

3-30-89

Dear Sam,

At long last I'm fulfilling my promise to return this to you.

Peggy is doing pretty well all things considered. She has now had one major and three minor operations. The major removed the bad area of her neck & throat. One minor improved her voice and two minor rigged shunts to feed her etc. Now she ~~has~~ has 6 weeks, 5 times per week of radiation therapy ahead, beginning tomorrow. Anyway the prognosis is good although the ~~the~~ radiation episodes promise to be extremely unpleasant.

As to Doebler's story I am still perplexed. For example, what about his ^{promotion} to RADM? It must have been a ~~tombstone~~ ^{promotion} based on a WWII medal.

If so was the medal based on his communications work before & early in WWII? If so, couldn't anything that appeared in the citation for the award be used in his story?

I spent a short time in the M.I. public library trying to research the whole thing but had no luck.

I found mention of decoding of Japanese messages but no mention of Doebler.

Hope we can all get together for a '36 reunion as soon as Peggy has recovered.

Sincerely,

Dick.

JOE DOEBLER

November 9, 1988
Babson Park, Florida

ADM USCG (Ret)
USCGA 1930

A - retyped - see Doebler B

~~Joe Doebler~~

①

I was in the class of 1930 at the Academy. My first assignment was the *Tahoe* in Oakland, California, and I was aboard for about eight months. A new ship came out, a new class of white cutters, and I was transferred to the *Shoshone*. Just before I got orders for transfer, I got married. This was in the middle of December 1930. After I was transferred, of course a new ship--we went to MARE (sounds like "Mare") Islands to have our guns put on. I had no transportation and getting back to my family was only like on a weekend if I didn't have the duty. Then we went out for the usual shakedown, and from shakedown we went to Alaska for five months. When we came back, we started on the regular run patrol--10 out and 10 in. But due to the fact that we were relieving on our station, it figured out to 10 or 14 days out and about 6 days in, and you had the duty 1 in 3 if you were lucky. So in the first year and a half that I was married, I got home about 55 days, 30 days of which were leave. So it was not the usual beginning of life. Anyway, in 1932, they established an intelligence unit working out of San Francisco, and I was assigned to the 75 footer, the CG-257, which was equipped to take

RUM

copying

Eureka

bearings, and we did a lot of cropping—radio bearings on rum transmissions--and we would run those down and break up the contact between Canadian vessels lying while off shore and vessels running liquor into the coast. We operated from the Mexican border to as far north as Ureka, which was more than a 75 footer was really designed to do because we would have to stop and fuel on the way. The Pacific seemed like a pretty large body of water for a small vessel, especially when it got a little rough. I stayed on the 257 until I think about November 1933 when prohibition was cancelled. I requested a transfer and

well))

went to the Itasca in Honolulu in December of 1933. There I served under three captains. It was interesting work in that we visited all of the islands. The chain of islands that goes out to the northwest almost to the 180 degree meridian. In fact we went across the small islands, from Midway we went across to Ocean Island which is on the other side of the 180 degree meridian. We visited all of these islands which were uninhabited, and we learned about the birds there--that they weren't used to man and they were unafraid. It was interesting to me that these islands were actual bird sanctuaries.

Later on, we were assigned to an interesting task. Transpacific Aviation was coming into being with Pan American, and Washington had decided to establish weather Howland stations on Jarvis, Holland, and Baker which were--well, Jarvis is a few miles, I think 13 miles south of the equator and about south of Christmas Island. Holland and Baker were about 1,000 miles almost due west, but they were slightly north of the equator. We took down Hawaiians and Army aerographers that had been given leave of absence and were assigned to, I believe, the Department of Interior. We established camps down there for them. Of course there was no water. These islands had been originally discovered, I believe, by Captain Cook. I know Jarvis was. There were no harbors. The islands were basically coral atolls which had filled with sand. The British in the latter part of the last century had depleted guano deposits. There were no trees on these islands. They were just sand, and we would stop at PALMYRA (sounds like "palm" something), and get palms which had already started to sprout and ~~take~~ them down, and we planted them on these islands. We had to take everything in through the surf, the building materials and the food supplies, and fresh water was a problem. We used 55-gallon drums, and we had

to tow them in with ship's launch. You became pretty experienced in going through the surf towing these, and the men on the beach would help you pull the drums in. We did this for over a year. We had to re-supply them; about every three months we would take water and more food down to them. I don't know exactly ~~why~~ we put these Hawaiian boys on, but they had a Mr. Bishop who was director of the museum and they knew there was some school in Hawaii—where they had, I would say, about as pure a Hawaiian blood. These were orphans or boys that were raised and being trained at the school, and they went down. As I say, I don't really know what their job was rather than I will say maintenance around, but I think it was for experience more than anything else. We would make these trips every three months, and on one occasion we went down to Samoa, Pango Pango, and laid over and came back. There had been a typhoon that had destroyed some American possessions that was about half way between Holland Island and Pango Pango. We stopped, we had been directed to stop there, and we all floated a bunch, I believe 900 pounds of rice and other, beans. I mean they were without food. This typhoon had blown away the coconuts and bread fruits, whatever they ate. The strange thing was that it was American possessions, owned by a German, and these natives were from all over the Micronesia area, of various groups. When we left, they came out in their outriggers and they sang a song, which was very similar to Aloha, which was odd. And another thing, we had some Hawaiian boys aboard who could converse with these people, although the language had changed somewhat, and they still could communicate. The only people that I met who spoke English was this German who owned the island. Their crop was coconuts which they made into copra. We went on down and spent about a month at Pango Pango and waited for one of the _____

MATSON
(Steamship Company)

(sounds like "Madsen") liners to come through and get fuel for our return trip. We had also reprovisioned and got more fresh water to take up, and so on the way back we resupplied the islands and went on home.

There was an interesting sideline in that Washington had sent a message out to us that the British were sending some ships up from Australia to investigate our taking over these British unoccupied islands, and since Jarvis was a thousand miles or more from the other two, the captain assigned me to go on 125-footer that was stationed in Hilo. I was a Senior Grade Lieutenant at the time and the ship was in command of a chief warrant officer. Anyway, I think the 125 footer probably had a one-pound saluting gun as its defense. A cruiser did come up and circle within visual range, probably five miles. He just circled and lay around for about a half a day and departed. I informed the Itasca what had happened, and we had used over half of our fuel by then. We still had well over 1,000—we had about 1,400 miles to get back to Honolulu, so we were ordered to return. There was a question of whether we were going to make the dock or not. It was quite an experience to go down. This was in about 1935.

The Itasca returned to the states in about November or December of 1936, and we had made a trip back to the states in the interim time to--the year was 1935. I was too navigator on the ship at the time. We came back and they were establishing a Pan American flight, and we went up about half way between Hawaii and San Francisco during the time the original flight was being made. And then we went from there to San Francisco and then went down off of Catalina Island where there were cutters from

Either choice: ^{ships names: ALL CAPS on} Itasca
OK

Seattle, I believe the Chelan, and then there were a couple of cutters from San Francisco.

It was the first and only time that I remember the cutters operating together, and it was for, well, we were shooting our short-range battle practice. In those days, I don't know whether you remember how battle practice was done, with just spice diagrams and so ^{slash}

forth. But from there, shortly after we arrived in San Diego and were settled, there had been some problems on one of the cutters up north. I was acting Exec of the Itasca at that

time, and Frank Kenner was captain. I mean the ship was undermanned because ~~I~~ was it

normally a Senior Lieutenant Commander ^{as} ~~with~~ Exec, I think, on the white cutters, and a

full Commander was the skipper. Anyway, I was transferred in temporary command to

the Perseus. And the Captain of the Perseus went up to some ship up north which was getting ready to go to Alaska. I stayed on the Perseus for a year and a half, ^{of} ~~in~~ which

about six or seven months I was acting ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ command. We were operating out of San

Diego. I got a call at home one night from the aide to the Secretary of the Treasury who I

knew, a Coast ^Gguard officer, and he says, "Joe, you're being transferred to San

Francisco." And I said, "I don't want to be moved. San Diego is a lovely place." (To

me, it's the best assignment you could wish.) He said, "Well, you'll understand when

you get there." So, anyhow, in due time I got my orders and I went up and I relieved the

communication officer. I had no special training in communications other than being

communication officer of a ship. After I had relieved the communication officer the

Admiral called me in and he had the Chief of Staff there, and he says, "Doebler, I will

now tell you what your real job is going to be." He said, "We are setting up a station to

copy Japanese ^{Kana} ~~kan~~ codes, and we are going to copy the Japanese Embassy circuits." I

said, "Well, Admiral, it is my understanding that this is a direct violation of International

Code." And, he said, "This comes from the very top." So we established a receiving station. He said, "Now, you can have all the money you need to set this up ~~train~~. You can pick any rate of man that you want that you think can be trained in kana codes." So, anyway, we set up a station and got special receivers and copied kana code. I copied that from the fall of 1938 and through to 1942, four and a half years. I set this station up at a small, unoccupied Army station out on the Pacific Coast, south of San Francisco. We had a nucleus of men I had known. I had picked up in Alaska, when I was up there in 1932, a strange code that was different from American Morse and I had no idea what it was. I used to sit up, I mean being in Alaska you have a lot of time on your hands, and I used to sit up in the spare, or emergency operator's, position and copy weather and other things. And I had run into this, and I didn't know what it was. Once when I was in Honolulu, I had been assigned to board with the Customs and the Coast Guard, when we were in, boarded ships from the Orient. I had been assigned to take about 25 or 30 men from our ship over on searching parties, and Customs had about the same. We would go through looking for heroin and opium. In the three years that I did this, the only time that we ever made any seizures, we had pre-information that there was dope aboard. Anyway, I had stopped, I was up past the radio room on this big liner, and I just stopped into the radio shack, and there was this Japanese operator who could speak English well. So I asked him if this might be a Japanese code, I mean because these ships all used American Morse in operating as all merchant ships did. I wrote down these dots and dashes of several of these, and he laughed. He said, "That's a Japanese kana code. Where did you get it?" I told him that I copied this when I was up in Alaska because the only music or most of our communications came in loud and clear from that section of

the world, and so I did have a smattering of kana. There was one radioman and between us we finally had 24 operators. We were copying 99 circuits. We were copying the Japanese fleet, and we were mailing all this stuff into the State Department. Well, in 1940, in talking to the communication officer at the 12th (~~sounded like "Falk"~~) Naval District, I met the communication officer of the Pacific. As far as I know, he had control of all of the districts of Alaska. I mean, there was Alaska and the Philippines, and Hawaiian Islands, wherever we had stations in the Pacific, it was my understanding, and he and I became quite friendly. A short time after that he asked me if I would take over some of the Navy work. I said he would have to talk with the Admiral that I worked for, Admiral Parker, because I was--my communications was really a blind. I mean I had a good Chief Warrant. That was Admiral, I believe--not Captain, Stanley Parker. You go back 35 or 45 years, I mean, it gets hazy. The only thing that seems strange with this assignment, as a Senior Grade lieutenant, I had my desk in the same office as the Chief of Staff, Captain Patch, and so I don't know as anybody ever . . . I went my way. It was very convenient in that our office was right across from the Comm Center, but it seemed odd to have a Lieutenant in with the Captain of the Chief of Staff. Communications didn't draw too much water in those days. As I was getting back to, Admiral Rubel, Pacific Chief of Communications, talked to Parker and Parker called me in and said, "Do you think that--?" He says, "How well do you know him?" I said, "Well, we're friends." I said, "We go out and inspect stations and then go play golf for the afternoon." And he says, "Is that all you got to do?" And I said, "Well, I've been instructed to be informed of the Navy communications." So at that time, I took over all the Navy radio direction finder stations in the Eleventh and Twelfth Districts. And I did inspect for him, they had

a base, they had just set up a large base, this was in 1941, I would say late 1941. The Navy had established a base at Eureka and they wanted me to go up--well, I made a whole trip of the coast, inspecting for security of classified material, if any, and really the DF stations, they had classified material, but it was used by everybody. I mean because anybody on merchant ships who have used these stations, it was all set in a code which facilitated bearing and so forth. But the Coast Guard, I think, at that time did take over the direction finder stations all over, I'm not sure. I'm only sure of the area in which I was working. So, I had gone around and made recommendations for I'll say adequate fire protection, and shortly, so that I had made a list of things that I thought was necessary at the time of war, because at that time about all they had at these stations was, like buckets of sand or barrels of water. These stations were rather old. I think they had probably been in since maybe World War I or before, I don't really know.

Then Rubel asked me one day about taking over this school, just supervising the running of the school. They were training young Ensigns and JGs to be communications officers. They had a school in Oakland. It was run by a Lieutenant Commander who was senior to me, and yet he wanted me to go and inspect it to see if I thought that the training was adequate and things of that nature. So we enjoyed a very good relationship. We started out having--every two weeks we would have a drill with the Navy and the Army, and we would alternate services of setting up the drill for the night, which was to be a two-hour, primarily communications drill. Our biggest problem turned out to be that the Army had no operators that could operate more than about six words a minute. Of course the Navy and the Coast Guard used the same communication manual and were all good

operators accustomed to operating 16 words a minute or better all of the time. As I say, the primary trouble was the Army, but we wanted to bring the men we had set up, I don't know who was the originator of that, but I assume it was Rubel. We had a meeting in which Admiral Parker went, and I went with him and with Rubel, and the subdistrict communication officer, and some Army personnel, there was a Brigadier General that I remember. We then set up this program with the crew and the various officers that were there. So this became quite a load--because working out a drill of that size took quite a lot of time—but we muddled through. I had the duty--we were standing duty. I can't remember the exact time that we started standing duties, but I had the duty on the night of December 6th, and on the morning of the 7th, my wife met me at the district office and we drove over to Mill Valley to see the now retired Admiral Windback. There was another WINBECK officer from the air station and his wife, and they were going to have a cookout, and the men went out to play golf about 11 o'clock or some time like that. The women came out, I believe about 1 o'clock and said that Pearl Harbor had been bombed and so we were to return to the stations. All persons had been ordered to return to their stations, so that ended the golf. At that time, Admiral Parker said that from then on that the only people who would stand district office duty were me and the Chief of Staff. There was about eight or nine Lieutenant Commanders in the district office that got out of his ^{the} duty, and it was every other day that you were on duty. You went to work like this morning and you come back tomorrow night, so that you weren't really home very much.

An incident occurred in which I was making an ^{QUARTERLY} ~~orderly~~ inspection of the safe, a regular audit of classified books, and they had turned up missing. The book was finally

located, and I had a meeting with Admiral Parker and said that I didn't feel that with more than one person having a combination of the safe that I should be held responsible for the classified material. So, he said, "What do you want to do?" I said, "I want to change the combination on the safe, and I will keep it and give Captain Patch a copy of it in a sealed envelope if they ever need it. From then on any message coming in when I wasn't in the office, I would have to come from my home in Berkeley to open the safe and decode the message. So, there was some nights I didn't get very much sleep. All in all, I enjoyed this tour of duty. The only thing was that Admiral Parker went to, I think, the Eastern area, and we got Commodore Roach, Phil Roach, and things really didn't change very much. He left everything as far as duty standing and my--he didn't enter into this Japanese code copying hardly at all. He didn't seem interested, he was _____ operations, and, of course, the war was on then. So, in the spring some time, a submarine surfaced up off Blunt Reef Lightship (sounds like "Blood Reef Lightship"), which is up near Eureka, and he just circled it and went on. I am sure that he meant no harm. It was more for, I will say, the propaganda because any Japanese vessels would need the navigational system as well as we did. Anyway, Blunt Reef (sounds like "~~Blood Reef~~") wanted a command, and they brought it into San Francisco. So, I was ordered at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to head up to Cape Mendocino, which is not too far, and lay out a system to install its equipment at "Blood Reef Lightship" and install a tower there so that—we already had a light, but they wanted a radio beacon station there. So I went up there. They accompanied _____ established a beach patrol, and large sections of the California coast which practically the original—just huge ranches, or woods, lumbering, things of that nature. There was very few towns, actually,

between San Francisco and the coast. There were probably a half a dozen small towns like Fort Bragg and Eureka, places like that, that were near the ocean. So there was a lot of telephone line or telephone cable that had to be installed for the beach patrol communications, and, of course, we did have in our office a chief warrant on telephone. So he took care of most of that work.

I had applied for sea duty shortly after war was declared, and the Admiral said that I had a red flag on my personnel card that I could not be moved on account of this code business. So when Commodore Roach came, I put in another request and personally took it in and told him that I would like sea duty. He sat at his desk and took it like this (motioning with his hands), he went over in one corner and took about an inch and he tore it right straight down and dropped it in the wastebasket and proceeded to do the whole letter in this manner. He said, "It won't go any farther than this office." So,

McElligott

anyway, Admiral McGaligut came out. We were setting up the station over at

Government Island for setting up crews for the new PF program. When Admiral

McGaligut came in, I was asked to drive him around, take him over to Government

Island. While acting as his chauffeur, I asked him about this PF program and why I

couldn't go. He said because of the code thing, and I said, "Well, the Navy now has--we

have installed a teletype direct to Washington, and it was going as far as I know to the

Pentagon or some other unit in Washington, direct as we copied and they were copying

on the teletype, and it went direct to Washington. And this had been an agreement to the

State Department that we were going to—it was worked out peacefully in Washington. I

had nothing to do with that. They had a meeting in San Francisco, a Commander Snow

from Naval Intelligence had come out. They had all the military services and the FBI and Customs, and they wanted to know if anybody—I mean they took them by services--and asked them if any of them were copying Japanese. And, since mine was top secret, I had been issued instructions not even to tell my wife what I was doing, that when it came my turn I told them that I did have some information, that it was top secret, and that I could not divulge any information without my superior's permission. So they broke up the meeting and Snow told me he wanted to meet the Admiral, and Red Rubel came over and he said, "We've been friends all of these years, and you've never even mentioned it to me." And we sort of laughed. I said I was given instructions to tell no one, and there were only three people in the office that knew, the Chief of Staff, the District Commander, and myself. The result was that I took him down and introduced him to Admiral Parker, and he explained who he was and gave me his identification and all and Admiral Parker called Washington and they were well aware of what was going on. They said that to put in this communication system at the Navy's expense and let them have--from then on, I did not receive or handle any of the--that we were copying Germany, we were copying the Japanese fleet. It was interesting that about ten days prior to Pearl Harbor, the Japanese fleet went on radio silence. I notified Washington that the Japanese fleet were maintaining radio silence. This didn't mean that they were out on maneuver, they could have been in port or they could have been on their way to Midway or wherever, you know, to Pearl Harbor. When I talked to Admiral McGaligut, he said, "I will see what I can do." He said, "If this thing is running itself without very much supervision on your part--. In about a month, I received my orders in January, I believe it was 1943, and I went over to the station and there was a Captain Osterman who was in

charge. Being a next senior person who was available at that time anyway, he made me Exec in forming these crews and setting up schools and having been around the San Francisco area as long as I had, I had spent seven years in that general area, I knew the whole area very well. So, anyway, we were setting up schools for the engineers with the type of engines and different things that were necessary to train the men in the type of work that they would be doing aboard ship. This became a rather interesting project. So, Osterman asked me one day, "Why don't you take on the job as permanent Exec and I said, "I've been ashore five years." I said, "I'm forgetting what a ship looks like." He was there alone, and so I had him out to dinner and he talked to my wife about trying to talk me into staying on as Exec, and she said, "I don't have anything to do, when he makes up his mind that he wants to do something as far as the service is concerned, why, that is his business." Anyhow, it finally came time to send some people down to ~~San~~ San Pedro, California, where they were building some of the PFs and it so happened that the *Glendale* and *Long Beach* were being built there. They would be the first two. The *Long Beach* was slated to be a training ship, and I didn't want that. So, being in a position where I was setting up the crew, I assigned myself to the *Glendale*, which was supposed to go. It was very interesting that under this new project there were no ship's orders, no ~~Midtling~~ damage control books, and that--Tom Middling and I went all through these two ships—he was assigned to the *Long Beach* and we worked together. Well, I went over to a destroyer and told them what my problem was, and they gave me a copy of their ship's orders. A friend there, they gave me a good background of how to set up a set of ship's orders, I'll say Navy Star, and they gave me watch station, quarter (sounds like "field") and then in working out, they gave me a copy of damage control so I would know how to

set one up. And it was quite a job of going through every compartment and getting all the various ~~dents~~ and wiring and whatever, what they contained, so it was a job that was very ^{time} consuming. So, anyway, it came time to set up a date that the *Glendale* was to go in commission and I called up the Admiral. I said, "These ships aren't ready for commission." I said, "The wiring on them--." We were ringing out the circuit, you could push a button on the bridge and it was, I'll say, to call the engine room, and a deck charge would go off or something. They really were quite a chore. So, finally, it came down that they had set this date and a group of Washington, I'll call them bigwigs, was coming out to celebrate, and this was, the Admiral explained, to develop the morale of the shipyard. And, so, I had refused to accept the ship, and the Admiral said that he would write me a letter accepting full responsibility for the Navy just in order to-- so I accepted the ship under that condition and we went from there to a Navy shipyard at Long Beach. And, after our training and shakedown off San Diego, the *Long Beach* which was carrying a division command set out for Pango Pango. It was interesting that when we got off, the harbor had been mined, and since I had been in Pango many years before, the division commander told me to lead the way into Pango Pango where we stayed and we had some other work done. We stayed a couple of weeks there and the *Glendale* was called out on emergency. We had a blow with some fishing vessel that had either been lost or was overdue, and I had to go out and search for that. So, from there we went to New Caledonia--both of us went--traveled all the way together. I met Frankie Kanner, *Kenner* some kind of Coast Guard land guard for personnel and other problems that might come up. And from there we went to Gladstone, Australia, and then on up to Cairns for advance training, and we stayed there a couple of weeks, and then we went behind the

Great Barrier Reef from Gladstone to Cairns. And then you come out into the Coral Sea and you go up, in them days it was on the southeast end of New Guinea Island, and we did some more advance work with submarines and night firing and things of this nature. Then, we went, I can't remember the date that we arrived--off Buna, where the subfleet flagship, the Blue Ridge, Admiral Bardy, and of course we made our calls. And two days later, I was called over to the Blue Ridge, the operations, and was notified that I would take a 24 battle loaded LST--I would rendezvous about ten miles north of Buna that night and take them on up to Finch Harbor, which was a couple of hundred miles up the coast. And I was given a couple of small, I think they were 110-foot World War I boats, that had been resurrected out of whatever the reserve fleet was. We were really the formation of the Seventh Fleet, and so it kind of made a chill run down my back that here I was going up in a combat area and never experienced a shot in anger. I didn't know what to expect. Anyway, you put through Intelligence and they told you where to expect submarines or where to expect Japanese planes, and we went up that night and nothing happened out of the ordinary. I came back with a couple of offloaded ships that--as far as Buna—and from there they were on their own. From then on, I acted as a task group commander. I would sign my own call and task group number, which I carried in a book. Every time that I went to sea after that with a convoy, I was always assigned as task group commander in charge of the convoy, and it was my job to get the intelligence and everything and write up orders for the masters of the vessels. We were running mostly Mersig Merchant (sounds like "Mersig") convoys, in which it was both Navy and merchant ships combined, except when we went in on actual beach operations, that--everything was handled by Mersig which was very awkward compared to operating by radio, TBS.

Anyhow, I went in on, there was a ship, and we went in on--we actually went in on six different beach operations. I think the first one was--this is known as a--sort of a scouting force that went in. We went into the Admiralty Islands and took scouts, landed those that we had, a couple of battalions, Marines or soldiers, I really didn't know, and after this small island, the Admiralties were secured. We took in CBs. Now this was *Sea Bee* done without a big operation from MacArthur. All other operations were things that came from MacArthur's office with big, thick warplans or battle plans, whatever, and you had to go through that and peel out that part which pertained to the particular task group that you were going to have. Then you got the commanding officers of these various ships, and you're screened and briefed and passed out the information that you had prepared on mimeograph for them. So, we did have a lot of extra work to do in preparing for these operations. Then, I can't remember whether we next went in to the main harbor of the Admiralties, which was a big coral of atoll, and I was the second ship in the way they would go in, that the *Glendale* was the second ship there, and a destroyer had gone in ahead of me. Then there was quite a few ships, and we were doing shore bombardment. Then some command LSTs came in. These were large ships that--it was an interesting operation. They would flood them until the deck inside of the LST they had, was full of personnel carriers and vessels of that type, that was landing shore craft, and they had Marines in there, and they made an attack on the main island. They opened up the back of the ships and all of these small craft fully loaded and headed for the beach where we were bombarding. So, in going in and out of this particular opening, there was a buoy, a spar buoy that was there, but the Japanese would go out at night and pull it over

so you could hit a reef if you weren't on your toes. We didn't stay very long. That night I took back an LST hospital ship of dead and seriously wounded men. I took them back to Finch Harbor and several LSTs that were in this joint maneuver back to Finch Harbor with a screen that belonged to my task force. When we went into Atapi, Hollandia, and some other place near Hollandia, it was quite a large organization, and it was the first time that I had seen a Japanese sea plane that was flying well off, I mean out of gun range. He came periodically back. We went up through the Vitiad Straits and around the Admiralty Islands and then headed due south again to our positions. About midnight we split up. I was with the group that went to Atapi, and I was in charge of the screen off the Atapi to protect the ships that had gone in and landed. We landed, made our beachhead about 6:30 in the morning, shortly after daylight. I will say one thing for the Navy, they were very punctual. We had had trouble with the Seventh Air Fleet in that they were supposed to strafe and bomb the beaches about 6 o'clock, and we were to go in 30 minutes later. If they were late, and on one occasion they were late and had strafed our own men on the beach and shot six of them down. American planes and General Kenney was quite angry about it, and there was a meeting at General MacArthur's office. After that, the Navy said that we would not use the Seventh Fleet except for softening the beaches days before the invasion was to take place. We had no more trouble. We used aircraft carrier from the Third or Fifth Fleet, it was the same fleet. But anyway, we would have those come in and they were always right on the money. So we had no further troubles as far as that went. But we went into it, well, actually, I went in on seven operations, I got credit for six Battle Stars, which was Mortai and Palau, and of course ⁷ the Philippines and a couple more that escapes me at this time. But we were--I went up

to the Philippines twice. I can't remember whether Sprow was with us. We had, on the last, it was our last trip, and then we were coming back to the States when they had the big battle, when the old battleships held, I think the Fifth Fleet was sucked out up north by a carrier group and the main force came through, I think it was Surigao Straits or something. Anyway, the only thing we had there were these old battleships from about 1912 or something of that order, but they did their job. I was about, I would say that night, I had one more, about a hundred miles off shore, and I was ordered to make a--go into Cosal Rose, and I had to make a--turn a convoy at night. We had 36 ships and 7 vessels in a screen, and turning on Mersigs at about 2.5 degrees at a time, it took about six hours to get turned around to head, to head about east to go in there and the next morning, of course, the battle was over and I was told to turn around and come on in. So, I was about a day late getting into heybe (sounds like "Lady").

When we went up to places like that, they kept us until you only had enough fuel to get back. They didn't want to fuel you up there because of the shortage. I remember coming down this one trip, and I had six destroyers which had kamikazes on the flying bridge and were completely burned out. They were steering them from the stern, and it was, they couldn't make but about 9 knots which was pretty sad. The rest of the ships—while we had been under attack up there, the ships weren't equipped for night firing, which we weren't, were not supposed to fire--it would divulge your—and you weren't hitting anything anyway, you couldn't see the planes in time. So you sat there rather helpless, and we did. When I had taken a convoy into Palau, we ran into one typhoon and I had to stay for about five days or so, so we could deliver the ships to the proper

authorities. And we had another typhoon when I was anchored in ^{Leyte} ~~Lady~~ Gulf, right off the islands of ^{Leyte} ~~Lady~~. I remember being on a flying bridge, and we had these vents that threw the air up, but these raindrops were about as big as cherries. They came right on through and my forehead was just peppered with red bumps the next day. So we had ~~boat~~ ^{both} chains out and ^{were} ~~was~~ running our engines to maintain our positions. The wind velocity—ours went off the scale. I really don't have any idea what the speed was—but I would guess it was around probably 125 miles an hour. It was over 100. I think our manometers only went up to about 90, something of that order. But anyway they wouldn't catch it.

One of the interesting things working off the New Guinea coast was that our charts had been German surveys made about 1890, and it was all in meters which we weren't familiar with. I mean you had to be very careful to remember feet and meters, particularly in shoal water. After that trip, we had stayed up about a week, and the Admiral had called me over because you have to file a report—what we had lost in that time. Two ships and a good many men had been lost or injured. We were under bombing, and torpedoes, and kamikazes from around 7:30 or 8:00 o'clock in the morning until almost sundown. It was a very tiring time. Exciting, I would say, in that it was the worst that we had encountered. And we stayed up there, and the Admiral of the Thirteenth Fleet after I'd submitted my battle report, he invited me over and we talked, and he asked me if I would be willing to stay up and take over command of the PT forces in the Philippines for him. I told him that this was my last trip and that I was cutting the division and going to Italy, and that I had been in combat over a year and that I was

getting tired and needed a rest. He said, "Well, if you change your mind, let me know." And so, anyway, we came back. We stopped at the Admiralty Islands and we brought down a convoy of ships. We split off and took the destroyers into the Admiralties, the ones that had been badly damaged or bridges had been burned out. They had a big naval base in the Admiralties and we had spare parts there. These were picked up for our division, and I think we met the rest of the division there. I had, as I recall, four of the division ships in our convoy when we went to the Philippines. Anyhow, we had loaded up and so this was the first time--we were on our way home--that all six of the ships had ever operated as a unit. Commodore Ford wanted to—it was sort of funny in that he was putting us through our paces in various formations and things like that—we were on our way home. Our first stop was Bora-Bora, and we refueled there, and then from there we went to the canal, through the canal. We stopped in Charleston to get warm weather clothing, and I was ordered to Washington and then to the Atlantic Fleet intensive in Philadelphia, I believe, CinClant (sounds like "Saylant"). From there I went on up to Boston. While I was in Washington, I was approached by a communication officer that there would be a job open, they were setting up a new Air-Sea Rescue which was a joint service thing. All the Air Force, and the Army, and the Navy, and the Coast Guard would be in that and at that time the Coast Guard, Admiral Donahue, was being set up in charge of it. He was an aviator. Practically everybody in that unit were aviators except one man in boats and myself. I was put in charge of communications. But anyway I went up and relieved Ford. I went up to Boston Navy Yard and relieved Ford of the division, and, in about a month or two, I was ordered to Washington for duty. Having served with air craft on search missions, I felt that one of our weakest problems was that

an airplane--I remember an incident when I had the purser of an aircraft locating the ship, and he flew out with me and wagged his wings and pointed, and in, I would say probably 10 or--I started out that way, but it took about 10 or 15 minutes for the message to go back to our station and then from there to the plane. I mean the plane's message went to their station, to our station, and out to the ship which is rather awkward. I felt that it would be much easier if the plane could talk to us direct. But there was something in the regulations that went higher than, at least the people I worked for, to authorize this. But I felt in an emergency it was necessary that the plane could tell you the situation and you could become prepared for it as you approached. In that particular case, it was a--they were having PBY searches off shore by the Navy and they had run into a yacht about 200 miles off shore. It had painted on the sail SOS. The sea was calm, and the PBY landed and there had been two murders on this yacht. Nobody on the yacht knew how to sail, or where they were at, or anything. There were two women and a baby and a couple of young sailors is all that was left. Well, I was on patrol and, of course, got the job. And then we went out, and we didn't know what to expect having already two murders. We got some machine guns up on deck and when our boat went over, we were well ready to protect them. Anyhow, we took the boat in tow. The people that were left were harmless, and so I left a couple of men on board and we took the rest of our boat's crew and we took them aboard, and we towed this vessel back. We were coming by, oh the island south of Catalina, I can't remember the name of it now, about 25 miles south, a big island, and I hadn't thought too much about this episode. A plane came out and the door was off and there was a camera in there and you could see this man cranking it out. By the time we got off for Catalina, we were met by a boat that was carrying FBI agents, and

I don't know if there was anybody else aboard or not. But, anyway, by the time that we entered San Pedro Harbor, and the vessel—I still had it in tow—there were about 20 different agencies that had become involved in this vessel. It was called the _____ (sounds like "Offgee"). It was a sailing vessel. Anyway, my instructions—there was a Captain Jack—this was--the Eleventh District was a section of the Twelfth District as far as the Coast Guard was concerned, and Captain Jack came down and gave me instructions that nobody was to board this vessel and to talk to no media on anything. We stayed there and they took all of the people and we just got into the boat until finally we were relieved. I don't know who took it over, whether it was Customs or who took charge of the vessel or whether it was some local port authorities. This was when I was in command of the Perseus—1937 or 1938. But, later, I think a Coast Guard officer, Carl Bowman, bought the Offgee, and I actually went out sailing with him one time when I was down there on inspection duty, he invited me to take a sail with him on a Sunday. We sailed out of San Diego Harbor. I think he was either flying—he had some position—whether he was in command of the air station by then, I doubt it. I think he probably was Exec at the air station. I think Volemi was probably *Bellamy?* commanding officer. It's pretty hard to go back 40 or 50 years off the top of your head.

After I had been on this yacht—it was interesting in setting up these Air-Sea Rescue plans. At that time, they had tried to make one service out of the military and when the areas were set up, the various services wanted to get whoever they had, Admiral or General, to be the senior one there, and it was quite a horse race. The only way that I ever came in to this sort of thing was I used to go around when they would be setting up

the Air-Sea Rescue plan, that somebody from our office would be there and this communications was one of the primary things. I seemed to get these jobs, and so I remember going to Alaska, I think it was in February, I would say around 1945, I'm not sure. I was ordered to go to Kodiak where they were holding a meeting on Air-Sea Rescue. And Alaska went last because it was probably the most difficult area because of its size, and the islands, and the water, the severity, and the lack of roads and things of that nature. I think a problem was more whether a job could be handled by the ships or whether it could be handled, I'll say, by dog teams or aircraft, whatever, because there were few landing areas in Alaska. After I arrived, I called on Admiral Russell who was in command with the Naval District. He said after we had talked a few minutes, "I would like for you to do me a big favor this morning because I'm having some problems. I am going to introduce you as being from Washington and having attended many of these conferences, and ask that you be placed in charge." He said, "Would you object?" And I said, "Of course not." He said, "My reasons are that they flew in a General into the big air base at Anchorage, and he's coming down and he's senior to me." And so anyway, he came down and during the introductions of the meeting, of course I was introduced, and he asked the General, he told him who I was and that he suggested that since they were both new at this game and that I had been around various places setting up, attending these meetings, suggested that I take the--and the General agreed and they went off. I got the people together and I told them what departments would have to be set up like communications and area. I said in this particular place, Alaska was something that we had brooded over a long time about where and who would have charge of what air ways, and so I said that that group should be very careful in selecting what the units would be

assigned to, what service, and that I thought that a great deal of it would be joint because of the extreme size. And, we set up all the various things that were necessary and I didn't have anymore to do but sit there and answer questions that might come up. The Coast Guard had representatives there because we had a couple of ships up there. I know there was an air base just near Ketchikan, and I think the district office at that time was in Ketchikan because the command of the district had sent word that he wanted me to fly to Ketchikan and talk to him about what the results were and what I thought about it before I went back to Washington. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a young fellow came in, and he asked if anybody here played bridge--big room where we all were working. I held up my hand, and so we stepped outside. He said, "Can you be at the Admiral's at 4 o'clock to play bridge?" I said, "I have no communication." He said, "If you can play *transportation* bridge," he said, "don't worry about communications. I will see that you get there." So anyway, every night for three or four nights that I was there, I spent the evening playing bridge with the Admiral and a couple of his other senior officers. And I was very lucky. The first hand that I had, my partner was Admiral Russell, and I didn't know what rules they played by or if they played by their own, and I had a slam bid. We were playing for money, a small amount, and anyway I won every rubber. They were kidding me towards the end that I would probably leave for Washington early if this kept up.

My duty in Washington was in a way cut short in that ^{the} ~~a~~ commandant whom I knew personally had called me in and told me they were having some problems on the ice breaker, *Mackinaw*, and that he was going to send me up there in command. It was the only ship that the ~~commandant~~ actually picked the commanding officer for. Because it

had political implications, they used it as a show boat and there were various people while I was on there, there were senators and congressmen and there was a man from Norway, an expert on ice breaking, and others from Canada and Iceland, that they had all made trips with me. They wanted a commanding officer who could meet the public and entertain them properly and give them the information that they wanted. So it was a two-year job and Admiral Farley said, "When you finish your two years, I'm going to bring you to Washington." Which he did. I liked it up there. The Chamber of Commerce had written to Congressman Potter and told him that I was being transferred and they wanted me to stay up there, that I got along well with the City, and the ship was--. While I was there the congressman, who was a friend of the Coast Guard, he dropped dead at the Coast Guard Academy, and he was from that area. At that time, the *Mackinaw* had been built so wide that it couldn't be taken out of the lakes. So they had agreed on Sheboygan as being its home port which was, I would say, a very logical choice. It being almost at the head of Michigan where you went through the Strait. The only problems I that really ran into--the problems I'd been ^{sent} set up were quite easily solved by getting the Chief of Police and the Mayor and the leaders of the community together and laying it on the line that I had some instructions that if this could not be solved, that we were going to move the ship. What had happened, this was during the time of demobilization, and the Coast Guard was being used as a model of fitting out the service. And they had made one grave error in my opinion in that men coming back from LORAN stations, they had men coming back that had been away from home a long time and had all of their points and for some reason the service wanted them to finish four years. Now, I had been a sailor in the Navy before I went to the Academy. And there, when a ship sailed and a man's time

was up before the ship returned, if he only had about three months to do, they would give him an honorable discharge on three years and nine months or whatever. I thought that this would have been a better solution because we had a full crew. But, for instance, we were getting electronic technicians that had been on LORAN stations for three or four years and wanted out. They were not interested in any of the equipment. They had never seen the equipment on board ship and they weren't about to learn. I didn't feel that you could force people like that to--say, "Now listen, sit down and learn how to fix this radar." We had three radars on the *Mackinaw*. I think we were the first Coast Guard ship also that carried a helicopter. I am not sure about that, but I know I got a message that we were getting a helicopter, and I had a week to build a deck on the quarterdeck. We just bought a lot of 2 x 12's. I didn't know what it weighed. I guessed at the size we would need, and we had it built. Commander Erickson, Swede Erickson, brought it up that he was . . . Anyway, he stayed with us during this ice season and Eddie Rowland, he was--I think that he was Chief of Staff of the Ninth District at the time. Anyway, he came up and was in charge of the various ships that were on the ice-breaking expedition up there. They had made some lighthouse tenders as ice-breakers. They could handle thin ice but they would , sometimes you'd have to go pull them out, they were just stuck themselves. The *Mackinaw* was a very successful ice breaker, and we used all three screws, a bow and a ~~turn~~^{twi} screw^s to very good advantage. The ice breakers that were in the Atlantic—I think they finally took the bow screws off because they didn't work well in the heavy ice that they ran into up in the northern waters. But, in two years I went back as Assistant Chief of Communications and after I had been there about three years, they wanted me to—we were getting back some ice breakers, I believe, and other ships that had been

Roland

loaned to Russia and Britain, and we got some cutters back from Britain and they were up in Curtis Bay. I had prevailed upon them that I had been on shore duty a long time, and that I would rather go out on weather patrol, and I had never had duty in the Atlantic. So I was given the *Spencer* out of New York.

I had some very interesting experiences there. I remember that we came in off of, well we didn't come into the yard, we went into Bermuda from being on a weather station, and we spent the whole time there in exercises in Air-Sea Rescue, and the planes we had there actually _____ and the Air Force, they had some weather planes there, and they participated. There was a group with two other Coast Guard cutters besides the *Spencer*, and there was a division of Canadian frigates which were somewhat different than our frigate. And they all participated in these exercises and they, also, we did night work. We had three guppy submarines from the Navy, and we practiced night attacks on these guppies which were a smaller submarine but very maneuverable. The waters were rather stable off of Bermuda so you could pick these up in quite a range, and it was a very interesting month or month-and-a-half that we did. Then we went back on weather patrol, so we didn't get in for quite a time.

After my tour on the *Spencer*, my son was in his third year at Annapolis and my daughter was engaged to a fellow Cadet at West Point. I had been assigned back to Honolulu. I enjoyed my tour in Honolulu very, very much, but my wife had been sick. For some reason, some wives do not become acclimated into this hot weather, and my wife happened to be one of them. I requested a transfer after I had been out there for

about a year, and they said they had no objections to me sending my wife back there, but my tour^{of} duty was three years. Anyway, I stayed on the ship and came back—I didn't feel it was fair to take my wife back out there, and I could see my way clear. I had over 27 years of service, so I put in for retirement and it was granted. I had a home up in northern Michigan—I had bought the land and built a summer home up on Burke Lake. So we left New York and went up there. I had a friend in the Coast Guard Reserve who owned a manufacturing plant in Altoona, and he wanted me to come over and work for him. I went over and worked two years for him in accounting and I was comptroller of the company. I worked for two years after that, but I said I was paying the Government too much in taxes, and I had retired, really, to hunt and fish and play golf and enjoy my life. I have really never regretted it. After I left Patch Manufacturing, we came to Florida and we built the house right across the road. It's a small house. It was a place to come in the winter, and our lake here, Crooked Lake, is one of the deepest lakes and the cleanest lakes in Florida, and the best fishing. We spent two years down here going all over Florida looking for a place that we would like to build and settle down and still spend our summers in Northern Michigan. So, anyhow, we did that for--I retired in 1954 and then we had six of the nicest years of playing golf, and doing what I wanted to do, and spending our winters in Florida and our summers up there—I had an inboard up at the other place in a marine railway, and a very comfortable cottage on the lake. I had cleaned off the land, and had bought more, not because I wanted more land so much as it had a lot of fallen balsam and stuff of that nature and it would burn like somebody had poured gasoline on it. And, anyhow, I bought it and was clearing it off, burning. I was dirty, and you might guess sweaty in building these fires and cleaning up this stuff. It

was good exercise, and you could do this when you felt like it. And a car drove up, and they said, "Do you know of any lots that are for sale?" I said, "Yah, there are some lots around here for sale." And I said, "This lot I'm working on—it's for sale." I hadn't talked to my wife or anything. The man had come up deer hunting and I guess he was in a bar or something, anyway, he bought this lot and his wife, he wanted to build a cabin up there, and his wife, he was from Detroit, and his wife would have none of it. And so he wanted to sell it, he was just wanting to get his money out of it. So I said I would buy it, just so I can clean it up. I said I wanted to protect my own property. And anyway, this fellow said, "Well, who's the owner?" I said, "I am." I probably looked like some laborer. Anyway, I went in, I talked to my wife, and we had never even discussed selling it. But anyway, I pulled a number out of my head, and we were going to build down here that fall anyway, so he said that he wanted his son, Bob, to see it, and I said, "Well, I am leaving Monday." This was on Friday, I said, "I'm leaving Monday for Florida, and I won't be back until next Memorial Day." So he talked to his wife awhile, and so he said, "Do you have the papers?" I said, "Yah." So my wife got the papers, the deed to the property. We went up and he bought it that afternoon and paid cash. He was in the jewelry business down in Ohio, and they still own it. We visited them, my wife and I, a couple of years ago. Well, it was a good thing we did. We got the money, we didn't have quite enough to build. We only wanted to build a small home down here for the months that we would be here. And we had a permanent home up north, a three-bedroom place overlooking the lake, and land was so expensive down here that I didn't, although I would have liked to ^{have} been on Crooked Lake, I didn't feel that I had enough money, I didn't want to go in the hole that much to-- We stayed two years here because this is the

center of the state, east and west, and north and south, and we went all along the coast and we would stay a week or so, and there was a couple of places that we were fond of, but they were on salt water, and as much as I like salt water, I couldn't afford the type of boat I would enjoy fishing offshore, either in the Gulf or in the Atlantic. I would want a substantial boat, and we did have a friend out on Anna Marie Island, that owned--the Black Witch was about 45 or 50 feet. He was a Navy officer that I had met in Pango years and years before, and anyhow, he was--they were making a business out of this, of taking passengers out for hire. I didn't want to get into anything like that, and I wanted to be free to leave in the summertime, and so we elected to stay right here. We bought us a lot, a half-acre lot, and built us a home. And very fortunately, well, in 1958, our daughter and her husband were out at Scofield Barracks in Hawaii, so we went out to Hawaii and spent a month with them, and then we flew to Japan and spent a month over there and came back on a transport—I think they were run by the Army, (MSTS) they used to be. They had a commercial crew on it, but it was a large ship and then in 1960 I had a heart attack and in those days they--I was practically an invalid for a year, the way the doctor was handling it. And so he advised me to sell my place in Michigan and—I had other property up there—they were building the Interstate, and this place had been previously rather isolated, but with the Interstate coming up, it was only a matter of about four hours to Detroit. So this property had been a good investment. So anyway we went up and sold everything we had in one summer and came down and we have, my wife and I, I lost my first wife in 1975. She had a stroke in 1970 and became, well, she was a diabetic so she turned--was completely helpless for five years and passed away. She was buried in Arlington. This lady had become a widow about a year before, and, oh, I don't know, I

was at six or seven months after my wife had passed away. I called her up one day, and I said, "Would you care to go out to dinner? I hate to go out and eat alone all the time." She said she would go, and we started going out to dinner once or twice a week, and we found out that we got along very well together and so we were both in the same boat you might say, so we got married and we have been married six years now, and are very happy. She raises cats, as you can see. This is not my favorite one. And that's up to now. I have had a very good life. I did have, about a year-and-a-half ago I had another heart attack that was brought on by, I was working when it was too hot and humid. The only reason I bring it up is the difference in the way they handled it. The first time I was in the hospital flat on my back for a month. And the second time, I went in, I was I think five days in intensive care, and then I was put in a ward with a monitor on me and I stayed another five days, and they sent me home. Then they told me after a week to start exercising gradually and in no time at all--within a month--I was out pushing lawnmowers.

SG: Going back to some of the communication duties: That incident in the Pacific Coast, when you were in the 165-footer—an aircraft spotted the disabled yacht and signaled you by wagging his wings and heading towards the —and probably also buzzing his engine up and down.

JD: No. He just made a big circle and came up behind me and waggled his wings, and then he headed off in the direction in which the yacht was. He went off—it was a classmate of mine, Bill _____.

SG: He did have radio equipment on board? You had radio, but you could not talk to each other.

JD: Well, it was due to IRAC.

SG: So you didn't have a common frequency?

JD: But, in my opinion, we could have worked on ²⁶⁷⁰2670, which was a calling frequency, we could have worked on that in an emergency.

SG: Now the reason I asked that--Howland Island was the destination, final destination for Amelia Earhart, and I have heard numerous statements to the effect that there was no common frequency between the ship that the Coast Guard put down there and Amelia Earhart, airborne. Do you know about that?

JD: Yes. As strange as it may seem, about a year or so ago, a man came by who was writing a book about Amelia Earhart and made some statements that I said, I told him, I said, "A lot of what you are saying is wrong." I had been a navigator on ^{ITASKA}a task when we made these trips down. These islands were fixed very well, and, of course, you might know working in the Pacific, you used Mercator work sheets, anyway. You didn't rely upon some map that had the whole Pacific Ocean on it. And he had made the remark that they found that on the map or map similar to the one she was using, that the island was eight miles out of position. Well, that might have been an eighth of an inch on a large map of that nature that took in, I don't know exactly whether it was a nautical map they had at that time or whether they were using great circle, must have been something of

that nature, and they could well have missed it, but the thing was they were planning an early morning arrival and they well could have lost it in the track of the sun. I mean, the shining on the water, because these islands were only about a mile long, they weren't much over that.

SG: And about ten feet high?

JD: Well, they were just barren sands, the ones, the ^{SP}Holland and Baker were still barren sand when I had--on my last trip down there, at least they were. We abandoned the islands when we had all the information that we wanted from there. I believe I left the *Itasca* before, I mean, in San Diego when I went to the *Perseus* before Amelia Earhart was making this trip. But I had some information that was at least given to me as being the truth, that the Coast Guard in Miami had forbidden Amelia to take off without this, a low frequency, that we could take direction finder bearings on her, which was around I would say around 300 to 600 kilocycles. It was in the distress band, and was dumped (sounds like "dump or bump") as she wanted to carry more gasoline. Anyway, she had contacted Mrs. Roosevelt, and through her efforts and the President's, they permitted other services to grant her permission to leave this low frequency transmitter off; it would give her a couple hundred more pounds or something like that, but eventually it really cost her her life. Or at least I feel that it did, because they could have contacted her on 500, I mean in an emergency, and taken bearings on her anywhere between 300 and 600 kilocycles, but that--now there was, I forget which ship, because the *Itasca* I know was sent down and the ship, I forget which one--there was one of the 327s that relieved us in Hawaii, the *Taney*. I'm sure the *Taney* was there, and then finally they had the Navy down there. But that's about as much as I know. But anyway this man was telling me a

lot of stuff, information that he had. He was writing a book on her. I said, "Well, you're going back a long time." I think this was about 1937, I guess.

SG: She made her first flight in 1937, landed at Hiccum^k Field and did some damage to her plane, so she came back to Oakland, and then went around the world in the opposite direction. Well, you've been very good at sharing your information about what the Coast Guard did, what the Coast Guard has done, and much of your own personal life, and I want to thank you.

JD: I enjoyed my service career very much. I served on three of the white cutters and I had my second command when I was a Senior Grade Lieutenant, and my third was the *Glendale*, and then I served on the *Mackinaw* and the *Spencer*. So I had my sea duty, and the rest of the time was primarily, I'll say communications and intelligence. When I was in Washington, we had a department, one office that was--we were translating about 30 or more languages for the state department. Why I don't know. I never, I was assistant communication officer. Admiral McKay was, he was Chief of Communications, but he was never there. This was a time of change, and during the war so many things had changed. We commandeered all of the merchant marine frequencies, and aviation was going transatlantic on long flights and needed more frequencies, and so there was a radical change in communication, I mean frequency allocations. So he was quite busy with that. I could handle the operation end of it alright.