

CHAPTER FIVE
High School
Washington, District of Columbia

Of course, the principal event during my early teens was entering high school in September of 1943. That summer I took a competitive exam and won a full four year tuition scholarship to the private school of my choice. The sponsor was the Roosevelt Council of the Knights of Columbus in Takoma Park, Maryland. My first choice was St. John's, the local private military school. However, Mom's choice was the Jesuit taught Gonzaga High School in downtown Washington, D.C. Gonzaga was a prep school principally for Georgetown University. Father Hunter Guthrie, Mom's first cousin (his mother and grandmother Curtin were sisters), was, at that time, the President of Georgetown University. Fordham University in the Bronx, New York, was a similar institution to Georgetown and Father Guthrie had previously taught there. Mom's older brother, Daniel, had matriculated at Fordham. So, with lots of friendly persuasion I was rotated to Gonzaga.

By way of footnote: I believe that the good Knights paid about \$500 annually for my education. I checked in 1997, at which time Gonzaga's annual tuition fee was \$7,500 with about 25% of the 815 student body receiving some sort of tuition aid. Also by 1997, 31% of the student body was minority and two-thirds commuted from the greater Washington suburbs. I commuted from Maryland and was one of the commute exceptions in that wartime era.

Gonzaga High School is a Jesuit operated private four year high school. It prepares students with a general arts background for entrance to a four year college. It principally refers graduates to the locally Jesuit run Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.

Gonzaga first opened in the early 1800's in the tough "Swampoodle" section of D.C. This area, near the downtown Union Train Station, was even seedier by 1943 and by my 50th anniversary in 1997; it had become downright dangerous, at least after hours. The faculty in 1943 was principally Jesuit. By comparison today (2011), the percentage of lay (non-Jesuit) faculty is quite high.

The Jesuit order is a sixteen year journey from deaconship (called "Scholastic") to final orders as a priest. My teachers were principally "scholastics", known by the title "Mister". Students commencing with their entry as "frosh" (freshmen) were also called "mister" followed by their surname. I'm certain that many of my business and social contacts over the decades wonder where I learned to be so formal. I now believe that this commenced with my entrance to Gonzaga.

The author Graham Greene has a neat quote which identifies this moment in my life: "There is always one moment in childhood when the door opens and lets the future in." Don't forget that we are talking about fourteen year olds, or the time period just at the later phase of childhood.

I commuted by bus from Takoma Park, Maryland, considered in those days to be a rural suburb of Washington, D.C. The bus dropped me three blocks from Gonzaga and I would navigate through the human derelicts in the gutters with their wine or whiskey bottles from the prior evening. School dress was always coat and tie. Further, Gonzaga was formed on the bedrock of DISCIPLINE! A wonderful forty-seven year old Jesuit, Father Cornelius A. Herlihy, S.J, was the school's "Prefect of Discipline." He, himself, had previously graduated from Gonzaga High School in 1913, prior to joining the Jesuits in 1914. With the name "Cornelius" I'm certain that Father grew up in the tough Swampoodle section learning to defend himself on many occasions. Father Herlihy was also athletic director and football coach. More about this later... Father had two controls to his discipline: First, a whistle, and when blown for the second time it meant all hell was coming down upon the offender; and second, JUG (Judgment Under god). A class Beadle (scribe) would tally daily discipline offenses warranting JUG. Then, after school, an offender would report to the Perfect's area for two solid hours of translating Latin. Believe me, one tried to avoid this at all cost! A final note at this juncture with respect to discipline, we would never "boo" an athletic opponent or for that matter ourselves in intra-mural or varsity sporting events. Should we be caught, you've got it.....JUG!

So, boys treated as men, commenced a full four years of required subjects. The ultimate goal was to prepare the average student for college. Average is a misnomer, since a healthy percentage of first year students did not survive to graduate from Gonzaga. My memory fails me the detail, but our curriculum consisted of four years each of religion, English, Latin, and mathematics; two years each of science, first, biology followed by chemistry and a modern foreign language plus history. There were precious few electives, but one was physics and another more advanced mathematics. We did not have physical education, but did have intramural sports in season (football, basketball and baseball) after school for those not on a junior varsity or varsity team. Passing grades were "C" in principal studies, but a high "B" average would be needed for college. Gonzaga also stressed after hours participation in areas such as drama and debating. We were challenged to do three hours of home study each night. Since daily classes were continuous, i.e., one subject followed by another, we did not have free hours during the day to do homework, so it was done at home, on the bus or not at all.

One more item to complete the scene. We changed classrooms and teachers for each subject. Not news to any of you readers, but a first-time life experience for me. I fell in love with the scene as a freshie. I excelled, for me, in scholastics and pulled down

straight "A's". My parents and the Takoma Park Knights were pleased. By the way, I was the Knight's first and possibly only experiment in offering a scholarship due to the heavy expense.

At home in Takoma Park, we formed a Boy Scout Troop in our small neighborhood. One of our friends was adopted and his step-father was a fireman and a real outdoorsman. He became our scoutmaster. We were very active and this period saw my departure from childhood games and Saturday afternoon movies. Brother Bill was finishing up at public school. He was in junior R.O.T.C. and it was fun to catch him marching from the bus to home with all of his smart formation turns. Brother Danny entered St. Gabriel's parochial school. He was some beautiful boy and a real handful. Ward Guthrie's daughter, Mary "B" (Bernadette), was in Danny's class. He would go home with her after class and Mom or Dad would bring him home by bus to Takoma Park.

Dad started to work two jobs. He was teaching at night. This was in anticipation of Bill graduating from grammar school in June 1944, and attending Gonzaga with me. Dad would need the extra funds for Bill's tuition. Mom worked part-time as a typist for special projects at the Guthrie Lithograph Company. Ward provided a large case typewriter which sometimes permitted her to work at home. I'm getting ahead, but in 1945 she apparently had "Top Secret" clearance because she typed the plans and specifications for the "Little Boy atomic Bomb" which was dropped on Nagasaki, Japan, in August of 1945. We learned this secret years later when she was finally permitted to mention the subject.

Bill and I greatly enjoyed living in the country at Takoma Park, Maryland. It provided some of the freedoms to which we had become accustomed in Nebraska. Our scout troop there provided the opportunity for overnight campouts and just a lot of fun and challenges. I didn't mention this earlier, but I obtained my Social Security card as a 14 year old in order to work at Guthrie Lithograph during the summer of 1943. I still use my original card signed with the bold Palmer penmanship of an early teenager.

At this time, I wore my jet black hair in a large pompadour wave characteristic of Frank Sinatra and so many of this era's crooners. I wore a woman's cutoff silk stocking at night in order to "train" the wave. My face had exploded with eruptions almost overnight at age fourteen and a chronic sinusitis condition plagued me in the humidity of Washington, D.C. I grew like a weed during my early and mid teens. By 16, I was to reach my adult height of six feet, one and a half inches. At that height, I was taller than Dad. I was painfully skinny and reluctantly shed my shirt at swimming events.

I convinced Mom's cousin Ward Guthrie to hire me full-time during the summer vacation of 1943. Ward had a wonderful printing plant, which performed a lot of work for the

Federal government. I operated a folding machine and later learned to assist on one of the large offset printing presses. Guthrie's was to be a source of holiday employment throughout high school.

WWII continued throughout my first two years in high school. Bill and I together with Walter Murphy, his friend and classmate, frequently attended special war time rallies held on the Mall between the Capitol building and the Washington monument in downtown Washington, D.C. For example, they would take the wings off a B-17 Super Fortress Bomber or a P-51 Mustang Fighter, transport to the mall and then re-assemble the plane. Spectators could pour over and through these exhibits. Tanks, cannons, and other gear were likewise displayed. Every week the newsreel news at the movies or the March of Time (short feature) would show these war machines at use in faraway places such as Guadalcanal, Midway, Iwo Jima and throughout all of Europe. It's really difficult to describe to my children and grandchildren just how committed our people were and the feeling that the war was with us forever.

I spent the summer of 1944 working full-time at Guthrie's and saving my money to purchase a car. Two things: The standard work week during this era was 48 hours, i.e. six days of eight hours each. My salary was 35 – 50 cents per hour; not much, but the minimum wage was only 30 cents per hour. My work continued part-time) mostly Saturdays) during school and on my sixteenth birthday, February 28, 1945, I passed my driver's license test with Dad's guidance and purchased my first dream automobile for \$150! This was a very used 1938 Ford two door sedan. Remember, there were no new cars manufactured after 1941 until well into 1946. Also in this era, 50,000 miles was a long life for any automotive vehicle. Mine probably had 40,000 on the odometer. I knew nothing about mechanics so we trusted to luck. Washington, D.C. required a yearly car inspection for a safety tag; mostly brakes, lights, muffler and horn. My car passed and I was in business.

Actually I have jumped ahead of my story. Brother Bill started as a freshman at Gonzaga in September 1944 and brother Dan, the third grade at St. Gabriel's. The owners of our Merwood Drive rental house came back to town and requested that we move. There just wasn't any available replacement rental housing to speak of in wartime Washington, so Dad and Mom purchased a very old two-story home at 1801 Otis St., N.E. in the older section of Chevy Chase, Maryland. The house was rented to an Army Colonel and service people couldn't be dispossessed. So, while he waited for orders to take him out of Washington, we had to temporarily move to an old-time boarding house nearer the downtown center of Washington. We had two bedrooms with radios and a community sitting room and a very large formal dining area. Most of the tenants were young (19-29) single girls who worked in various governmental departments. We three boys (16, 14, and 10) were the "adopted wards" of the female crew. I remember some Jewish holiday

when we three boys made the first sitting for dinner with Mom and Dad to follow later. Danny grabbed his tomato juice and drank it down in one large gulp; however the tomato juice was in actuality a ceremonial Jewish wine. After gasping, he almost passed out but we all had great fun at his expense.

While we were at the boarding house, I attempted to sell Real Silk Hosiery door-to-door throughout the city. The girls at the boarding house had great fun over asking me to take their measurements for their supposed purchase of various unmentionables. What embarrassment for a 16 year old! Again all in good fun! I carried my display case door-to-door looking for sales. My approach was an attempt to give away an inexpensive free gift and then the prospect would allow me in to make my great sales pitch. Didn't sell much product and decided to keep my "day job" with the folding machines and printing presses at Guthrie Lithography.

We finally took possession of our Otis Avenue house after about three months at the boarding house. Bill and I commuted to Gonzaga by bus and Mom transferred Danny to the local St. Bernard's school.

I was never the student that brother Bill was at Gonzaga or, for that matter, later in college. However, my grades were good ranging from "A's" to an occasional "C". What I really carried away from Gonzaga and the Jesuits was the value of discipline, self denial and obeying rules. Overriding was the message to constantly consider eternity as opposed to the present and trust that prayer would prepared us to accept grace if and when it came. This message just doesn't happen out of the blue. It was the preparation and nurturing in my case initiated by some wonderful priests, scholastics and lay people at Gonzaga. To name a few: Fr. Gargan, Rector, Fr. Herlihy, Prefect of Discipline, Mr. Cunningham, Scholastic, Mr. Wehrle, Scholastic, Mr. Trevithick, lay teacher, Mr. Leckie, lay teacher and many others.

My social development was late in blooming. I grew physically like a weed between fourteen and sixteen and at 155 pounds was as skinny as they came. My teenage acne was to continue to some degree throughout life. My Mother was a wonderful friend and encourager.

The Smiths and Guthries were my second cousins on Mom's side of the family. Joan Smith was a year younger and attended a parochial girl's high school. She was a friend and invited me to some of her school dances and I reciprocated on occasion at Gonzaga. This really helped! Now the next thing was to learn to dance. Here I learned how helpful it would have been to have had a sister. Arthur Murray Dance Studios was too expensive for me, so I went to a small studio in downtown Washington and took some cheap lessons. The owner, a rather buxom middle-aged woman, taught only the fox trot, waltz

and rumba. The fast dances such as the jitterbug were out of her league. Mind you, this was 1944-1945 and all young people did the jitterbug, but not yours truly. I practiced the basic dancing squares with Mom over and over again and later would be in demand for the slower dances which most boys didn't do well. Again, the emphasis was on jazz!

Well, despite my discipline, self denial and following the rules of obedience, I still had to study to succeed at Gonzaga. I remember that we were told at our first assembly in September 1943, that only half of us would graduate. We did start with about 200 and finished with 120 and, again, the majority of the graduates moved to four-year colleges, so the grade point requirement was much better than just passing. Everything was new to me as a freshman, including homerooms, changing classrooms and being treated as an adult.

Mental infractions, i.e., inability to respond to class work were also treated harshly. I don't know how Gonzaga operates today, but I'm certain that the present day students and their families would find such tactics unacceptable. But, believe me, it worked! I came to school prepared and learned to be fast on my feet, so to speak in handling new scholastic challenges or faking it when I wasn't prepared.

However, I was really in over my head with Latin and later, Spanish. Today, I would seek tutoring to keep up, because, in retrospect, it would become evident that Latin, Spanish and later German in college were not my cup of tea. I did persist and in four years probably had a "B" average in my absolutely least liked subjects.

I like mathematics and thought I liked the science courses of biology and chemistry. Religion was a staple course through the whole Gonzaga journey. Students of my era did not study the Bible nor were Catholic families encouraged to keep a Bible at home. I grew up with the Baltimore Catechism throughout grammar school. This was the cornerstone for religious disclosure with respect to the commandments, the precepts of the Church and the in-depth disclosure (by the Church) of moral tenants and beliefs. At Gonzaga, our horizons broadened to the history of the Church, and further explorations into some theology and Christian doctrine. We explored logic and syllogistic reasoning, and the understanding of temptations, sin and moral turpitude. I experienced the gradual formation of "right conscience" which would guide me throughout life.

At sixteen I began to drink coffee and to smoke. Mom was a life-long heavy smoker, but Dad never smoked. I probably should have been smart enough to see that he was groovy without the habit.

Today at age 82, I don't recall a lot of the day-to-day details of high school. We initially lived a long way out in the suburbs. I had a 2-3 hour daily duty to study (some on the bus) and we were later restricted as to the use of my car by gas and tire rationing.

My car did open up some opportunities. However, I had to work every Saturday in order to support the car. Uncle Bill Quigley visited us from the west coast and we played golf with him. On one occasion, he had the first pull golf cart which we had ever seen. Bill and I would play on the Gonzaga golf team, so we would team up to beat Uncle Bill. He didn't enjoy this competition.

On occasion Bill and I played golf on Sundays with Dad at the public Rock Creek Park public golf course. They had a large steel turnstile into which you placed four bags and as it rotated you waited for your turn to come up. Actually, we placed the bags, then went to church and came back to play. Do this today and kiss goodbye to the golf bags.

In April 1945, I was mowing our lawn and our next door neighbor informed me that President Roosevelt had just died of a stroke. The President was in his fourth four-year term. The Presidential office has since been restructured to two four-year terms and he had been President most of my life to that point. Harry Truman, the V.P., became President. The war in Europe ended in April and shortly thereafter, in August, Truman made the decision to use the newly developed atom bomb to destroy both Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. The war in Japan ended in September and for the first time in nine years, the guns were silent and the world was at peace.

Remember how I shared my feelings following our entry into the war during 1941 and 1942? By 1944, I was even more interested in day-to-day war news. I remember spending June 6, 1944, following the radio reports about the allied landing on Normandy Beach in France. My friends at school joined me in closely following the worldwide events of the nation's successes and failures. We at Gonzaga, were all beginning to approach the draft age of 18 (less than 2 years away), and many of my friends had fathers, brothers and relatives already in harm's way. Today many historian revisionists make the two atom bomb drops, or for that matter, the firebombing of Tokyo, Japan or Frankfurt, Germany, appear to have been sadistic, cruel and even unnecessary. Remember, we as Allies were committed to the concept of unconditional surrender!! No deals!! The Germans and Japanese would not consider unconditional surrender, so we were formed to pursue hostilities to the very end. In the case of Japan, I believe it's almost impossible to deny that we would have sustained substantial, some say 500,000 military deaths, should we have had to invade the Japanese homeland.

Regardless, it did end and the cannons were stilled at least for a while. Actually, my generation would be involved in the next hostilities, i.e., Korea, commencing on June 25, 1950. More about this in a later chapter.

I worked at the Department of Agriculture as a clerk during the summer of 1945. Dad got me a job in his department and we commuted daily in my car. We also took a 500

mile roundtrip in my car to New York to visit Grandmother Curtin and relatives. We must have been a little daring or even mad to drive 500 miles in my car, but gas was now available and travel we did. Tires had inner tubes in those days and shortly after changing a bald tire and placing it in the trunk; I passed an old truck on our two lane road. The truck was loaded high with chicken coops and while passing I was so shocked by a loud explosive bang that I almost steered us off the road. We stopped to inspect, thinking that the chicken coops had fallen onto our car's roof. However, everything appeared alright. Later at our next gas station stop, we learned that the inner tube in the bald trunk tire had exploded. Boy, were we lucky that the tire was not in use on the car!

My junior year commenced at Gonzaga in 1945. Actually, I believe this was the year that Bill, Walter Murphy and I joined the school golf team. We played at some wonderful layouts such as the Congressional Country Club where Ken Venturi was to later win the United States Open in 1964, the Army Navy Club, the Bethesda County Club and one or two other wonderful layouts in Virginia. I remember playing in Virginia with a school foursome which included Buddy Worsham. Buddy was the younger brother of Lou Worsham who, in the 1950's, would defeat Ben Hogan in a playoff to win the United States Open Golf Championship at the Olympic Country Club in San Francisco. Buddy, at the time, was a scratch golfer while my talent was high 80's to low 90's. Buddy was to become Arnold Palmer's roommate at Wake Forest College. Buddy, unfortunately, was later killed in an automobile accident while a student.

Golf kept Bill, Walter and I quite busy during the fall and spring of 1945-1946. We used my car and were able to practice and also keep up with our evening study obligations.

Walter had an older sister, Joan, who was a year ahead of me in school. I met her for the first time in the fall of 1945 and fell for her like a ton of bricks. The Murphy's had a dance party for their two children and friends for New Year's Eve. This was my first fixation since Peggy McMullen in 1942. I was no more sophisticated, but Joan and I got along great and became a twosome at what few events we attended that spring.

School moved right along this junior year. I began to consider life beyond high school. I had previously become acquainted with Doctor Brian Curtin in New York. He was Mom's first cousin, the son of her Dad's brother. He was an eye doctor living and practicing in the Bronx, New York. Somehow it seemed like the thing to do, i.e. emulate Brian and so I began to think about pre-medicine courses in college. However, I also was very interested in pursuing a naval flying career. I had always loved the Navy, stemming from my close following of naval engagements throughout World War II. I never felt any monetary restraints from Mom and Dad, but a looming college education in 1947 was costly at the very least. The University of Maryland was the public choice, but both Mom and Dad wanted me to pursue the two Jesuit universities of either Georgetown, in

Washington, D.C. or Fordham in New York City. Mom's first cousin, Father Hunter Guthrie, S.J., had been in administration at Fordham and was then at Georgetown and from 1949 to 1952 would become rector and president. I do believe that Hunter was prepared to intercede and assist with reduced tuition. I, on the other hand, was dreaming about Notre Dame University in South Bend, Indiana. Cost-wise, out of the question, but I wanted to seek free tuition through its Naval V-12 Program which would lead to the officer (Ensign) commission as a naval aviator. So, the pot brewed as summer vacation neared.

What to do this summer of 1946? Walter Murphy's father had contacts with Woods Hole Golf Club in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. This private golf club ran a summer caddy camp for about 30 boys from the poorer areas of Boston, Mass. The boys lived in rustic quarters adjacent to the wooded golf course. All of this was geographically adjacent to the town of Woods Hole, Mass. and quite close to the Atlantic Ocean. I was selected to be a camp counselor. Bill and Walter joined as caddies. I was to help run a regular summer camp with swimming, basketball, intramural games, etc., working around the boy's availability to caddy singles or doubles for the golf club members on a daily basis. All three of us were permitted to play the golf course in the evenings and on my day off. Imagine, enjoying this and getting paid too!

I remember driving from Washington, D.C. to Woods Hole by way of Grandma Curtin's house in New York. Grandma asked us all sorts of questions as to school, etc. Finally, she asked 17 year old Bob if he had a girlfriend and, if so, did I have a picture to share? Well, it just happened that I had a 3" x 5" picture of Joan Murphy in the inside pocket of my suit jacket (boys and men always wore jackets while traveling in those days.) Out it came and she was quite impressed that I had such a large keepsake. God bless my Grandma Curtin! God must have a special place for her in Heaven!

Back to Gonzaga in September 1946...I was now a senior. At school I could use the senior smoking lounge. I had smoked since mid sophomore year, so the event itself was not new, but for the first time in my life I was a member of an inner sanctum. That was new! In reflection, I wonder how many of my fellow students took up smoking, just to be admitted. Probably more than a few. Joe Kozik was our football, basketball and baseball coach. He was a past Gonzaga graduate. In 1946, we did not have a single black student at Gonzaga, yet had the makings of an undefeated football team.

Everything seemed to escalate in school studies. Latin and I were running a dead heat to the four year finish line. I did enjoy mathematics more than ever. I had a lay teacher, a Mr. Treavathick, who had come back from WWII. He was tall, ungainly, wore rimless glasses and reminded me of the mythical Icabod Crane in the story, "The Headless Horseman". But, man, did he catch on with me!!! I do believe that the seeds were being

planted for my later interest in finance and ultimately my banking career.

About Christmas time, my brother Danny began to complain about pain in his left leg. To this point, I haven't recorded much about brother Danny. You will recall that Dad, Bill and I took the train to Nebraska during the summer of 1936. Mom stayed behind in New York with her parents and Danny was born there on October 18, 1936. She would later bring Danny to Nebraska by train, sometime around Christmas.

My parents had quite a time with me once it was announced that a new sister or brother was on its way. No way did I want someone to share or really interfere with Bill, myself, Mom and Dad....four was enough! I wonder now if they had to watch me when I was around Danny during the early months in Nebraska. Regardless, I later changed completely. Danny became my joy, particularly when we moved east to Takoma Park, Maryland. I remember that one of my buddies in 1943 had a baby sister and I delighted in caring for both she and Danny. Danny was all boy and did what he wanted to do. He was the apple of Mom's eye.

The University of Maryland was about 15-20 miles from our house. Bill and I used to bring Danny to their basketball games during his last winter of 1946-1947. Danny's leg problem was diagnosed as Ewing's tumor carcinoma. His young age and rapid growth were against him and he began to rapidly fail. Mom and Dad kept him in their room where he was to peacefully pass to eternity during the morning of April 11, 1947. Relatives flocked from New York and our own Washington, D.C., for his Mass in Washington and later burial in New York City at the Gate of Heaven Cemetery. Danny is buried with his grandparents (namesake Daniel Curtin).

About the time of Danny's illness I was finalizing my plans for college. I failed the naval physical for flying, something to do with heart murmurs under stress. So, no V-12 Program or Notre Dame University. I was accepted at both Georgetown and Fordham in their pre-medicine programs and chose Fordham. Looking back, I certainly showed little consideration for Mom. Here in five months she went from three sons at home to one and potentially an empty nester when Bill would graduate high school in 1948. More about this a little later.

Now an isolated event. I celebrated my 18th birthday on February 28, 1947, and like millions before me signed up for the armed forces draft. I would remain deferred due to schooling until November 1951, following my graduation from college.

I left Joan Murphy a few pages ago. She graduated from high school in Washington, D.C., in 1946, and that fall began to attend St. Mary's of the Woods Catholic Girl's College adjacent to Notre Dame University in South Bend, Indiana. We had corresponded during the summer of 1946, while I was away at Woods Hole Caddy

Camp. I returned that September to Washington, D.C., in time to see her off to her freshman year in college. I was later overjoyed to see her over Christmas vacation and we dated at the Murphy's repeat New Year's party. Joan then returned to school and we continued to correspond during the spring of my senior year. I can still remember the boost I would receive each time the mail delivered a light blue envelope from Joan. Joan Murphy was special and I had one super crush on her. This, plus Danny's last illness, pretty much took me out of the girl-boy thing during my senior year at Gonzaga. I didn't attend our senior prom, but did get duded up in a white tux jacket to graduate, attend the Baccalaureate Mass and said my goodbyes to Gonzaga. By way of reference, I was not to set foot again in this old campus in Swampoodle (this is the Civil War term for the geographic area around Gonzaga near Union Railroad in downtown Washington, D.C.) until my visit in company with my wife Dolly in 1994, nearly forty-seven years later!

Brother Bill, Walt Murphy and I returned to Woods Hole for our summer camp counselor jobs. This, and the previous summer were among the great experiences of my life to that point. Cape Cod in season is a perfectly beautiful place. It still bore scars from a major hurricane which hit the area, including New York's Long Island in 1936. Doug Finney was the resident pro at the golf club and someone named Dutch was the maintenance superintendent. Both of these gentlemen were kind and attentive, particularly to we three from Gonzaga and Washington, D.C. Brother Bill did meet Dutch later in life and they enjoyed rehashing memories of the 1940's. The caddy camp has long since been dismantled; just another memory of things of the past no longer with us. The introduction of the mechanical golf cart in the 1950's and 60's took the place of most professional caddies.

I returned to Washington, D.C., in early September and began preparations for my move to New York and entrance to Fordham University.

REPRISAL

I became a student while at Gonzaga in spite of myself, and developed passable study habits. The discipline and scholastic background were to ground me for a long life of first middle level and later higher leadership. My religious training was to assist me in personally accepting the loss in life of both a younger brother and much later my youngest child and wife. Finally, the Jesuits and Mom molded me to the position of placing values upon my morals, special treatment of women and lasting expectations of the loving person I would later select as a mate.

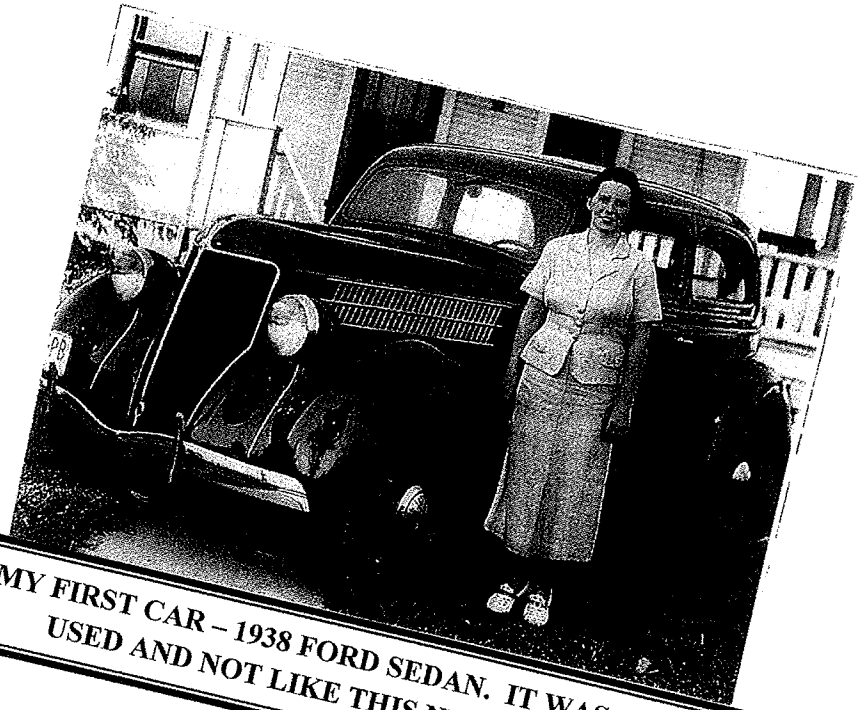
Physically I was 6' 1½" and 165 lbs. Emotionally, I was 18 going on 48. Everything I did was thought through and then revisited for impact. It was a poor time for me to desert the family just months after Danny's death, but I was ready to attempt life on my own. Look out world, here I come!!!

Robert Quigley won High School Scholarship

Robert C. Quigley, 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Quigley, 1105 Merwood drive, Takoma Park, Md. last night was presented a four-year scholarship to Gonzaga High School by Rosensteel Council, Knights of Columbus.

The presentation was made at Rosensteel Hall, Forest Glen, by Grand Knight Leo G. Koepfle and the Rev. Leo McCormick, chairman of the Scholarship Committee. A graduate of St. Gabriel's Parochial School, the youth won the scholarship in a competitive examination sponsored by the council.

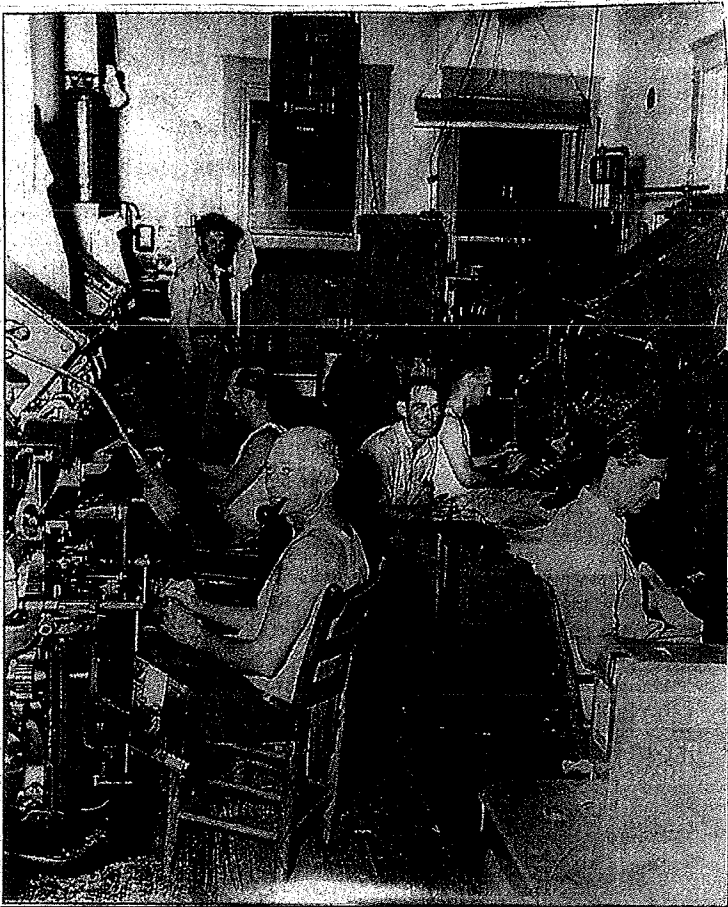
**THIS SCHOLARSHIP
MADE MY JESUIT
EDUCATION POSSIBLE**



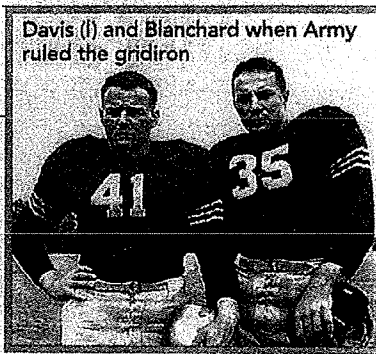
**MY FIRST CAR - 1938 FORD SEDAN. IT WAS WELL
USED AND NOT LIKE THIS NEW EDITION!**

**(RIGHT TO LEFT) MY HIGH SCHOOL CRUSH, JOAN MURPHY, BOB QUIGLEY,
WALTER (HE REMAINS BROTHER BILL'S GOLFING BUDDY ON THE EAST COAST),
UNNAMED WOMAN. JOAN MARRIED A JUDGE AND SHE PASSED AWAY IN 1990.**





WARD GUTHRIE'S PRINTING PLANT WAS SIMILAR TO THIS ONE. NO AIR CONDITIONING IN 1945.

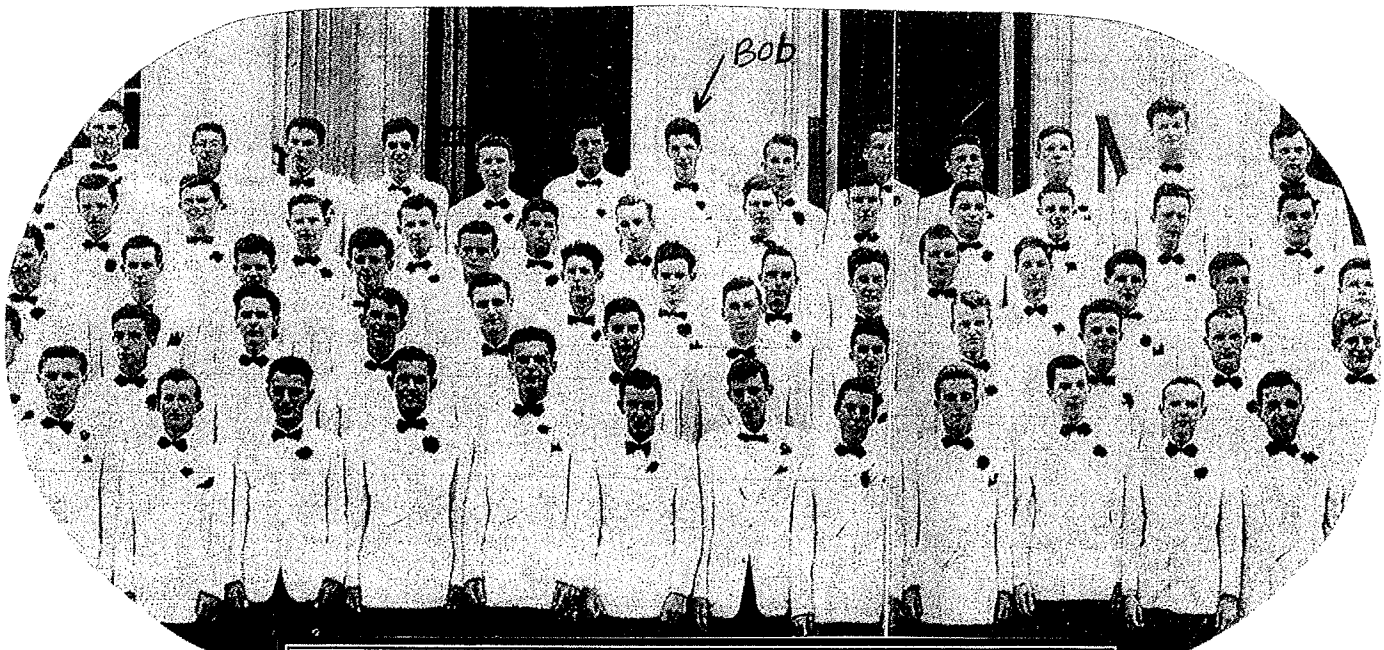


Davis (l) and Blanchard when Army ruled the gridiron

Q The Army football team in the 1940s had two dominant players: Glenn Davis and Felix Blanchard. Davis died last March. Is Blanchard still alive?—*Duane Carney, Loudon, Tenn.*

A Yes. Felix "Doc" Blanchard, the 1945 Heisman Trophy-winner—known as "Mr. Inside" to Davis' "Mr. Outside"—is 80 and lives with his daughter in Bulverde, Tex. Blanchard became a fighter pilot after graduating from West Point, flew in Korea and Vietnam, and retired as a colonel in 1971.

THE TWO "SUPER PLAYERS" OF THE RUN DOMINATED 1940'S. GONZAGA EMULATED ARMY'S OFFENSE AND WENT UNDEFEATED MY SENIOR YEAR.



GONZAGA HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES OF 1947. PART OF 120 OF 200 STUDENTS WHO STARTED.

CHAPTER SIX
Fordham University
New York, New York

I left my car with Dad and the family saw me off at Union Station, which was just blocks from Gonzaga High School. I arrived by train in New York and took the Third Avenue EL out to the Bronx for a visit with Grandmother Curtin prior to checking in at Fordham University.

I moved into Dealey Hall, an old, old, ivy covered stone dormitory dating back to around the Civil War. We, frosh, bunked three to a room. Ray Rettig from West Virginia and a nerd-type from New Jersey were to be my roommates. We were all in the pre-medicine program and also fellow members of the Army ROTC program.

Fordham University was, and remains a delightful campus located in the central Bronx area of New York City. The main entrance is at the intersection of 3rd Avenue and Fordham Road. In my day, the 3rd Avenue elevated train (EL) took me either downtown to Manhattan or one stop north to Grandmother Curtin's house. Either choice costs just ten cents. Grandma's residence at 2980 Perry Avenue was a three story residence built, I'm guessing, around 1900 and the surrounding areas were by 1947 converting from single family homes to high rise apartment houses, some with elevators and others as walkups. By the year 2011, this area would be tenement slums. My aunt, Mary (Puss) Murphy, and her two children, Mary Lee and Frank, lived in a five story walkup apartment about 186th Street.

I mention the previous by way of orientation. My family away from family was to be Grandma Curtin, Puss, Mary Lee and Frank. Most Sundays were spent with them and other relatives on my Mother's side of the family.

Well, back to Fordham.....I was now living on a strict budget and beginning to realize just all of the many things that parents take care of while we grew up. My classes were liberal arts in general, i.e., English, religion, mathematics, history and German and the beginning of science concentrations in biology and chemistry. I guess that I would never learn about languages, but German was no easier for me than Latin or Spanish had been. Math was a cinch and the sciences okay. I really liked English literature and ancient history. Army ROTC was a legitimate subject and interesting. I loved the discipline and we wore full dress uniforms to class each Wednesday and attended military classes and practiced close order marching drills. Four year of this, plus summer camp between junior and senior years at Fort Bliss, Texas, and we would be second lieutenants in the army with a Reserve Commission.

We ate in Dealey Hall with the freshmen football team. Fordham was a power house football school back in the 1930's. In those days players stayed in for both offense and defense with limited substitutions. Fordham came upon hard times during World War II and gave up their football program. It was restarted in 1947 during my first year. The coach was Vince Lombardi, later to become the famous coach of the professional Green Bay Packers. The players were mostly from the high school powerhouses in the coal mining towns of western Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

So, for a basically non-athletic lad, I became friends with many of the real jocks in school. However, I tried cross county track and shin splints made me reconsider. I later tried golf, but wasn't good enough.

My dating life was fairly tepid. Again, female cousins helped me out. Jim Curtin's (mother's brother) daughters Jane and Gay introduced me to some of their friends. Mary Lee Murphy was a buddy on Sundays, but she was seriously dating Jimmy Walsh who was just back from the Navy in WWII, so she wasn't available for the college social scene.

Before I knew it Thanksgiving was here. I took the train to Washington, D.C. The family met me at Union Station in a rented car. Dad's face was bandaged. My innocent query as to the whereabouts of my '38 Ford brought the admission that it was in the wrecking yard. Dad was teaching Bill to drive during October on a learner's permit. I don't recall as to why this was happening around his 17th birthday, instead of 16, but it was. The day was rainy and Bill was driving with Dad in the right front seat. Bill applied the brakes on a hill and lost the car in a skid. They hit a tree and almost sent Dad through the windshield. No seat belts or air bags in those days. Bill was shaken, but okay. Dad was pretty well cutup and the car was a wreck. Insurance coverage's were for liability only, so I was out a car. A kind friend of Dad's loaned me a car while home for both Thanksgiving and Christmas. It had a Fluidmatic drive, a small selector switch for forward or reverse and then one of the first automatic transmissions for the forward speeds. I was so used to using a clutch to shift that it took awhile to break the habit pattern to clutch, shift, clutch, etc.

It was good to see the family again. I could hardly wait to see Joan Murphy, also home in Washington for the holidays for this her second or sophomore year. We really did enjoy each other's company, especially during the third annual Murphy New Year's Party.

Brother Bill and I had never lived apart until this school year. He and I had really missed each other. His scholastic marks at Gonzaga were excellent and he was planning to follow me to Fordham in September 1948.

My grades during year one at Fordham were excellent! In and of itself, some accomplishment considering all of the distractions to studying. I might add that I marched with our ROTC unit in the St. Patrick's parade on March 17, 1948, up 5th Avenue in New York City. What fun, and on that day in New York City everyone is "Irish". The minimum age in New York State was eighteen instead of the twenty-one in Washington, D.C. So, all good Irishmen drank green beer on that day. Thank goodness for public transportation to ultimately take we Irishmen back to our college dorm! Ray Rettig, my roommate, was a real party boy. Considering all of his antics while at Fordham I was mildly surprised to find in later years that he would go on to become a family doctor and return to practice in West Virginia.

We attended all classes with suit sport coats and ties. Juniors and seniors at Fordham, in addition, wore abbreviated gowns (similar to commencement gowns) over their suit jackets. Class discipline was strict and as at Gonzaga, we were always addresses as "mister". I didn't mention but both Fordham and Gonzaga were run by Jesuits. The Society of Jesus (S.J.) In my day, this was an elite church group somewhat similar within the Church to what the "Special Forces Organization" is to the general armed forces. Discipline broke down, if at all, in the classrooms run by laymen, such as our German class. There we had some cheating by the passing of answers written or orally. I remember similar circumstances at Gonzaga. Today (21st century), both Gonzaga and Fordham are operated principally by lay people. I can only wonder as to the impact on veracity and discipline.

I finished my freshman year in late May and returned to Washington, D.C. Two things happened. First, I purchased a 1939 Plymouth automobile and second, I responded to a newspaper ad seeking male and female camp counselors for a summer camp for disadvantaged children called "Camp Goodwill". The site was on a beautiful lake in nearby Virginia. The counselors were all college students. A married couple ran the camp. He was a veteran from WWII and she, as a youth, lost one arm below the elbow. They had two small children and encouraged their two separate camps, i.e., female and male, to operate as a family. We counselors were able to gather around the swimming pier at the lake after "taps" for the children and we became a close knit group. I became friends with a fellow named Harry Anderson who attended the University of Maryland. We paired off with two girls who attended the University of Virginia. In fact, my summer date was named Virginia (Ginny) Hagerty and she swam on the University swimming team. Thanks to the example and encouragement of our married leaders, we had one super summer and so did the children under our care. This was my first experience with children of different races. You may recall that at Wood's Hole, Mass., we worked at the camp with the economic disadvantaged from the Boston area. But in those days, our clientele was 100% white; no so in Washington. The District of

Columbia, Virginia and Maryland were all part of the South and we were in a time period yet seventeen years away from the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960's.

I enjoyed the whole summer event. Ginny was a wonderful gal and my absences (both summer and school) were beginning to separate me from Joan Murphy.

I remember vividly our last social event as counselors. Camp finished up in late August. Prior to going our separate ways, the counselors met one last time at the garden roof of the Shoreham Hotel in downtown Washington for dinner and partying. I worked all summer for \$250.00 and had maybe half of that with me. This was 1948 and I was nineteen years old as were many of my fellow counselors. Most of us were below the legal drinking age of twenty-one in Washington. I had arranged the reservation, so the waiter asked me to vouch for the crew, which I did. Ginny was my date and we danced under the stars and had a wonderful evening. Some of the couples left early and as they left, the man would slip his presumed portion of the tab in my coat pocket. Well, when the time came to settle up, the total in my pocket was quite short. God bless Harry, who helped me to settle the deficit.

The summer was perfect. I was to go a different way the next summer of 1949 as my family was to move back to New York from Washington, so as I said so long for now to my new friends from Camp Goodwill, it was to be our last goodbye.

My sophomore year at Fordham commenced with Brother Bill joining Ray Rettig and myself as roommates at school. Bill had graduated from Gonzaga in June 1948 and was also pursuing a pre-medicine matriculation. Right away I couldn't help but notice how readily he absorbed the science courses. I labored in chemistry (qualitative and quantitative analysis), as well as the comparative anatomy course in biology. German became a greater burden. In contrast, I liked the religious courses, mathematics and was interested in Shakespeare and other writers in various English courses. ROTC continued to be a subject that I looked forward to throughout the year. Bill and I experimented again with cross-country track and golf. Frank Murphy, our cousin, entered Fordham this year with Bill. Frank had graduated from Fordham Prep (on the Fordham campus) and was a day student, living at home. We also met another day student, Dale Pennington, who commuted about forty-five miles by car from Freeport, Long Island. Dale knew a lot of girls, so we all attended the campus dances with numerous blind dates. Dale introduced Bill and myself to the Wiesner sisters, Mary and Ann. We were both a little over 6'1" by this time and the sisters were probably 5'10", which in our day was tall! A couple of nice girls. I dated Mary and Bill dated Anne. My contact with Joan Murphy was beginning to fade. We went home to Washington for Christmas, did the Murphy party one last time; but when my folks moved to New York City that spring I lost my contact with Joan until late in 1952. At that time Joan was journalism major pursuing a

Master's degree at San Jose State University near San Francisco, California, and I was an Ensign on the U.S. Navy ship Twining. We'll meet Joan once again when my story reaches the later part of 1952.

Dad had been working for the Department of Agriculture in the Commodity Credit Division while in Washington, D.C. – 1942 – 1948. He was now to become once again the victim of circumstances. He was not an armed forces veteran in an era when millions were returning from World War II. He also, for some unknown reason, did not have civil service status with the government. It could be that this latter avenue was frozen during the war and immediately thereafter. In any event, he was to relocate during 1949 to New York City and he became the Regional Chief Economist in the Office of Price Stabilization (OPS) for New York and New Jersey. America's economy was beginning to boom with the pent-up demand for consumer goods following the return of the veterans from the war. While serving in this role, he was to visit the offices of Goble Aircraft Specialties in Mineola, Long Island, and meet its owner, Gene Goble. Gene and Dad got along well and Dad was offered the position of Vice President & General Manager of this company. There were two other divisions, Kelite Products and Fishangri-La. The latter was a large warehouse facility in Montauk, Long Island, New York. More about this later.

In January 1949, Jimmy Walsh asked me to be his best man at his marriage to Mary Lee Murphy. The wedding was at St. Phillip Neri church which you will recall was where I was baptized in 1929 and received First Communion in 1936.

School moved on and I was really having trouble in advanced chemistry. I had managed to keep my head above water, but just barely. Finally, the inevitable happened. I failed the final exam in late May and thereby the course for the semester. This had never happened to me before. My choices were to go to summer school and retake the exam or to leave Fordham and the pre-medicine program. I really gave this some serious thought. First, I could see from daily life how Bill and Ray studied and absorbed these science courses. Also, they were interested. I had to admit that first, I wasn't interested and secondly, I didn't apply myself. Same approach to languages although I managed probably "B" grades throughout my language studies at both Gonzaga and Fordham. But, if I left Fordham what were my choices? In 1949 the advanced public education system left a lot to be desired on the East coast. Somehow I zeroed in on New York University (NYU). My Father was a graduate and former teacher there. His father had been a graduate of law school. At that time, it had two campuses, one in the Heights (West Bronx near the George Washington Bridge) and the other downtown in Manhattan at their Washington Square College in Greenwich Village. New York University, despite the name, is a private school. At the time the overall University enjoyed the largest enrollment of a university in the United States at 25,000 students.

Dad and I did some serious talking. To this point, my parents never talked about money with their children, so we skated around this topic. Remember, though, I believe that Father Hunter Guthrie, S.J., helped ease the tuition burden at Fordham. No such assistance would be forthcoming at NYU. It was agreed that I would seek enrollment at the Washington Square College of NYU. My grade transcript was accepted, less the chemistry credit. My range of subjects and overall grades at Fordham made me a viable junior year transferee in 1949.

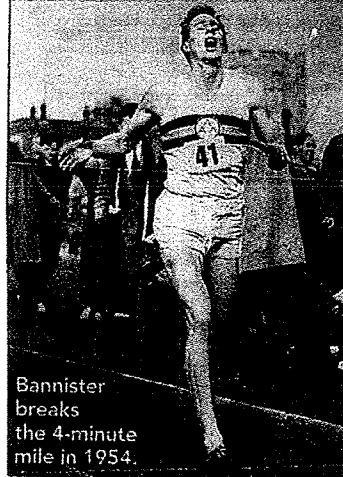
REPRISAL

Looking back my parents sacrificed a lot to afford me the opportunity to first choose, then fail, and finally try again. They supported me throughout. I would also have a difficult time selecting a livelihood, but with the benefit of hindsight made the proper decision in the end. Notre Dame and the V12 Program would have been a mistake, as was my earlier tinkering with medicine. Follow me forward and you will see the hand of the Lord assisting in my selection of military service, a life mate and a work career.



RELIGIOUS STUDY BECAME A LOT MORE
COMPLEX THAN THE “BALTIMORE CATECHISM”
STUDIED IN GRADE AND HIGH SCHOOL

Unlikely Hero, Unlikely Coach



Bannister
breaks
the 4-minute
mile in 1954.

Before Roger Bannister broke the 4-minute mile in 1954, many people firmly believed a man's heart or lungs would fail if he ran that fast. (The current record is nearly 17 seconds under 4 minutes!) Bannister was an unlikely hero. He wasn't even a full-time athlete. He was a medical student who worked a regular hospital shift in London. And his coach, Archie Mason, was an amputee who'd lost his legs in World War II. ESPN2 tells the whole story in the new movie *Four Minutes*, airing Thursday at 7 p.m. ET. PARADE Contributing Editor Bud Greenspan is an executive producer.

BROTHER BILL AND I TRIED OUT FOR CROSS COUNTRY WHILE AT
FORDHAM. DAD'S INTEREST IN TRACK KIND OF PUSHED US AHEAD....
HIS SPORT AND NOT OURS.

CHAPTER SEVEN
New York University
New York, New York

Now, a totally new life! To this point, I had never attended a non-parochial school. I also hadn't been in a coed class since the eighth grade.

The Washington Square Campus was a downtown high rise complex surrounded by the bohemian atmosphere of Greenwich Village. I lived at home in the family apartment at Rockville Centre, Long Island, and commuted about 35 miles on the old Long Island Railroad into Pennsylvania Station. I then transferred to the subway system, then downtown to the Village and New York University.

However, I am getting ahead of myself. My first challenge in May 1949, was to find a summer job working out of the New York City area instead of 250 miles away out of Washington, D.C. What to do during the summer of 1949? By now summer jobs were more difficult to find. The vast sea of WWII veterans were back. A great number of them were in school sponsored by the newly created G.I. Bill of Rights and these vets were older and preferred by employers for the better summer jobs. For some reason, Camp Goodwill was not an option, I guess because I was no longer a resident in the area. So, I joined forces with my friend, Fred Anderson, from the University of Maryland and met him halfway geographically in Ocean City, Maryland. This was a beautiful summer resort community on a barrier island on the Atlantic Ocean between the outlets of Delaware Bay on the north and Chesapeake Bay on the south. I lasted about a week. Couldn't get a job as a waiter or busboy or hotel clerk, etc. The only thing available for some small salary was handing out the rings while the merry-go-round tooted around. I parted company with Fred and migrated north in my car to Atlantic City, New Jersey. My cousin, Joan Curtin, daughter of Mom's deceased brother Daniel, worked summers there as a waitress. I had a nice stay for a few days with Joan and friends, but again, no jobs. Gambling had not yet come to this former resort area whose heydays as a beach resort traced back to the turn of the 20th Century and through the 1920's. This was the original home of the Miss America Pageant, but not much summer activity.

I returned with a drooping chin to Rockville Centre. All of my fortunes seemed down. First, school and then no summer job for the first time since age thirteen. I was home a few days when Dad asked if I would accompany him on a business trip to Montauk, Long Island. This was about 150 miles from Rockville Centre at the extreme easterly tip of the Island, then the ocean and the next stop Europe. Mom and Dad had purchased a car when they moved from Washington, D.C. Dad used this to commute daily to Mineola and on the occasional trip to Montauk. Goble Aircraft Specialties had or leased a small

former naval facility in Montauk. They used the base to store surplus aircraft engines for resale and also developed the pier and adjacent buildings into a sports deep sea fishing facility. This they called Fishangri-La, a takeoff on President Roosevelt's Shangri-La hideout made famous during World War II as the mythical takeoff point for the 1942 Doolittle air raid on Tokyo, Japan.

We stopped for an early lunch at McCarthy's, a favorite of Dads at Hampton Bay. Then continued on to East Hampton and finally Montauk. The last seventeen miles from East Hampton to Montauk is through sand dunes and along the Atlantic Ocean...some of the prettiest beaches, probably in the world. Fishangri-La was just getting started at the time and was not as impressive as it would be the following year. Later in the afternoon, we drove about six miles past the town of Montauk towards the lighthouse at the point. About halfway between Montauk and the lighthouse we stopped at the Deep Hollow Ranch. This was a dude ranch for guests who stayed in a rustic main house called "The Third House." This was originally a sheep ranch and Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders were quarantined there in 1898 for yellow fever following their return from the Spanish American War in Cuba. The ranch, in 1949, was about 5.0 acres owned plus 3,000 acres leased from the government. The larger acreage ran from the Atlantic Ocean on the right (southeast) to Long Island Sound on the left (northwest). Bill and Mary Cooper owned and operated the ranch. The Cooper's ran a marvelous restaurant and hotel with two chefs, bartender, maids and two wranglers who took care of the 23 horses and conducted the two daily group horseback rides for the guests. A neighboring family, the Dickinson brothers, ran 300 head of cattle over the 3,000 acres as a summer feeding and fattening operation. These cattle were sold during November to the slaughter yards near New York City for food and new cattle were shipped from Texas each spring.

Business was slow during our early June cocktail visit. Bill Cooper shared that he had suddenly lost one of his wranglers who returned to the city and was desperate for a replacement. Somehow my name came up. I had to admit that my sole experience with a horse was during our South Dakota fall vacation in 1941. Lacking experience, Bill said, "Let's give it a try." So back to Rockville Centre, pack and then back to Montauk. Tommy Ryan, age 19, originally from Brooklyn and a high school dropout was the head wrangler. Tommy was average height and just a little bit too heavy to be a jockey. Instead he spent his late teen years as an exercise boy at the Belmont Race Track near New York City. He had been at Deep Hollow Ranch for about a year. I became his assistant. At first, Tommy didn't know how to relate to the "college boy", but we were to become fast friends over the next three summers.

Tommy and I took care of 23 horses. Each had a large box stall. We mucked the stalls, fed and groomed the horses and saddled up and led two group rides daily over the 3,000 acre spread. I was in the saddle about three hours daily, and became a good western style

rider. We lived in a separate bunkhouse with the other ranch help and were encouraged to hang around after hours with guests in the ranch's great room and lounge. Jeans, boots and atmosphere...Fred Smith, a school teacher, came out from further west on the island on Friday and Saturday nights and called square dances and supervised round dancing. Such a life, and we received meals, board and a weekly check!

The horses became like family. Brownie belonged to Mrs. Cooper, but Tommy and I would ride him for exercise since Mary was an infrequent rider. Bill Cooper owned a big paint named Pete and then there was Flint, a big tough horse to handle, Nugget (my favorite), and a small darling Clementine. These horses ran free on the range at night. Tommy and I would catch two in the early A.M., mount them bareback and lead the rest into the barn for oats and hay.

We had many experiences during this first summer. Most of my early interface with girls was at the ranch since horses and the ranch atmosphere were like a magnet. I remember dating for a week a top named model for Glamour Magazine, while stayed at the ranch, but otherwise no new love interests.

Bill and Mary Cooper were probably in their late fifties and childless. They owned a house further in on the Island towards New York, where they spent part of the winter. Tommy Ryan was, in reality, their "surrogate son" and Tommy cared for the horses year round and I believe the Dickinson's (three brothers) helped out in the dead of winter when the ranch was officially closed.

About mid September I returned to Rockville Centre to start school at NYU. I was the equivalent of a "freshie" again, considering my new school and experiences. However, this was the beginning of my junior year in September 1949. My economics class was interesting and the first day a moment of some embarrassment. There I was comfortably sitting in a class of 75 students with the professor, Anton Friedrichs, Ph.D., running through the names and faces, when, out loud, "Mr. Quigley, if memory serves me correctly, I bounced you on my knee when you were little and your Dad and I served on the faculty together." Where do you think that put me with the rest of the class? Professor Friedrichs turned out to be excellent and well grounded with the then current generation. I learned about supply and demand and all sorts of theories such as the Malthusian Theory. A wonderful grounding for courses to come. Economics became my major and I had to do double duty to catch up since the basic courses would normally have been taken during my freshman and sophomore years in college.

My other standout teacher was Professor Williamson, Ph.D. He taught public speaking and that became my minor. We got into drama, radio, broadcasts, debating, etc. He, too, was a friend of Dads in the late 1920's and early 30's. I became one of his favorites. He

wrote and used his own textbook. It was so good and easy to use that I kept it as a reference for many years until lost during some future move.

Sometime during the year, I was called into the Bursar's Office with respect to a past-due tuition situation. Dad caught this up, but, again I was shielded by my parents from this responsibility. What a financial drag in retrospect my education would present to them.

I took one course in Shakespearian drama and since we were in downtown New York, we (the class) attended a few of the productions on and off Broadway.

NYU had a football team. It probably didn't have much of an athletic scholarship program, so the talent was thin. I remember attending with a date the Army game at the old Polo Grounds. Army during the latter part of WWII and the immediate following years had Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard. (Mr. Outside and Mr. Inside). They set most of the college football records of their era. The Army team was still a powerhouse and they trounced NYU seventy-two to nothing. Hard to witness such a drubbing and still be enthusiastic. NYU was to permanently give up its football program shortly thereafter. We retired after the game to Greenwich Village. Martha Raye from Hollywood was in our pub and we had a grand time visiting and singing.

Although not a factor in football, NYU, during my era, was a top notch basketball school and presented world class athletes to international track events. Some were as talented as Leslie MacMitchell and Bill Hulse (remember their visits during NCAA track meets in Lincoln, Nebraska?

Television was just commencing to become affordable with three network channels. The principal sporting events on early network T.V. were baseball and boxing. Camera angles were limited in baseball to just behind home plate towards center field. Boxing was easier with its one central target. Sunday nights centered around the Ed Sullivan Variety Show and Saturday to Sid Caesar's Show of Shows. My family did not, as yet (1949) own a T.V., so we sat in with neighbors at our garden apartment complex, sort of theater style with rows of straight back chairs. The Frank Quigleys (Dad's brother) lived two towns over in Baldwin. They owned a T.V. and we sat in frequently with them.

I mentioned earlier that Dale Pennington commuted by car daily from the town of Freeport (near Rockville Centre) to Fordham University. Dale's father was killed at Pearl Harbor and his mother never remarried. She raised Dale and a younger brother to become very self reliant young men. Dale was very good looking. He was a hard worker, always had side jobs and was able to support school and his car. Now that I was living on the Island and close by, Dale and I started to pal around on weekends.....a lot of double dating. Dale always knew a girl who was just right for one of his buddies.

The social involvement during the period of 1949-1951 was an eye opener for me. I met a group who attended the Catholic Church in the adjacent town of Freeport, Long Island. Our ringleader was a WWII veteran named Chris, who had opened a T.V. repair shop in Freeport. I transferred my church association to the Catholic Church there, joining their church drama group and the Young Adult association. For two years we just enjoyed the company of a group of about twenty guys and gals. This outside of Camp Goodwill was my first real experience in such a coed atmosphere.

NYU was a wonderful broadening exposure. The Senator McCarthy Hearings on communism dominated this era in Washington, D.C. NYU was a hotbed of debate with respect to Socialism, Communism and ultimately the Korean War. Also, since my major was in economics, I was exposed to some passionate lectures and persuasions with respect to the weaknesses and strengths of the capitalistic system. At the very least, the liberals (modern day terminology) were everywhere espousing central government. Somehow I navigated my way through all of this and over a lifetime would become quite a conservative with a wish for but little central governmental control.

The summer 1950 found me once again at the ranch commencing in late May. This year a wonderful young lady, Gladys Turbell, spent two months at the ranch with her divorced mother. Her mother had custody of Gladys during the summer and on some holidays; otherwise Gladys lived with her father and step-mother in New Rochelle, New York, a toney suburb just north of metropolitan New York City. Gladys' dad was quite rich and they lived on an estate near the Wykagyl Country Club. Gladys had her own horse in New Rochelle. While at Deep Hollow Ranch she rented our horse Flint for the summer. Gladys rode English tack and was an experienced jumper. It was a wonder to see the instant and gentle control, which she had over this rebellious and difficult to ride horse. Gladys was a year or two younger than I, but we instantly hit it off. When you're young, you bounce in and out of "love" and I was young and it happened to me once again. We talked and shared and Gladys practically lived with Tommy and myself in and around the barns. Finally, summer ended and Gladys returned to her life. I later drove to New Rochelle for a fall weekend with her family. However, I was in a social environment way over my head!! Her father was a kind and wise man and let the infatuation run its course.

Back to NYU in September, 1950. By now a very horrific event was impacting the lives of my post WWII generation. On Sunday, June 25, 1950, the North Koreans attacked South Korea. Korea had been under the control of the Japanese from around the turn of the 20th century. Then, at the conclusion of WWII, it was divided by agreement with Russia into the Communist North Korea and the Capitalist South Korea. Much more about this later, but I mention the event here because the United States had to mobilize it's armed forces once again; this, but five years after the war to end wars, i.e., WWII. I

commuted roughly an hour by the Long Island Railroad to school, so had the time daily to follow the events of Korea. By the time school started in late September, our country had turned an imminent defeat in Korea into a huge turnaround due to General MacArthur's invasion at Inchon Harbor. However, by November a half million Chinese "volunteers" entered the war and the allies were retreating from the Chosin Reservoir with somewhere between 7,000 – 12,000 casualties.

I had dropped out of the Army ROTC after two years service when I left Fordham in June 1949. I had registered for the draft in 1947, but was on a deferment to finish college until June 1951.

College life resumed in October pretty much the same as the previous year. I was getting pretty good grades and my senior year would sort of represent that which happened as a junior.

Sometime during my junior or senior years at NYU I met the McCarthy family, who lived as neighbors in our Rockville Centre garden apartment complex. Mary Jane, their oldest daughter, was about my age, but a year ahead of me in school. She commuted to a local Catholic girl's college. The younger daughter, Kathleen, was finishing high school. I was absolutely infatuated with Mary Jane and spent many evenings at their apartment visiting and watching TV, but we never dated. I believe in retrospect that Mary Jane considered me too young. Through her I met Mary Lou Conlon, her classmate, who lived in closer to New York City. Mary Lou and I dated and attended some dances at Fordham doubling up with Dale Pennington, brother Bill and their dates. I continued my contact with Mary Lou up to the time that Dolly Bohler and I got serious. Much more to follow about my Dolly.

My senior year at NYU is a blur in memory being overshadowed by the daily news from Korea and my fast approaching entrance into some branch of our armed forces.

My love affair with the U.S. Navy blossomed during WWII. I closely followed the Pacific Ocean naval battles throughout that war. In my late teens I avidly read of Horatio Hornblower and the fiction of so many of the naval engagements prior to our Revolutionary War. Thus, my choice of the navy was almost a foregone conclusion.

Sometime late in my senior year at New York University, I applied to Officer's Candidate School (O.C.S.) in the U.S. Navy. This would be a ninety day concentrated school at Newport, Rhode Island, leading to commission as Ensign in the Naval Reserve with a three year active duty assignment. I took and passed the entrance examination, but because of Korea a huge waiting list existed. So I decided to return for the summer of 1951 to Deep Hollow Ranch while awaiting acceptance to O.C.S. My draft board was on notice that I was waiting for O.C.S., or so I thought.

I arrived in Montauk about mid-May. Tommy Ryan could hardly contain himself to share about the new restaurant “Bohler’s Open Kitchen” and the neat redhead who worked there for her parents. So, about four o’clock after we had finished the afternoon ranch ride and fed the horses, Tommy and I drove into town for coffee at the Open Kitchen. There for the first time I met Dorothea “Dolly” Bohler, a gorgeous redhead who at that time was days away from her twenty-first birthday on May 30th. At the ranch Tommy had thought of Dolly as his girl, but in reality Dolly and I immediately hit it off. Tommy was a good enough friend to see the almost instant positive chemistry between Dolly and myself. He would remain a good friend and supporter until his death fighting as a soldier in Korea sometime during 1952.

On June 5, 1951, I drove back to Rockville Centre and the following day my parents, Grandmother Curtin and Aunt Betty Quigley joined me at the Heights Campus of New York University for my graduation. Both grandma and Aunt Betty have been lifetime supporters and we had a wonder day. This particular day, June 6, 1951, was the 23rd wedding anniversary of my parents and I represented the third generation of Quigleys to graduate from New York University. We were joined later for a late lunch by Uncle Frank Quigley and Uncle Jim Curtin.

I left early the next day to return to Montauk, the ranch and a summer of getting acquainted with Dolly, my wife-to-be.

Tommy Ryan and I purchased a cheapy small sailboat, which we used on Lake Montauk. Dolly and I had a lot of fun with the boat until we abandoned it later in the summer. The ranch and job remained the same. Dolly joined us at the Friday and Saturday night square dances. We became quite good at the the Black Hawk Waltz and other round dances. Other nights we danced at Fishangri-La, which by 1951 had become a pretty good night spot. Other nights at the movies in East Hampton. The point is that Dolly and I had 100 days to become acquainted, to learn about each other, talk about the world and what we thought life was all about. I can still remember after fifty-seven years the first time we kissed at the back door to the entrance to her family’s apartment over the restaurant. Such a warm and wonderful shared expression from two who would go on to share their lives together.

Dolly’s older brother, Peter, as a youngster had a hard time handling the pronunciation of “Dorothea”, so since she was like a doll he called her “Dolly”. She has always tried to change it back to “Dorothea” with friends, but someone slips and it once again becomes “Dolly”. To me she has always been and always will be “dolly”.

Summer ends after Labor Day in the East, so I was without work at the Ranch. I took my leave and returned to Rockville Centre. Still waiting to hear from the Navy,

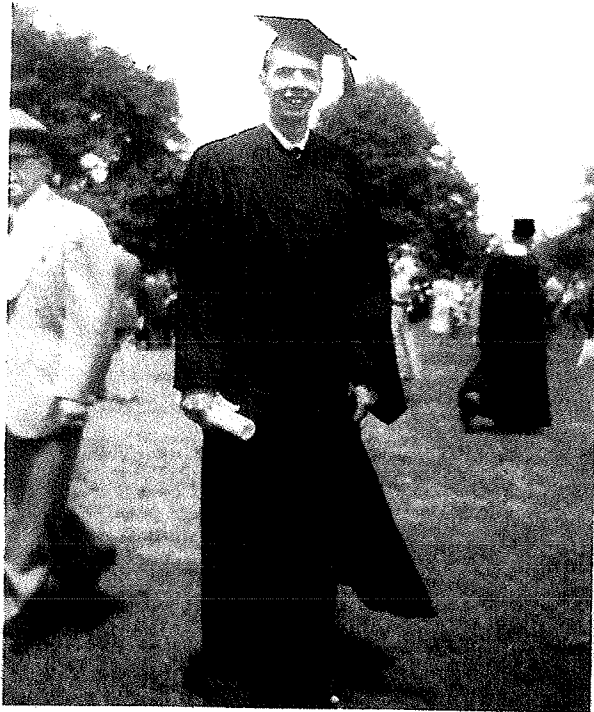
REPRISAL

NYU, in retrospect, was an excellent change from Fordham. By now my Christian faith had been established and nurtured. NYU, of all places in the late 40's represented a challenge for me to "enter the world", so to speak and build on what I had developed to this point.

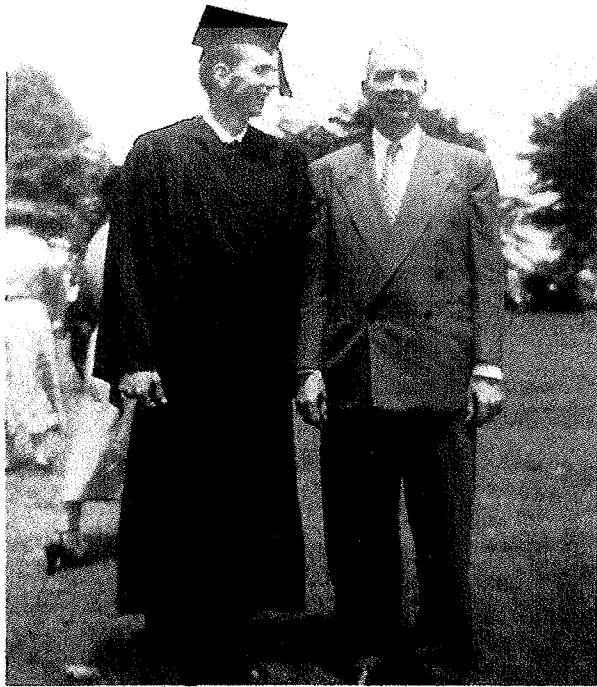
I didn't have a sister and tended to be a formal person not immediately myself when in social company. Through my exposure to Chris and Dale Pennington I mixed with some wonderful young groups and grew in the art of social dialogue and interchange. I was molded by exposure to beliefs to become a political conservative.

I had a formal scholastic education by subject matter and concentration at Gonzaga and Fordham. The shift to more worldly subjects at NYU was helpful in preparing me for my ultimate career field of business and finance.

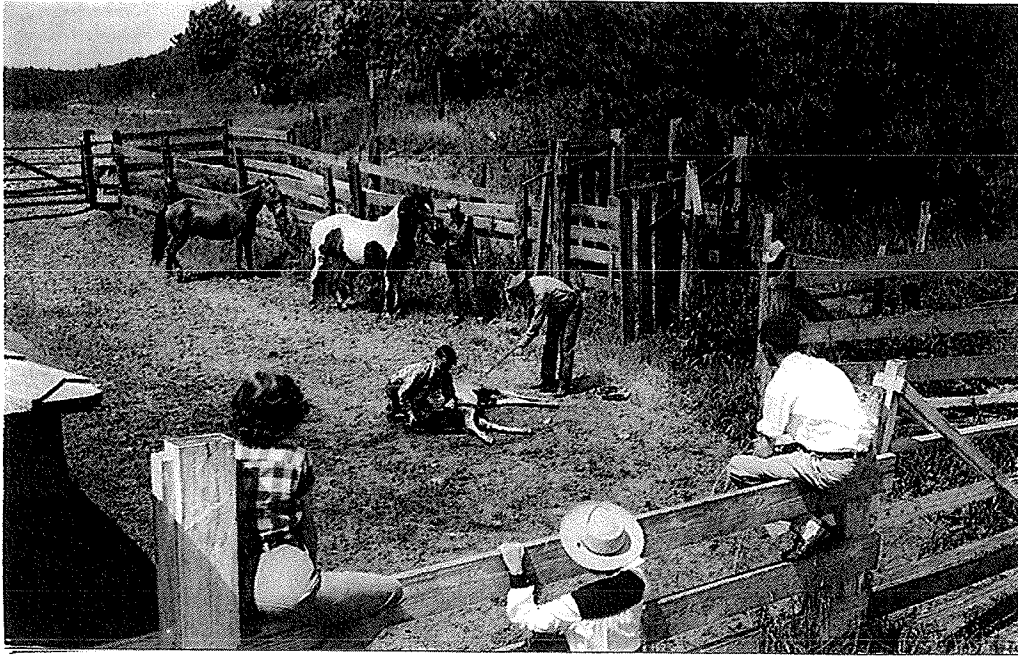
The final challenge of this college era was the preparation to take care of myself and to make decisions. I was, in effect, being groomed to be a leader.



**BOB QUIGLEY'S
COLLEGE
GRADUATION
JUNE 6, 1951,
ALSO JOHN &
ALMA QUIGLEY'S
23RD WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY**



**AUNT BETTY, BOB
AND GRANDMA
CURTIN**



**DEEP HOLLOW RANCH, MONTAUK, LONG ISLAND. DOLLY IS ON THE FENCE.
TOMMY RYAN & BILL COOPER WITH THE YOUNG COLT. THIS POSTCARD
CAPTURES MY FUTURE WIFE'S GORGEOUS RED HAIR.**



**GRANDMA CURTIN & UNCLE FRANK QUIGLEY AT
GRANDMA'S HOUSE IN 1951**

CHAPTER EIGHT

U.S. Navy

Labor Day 1951 came and passed. Still no word about Officer's Candidate School nor any word from the draft board. So I ended up at Bennett's Catalog Store in lower Manhattan selling catalog jewelry and other items to union employees. One day in early November, I returned home and Mom, my ever buddy, asked to see me alone. Her counsel, "don't ask me to elaborate, but get down and enlist in the Navy tomorrow morning." "Mom, what's this all about?" "No questions, just act...." So act I did. I was to find out later that she had intercepted my Army draft report notice and was prepared to fib that I had previously decided on my own to enlist in the Navy, and was, therefore, not available to the Army.

The following day, November 7, 1951, I enlisted for four years and a couple of days later was off with other recruits on a bus to Bainbridge, Maryland. This boot camp was closed after WWII and because of Korea had just been reopened. Conditions were very primitive. They were short of permanent staff so the Chief Petty Officer (CPO) in charge of our squad, spotting my ROTC experience and college degree background on my history sheet, made me his assistant. Believe me I learned right then how difficult it is in life to carry authority without the badge or office of authority, i.e., rank rating or something so perceived by your subordinates. After just a few days of orientation, the activities were suspended for five days to observe Thanksgiving. Chief left for the holidays and I was put in charge. Man, I had hillbillies from the West Virginia Mountains, gang members from the inner cities of New York, Baltimore, etc., and some real nice kids. Just keeping things on an even plane for five days was quite the challenge.

About the second week of December, I was called out of formation to report to the Commanding Officer's office. His first words to seaman recruit Robert Quigley were, "well, you probably know why you're here!" I really didn't but suspected a problem with Mom's fib concerning the draft notice. So, after saying, "No sir, I didn't," he informed me that I was to report to Newport, R.I., as a candidate for Officer's Candidate School (O.C.S.). Actually, the class would not start until February 4th, but I was to be released to that Command immediately with permission to spend Christmas enroute at home. Pretty lax and generous to a one stripe "seaman recruit". (A new graduate of boot camp is a lowly two stripe "seaman" and the one stripe "seaman recruit" rating was designed only for boot camp tenure. So, I was a sailor with a unique rating for forages outside of basic training.

Dolly was back working in New York at Druggist Supply and lived in the Webster, a woman's residence on 34th Street between 9th and 10th Avenues. Her best friend, Terry Hayden from Montauk also resided at the Webster. I contacted Dolly and we saw the Spanish Lipizzaner stallion horses at the Madison Square Garden Horse Show. Mrs. George Patton, the famous WWII General's widow was the honored guest at the show. Her husband had saved the Lipizzaner horses during the latter stages of the European action in WWII. We followed with dinner and dancing at some fancy hotel with a smaller version of one of the famous big bands from the WWII era. I was there I bell bottom trousers with my seaman recruit stripe. I often wonder why I wasn't carded by the Shore Patrol for being "out of uniform". This might have helped to seal the contract, so to speak, although to the world and really each other we still remained just good friends with no long-term commitment.

Back to Rockville Centre briefly...Christmas at home was my last one ever! I couldn't afford my college ring in June when I graduated. By December a nonsense song was going around called "The Thing". My Christmas gift from Mom and Dad was a large beautifully wrapped box, which contained a box, which contained a box. Well, you know the procedure. The final box amongst raucous laughter from all contained a big dog turd! I handed the box back to Mom and she handed it back and said "look underneath". Well, taped to the bottom of what turned out to be a plastic dog turd was the label "the thing" and my college ring which I proudly wear to this day. I next took the train north to Newport, Rhode Island, and reported in to Officer's Candidate School. This school, like Bainbridge, Maryland, was all but closed following WWII and had regrouped and expanded about eighteen months prior to my arrival. I was temporarily assigned to the faculty staff as a junior gofer, pending the entry of my class sixty days later. This was actually quite to my advantage. I became acquainted with the faculty members, the outline of the curriculum and had a chance to adjust to the discipline of military life. Don't forget that most of my classmates-to-be were still civilians in early January 1952. Most of the classroom subjects centered around engineering, navigation, and naval operations, so I really didn't get a jump on the academic side of things.

My class started on February 4th and I joined 560 fellow officers-to-be. The next ninety days were intense to say the least. My typical day started with reveille at 0530. Formation at 0630, breakfast at 0700 and classes at 0800. Lunch at 1200, classes followed 1300 to 1600. Dinner 1700 and study 1900 to 2000. Notice the unique numbering sequence. Lost? Well, in the Navy count from midnight forward, e.g. 0100, 0200, 0300, etc. through 1200 (noon), then add 1200 to each successive hour through midnight. Thus 1300, 1400, 1500, etc., through 2400 (midnight) so, now we're officer recruits together. Some of our classes were classroom type, e.g., engineering, navigation, military law, communications, rules of the road, etc. Others were on site such as ship

handling in Narragansett Bay with small boats or swimming, lifesaving or damage control exercises in the huge indoor pools with towers and simulated shipboard situations. Of course everyday had its episode of close order outdoor manual marching and drilling. I really enjoyed the challenge and formed many short-term friendships. I buddied up with a couple of fellows from the New York area and we dated briefly at receptions held in the Newport area for fellow students.

Mary Lee Murphy's husband, Jimmy Walsh, was in the Navy towards the end of WWII. He served on a destroyer and I remember well the glamour he related of serving on "real ships", i.e., the smaller Navy ship. Somehow we got to make two first choices; first the theatre, i.e., the Atlantic or Pacific and then capital or large ships such as cruisers or carriers or smaller service such as destroyers. You will recall that following the Pearl Harbor attack in 1942, I became fixated on the Pacific Ocean theatre of battle, so naturally I made that selection. My second choice was a no brainer, i.e. destroyers. I well remember a freezing day in March or early April where we stood at formation outside while we learned of our first duty assignments to follow graduation in May. My assignment was to WESTPAC (western Pacific Ocean) and specifically to the U.S.S. Twining (DD540). Then we lined up for specific inoculation shots for the Korean War theatre of action. I was probably a little naïve as I somehow envisioned the Pacific as headquartered out of Hawaii and not Korea. Actually, all destroyers at the commencement of wartime activities in 1950 were transferred for operational responsibility from CINPAC (Hawaii) to Naval Forces Far East (NAVFE) in Japan and specific assignment was to Task Force 77 off the east coast of Korea.

I received a weekend off in April and took the train south to New York and home. Enroute I read the latest issue of the magazine Saturday Evening Post, which had a lead article about Commander Gray, a Navy pilot, who crash landed his Navy jet (3rd crash) on January 30, in Wonsan Harbor just off enemy held North Korea and was successfully retrieved by the crew of the U.S.S. Twining, my ship to be! This really brought all of the recent weeks into focus. After almost two years on draft deferment and school, I was shortly on my way to participate in the police action or war in Korea.

Events at O.C.S. moved to conclusion. I graduated in early May 83rd out of 545 with a final class average of 3.281. My date of rank as an Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve would be 4 February 1952, and I would serve on active duty until August 1955 and continue thereafter in the inactive reserve.

I felt pretty spiffy in my new uniforms. An officer must pay for his own uniforms, so my initial investment was in one double breasted wool navy blue uniform, two khaki dress uniforms, one dress white uniform and three outfits of informal khaki trousers, and finally a black double breasted gabardine raincoat/topcoat combination. My parents led

me to believe that I cut a great figure in my uniform. Dolly Bohler was to agree. I should add that most of my life I was as skinny as a bean pole. At that time I stood 6'2" tall and weighed all of 165 lbs.

REPRISAL

All prepared and no place to go; this was me in early fall 1951 with my fancy Bachelor of Arts Degree in one hand and waiting for some word from the Navy on the other.

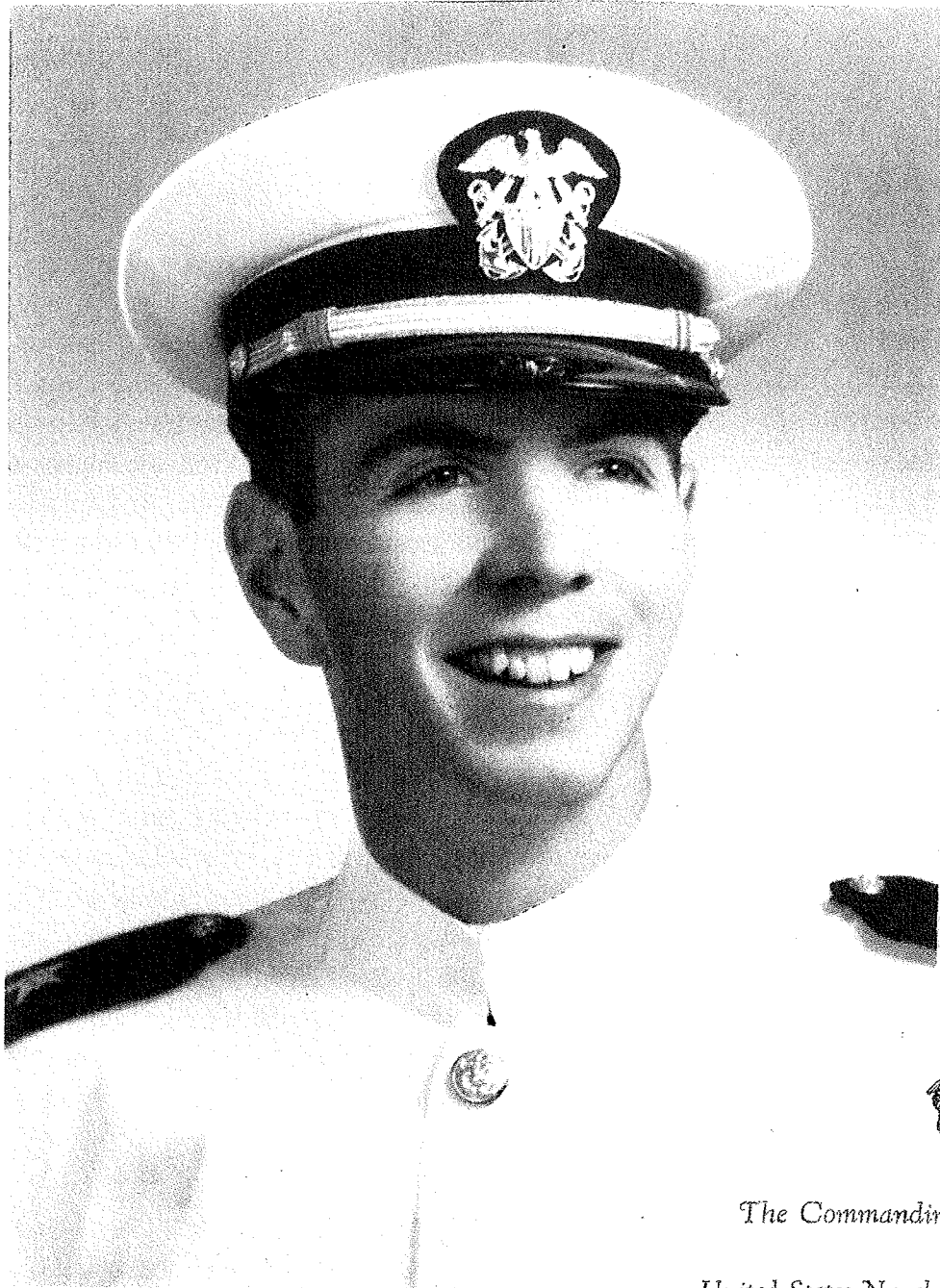
I found work briefly in Manhattan (lower New York City), but finally enlisted in the Navy in order to stay out of the draft.

I went to Naval Officer's Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island. What a great experience!

My relationship with Dolly Bohler progressed step-by-step and as it turned out we fell deeply in love.

I spent Christmas 1951 at home in Rockville Centre, Long Island, which would turn out to be my last time with my family until briefly in 1952 after Korea.

My experiences at NYU and later in the Navy were to introduce me to life as an adult and expose me to the experiences and requirements of leadership.



**DATE OF RANK AS ENSIGN IN THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE
FEBRUARY 4, 1952**



*The Commanding Officer and Staff
of the
United States Naval School, Officer Candidate*

*United States Naval Training Station
Newport, Rhode Island*

*requests the pleasure of your company
at the*

Graduation Exercises

to be held in the Drill Hall, Building 1801

U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.

at ten o'clock

on the morning of Friday,

May 23, 1952

Please enter station through gate number 2

CHAPTER NINE

USS Twining DD540

I'm a little hazy on remembrances at this point. I was on a short time tether to fly to the west coast to join the U.S.S. Twining in San Diego harbor. The Twining had just returned on March 10, from Korea (WESTPAC) and would depart again on November 1, for another six month tour to Korea. In the meantime, the ship was due for time in the Navy yard for repairs, upgrades and time for the crew in schools. So, I only had a day or two in Rockville Centre. I believe that Dolly and I had some time together in Montauk and after five months of letters that was perhaps the time that we began to become very serious about each other. I left with the understanding that we would see each other somehow prior to my WESTPAC departure in early November.

About the third week in May, I flew on a DC6 or DC7 commercial airliner from LaGuardia Field (New York City's airport prior to JFK) to San Diego. This was my first ever airplane ride. Remember that in 1952 we only had propeller commercial airliners and that 350 MPH was really hopping. Transcontinental was actually three or four refueling stops enroute coast to coast. It was an all day affair and we touched down at Lindbergh Field in San Diego very late in the afternoon New York time. I took a cab to the fleet landing and caught an "M" boat (small landing craft) ride to the Twining which was nested (tied together with other destroyers) in the harbor's mainstream. You know, ever since I played soldiers in Nebraska as a youngster, I lived for the pomp and ceremony of the armed services. Put yourself in my shoes as this twenty-three year old brand new 90 day wonder climbed the accommodation ladder of the Twining, duffel bag over shoulder, turned to salute the ensign (U.S. flag at the fantail...i.e., rear of the ship) and then turned to the Officer of the Deck with a snappy second salute and declared in a loud voice, "Ensign Quigley requests permission to come aboard, sir?" a pause, a return salute by the Officer of the Deck and "permission granted." Well, now it all begins!

The Officer of the Deck was a Lieutenant Junior Grade (LTJG), the communications officer, one of my two roommates and my new boss. He had me shown to my room, where I put my gear away, converted to khaki cotton shipboard uniform and reported to the officer's wardroom to meet the Captain and those of the remaining twenty-one other officers assigned but not on shore liberty and finally to chow down.

Statistics can be deadly except to a statistician, which you and I are not. However, we should review some background data about U.S. Naval Vessel Twining for points of equal orientation: This ship was one of 53 Fletcher Class Destroyers built between 1942 – 1944 at an average cost then of \$11 million each. Twining's keel was laid down in 1942 at the Bethlehem Steel Co. in San Francisco, California, and launched and completed in

late 1943, well in time for action in WWII. Twining displaced 2,050 tons and was 376.5 feet in length and 39.75 feet in width. It had four Babcock and Wilcox boilers, used oil as a fuel and converted water to steam through massive turbine engines. At commissioning it had a top speed of 36 knots under superheated steam. Twining's principal armament were five single 5 inch 38 millimeter guns capable of horizontal (ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore) and near vertical for anti-aircraft fire, ten 40 millimeter anti-aircraft guns, eight 20 millimeter cannons and ten 21" torpedo tubes.

It's crew, at full strength (hardly ever achieved), was 23 officers and 332 enlisted. This appears to be a huge number for such a relatively small ship; but don't forget that a navy ship is manned 24 hours a day by watch stations throughout the ship in Engineering, Operations, Piloting, Deck Operations, as well as staff support. So the crew is normally split into thirds and mans these stations four hours on duty and then eight hours off duty. This continues whether docked or running at sea. There are two exceptions; one of port and starboard stations (four hours on for half of the crews, and four hours off) and 100% of the staff manning all stations when the ship is in general quarters for action stations or similar all-hand exercises. Dear reader, again too much detail, but perhaps enough for one to follow the requisites and at times boredom of serving prepared at all times.

The Twining was assigned to Destroyer Squadron 17 and composed of eight Fletcher Class destroyers. The squadron, in turn, was divided in half into two divisions. Ours was Destroyer Division 172 with Commodore (actually a four striper captain) assigned to Twining. The other three members of our Division were USS Erben, USS Shields and finally, USS Callahan.

I met Commander Dwire, Twining's captain, in the wardroom shortly after reporting on board. He was about 36 years of age, an Annapolis graduate and had served on various ships throughout WWII and recently as Twining's skipper in its first tour of duty in Korea, just ended. Dwire and his crew were very experienced and operated as a cohesive unit. Lieutenant Commander Mercer was the executive officer (XO) or second in command. He was a reserve officer and a teacher in civilian life. He served in WWII and then returned to teaching. He was recalled to active duty and was the XO for Twining during the six month operation just ended. I also met the other department heads: Gunnery and Deck Operations, McCool from Engineering, Hulse from Supply and my roommate from Operations. Most department heads were full lieutenants. Their assistants were lieutenant junior grades (LTJG's) and ensigns like myself.

Life the next few days was full, complicated and a challenge. I was assigned to the Operations Department with specifics in communications (radio, cryptography and signaling). I was also made an assistant navigator under LCDR Mercer and later in the summer was to become the Sonar Officer. I was an Assistant Division Officer in

Operations and separate from the above was an Assistant Officer of the Watch on the bridge while the ship was underway.

I received a huge Navy manual from LCDR which I was to study and then be tested. It outlined the compartments and specifications of a destroyer together with its safety and operating procedures. I was encouraged to spend many hours visiting and crawling through the compartments, departments and bowels of the Twining; from the engineering rooms to the gun turrets, fire control systems, and communication spaces. My bridge assignment underway was to aid the Officer of the Deck in navigation, piloting and information gathering for proper operations.

The Twining was just back from Korea. It lost some members of the crew to new replacements like myself. Cdr. Dwire had to retrain his crew to properly place the Twining back into the Task Force Operations off the east coast of Korea by early November; this being June 1952.

We set sail from San Diego to San Francisco in early June in order to undergo about ninety days of extensive repairs and major alterations at the Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard.

What an experience departing a port (San Diego) for the first time on the bridge of a destroyer! The harbor is quite long and we finally met the ocean off of Point Loma Lighthouse and turned 90 degrees to starboard (right) and began the five hundred mile journey to San Francisco. Ouch, my stomach immediately backfired after leaving the last buoy at the entrance to San Diego. I was to find out that each time I departed a port after a day or two ashore that I had to regain my sea legs (stomach equilibrium) all over again. Lucky for my pride that I found more than a few shipmates suffered the same condition. Actually, most except for Captain Dwire. I was to learn that his stomach was impervious to the mere pitching and rolling of a tin can (destroyer).

So, I stood my bridge watches and tried to keep food down as we pitched (up and down forward motion) into the heavy bow on seas all the way to San Francisco.

I can still recall the wondrous scene of sailing under the Golden Gate Bridge for the first time, onward past Alcatraz Prison, Treasure Island on portside (left) and to starboard (right) the panorama of Coit Tower, Telegraph Hill and the rather sketchy skyline of San Francisco, circa 1952 prior to the construction of the Transamerica Pyramid, Bank of America Tower and other modern sentinels of Tony Bennett's City-by-the-Bay. Onward under the Bay Bridge and then a long turn to starboard down to the Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard which was north of the airport and also adjacent to the future site of Candlestick Park.

We had picked up a pilot and tugboat for control at the entrance to the Bay. At Hunter's Point the tug directed our ship into what appeared to be a mammoth swimming pool with enormous overhead cranes. When properly positioned, just so, the pool (drydock) was drained and there sat the Twining on previously positioned blocks and supports. They ran wooden walkways over our stern area and we were allowed to check in with officials ashore. There were a number of these large drydocks in use. One held an Essex Class Aircraft Carrier completely dry docked. The cranes were large enough to move the 16 inch gun turrets off a battleship such as the USS Missouri. I took the opportunity to walk around as a sightseer.

We were to be in drydock for about ninety days. We remained aboard the Twining for living purposes, but ate ashore at the Officer's Club as the ship was a madhouse of work parties throughout. The ship was repainted and the struts and bushings of the two huge propellers (screws) were checked and repacked. Down came our single mast and a modern tri-mast installed. Electronics throughout were upgraded and replaced and the ship was to come out of this cocoon as an updated battle ready member of the 1950's. Mind you, the electronics and navigational gear, though upgraded, were still primitive to the fleet support systems of the present 21st century Navy.

We pulled liberty ashore in San Francisco. What a city in the 1950's! I was then detached for six weeks to attend sonar school at Treasure Island located under the Bay Bridge about halfway to Oakland. I bunked there Monday-Friday at the bachelor officer's quarters while attending classes at the school. Classes were supplemented by day trips out to the ocean on destroyer escort vessels from which we actually worked with submerged fleet submarines in practicing newly learned submarine identification and attack techniques. SONAR (sound navigation ranging) was developed initially just prior to WWII and perfected to a degree during the war. Our ship had a large transponder affixed underneath on the keel from which a sound signal was transmitted. The signal would bounce off of any underground object and return with a discernable different echo (Doppler) sound. A skillful operator learned to discern hard or soft target objects and directions they were moving, if at all. My ship had a small transmission station just to the rear of the main bridge. There my division Chief Petty Officer and sonar ratings (crew) monitored the transmission station while the ship was underway. This was my duty station at ship's general quarters. Sonar was interesting and the monitoring of Doppler is an art. Commander Dwire was a master at interpreting the results and he constantly challenged me to become more proficient. I became our ship's Sonar Officer.

One final note for San Francisco. Since reporting aboard in June, I sought out fellow Catholics to attend Sunday services just outside of the Hunter's Point Shipyard. A fellow newcomer, Ensign Paul Spreke, from Oklahoma, accompanied me each Sunday. We took to harmonizing on songs sung and formed a mini choir with those in our immediate

area. Paul was to share these religious experiences in helping to lead services while at sea and attending services ashore in both Japan and Formosa.

We returned to San Diego to undergo underway training qualifications off the Catalina Islands into late September and early October. During one sonar exercise, I conned (directed) the ship from the sonar shack in a simulated attack on an older fleet submarine. We launched an inert rocket shot (hedge hog) and the sub shouted "ouch" to a direct hit on its conning tower. The hedgehog was lodged in the bridge area of the sub for all to see when it surfaced.

San Clemente Island off of San Diego had some adjacent rock areas cordoned off as a large Naval gunnery range. We went through extensive shore bombardment exercises with our 5" 38 mm main battery guns. These guns were each capable of hurling a 54 lb. projectile horizontal nine nautical miles or 30,000 ft. (six miles) in the air when utilized for anti aircraft fire. The sound of each shot is earsplitting and we had two of these turrets in front of the bridge and three aft. We also practiced launching depth charges. These weapons were 300 lb explosive cans in "Y" guns on our sides plus stern racks with 600 lb. charges. Our purpose here was to explode patterns to check the water tight integrity of bushings on all of our underwater fittings.

San Diego in 1952 was a quiet, much smaller town than it is today. The Navy was the principal employer and its presence was both respected and appreciated. It was apparent that I couldn't get back to New York prior to our October departure date for Task Force 77 off Korea... just too much doing and very little leave time accrual. Dolly suggested that she visit with me in San Diego. Well, in 1952 the type of unchaperoned visit was just not made by proper young ladies. However, her father agreed which was a tremendous compliment of trust in me to respect and trust his precious daughter. Dolly made the all day propeller plane trip to visit with her sailor. Dolly stayed at the US Grant Hotel in downtown San Diego, which at the time, was the biggest and best in town. We two dined there and at the ocean restaurant in La Jolla, danced at the Grant, visited the ship, went to the zoo and just had a wonderful time falling in love. At no time did we violate her father's trust in us and a chaste kiss was our closest point of contact. I began to just be overwhelmed with my feelings towards this wonderful girl. Dolly left me with a beautiful hand painted 5x7 Bachrach photo portrait of herself which sailed with me, affixed to the bulkhead (wall) next to my bunk, to the Far East. We said goodbye and I promised a June trip to Long Island upon my return from Korea.

Our destroyer division 172 set sail for the Far East about mid October. We ran into a hellacious typhoon between San Diego and Hawaii and I learned just how much beating a ship and crew sometimes takes on the high seas. Boy was I sick and frightened!

We approached Hawaii and entered Pearl Harbor. Some of the wreckage was still there from December 7, 1941; especially along old battleship row adjacent to Ford Island. There was no memorial as yet over the sunken battleship Arizona, but that ship's forward gun turret and a flag pole were prominent above water and the decks clearly outlined just beneath the surface in the clear blue-green water. We lined the starboard side in passing and rendered honors and hand salutes to the ship and its entombed crew... the Arizona was still listed on the active ship roles as still in service and continues to be so to this day.

We docked on Friday and pulled liberty at Waikiki Beach. In those days the Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels were just about it on Waikiki Beach. You could see unobstructed to Diamond Head. We were dressed in civies and sort of headquartered at the outdoor patio around the huge banyan tree at the Moana Hotel. Two days of swimming, partying and living a dream!

Enroute on Monday to Japan via Midway Island. Midway, about 1,000 miles west of Hawaii was a refueling stop enroute to Yokosuka, Japan. Nothing there but a refueling station and thousands of goofy gooney birds. This little atoll was the scene of the first decisive naval victory for the U.S. Forces in May, 1942 during WWII.

Not much sophisticated navigation aids in 1952. Today using a hand held access to the satellite Global Positioning System one can pinpoint a golf carton, a golf course or a row boat in the ocean. No such satellites in 1952! LORAN (long range navigation) was just evolving as an electronic navigation aid, but at most it would give us only one line of the two crossing lines needed for a "fix" in navigation. So, the second would come from a hand held sextant shooting a sun line during daylight or a star fix at night. LCDR Mercer was helping me to attain some proficiency with the sextant. It's one thing to "pull down" a star line bearing at night on steady dry land (classroom) and quite another on a pitching destroyer deck... Somehow we managed and we arrived safely at Tokyo Bay in late October.

Mount Fuji with its snow capped peak was just a magnificent sight to see! We docked at Naval Base Yokosuka, south of Tokyo and aside from weekend liberty took on provisions, made minor repairs and prepared for a Monday departure to Task Force 77 off the East Coast of Korea. We were scheduled to return about every four weeks to Japan, so we left the sightseeing for our first return about Thanksgiving.

The early 1950's witnessed the spread of Soviet Communism throughout the world. Communist China by 1949 had occupied all of China except for the Island of Formosa (now called Taiwan). China then sought the further spread of its tentacles throughout the Asian area, starting with South Korea.

Japan at the time was a democratic nation without formal armed forces; both factors the result of the WWII peace negotiations. The peninsula of Korea, roughly the size of Florida, juts down from China on the north and west and to the east across the East China Sea is bordered by Japan.

Korea was occupied by Japan during and prior to WWII. Following WWII a republic was established in the southern half of the Korean Peninsula (South Korea) while a Communist-style government was installed in the north. This division at the 38th parallel of latitude was agreed to by Russia, China and the United States.

The North Koreans on June 25, 1950 staged a surprise invasion south across the 38th parallel into South Korea and rapidly drove the Republic of Korea (ROK) armies before them in disarray.

At the time of this invasion the United States had a very small representation in South Korea represented by some small Military Advisory (training) Groups. These MAG troops were driven along with their ROK trained troops rapidly south to Pusan at the southern tip of Korea. Essentially North Korea by late August controlled the entire Korean Peninsula.

The United States protested this invasion to the United Nations. Then with the UN General Assembly approval the United States joined Great Britain and thirteen other nations in a United Nations (UN) effort to counter the North Korean attack. Early aid was almost nonexistent. U.S. Forces in nearby Japan had been drastically depleted following WWII. General Douglas MacArthur, the supreme UN Commander launched a surprise counterassault with a dramatic sea landing at Inchon on September 15, 1950. He cutoff the long North Korean supply line to the south. The UN Forces rapidly moved to retake all Republic of Korea (ROK) land south of the 38th Parallel. Then on Sept 27th U.S. President Harry Truman authorized the invasion of North Korea as long as there were no Chinese or Soviet troops there or planning to come. By November UN forces had taken almost all of what was North Korea to the banks of the Yalu River, North Korea's border with China. Thus, the U.N. Forces controlled almost the entire Korean peninsula.

North Korea is extremely mountainous from its western border of the Yellow Sea to the Sea of Japan (East China Sea) on its eastern side. The Chinese by early November, 1950 were able to secretly move 300,000 well-disciplined troops across the Yalu River. These so-called "volunteers" immediately surrounded the two UN armies and a very bloody southward retreat was made back to the 38th Parallel. By June, 1951 Korea was once again two geographic countries essentially split by the 38th Parallel. The Soviet Union

floated a truce balloon and negotiations would labor on until an armistice was arranged and hostilities ceased July 27, 1953.

The period June, 1951 to July, 1953 was marked by frequent violent battles and continued armed action on land and from the sea.

Dear readers, I labor you with the preceding lecture on the Korean War for two reasons: first, to provide common background for historical events little remembered and some fifty plus years ago; second, to place my small involvement in the context of the event itself.

I was just one of 1.8 million naval personnel who served during the Korean War. In total 5.7 million soldiers, sailors and airmen served from the United Nations over a three year period. Did we serve a purpose? Big picture... yes! We kept a democratic republic alive in Asia, while diverting some Soviet and Chinese attention from central and eastern Europe as well as the rest of Asia. At a terrible cost, yes! – 37,000 U.S. dead... but today Japan, South Korea, Taiwan and other nations exist outside of the Chinese bulwark as entrepreneurial nations in the free world, and ultimately the Soviet Union failed in its attempt to spread communism.

Back to my involvement and the USS Twining. Twining was brought to Puget Sound in the State of Washington following extensive engagements in the Pacific Theatre of Operations during WWII. She was decommissioned on 14 June 1946 and assigned to the Naval Reserve Training Program on the west coast of the United States. Anticipating developments in the Far East with China and Formosa, Twining was recommissioned on 10 June 1950 with Commander Dwire as its skipper. Twining deployed for its first Korean engagement on 20 August 1951 which was filled with fleet support and enemy engagements. She returned to San Diego 10 March 1952 to prepare for its return to Korea for a second tour in November, 1952.

We departed Yokosuka, Japan in early November 1952, sailed through the Shimonosiki Straits of Japan into the East China Sea and up the east coast of Korea. We were assigned to Task Force 77 with anti-submarine-warfare (ASW) screening, plane guard and anti aircraft defense duties. The Task Force was perpetually at sea. It was composed at any one time of two or three Essex Class Aircraft carriers, a battleship (Iowa Class) plus one or two cruisers and twelve or more destroyers, ships. The Task Force sailed deployed in a circle formation with destroyers on the outside ring and the carriers and heavy ships inside; not unlike the old pioneer wagons circled against the Indians in the nineteenth century. Everything was fast... we reached thirty knots for aircraft launching and retrieval... Twining screened for enemy submarines and aircraft with its SONAR & SURFACE TO AIR RADAR. We also assumed positions to the rear of the aircraft

carriers (plane guard positions) as planes were launched and retrieved in order to rescue pilots who had to ditch in the ocean due to mechanical equipment failure or damages caused by enemy fire while flying over Korea.

By this time I was fitting with enthusiasm into my assigned duties. I relished my bridge watches and enjoyed the maneuvering challenges as the Task Force launched and retrieved aircraft around the clock. The carriers carried the new Grumman F9F Phantom Jets as well as AD Skyraiders which were among the last of the propeller planes of WWII. The Phantom was the first operational carrier jet plane in Korea. These early jets had limited fuel capacity and were used for short 150 mile ship to shore missions to support front line troop positions and to takeout the concentrated North Korean rail and highway supply lines near the eastern coast. The AD Skyraider was a superb single engine aircraft capable of hauling heavy weapon loads and flying if needed very slow to drop mines in sea lanes near harbors and beaches. These aircraft missions were in groups of 12-24 and were conducted around the clock. A Panther Jet sortie was 2-4 hours, so we would be maneuvering each four hour bridge watch to launch and retrieve. This was high concentration and freezing work in the November-April arctic air off of east Korea. I have never worked before or since in a colder environment.

The Task Force operated darkened ships at night i.e. entirely without lights. I recall a few close calls with wooden fishing vessels which jumped up visually in our path as they were nigh on to impossible to spot on radar. I was the junior officer of the deck (JOOD) on the bridge wing one night when while cruising at 30 knots a small fleet of these fishing boats just missed our ship and slid down my side of the Twining almost close enough to spit upon. I came close to wetting my pants.

We were only with the Task Force for a few days instead of the scheduled four weeks and were relieved to return to Yokosuka, Japan for supplies and to spend Thanksgiving. I and a fellow officer took the high speed train from Yokosuka to Tokyo where we toured the exterior parks of the Emperor's Imperial Palace and dined at the old Frank Lloyd Wright Imperial Hotel. The Hotel has since been replaced by a larger, more modern structure. I reveled in the entire atmosphere of this Japanese experience. In 1952 so much of the culture was still ancient Japan. We saw this at the Imperial Hotel and by 1952 we were only seven years distant from the postwar occupation of 1945, but we didn't have to fear reprisals when visiting outlying areas.

Back to the Task Force two days after Thanksgiving. Now we became more fully involved with the Task Force including refueling and rearming while underway at sea by high line transfer from tankers and supply ships. This type of maneuver never gets old to witness... two large ships steaming close abeam at 15 knots while connected with transfer lines of heavy-duty cables and supplies being towed back and forth or during

fueling huge hoses connected across to transfer oil... A destroyer gulps copious amounts of fuel oil, especially at high speed steaming. The large fleet oilers continuously sailed back and forth to Japan for this replenishment. The destroyers would frequently “top-off” (replenish) in between oiler trips by sailing alongside an aircraft carrier and transferring some of the carrier’s fuel oil to the destroyer. We always did this in anticipation of extra fueling need with forecasted storms and attendant rough seas.

Wonsan Harbor just north of the 38th Parallel on the East Coast was in North Korean hands from November, 1950 until the armistice in June, 1953. The U.S. Navy blockaded the port of Wonsan in the longest blockade of modern times, thereby diverting 80,000 enemy North Korean troops from front line duty to the south. We mined the harbor, except for some known channels and always kept a battleship offshore for naval shore bombardment. This large ship was then supported by two destroyers who screened for enemy submarines or small ships. The destroyers also provided anti aircraft protection to the battleship and stood ready to retrieve pilots from damaged planes unable to return from a shore strike as far as the Task Force at sea.

The Twining was ordered to Wonsan for a week just after our return to the Task Force in early December. The battleship New Jersey was with us and a sister destroyer. The New Jersey was one of four Iowa Class battleships commissioned towards the end of WWII (The others were Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin). At the time they were our largest ships. It was quite a sight to watch the New Jersey fire its sixteen inch main battery guns at the rail and truck supply routes ashore. On the other hand these salvos were returned by enemy gunfire, so we did see a number of near and far misses; a couple of them were near us.

Back to the Task Force and then to Japan about the 10th of December. We arrived at Yokosuka and I pulled liberty ashore with most of the wardroom. Luckily, as you will soon learn why, I went ashore not in civilian clothes, but in my dress blue uniform with some extra cash, as I intended to purchase an Argus C3 camera at the navy commissary.

So, was to begin one of the really great adventures of my life. The Commissary was temporarily out of the Argus camera, so I pocketed the \$100, not a small sum in 1952, and joined our skipper and other officers at the Yokosuka Base Officers Club. Cdr. Dwire was hosting a first night ashore party... sort of a ship’s custom after our first action scene with the Task Force and Wonsan Harbor. The cocktail party was followed by dinner and free flowing champagne. I was not a champagne drinker before or since and proceeded to become the loudest party boy and got completely soused. Somehow I got separated from my buddies and vaguely remember talking myself past the duty officer of an aircraft carrier, which was moored at the nearby docks. Someone got me down to officers’ quarters and out of my uniform and into bed. Sometime during the

night I awoke in a haze with a brutal headache and completely disoriented to my surroundings. I somehow in my skivvies found my way into the pilots bunking area, found an empty bed and slept if off. I awoke about six A.M. completely lost... Where was I? Where was my uniform? Where was the USS Twining? The latter first. The Twining had been anchored in a destroyer nest in the middle of the harbor and at 0600 was readying to get underway for Korea. I received some help from the pilots and finally located my clothes hung behind a door in some vacant officer quarters. I immediately sought out the Officer Of-The-Deck and related my circumstances. There was no way to get me to the Twining, but he arranged to have a message sent to Commander Dwire reporting my presence on the aircraft carrier and intent to report myself in to the Yokosuka Naval Base Duty Officer...

Later in the day Commander Dwire wired orders for me to fly out to the Task Force and then transfer from a carrier to the Twining by high line. Task Force 77 utilized a courier service with old WWII TBM torpedo bombers which were converted to each carry seven VIP (Very Important Persons) personnel from Korea to an aircraft carrier in Task Force 77 offshore. These were called Carrier on Deck (COD) Flights. I joined with a navy commander and another ensign and we then bused about 50 miles from Yokosuka to U.S. Airforce Base at ATSUGI, just south of Tokyo. We were then placed on a courier flight to the U.S. Airforce Base at ITASUGI located at the southwest tip of central Japan. ITASUGI was a night bomber base utilized to launch bombing strikes against the enemy front lines in Korea. We stayed overnight in the officers' quarters at ITASUGI and then were to be flown to Task Force 77 on a COD plane the next day. We had early breakfast, dressed in waterproof flight suits with parachutes and prepared for our COD Flight. My fellow ensign and I sat in the gun turret seat just above and behind the single pilot. The VIP's aboard were in the hull of the plane in facing bench seats. Their compartment originally housed the torpedos for this single engine torpedo bomber.

We flew over the Korean Straits and up the peninsula to the Capitol City of Seoul... What a sight! Mountainous Seoul, which is just east of the large port of Inchon. This area was the site during the summer and fall of 1950 of first the infamous retreat by ROK forces to the southern tip of Korea and then in September, 1950 of MacArthur's brilliant end-around invasion of the North Korean troops through Inchon Harbor. Much later in life I learned that one of my golfing acquaintances in Florida, Jim Christopher, was an army veteran of that Inchon Landing. After advancing north of Seoul, Korea he was shot in the hip and temporarily abandoned to the onrushing Chinese Communist Troops. Jim was saved during the night by a hospital corpsman who scavenged the battlefield seeking survivors from that day's battle.

We landed at the South Korean capital of Seoul, which was fifty miles from the North Korean border, the then front lines of the war. We picked up some Navy and Army brass

(VIP's) and departed to what was called the K-16 airfield at the front lines in the extreme north eastern portion of South Korea. The designation as an airfield was somewhat of an overstatement... just a flat area with those perforated metal strips making a mat on which to touch down. Our approach to the airfield was in a tight downward spiral in order to present as small a target to enemy gunners for the shortest possible time. While the other ensign and I remained on board our COD Flight, we did slide back our cockpit hood. I can't begin to describe the temperature... just downright bone chilling and to think that our soldiers existed there for long periods between huddling around fires in shelters.

We left K-16 and flew east over the ocean towards Task Force 77... We soon had the mammoth fleet in our sight... The ships had turned into the wind and accelerated to 25 knots plus in order to launch and receive aircraft. Our destination was the USS ORISKANY (CV34), one of 24 Essex Class Aircraft carriers originally ordered by the U.S. Navy for action during WWII.

Just an aside about the Oriskany. Actually 17 of the 24 Essex Class carriers were finished in time to participate in WWII. It will be remembered that the United States Navy was almost without carriers after Pearl Harbor. Those remaining after initial losses at Midway and in the Solomon Islands were older, smaller vessels launched during the 1920's and 1930's. The USS ORISKANY at 27,000 tons and 888 ft. long was a big jump to the larger flight and hangar decks needed to handle the heavier planes developed for WWII. By comparison the Twining was 2,100 tons and 376 ft. long; so Oriskany was a presence in and of itself.

The Oriskany was actually launched by the end of WWII but not commissioned. By 1945 the early jets had arrived and the Navy experimented with ORISKANY to provide a ship good and strong enough to handle the heavier jets and large enough to mount the new radar and catapults. Oriskany was widened eight feet to expand the aviation fuel storage tanks. Later, in 1955 the flight deck was angled. All of these requirements necessitated by the progression of the larger, heavier and faster nuclear bearing fleet jet aircraft. This ship was then actually first commissioned in September, 1950 at the beginning of the Korean War and saw action in both Korea and later in Vietnam. It was finally decommissioned in September, 1976. During this time span the modern (1990's) carriers blossomed to double the displacement size of the ORISKANY.

Now, dear reader you have had a reminder of the past and a look into the future. At this mid December date in 1950 our COD Flight lumbered into a large circle flight around the Task Force in preparation for our approach and final landing on the ORISKANY. Suddenly, a return flight of Panther Jets appeared on the horizon. This type of plane was introduced in 1950 as the first jets joined the fleet. This strike had come in from just North of Wonsan and was low on fuel. They made a circle below our height and just

outside the radius of our circular landing path to the ORISKANY. First priority, get these jets aboard the carrier. We were ordered to continue circling as they landed one by one. Each jet flew within hundreds of feet of us. Imagine!, these heroes had just returned from enemy action, some of their planes bore the bullet and flak holes from enemy gunners.; I would have given anything for that Argus C-3 camera to capture these moments, but I still have the visuals etched in memory fifty-nine years after the fact.

Finally, it was our turn. A steep bank to port (left) and angling down. Speed slowed and that distant carrier looming ever larger. The landing signal officer (LSO) was stationed on the port stern of the carrier. He guided our pilot in with two large ping pong like paddles and constant radio directions. We passengers were ordered to harness up tight (stronger version of today's auto seat belts), lean forward and brace our face in our arms on the cockpit cowling. Wham, we hit and did we ever stop, as our plane's tail hook engaged the steel arresting wire stretched across the flight deck. The large safety net of this era (pre 1955 angled flight decks) was lowered, the tail hook released and the plane lumbered forward to position us out of the way of the next plane coming aboard. The safety net was once again raised behind our plane to catch any errant plane coming aboard. We disembarked the aircraft with the assistance of ship's crew. Whew, out into a twenty-five knot breeze crossing the deck in freezing weather. Over to the ship's island and into its compartments. We were all assigned quarters and our baggage (me with only a newly-purchased toilet kit) was stowed below. I was bunked with the pilots, since they had some available space.

Here I was in a dress blue uniform on a carrier with ship's crew dressed informally for work and combat. I stood out like a lightning rod. I was to be a casual visitor on Oriskany for the next five days. I had free run of the ship and became acquainted with some of the pilots and crew members. They were curious as to my circumstances, but I shared as little as possible; mostly from embarrassment.

Flight operations were around the clock. I was able to observe from The Combat Information Center (CIC) where all of the electronic feeds were displayed, as well as from an exposed deck on the ship's island one level below the bridge. It was exciting to follow the maneuvers of the Task Force and I witnessed Twining and other destroyers taking stations in our wake for plane guard duty.

While on the carrier I attended Mass conducted by a Catholic chaplain. Father was a Lieutenant Commander and the essence of kindness. He did understand my circumstance.

Finally, after five days the ships public address system barked out "Would Ensign Quigley report to the port quarter station in preparation for high line transfer from

Oriskany to USS Twining”. Well, here we were! The day was brutally cold and the Twining was coated with ice as she inched up alongside Oriskany. The aim is to steady the speeds of both ships at 15 knots and to have Twining make an approach about one hundred feet off of the port (left) quarter (rear) of the carrier. Once parallel to each other a light rope line with a heavy rubber tennis ball at the end was shot over to the forecastle (front) of Twining. Crew members grabbed the line and snaked it onto Twining, thereby pulling a metal line across from Oriskany to Twining. This line was secured to each ship and then pulled up reasonably taut and about fifteen feet out of the water. A metal chair in a frame with a pulley roller on top was then attached to the line. Then two light lines went from the chair to Oriskany and from the chair to Twining. I was tied into the chair by a harness. Now, picture a boiling, rolling mountain stream with heavy white water rapids activity. That would describe this hundred foot waterway between the two ships. Up my chair went and over the side. I was too involved with the sights, sounds and circumstances to be frightened, but frightened I should have been. I spotted Captain Dwire on Twining’s bridge and as my chair neared the forward gun turret on Twining I realized that our crew members were working on ice to bring me aboard. The journey across was actually downhill. I went from maybe forty feet to ten and didn’t dare sneak a look at how close the chair comes to the water.

Now, a real moment of embarrassment. To this point this had been some adventure for a 23 year old. Now back to the reality of fitting in as an officer and leader after pulling off some lame brained deal in the eyes of most of the crew members aboard. Capt Dwire had me directed to his cabin, where he shortly joined me. This man was something else! He truly was worried about me. He had initially assumed the worse that I was mugged and probably killed while ashore in Yokosuka. He asked me to relate my journey and then asked if I had learned something from the experience and finally, was I sorry? My punishment was to live through the embarrassment and to pull shipboard duty during most of our remaining shore visits in Japan. In actuality I had missed my ship in a combat zone. My immediate reporting in to the duty officer in Yokosuka and Capt Dwire’s coverage with orders saved my bacon. I was to be eternally grateful to this considerate leader.

One sidebar event. I was an informal “chaplain” for the Catholics on board Twining and assisted by Ensign Paul Spreke. Through my contact on Oriskany I arranged for the chaplain to visit the Twining by helicopter about two days after Christmas. Father was lowered by winch from the helicopter to the stern (rear) area of Twining and he then heard confessions and said mass in the crew’s dining area. This man was remarkable. The fleet to that point had little experience by 1952 with helicopters and the tin can navy even less actual experience in taking someone aboard onto such a moving platform as the

stern of a destroyer. Father did this on a continuous basis and we all benefited from his presence.

Twining had to bring our Destroyer Division Commodore back to Japan for a brief meeting in late December. This time we were ordered to Sasebo, Japan in southern Honshu Island near Nagasaki where America had exploded the second atom bomb during WWII. I found myself ashore at the Officers' Club on New Year's Eve with a real United Nations Group. Our Task Force 77 monitored the east coast of Korea and the combined British, Canadian and Australian navies plus the U.S. Marine fliers handled the west coast.. Sailors and marines comingled with our representation for the U.S. Navy at a real party for New Year's Eve. I'm certain in reflection that Capt Dwire had one of our officers big brothering me, but even so the evening was a blast. The Scots were there in kilts. One burly lad with a great red beard was louder than the rest... someone challenged as to whether or not they wore anything under the kilts... He leaned back, raised the kilts and sure enough the answer was "nothing"!.. Silly to recount, but just a memory tucked away with so many others.

Back to Task Force 77 in early January... Since the Commodore for our four ship division was stationed on Twining, our ship was frequently elected for special assignments. Thus, we spent less time than the others with the Task Force and more on special assignments such as Wonsan Harbor and later Formosa.

From January, 1953 thru March the Twining sailed with Task Force 77, assisted with the Wonsan Blockade and returned to Japan twice; once to Sasebo and the other to Yokosuka.

While with Task Force 77 we experienced frequent false alarms with unidentified bogies approaching the Task Force from the air. Many air sorties were launched for counter attack, but no actual enemy planes reached the ships. Similarly we pinged our hearts out as an anti-submarine screen, but again no identified bogies. Our biggest threat was offshore floating mines and numerous unidentified Korean fishing boats... the latter a real threat at night to a darkened fleet steaming at 15 knots or better.. Those small vessels didn't show well on the shipboard radar of that era.

We did serve a purpose with aircraft activities. Frontline fire support of the ships on call and particularly in the Wonsan Harbor Blockade. Somewhere I've noted that over 4 million rounds were fired by U.S. Navy gunships during the war at targets, troops, vessels, locomotives, tanks, bridges and supply dumps. That had to have made a difference. Throughout the winter it was cold and sometimes boring, but junior officers such as myself profited immensely by the total experience.

The Wonsan Harbor Blockade (Task Force 95) was a different experience! Our anti-submarine patrolling was important to the battleships and cruisers involved. This was the pre-missile era, so watching close up the huge battleship New Jersey (sister ship to the Missouri which is now a museum in Pearl Harbor) fire her huge 16 inch guns at the rail junctions and supply depots at Wonsan was some sight to see and sound to experience. Both the New Jersey and Twining attracted enemy shore battery fire, but none hit these ships during our watch. At Wonsan we were ever vigilant for floating mines. The U.S. Navy constantly swept the harbor with minesweepers for fixed mines, but the floaters were always a danger.

Sometime in March we departed Korea for rest and recreation plus repairs in Japan and then were to deploy to Hong Kong for a visit and then on to Okinawa and finally Formosa. Hong Kong at the time was a British Colonial Colony. Their lease on Victoria Island plus the New Territories Peninsula on the mainland was to extend as I recall to 1994, which in 1953 seemed like forever. Twining anchored in mid harbor and we took turns with shore liberty over three days. My time ashore was totally sightseeing. Downtown Victoria, over the mountain by train to Aberdeen (Chinese fishing village) and by ferry across to the Peninsula and out to the new Territories and communist China. I haven't previously mentioned this, but as in Japan I roughly perused the sights, planning to really visit everything in depth on Twining's supposed next WestPac Tour during the forthcoming fall and winter of 1953. Well, I've learned the hard way to seize the moment, since as you will find out I didn't sail with Twining the next time around. My loss was a second visit to Japan. However, I would manage a second visit to Hong Kong with Dolly Bohler, then my wife in 1954.

We departed Hong Kong for Buckner Bay in Okinawa. This, at the time was the headquarters for Task Force 72 which conducted a Blockade of the Formosa Straits between Mainland China and Formosa (Now called Taiwan). The Nationalist Chinese under Gen. Chiang Kai Shek finally had been forced by the Communist Chinese to depart the mainland China area and flee to Formosa by 1949. Thereafter the United States actively pursued a two China Policy and we maintained an active Blockade in the Formosa Straits to prevent the Communists from invading Formosa. There were more than a few confrontations over the years, but by and large the Blockade served a purpose. Over the years Taiwan has prospered economically and become a bastion of commerce in the world.

Our Okinawa visit was very interesting. This was the site of one of the last large Pacific War Island Campaigns during WWII. This occurred early 1945 and Japan's desperate retreat defense involved many kamikaze suicide bombing attacks on U.S. Ships bombarding Okinawa. I spent my two days ashore touring the battlefields and greatly

profited by the experience. You will recall that in 1945 as a sixteen year old I followed all of these battles leading up to the surrender of Japan in August, 1945.

Our destroyer division spent two weeks in the Formosa Straits. At least three ships of our four division ships were present at all times on patrol. However, Twining was on patrol for only a few days. This was very boring duty sailing at five knots (bare steerageway) up and down the Straits. Remember, we housed the Division Commodore, so we got to spend a week in Kaohsiung, Formosa on the island's southern tip. Again, more sightseeing in a real Chinese culture... at the time Formosa was teeming with refugees from mainland China and almost no foreigners were present as residents or on business.

I had a unique experience while at Kaohsiung. I forgot to mention that on a subsequent visit to Yokosuka, i.e. following the visit where I missed the ship, another officer, Ltjg Willett did the same thing. However, the circumstances were entirely different; but the fact that it happened presented somewhat of a problem to Capt. Dwire. Willett was about two years older than myself. He was the second in command of our Gunnery Department. Not only older, but a lot more worldly than Ensign Quigley. He was the typical fraternity boy type of his era while at college. His lifestyle carried over to his Reserve Officer naval experience. His punishment was between the skipper and Willett, but our whole officer cadre got the warning act read to it about how future such occurrences would be treated.

Unbeknownst to me Willett had previously taken instructions with respect to converting to the Catholic Faith. He had discussed the situation with the Oriskany's chaplain during his past Christmas visit on the Twining and elected to be baptized in Kaohsiung. He asked me to be his godfather. So two navy uniforms rode off in a Chinese rickshaw to a totally Chinese Catholic church. There Willett and a couple of Chinese infants entered the church. What a wonderful experience and one easy to remember, even after all of this time.

Again, I was counting on a second trip the following year to the western Pacific Region, or else I would have played more the tourist on Formosa. Little did I realize at the time that the Korean War would end in June, 1953 and that I would subsequently be reassigned to another duty station just to the southeast of Formosa in the Philippine Islands. More about this in short order.

Twining returned to Japan and then Task Force 77 off of eastern Korea. More duty in Wonsan Harbor. We finally headed east thru the Shimonoseki Straits of Japan and back to Yokosuka in early May. We provisioned and effected necessary repairs to begin the long trans Pacific voyage home to San Diego, California. We experienced a unique challenge enroute. I was the assistant navigator to LCDR Mercer, our executive officer.

There were no such things as satellites in 1953 until Russia launched sputnik in 1958. Electronic navigation utilizing long range beams was in its infancy. Long range navigation (LORAN) could provide only one bearing line, but remember two crossing lines were required to provide a comforting fix of one's position. So we relied upon the ancient sextant to shoot a star or sun line and in inclement weather just plain dead reckoning estimating positions on a chart by elapsed times versus speeds and the estimated of wind and tides... The challenge was to navigate many thousands of miles from Japan to Midway Island, make landfall and then complete 1,200 additional miles to the Hawaiian Islands. As it turned out we had overcast skies almost all the way to Midway and Midway is just a speck in the ocean; a very tiny coral atoll with then a water tower maybe 100 ft. in height... The long and short was we did it... boy, were we happy to make landfall on Midway... not too far off a course principally plotted by dead reckoning. We refueled in Midway and then had the luxury of shooting the stars and sun lines from there to Hawaii and later the coast of California.

We enjoyed liberty again in Honolulu, Hawaii. I took the opportunity to rent a car and extensively visit around the island of Oahu. Just beautiful!

Back to San Diego by late May. Shortly after returning I was eligible for leave and arranged to fly home to Rockville Centre, Long Island, New York. I spent a day at home and then headed the 100 plus miles to Montauk and Dolly Bohler.

I have to this point neglected to update the Bob-Dolly relationship; I have never before or since spent as much time letter writing as I did while in WESTPAC. Dolly and I poured our experiences and feelings out and grew much closer while separated by half the earth. I never questioned my feelings, but just knew that I wanted to spend my life with this lovely young woman. The only real challenge was when to marry? I was for waiting out two more years and post navy. Dolly had a much sooner date in mind. Mind you, the war was just ending in Korea (actual date to be July 27, 1953), but as far as I knew I had another six months WESTPAC commitment commencing about November, 1953.

I went to Montauk and was followed a couple of days later by Mom and Dad. During my week or so there these three things transpired: first, my love and I became engaged; second, our parents became acquainted and finally, Dolly convinced me that we should marry prior to my returning to Japan and WESTPAC... the date of October 12, 1953 was selected... I must admit that I still had my timing reservations, but just like so many events in life to follow, my love's choice was the wisdom of Job.

I very reluctantly departed Dolly and Montauk, but we knew it was to be for only a short period of time. I spent another day at home with brother Bill and Mom and Dad. Bill had graduated from Fordham University the preceding year, while I was just joining the

Twining in San Diego for the first time. He now was finishing his first year in medical school. He was the one to ultimately become the doctor, again a graduation while I was to be away in the Philippines.

Bill grew up with our first cousin Frank Murphy. They both attended Fordham together. Frank graduated in 1952 and went on to join the marines and participated in some fierce ground fighting during the last year of that war. Dolly's and my friend Tommy Ryan from Deep Hollow Ranch was drafted into the army and later lost his life in Korea during the 1952-53 time frame. Many years later Dolly and I visited my high school of Gonzaga in Washington, D.C. Our fiftieth reunion magazine (1997) contained the names and pictures of a group of fellow classmates who graduated ROTC in 1951 and shortly thereafter lost their lives as junior officers in Korea. So, when July 27, 1953 finally arrived, we were all so relieved to have this conflict behind us.

Just as a matter of record this three year conflict has assumed the role in our history as "The Forgotten War". I mentioned previously that this was a United Nations' effort, but of the 1.8 million who served from the United States 103,000 were wounded and 36,516 lost their lives. We did serve a purpose by spreading Russia's efforts in what was to become the burgeoning cold war and slowing the communist infiltration in Southeast Asia.

I flew back to San Diego. Once again, these cross continent flights were in four engine prop planes with frequent refueling stops. New York to San Diego was still an all day journey. The first widely accepted airline jet was still awaiting the development of Boeing's 707 jet around 1958.

I received my first officer fitness report review. This session was conducted by LCDR Mercer our executive officer. My marks were generally satisfactory to me with no mention of the episode of missing my ship. Mercer did describe me as a willing and capable junior officer. He used the adjective "phlegmatic". I had to resort to the dictionary which translates to "sluggish or unexcited", and was not especially flattered with my interpretation. Later in life and looking back I see this as a personality trait of being calm under pressure, and whether in 1953 as a twenty-four year old or later, I now see this as a continuing life-long trait.

Commander Dwire was replaced as our skipper by a Commander Miller. We spent the balance of the summer breaking in Miller and other officer and crew replacements preparatory to a November scheduled return to WESTPAC. A destroyer never really rests. Out to sea off of San Diego and south along the Mexican Coast to Ensenada working with U.S. submarine and air groups in constant practice.

My summer was focused around preparations for my marriage. Dolly and I corresponded constantly. By the way in 1953 long distance phone rates were quite high and used sparingly. I rented a furnished efficiency apartment at 2910 ¼ Ingelow St. on Point Loma. A delightful one room place with a murphy bed that pulled down out of the wall. Dolly and I were to use this from October thru about January 1954.

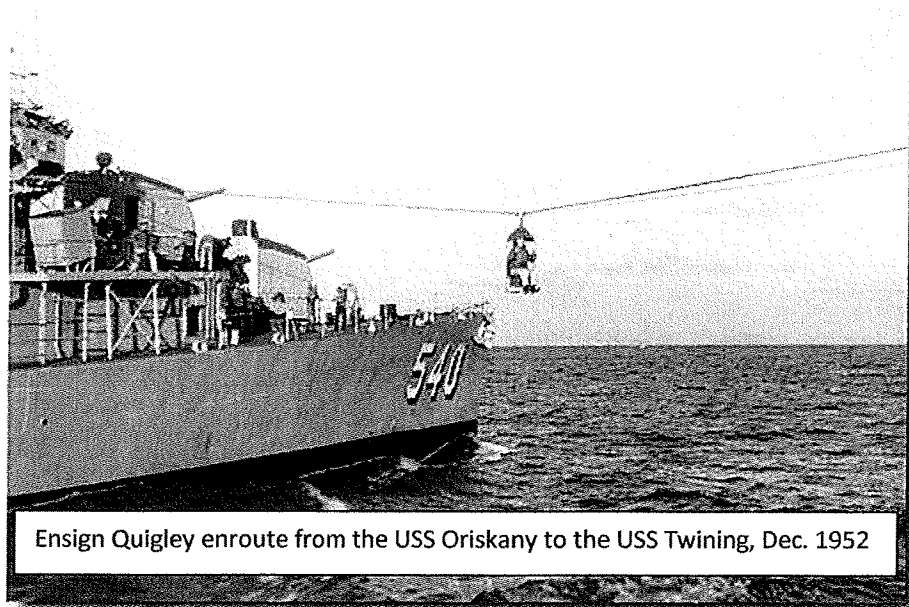
Two things happened shortly before my October return to Montauk and marriage: first, my promotion from ensign to lieutenant junior grade and second, my orders to depart USS Twining and proceed to the Underway Training Unit at Subic Bay in the Philippine Islands. Well, surprises of surprises! About to be married and me off to the Philippines. My initial inquiries established that dependents were permitted at Subic, but subject to the availability of quarters on the navy base. No one at that time lived ashore in the Philippine barrio of Olongapo. My game plan was marriage on October 12th and then my departure for Subic with Dolly remaining at 2910 ¼ Ingelow St. (great address, heh?) until I qualified her for base dependent quarters in Subic Bay.

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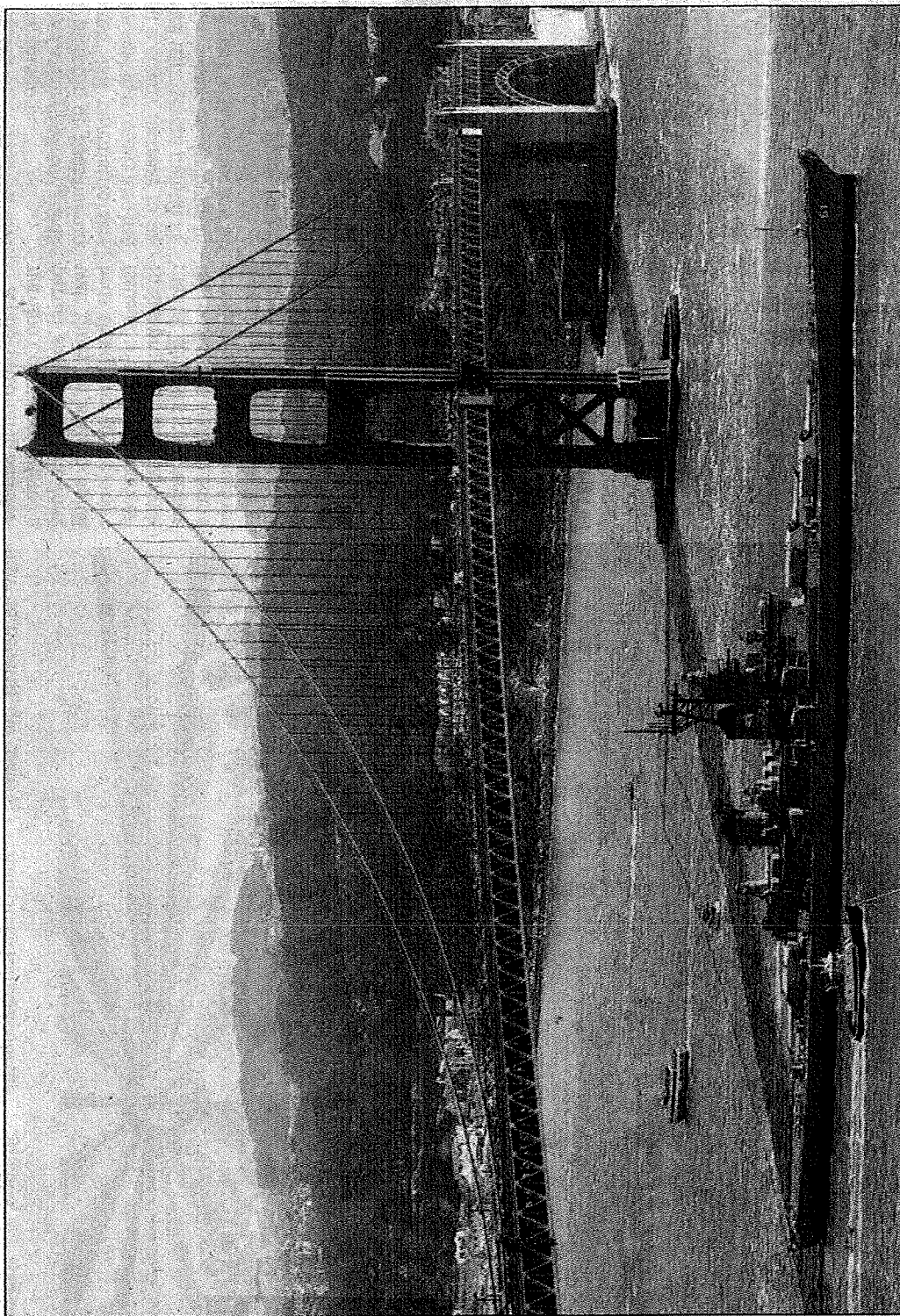
Looking back the Twining was a huge lifetime event. I joined a small fraternal group and we lived the Walter Mitty Adventure of close teamwork in an active war zone. We did make a difference in an almost "Forgotten War".

I grew into manhood and learned the early lessons of leadership. I visited places that I now realize I would have never seen and learned to appreciate other cultures. At the end of this short tunnel I came home to make a lifetime commitment to Dolly Bohler. This is actually the next chapter.

USS *Twining* (DD-540), 1943-1971



USS IOWA HEADS SOUTH

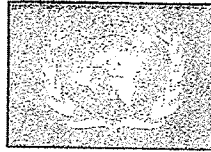


Paul Chihm San Francisco Chronicle

The USS Iowa passes under the Golden Gate as it is towed out of San Francisco about 2:30 p.m. Saturday. Crowds watched from both sides of the bridge as the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter Sockeye provided an official escort and the San Francisco fireboat Phoenix led the way. At the St. Francis Yacht Club on San Francisco's shoreline, officers and crew members of the USS Decatur, wearing dress whites, saluted as the Iowa drifted past, said Bob Rogers of the Pacific Battleship Center, a nonprofit group that will operate an interactive naval museum on the ship at the Port of Los Angeles. Club members also honored the Iowa with a farewell gun salute and a signal flag message: "Farewell My Dear Friend."

SACRAMENTO BEE 5-27-12

USS IOWA WAS A SISTER SHIP TO THE USS NEW JERSEY. THE USS NEW JERSEY WAS WITH THE USS TWINING AT WONSAN HARBOR, KOREA IN 1952



June 25, 2000

Dear Veteran

On the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of the Korean War, I would like to offer you my deepest gratitude for your noble contribution to the efforts to safeguard the Republic of Korea and uphold liberal democracy around the world. At the same time, I remember with endless respect and affection those who sacrificed their lives for that cause.

We Koreans hold dear in our hearts the conviction, courage and spirit of sacrifice shown to us by such selfless friends as you, who enabled us to remain a free democratic nation.

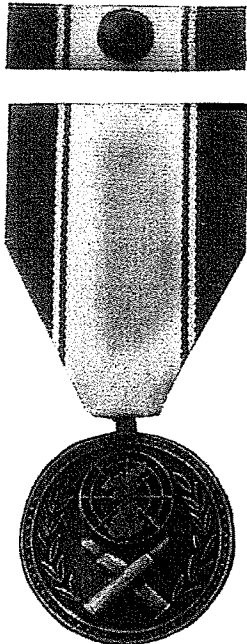
The ideals of democracy, for which you were willing to sacrifice your all 50 years ago, have become universal values in this new century and millennium.

Half a century after the Korean War, we honor you and reaffirm our friendship, which helped to forge the blood alliance between our two countries. And we resolve once again to work with all friendly nations for the good of humankind and peace in the world.

I thank you once again for your noble sacrifice, and pray for your health and happiness.

Sincerely yours,

signed
Kim Dae-jung
President of the Republic of Korea



**LETTER AND MEDAL OF THANKS TO KOREAN WAR VETERANS
FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA**

USS Iowa spruces up for its final duty - as a museum

By ERIC RISBERG
Associated Press

RICHMOND - Firing its 16-inch guns in the Arabian Sea, the USS Iowa shuddered. As the sky turned orange, a blast of heat from the massive guns washed over the battleship. This was the Iowa of the late 1980s, at the end of its active duty as it escorted reflagged Kuwaiti oil tankers from the Persian Gulf through the Strait of Hormuz during the Iran-Iraq war.

Some 25 years later, following years of aging in the San Francisco Bay Area's "mothball fleet," the 887-foot-long ship that once carried President Franklin Roosevelt to a World War II summit to meet with Churchill, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek is coming to life once again as it is being prepared for what is most likely its final voyage.

Not far from where "Rosie the Riveters" built ships in the 1940s at the Port of Richmond, the 58,000-ton battlewagon is undergoing restoration for towing May 20 through the Golden Gate, then several hundred miles south to the Port of Los Angeles in San Pedro. There, it is to be transformed into an interactive naval museum.

On May 1, ownership of the Iowa was officially transferred from the U.S. Navy to the Pacific Battleship Center, the non-profit organization that has been restoring the boat for its new mission.

"This means everything - it's going to be saved," said John Wolfinbarger, 87, of San Martin, who served aboard the USS Iowa for almost two years in the mid-1940s and recently began giving public tours of the old ship during repairs here. "When it gets down to San Pedro, it's going to be the happiest day of my life, like coming home," he said, watching the mast being reattached.

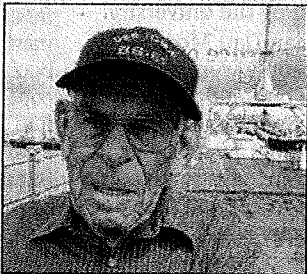
For the past decade, the lead ship of her battleship class known as "The Big Stick" has sat in the cold and fog, anchored with other mothballed ships in nearby Suisun Bay. This spring, workers began scrubbing and painting the Iowa's exterior, replacing the teak deck and reattaching the mast in preparation for the museum commissioning July 4.

Jonathan Williams, executive officer of Pacific Battleship Group, has been



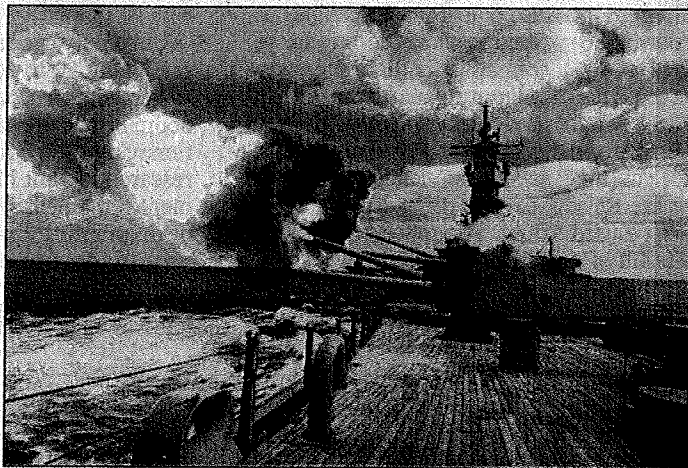
Eric Risberg Associated Press

A worker paints the USS Iowa next to one of the 16-inch guns on the battleship, which is undergoing restoration in Richmond. The World War II-era ship will soon be open to the public as an interactive museum.

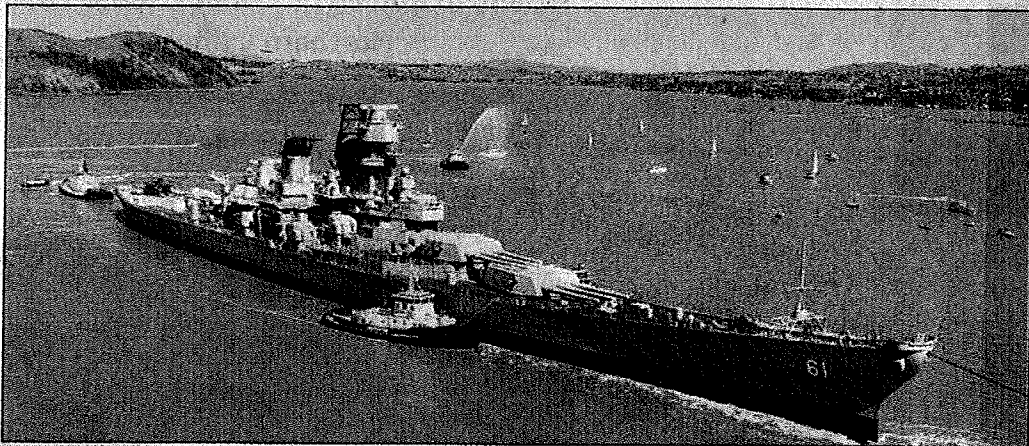


"When it gets down to San Pedro, it's going to be ... like coming home."

JOHN WOLFNBARGER, 87, served aboard the USS Iowa for almost two years



In this photo from December, 1987, the USS Iowa fires its guns during duty in the Persian Gulf. The ship once carried President Franklin D. Roosevelt to a summit with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin.



This photo from 2001 shows the Iowa being towed through the Carquinez Straits near Benicia. The 887-foot-long ship will make its final voyage this month to San Pedro, after years in the mothball fleet.

Iowa: Museum to replicate what it was like to be at sea on active duty

FROM PAGE A3

overseeing the project, which will exceed \$4 million. Williams credited his staff and volunteers, along with financial contributions from the state of Iowa, for making the restoration possible.

"The U.S. Navy, MARAD (United States Maritime Administration) and the crew that mothballed the battleship over the past 22 years did an excellent job and kept the heart and soul of Iowa alive," Williams said.

The fast Iowa-class battleships, ordered by the Navy in 1939 and 1940, could travel at a speed of 33 knots. The Iowa, first commissioned in 1943 and again in 1951 and 1984, saw duty in World War II and the Korean War. It escorted tankers in the Persian Gulf during the Iran-Iraq war before being decommissioned in

1990.

During World War II, when transferred to the Pacific Fleet in 1944, the ship shelled beachheads at Kwajalein and Eniwetok in advance of Allied amphibious landings and screened aircraft carriers operating in the Marshall Islands.

It was one of two ships of its class camouflaged during World War II - and it also was the only one with a bathtub, installed for Roosevelt. The Iowa also served as the Third Fleet flagship, flying Adm. William F. Halsey's flag as it accompanied the Missouri at the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay.

A dark part of the ship's history took place in 1989, when 47 sailors were killed in an explosion in the No. 2 gun turret. After the blast, the Navy alleged a crew member caused the explosion as a result of a

failed relationship with another male crew member. A follow-up investigation found the explosion was most likely the result of human error.

Most visitors are immediately drawn to the sight and firepower of the Iowa's nine 16-inch guns, which could send an armor-piercing shell the weight of a small car 24 miles. When the ship was modernized during the 1980s, it was outfitted with Tomahawk cruise missiles, Harpoon anti-ship missiles and Phalanx gun mounts. It was also one of the first ships outfitted to carry a drone for reconnaissance flights.

Future plans for the Iowa include an interactive tour experience that will allow the visitor to experience what life at sea was like during active duty. The museum is scheduled to open July 7.

(LEFT TO RIGHT) USS SHIELDS AND USS TWINING
MIDWAY ISLAND

