, Texas. So we towed the ship around by Keys up to Charleston. No troubles. Got rid of it. Came home.

SG: Were you taking two at a time?

DW: One at a time. And about a week later I was in the hospital with appendicitis which was fortunate, you know, that it hadn't been a week earlier. And then we took two more in February or March took one to, another one to Charleston, and then the last one we took to Curtis Bay. The only time I've ever been into Curtis Bay on a ship. And that was beginning about June. After that, we started doing . . . came back, got relieved by H. A. Morrison. And where did we start? I forgot what happened the rest of that year, but I think we started going to sea a little oftener. But in January of 1950 I was transferred down to Gulf Port as Exec on the *??Nike??*, was a MAT. And then we had good times. With him on there, the patrols were great. As Winnie always said, "Until you get to CO, the patrols are great. So we were running ten out and three weeks in. Along the gulf there anchoring every night inside some island or going to Panama City or Pensacola.

The following January, Henry went to New Orleans for his annual physical, and they found he had TB. They said, "Go home," which was Thursday. "You're to be back over here Monday morning. We're going to turn you into the hospital for a year or so." So he came back and said, "I've talked to the District. You've got the ship." So there was a real quick change of command one Friday morning there in the mess deck. He

went to the hospital, and I got the ship. And about that time, the patrols changed. Seven out and seven in. Out on the _____ (sounds like "Campichee") banks where the shrimpers were having trouble with the Mexicans or vice versa. You know, we'd go down there; we didn't have fuel to run seven days; only had 5,400 gallons of water. Only the cooks took a bath, and they'd get down there and we always had to drift. And invariably, the last day when we were thinking about coming home, some stupid shrimper would need help. Out of fuel, out of this. So, we would tow him to Corpus, or Brownsville, or Key West. And I got to be a little obstinate. They said, "Nearest safe port." Well, usually the Campichee is equal distance from those three ports. And, boy if you were from Texas, "I'm sorry, the Key West is nearest." If you were from Florida, "I think the Brownsville/San Diego is the nearest safe port." I figured I'd cure them of that, but it didn't. But we did that for the next year and a half down there.

SG: You were a two striper at this time?

DW: No, I was still a JG. Well, wait a minute. I've got to think back. Yah, I made two stripes somewhere while I was a CO of the *Nike*. Probably, I think, in the fall of 1951. Yah, I finally read it in the Commandant's bulletin and wrote him a letter and said, "Where is it?" But they had a hurricane down there and they sent out all the ships in the Eighth District to make a sweep of the Gulf of Campichee. Boy, we, you know by searches, every ship a quarter of a mile apart. We didn't find anything, ready to go home, and some ship down in, snapper fishermen in _____ (sounds like "Alacran") Reef was aground. So Morrison, Webb maybe by that time, had the *Tampa*. Picked on the *Boutwell*, 125 footer, a junior ship to go get it. And _____ said, "You know, I've been out on patrol for a week, I've got about 200 gallons of water left, I've got no food.

Just can't do it." And I looked at the list and said, "Good God, we're next. I'm next Junior." I guess the District was ordering them out; it wasn't _____. I said, "We'll wait. We'll get it." The next message came out and it was the guy next above me who got it. So we went home happy. And then that weekend one of my classmates, Langenbeck, was being married in New Orleans. So we go to the wedding, and I say to Langenbeck and Jack McCann who was also in the District, I said, "Boy, I didn't think I was going to make it. I was sure I was going to get that job down there. "And have you miss the wedding? We couldn't have done that!" So, then from there in July, 1952, I went to Headquarters to Testing Development Division as a Project Officer. I spent 2-1/2 years there, really interesting, into everything. Worked for Archie Alexander, and then Jack Dermin. Stan Vaughn was there. It was a nice time. I was also a Liaison Officer with the Office of Naval Research which was great because Headquarters at that time was not air-conditioned unless you were the Admiral. But the Office of Naval Research over in a temporary was. So when it got too hot, I'd just have to go over to ONR to see what was going on. And, I became the paint expert. Archie Alexander said, "Dave, we're putting out this paint manual. I want you to take it over, and you're the paint man." You know, like in the Coast Guard, how do you become an expert? Somebody tells you you are. So we published the first paint manual which was a loose leaf thing. That was my pride and joy. Got that done, and then became the man who said, "No, you cannot buy that paint." And worked the supply to make sure the supply system had the right paint in it. It was great. Two and a half years there. Our first son had just entered first grade, and I was all ready to leave. Three years at Headquarters were long enough. And apparently about three others in the office were due to get transferred. So, late fall, I said,

"I could leave in December. My son has just started the first grade. We can get him in the first grade in that school. He's pretty sharp. He won't miss it. So, okay. So I started needing the people down in PO. "Yup, you're going. You're going to go to Honolulu as Exec on an ABP." "Great. Which one?" "The *Matagorda* because the Exec on there needs relief." "Okay. How's my orders?" "Well, Dave, the secretaries have been sick and we haven't gotten them typed up, but when you come back next Monday from this safety conference in Chicago, we'll have them. So I came back after a week in Chicago and there were my orders to the Bering Strait. I said, "What happened to the *Matagorda*?" "Oh no. You're going to Bering Straits." So I went up; we had a great time, went out on a transport with the family. Cleanest ship I'd ever been on. We had three children then, a little one. Took clean clothes for them for every day to keep them clean. My wife was amazed they were wearing rompers for two and three days at a time. Just didn't get dirty. Got to Honolulu and settled in. Ed Perry was the CO of the Bering Strait. We made double \checkmark victors. Out, did 21 days on station, and then on into Ukusca for 21 days and back 21 days and home. Gone about 77 or 80 days. But you got two weeks in Japan. Family thought Christmas came three times a year. "What did you bring from Japan?" Went broke saving money out there. We had a great time. The AVPs were comfortable ships. Used to look at those 255s rolling and pitching when they were relieving us and say, "Heaven help me." So, did 2-1/2 years on that, double \checkmark victors, made five of them. Went to refresher training once. Did several other things. Didn't do anything spectacular. Then I got transferred to the District as OGR. So we had 5-1/2 years in Honolulu, and as a result the oldest boy went all through the first six years of school at the same school, the second one started. It really did him some good, and we

lived in the same place. We rented. We were looking at buying, but after you made the down payment they started building a house. Well, I'm going to sea in two weeks and at that time the family didn't want to live over there on the island or in a hotel all that time. So we found a rental from a couple who built some houses during the Korean War for service families who couldn't find a place to live. It had three bedrooms, on the end of a lane with all the local people, they were neighbors. The only thing he insisted was that I use their gardener to keep the lawn in shape. He had an old Japanese gardener who went over that lawn with a fine tooth comb. If there was a weed, it was pulled individually.

Mr. Moto. A real old gent. The other thing about the houses in Hawaii, they were single wall construction. You hung a picture and used too big a nail, it stuck out outside. I remember looking at it and saying, "Gees, we made chicken coops like this back home. If I bought a house like this and they heard about it, I'd lose my reputation." But I should have bought it. They were selling for \$14,000 then. When we left, they were up to \$42,000. And they were nothing. Single wall construction up there. _____ on the clay. But the landlord never raised our rent the 5-1/2 years we were there. We got a cost of living allowance and everything. It was great. And that's where our fourth child was born after . . . fortunately I was ashore. And the lady at the head of the lane, a Japanese lady was a nurse. We hadn't much to say to them because they worked all the time. But she was taking a year of sabbatical. Winnie said—I like to tell this—"I'll call you if I need a ride to the hospital. Somehow I had gone in with the carpool that day. She was going to go to _____ the sick bay there where she was going. She drove out there, and the doctor said, "Yah, I think you better go on over to Tripler." She said, "Well, I'll stop at home and get my bag and go on." So she drove home, walked in the house, and

said she knew this was as far as she was going. So she called me and told me it was about time I came home. She thought she ought to go to Tripler. I didn't have a car. So I went into see Pop Unger and tell him I thought I'd better go home.

SG: Was it Unger? A.C. Unger?

DW: Joe Unger. It was Pop Warner. I got mixed up. Joe Unger was there and old _____ was telling us one of his tales, so I didn't get out right away. Took the bus, got home. I'm walking down the lane and the neighbor lady comes up, "Come on, come on, it's coming." "I thought she said, "Hurry up." I said, "Well, if she hasn't gone to the hospital by now, she can wait a couple of minutes for me to walk the lane." Well, I got in the house and it was coming. So I said, "You call the ambulance?" "Yes. I called 15 minutes ago." _____ is all of five minutes. So I said, "Don't worry. Everything is going to be all right." I got on the phone and called sick bay and said, "Where is that ambulance? We got a baby here." I went back in and she said, "It's coming." I said, "Where?" She said, "Look!" Yup. So there I was with a new baby on the couch. And about that time, I'm wondering. Let's see, first thing you do is slap him on the bottom. Then I got this damn cord. About that time the lady up front, the neighbors had told her. She ran in and grabbed him. Gave him a whack. He started crying and then got him breathing all right and doing fine. And about that time the ambulance arrived. They started opening up. They were looking for string for the cord. Couldn't find any. I said, "Well, I got some in the kitchen drawer if it will help you." So they bundled . . . we had a little stoop with a trellis there. They couldn't figure out how they were going to get Winnie out of the house on a stretcher. She said, "I'll get up and walk out." Finally, they took out the back door, the freezer and everything. They went to

Tripler. So that was the excitement of the day. The next day I went up to see them, and the nurse grabbed me and said, "You've got to put on a gown and mask. You've got to be sterile." I said, "What do you mean? I delivered this baby yesterday, and I didn't even wash my hands." Anyhow, he had a special room, and she had a private room because they weren't sterile. But anyway that turned out all right. So we were there until . . . we came back in the summer of 1961. But in the fall of 1960, we'd been talking about taking a trip, you know, the P&O liners came in going to Australia. We thought, we've got some savings. Let's do it. Get your mother out here to stay with the children. She'd come out once before. Winnie got space available on a transport to Japan when I was on the Bering Strait. And it surprised everybody, by walking down the dock as we're tying up. She almost put a cramp on the festivities out there, but we always went out of town. But . . . I ought to be running out of tape by now, and I'm only half through. But, so we fooled around and finally decided we'd spend all our money that we saved for a rainy day, because the rainy day had come, and we'd go to the Orient, because we'd never get back in that part of the world again. You know, you only got to Honolulu in the Coast Guard, unless you're an aviator, and then you got further out. So one thing became another, and we ended up going, Winnie took the two boys, 11 and 8, on a space available on a transport to Manila, and I got the Coast Guard plane and met them in Manila. From there we went commercial. We arranged this on American Express, because I like to know where I'm going to be at night. And the agent arranged all our flights, tours in different places, and hotel reservations. So we stayed in Manila a couple of days, and there was a typhoon came through. Didn't stop the shopping though. I met them there, and we flew, got on a Pan Am plane, went to Singapore, stayed in the old

Raffles Hotel, the boys walking in and asking the room boy, "Where's the swimming pool?" And he pointed at the bathtub, which was about that size (indicating with hands). The boys had a room to themselves, and we had a double room. Their room had a big sitting room about this size, a bathroom literally, the toilet out to one side, about this size, with a huge tub. And so we went sightseeing over to _____ (Jahor?), around Singapore and this and that. From there we flew to Bangkok, stayed in the Aralon, went sightseeing all around there. Met an Army man who was out there with an assistance group who showed us around. And we had arranged to go to Angkor Wat in Cambodia. But we were having trouble getting return tickets. We had four tickets going, but none coming back. It finally dawned on us that two of our tickets were half-fare, and they could get full fare there. So the minute we said, "Well, how if we gave up two half-fare, could we get two round-trip full fare?" You bet. It showed up right then. So then, okay, we got two boys. We'll leave them in the hotel. We went down to the desk clerk and said, "We are going away tomorrow; we are going to leave our boys here. Can we get somebody to watch them?" And the desk clerk, "You've told them you're leaving, aren't you?" And we said, "Yes." They said, "It's all right. The entire staff will know that they are alone." So the next morning, we get up, get on this French airline and Royal Air Cambode, fly to Angkor Wat, spent the day seeing all the ruins, came back, and the boys were at the airport to meet us. They were a little upset, but the tour guide had told them, "Get dressed out of the swimming pool. You're going out to meet your parents." So they came. ~~It~~ it seems they had a great time. They had taken over watching some little Australian kid, his mother was gone. And the oldest boy had found that you could sign the check in the restaurant. And so they had everything they wanted by just simply

signing a check. Of course, steak sandwiches were only ninety cents. From there we flew to Hong Kong. I'd been in on the logistic flights to Hong Kong, but they were only there two or three days, so this time we were going to stay five. I wanted plenty of time to see Hong Kong. We had a nice time there, sightseeing, went out and looked at the Chinese border from up above. We found that there was a couple of good restaurants that served rice, and our kids having lived in Honolulu liked rice. And if we went upstairs in a restaurant, we were in the family restaurant where the locals ate. So we soon started eating at Ricky's on the second floor. And everybody enjoyed it. We were eating the local food, sightseeing, shopping. That's where we bought the dining room set. We went to George Z and told them we wanted a dining room set, and what we liked, and he told us what we wanted for the decorations. And Winnie wanted teak, and they said, "No you don't want teak. You want Rosewood. And we'll do this and we'll do that." And I said, "All right, there will be a Coast Guard plane out here in about a month." And he said, "Okay, it will weigh about 550 pounds." So, I forgot who had the air station at Barber's Point, but they were flying C-130s by then. No trouble. So they brought it back to Honolulu, of course, and in those days you know you had \$2,000 exemption, and it could be to follow, you never paid customs duty. But, so we got that. We went out to the Chinese amusement park. From there we went to Tokyo, went down to _____ (sounds like "Yakuska"). Winnie wanted . . . she's a great shopper. Did some shopping. We were walking down Souvenir Street, better known as Shaft Alley, and one son is looking around and says, "This place gives me the creeps." But, they went to Yakuska, the PX there was great. We went up to Mount Fiji, stayed at a resort there. Went down the _____, to the inland sea, saw it all, back to Tokyo. We hit every island. Stayed

there the last two days, and flew home commercial. We don't have time to wait for space available. A little expensive. We got home and fortunately there was a paycheck waiting. We had a great time. Winnie's mother came out and stayed with the two younger children. One was a year and a half, about a year, the one who had been born there. A girl. So, then that summer we got transferred to the *Comanche* in San Francisco.

SG: Which year is this?

DW: 1961. The District Office was interesting. I had several odd jobs like an Article 31 for a murder case, or is it Article 32, you know where you are in effect the Grand Jury? Did that, a Coast Guardsman they thought was guilty of killing a guy, but we found out that he had died later of other causes. Had a good time, sure learned a lot about Samoans. He was a Samoan, and I was talking to chiefs and high-talking chiefs, and

SG: We've had a brief interruption. The mailman arrived. And Winona is here. And we're back to the career.

DW: Now I'll have to be careful of my stories, because she'll make me honest. Let's see, from Honolulu we transferred to the cutter *Comanche*, a 143 foot tug, former Maritime Commission. The Coast Guard had two of them. One was the *Comanche* in Sausalito; the Modoc in Coos Bay. The *Comanche* had been down to San Luis Obispo, I think. Had moved to Sausalito, but the channel there was beginning to fill, so just before I arrived, they moved over to Treasure Island. The pier at the north end. We had our own pier, out of the way, nobody could find us. And it was close to the PX, also close to the fire fighting school. They smoked us a few times. We came back from Honolulu on the same transport we went out on, the _____ (sounds like "Gaffee"), which we

thought was great. They were just starting to fly families back and forth to the islands in the 1960s, 1961. We decided we would go by ship, and we couldn't get on the Lurline (sounds like "Loralene") which didn't bother us too much, although anybody who wanted to be somebody went on the ^{Lurline}~~Loralene~~ of course. But we had a good time on the *Gaffee* the second time. The *Comanche* turned out to be the most interesting sea-going assignment I had. And I always said it was the most valuable ship the Coast Guard had on the West Coast, probably on the East Coast, too. We were into everything. Had all kinds of jobs. First thing, we went out and played games with a Navy transport. They needed a high line drill. We went out and played that we were the supplying ship. That was easy. Not more than two weeks later, AKA *Seminole* broke down off Point Venita. Very convenient. We went out and towed them in. And that is the time I broke out the 1-1/2 inch wire we had on the towing machine. Passed it to them and used the towing machine and told the Chief Engineer, "Okay, let's see what you can make in power in that engine room." It was a good full power trial. Brought them in, yonder the gate, turned them over to a Navy tug to take them on down to the yard. Another time, we were out, well we were running ^Able patrols. We anchored just inside the gate off Fort Point, a week at a time, alternating it with two 95 footers. According to the rules, we did not handle any cases inside the bay. We took care of the outside ones. One day we were there and, this was Saturday, I guess we had just gotten there. It seemed to me the patrols ran from Friday to Friday. And everybody was getting ready for the inspection, and I'm sitting up there in the wheel house trying to stay out of the way. And there was a ship, freighter, goes by smoking badly. And the quartermaster's polishing the bright work, and he looks and says, "The flag says G-E-T. "get." I wonder

what that means. He breaks open the International Code and it means "Fire at sea." So we secured from inspection, got underway . . . Oh yah, Kennedy was visiting that day, too, so we were full dressed while anchored. And we went out there and this ship, by the time we got out there, was drifting outside the gate near Point Venita.

SG: He was out of bounds?

DW: He was out of bounds, yes. So we went out, made one circle, we got one chance. We'll go under his bow, pass the line, and get him out of here. Otherwise, there are the rocks. So we did. The heaving line went right up, and they were quick. We got the tow line on him, yanked him around, towed him in. Put him on the east side of Treasure Island, anchored him over there, which took care of the afternoon very nicely. The fall out from this was that the man who owned Red Stack called Bob Alexander who was Chief of Staff down there and complained that I had taken a job from him. I told him, "I didn't see any tug. I didn't have time to look for a tug. I didn't have time to do anything." So Alexander says, "That's what I figured, and I told him that." Another time we were out on patrol, or underway for something, and we got a message to go assist the nuclear submarine *Scamp*, which was adrift, heading for Point Conception without a propeller. This was a miserable night. Running down there wasn't so bad; we were rolling like everything. We finally caught up to them about 2 o'clock in the morning, this big nuclear sub on the surface, rolling like a rubber ball. And we went to pass the line. Well, they looked at us and said, "You're a bigger target than we are," because all they had was a sail. They started firing shot lines, and we started parting them. Finally, the last shot line came across, and I was able to work up ahead of them, take the strain off it, and we got the nylon hogger to them. They were having men washed off the hull every

few minutes due to the sea, but they were on the safety belt. We also heard that about three of them had gotten the Bronze Star for that or something. And we thought, gee, they give them a Bronze Star for that, we ought to have it, too. Well, we got the line on them, turned them around slowly, about 600 feet of tow line out there, that big monstrosity drawing 30 some feet, and headed north. By then I was beat. Everybody was beat. So I said, "We're doing fine, no strain. Let's keep it like this for awhile. I went back, I went down and went to bed for a couple of hours. I got up and said, "How we doing?" They said, "Well, Captain, we're making one knot. We'll never get home tonight." So we started increasing speed, and then it worked out we were going to be at the sea buoy, San Francisco Sea Buoy, or lightship, about 5 o'clock. We told the Coast Guard that, and as we were approaching, the Navy sends a message says, "Take a pilot." And I said, "I had never taken a pilot in this channel, and I've towed many ships." They said, "You will take a pilot." And the Coast Guard comes out and says, "If the Navy says take a pilot, take a pilot." So I said okay. So we got the pilot aboard, lined up in the channel, there was nobody else coming in or out. We had the whole channel to ourselves. We are standing on the wing of the bridge talking, and things are going along fine, and about the time we get just inside Point Venita, the pilot happened to glance up and says, "I think we ought to come right about 10 degrees." I yelled, "Right 10 degrees rudder." And the helmsman says, "Sir, the rudder is right full, and we are still swinging left." I looked back, and by this time, things worked fast. We were 90 degrees in the channel and the submarine is passing the stern of us. "Well, I could kick ahead and straighten myself out." And I said, "Yah, I'll kick it ahead and I'll straighten *him* out." So I stopped the engine, and said, "Let's just see what happens.": You know that

submarine proceeded right up the channel, and we fell in the stern too, and he towed us right under the bridge. Fortunately it was dark, nobody could see it. We got inside, and in that pool there off Fort Point, the current dissipated and we came to a stop. Well, when he started towing us, I sent a message to District and said that the *Scamp* has taken charge. We are unable to control it, which was true, but it sounded horrible. Well, that duty officer must have gone berserk because he got everybody underway. And of course he didn't get there until we were lying two in there. Then we had buoy tenders, 95 footers, you name it, circling around us. I kept saying, "Go home, you're not needed." So we lay there for a few hours until the Navy tug came down from Mare Island and took him off. Then we went back and tied up. We figured it had been a good day. So, I got to wondering about that. So I talked to the Army Engineers. You know they have a model of the bay there. It seems we were coming in, and I had noticed it, had slack current, slack on the surface. But the flood started below, and we were drawing 13 feet, and he was drawing 30 feet, and the current grabbed him—the underwater current—and just took him while we were sitting there in the mill pond and drug him right in.

SG: So he must have come up on you without you noticing?

DW: Yes. We looked back there and things were looking good, so we didn't pay any attention, and if I'd looked back two minutes later, things wouldn't have been looking good, and I would have been able to do something. But it came out. I wrote an article for that in the alumni bulletin, and I met somebody years ago who said he read it and thought that was the funniest article they'd ever published. He laughed and laughed. But I didn't laugh then. I went up to Mare Island to visit the *Scamp*, and it seemed that they had an experimental shaft on it, countersunk or counterbored, what have you, and they

had gone from full ahead to full stern, and the propeller just got spinning out. Fortunately, they had enough weight on to come up to the surface. But he said, "We knew the time and position that we were going to go aground down there on Point Conception, and we plotted it out." But, the *Comanche*, we were always towing somebody, going for somebody, doing something. Just a few weeks before I was relieved, there was a collision—an American ship hit a Japanese freighter out there in the middle of the night. We were sent out. We got the best publicity of anything I've ever gotten. The headlines—"Fantastic Rescue at Sea." Of course, we had a couple of newsmen aboard. We took off about 28 of the Japanese crew and the *Willow Magnolia* buoy tender that was out there took the rest off. We were set up for rescue survivors, and the nets over the side and this and that. The minute one of those boats got near us, those guys came out of it—our freeboard was about four feet. Reminded me of seals jumping out of the water. Out of that boat right onto our deck. Nobody ever got near those nets and lines we had rigged out.

SG: No injuries?

DW: No injuries to us, the *Magnolia* had injured a man. They were using the nets and I guess they got caught between a net and a boat or something.

SG: What was the propulsion on the . . . ?

DW: She was diesel, must have been direct drive diesel. It had an electric starter. It wasn't like the *Nike* where they said, you know, the engineer would call up and say, "Have we got air for three more starts?" We didn't have that trouble. It was a big diesel. And I had an excellent engineer who kept those things outstanding. Or was it a diesel electric? Really I've forgotten. So I spent two years on her doing all sorts of things. The

Navy had a sister ship at Treasure Island there—in those days they dumped all the depth charges at sea and once a month, this tug would take a barge of depth chargers out to dump. We always had to go along to escort them. I said it would have been cheaper if we towed the barge ourselves. We were always doing something.

SG: Were these exploded as they went over?

DW: No. There was no pistol apparently in them. Just TNT going over. There was never an explosion. And then twice we had to go to Eureka to relieve the _____ when she came in the yard. And those were always—not nightmares but I began losing sleep about the time I got the orders, because it always included a replenishment of St. George Light (sounds like “reflight”) Which meant you had to go out, I never anchored, I’d lean too close and run it in and they would pick it up with a hoist. But the buoy tenders would anchor out there and pass a line to the rock and lay there while they passed everything. Well, they had to fuel and water them, too, and Eureka was no great thing for going in and out. The first time we went up there we went in at night, went in to Field’s Landing to pick up the relief crew for the light and there were lights all over. All the bars, the restaurants along the street, and we were going down a channel and I looked and it turned, and I kept saying to the Exec, “We’ve got to turn pretty quick. There’s a turn in this channel. It’s that blue light, Captain, we turn at the blue light.” And about that time a 36-footer was following us and said, “*Comanche*, you’re way out of the channel.” So we backed down and got out of the mud, and the blue light was a bar on the beach. Went down Field’s Landing in the middle of the night, loaded up, and went back out. Never saw the bar or the entrance channel at all. And the minute we got out, the storm broke. That was Sunday. And we lay out there until Thursday just trying to keep

comfortable. We started into Crescent City once, but we got up there and looked at the range and the channel and said, "Nah, I think I can get this thing out." So finally, it was Thanksgiving Day or after that we finally were able to replenish and change the crew at the light. Then we went back in, we tied up uptown that time, had Thanksgiving dinner Saturday afternoon, and went home. And we went up and down the coast. But the *Comanche* was interesting. And also, like small cutters, everybody worked for the ship. It was a showboat. Everyone kept clean. The *Scamp* gave us a plaque which I hung on the mess deck, and if I'd been smart, I'd have taken it when I left because I went back to the *Comanche* a few years ago, she was laying there at the buoy base, and somebody else had beat me to the plaque. Probably didn't know why it was there. But then in July, 1963, I was transferred to the Naval War College as a student. This was interesting because I had been applying for postgraduate work forever. You look at the Commandant's bulletin and most people who got that went to Headquarters to it. I kept telling the ensigns, "Try to get Headquarters if you want PG school. That's the only place you'll get it." I just told them this and my orders came in. It was great. My relief showed up on time, and I got out of there. We just bought a trailer, so we had about six weeks leave until sea time because I didn't have to be at Newport until August, and this was early in July. We zigzagged across the country, visiting everybody, seeing everything. Got up there and we filled out the form, said, yes we would like government quarters. And I reported in the day I got there and they were efficient. They handed me the sticker for my car, my name tag, and the keys to the house. They said I could move in whenever I wanted and that my furniture was there. It was great. So, I spent a year there as a student. I kept saying, "Webb, what are you doing here with these smart Army

officers?" The Army officers you find at a war college are the ones that go from school to staff, the bright boys. And they were bright. But it was very interesting, I must say. The speakers, the lecturers, they had topics. I liked Averill Harriman the best. He sat up on the stage and said, "Joe Stalin told me that, or Roosevelt and I decided this . . ." The Coast Guard had a Commander, had two students there, a Commander and the naval warfare course, and Lieutenant Commander and a staff course. And they had one officer on the staff. As it worked out, every other year the naval warfare course officer went on the staff, and that was me. I went a year as a student and then went on the staff for two years. So we had three years in Newport in housing. And it was a very enjoyable time. The Navy staff was over-manned, always doing things over. Did it last year, so let's rewrite it again this year and change that comma, stuff like that. It sort of drove you crazy, but my boss insisted on it, so . . .

SG: Well, we've had lunch and we're back to business again. So, David . . .

DW: All right. Well let's see, the war college and staff. At that time, the naval war college was committees. The only individual work a student did was his thesis or research paper, and the rest of it was all committees reinventing the wheel. And as a staff member, I was not the chairman, but I had a committee of 12 officers, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and a few civilians. We had CIA, DSA, State Department people there. And we were always getting a national strategy paper. If we'd been smart, we would have copied last years because they all came out the same. But my biggest trouble in these meetings was keeping my eyes open. You'd meet all afternoon and talk and talk. But it was interesting just listening to the speakers, and the people I met. I found that out when I got to Vietnam. Half the people out there I'd known from the war college. The

CO of the Navy support activities in Da Nang had been one of the committee, G6 at MacBee, electronics man had been one, a senior Marine officer in Thailand; I knew everybody—which paid off for me because I found that running a war if you got the friends, you get the things you need. Even one of my COs in Vietnam found that out. Somebody had an Army supply officer came from the same town he did, so his station was well taken care of. We'll get more into that when we get to Vietnam. I earned a Masters of Art degree in International Relations from the George Washington University while I was there. That took care of all my evenings and weekends the first year. And after I turned in the paper and gotten everything, I found that I didn't have to type it all and edit it, I could have paid one of the librarians to do it. They were doing it like mad for everybody except me, and here I am editing and typing it, three copies. But it was fun. And you were allowed to pick any subject for your research paper, but nobody had any ideas, so I picked up one having to do with the Indian Ocean. I was only the fourth person in the class. In fact two others on my committee had that paper. It was a little hard when you had to get up and present it after listening to two other people say it, and what was I going to say that was different. But all in all the war college was an interesting place. Newport is an interesting city. I met an awful lot of people. I was the escort for Senator Jackson when he came up to give a talk. Of course, being a Senator on the Military Appropriations Committee, I didn't get near him, the Admiral had him. I got his attention as he was getting on the helicopter to leave, when I said, "Well, I'll be out in your District because I'm a Seattle boy and I'm coming back to command a cutter." So he perked up for a minute. Other than that, I was just somebody who was pointing the way for him. I was the escort for Governor Mennon Williams when he came up to speak.

He was arriving an hour before they wanted him, so I took him on a sightseeing tour of Newport. As we were talking about things, he said, "Yes this is a lot like Mackinaw Island, a good summer resort." I had to agree. I was also assigned by some quirk as the escort to the Secretary of the Navy. Well that lasted long enough for me to get into my white service and get over to the war college early one morning before the superintendent found that out. They said, "Nope, sorry." So he stood at the door and the first Navy officer who came through in whites got the job. They weren't going to let a Coast Guard officer escort the Secretary of the Navy. As I said, I met an awful lot of officers, real friends. Some I never want to see again, of course, and Army people. It was interesting to talk to some of them. Little things like one Lieutenant Colonel in the class had been the Lieutenant who had the platoon that discovered the bridge over _____ when they found the first bridge across the Rhine in World War II. Several were aces, one of them had been in the squadron of Butch O'Hare and the night fighters. They all had good tales, I have to admit.

One thing about being a Coast Guard officer at the Naval War College or Navy staff is, if you show up in the wrong uniform, or you're doing something you don't want to do, all you say is, "I'm Coast Guard, and we don't do it that way." And it gets you by. They accept it. Because I could never remember what cummerbund to wear with my dinner jacket. I invariably had the wrong one. "I'm sorry, this is the one the Coast Guard wears."

From the war college, I received orders to the *Klamath* here in Seattle which got me back to Seattle for the first time in 20 years, that was 1964. And came out relieved, first thing I did was get the beer off the ship. And we started making November patrols

which were monotonous. Went to refresher training. We made an Alaskan patrol in April of 1967. And only two or three of the officers had ever been to Alaska before, so I was warning everybody that the weather was going to be horrible. I mean in April, the weather in Alaska is going to be rough. We got up there, and we had a yacht cruise. We had two rough days. One north of Kodiak and one west of Attu. But the rest it was like a mill pond.

SG: You went west of that too?

DW: Had to go all the way around the chain. Went up in the Bering Sea. We made an official visit to a Russian factory ship which was an interesting evening. Three or four of us went aboard. The Exec was on leave so the engineer stayed aboard to watch the ship. I took a Navigator. The Chief Quartermaster was the Signalman. We got aboard, they sort of paraded us down the corridors with all the Russian looking at us, including the women in the factory crew. Then they took us up to the cabin while they were getting the salon ready for the party. We sat around the cabin and everybody was fanning their Russian-English dictionaries, not saying much, smiling you know, gesturing and what have you, until it was time to go into the "salon." Laying there on that table the length of the room was piled, literally piled about three feet high with food surrounded by about two rows of bottles. They had all kinds of food and booze, cognac, vodka. Cognac was Russian Coca-Cola. So the Russian Captain sat at one end; I sat at the other and everybody in between. It seemed they had a doctor, a lady who was the English interpreter. She spoke pretty well. But I found that as the cognac and the vodka flowed, all of them spoke English well. We didn't do too good with the Russian. But we were eating, and I'm trying not to drink. I don't drink, and that Russian Captain, about the

second toast, noted that I didn't drain much. I said, "No, I don't." And some smart officer spoke up and said, "The Captain has ulcers." The Russian doctor said, "I'm an expert on ulcers." I had to drink something, so I took coffee, and I should have stuck with the cognac. That coffee was like drinking liquid sand. Strong. But they had good chocolates. And the party is going on and on, and at one stage I needed to go to the head, so I stood up and stretched, and the Russian factory manager, a great big guy looked like a Swede, grabbed me and said, "Ah, you want to dance." And he danced me around the room. And I didn't want to dance. It kept on like that. Finally, at a lull in the conversation, the Russian Captain says, "Captain, do you like women?" And I thought, "Well this question is loaded." So, I said, "Oh, yes. I can take them or leave them." That ended the conversation on the subject. I often wondered what would have happened if I had said, "Yes!" It might have been interesting. But anyhow, finally about midnight, I said, "We have to get back to the ship." "Nah, the party is just going." I said, "But regulations do not permit me to be off my ship overnight." So we finally got off. They hoisted one of their catcher boats up the deck so we could step into it. The other guys were in bad shape. I only had a half glass of cognac; I was pretty good. They lowered us, took us over to the *Klamath*, and the *Klamath* lowered the motor surf boats so we could step in that, and they hoisted us to the deck there, so everybody was climbing. But that was my experience with the Russians. Except we came back with all kinds of souvenirs. Cigarettes, champagne, I got a cloissone box over here—one of these cigarette boxes. I hate to admit it, but we weren't prepared. I mean when I said we were going to visit, I didn't give gifts a thought. But I sure wish I had of. Especially all the Sears Roebucks catalogs I could have found. I thought that would have been the thing. But the

patrol went off all right. I came out safe. Didn't run aground. Didn't have any troubles. Like everybody, there were a couple of times when if I had stayed in the cabin 30 minutes longer, we would have had trouble. Then, from there, the Friday before we were to leave, on a double Victor patrol, and the *Klamath* was getting a double Victor, the only one she'd ever had, and I was telling everybody about Japan and this and that. We were making arrangements Friday noon before we went ashore. We were going to leave Monday morning, I guess, and getting everything set up. And the District Personnel Officer called and said, "We've got orders for you to Bangkok as Commander of the Southeast Asia Section." So I went back down to the wardroom and said, "Well, this is my last patrol. I'm going to Bangkok as the Commander of the Southeast Asia Section." Somebody said, "Where's that?" Someone else said, "Don't believe them until you see the orders." But I finally got my hands on them before we left, gave a copy to the family so they could start getting shots. And off we went on a double victor. My last seagoing duty, the most miserable patrol I ever made. The weather got bad off the Cape out here; we had to fuel in Midway. We got to Midway in the center of a storm, laid off it with some destroyers until the weather calmed enough to enter. They had a priority, so we laid off an extra day while they went in and fueled. We went in, they said, "The pilot will meet you at Buoy 4." I thought great. Then I looked on the chart and found that Buoy 4 was the turning basin inside. So I took the ship in with no pilot and, you know, there's a hull of a destroyer on the reef right there as you go in to remind you to be careful. I got in, and then we still had to anchor among the coral heads. In the meantime, the ship we were ^{relieving} ~~leaving~~, a 255 out of Honolulu, the CO had injured his hand badly and needed medical attention, and here I am tied up in Midway fueling and trying to get out. In the

end, they left the station before we got there; they couldn't wait. But we got on station and the CIC crew just about went crazy. In Nam you have several hundred planes an hour out there, and if you get one a day you have a busy day. But, it went along, the normal patrol. We had a good time as patrols go. Went into Japan. Everybody went sightseeing, spent all our money on various things. I don't believe we had a ship's party. I mean there were only the Honolulu cutters that went regularly that were used to partying. I remember one thing there, in those days, the crew could carry liquor back. We could buy liquor overseas and bring it back aboard ship. Keep it locked up until we got home. The Navy could not. We were moored outside of two destroyers when the liquor order came down on the _____ (sounds like "*Yakuska*") in Japan. So we got a working party out there and they started carrying these cases of everything aboard and the Navy people said, "What are you doing with that?" Our people said, "We're taking it home." "Well, whose is it?" "It's ours. When we get home, we open up a magazine and serve it out." We enjoyed being with the Navy. We got a kick out of the Navy. One day, somebody came aboard and did not salute the Quarterdeck and the Quartermaster sent him back to do it again. And he went over to his ship and complained. We heard the OD tell him, "If the Coast Guard tells you to do it, you do it, because that's the right way." We thought that was pretty good. That helped morale. One thing about the *Yakuska* is you could get work done, or we used to be able to, but this time when we were out there in 1968, the Vietnamese war was going on and they had a priority, so we didn't get half the work we wanted done. Although I did get a false ceiling put in the cabin. I had a really luxurious cabin for my last 30 days on that ship. Overhead, all the wiring out

of sight, and the lighting—neat lighting. The District Engineer was willing to spend money on anything I wanted.

SG: Which ship was this?

DW: This was the *Klamath*. No piping on my cabin, but, of course, by this time nobody cared. So we finally left ~~the~~ *Yakuska*. By the way, the Commander of the fleet activities in ~~the~~ *Yakuska* had been at the war college with me, so we got along fine. We really had a neat time there. The trip back was smoother. The stop at Midway was shorter, and we got back happily and the family met me on the dock and I said, “Well, did you get all your shots, this and this?” “No, we only got this and this.” I said, “Well you gotta get this and this.” So they were a little disappointed, but we spent the next couple of weeks coming down to the ship about every three days while the Chief Corpsman on the ship shot them up. Going out there to meet the DOD requirements, besides smallpox, typhoid, cholera, yellow fever, plague, rabies booster, and gamma globulin, you were well shot up.

When the *Klamath* was relieved, we took off. We flew Pan American to Bangkok. The oldest boy had just entered college the year before, in 1967, so he stayed here. We sent him to Florida to stay with his grandparents in the summer. He was going to Rensselaer Polytechnic at Troy, New York. So he stayed on the East Coast. He didn't want to go. We told him he could go out, and they'd send him back, but he said the shots weren't worth it. The other five of us, so we had—how old was he—the youngest about fifth grade, the girl, daughter, in junior high, and the oldest boy was in high school. He was a junior when he went out there. All flew to Honolulu for a few days, indoctrination theoretically for me, but to visit everybody we'd known before. Then we got on the

plane and went--we had our dog with us. I guess, I forgot where we stopped. We stopped, Japan going I think, broke the trip in Japan, Tokyo, and then flew straight from Tokyo on down to Bangkok. I mentioned we had a Dachshund, we shipped him. In Honolulu, they took him off, put him in the kennel for the four days and took real good care of him. In Japan, we lost him. We weren't sure what had happened, but there wasn't much we could do so we went on. We got to Bangkok and found that he had been shipped straight through, and the man I was relieving had picked him up, put a bond down for him, and taken him home. When we got out to the people's house, there was our dog on the center of the bed. He was king.

We flew Honolulu, Tokyo, and Hong Kong, and Pan Am went straight around to Bangkok. Arrived there in the middle of the night, got settled, housing allowances galore, and moved into a hotel until we could find a place to live. Started house hunting. Were amazed at the houses. Finally found one, looked great from the street, big yard, wall, and a fence, broken glass on top of the fence, didn't stop us going over it. Looked great from the front. Wasn't much to it--\$275.00 a month, which wasn't bad. We had a maid; had a cook we inherited from our predecessor. We finally found this place, moved in, had no trouble there. I relieved Don B. Mathew. He was the Section Commander--he had come out and relieved Tommy Sargent (38). Sargent had started the chain, built the chain, and Mathew had become the First Section Commander, and then I was the second, really the third. It was Sargent, Mathew, and me. I had a big staff. The Deputy was an electronics engineer, had a Lieutenant electronics engineer, Chief electronics technician, Chief E.T, radioman--the teletype designator, had a Chief Warrant Supply Officer, a couple of Storekeepers, a Yeoman, had a Lieutenant civil engineer, had a Warrant

carpenter. What else? We had a young lady, Thai, who was receptionist and interpreter. Also we had a Thai man who was a purchasing man, went out and ran the errands because he spoke the language. And I think that's about all we had. Had a good size staff, and, of course, everybody married had their families there.

SG: What was the purpose of the--?

DW: The purpose of the section, surprisingly, was just to operate a chain of LORAN C stations. Sargent had built a transmitting station in Lampang, which is in Northern Thailand, up in what's called the Golden Triangle, near Chiang Mai, one at Sattahip near the B-52 base, it was on the Thai Naval Reservation. We had a third one on Con Son Island, which is south, a Vietnamese island, south of South Vietnam, off the southern coast. A monitor station was at the Udon Air Base in Central Thailand. These stations were manned with lieutenants. Con Son had a Lieutenant Commander, simply because the Vietnamese island Commander down there was a major. We were going to stay even with him. All had Warrant electricians, radio electricians, a Chief or two, first class cooks, about 28 men altogether. A far cry from my ten Seamen. They were all air-conditioned, theoretically because the equipment had to be air-conditioned, but all the barracks, offices, the mess deck was air-conditioned. And naturally we hired local people to clean up and what have you. We were allowed a certain number and the crew would then have one or two more for practically nothing. They produced a very accurate LORAN signal. In fact, once the Air Force got the receivers for their planes, and we were there operating a year before they got the receivers out there; they became very particular. The only operator out of one air base in Eastern Thailand, and there was a chetty [phonetic], one of these spires, on the approach to it. I got some planes coming

back from a mission, would fly over this chetty and take a reading. If the reading wasn't right, we heard about it because we guaranteed 30 yards. So, then we would look into it and maybe adjust something. In spite of what headquarters said, we found, we took a couple of adjustments here and there. But we guaranteed it, and they had the faith in us, because they were flying missions with these LORAN C equipped planes as pathfinders. They would go up in Laos and North Vietnam, and the bombers would come up and practically grab hold of their wing, and they'd take them down through the clouds into the valley and tell them when to drop and bring them up again. The other planes, battle flights, said, "We don't know what they got, but they always get us in and out." So, as a result, we got along very well with the Air Force. We were doing some work down in Con Son, a Vietnam island—we were putting in a well, and we were going to do it by just sinking big concrete culverts. We needed a C-130 to carry them down. All they said was, "Let us know when you'll—give us a time when we'll have them at the airport. We'll have a plane there." On other occasions, when we needed a part from one station to the other, they'd have the plane waiting at the airport before we could get the part there. Of course, the Air Force had a very efficient cargo or freight lines then, you know. The C-130s would pick up a load at one base, fly it to the next, and when they got there, they would find out what they were taking to the next base. Round Robin. We had no personnel problems to speak of because everybody was picked. They knew that there were other LORAN stations they could go to, like Marcus and Ewall. They were lucky to be down there in civilization. Even the ones on Con Son which was up by itself, got enough visitors down there because that was sort of a resort. They were living high. They tell a tale about Udipal [phonetic], about the Air Force colonels who came over to

see if they could bunk on our stations because we were air-conditioned, and they were only living in Air Force hooches, which were these screened porches. Lampang—we built a swimming pool. We always said they were so far from the ocean, we had to give them some water. And that taught me never to have a swimming pool in a warm climate. We got it finished. In operation, the first thing we got, snakes, on the concrete apron around it. So we had to build a snake fence around the pool to keep the snakes from sunning. Then, the next thing is there are wiggley things swimming in it. And, I bet every week we'd send something new up there to try to kill the wildlife in this warm pool. Filters, we went through them like mad. I went up there with the family a couple of times, and neither time could they swim in it. There was always something wrong with the pool.

At Udon—those poor people, they lived on the air base, enlisted men in a hooch. But we had an air-conditioner for them, and we always said you could tell the Coast Guard hooch from the Air Force hooches. It was neat, it was policed around the area, it just stood up like a sore thumb. They had to eat Air Force food. The CO had a house up town with an Air Force officer because there were not enough BOQs at the time. And about the time I left, boy, he was down complaining to me—the base commander was going to put him in the BOQ, and he felt that he was a commanding officer, he shouldn't have to live in a BOQ. So I went up to talk to the colonel and the colonel says, "I've got enough BOQs, I'm just filling them in with everybody." I said, "Well, you're the boss, you know, I just wanted to come in and say a word for my boy." So they had to move in, but he was getting transferred. The next guy wouldn't know the advantages of having his own house. Con Son was a prison island. There were 15,000 prisoners on it—politicals,

criminals, and POWs. They were issued a little rice ration and other than that, they had to raise chickens and feed themselves by fishing. You could tell one classification from the other by a patch. I think the politicals wore an orange patch on their shirt; the criminals red; and the POWs green—something like that. And there were very few guards there, very few of them in prison. Only the hard core were in the cells. The rest of them were out tending their farms and walking down the road going fishing, but they were well disciplined. Drove by and they stepped to the side of the road and bowed low as we went past. This was the island that, oh when, in the early 70s some stupid newspaperman came out, took a tour of it, and saw these cells. They looked like cages in a zoo. Of course, in a tropical country, that's what you wanted. And he wrote up about how the Vietnamese were keeping the prisoners in tiger cages. That made a big splash in the papers, I remember. And then, of course, all the folks at home sent their boys copies of the paper, which upset the crew, because several of them came up and said, "How can the newspapers lie like that? It isn't like that at all." But one newspaperman—but those, later on, in late 1969, they started bringing in some of these real hard core VCs as prisoners. And they'd have to turn fire hoses on them to get them out of the plane. And then flush down the plane. Or gas them. They just weren't going to behave. But the station itself operated nicely. It didn't have as much green lawn as the others. Water was a problem, but we solved that with our wells. They hired, they had a very good assistant cook who was in for murder. He'd killed a payroll guard in attempting to take an Army payroll. But they were paying him on the side besides what they were paying the island commander who was keeping it all. Unfortunately, I think he was due to be released about the time the war ended there. I don't know whatever became of him, but he had a

good nest egg. One thing, they let the employees live in some old shacks that had been put up when the station was being built. They found that they and their dogs were the best security system they could have. Nothing disappears with them around. The only problem they really had were cobras, snakes. Outside every door would be three or four steel rods about three feet long. Those were the cobra sticks. And when you went out at night, you took one with you—to hit him. I never saw any, but that is what they told me. I guess it was, because they had enough of them around.

About, beginning in 1969, they decided they needed a fourth transmitting station, so suddenly I received orders that I was going to be in charge of a survey party made up of some people from headquarters to find a location for another LORAN station. So they arrived, some electronics people and a civil engineer, and innocently we all go to Saigon and go into the Seventh Air Force headquarters and say, "We are here to build you a new LORAN station." And the first colonel said, "Who wants it?" We said, "Air Force Headquarters. Told us to come out and do this." "But who wants it in country?" "The Air Force does." He said, "I'm the Air Force and I haven't heard about it." It took us about three days before we found the Air Force officer who knew about it and that could talk and explain it to these people. And once they found that yes it was approved, and it was needed, oh man, everything cleared up. The only reason I was on the board was they needed the rank. I could call up somebody and say I needed a helicopter for tomorrow morning and get it. Which is what I did. I could get a plane anytime, and we'd go. One day we had a Marine Chinook, flew us all over. Of course any place that was level had graves—or was within two or three miles of an air base with a 700-foot tower, It wasn't going in near an air base--or there was something else wrong with it. Out in Indian

territory--we flew over, sure got used to helicopters. One day, we found an island, or sort of a peninsula, it was great. There wasn't a thing on it that we could see. It was level, just sandy. So we went to the Marine I-Corp there, and I said, "Say, I think we'd like to look at that peninsula." He says, "Well, if you'll give me a week, I'll get a company over there, and we'll clear it out for you. That thing's full of VC." "So we said, "Nah, we won't use that." And we landed on a small island, I've forgotten the name of it. It was a beautiful place. There was already an installation of some type on it. Automatic. Flat. Farming. They grew mainly garlic. And, there were no graves on half the island. And everybody thought that this was just it. It's on an island. It is secure, flat, no graves. We'll just tell them we want that half of the island. I said, "Yah, but look at those farms. Look at these people." I said, "You're going to make 100 instant VC if you do that." Besides, the kids were thieves. The helicopter landed in the clearing, and the pilot and co-pilot are sitting there guarding their helicopter, trying to keep the kids from stealing parts of it right there. So, finally we found a spoil area up near Huey [phonetic]). The CBs had just finished building an LST docking facility for the Navy and the dredge area, they pumped across the street. And here was this 100 acres, flat, spoil. Nobody owned it, no graves, and since the Air Force had said they would provide security, and the Navy had security across the street, we said, alright, that's the place. So we went to work and we got it. And the CBs had just finished this Navy facility, so they took over the construction of the LORAN station. And it was interesting. We had bulldozers and water buffaloes working. They cleared it off. They put up a tower. They got everything done. Everybody was going to live in these port-a-camp trailers, two men to a room. Had both lower bunks because the revetment only came up four feet, that would not

protect the upper bunk. And we had a big mess hall, beautiful. Air Force security police came in; besides, the fence was just elementary. They built three big watchtowers—50 feet tall. The side of them had night glasses, all this infrared stuff. They put claymore mines around the outside, had machine guns sited all over the place. We were protected. Then they built a rifle range and taught everybody on the station crew how to operate an M-16. I forget how many we had, I guess we had about 16 Air Force people. Of course, it was preferred duty for them. They were living in air-conditioned quarters, they were away from the Colonel, and they were eating Coast Guard meals. You know how the Coast Guard is. They don't go by the standard menu. You get two or four dollars a day and you eat what's at hand. So we fed, just like they did in Korea during the Korean War where they got their reputation. The CO was organizing. He had the Chief engine men for his engineers, he had a Chief ~~ED~~, for the electronics, and he wanted a Master Sergeant for his security police. So he asked the Colonel. The Colonel says, "For 16 men, you're lucky you got a Tech Sergeant." That ended that. But it was a nice station. They had no problems, security problems. Every night there was plenty of fireworks over and around it, but none into it. We always figured the fireworks were the Vietnamese Army just firing off tracers. One night they told me--one night our guard called their guard and said, "There's a man outside your fence." And the Navy guard said, "Shoot him." Our man, said "No, he's not harming anybody. And we said, "That's right, boy. Don't shoot them unless they are going to shoot you. And make sure they are going to." So really we had no problem. We left all the cases and crates the equipment came in outside on the road for the locals—they disappeared by dark. We got along fine, waved at people, and the local District Chief said he felt things were easing up. He said he used

to have no VC in the day time and a couple of hundred at night. He says now they were down to where they only had five or ten at night, he thought.

The nearest support was Foo Bi [phonetic] Air Base, which was about 12 miles away. It was a big working air base, very interesting. There was a good road up to it. That's where all our planes came in when we were going there. The nearest big base was Da Nang. But you had to fly between Da Nang and Foo Bi because there was Indian country in between, and one other thing that helped there—there was a Jolly Green squadron of choppers and we had Coast Guard exchange officers attached to it. So they were my Air Force. I could land in Da Nang, go over to the Jolly Green Squadron, and say, "When's the next plane to Tanmee [phonetic]?" And they'd say, "Okay, we got one in about an hour." And I'd say, "How about picking me up tonight about dusk?" And they would. They kept two planes on standby—right up on the DMZ, but at night they'd bring them back. So the plane coming back at night would drop down and pick me up. And we worked on very well.

SG: You were Section Commander, how long did you stay at this one station?

DW: A couple days or a day, depended. Sometimes I would go in in the morning and say, "I'm going out tonight." Talk to them, see how things--.

SG: Just while you were making an inspection?

DW: Yah. Try to get at least two stations a time because the Army frowned on you only spending a day at a time in Vietnam. You know, if you went to Vietnam, you got income tax exemption--\$500 a month, and you only had to be there one day. And, boy, the Army and the Navy, they were touchy about people from out of country coming in for the night. So I stayed a few days, but then I'd go—let's see, the Tanmee station, go up

there and finally get back to Bangkok or back to Saigon. I always went back to Saigon, talked to them, got some wheels for them to take me places. At Con Son it was a harder way to get to because the Navy flew a regular supply flight down there regularly, sometimes they were short a plane. Sometimes I could get an Army plane. It was easier to get to Con Son out of Bangkok then out of Saigon. In fact, it was easier to get anywhere in Vietnam out of Bangkok because, you know, a flight over there gave them their income tax exemption. But I'd go down there, a couple of days down there, spend the day around, just listening, talking, looking it over, sightseeing a little. We'd go up to Tanmee, we'd go up and spend the night there usually. Everybody would go into town for dinner. The Tanmee station was also a base for a Special Forces Team. Kept all their equipment there.

SG: Now, what was your relationship with Subic Bay people?

DW: Co-equal. I mean I was a Section, I mean the Section was LORAN stations. It was odd, you know, because Subic Bay, they operated under the Navy, and Vietnam, Saigon activities and Squadron One was under Navy. I'm under the Fourteenth District. So it was an odd situation. We were all bosses that were little bailiwicks. Mine was just spread out. I always told them I had the best deal, but--.

SG: Well, how long were you in Bangkok?

DW: We were in Bangkok two years. And the tour—besides just administering this chain, which it operated perfectly, 99.98% on air time, with all my engineers and technical people, anybody had a problem, there would be two people take off right then. We had good Air Force, and we also had good Army relations. One, the commanding officer of the Army-Aviation detachment at Bangkok was my assistant Cub Master. The

Headquarters Commandant at the advisory group headquarters was E. W. Holz' son, one of his sons. So, when I needed something, I had people to go to, and we could talk it over. Besides being the Marine and the head electronics man in Saigon, and the support CO at Da Nang, I had it pretty well covered. So it was not a hard job--signing papers, going down and speaking harshly to a CO occasionally. One of them, I should have fired, but I decided not to. I had an officer,--I look back, I should have fired him, too, but when he was out working he was a good engineer, hardworking, could do anything. But when he came into town--I tried to keep him out all I could, you know, one of those.

We had a good time, as I say. We got on the Thai airlines and went to Chiang Mai, which was the northern center, and the big tourist place, as well as over to the LORAN station. We would go to the LORAN station and spend the night, then go to Chiang Mai and come back.

SG: What was your next duty?

DW: Headquarters.

SG: And what were you doing there?

DW: Well, first I was assigned as liaison with the State Department--relieved Johnny Day. And I can see why he wanted to be relieved. It was a nothing job. The Coast Guard didn't need a liaison officer there because everybody at Headquarters who dealt with the State Department had their own contacts. And had had them for years, you know. And I had people, communications or somebody wanted to talk, I'd say, "You know him, you talk to him. No use telling me, explaining it to me, and then have me try to explain it to him." So I was the Marine Affairs Officer in the Office of Atmospheric and Space Affairs and the Bureau of International Technological Affairs. So I read all

the telegrams that came in overnight that had anything to do with Marine Affairs—Merchant Marine, Oceanographic, I read them all, talked to the people—there was an Air Force officer, he was the weatherman, and I had one guy who was in with NASA, the space man. Very nice people to work, they all knew what they were doing, but I just didn't have anything to do. So I spent a lot of time in the State Department library or going around meeting people. I met quite a few. But, after about six months—well, then the stupid—the defector, the Lithuanian defector, came up while I was there. Some people blamed me, I think. Wally Dahlgren called me. He was Chief of Intelligence at Headquarters. He said, "We may have somebody up north, who do I talk to?" Everybody was out to lunch, so I turned to the No. 1 secretary and said, "We got a problem, who do I talk to?" He said, "You know down there, the refugee people." So I called him back and told him. I didn't hear a thing about it. The next day, I came to work and nobody would talk to me. I was Coast Guard. How could we have done that? I said, "What?" And the whole thing had been, well mainly breakdown in communications all around-- but Dahlgren hadn't called back and said, "I want to talk to somebody else." And from what he told me, I figured that was all. But boy, it sure got the attention of the Department of State. They were upset, and they were afraid of that Congressman from Ohio, what's his name? He finally got booted out. But I remember my boss coming in, and he said, "You sit down and write a letter in the files of everything you did yesterday, because there is going to be an investigation on this." So I sat down and wrote a half a page, you know, didn't have anything to do. Then it suddenly became, I was a State Department Officer, not a Coast Guard Officer, because then they were going to have the investigation inquiry at Headquarters and one of the Assistant

Secretaries of State—oh, when I got home that night there was, they had been trying to call Winnie, demanding to talk to me. She didn't know where I was, why, or anything, but this guy, Deputy Assistant, or something had said that I was a State Department officer, and I was not going to testify before that Board. So when it got around to me, I said, "You know, Admiral Bender signs my paycheck, and if he says, 'David, come over and talk, David is going over and talk.'"

SG: Was it Wayne Hayes that you--?

DW: Yah, Wayne Hayes, that was the guy. We never had an investigation fortunately, but they, you know, what a _____. As I told them, I had only been called on one thing in the six months I'd been there, and that was the Wives Club wanted to know if I could arrange a tour of the diplomatic rooms on the eight floor. So, after it was all over, Bender called me and said, "Dave, I think when things cool off a little, I'm going to bring you home." And I said, That will be fine. So it went on and on. And there was nothing to do. I went over, and Ed Barry by this time was Chief of Personnel. I went in and said, "Ed, you know if you don't get me out of there, I'm going to get lazy." Then I went on home. Jack McCann (45) was P.E., I think. He said it took them just 30 minutes to decide where they were going to put me. It seemed like the guy who was OLE, I forgot his name, too, was suddenly retiring, so they put me in as OLE until the regularly assigned officer showed up.

SG: Would you translate OLE?

DW: That's law enforcement. I say I was the Chief Law Enforcement officer in the Coast Guard for about two weeks. But then, I went to OP, which is Operations Programs Management, which was the budget people for Operations. And we kept all the facilities,

list of floating units, we kept that up to date. And we did this and that. And we submitted a budget to CPA, who was Jim Gracey (49), and, of course, we went in with Perry (42) who by then had become Chief of Staff, I think he was Chief of Staff. Things had changed in that time, but, you know, we figured out how much money we thought we'd get, or we wanted, what it would go for. And you know you're fighting, and the gunnery or the ordnance people wanted money to install Sonar on the 378s because they all didn't have it, and somebody needed this. Those 378s came out, and for a few years they weren't all—the Navy had the equipment for us, but we had to pay to install it.

SG: We didn't have them aboard?

DW: We didn't have Sonar on some of them. But, so that, you know, \$371,000 or something is what we needed for that, it seems. So we'd get together, put it together, and then I'd cut it down and Bob Hammond (40)—take it in, show it to him. He was easy to work with. Anything you say, go ahead. Then, put it up to—we had a Board where all the offices sent their budget people in to argue. And that's where you started losing. One time the Academy, Personnel, wanted a new library wing at the Academy. "If we don't get it, we won't be able to handle all the cadets we will have in the future." I wanted it to repair some lifeboat stations and ships. I said, "Well, if you don't repair some of your ships and units, you're not going to need all those officers in the future." But I lost. Then, after this was all argued, Jim Gracey sort of monitoring it, smiling at us, he and Ed Perry would get together and make the decision. Cut them.

So, that was—it was in interesting job, frustrating as could be. I always seemed to get frustrating job at Headquarters. Finally I said, "I want out of here." And I met Joe McClelland (40) in the Commandant's office one day, and he said, "How are you doing?"

I said, "I'm doing great, but I would do greater in Seattle." So, in the summer, in May of 1972, I got orders out here as Chief of Staff. Best job there was. We solved one of our problems. We figured we were stuck in Headquarters for four years, I'd retire there.

Where would we retire to? Our joke was, we were going to fill the car with gas, load the trailer, and where we ran out of gas we'd settle down. So, we came out here and were able to settle earlier. So then I was Chief of Staff for a year for Joe McClelland which was great. And then, Chet Richmond, the second year. And out here it was great. While I was here we decommissioned the 255s, or finished it. Because one of my job at Headquarters was trying to sell the *Sebago* and one other to the Greeks. Oh, no, just one. There were two 255s down there in the Gulf. One of them, the Government would offer to Turkey and one to Greece, and both, they sent Navy inspectors over, both of them were amazed at the condition of these ships that were going to be laid up next month. But they turned them down because it wasn't practical to have one of a class, and those 255s were old—on the *Klamath*—we had a rewiring program for all our blower motors, trying to keep ahead of the system, but we decommissioned them here, and we also got the two 378s here while I was Chief of Staff, which was interesting. And the ice breakers finally got launched. So I was here from 1972 to 1974, then I retired in 1974. We had a great time.

I forgot about telling you about going to India for the weekend out of Bangkok. The Air Force flew C-141s around the world each week each direction. The embassy flights for careers and supplies for embassy. The one going westbound arrived in Bangkok about noon on a Thursday, left that afternoon, arrived Friday morning in New Delhi. The one going the other direction left New Delhi Monday morning and came to

Bangkok, so for a weekend, you went to New Delhi for three days. And in that time you could drive up to see the Taj Mahal and a few other places. We did it twice in the winter. Went over there just to get some cool weather. Darned near froze to death. All we had were raincoats and a thin jacket. But we had a great time. The first time, as we were leaving—it was January 21st or so—we were going to the airport and we pass a squadron of Lancers, Bengal Lancers. Boy, great uniforms, pennants and all. A little while further, we pass Camel Corp, guarding machine guns, riding camels. I said, “What is this?” They said, “This is Republic Day. This is our big national day. We have a military parade. So the next year we were there for that. What a day. What a parade. They are out there in the old uniforms of the Raj—huge pipe bands, military bands, all the troops in the traditional full-dress uniforms. They had all the equipment, tanks, they got a real small jet they have on a trailer, elephants, Camel Corp, Lancers, and of course they had what used to be the Viceroy's bodyguard, now it's the President's bodyguard, leading it. And, then at the end were all the tribes in their traditional uniforms doing their dancing. The parade went on all day. And I bet there's a million people there. We stayed, the first time we stayed at the Oshoka, which was *the* hotel, because some Army colonel said that's a good place, doesn't cost you much. We found out later, his wife had money and she was paying for it, and didn't tell him how much it cost. But the kids enjoyed it because they had a man behind each chair at the table, and they couldn't do a thing. They thought it was great. Turbans and all. The second time, we stayed at the YWCA, which was just as great. Wasn't quite as ritzy, but the morning of the parade we were awakened about 4 o'clock by people walking. We looked out the window and the street was just loaded with people going down where the parade was going to be. So we

relaxed because we'd gone with our official passport and gotten tickets on a bleacher. So we get down to the bleacher and we got tickets and seats, but the darn bleachers are about half a block back from the parade, from the street, it's a big wide open area. We had to stand up in the bleachers to see over everybody.

Then, one Christmas, we got leave and we went to Panang for Christmas. The children went to the International School of Bangkok, an American-type school with all kinds of, all nationalities of teachers. Very good teachers. Did very well. The oldest boy graduated from school in Bangkok. I said, "Boy, you'll have no trouble getting into college when they see you come from Bangkok. That will make you look good." And the other kids did well. They enjoyed the school. Had school bus service. Every two weeks I had to ride the bus as a monitor, or Winnie did, one or the other to keep order, sort of.

SG: After you retired here in Seattle, what did you do?

DW: Well, by the time I got ready to retire, I was the District Commissioner for the Scouts, had been their fund raiser chairman for South Snohomish County a couple of times. I don't know, was I their Assistant Scout Master, I was with the Scouts a lot.

SG: Was this boy scouts or girl scouts, or--?"

DW: Boy Scouts. Winnie was the Girl Scout girl. She had been den leader and stuff. I just well, since I had two boys in one family--. In fact, out in Bangkok I was a Cub Master of the cub pack out there. And then, a few other things--I was on the board of the museum here in Edmonds, which I didn't do much. And then, in November 1975, Richmond (41) and Fred Herzberg (55) decided they wanted a museum down here. They found that old building was too good to tear down, they could put the--. So they had a

meeting at Sand Point of everybody interested in starting a museum. And I should have known, because I got three telephone calls that afternoon to see if I was going to be there. But you know, at the meeting everybody is in favor of it, and--“How about you contracting it?” So I did. There was one helper. ^{Don Cobaugh} ~~Doug Koball~~, and I got it started. Slowly at first. And then the Headquarters had centennial funds. Each District got so many thousand, I think it was \$7,000, for some projects—centennial projects. I know one District redid a book of operations of all the Coast Guard revenue cutters between 1790 and 1933. It was a WPA project, but they reprinted it. But the District said, okay, the museum will be ours. So we got that money which was what got us started because there were no strings attached. We were able to really make the place. Put carpet on, put in a ceiling. Buy paint, get work done. And PIO went to work and got a lot of photographs and we opened it up August 4, 1976, Coast Guard Day. And since then it has continued to grow.

SG: You're still with it?

DW: I'm still with it. I was president for about four or five years. And then the youngest son got out of college and I found I had a lot of money. So I'd go traveling. So it started interfering with traveling, and then Gene Davis, who was the electronics-type Captain retired out here, and he was interested in it. So I said, “Okay, why don't you be president, I'll be secretary or something.” And that's his only hobby. He spends a lot of time down there. So I became secretary, and would go down there two or three days a week. Now, we've got it down—we are there, two of us are there at least Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays, and we've got volunteers to open it up Saturdays and Sunday afternoons. If there is no volunteer, then one of us takes it over. So, we get about three

days a week or four down there when I'm in town. I mean, we are in town a lot, but go away for a month. And we now have 12,000 photos in our files. We have them catalogued on a computer. We got enough money from our sales counter and memberships, so we bought us a computer so we could put the stuff on and find the pictures when we want them. And artifacts--they keep coming in every week. We are now cataloging the documents, articles on the Coast Guard, you know old Coast Guard magazines, stuff like that. And it has been self-sufficient for quite a few years.

SG: Revenues from donations?

DW: Donations, dues, memberships, and that sales counter. We've got a sales counter. We started selling a few patches. Well, word got around and the first thing you knew, we had a club, about 20 people who said, "I want a standing order for every patch you get." We have a standing order with a patch manufacturer over here in Kingston--that they will send us so many patches of each Coast Guard patch they make. What started out as 20 is now to 35. So every time some unit makes a patch, orders a patch, we get 35. Now, about 33 of them go to these club members, so we have a couple to sell on the counter. And we mark it up, charge them two bits postage for each one, and make a profit. A good profit. And sweatshirts. You would be surprised how sweatshirts are selling. Coast Guard sweatshirts. We get them across the way. And the last thing we got, let me show you.

SG: What he was holding up there is a little enameled tie tack, the Coast Guard Ensign. It doesn't show too clearly here, but stands with the--.

DW: Three-quarters of an inch by three-eighths. We were averaging about 10,000 visitors a year. Last month was one of our best months. We had over 1,100. I'm not sure why, but we were—the count.

SG: Now, are those Coast Guard people for the most part, or just John Q. Public?

DW: Very few, well there are Coast Guard people, but I have always said that I don't think half the people on the base have ever come into the museum. We are listed in the AAA, what to see in Seattle, and a couple things like that. We put out a sign and word gets around. The people come down. They've heard about it. They ask questions, and, of course, frequently on weekends the ships are open and the vessel traffic center is across the way in the other building, and the—it's amazing who we get.

SG: And the examination bureau for the Merchant Marine licenses?

DW: Yah, we can always count on one or two people a day coming in and saying, "Where do I get my license? Where do I document by boat?" One time, when we were hard pressed for help, I was going to put in to get an Information Specialist to tell people that. Put him in the museum and let him watch the museum when I didn't have anybody else. But we didn't do that. But, it's amazing. Somebody said nothing succeeds like success. Once we got the museum going and got a few artifacts, more came in, and now we've got a basement full of stuff. I mean, neat stuff as we say. We've got a room in the supply department's warehouse full of big stuff we don't use, like fog horns. Parts—we've got a first order lantern over there. We've got two field guns, they're—we've got Lyle (sounds like Lile") guns, but these are 12-pounder, called landing guns, you know on the wheel like the gun--ships put ashore. There in the Civil War era. We got them from the Park Department there in Woodland Park. They have consecutive

serial numbers. Big brass barrel, you know like so. They're in the warehouse right now. We had one out in front for awhile, but we thought we'd better get it out of there before somebody walks off with part of it. We are amazed at what we've got. Books, we've got almost a complete up until the 1960s of ASNAME proceedings, American Society of Naval Architect and Marine Engineer, particularly the early ones, the 1890s and early 1900s. And the Coast Guard magazine. Also, we have drawings of just about every class of Coast Guard cutter and revenue cutter. Well, I was going to say that served on the West Coast, but now we are expanding and we can--that's one place we make our money. Word has gotten out, and so we'll sell copies. Make copies and sell them to people, which is another money making item.

SG: That's for the model makers.

DW: Yah, for the model makers. And, as if that wasn't good enough, you perhaps heard that there is a museum at Newburyport, Massachusetts. The Custom House is having a model ship exhibition and contest next summer of just Coast Guard revenue cutters, and they've listed us as the source. And it's gotten so I hate to go get mail.

SG: Well, you've had a full career in the service and post-service, and I want to thank you for sharing with us because this will be public—all of your memories.

DW: I'm glad we got it down.