Oral History

Rear Admiral
Martin D. Carmody, USN (Ret.)

Interviewed by
David F. Winkler, Ph.D.
Naval Historical Foundation

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Martin D. Carmody, RADM, USN (Ret.)

Martin Doan "Red" Carmody, RADM, USN (Ret.), was born in Indiana Harbor, IN on Oct. 27, 1917, and was the son of Martin Hugh and Philinda Salina (Doan) Carmody. He graduated from San Jose California State College in 1940, having played football in their 1939 National Championship.

He entered the Navy's V-5 cadet pilot training program in 1941 and was commissioned and designated a Naval Aviator in 1941. He flew heroically throughout World War II and Korea before becoming instrumental in making naval aviation the formidable and effective force it is today. In his many combat assignments, he flew missions in the World War II Pacific Theater, Korea and Vietnam. He commanded the aircraft carrier USS *Kitty Hawk* (CVA-63) in Vietnam and was commander of Carrier Division ONE. Rear Adm. Carmody retired in August 1977 after 36 years of service.

Enlisted in the US Naval Reserve in March 1941 and had flight training at Naval Air Station Corpus Christi, TX. Completing his training there, he was designated a Naval Aviator and commissioned an Ensign. Assigned to Scouting Squadron Ten, attached to USS *Enterprise*. In July 1943 he reported as the XO of Bombing Squadron Eight and participated in combat operations from March to Nov 1944, while attached to USS *Bunker Hill*. In Jan 1945 he joined Bombing Squadron Ninety-Eight to serve as OPS Officer and XO and in April 1946 assumed command of that squadron. From Nov 1946 until July 1948 he served as Assistant OPS Officer on the Staff of Commander Carrier Division Three, which operated with Task Force Fifty Eight in the Western Pacific. In July 1951 he joined Airborne Early Warning Squadron Eleven, which from Dec 1951 participated in combat operations in the Korean area of hostilities. In July 1952 he assumed command of Fighter Squadron One Hundred Twenty-Four and as CO of that squadron returned to the Korean area in Nov 1952. For two years, he headed the Attack Aircraft Branch, Washington DC. Assigned next to Fleet Air, he remained there until July 1957, when he assumed command of Carrier Air Group Eight, then as Head of the Fleet Air Training Section until Dec 1959. Jan 1960 he reported as XO of USS *Oriskany* (CVA-34). In Feb 1961 he became Assistant Director of Attack Programs at the Bureau of Naval Weapons, then Director of the Air Planning Requirements Branch. In Nov 1963 he assumed command of USS *Zelima* (AF-49) and in June 1965 command of USS *Kitty Hawk* (CVA-63). He reported in Aug 1966 as Project Manager, Reconnaissance Electronic Warfare Special Operations and Naval Intelligence Processing Systems Project, and in Sep 1969 he assumed command of Carrier Division One. In March 1971 he reported as CO of Operational Test and Evaluation Force, and in Feb 1974 he reported as Commandant of the Twelfth Naval District, with additional duty as Commander Naval Base, Treasure Island. In July 1975, he reported to Washington, DC to become the Navy IG. He retired in 1977 after 36 years of service.

He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit with three Gold Stars, the Distinguished Flying Cross with three Gold Stars, the Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V", the Air Medal with eight Gold Stars, the Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon with three stars, and the Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon. He was also awarded the American Defense Service Medal, American Campaign Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with two silver stars (ten operations), World War II Victory Medal, China Service Medal, National Defense Service Medal with bronze star, Korean Service Medal; United Nations Service Medal, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal (Vietnam), and the Philippine Liberation Ribbon. He also has the Korean Presidential Unit Citation Badge and the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal with Device. He was a member of the Early and Pioneer Naval Aviators Association "Golden Eagles" and a holder of the Navy's Gray Eagle Award from August 31st 1976 to May 27th 1977, an award for the Naval Aviator on continuous active duty who has held that designation for the longest period of time. He was a member of the Association of Naval Aviation, the Tailhook Association, and the Navy League.

RADM Martin Carmody resided in Virginia Beach, VA until his death in 2008. He was survived by his wife of 43 years, Barbara; son, CAPT Bert Carmody, USN (Ret.) and his wife Alice Carmody; daughter, Catherine Ireland and her husband Bruce Ireland; grandchildren, Colleen Gahan, Jennifer Fore, Jack Carmody and Laura Carmody; and three great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by his son, LTC Russell Carmody, USA, but is survived by Russell's wife, Nadine Carmody.

Subjects Covered

2-4 June 2002

Born in 1917 – raised in California, Santa Clara
Visited USS *Arizona* when 9 years old – Visited USS *Saratoga* when 10
Saw "Dive Bomber" movie in 1932 starring Clark Gable, lasting impression

Discussion of grammar school and mother's guidance
Always had a job before joining Navy – 'peddled' newspapers
Played football in high school – Played football at San Jose State

Discussion of time at college – friend became a Naval aviator – talked to recruiters
Joined the Navy March 12, 1941
Brother's love for flying instilled in him

Stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas May/June 1941 – accelerated flight training
Concentrated training on dive bombing – Pearl Harbor happened
Received wings in mid January 1942

Discussion of typical day in Corpus Christi and primary training
Reported to San Diego for carrier training
Story of first landing on USS *Saratoga*

Assigned to Air Group 10 – transported to Pearl – Barbers Point NAS
Orders to the *Enterprise* – headed South to Solomons
Search patten for Japanese - *Shokaku* and *Zuikaku* – attacked by Zeros

Enterprise attacked by Japanese – 90 people lost - John Crommelin
Story of *Enterprise* LSO Robin Lindsey – Japanese withdrew – Went to New Caledonia
Flew around Tontouta – Bob Hope performed - Emergency evacuation back to ship

Spotted Japanese armada flying to Guadalcanal in Slot – attacked and returned to ship
Returned to attack lead ship – Fight with Zero – stay at Henderson Field, Guadalcanal
Air Group 10 released to return to *Enterprise* – fly to Espiritu Santo
Weather front – Separated and solo – water landing

Landed on northern point of Espiritu Santo – trek through jungle – native village
Meet with coast watcher – picked up by Seaplane – return to *Enterprise*
Story about Whitey Feightner

Return to Pearl for R&R – ordered to report to Norfolk 1943
Separated from Liska – Liska's background
Discussion of Distinguished Flying Cross

At Fentress with VB-8 – squadron was "bedlam" – carrier qualifications
Discussion of training new pilots – SB2C Helldiver
Commissioning air group for the *Intrepid*
Operational readiness inspection – training in Gulf of Paria – engine troubles with SB2C

December 1943 sent back to Pacific – Discussion of transit and needing more training
Story about water landing after losing rudder control – 7 days aboard destroyer
Promoted to XO of air group - embarked on the *Bunker Hill*

Sailed on *Bunker Hill* to Madura Lagoon – Third Fleet- strikes against Palaus, Babelthuap, Koror
Discussion of attacks – Story of pilot forgetting to drop bomb and Betty escaping
Anchored in Madura couple of days – bomb airfield – F6F – seven month long deployment

Discussion of invasion of Saipan – Discussion of Marianas Turkey Shoot – F6F performance
Became the commanding officer of the squadron – "pep talk" squadron for water landing at night
Lights turned on on the carrier – aftermath of Battle of Philippine Seas

Attacked Formosa – ammunition ship – attacked Okinawa
In Visayans (Cebu) before MacArthur's landing – attacked another ammunition ship
Story of squadron mate partially caught in the blast
Houston torpedoed – Worked over Okinawa, Iwo Jima, Chichi, Jima, Guam

Did not participate in Leyte Gulf – Returned to San Diego -
Ordered to VB-98 at Los Alamitos – RAG – ops officer
Story of Captain asking why planes turned to right on carrier – carrier quals on *Ranger*
New *Tarawa* – Story about difficulty with new carrier quals – CAPT Malstrom

War ended – flight hours reduced – orders as asst operations officer for air on CarDiv Three staff
Scramble to lean maneuvering boards and how destroyers close – Nov '46 to July'48
"Infected" with idea of electronic warfare - Shantung Peninsula - Task Force 38
Story about flying to pick up Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air and his aide

Line School, Newport RI – augmented from reserve commission to active Jan 1946
Ordered to University of Louisville as an instructor for two years

Korean War started – wanted to be part of it – still got flight hours in KY
Orders to be the ops officer for VC-11 – AEW – needed night flying off carrier experience
Flown out to Antietam and Valley Forge for night carrier training
Learned a lot about electronic warfare - jamming and passive receiving

Request to deploy to Korea first denied – Ordered CO of Reserve F4U squadron at Miramar
Carrier qualification for squadron – worked squadron hard to prepare – aced it
Discussion of Air Group Commander getting 'pissed' at him – write negative fitness report

Fighter Squadron 124 deploys to Korea on the *Oriskany* – bombed Pyongyang train center
Discussion of avoiding Chinese territory – MiGs – CAS for army
Joint Operating Center, Korea in Seoul assigned targets – plane shot up
Bronze Star- Three Air Medals

Return to States to head attack aircraft branch from July '53 to July '55
Flummoxed by orders - hoping to go back and be skipper of VC-11
First Washington tour – Story of first day of job and A3D

Wrote requirement for a multi-engine AEW plane – E-2C
A3D converted to carry 5 people - electronic warfare
Story of F-86 – wrote requirements for F9F – T-34 trainer
Discussion of F7U and FH-1

Made Commander - ordered to be ops officer at ComFAirAlameda
Developed a program to qualify nuclear bomb delivery pilots
New Admiral arrived – knew previously & supportive
Discussion of development of new bombing range in Utah – resistance from congressmen
Admiral McCain took over fight to get Navy access to Air Force bombing range in Nevada

Not Selected for air group commander – orders to Air Group 8 at Oceana in 1957
Admiral was able to get him an air group CO position
1958 ordered to be head of the fleet training office in Op-58

Introducing now the F-4, P-3s, E-2C, A-6
Discussion of development & creation of the Naval Flight Officer (NFO) designator
Became executive officer of the *Oriskany* – WestPac deployment
Assigned as system director, attack program, Bureau of Naval Weapons
Civil service 'mafia' - first program manager on the A-6, Intruder

'pumped up' about electronic warfare – proposal for electronic countermeasures in A-4
Proposal denied – furious

Promoted CAPT - ordered to Pentagon - head of operational requirements for all aircraft

Discussion of F3H Demon engine trouble – proposal to use C-130 as carrier delivery
Admiral Thach supported proposal – Patuxent studies C-130 proposal
'in cahoots' with Kelly Johnson – He inspired idea for C-130 on carrier

Orders as skipper of the *Zelima* 1963
Story of going out to seas with Paul Stevens on his 'reefer'
Tonkin Gulf – ship traveled all over Asia
Story of crew living conditions aboard *Zelima* – met second wife Barbara

Discussion of junior officer training – people on the bridge
Oscar-overboard drills and Williamson turn – Story of wandering the ship
Orders to become CO of *Kitty Hawk* – 'tickled pink'
Story of man overboard drill with flag officer visiting
Discussion of Operational Readiness Inspection – WestPac deployment

Near collision with Russian breakbulk ships – fire from refueling Sacramento
Discussion of Cam Pha coaling plant and intelligence
Legion of Merit as CO of *Kitty Hawk* – lost quite a number of A-6 and A-4, one or two F-4

Discussion of A-6 – its second tour – problems with bomb system
CNO Staff OpTEvFor – Tried to sandbag & bypass him - Elmo Zumwalt

Orders as Program Manager for electronic warfare in the Naval Material Command
Electronic countermeasure needed on planes – would not have lost as many in Vietnam
Discussion of Shoehorn program

Selected for flag rank – assigned as Op-506
Discussion of Marines leading way of jamming/electronic warfare
Belknap passive receiving system – program manager Type 18 periscope – New Jersey update

Assigned to Op-35 Sep 67 to Sep 69 – tried to improve the flow of equipment and priorities
Assumed command of Carrier Division One in Sep 1969
Discussion of quality of enlisted & officers – draft – Staff discipline
Meeting in Saigon - R&R in Singapore – recognition of need for electronic warfare/jamming

Assigned as OpTEvFor for three years – Dave Packard's fly-before-buy program
200 projects underway during time there – Discussion of LAMPS
Breakdown of OpTEvFor organization and its mission – Harrier discussion

Story about Admiral Bulkeley- improved intelligence at LantFlt
Discussion of relationship with CIA – U2 - OT&E counterparts in Army and USAF
Discussion of air defenses

Biggest challenge at OpTEvFor was sea control ship - Center for Naval Analyses
Discussion of sea control ship - Chief of Naval Operations' major initiative
Push to approve program – not feasible in wartime environment

"Retirement tour" in San Francisco - Twelfth Naval District -Utah, NorCal, and Nevada
Personal liaison and discussion with the governors – Ronald Reagan
Responsible for all public relations – Story of visiting CNO's
Making two stars – SOSUS

Told BuPers intentions to retire - asked if he would stay on – became Naval Inspector General
IG had 40 people – Discussion of Lant- and PacFlt inspections – inspection checklist
Story of 'scam on the steel' - $500 million – first IG inspection of Naval Intelligence Command
Discussion of Deputy CIA Inman's criticism of interfering with intelligence

Discussion of other units IG inspected – worldweb Scotland, Rota, Sigonella, Augusta Bay
Naples, Sardinia, Keflavik, Guam,

Norfolk supply system investigation – Discussion of investigation into Captain in Pentagon,
contractor's report – black program

Admiral Holloway said it's retirement time – worked equally for SECNAV and CNO
Story of pregnancy uniform – discussion of women in the service
Recommendations to change IG structure – small retirement ceremony at CNO's office
Distinguished Service Medal – discussion of postretirement consulting work

2-4 June 2002

RADM Martin Carmody

David Winkler,
Interviewer

WINKLER: Today is June 2, 2002. This is Dave Winkler of the Naval Historical Foundation with retired Rear Admiral Martin Doan Carmody, here in his home in Virginia Beach.

Thank you for having me here this evening. I'd like to start out with an overview of where you're from, a little bit about your parents, and growing up, leading up to your interest in coming into the Navy.

CARMODY: Okay. My parents were living in California. My dad was originally from Chicago. So when they were building the steel mills in Gary, he—having electrical wiring capability—he was recruited and went back to Gary, Indiana, where they were building the mills. It was during that time that I was born, which is 1917.

When I was about four years old the family moved back to California. My mother was a Californian from many generations. So I was raised in California, primarily in the Santa Clara Valley, which is where I went to school, Palo Alto. It was called Mayfield Grammar School in those days. At that time this was strictly what was called the Valley of Heart's Delight, nothing but orchards. So it was a Valley of Heart's Delight, particularly in the spring, when all the orchards are in bloom. I went to grammar school in San Jose; started out in San Jose. And because of my father's type of work he had a contract on the veterans' hospital in Palo Alto, and so we moved up into that area.

The next thing that we did from there is we moved to Monterey, California—this would be 1928 now; I'll fast forward and won't go into the details of those intervening years—because he was one of the electrical contractors on the San Carlos Hotel, which was the largest hotel in that area at the time. It's still there, by the way. It's a landmark. It was there that we lived in Pacific Grove, up on Fountain Avenue. The school was just about a block and a half away, just around the corner. There was the grammar school, Pacific Grove Grammar School.

One morning when I was getting ready to go to school I walked out the front door—Fountain Avenue is a hill; the road itself is a hill and we were at the top of the hill—and I looked down into Monterey Bay, and here was the largest ship I'd ever seen in my life. It turned out to be the USS *Arizona*, the famous *Arizona*. Of course, that is very exciting for all young people like me. I was kind of a ragamuffin and a mischief-maker, I'm sure. About two days later, with the permission of the parents, a lot of the grammar school children went—I forget how we got down—to the pier in Monterey and we boarded one of these fifty-foot motor launches. I want to tell you, watching that young coxswain handle that motor whaleboat, backing and turning and so forth and all that, was fascinating. I can still remember it. And I was impressed. He was—white hat and looked real sharp. So we went out to the *Arizona*, and you can imagine—I was about nine years old or ten years old at the time—it left a lasting impression on me. Everything was so clean and shiny. Somehow or other I drifted away from the pack, and typical of me I had to get up and go into that big structure above, where the gun-sights were, way up in the mast for triangulation. I was run out of there, of course, and went back. But that was a lasting memory. The next incident that occurred, after that job was done.... About this time it was 1930. It was '28, '29 in Pacific Grove. Now we have moved back to the Santa Clara Valley. At that time our family broke up and my mother, sister, and I became a single-parent family. There I went to a little small school called Mayfield Grammar School. Following that we moved to be closer to her relatives. She has a big clan of sisters in that area, and fortunately for me they were a great support, and a lot of other things that you can't quantify. They were just great people. Now I am in junior high school. That was the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades.

I believe I was in the eighth grade when I went up—a classmate's dad was a boatswain's mate, a Navy boatswain's mate, a chief, at that time. He was attached to the USS *Saratoga*. This is 1930, I'll say. Gosh, that was so exciting for me with this friend of mine. He came in the morning; he had to report in, come back, whatever it was. And we went all over the *Saratoga*. It was exhausting. We went to the Navy landing, down on the Embarcadero, and went out on a

motor launch to the ship. It was the largest thing I'd ever—I thought the *Arizona* was big, but the *Saratoga* was a lot larger: length and height and width. Anyway, that was a fantastic program. Well, about that time—now it's about 1931—a movie came out with Clark Gable and Wallace Beery. Maybe it was 1932. I'm still in junior high school, I believe. It was called, "Dive Bomber." It was a Navy carrier story with Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, and a couple other people that were famous at the time—I forget who the gal was—and they looked so sharp in those uniforms. They were always the best of course, you know, in the movies, lasting impression.

Now, then I go to high school there, go from junior high school to San Jose High School. There were only two in the city at that time. Of course, I was a pretty big kid at the time and went out for football. I was on the football team and the glee club. The background of this is my mother was always singing. She had a very rough life when they were married, but she was always singing and optimistic, and a very religious person. It's still in my mind, "There but for the grace of God go I." Or the other one is, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Et cetera, et cetera. She was that type of person, raised that way. Well, because of our kind of very sparse income and so forth, we didn't have.... I didn't spend any time to speak of in church, but she substituted. If I have any character at all it's because my mother inculcated it.

WINKLER: And this is during the Depression.

CARMODY: During the Depression. Well, at that point, when I was in Mayfield Grammar School I was twelve years old, I believe. Let me digress a little bit. My mother was a Californian. All of her sisters were either nurses or school teachers. They were an educated family. And she had gone to nurse's training at St. Francis Hospital for two years. I think that's what was required to get your nurse's degree at the time, if I'm not mistaken. The reason I mention that is because it was during that time that the 1905 earthquake shook everything, and she was in school at that time, going through the nurse's training. But she was a very sharp woman and a very good nurse. My brother and sister and I benefited by that guidance of hers. She was a very, very wonderful person.

While I was at Mayfield I use to hitch a ride on the back of a red car—it was about a mile and a half—to Stanford Avenue in Palo Alto. Stanford went right into the campus. I had a job for a whole year peddling the Call Bulletin. I'll summarize by this: my entire life till I joined the Navy, I was never without a job, because of the matter of necessity. If I wanted something I had to pay for it, which didn't hurt me at all. I've done every kind of thing.

WINKLER: Explain that job again—you were peddling...?

CARMODY: I was selling newspapers. "Here, here, Call Bulletin, get your Call Bulletin," you know, selling the San Francisco Call Bulletin in Palo Alto. Palo Alto at that time was probably, maybe, 2500 people, maybe 3000. Of course, during those days Stanford was a big football power, so I went to a lot of Stanford football games. Anyway, this influenced me.

Now I fast forward to San Jose High School. All this time I have to have an income of some kind, because we had to keep up some kind of standard of living. And then, of course, I played football because of that influence. I was a big kid at the time for the high school league. I had a wonderful coach, whom I recognized as being one of my character builders for me, in so many different ways; particularly integrity, responsibility, understanding the importance of values. It never left me. In later years we interfaced a couple of times. But I always wanted to tell him how much I admired him, and all the things he had done for me, because it affected me. A male influence, if you will, my high school football coach, a wonderful man. I knew his family, and we were taken in by those people sometimes for dinner and so forth.

I should add about this time my older brother was nine years older than myself. He had been a football player at Santa Clara High School; you know the University of Santa Clara, that little old town there. Of course I went to see one of the games and there was my brother; I had to do the same thing.

WINKLER: You had a sister, you said?

CARMODY: Yes.

WINKLER: And a brother.

CARMODY: Yes, three of us. I bring him into this now because of the influence he had on my life in the out-years.

At San Jose High School it was a very rewarding experience, primarily because of this coach. And I developed a lot of friends there that in the following years we're still talking to each other. I went through high school in 1933, '34, '35. Because of that football business I was recruited by the University of Santa Clara, which was one of the big football colleges at that time. They used to play Fordham and, I don't know whether they played Notre Dame or not, but it was a Catholic school. I had a scholarship there, but I realized that, after having interviewed and dealing with the recruiting coach, I found that I had no source of income. I'd always had a job. At the time I had a job. And if I went to Santa Clara, I wouldn't be able to work at night because I'd have to be there, for whatever reason. So I had to turn that down.

My alternative was to go to San Jose State, because there I was close to where I was working, and I had the income. It wasn't the same cost factor—let me put it that way.

WINKLER: So what did you study at San Jose State?

CARMODY: Well, I hasten to add that I had very little home influence, because my mother was gone all the time. She was a nurse, and in those days they were case nurses. They'd go and stay on a case maybe eight hours or whatever the time was. Sometimes she stayed twenty-four hours

in a home taking care of people. So growing up I was deficient in a lot of things—all across the board, education-wise. I only mention that because my thirst for knowledge was out of control. But between working and going to school I didn't have enough time for...and nobody there to influence me at home. That's no excuse, but I now realize how far I was behind the curve. But as far as I was concerned I was living the best life. In my mind, I was enjoying life.

Then when I graduated I turned down—the same thing happened. St. Mary's was a big-gun school. They used to play Fordham and the Catholic schools, Notre Dame and so forth. They were high on the list at that time. But they had the same situation. I would have no spending money for clothing or anything, particularly during football season. So that was another reason for me to go to San Jose. I could work and do these things.

Well, I was there for four years, and I finished my schooling in 1940. During that time they had what they called a "midshipman program" in the Navy. One of the football players who was two years ahead of me but I played with him for two years—his name was Bob Rooney—had applied and was accepted to go through flight training at Pensacola, as a midshipman. He had come back to the campus in my senior year, visiting, and he had this sharp green outfit on—you know?

WINKLER: Green?

CARMODY: Yes. Wings over here, you know. And he made $125 a month. Wow. Unheard of in those days. Our teachers were signing contracts for $1000 a year, a school season. Just to show the difference. And here this fellow was being paid to fly. The other thing is, he also received $75 a month in flight pay. So this meant a pretty staggering money flow for those of us at the college level. Our sights weren't set too high, anyway, I would guess.

I didn't want to be a teacher. So my idea was—I wasn't too sure, because I didn't have anybody really, a guiding influence. I was my own guide. As the old saying goes, "He who is a doctor who doctors himself is not too wise." That's my case.
But I did get through the school, and I enjoyed it immensely. I played for three years and had a chance to travel. We used to play Occidental College, and Tempe, Arizona State. We traveled by train to this places; it was before flying, of course. It was a very memorable program. I had very good friendships and a wonderful time, and always had a pretty good job. The jobs in those days were forty cents an hour, just to put that in perspective.

Well, my last year I dropped out of college my last quarter, to accept a job at Treasure Island, where they were having a World's Fair. I became a rent-a-cop. I was there about four months and then went back to college to do the last quarter, in 1940. I had to finish up so I'd have enough credits for a degree.

Now, in that spring, before I went to work up at Treasure Island, a Marine recruiting team of Marine aviators came down. Oh, let me get back to that fellow. I told you, his suit was sharp. I

don't think he made $125—that's what I received when I was finally commissioned as an ensign. But he was telling me how much fun he was having, how enjoyable. Now a recruiter comes along. Now he's in his Marine blue suit; dressed out. He's recruiting, and he sold me on the idea of being a Marine aviator. This was during the last quarter of school, which I dropped out for financial reasons.

So I did take the physical exam. I weighed 205 pounds—what I weigh now, and I'm kind of thin. But they wanted me to get down to 188 pounds. So I could never make it. That's why, when I couldn't go into the Navy, I took the job at Treasure Island. I was up there and finally they called me. I guess things were getting hotter or something, because they called me and said that it was okay for me to come in at my weight if I made 196. Well, I made it down once. You know what I mean. So they accepted me. You had to be a college graduate I believe, at that time, and fortunately I got my degree the following semester—still 1940.

To make a long story short, I went up there. I'll digress just a little bit. During the summertime all college and high school students—because it was still the Depression—they were all looking for work, except for those few that didn't have to work. We were sort of like the transient help that we have now, the college students and high school students. Every summer I either worked in a packing house, a cannery, or the orchards all summer, and we made about $5 a day. That meant about $30 for six days. That was the wonderful sum of $120. That was big money. But we were working ten hours a day to do it. But we never thought about it. I don't think any of us thought about that. Whatever the end product was, we were not poor. We were chargers—I'm talking about my colleagues and myself.

They called me, and so I joined the Navy on March 12, 1941, I believe. January 1941. Okay.In 1938, '39, summer, my brother, who was now an electrical contractor in Reno—he had learned that trade from my dad; he was nine years older than I was. By the way, both of us were essential to my dad's being able to have a lower bid, because he didn't pay us very much. But it was an interesting job and I learned a work ethic. My dad—I'll say this for him—"Do it right or don't do it." That always stuck with me, I'm sure.

But the summer before my last year there, which was '39-'40, I wasn't saving enough money working at the cannery, so I went to work for a contractor in Reno, Nevada, where my brother was already established as a successful electrical contractor. He was an aviation nut, so to speak. He was just crazy about aviation. He had been all the time. I left out, while we were living in Pacific Grove he was learning to fly over at Carmel. You know where the mission is at Carmel? Do you know that area? Well, it was all fields in those days. It was kind of a downhill slope there. Only about a 1500-foot field, because they were flying an Eagle Rock with an OX-5 engine in it, if that adds anything to the story. His love for flying, I think, was instilled in me. When he went over there—he already had his license—he'd (he was quite successful) he'd bought a 40-horsepower Piper Cub. You know, where you opened the doors like that and that's how you got out. You put this one up and that down and walked out, stepped out of it.

During that time he encouraged me to use his airplane—and paid for the gas and for the instructor—and learn to fly, which I did. I got about twenty-five hours in, but I never ever picked up my private license. I had my permit for training, and so forth. And I flew that, went through everything in those days. In those days—they don't do them anymore—but we had to spin "e" (phonetic) both directions. That was required by the test for your license. All these things put together, I guess, sort of focussed me on this program.

Well, I went through the ten-hour indoctrination. A period of flying that was about, I think, a month or six weeks. Had no trouble soloing this N2N. They gave us a train ticket, and about five of us climbed on a train and went all the way down through Texas, the cheapest way. We didn't have a bunk. I can't remember the details of that now. We stopped a couple of times. One of them was for about six hours at El Paso, I remember. Then we crossed the river, I remember that. Crossing the Mississippi River was an experience I'd never had. And then down to Jacksonville. Jacksonville was the new collecting place there.

From there we were ordered to—we were not aviation cadets yet, we were still seaman second. And if I hadn't passed, I would have probably gone to OCS at some time, because I had a college degree. But I managed to get through all that, and we were stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas. We arrived down there in May or June of 1941, and we stayed there. I went through flight training. It was an accelerated course. They used to go through float planes, seaplanes, and carrier planes so you had a taste of all that. They don't do that now. They concentrated our training on dive bombing. Those that were selected for patrol, they would do those; and seaplanes, they would do the other.

CARMODY: We had been invited by the citizens—I'm sort of an upperclassman now, had been there for eight months—the local people invited us to go to church there, go to chapel. Everyone was very patriotic in Corpus Christi, Texas. This one family was particularly nice to about four or five of us. We used to like to go there. We'd go to church and then go there and eat. We'd go back and be there. I just felt good being in a house, in a nice, warm atmosphere. This one Sunday morning we were there and somebody had turned on a radio in the house and, what do you know—the announcement about Pearl Harbor started. So all of us who were going to graduate very shortly were—this was for real. For young people who had no great sense of anything this was a pretty sobering experience. This was for real.

Then in the mid part of January I received my wings and graduated from training. As it says there, because I had been in the Navy since recruiting time, I guess, however they figure it, it was October 14, 1941, my date of rank as an ensign. Then from there we went across country, a lot of us, driving. We had a bad accident. Upset a car; a few of us were banged up, but not bad.

WINKLER: There's one thing I just wanted to ask about Corpus Christi. Could you walk me through a typical day of training? Not that every day was typical.

CARMODY: All right. A typical day, a regular routine, about 5:30 in the morning everybody turned to. You had to be out at 6 o'clock, all in ranks and ready, listened to the orders and so forth, marched off to breakfast, marched back in to make up your room. The room had to be spotless; if they couldn't drop a dime on your bed and it bounced, you got demerits. Then they would put us in cattle cars and we would go off for whatever stage we were in. We called them cattle cars because they were big like this, with their seats. They drove us to where the airfield was; maybe a mile from where we lived. That was the main field at Corpus Christi.

There we were in primary training. We were flying the Yellow Peril, which was built by Fairchild. We had sixty hours of flight time, which I enjoyed immensely, because we did a lot of things that were just all-around exciting. It never occurred to me that I would fail. Never have. The glass has always been half full for me, if you know what I mean. Never half empty. I enjoyed it immensely.

Those people we lived with have been lifelong friends. We lived in a barracks. It was an austere life and everything had to be squared away. Every Saturday we had marching drills run by Marines. They were trying to make some semblance of discipline and military in us.

We had an intensive flight schedule. As time went by I went from Yellow Perils to doing instrument training in the SNJ—they're still around—which I enjoyed immensely. It was during that time.... I'll tell you now what happened to me later down in the Coral Sea. The instrument training course fascinated me. They taught us to fly under the hood. There was a guy in the back or in front. We learned to take off under the hood. Then we would go up and intercept a beam in those days. The beam had an A and a B, A and a B; A is whatever it is and B is whatever it is. I can't remember that either. So that when you were going towards the source of the signal you had right and left. Then when you passed the signal it might be the other way around, or whatever it was at the time. Outgoing, you see. So we learned all that, but we always did everything under the hood, all instruments. I think I had about twenty hours. Maybe I'm mistaken on this, but I think about twenty hours of training. That would be maybe ten flights.

One of the things that they did for us there is, we'd go up to about 5,000 feet and we would purposely pull the nose up so we would spin, and learn how, under the hood, to pull that thing out so that we wouldn't be spinning into the ground. Interesting.

WINKLER: Terminology: Under the hood means like you're in the clouds?

CARMODY: No, no. Under the hood: We had a hood over us so that we couldn't see out. The hood was over us, you see, like this, and all we could see were the instruments when we were training. We never looked out; we did everything on instruments. Turns, and this maneuver of learning how to pull out of a spin when you're on instruments, because if you were in the clouds it would be the same principle, or fog, you see. I think I made at least three or four of those.

We left there, I believe, in the middle of.... This is where I'm not too certain. Do they have anything there?

WINKLER: Well, you got your commission October 14 of '41. And you mentioned when you were heading out you had a little car accident with your buddies.

CARMODY: Oh, yes. That was on the way to San Diego. We left there and were banged up, two of my college friends, both Marines, but we all ended up healed. And after a month's leave we reported down to carrier training, for us to get prepared to become qualified aboard a carrier.

Just a little incident, a point, our dive-bombing airplanes that we used for advanced training were the same things that Wallace Beery and Clark Gable were flying in "Dive Bomber." Twin wings, biplane. Isn't that interesting? That was our best, can you imagine? And they were climbing about 105, 110 knots, slow. Our training in that was interesting, because some of the time of the advanced training.... We went through primary, secondary, instruments, and then advanced training, and we did that in the old-fashioned.... Fortunately we didn't have to get into the war with them. I mention that because they were called the Helldiver, in the movie and everything else.

We were anxious to get qualified. The *Hornet* came through; didn't stay long enough. She was on her way out, we found out later that she was...

WINKLER: They'd be on their way out to do Doolittle.

CARMODY: They were on their way to Oakland to pick up those B-25s.

WINKLER: That's right.

CARMODY: So we didn't get a chance to get qualified then. Then the *Wasp* came through. And she was in a big rush because the Guadalcanal thing was starting. They wanted all the help they could get there. At the Battle of the Eastern Solomons, *Saratoga* had been torpedoed by the submarines. And during that same period, within ten or fifteen or twenty days, *Wasp* was sunk by them, so we were getting a little bit skimpy on the availability of flight decks. Now the *Saratoga* came back, was repaired at Bremerton, she came down, and we had a period that we were prepared for. About that time, about ten days or two weeks before we went out to the carrier off San Diego, they checked us out SBDs—the Douglas Dauntless dive bomber. You've heard of them, of course.

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: This was pretty exciting; low wing, guns were in front, and scarfs (phonetic) in back and so forth. That has nothing to do with us now, but I should tell a little story about that.

That was enjoyable, going through that advanced carrier training group. We only did a little of that. We went out and bombed, and we navigated, went to sea and came back on navigation by learning to use those small plotting boards. Everything was done by getting the fix where you are for sure, knowing what the fix is, or about where it is, draw a line to it, and then flying about a thousand feet so if there's any change in the wind you could correct for drift. I'll get into that a little bit further, but we had a lot of that.

Now the *Saratoga*'s there. The fighters went out first. By the way, Joe Foss was in our group. Remember Joe Foss? He was a Marine aviator, and we were going through this, a guy by the name of DePoix and some other people. DePoix was the first skipper of the *Enterprise*, the new one. We were all in the same kluge there. What they would do is handle a flight of six about every hour. So about every hour they would launch them from the beach out to seventy-five miles off the coast, near San Clemente.

So we are going out there and I think I'm tail-end Charlie in this case. In those days we flew three. We were going out like this. We were all pretty well accomplished at flying formation by this time, because we'd had about three months of it. So we go out there and they put the flag that says, "Wait." We also got a message saying to circle on the starboard side abaft the beam at about 6,000 feet until we call you. So we're in a big circle around, like this. We're going slowly and I'm tail-end Charlie.

It's getting boring about the second time, so—curiosity, you know—I went down here and we had a little coffee grinder. I had to stoop over almost, to get at the coffee grinder. And all of a sudden I got the Bob Hope Show from down in Alabama where they were—you know that big camp in Alabama, the big Army base there? Bob Hope with Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford, and one of the other gals were there. I was laughing because, you don't remember this, but they were really comedians, and funny. Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna were bantering back and forth and I was laughing, and I'm flowing along like this.

Then all of a sudden the Cast flag comes out. That means "Commence landing." I didn't see it, but they said you'll join up. So we go down and get over in an echelon, and we're flying. This guy's leading me all over. So we're in a line like this. You know how they go past the carrier and then each guy has an interval. They go, next man, next man. At that time you drop your wheels and your flaps and so forth, and you adjust your speed to come in downwind. The carrier's going like this and you're coming downwind like this. Well I believe I was the last man, and all this time, she started singing "Sleepy Lagoon," and it was in my ear. I was listening to that "Sleepy Lagoon" and enjoying her, but I didn't dare try to reach down and take my eyes off the boat. So I had no choice. I didn't know how to turn the damn thing off. Anyway, as I'm going up here and making the break-off, she's singing "Sleepy Lagoon." I'm coming downwind now. The carrier's about there, and I knew their process—make the turn, coming around like this, and the guy's giving me: Okay, okay. Then he goes like this a little bit...

WINKLER: With the paddle.

CARMODY: ...meaning increase, on the power. A little bit like that. I'm coming up the groove. And I got a cut. And Frances Langford's now singing "Tangerine" in my ear. All this time I can't reach down.

So I land, and I felt good about it, but I noticed I was still going up the flight deck. So I just put the brakes on then a little more and I came to a stop, and all the noise is going on, claxons going off. I thought, "What the hell's going on?" I could hear it over all—my prop is just turning slowly and I've come to a stop, but I haven't turned off the engine yet. Geez, the hot suit men are there.

And about that time—all this is in a very short period of time—the LSO comes up that wing and he looks like a giant. I'm sitting in the cockpit like this. Still they're singing "Tangerine." God, his face was like this. I never expected it; this was my first experience. He said, "You dumb son of a bitch! I gave you a wave-off! You didn't put your hook down!" Isn't that a good story? My first carrier landing without a hook. So that was the beginning. I thought, "Oh, Jesus." I thought, I'm finished now. I'm going to be a blackshoe. No offense. I didn't even think about it. But I didn't know what was going to happen to me.

He runs me down in the ready room, too. "Get out of here." Then he comes down about an hour later, when everybody's finished. He says, "The captain's going to give you one more chance." His son, by the way, lives in this area, that LSO. He became a three-star later on, and we became very good friends years later. But he came down on me, as mad as he could be. "The captain's giving you another chance. Now, get up there and do it." So I went up and made six carrier landings, just like this, you know. That's just a little story, but my first carrier landing wasn't without incident.

WINKLER: Well, back then you had the barriers up.

CARMODY: Oh, yes. I could have gone into the barrier, but I was slow enough. And that landed itself, that airplane was so good. I must have got another 125 landings that year.

WINKLER: This was before they had the two converted ships on Lake Michigan, because later everybody....

CARMODY: Oh, yes. They hadn't those yet. But that year they commissioned them, while we were gone. That first year was '42.

WINKLER: **That solved the flight deck availability problem, the *Sable* and the *Wolverine*.**

CARMODY: The *Sable* and the *Wolverine*.

Well, some time before June.... I can't remember exactly in my mind. Everything was secret. But I think all of a sudden we received orders.

Oh, after I finished my flight training, then I went to Air Group 10. It was just forming. The skipper of Fighting Ten was Jimmy Flatley, a famous fighter pilot. You've heard of the name.

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: His son flew twice as many combat missions in Vietnam as his dad. He became our intellectual or emotional leader. He had been in a lot of combat, shot down Zeroes, in the previous six months during the war that was going on. He was good.

Then my skipper was a fellow by the name of Bucky Lee, a fabulous guy, just a natural born leader. I was lucky in that. We now had a squadron of eighteen airplanes and twenty-four pilots, I believe. Something like that. That was Air Group 10.

WINKLER: So you'd be VB-10.

CARMODY: No, VB-10 was the other one. We had two squadrons—Scouting Ten and VB-10. The next year they stopped all that nonsense. It was all VB after that.

Anyway, we were rushed up by train to San Francisco and transported to Pearl, escorted by four destroyers. We had a lot of other-type people aboard too, it wasn't just us but we had a big air group. We had one torpedo squadron, two SBD squadrons, and an F4F squadron. They had more airplanes than we did. There were two eighteen-plane bombers, one twelve-plane torpedo, and I think the fighters were twenty-eight, or twenty-four. Something like that.

We arrived, we immediately went to Ewa and started training again. We were there about a month, and we shipped over and commissioned Barbers Point, which was a little more commodious, more room and longer runways and so forth. Ewa was the Marine base, not being used at the time. We were there, and sometime about the 16th of October—we arrived there in June, shortly after Midway, so somebody was thinking or they already knew how many people had been lost at Midway. We were sort of the replacement guys, as I recall. We were there July, August, September, October—we were there about four months, four and a half months. Then we got orders to the *Enterprise* that had been badly bashed at the first battle of the Eastern Solomons. She'd been hit a couple of times and she had returned licking her wounds, and she'd been in the yard. But she was pulled out before she was completely repaired and put our air group aboard on the 16th of October. We re-qualified; all of us re-qualified in (?) in the Honolulu area there, with destroyers, of course, escorting us.

Then all of a sudden we were heading out to the south. We're heading down to the Solomons and then we find out what our mission is—now we're being briefed and told what the heck's going on. The Japanese carrier force had never completed their missions against us at the Battle of the Eastern Solomons, because we know from reading their history that we damaged one of their carriers and sank a small one. We did it at the first Battle of the Coral Sea. That was a fluke. But they withdrew because the *Shokaku* couldn't land or take off any airplanes. The *Zuikaku* was the only carrier landing field they had. They'd damaged both the *Lexington* and the *Yorktown* at that time. So they were like we were; the only carrier left that could recover aircraft

was the *Yorktown*. That was their main mission. So they patched her up and we saved a lot of airplanes by doing that. You remember the Lex got sunk; we had to sink it.

The *Shokaku* had, I think, two or three bomb hits out of all those bombers. That's all that hit them. They were circling. Our people had not had much training, dive-bomber training, against moving targets. We didn't have a Marine attitude of, boy, we're going to give you the best training. We were kind of candy-assed about it, I guess. In any event, as you know, there were no torpedo hits, and there were only three bomb hits from all of those forces. *Shokaku* had to go back for repairs, and her sister ship didn't have an air wing. Remember, they only had thirty-nine airplanes left, and look at all the pilots they lost. Nobody emphasizes that.

WINKLER: And that took them out of action for the Battle of Midway.

CARMODY: Exactly. You got my point. I'm going to get there in a minute. Then the next battle was the Battle of the Eastern Solomons. No, the next battle was Midway. I don't want to go into that now. Then following that, they're still bound and determined they're going to take back Guadalcanal and Tulagi. That's Eastern Solomons. The same thing happened there, but in this case the admiral that was in charge was worried because he knew there was another carrier in the area and he wasn't too sure about it. They had *Wasp*, *Saratoga*, and *Enterprise* on that, but he never saw the *Wasp*. That worried him, because he didn't want to get sandbagged, blind-sided. That's why he pulled away. When he did that, the victory was ours.

Then the next one, with the same principle, the same everything else, was Santa Cruz. On the afternoon of the 25th of October a PBY apparently spotted the *Shokaku* and the *Zuikaku* and another small carrier about 250 miles from us. Remember now, we don't have any experienced senior officers. It's all swag. We have good fliers, but they don't know the harsh realities of war. They didn't know what it was yet. Or they didn't understand the thing, and understandably so. Whereas the Japanese had been fighting for ten years and they were all warriors, and really good.

So the admiral, against the best wishes of Commander John Crommelin—one of my heroes, another one—launched a late afternoon strike against those. Tried to intercept them, which was a terrible mistake. Because in an hour and a half it would have been dark, they wouldn't have found them, then they had to come back and they had no night carrier landing capability in our group. We never practiced it; we didn't have time. So we lost, I think, five or six airplanes that night, and I think we lost two pilots. Well, I was on ASP, anti-submarine patrol, that time, so I wasn't on it.

The next morning, the morning of the 26th of October, our squadron has the bulk of the 300-mile search for those people. It looked like this, and we're here, and off in the direction that we knew they possibly would be. A wingman and I were on this one and there was another here, and my skipper was on this.

WINKLER: Your hand's describing a fan motion.

CARMODY: Fan, yes. About a 300-mile arc.

WINKLER: Search pattern, yes.

CARMODY: But remember, in order for us to be accurate we had to be able to see the wind shifts. So we always flew our searches at a thousand feet. The reason I say that is, it's very important. I learned my lesson fast in those days, and I became a very competent long-range navigator. I knew how to make the adjustments, looking down and seeing what the water did, because there's not much change up to a thousand feet. Above that there may be cross-winds, but not below it. What people have to realize is we were poorly equipped. We weren't ready for a war. We weren't too well trained. We didn't have too many leaders. The leaders came out of the pack on-scene.

So my wingman and I are on this side here, and out at about almost 200 miles our radiomen, our radio-gunners, received a da-da-dit-da-da-dit saying that the carrier force has been sighted, and this is their latitude and longitude. We carried a 500-pound bomb under our wing, both sides. Of course, we can't see anybody else; just us. We never talked, by the way, because they might pick up the position by radio. So we had hand signals.

WINKLER: Today is still June 2. This is Dave Winkler with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody. This is Tape II, Side 1. You just wanted to mention one more incident from your junior high.

CARMODY: Yes, if we could fill it in. Put it back where it belongs.

The other incident that occurred that encouraged me to be in aviation is, after my experience with the *Arizona* and being aboard the *Saratoga*, now it's a warrant officer who is in the Akron. He's a warrant officer there, but an aviation boatswain type. You know, there's a lot of rigging. One Saturday he took his son and me up to Moffett Field, which was put in there in '28, and took us all through the inside of that Akron. They had the (?) hanging in the hangar. You know, those little things that when they'd drop out and they'd start their engine and drop away and fly away, and supposedly they were going to protect the balloon? The dirigible? Remember that? We had seen them doing that, practicing, down in the Santa Clara Valley. You could see this dirigible going, with its engines going, and here would be this little airplane come up underneath it and go into the trapeze, catch it, and pull it up. So I'd seen that before. What an exciting experience that was for me. So that was another nail in my coffin, so to speak. I just wanted to mention that, an influence in my thinking.

WINKLER: Okay, now, getting back to where we left off on the other tape.

CARMODY: We both worked our navigation. I forget what our signal for that was. We circled right there. And we came up where the spot was and where we were, and we were so close to each other on navigation. His heading was maybe one degree off from mine.

What we did now is we climbed through clouds. It was very cloudy. You couldn't see very far. At about 2,000 feet the clouds were getting kind of heavy. So we climbed on our course to intercept the carriers, the carriers' position that was beamed to us. The SBD was a very slow airplane; only had a 1200-horsepower engine on it, and it was not a fast climber. In order for us to be effective we had to climb to about 8,000 feet so we could dive bomb, because to come straight in would be suicidal. We both agreed and we went on that.

Then we came to a big open spot, but there were clouds beyond it—kind of a great big open area. We just kept flying. I think we were passing through about 6,000 feet. And we could look right out there about thirty miles away and there were the *Shokaku* and *Zuikaku*. One of them was blowing tubes. I didn't know what it was, but here's this big black smoke coming out of the thing, and of course I found out later. I didn't know what blowing tubes was, because we had no knowledge. I wasn't a sailor at all; all I was was a stick jockey.

So we agree what we're going to do. That we're going to go down. We agree on that, because they can't get onto you when you're low. Our gunners were back there, so we'd have by maneuvering the two guns would be—we'd be flying like this. They had twin 30-caliber 2000 rounds. Then we got to a point and we're heading in. We were going through this, this way and then we'd go back. We'd talked about it before leaving. We were salivating practically, I'm sure. I was, anyway. The idea that we would be able to drop our 500-pound bomb on those, could get near it.

The idea of a combat air patrol never occurred to me. All of a sudden we're hit by seven Zeroes; seven, not eight. There were seven. You talk about five minutes at Midway. This was about ten minutes over there, and there was a hell of a twisting and turning like that. And our planes are slow. When we were turning we probably never got over 170 knots at any time. We didn't want to lose altitude right away. I don't know, I guess we thought we might get through and get the ship.

At this point I should mention the fact that my rear seat gunner was a veteran of the *Lexington*'s experience at Lau and Salamau that went over the hump and blasted them in the Rabaul area there. They had about three or four. Then they had raided the islands, too. My gunner had shot down three airplanes during the previous five months, or four months. The other fellow was equally good. He was an experienced fellow.

So here they come. They don't come at us together. They're each making a pass, which was their mistake. So we had a chance to turn this way or turn that way. Now, I want this to be understood. I listened in my earphones to Liska, in the back. I'm the bus driver now; I'm not the gunner or the hero. Liska says, "Pull up a little," because he wanted to get a shot at the angle they were coming in, or "Turn right," so that he could shoot this way, or "Turn left."
In the first pass all seven of them made runs on us. They made a lot of holes in our planes. But those two gunners each shot down a Zero, on the first run, because they came right up to us, almost. I could see the guy when he went by, I could see him right up there, like this; that close. But the next time, now, they're a little more cautious. They're out a little further. And that gave us a chance to get straightened out a little bit. They kept after us, though; kept going. And kept

working towards this cloud bank over here. They stayed together and they were after us. As we dove in—I think Les Ward was flying with me—he pulled over to the right a little bit when we went into the cloud bank, and I went straight. Almost had a collision with a Zero in the cloud bank. He flew over me like this, almost like the first one that went by, looking. Then I was safe, but in the meantime I'm going this way and home port's that way, the carrier. So I finally come around. I'm by myself; I don't know what happened to Les.

Then I made a calculation of what my approximate position was, because of the maneuvering we were doing there. Then I set off for our intended move to the carrier, where they intended to be on our return, five hours later. It was about a five-hour trip.

Then, fortunately, I looked ahead and there, about a thousand feet, here's the.... So we joined up. His plane was shot up just like mine—the wings and some through the fuselage, but no vital places. Then as we approach our point of intended movement, we come around some kind of cloud cover. And here's a carrier over here, on fire, smoke all over. Of course, I thought it was the *Enterprise*. I Couldn't see anything else, just one carrier, because they look alike—they're sister ships.

WINKLER: *Hornet*?

CARMODY: Yes, *Hornet*. And they're still diving on it; still making runs. I didn't know what to do, because I didn't have any other place to go. So I told—we talked to each other—we'll make a landing in the water if we have to. All that five to ten or fifteen minutes we were hassling with the Zeroes our throttles were full and we were burning fuel like gangbusters. Our rpm's way up, we're doing the best we can. That lasted about an hour. And our flying took it too. So I knew we were going to be short of fuel.

About that time the *Enterprise* is over here and it breaks out from under the cloud cover. I see it and say: Go ahead, Ward. Other planes were coming in too. Out combat air patrol's coming for replenishment. They had already been attacked. They were fighting—our air patrol was helping protect the *Hornet*'s group. So we landed, and the first thing you know I couldn't even taxi out of the gear. They had to push it away because I had no fuel. The same thing happened with Les, about a minute later, just pushed me over to one side. Then he landed and they took us forward, and about that time they went to general quarters. They had not been hit yet.

Our ready room was off the flight deck, right in the island in those days, Ready One, Ready Room One. So those that had been flying combat air patrol or ASP patrol landed and another group had gone off before. That's how we kept it going. Most of those were VB squadron—not most of them, but some of them, because we were doing the main scouting, our squadron. About ten or fifteen minutes after we were all battened down—it was hotter than hell, of course, right on the equator there—they gave the bong bong bong bong, you know, the "General quarters, general quarters" routine. We're in that narrow ready room, about ten or

fifteen of us. The lights go out. The ports were closed, the metal part was closed. I won't go into the gory details, but we were shook up five times.

I have to describe this because I couldn't believe it. When they hit or had a close near miss, right close, the whole ship would just quiver like that. You could just feel it. Just quiver, the vibration that was going on. I never dreamed of a thing like that. Here we are right in the ready room and we could feel this. It seems a lot worse because this is our first exposure to this. When that was over, then the next thing we have is the one that goes off at the bow—went through the front of the ship and went off forward. Then we had one that went in close enough to the forward elevator so it put it out of action. And one back just behind us, but it went down and went off into the chiefs' quarters, about two decks down below the hangar deck. That's four. And I think we had one other one, and we had several near misses. Fortunately, no torpedoes; I mean, they didn't hit us.

Of course, that builds a lot of character on that one, because the possibility of going down with your ship was very real then. It was quite an experience. As I said, it built character. Then you know the rest of that story. The *Hornet*'s group, of course, had flown off and attacked the *Shokaku*, and they got two or three hits on it, damaged it pretty well, similar to before.

WINKLER: Now, when you were over the Japanese, you sent the radio report back with their location?

CARMODY: No, I didn't. The skipper did, and we copied it. I didn't send anything, because they already had what their position was. But I'll get to the next point on this one.

We were bashed up pretty badly. As a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for the damage control people with extraordinary strength and determination we might have lost the *Enterprise*, because she was flooding, with a near miss outside that just blew a great big hole like the Cole-type thing. Not quite that size. But that damage control gang—of course, it was a double hull there—they managed to block that thing off and made a cofferdam. They worked hard; guys were up to here in water. The true heroes in that battle, as far as the country's concerned, are the people that allowed that ship to be rescued, and saved the ship.

We lost ninety people. I forget how many people were badly wounded. Then what happened is, now-the air officer is John Crommelin, who is a genius, a long-time aviator by that time. You've heard his name, I'm sure. Particularly in the battle....

WINKLER: Revolt of the Admirals?

CARMODY: Revolt of the Admirals, yes. He was one of these key leaders and spokesmen. Hell of a guy, one of my heroes. He was just a great fellow and a warrior at heart. He was our inspiration. He was the one that gave us a pep talk before we went off (phonetic).

Well, then he quickly surmised that they weren't going to have enough room on this ship for all these airplanes, so let's get the combat air patrol off. And those that are from Air Group 8, let's refuel them and have them fly to Guadalcanal, which was maybe 200 miles away, which they did. That's why we were able to save all the airplanes that weren't damaged. That was a lesson learned that I will never forget, and I'll tell you why in another moment.

Now we were not under attack, but the people are coming back aboard, so I'm outside gawking from the vulture's (?) up there, in the stern. The landing signal officer was a fellow by the name of Lindsey, Robin Lindsey. He had been the *Enterprise* LSO for some time. He was landing those airplanes aboard and forcing them—he was putting them down where he wanted them. Pretty soon they dropped the first, forward, barrier so they had enough room for those. Then more would land. Then they dropped the next barrier and put planes in there. They had four barriers. Now the third one was down and he's loading them, every one of them, just like an artist playing the violin. The guy's just bringing them aboard. I didn't realize it at the time. All I knew was what he was doing and watching what was going on. And then more planes were coming. He told them to go ahead and drop the fourth barrier because he could get three or four more aboard. They all taxied up through the barrier to stop. He got every one of those planes aboard that ship.

Now I'm going to fast forward two or three weeks in. He saved thirty-six airplanes by doing this. An unsung hero, because about a month and a half later we're in the big scrap at Guadalcanal. If we hadn't had those thirty-nine airplanes, we may not have been able to handle it. I always put things together—cause and effect, cause and effect. That left a deep impression on me about this man's capability and his desire, or whatever. I was a great admirer of his perseverance and determination.

The Japanese withdrew. They came down, couldn't find us, and then they withdrew. We know they went back to Truk. So, you've heard this before, strategically it was a victory, but tactically they beat the hell out of us, because we lost the *Hornet* and ours was badly damaged. The Japanese noted that with great—they knew what was going on.

We went down to New Caledonia. They had a big repair facility down there at Noumea, New Caledonia. It took us about three days to get there, as I recall. We were going to go up to an airfield called Tontouta, up on the high level ground up there, on the mesa area thirty or forty miles from Noumea.

I didn't want to go on a truck. So, being foolish, rash, and determined.... A veteran of the *Lexington*—they had an SBD on the hangar deck they couldn't get off, because the elevator up forward, they couldn't take it all the way back. So what did they do? They hooked up the cross-deck catapult, gunpowder—just this side of the main, where the elevator came down, just aft of that, here was this eighty-feet-long.... I got in the back seat and he did the flying. There was an opening like this; they had a big opening? We went swoosh, right out through that into broad daylight. It was one of the most exciting experiences I've ever had. It was really a shot, my first gunshot, and also blind.

We went up to Tontouta and flew around there. The reason I mention this—we were there for about ten days, and during that time we found out that, over in a big, huge Army camp about ten miles away, Bob Hope was there with his troupe, putting on an act. Anyway, we got one of those big open sedans that would hold about ten guys and we drove over to see them. Had the pleasure of hearing Frances Langford singing those songs again.
I think maybe the tenth or eleventh day, or maybe it was two weeks now, all of a sudden we get the call: Emergency evacuation back to the ship. This is history, of course. What had happened was that the code breakers said that the Japanese felt there was no aerial opposition, no carrier opposition anywhere. So now they put a big armada together. Maybe it was two weeks. And they came down the Slot with their big—they had eleven troop ships and all the other attack ships, ammunition and so forth, and a lot of destroyers and other types, and a lot of Zeroes, operating out of Bougainville, which I didn't know at the time.

Well, now we come to the same story. They bring us up to a point. The ship cannot do routinely quick operations because of the condition aboard. So the game plan was: Launch the air group, have them land and operate out from Henderson Field as a fighter strip. Now just by chance I'm on the morning flight trying to locate where that armada is. They don't know where it is; they only know where it is by a couple of reports and through somebody who'd been listening in.

Let's go through the same thing again. I'm on the far right side again this time. My course went right over the island along the southern Slot. You know, there was the big Slot they have? The Russells and the various ones here on this side, and Bougainville and some others. That was the Slot, all the way up to Rabaul. As soon as I spotted the first island—I had it on my chart. It was there anyway; we had a little chart of that whole area, fortunately. It was a National Geographic chart. They'd reproduced it; it was 1923 on that chart. So now I didn't worry about my navigation because I was oriented. I knew what the position was of the islands. So now I didn't worry about navigation.

I climbed to about 8,000 feet with a fellow by the name of Bill Johnson flying with me. I still had Liska with me. We're going along, and about two and a half hours away from the ship, at about 6,000 feet, maybe a little bit more, but I'm very careful about finding out where those SBD clouds (phonetic) are. We talked to each other about what we were going to do, and so forth. Go down like this.

In any event, all of a sudden out of the mist comes this big armada. So once I had a clear picture of it—we kept climbing, to about 8,000—I gave the information to Liska, who was a whiz on the radio (phonetic), and he sent the report, twice, of what it was. I said: Ten or twenty transports, so many other types, so many destroyers, so many cruisers in this. Morrison said that was one of the clearest reports they'd ever had. It says that in one of these books, Morrison's. I got satisfaction out of that, hearing it years later.

Then our instructions, like the other one, is to go attack. So we kept climbing. And way off in the distance I see a covey of aircraft. And I look and see this armada going here. Maybe we're fifteen miles away from it, but we're at about 6,000 feet. So the best thing for us to do was to attack the last one. Not try to go forward, but get them as we come by. So we'd gone through all our hand signals, what we were going to do; get into the clouds. So we came over and behind it—we were like this and they were coming like this, and boy, it was a race between us and the Zeroes.

So I turned over and I came down like this. Johnson, for some other reason, went a little further around and got his own angle on it, which was not unusual. I went down and I had completely forgotten about the ship's movement, because I'd never dove on a moving target. So I missed it about fifty feet aft. But I might say it was just right aft; if I could have been a little farther forward.... And I was so intent on what I was doing, I pulled out and almost hit a destroyer, one of their destroyers who were shooting at us. I could hear the chatter of Liska's gun, and he's shooting back at the destroyers. He was a sharp guy. He was a veteran. I'm wet behind the ears on this sort of thing. And that's why I missed, because I'd forgotten about the movement of that ship.

The Zeroes were closing on us. Well, as I pulled out, shortly thereafter he comes down, and then I'd say four went after him and four went after me. Zeroes. I'm just far enough ahead so as I pulled up I got into a cloud, and a couple went by me. But they didn't hurt us.
Liska, who's looking aft, sees that Johnson's been shot down, and he reported that, of course. I couldn't see, because I'm flying. So I returned to the ship, about 250 or 270 miles away. That was a sobering experience too. I felt so embarrassed and almost ashamed that I didn't hit it. That was bad vibes for me. And also the fact that Johnson got killed. I hadn't experienced that close a relationship with these people, but this guy was there and I'm part of it. He got shot down right behind me. The transports.

I went back to them, again knowing where the islands were and I knew where the *Enterprise* was—their plan of intended movement. Hell, I made a beeline for it and got back aboard and made my report of what happened. It was ho-hum. But I was terribly tired. We'd taken off before dawn. We'd been up for general quarters at that time, and I was just as tired as can be. I went and had a couple of buns and some drinks of coffee and went down to my sack, and was sound asleep trying to catch up. Because now it's noon.
I get a call and it's John Crommelin on the phone, He says, "Red, we're...."

WINKLER: Okay, this is Side 2. We're continuing. Crommelin wants you to leave....

CARMODY: What could I say? "Aye aye, sir." I go up and there—we have about six planes aboard for anti-submarine patrol and another seven between the two squadrons. Bombing 10 had four, and we had three, including me, of course. But we had eight fighters.

So I'm the lead guy; I'm doing the navigation, but the guy in charge is Jimmy Flatley, the fighter skipper, and he's a tiger. So we climb to about 12- or 13,000 feet and we're heading—I didn't have to make a single turn for my nav. I didn't adjust at all. I made a beeline for about where I thought they would be over those five hours in between. They were fifty miles closer. So we're up there and we see it, and the Zeroes are around but they're not attacking us, because we have four F4Fs on either side. Then here comes the ships, right in column. Column over here and column here, but we were closest to this column. Now Flatley says: Red, you and Edmondson go after that lead ship. And whoever was the other one go after the one behind it. He was running the show.

So we go over there, and Zeroes are around but they're not attacking. We're getting a lot of flak from the destroyers and cruisers, probably five inches. We get there and this time I have my resolve: I'm either going to get hit or I'm going to hit that ship. I got concentrating again, but the wind was blowing me up there. When I came down—I don't know what happened to the others—I got turned around so that I'm coming. Now I'm coming right down the length of the ship from the bow. I made a complete turn going down. My sight's on it, but I'm only doing about 250. It was a slow diver. That's what made it accurate. I came down and again, I concentrated so much I let it go at about 1200 feet. Liska said that we got a direct hit. I couldn't look back, because as I pulled out I pulled out low again, low to the water, almost a duplicate because I was so concentrated on it. They were shooting at me the whole time.

A Zero picks us up and he's starting to shoot at us. One Zero. And damned if Liska didn't smoke the guy when he got real close. He was telling me what to do, to get a little farther forward. I'm trying to let you understand that the hero of all my flights was the rear-seat gunner. I was not the hero of anything. He saved our lives. I've often thought about that, and as I get further into this I'll tell you what I've thought about it over the years, and what I did about it. Anyway, he smoked this one, and boy, it was really smoking. He was spinning like this, down. I didn't see him hit the water because I was looking—another Zero came down. Now he's on us and I'm down close to the water. Well, just luckily one of the F4Fs came right down, and he crashed. He got him on the way.

But now I'm all by myself. There's nobody around. The fighter goes back; I don't know where the hell he is. And I'm twisted around, screwing around defending against that first Zero. I didn't know which was I was going at the time—just get out of the way. Then I oriented myself, and then we headed back not to the ship but to Henderson Field.

We spent the next three days there. It was kind of interesting—I 'm sure it's an old story. As we approached and talked to the Cactus, whatever frequency it was, they said stay above about 2,000 feet when you come over the hills at the far end. The hills were all back here. There's the water out here, and Henderson, almost that angle. Like that's it, there. So sure enough, they were shooting. We dove down. It was Marston matting. I'd never been on that before; it made a hell of a clatter.

We stayed there the next couple of nights, and the following morning our air group and the Marines were working on those ships that went ashore at night. So they didn't have a chance—we got all of them. They couldn't unload because we were just keeping a steady bombardment of them. Both the Marines and our outfit, including the fighters, were shooting at them with their guns.

That first night we were there we were put in a compound between the airfield and the water. It's a big coconut plantation, a former English or French. We did get a tent for rain cover, because it rains anytime there. And we did get a poncho. Not a poncho, but a net, mosquito netting, which I realized how important they were. Except that the foxholes outside the tent were too small for me. But I was too damn lazy or too tired....

WINKLER: To dig?

CARMODY: Because I'd been up since four o'clock. Now it was about eight o'clock at night. The first thing I know is when the destroyers and the cruisers are firing onto the runway, trying to get the runway. A lot of the shells would be coming through at a low angle, and I'd hear "Wheeesh." You could hear them just clipping off the branches, the tops of the trees, as they were going through. I remember that so well.

Then the next thing they would do is they would go up a ways, and then they'd come back and still be doing it. That was kind of scary. In the meantime, between the time they went—we had about a half hour, maybe forty-five minutes—I enlarged my trench to fit my size. Because otherwise I was lying inside this way. Just a little more character building when you get to go through that.

WINKLER: Was this late November or early December?

CARMODY: No, this was November 12, 13, 14, and 15. This whole thing. Our air wing did a very good job. They finally sank that big battleship, our torpedo guys. They'd already been hit, but they were still going. They sank that.

WINKLER: The *Washington*, I think. The battleship *Washington*.

CARMODY: Oh, she put her out of action. But our guys, I guess....

WINKLER: Finished her off.

CARMODY: For sure, so they couldn't repair it. And of course we could hear the battles going off over between Savo and our airfield there. You've studied that chart. But I was just completely fatigued out.

Well, the next day, when I had time, I took my shoes off. They had an officers' mess there. I said, "What do you do about this?" They said, "Hell, this will go in the Tenaru river." It was right there near the headquarters. I just took my boondockers off and went in—I'd been living in that suit for four days. Raunchy. I took off my stockings and took off my flight suit, took my T-shirt off and my shorts off and was wringing them out. They didn't refurbish those (phonetic).

The following day General Vandegrift had all the intelligence, and he was satisfied that we had completely defeated the invasion. He said that he was releasing Air Group 10 to return to the *Enterprise*, which would be normal, because we had completely stopped them. We really had. The Marines and our air group.

We were going to fly back to Espiritu Santo, where the *Enterprise* was anchored and still continuing the repair on her. It's a huge harbor enclosed by mountains on one side, and nets on the end, a deep harbor. Then all I know is, the exec said, "Red, I want you and Ritchie to come with me. We're going to fly back to Espiritu Santo." It's about two o'clock in the afternoon. Maybe it was one. So, okay. I thought: Where in the hell is Espiritu Santo? So we sat down to do our navigation. Each of us did our own. It was 800 miles away to our objective on the southern end of Espiritu Santo. We have a chart about this size, you can imagine. Used that for navigation.

Well, here's what happened. We took off. Liska's my gunner. We took off and started down the coast of Gaudalcanal. It's a long island, and at the far end is San Cristobal. I'll show you on the chart up there if you have any questions about orientation. They've got some peaks on that at, I think, about 5,000 or 6,000 feet. So my executive officer I thought showed poor judgement. He said that we're going to go over them rather than around. We should have gone around but he said to go over, for some reason or other.

Well, it's a hundred miles away, and this huge front comes past Guadalcanal. It's going here, and it's all across our path. Pretty soon we're in the clag, and he's climbing. Well, the weather's so rough that both Ritchie and I are having trouble staying on him. We're not looking at our air speed or anything; we're just trying to stay so we don't get separated. He's over there and I'm on this side. We're flying like this again, running aside of him.

Now we get in over the mountains of San Cristobal, apparently, and it's rougher than hell, and all of a sudden I departed. And I spun like this. I can't see anything; no orientation whatsoever. That's why I wanted to tell you about my experience. I'd done that four times successfully, so I followed everything I had learned at that time. Didn't pull it up fast, didn't make any fast moves, made easy movements, pushed the stick forward opposite the turn. And pretty soon I came out; came out at 300 feet, under the overcast at 300 feet. That's where the overcast was. Terrible turbulence.

Well, now I'm all by myself. What do I do now? Do I go back through that mess of weather? It was a front, a real tropical front, very, very rough. Again, I've learned my navigation. I used San Cristobal as the island and realized that I was within about a twenty-mile radius of that. And

readjusted to the southern part of Espiritu Santo, and made that my course that I was going to take.

Well, we'd used quite a bit of fuel going up and I knew it. I was concerned about that and unknown—I'd never been in that part of the country at all. So I stayed at about a thousand feet to make sure—and I had to, because the wind changes. I went along and went along, and about six hours later I still didn't have my destination. Well, there was some wind against me that had that effect. I had pulled back my rpm on my prop so that I was only cruising at about 135 knots, and that made me longer in the air. I was going slower. Then I got concerned about it and I climbed to 6,000 feet. Now it's getting to be about six o'clock at night. I'd been underway four hours at six. I'm faced with another front, and we're now 600 miles away from Guadalcanal.
So I climbed to altitude and Liska went dah-dah-dah-dit and asked if they could—to the center, that we were lost and were not too certain of our position. Had they picked us up? And we gave them approximate latitude and longitude that I had passed to him. This is our rough position. Well, I didn't realize how far out we were. Radars in those days—they don't see over the hump. Thirty miles away it starts dropping off right away. Well, I didn't know all that. They never did pick me up.

I made the mistake of taking their instructions to head ninety degrees from my course and go south. Well, after about ten to twenty minutes in that direction they came back and said they don't have us. It was another contact they thought they had—they had it. So I had to turn around and go back. I didn't try to go across the hypotenuse this way; I went straight back. I had to figure if the wind dropped, and so forth.

Now it's getting pretty late. It's about seven o'clock at night. It's darker than hell. And I'm faced with another one of these roiling seas. To make a longer story short, I realized that I was not going to be able to make landfall unless I came down. It was a black night, so I was strictly on instruments. So I told Liska, I said I'd better prepare. "We're going to have to go into the drink. How about getting rid of your guns first, so they don't come loose on landing? Or anything; we need to be floating." I said, "As soon as you can, get out of the cockpit and get the two-man life raft that's right behind you." There were seats there.

Well, I went in. The experience of our members who had been at Midway and had gone in the drink said: Get down as low as possible, keep your power on, and if it starts popping, hit the wobble pump (phonetic) and get that last bit out of there if you can. Make sure your tail's down. When you feel that tailhook hitting, then pull the nose up and land. Well, I did it, and I'm here to talk about it.

It was kind of a bitchy night, because the weather was bad. I couldn't find the toggle on the two-man raft. And I'm loaded down with a Very pistol and a .45 and some other things, shells, Very pistol shells, in my pocket. Anyway, we inflated the life raft and got into it, and the weather was so bad we couldn't paddle. We didn't know which way to go. I went into the water, according to my GI watch, at 9:30, so I'd been up over seven hours, flying.

Well, we drifted all night long. I'll estimate maybe eight to ten hours. And in the early light of dawn there was kind of a lull, but the troughs were very deep. We were coming up on one of these and could see over, and I could see this dark shadow. I told Liska about it. We were drawn closer to it by this wind, that was still blowing twenty knots. It was cold; we were just miserable. We had not had a drop of water for the last five hours. And all the tension of making the landing and so forth, just the whole thing probably caused us to be a little more thirsty. For sure it was an island, but the wind was blowing us at a pretty good clip, like a balloon on the surface. Now I told Liska, I said, "Boy, let's hope we don't get swept by that point ahead." So we've got our paddles out and went at ninety degrees long enough so that we finally got in almost kind of a lee effect there, maybe a turn like this. So we landed on that point. I didn't know where it was. It turned out it was the northern point of Espiritu Santo.

Of course, we were shivering cold. The first thing I did, of course, was to be prepared for anything. I was wearing a flight suit. I zipped it up, pulled my T-shirt off and cut the bottom off with my knife, and cleaned each of the bullets in my .45. Then put it away and cleaned my .45 out, because we'd been in the water for some time. I didn't know what I was thinking of. We were so exhausted that all we could do was.... It wasn't dawn yet; we had a couple hours to go. And the wind was still blowing. So what we did is put the life raft up to kind of form a barrier to keep the wind out. But it didn't make any difference. We were both exhausted. It was kind of rough just surviving in the water, when we were in the water. It was an exhausting experience. Then for a while I knew that we had to get water. We were wearing boondockers too, don't forget. Just flight suits and boondockers, with helmets. Liska was really concerned. It was getting a little bit scary. So I said, well, "John, we've got to go get some water. Let's put some rocks in the life raft and leave it here on the point so it can be seen." Then the only way to go—everything else was just jungle, straight up like this. There was no opening or anything; just jungle all the way. So we went around like this, sort of, in this direction, walking down kind of a sandy beach, about that wide, with a lot of foliage, like tropical.

I said, "What we've got to look for is some kind of path or something that people who might be living here would be fishing." Well, it turned out that somebody had left a long line with a pole up hanging.

Oh, before we got to that point, we had been without water since about four o'clock the night before. Now it's getting on about eighteen hours with no water, and we're sweating, of course. Now we're too warm. So we went along for a while, and here was a cluster of coconut trees. They had two or three coconuts. So we—pow, pow, we got two coconuts down. And we crushed them and broke them open, and that's how we managed to survive for a while.

There was a path we followed up, and we ran into a small pygmy, about that size. He ignored us completely. But I was pantomiming with my canteen, and smiling all the time. You know, "Smile, Liska. Let's be friendly with these people—he looks like a headhunter." He led us for about the next three hours to a village of Micronesians, or Melanesians, whatever; small people.

We came up over a rise, and of course we were completely exhausted. By this time it was maybe three o'clock in the afternoon, or maybe later. We're coming over and here's Shangri La, this beautiful setting, and here's a nice stream going through here and all. The village is on the far bank. We came close to the water and it looked pure. It was running pretty good.

But a little sidebar there is, when I landed.... We didn't have shoulder straps in those days. I thought I could control my forward movement with my hand, because I was flat, like this. And I tried to miss the sight. But in those days we had that long sight, you had to put your eye to it; we didn't have that flat one. I hit it. The scar—if you look right there closely you can see I have a scar that still shows up. Well, it was bleeding. I didn't pay any attention to it. When we came over there were about thirty or forty people there, of all sizes. Small children. All in very brief clothing. A lot of small children of various ages.

I said, "John, smile, smile. Let's wave to them, like 'Oh, we're so glad to see you,' and so forth." I went through the same pantomime—no water—and they knew what I meant right away. It was interesting that they'd never seen a red-head. And they were worried about that blood—it was pretty bloody. There was a deeper wound; the skin was broken open. Hell, I didn't pay any attention to it, because it had been washed with salt water all night long. But they were so sympathetic and helpful.

We went down there and they showed us where to get water. We crossed over a little bridge, about from here to that wall. They pulled us over here and we lay down on our stomachs and just put our mouths in and sucked up the water, feeling like maybe life's good again. I said, "John, let's fill our canteens right away, in case we have to run for something." Which we did; we filled our canteens.

Then, moving through, they offered us something to eat. We smiled and said, "Aw, that's great." They were fascinated by us. And I was quite a bit taller than all of them. They were a friendly nation. They were a little bit larger than pygmies.

Then fatigue set in, and the person that seemed to be sort of the sub-chief—I didn't know who they were, because everything was by hand. "Thank you," you know, and going like this, and going through the expression with your hands and so forth. Then I went like this, you know, standing up of course. And they put a little mat on the sand in this little hut that was open on the bottom, of course. We went in there, and they were very careful; they kept all the children away, which I thought was interesting. They understood. Of course, I'm always out thanking them for everything. "Thank you, thank you." And we smiled the whole time. John didn't feel very well; he didn't smile quite as much as I did. We must have slept for twelve to fourteen hours. Because we'd been up for twenty-four hours.

The chief of the village had some kind of deal with whoever it was up in the mountains. Because when he came he had kind of a GI green hat. Had those little visors, that GI hat. The

Army wears them. He had that and an Army shirt on. It said "USA" on it. He could talk just briefly. So what he did, he came to me and went like this: Up there, like you, there's somebody else up there. "Oh, good," I said. "Oh, good. Oh, great." Or made some sign, "Oh, that's wonderful." He said: I'll take you there. He could talk just a little bit.

So we took off about three o'clock that next day and climbed, climbed, climbed, maybe to 5,000 feet or 4,000 feet up this winding trail. Sure enough, it was a coast-watcher. And of course he had a coffee grinder. He had better food than we'd eaten, and he had plenty of it. They had been supplying him with avocados and papayas, or whatever they had. I think they had bananas, too.

WINKLER: Today is June 3. This is the third tape. This is Dave Winkler with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody, and we're picking it up with the coast watcher on—which island was it again?

CARMODY: Espiritu Santo.

WINKLER: Espiritu Santo. The natives took you up to meet this coast watcher, who fed you.

CARMODY: He had a coffee grinder da-da-dit program. So we got up there late in the afternoon. We were pretty tired climbing to that altitude. But what was so amazing is his position. You could see whatever the horizon is at 4,000 feet just clear as a bell. So I understood why coast watchers were effective in those areas.

Up until the time that I went up there I did not know I was on Espiritu Santo. I thought I might have been on the Banks Islands. That was a possibility because that storm may have, without me knowing it when I was at high altitude, blown me well to the north.

I can't think of the man's name, but we were there two more days. We were gone five days. All we did is rest, and he had some good chow there and good water. The chief was supporting his operation; I guess the chief was getting paid for it. I must say that we slept a lot. We had mosquito netting to sleep under. It was then we just explored the immediate vicinity, but not too much. We were still pretty sore, and Liska's feet had given him trouble because we were in our boondockers, and apparently they were getting wet and drying out, and so forth.

Anyway, the headquarters for that command was on the Curtiss, down in the big area that they had 100, 150 miles further south, where the *Enterprise* was in the harbor. I'm going to call it the harbor. They said they'd call back, and they called back the next day and said that a PBY would pick me up. The coast watcher had given information, the latitude and longtitude, and about this lagoon that was right below us there. That's where we could be picked up. It was like this.

So that morning, well refreshed and fed and feeling pretty lucky all the way around, we traipsed down the mountain. As we approached kind of an opening there on the sand, the whole village had come down to say goodbye to us. Isn't that interesting? So we gave anything we had —our lights, our whistles, the various things that we had, but not my .45, of course. And I couldn't give them my life jacket, but I told them where the life raft was, and explained to them. And they acknowledged. I drew a picture where the life raft was and, "This is for you." They were very grateful. And all the little kids were there too, because this was a special occasion to see some stranger from Mars drop there in front of them. They were all very friendly, and I really appreciated it, glad-handing and shaking and smiling as much as possible. I looked over at John and he looked a little depressed, I think.

The seaplane didn't want to come in too close because there was a pretty heavy wind onset, towards the land, coming up the bay, and he was worried about making the turn. They turn slowly, the PBY, and all this time they're drifting in. He was worried about it, unnecessarily, I think. So we had no choice. We just left our shoes on and with our life jackets blown up, our vests, Mae Wests, we swam out. We had to swim out. He had made one turn, and boy, it was really a fatiguing experience. And of course the water was kind of hitting us in the face with that onset wind, so we didn't know what progress we were making. But we did go all the way out, and then he made a circle on the way in. Like this.

Liska was weaker than I was. So what I did is—he grabbed onto that little ladder that comes off. You know, that bubble back there? There was a little ladder there, but it didn't go down to the water. So there's no place to put your feet, and he didn't have the strength to pull himself up high enough. So what I did is, I got behind him and pushed him up. He went aboard. Then I tried it, and I didn't have the strength to pull myself up. And the crewmen had something else going on interesting, and they offered no help at all to me.

So the pilot said: Tell him if he can't get in, have him shove off and I'll come back again and make another run. So this time I said, "Throw me a line. Help me out. Christ, I'm almost drowning here." I was really pissed at them. Oh, excuse me; I didn't mean to say that. But I was disturbed at how stupid the guys were. Why didn't they help? Come down and even put a hand over? So they gave me a line and I put it around. Then there I had a little help.
I was like landing a big fish. I lay on that deck while they were taxiing out, and was just exhausted, completely exhausted. I don't think we would have lasted very long if he had tried it again.

As we took off, Liska and I were lying there just exhausted on the deck, and I said, "I've never been in a seaplane before, taking off this way." It was very rough—bang, bang. I said to John, "John, wouldn't it be ironic if—we've gone through this last week of all the battles and being rescued—if this plane crashed at sea now?" That didn't help his morale one bit. But the irony of this thing.

Well, they flew us back to the Curtiss. The admiral was aboard the Curtiss. He was a submarine admiral. He was the SOP. We gave him kind of a rundown report.

WINKLER: SOP, senior officer present.

CARMODY: Yes. In a motor whaleboat they took us over to the *Enterprise*, which was at the other end of this long lagoon there. The air group was ashore on this strip down near the water, Marston matting, and they had Neeson (phonetic) huts. Whatever the name—they had a name for them. You know, with metal roofs and kind of like this? They built millions of them. Whatever they called it.

We stayed there, licking our wounds. We'd lost a few planes, of course—a shortage. We did fly pilots down to Efate. They had replacement aircraft, and we flew some of those back. And now it's 1943. I think we were there November, December, January. I think it was in December we got underway and went up off of Rennell Island because of the Chicago. They were trying to evacuate it and it was being towed by the *Houston* or one of the other cruisers because they couldn't get the tugs close enough. They were not fast enough or maneuverable enough. Rennell Island is southeast of Guadalcanal. Rennell Island is all by itself there.

While we were on Guadalcanal, three or four or five of our people had malaria, and I got dengue fever. For two weeks I was out of it. So I didn't know too much about this, except that twelve Bettys, twin-engine Bettys, found us. But we had a combat air patrol over and they didn't know this, of course. Did you ever hear of the name Whitey Feightner? He's a kind of well-known aviator. Whitey was an ensign like I was, but junior to me. Actually I was a jg at the time and didn't know it. Whitey came down and shot down about three of them. The other people, they shot down all but one. That one got through and released its torpedo and hit the Chicago, it was so accurate. The Chicago was going about three knots, or whatever it was, and of course she turned turtle there. Whitey was known for—he shot down three of those, or four planes, in that combat air patrol.

That was about the incident. And from then on we were just in a standby, giving the impression that we had a carrier available in the south in case the Japanese were stretching there. But, as you know, that battle on the 14th and 15th really was the high water mark of the Japanese offensive. From then on they were on the defense, because here come the Essex carriers.

We stayed there until May, at which time we were gone just seven months on this particular cruise. From the time we left till the time we got back to Pearl was just seven months. They put us on a transport. We had a little R&R, trying to be civilized again, staying at the Royal Hawaiian. Those were billets in those days. We came back on a transport, and I was ordered to report to Naval Air Force, Atlantic Fleet, in Norfolk.

So my wife and I, my first wife, drove across country in our 1936 Chevy and reported in on about July 15 over there. This was 1943 now, and everything is helter-skelter. I'm ordered to

report to the commanding officer of Bombing Squadron 8, which I did. Do you know where Fentress is out here, our auxiliary airfield? This was before Oceana was built. They were just in the process of building it. We had three fields—they were triangular fields—that had been built for squadrons, for that purpose. One squadron went to Pungo; another squadron went to—it's down in that area there. All three of our squadrons.

Now remember, in our arrangement in Air Group 8, there was just one bombing squadron. That's an old carryover, that scouting idea, but they weren't any different. It was overloaded with rank. They had something like four or five lieutenant commanders and senior lieutenants.

Oh, by the way, in that July I was promoted to lieutenant. So I'm now a Marine captain.

WINKLER: Before we go into that, there are a couple things on your tour on the *Enterprise*. The first thing is, could you tell me, did Liska come with you?

CARMODY: No. We were separated. They had their choice. He had been out there from the very beginning, so he went ashore. He had that choice, because he had been there over a year. I don't think he ever went to sea again. And then, of course, I came here.

WINKLER: And can you tell me a little bit more about Liska, as far as where he was from and his background?

CARMODY: You know, I can't remember that part. He was a very silent man. Didn't talk. But he was a strong man, muscular. And it showed in how he handled those 30-caliber guns in the back. And a resolute man, even though I'm sure that he was praying the whole time he was shooting, that he didn't get hit. He was just a very quiet man, but we just hit it off together. We had a good rapport with one another, and as I told you, and I want to emphasize this, I was just a bus driver. This guy was the fighter. He was the one that was shooting the guns. He save both of us two different times.

WINKLER: And then when you were in the *Enterprise* you were the assistant flight maintenance officer, so when you were on board the *Enterprise*, besides flying what other duties did you have?

CARMODY: Of course, I thought I was an ensign, but here I was a jg by October, and I didn't know it. Oh, by the way, the records—everything was smashed. It went down in one of those big administrative—a lot of our records. Or it was a confusion, or whatever it was. I didn't know that I had been promoted to lieutenant until I got back to the States. So I had one year's back pay coverage.

WINKLER: That must have been nice.

CARMODY: Initially I worked with the maintenance group. We had our own men in those days, you know. On the next cruise we didn't. We had the plane captains. Because they had some kind of an on-board maintenance program. They didn't want to duplicate it. But we did have our own personal plane captains.

When we went ashore—you see, everything happened so fast in those days. There wasn't too much to be done, but I learned the processing of record-keeping and inspections, and so on and so forth, and swinging compasses. Because when you move around that part of the country you get changes, so we would swing. That's one of the things I did.

WINKLER: And the one final thing I'd mention is that for the 14th and 15th you did get a Distinguished Flying Cross. And you discussed what you did to earn that, but I thought I'd make a note of that. When did you find out you got the Distinguished Flying Cross?

CARMODY: In 1945. Not until 1945. It was delivered to me, and I've got a picture someplace of the admiral for ComFAirWesPac. Had a ceremony up at Los Alamitos. That's where I was when I came back. I didn't expect anything. The idea of awards never entered my head. I never even thought about it. Then you learn, because you find out what's going on. I didn't think that that was any great deal, but they gave it to me, so I didn't....

By the way, that was the only ship that I can attest to that I was able to hit with a bomb—I'll get into this later—because it was going at fourteen knots on a steady course. And I learned a lesson in the morning to take care of that. It wasn't maneuvering at all; they were just stupid moving like this. Didn't even try. They could have made a U-turn. There are a lot of things they could have done. But they're phlegmatic, just like their torpedo people. They didn't do anything. That's why we were able to shoot so many of them down.

The award—I was completely surprised. The whole concept of medals never occurred to me until I came back from my second tour, and I'll get into that.

WINKLER: Okay. Well, picking it up, you're now with....

CARMODY: Now I'm out at Fentress, with VB-8.

WINKLER: How do you spell that?

CARMODY: F-e-n-t-r-e-s-s. It's a little village out there, kind of an area they called Fentress. It was twenty-two miles from where we lived on Mediterranean Avenue, right in Virginia Beach, off of the Boulevard there.

When we got there it was kind of bedlam. The XOs and the COs—I'm going to be critical now, not of them but of the system—the skipper just didn't understand carrier warfare, or grasp it. He had spent more time as being a navigator or something on a cruiser, and that's all he

could talk about, his cruiser. But he was a designated naval aviator, and I guess he had been carrier-qualled, or he'd been in a squadron once. But then I guess he felt that being aboard the cruiser was the apex of his career up to that time.

Oh, by the way, there were three other people from Bombing Scouting 10 with me. I mean, including myself, not with me. Les Ward—we were together at that dogfight we had, the first dogfight. Then there were two others, but they were replacement pilots that had no combat experience. But they did have a little carrier experience, in which we stressed discipline and flying formation and staying tight, and a few other things.

Anyway, time went by. I got there in July. About August we were going out to carr qual one of the people on a jeep carrier in the Bay—I forget which one it was now, a Kaiser class, a small jeep—with our SBDs. We had SBD-4s or something like that. It had the sight up here, a flat sight, really good, so you didn't have to go like this coming down. At that time quite a few of the senior officers faded away. I don't think they were particularly excited about the carr quals, apparently. I'm just guessing at that. Then it settled down to the lieutenant commander, who was out of the Class of '33, by the way.

Les and I were getting concerned because we both agreed that we were wasting time and not training people in combat operations, or tight formations, or rendezvousing properly so you didn't waste fuel. Everything has to be precise. There's a reason for a quick launch. It's because, in those days, as long as that carrier was on a straight course it was vulnerable. While we were launching or recovering, that was a vulnerable period, so it had to be done expeditiously and not foul things up. Well, he didn't understand that.

So finally, out of frustration, I had a little conference with Les. I said, "Les, you know, we're wasting time. If we're going out and this is all we have.... What do you think about let's go in and see the skipper and lay our case before him?" Which I did, and Les was with me but he was not as noisy, as talkative, as I turned out to be. I just told him. "Skipper," I said, "I hope you don't feel that we're being insubordinate or rude, but what we're doing now, we're not making progress fast enough so that we're going to be ready for combat. We would recommend some changes." And I explained to him about rendezvous and why we had to expeditiously come aboard, and that sort of thing. We weren't practicing that at all. Everybody was kind of just—familiarization. Familiarization, baloney. Let's get together and start doing it.
He was pretty good about it. I know he had to grit his teeth and swallow hard, but he recognized what we were trying to do. So he made me the flight officer, so I was running the training now. He and the exec were whatever they were doing.

Then we started, you know—if we have to go to war now we're all going to get killed. I kept emphasizing—I'm a coach. Also I'm about twenty-five years old and a college graduate, and I understand teamwork because I'm in the football hall of fame at San Jose State. We started to then sort of organize. Then finally, for whatever reason, all the senior officers disappeared. I guess as reality came along they didn't feel qualified, or whatever it was.

Now we trained for coming aboard, so we lectured several times, all the whole squadron. We were going to have a thirty-six-plane squadron, and we had forty-five pilots. Of course, most of them are nuggets, except for this bunch of senior people that finally precipitated out, and I ended up being the flight officer, number three there. We drilled and drilled and drilled on procedures, a blackboard talk on what you're doing. And taught navigation. And told them how we would fly over 300 miles there and come across by ourselves, and back to the spot, and if you don't pay attention and learn how to do it, learn to use your maneuvering board, you may not make it. So we drilled the fundamentals. SBDs, now.

Then when carrier time came, then we told them the importance of how to come aboard, how to settle down and try to relax. Just pep talks, like a coach does. We were coaches, Les and I. Then we went out and everybody qualified. Now, they'd been to the *Sable* or the *Wolverine*. Then what we did is, everybody qualified pretty good. Didn't have too much trouble at all. We were working in the Bay, except that we had to go up so far that we had to come back downwind and then do it again, because we couldn't go outside. Submarines were too prevalent there. We had a lot of ships that had been torpedoed between the light out there and the coast.

Then about a week later what comes along—everyone had been requalified in the SBD—we get the word that they're going to equip us with the SB2C, the Curtiss dive bomber, Helldiver. We didn't know anything, but we do know that the *Bunker Hill* group had just deployed before then, but before them the *Yorktown* had rejected the plane as being unsatisfactory. Gulp, gulp. So I don't know what the politics were behind that. It was a little bit faster airplane that could carry two bombs.

WINKLER: Okay, Side 2; we're continuing here on June 3. You're going to switch over to the Helldiver.

CARMODY: Yes. It was the SB2C, nicknamed the Helldiver. It was a heavy plane, a large plane. It was a little bit faster. But then we were soon to find out that we had a lot of trouble with it.

So now we can't spend too much time on training and tactics, or flying at night, or flying formation, or going on individual navigation flights so that people began to have confidence in what they were doing, because we were so concentrated on field carrier landing practice with this group of forty-five people, most of them nuggets, just out. The only man that was Naval Academy in the squadron now is the skipper. All the rest are college or high school kids. So that took up a lot of time.

Well, it turned out that the airplane turned out to be pretty sour. It was trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble. Leaks, valves that we had to turn off. There were ten valves in the front of the cockpit, for hydraulics and so forth. Just a nightmare.

But I was really concerned about the state of our training because we were spending so much time on just trying to become carrier qualified. And when you have the airplanes for that reason, you don't have enough airplanes and they weren't up enough so that we could go out on group gropes or go out on navigation flights out over the Atlantic.

Then we're told that we are going to be the commissioning air group in the *Intrepid*. The *Intrepid*'s coming out of the yard. Before that about half the squadron—we went out and qualified aboard the Core, or the Bogue. I think it was the Core; maybe it was the Bogue. But the rest didn't. Because at that time, because of our maintenance and so forth, it was a Keystone comedy, the flight program. Something was always happening. But we all made, those of us who went out aboard, made about six traps, I believe, on the Bogue. Of course you landed and got six planes aboard, and then you had to take them back. You couldn't fly through the deck. So it was time consuming. I'm only telling you this because everything is working against what you're trying to do, and you're dealing in details instead of operational readiness.

Well, then the *Intrepid* went in commission and we were able to get everybody carr qualled with about six landings, I believe, in the Bay. They'd go up just like we did before, but they had more room. We could land a lot of planes and then go up again or leave them off and have six planes just working through the deck, because they could fly off. We did not use the catapult.

Then we became helter-skelter. We all had at least six traps in the *Intrepid*, which is a piece of cake to me, because it was so much bigger than the *Enterprise*. Then we tried to do some night flying, and that wasn't too successful. We tried a group grope, and that wasn't too successful, because the commanding officers of the squadrons were not too.... The tactics were different than when they went through. So we had trouble there. All three of the squadron commanders were deficient in that they didn't have any.... But fortunately the fighter squadron had at least eight of the people—Whitey Feightner and other people—from the *Enterprise*. So that was a comforting idea, as far as I was concerned.

Then the ship had to go through an operational readiness inspection. That was normal. So we loaded the air group aboard and with about four destroyers, thirty knots or so, went down to the Gulf of Paria. Is this news to you? You knew about that. So we'd get trained. Because, much to our pleasure—Trinidad is very close to Venezuela—they had a big submarine net that they had to open to let us in, and then we had a hundred miles we could work up and down in the Gulf of Paria, which is right opposite Trinidad. Trinidad was our alternate base.

Well, we found out that we were having trouble with our engines. We lost three airplanes over the bow the first week we were there, and the captain said, "Put these people ashore until they're ready, because we're wasting too much time picking people up." We didn't lose anybody, but there was just not enough power, or something was happening. A lot of it I think was newness. I had no trouble at all on it, nor did Les. He was the other driver for our scheme, or our effort to get people ready.

Well, they put us ashore for about seven days. The skipper didn't come ashore with us; he stayed out there for whatever reason, and I was in charge. So the first thing we did is, I made sure everybody knew how to pull a thirty-hour check. I knew what the problem was. By now Les and I had discovered that these people were just not treating the engine properly. So we came up with

a program of what they should do. I wanted them to have respect for that airplane and the engines and why they had to treat it carefully. Because it would go sour on you if you didn't. So we spent about seven days ashore there, and everyone began to understand. Because most of the nuggets had never had any of this before. They finally got the message. I had developed a scheme that—what we would do is make sure that we kept our engines running about 1000 rpm after starting. What we had been doing, and I hadn't realized it, is we had been idling too much back in the pack. We were generally the last ones off, because we needed the longest run. What we were doing is fouling up the plugs, with that idling. So the first thing we did was, everybody, when you started that engine, keep it at 1000 rpm so we don't get any clogging.

The next thing I introduced was—your engine cowl flaps open. You know, all around the engine they have cowl flaps. Open them wide and make sure they're wide all the time you're there. Then when you come up to the spot, just when they bring you into position, close those flaps about a half, and put your wing flaps up to just 30 degrees rather than full. I had tried it first. You accelerated faster, believe it or not. You accelerated faster and the engine was now good and hot to go, and we heeled it up and checked them at high rpm, like 2000, and if they're okay.... From then on we didn't lose anybody off the bow.

We just went aboard then. It was too late for us, so we just landed aboard. I think we each probably made two landings in the Gulf of Paria. It was kind of a nightmare because of all this going on. But at least we developed a technique, and respect for the engine.
Anyhow, we came back in November, late November we came back from the Gulf of Paria. The ship got their training, with all the inspections and speed runs and so forth and so on. And the other squadrons got their training. But we didn't because of this new dog. We called it "the beast." Did you ever hear that word? The beast?

WINKLER: I've heard it described as the beast, yes.
CARMODY: Well, during the time we were checking out in it, one of the nuggets, a fellow by the name of Pete Evanoff, came back into the ready room and he was just swearing, and he threw his helmet down, and he said, "My God, what a beast!" And from then on that was it. Isn't that interesting? And I've got a card someplace that shows I'm a beast runner (phonetic). I went in and made a run.

We came back in November, and they put us ashore at Norfolk. We didn't come back here. That was a mess too, because we all had living spots here, and they had a rough BOQ for all the nuggets out there—Quonset huts. Quonset huts—that's the word.

Just a little aside. While we were there, at that time gas was rationed. You only had so many gallons they would let you have. We found, before we got the SB2Cs, that the ADs had some kind of a malfunction in their bladders and that we were dripping gas. Gas was leaking. So that meant we had to change all those bladders. What we did is pump all that fuel into nice clean barrels, you know, big barrels like this. We had a hand pump, and we just pumped that 90-octane right into all our cars that we had. Because we had tickets that we could only buy so much. That

helped us a lot, because of a variety of reasons. But we didn't waste the fuel. That was a little side, cost effective I call that.

We came back and they didn't send us back to Fentress, and we were there for about a month. Well, that was disruptive, because we had to commute back and forth, those of us who were married. We didn't get any good training in. They were working on the airplanes too much. We didn't have enough airplanes. So we lost out valuable time. All we could do is go test airplanes, or do a few things. I think we had a couple of formation take-offs. But it was, I felt, a lack of training.

Then we were told we were going to go to the Pacific. We left sometime in December before Christmas. Maybe it was the tenth of December. So we took off to go to the Pacific.

WINKLER: That's '43, of course.

CARMODY: '43. Our first stop is going to be Honolulu. The air group has not trained at all. We hadn't worked together as an air group. The fighters couldn't protect—we didn't do it so it got routine, and never became familiar with each other, and a variety of things. I caught pneumonia —this was in December—and I was in bad shape, in my bunk aboard ship. I couldn't get much done. So they loaded all the planes aboard and I said goodbye to my wife. She was going to drive home. There was another friend of ours who was in the same (phonetic), and they were going to drive together in our car.

So I was in my bunk all the way down to going through the Canal. And of course I had to get up. I felt a little bit better. It was about a four-day trip, I believe. It was four days by the time we actually started transiting. Then I did get up and I was a witness. We were going through the various Canal cuts and the pilot was having a problem with this big ship, because it has a lot of freeboard, a lot of sail area. Making the turn like this it crunched into here and we had a 150-foot shear (phonetic) down at that level. Another thing impeding our operations, our training. So we spent about six days in the shipyard on the far side. What is it on the far side, Colon?
WINKLER: I think so.

CARMODY: The southern side. Over on the Pacific side, I should say. I couldn't do very much; I was still recovering. But I did recover enough. So now, they filled it full of cement, but now our destination was the shipyard at San Francisco. Navy shipyard, been there a long time. We start our transit north. I think it was about a seven or eight day trip, or even more. I don't remember now too much. I went to the skipper and I said, "You know, we just can't afford to not fly off the ship occasionally, even though maybe we have to spend a little time on it," because the whole air group was in the same shape.

I'll have to tell you about my attitude. After my experience at Santa Cruz and living with the Marines there at Guadalcanal I had a deep sense of religious requirement that this is my Navy as well as it's yours, and if you're not doing enough to play this game straight, that affects me.

And I don't like that one damn bit. So that's when I began to be a vociferous chatterbox. In other words, as I looked at it—and Les felt the same way—I said, "You know, if we don't do this our ass is grass. Our chances of surviving are down."

WINKLER: You have a very personal stake here.

CARMODY: Exactly. That's why I didn't hesitate. Of course, you know, I'm a little bit older. Now I'm about twenty-five years old, I guess, or twenty-four, whatever it was. I felt the responsibility. That's it. I really did feel responsibility, the sense.

Anyway, the skipper of the ship didn't want to do it, to put a spar about 800 feet behind the carrier and let us bomb it with little shotgun bombs. You know, that have a smoke flare that comes up. The air group commander—I won't even talk about him. But my skipper took that message that I'd given him and talked to the captain, and he agreed to let us do some flying. While the wind was not too far away, as long as we didn't have to turn around, as long as our progress was going north—it might be off this way a little bit. The winds were pretty good, and we had a good day of flying. Every squadron did it. They needed it. And we even more than them. The fighters strafed it. The torpedo planes dropped bombs like we were, and our squadron had a chance to do it. We sent twelve at a time out. Maybe twelve of us got training that day. Then we had another day to do it, and another day. But at least, having said, the familiarization.

Well on the second day I was leading. We had twelve up. I always flew with twelve. We had thirty-six airplanes, and that was our mode of operation. We were coming around and diving, and learning to allow for the wind and the movement of the ship. It wasn't turning. It turned out that our people were getting pretty enthusiastic, because the results were there. Somebody could see about what it was, whether we hit or not. Not on that, but close enough to that.

I think we made three dives on it. And I was pulling out of the last dive. I was pulling quite a few g's, which I had a bad habit of doing, and my right wheel slapped (phonetic) down like that, and I was still doing about 250 knots. So I go into a big roll. I was twisting around, and I'm looking upside down at the ship. If I'd kept on that course I would have probably ended up in the stack, because I was only 800 feet behind. Well, super-human strength—and I was young and strong in those days—pulled that rudder, pulled right stick, and gradually I got it righted. Then I collected my senses and tried to figure out what the hell was going on. I couldn't hold on very long, but I started climbing to about 3000 feet, holding on. I was trying to orient myself what I should be doing. I couldn't get the wheel up.

So what I did is, I called Jake Orshansky (phonetic). A neat guy, sharp as can be. Showed people how to shoot at the sleeve, and so forth. Jake is sitting back there and I call him up and I said, "Jake, I can't hold on to this very much longer. Jump as soon as you can. Jump, jump, jump." Because I was running out of strength to hold that over. It was like this. So I waited for a little while, and I unbuckled. I started to go over the side. It was rolling that way, and I was going over this side so it was rolling away from me. You dive out towards the tail when you dive. I get

out almost to here, and I'm still holding the rudder over like this—I mean the stick. I looked back, and there's Jake sitting there like this. In that melee of flailing around I had apparently pulled my interconnection off, and I didn't know it.

Now my shoulder straps are off and I've only got one hand to do everything. Then I was able to recycle. I still had to hold a full rudder over to go straight, but at least I didn't have that big stick pressure to keep the thing righted. In other words, I dropped the other wheel.Then I called the ship and explained what my situation was, and I said that I do not have rudder control. I could keep level, but I do not have enough rudder control to come aboard. They said Roger. So what I did, I went off at an angle from the ship going through my checklist. I told Jake Orshansky to throw his guns over the side and get ready for a water landing. He was a nifty guy. I was so fortunate in having really sharp people.

So I just dropped in, settled down. Now I'm hooked up, talking to him, of course; I was able to do that. I can't remember how I did it, but I did it. In any event I made a good water landing. This was my second time around. We got out, and about a couple hours later a destroyer came charging over the horizon. We had a flare, of course, candle type. It was a Fletcher, USS *Fletcher*, a brand new whatever that class was.

WINKLER: Fletcher Class destroyer.

CARMODY: Yes, Fletcher Class, okay. It was called the *Gatling*, but it was a Fletcher Class. I spent the next seven days aboard the destroyer, and so did Jake also. Of course they put me in a cabin, and he went into the crew's quarters. Of course we met every day and chatted back and forth. We went to San Francisco, because we were following them. I switched over when we went in port and went over to Alameda, where all the air wing was stationed. They flew the air wing off to Alameda and the ship went into the yard for a while.

Jake Orshansky, in years after that, was very emotional almost. He said he'd never have made it if I'd gone over the side. I never thought about it particularly, but he reminded me of that. We had a meeting. My daughter lives down in Fort Lauderdale and we were down visiting with her, and he'd moved with his family from Brooklyn to a settlement outside of that area, Fort Lauderdale. We had a rendezvous and I met his mother and sister. It was real nice, and he was very emotional about it. We became real close friends. Just a nifty guy.

Then we take off, I think on the first of January of 1944, for Honolulu. Just about a day out of Honolulu we're told that we're going to fly the air group into Puunene, on Maui. Puunene's no longer there, by the way. It's whatever the name of that field is on Maui. So we landed there and we don't even know where we're going next. The *Intrepid* goes in. We fly them off, transfer everything over there.

Now I'm very candid with the commanding officer. I keep emphasizing. He was learning all the time too; he was just like the nuggets. So as time went by I think we were there a month

or six weeks. Fortunately. Because I'm the flight officer I mapped out, when we found out about going there, what our program should be. So much time for carr quals, and so much time for nav, and so much time for this, and divide that out so that at least all of us are increasing our skills for what we had to do. He bought the schedule. He was very good about that.

Well, about that time the executive officer, who had no experience at all, and who was a lieutenant senior to me by maybe eight months, did some foolish things. It was unbelievable. It was so bad that the air group commander told Shipely (phonetic), who was the CO, to get rid of that guy and get rid of him now—he's dangerous. Well, I end up being the executive officer and Les Ward takes over. But Les and I worked as a team. We lived together in the same room; we had our own room. So we just kept—he did the same thing. He was a tiger to get things done. We did a lot of work. We did field carrier practice; we had put time aside for that. We flew at night. We flew at night in formation. We flew at night for individual. We did some night....

WINKLER: Today is June 3. This is Tape IV, picking up with Admiral Carmody, with VB-10, on Maui.

CARMODY: You know that long island, Kahoolawe? Right next to Maui, to the south between there and Hilo—I mean the big island. That was being used by the Marines and the Army Air Force, and we were. So we would take off—it was right close—and we would climb to 8,000 feet. They had big circular things with marks, so that we could see where the bombs hit. The shotgun shell would go off and we'd see a big plume of smoke, easily. So we worked on that, and we had strafing targets. We had two 20-mm cannons. We worked and worked, and we went on navigation. Generally, the program that Les and I developed together was carried out. We worked and worked and worked and worked.

Oh, by the way, in December now, or this was maybe the first of January period, we woke up one morning and looked up, and just about 3,000 feet on up, Haleakala was covered with snow. In Hawaii. So that created a lot of enthusiasm.

Our nuggets are now starting to get the spirit of what we're trying to do. They're working pretty hard, and they're doing really well. I say "nuggets" because Les and I—he was just a few numbers behind me; we were at the same time—and then the skipper. They were an obstreperous group, great for partying on the weekends and that sort of thing. But it was a group where we had great camaraderie. They were from all walks of life and all the states. We just worked and worked and worked as much as we could. I think we just took off on Sunday. And we still didn't have enough time, because I wanted more long-range searches going out away from Hawaii, to get used to that and then coming back to it. Of course, there's a lot of landmarks there, islands and so forth. Like out towards Kabalak (phonetic), for example. So that nobody got lost. They got used to it.

The lessons that we acquired when we went ashore in Zeres (phonetic) Field at Trinidad were deeply embedded, because they finally got the message: It's my ass if you don't do your

job. I'm responsible; we're responsible for each other. They finally got the feeling of that, and how important the airplane was and why you treat it right. You did everything exactly, almost robot. When you went into high pitch, if you don't go into high pitch and you put your throttle forward, you're just causing trouble. A variety of those things.

Then we got the word that—let's see, we were there part of January and part of February—that we were going to be embarked in the *Bunker Hill*. The *Bunker Hill* had already been out. They now came back, they off-loaded their air wing there to fly home, or however it was going home, and we were going to go aboard the *Bunker Hill*. *Bunker Hill* now is a veteran of about six months, and they have a fine reputation. Captain Ballantine was a fine skipper, apparently, and the ship was squared away as can be. Now, I came from *Enterprise*, and every man would have loved the ship and everything we were doing by this time, because it was all war and they had that sense. They hadn't been home or away or anything. They had been there from the very beginning.

We took off, and our first destination was Madura Lagoon, where the Third Fleet now, under whoever it was....

WINKLER: Halsey.

CARMODY: Halsey, yes, at that time. And our first strikes were against the Palaus. Babelthuap and Koror, and those islands there. We had six big carriers and six light carriers, on cruiser hulls. They called them CVLs. They had, I think, ten or fifteen torpedo planes aboard and about twenty fighters. They had something like thirty-six or forty planes they could handle.

You've seen the pictures. The two carriers are here. The light carriers are up here. The light carriers behind; we're in this formation. Of course, that lends itself to maneuvering, too. So we know when we're going into the wind we're not interfering with each other. And the circular formation. The reason we had so much trouble was diagnosed—why we had lost those carriers earlier—is because we'd separated into two task forces. If we'd been together, the firepower would have made a difference in all probability, and the fire control would have been a lot easier, because they were focussing on that, you see. You've heard that story, I'm sure. Anyway, it proved to be correct. This was Radford's; we had some pretty good brains.

This was an initiation, the first time for all the rest of the people, except for Les and me. The way we operated is, the captain, our skipper, flew his twelve-plane section, and I flew a twelve-plane section, and Les led a twelve-plane section. The scheme was, we'd fly off in the morning with twelve planes and they'd go on a strike. They'd be gone for about three hours, because we didn't have speed in those days. The cycle time was about three and a half hours, sometimes longer. I'm just giving you a rundown on the tactics. And there would be maybe eight torpedo planes and maybe eight to twelve fighters from our squadron. And we had our targets assigned.

Every other ship had the same thing. All the big carriers, we had twelve times four SB2Cs going there, and four times eight or ten torpedo planes, so we had a very formidable force. We'd go and we'd attack. Just before they got back, we would launch the next strike, with the same number, and we'd hit them again. We'd do that three times a day. Everyone flew twice when we were on this. So I flew twice the first day. Our targets were ships and airfields, primarily, and I guess we did a fairly decent job.

On the second day I was leading my twelve planes and we were after a large, like a big command ship, it looked like. But what it turned out to be was a repair ship. They had a lot of things over it to camouflage it. That's deep water there. But we spotted it. We dove on that and hit it a couple of times. Not everybody hit, by the way. I'm not too sure whether I hit, but that's beside the point. Several, at least three of our people out of the twelve, were able to get a hit, because the angle was right.

So we pulled out and I rendezvoused the people going back. One of our fellows hadn't dropped his 1,000-pound bomb. So, stupid me. He said, "What will I do with it?"
I called my air group commander, who was the leader, and I said, "I'd like to go back and drop that bomb." It was dumbness on my part. Who cares about a bomb? I asked him for permission to go back and make sure this bomb was dropped.

He was a scary little runt. I asked for four fighters to give me some protection. "Well, we can't do that; we've got to make our landing time." Okay, that's all right; I didn't understand. So what I did is, I turned over to the next section leader and took this fellow back. He dropped his bomb on the ship and got a good hit. And I strafed before him with my 20s.

As I came out like this, low over the water—I was constantly making that mistake—low over the water, out in front of me about three miles away, closer than that, was a Betty, flying low across the water. What we were after was to stop the Bettys from carrying their torpedoes, try to destroy their ability to go against us. The guy saw me about the time I was closing on him. He headed out west towards the Philippines, and I'm after him. I get up to about 210 knots now, but it takes a while. I'm finally closing to gun range of about 800 yards, or maybe less, and I go pop, pop, pop. My gun's jammed. Apparently when I came out of that the g's, or something, we had a malfunction in the system. So I kept going and kept trying to get the guns to work. We didn't have manual chains (phonetic); it was all electric.

This guy's there and he's not shooting at me, so I figured that there's nobody on that gun in the back. I got real close to him then and I told Orshansky, "Jake, when I tell you, open your hatch, drop that thing, and get your guns ready to swing out. I'm going to try to fly up alongside him and shoot him with yours." Well, it was a dumb idea. But you know, it was the hunt; I couldn't let the prey get away. So I said, "Can you do that?" He said, "Okay." We had an angle where you could shoot about like this. So what I did is pull about like this, pulled off to this side. When the guy turned, we just followed him, like that. Then he turned that way and we followed.

Well, we had a angle where we could fire right across and not hit our wing, and do it. So I told him about this angle, "But don't shoot the wing." He swung it around. Well, when he did that we lost ten knots. It was just like a big drag. So it was a frustrating experience. I chased him and tried to get those guns unclogged. It was just an experience, kind of interesting.

WINKLER: It was that Japanese pilot's lucky day.

CARMODY: Well, that first trip I'd had my first kill, you know. I hadn't made one this trip. But anyhow, I went back to the ship. We were there for two days, and I guess we did pretty well. Each ship flew that bombardment. All day long we were after them. I'm telling you this because of the difference in the war. We're on the offensive. We've got the power, and now we're just pounding them and pounding them relentlessly. Three strikes in the morning, three strikes in the afternoon. The next day three strikes in the morning. Just constant pressure on them. That was the difference in the war.

We went back to Madura and anchored there for a couple of days. I'm trying to remember where we went the next time. I won't go into every one of these, but now they're having their landing at Hollandia. This is MacArthur's moving, doing his island-hopping, so to speak, following the Marines. That program. So we go up there and we bomb their field—I can't think of the name—over the ridge. They had a big airfield there, right next to a big lake there that was filled with alligators or crocodiles, whatever the fierce ones are, the big ones. I guess crocs. I was always in favor of, if you're in trouble, go down in the water. You can always make a water landing. But I changed my mind.

But we bombed that airfield and the airplanes aboard. I don't know how many, but I went twice that day. Then the following day we went after, further up, I can't think of it, but another place that was a hot spot where the Japanese were in great strength. They had a field there. So much for that.

Our fighters just decimated their Zeroes, because they were outnumbered. Now we have the F6F, with that 2,000 horsepower and six guns. They gave a hell of a good job on that. And of course it laid the framework for him to land. It was just before the landing.

Well, I won't go into every one of them, but you can see from that. I led every one of the flights. I flew fifty-four strikes. I'm not going to say that. I don't like the word "strikes." "Strike" connotes that you're striking and hitting something. A "flight" means that you may have gone on a combat mission, but you may not have even touched the target. So I'm talking about actually either shooting or bombing something.

We were there for seven and a half months. Our air group in the *Bunker Hill* had the longest deployment of any air group that was out there. Don't ask me why, but it was that way. So we became veterans rapidly. All those nuggets became real sharp. They were doing great.

I'm not going into all those details, but I will say that later on, like in early October, we softened up Samar and those other islands in preparation for the landing on—was it Samar where we went in?

WINKLER: Leyte Gulf.

CARMODY: Leyte.

WINKLER: Going back a little bit before—*Bunker Hill* was involved in the Marianas Turkey Shoot?

CARMODY: Oh, no, we're not there yet. Well, I'll now talk about that. I don't want to get into detail on everything, but we did get a lot of experience and got shot up. We lost a few people. Miraculously we lost one fellow—everyone was shot up, but we lost only one man—and that was because he hesitated and didn't dive against the ships over off Subic. We almost caught them going through the opening into Subic. But they made the turn and we were going down, and the last man—I was told by the last three plane leaders—for some reason or other instead of diving he pulled off and made a turn around like this, and he was an ideal target. He got hit up there. I didn't feel responsible for that. We had all gone. With that speed you have a pretty good chance of surviving; you're going pretty fast. I'll come back to that in a minute.

In June we softened up Saipan and Tinian, the whole armada. We were just part of it. Using the same tactics, just constant pounding and pounding and pounding.

Then on the landing day the whole armada is to the west of the island. We're doing everything under the control of the Marine guy on the ground. Our first strike on that day was early. When the Marines finally got ashore we were called and given a target, a tank that was coming down the road. They were careful (phonetic) about it and it was giving them a bad time, apparently. The excited Marine that was talking to me—for some reason or other, I don't know why, I had pulled my cord apart again. I could hear him but I couldn't talk to him. They want action now. They didn't want to wait around. So I went like this to the leader of the section behind me, because he could hear too. And he froze. I called him, and I couldn't get through to him, of course, but I could hear. He froze, apparently.

So what I did is swung over and went like this, reassuring him, and we stopped the tank. But we were a little bit late in getting to him, and boy, the controller really gave me a lashing. But he didn't know what the situation was. After that then, I was able to, like I did before, close that thing, and from then on we didn't have that trouble because I wrapped it hard.

We did do that, and we did drop our bombs. They'd smoke—the bombs would go in color. Then they would use that as the reference point and the people they were shooting at were just beyond that. So it was interesting. It was the first time we'd really done some close air support.

We had an afternoon strike there. That was in the morning, early morning. I had a vista. I could see, just like in the movies, all these going over the reef with the caterpillars, the biggest

ones, going in and making the landing. Just like a panorama, you could see it from up there at about 10,000 feet.

We did help there a lot, for two days. Then the jeep carriers took over. Because the message came that the Japanese fleet was coming after us. They were trying to interrupt the invasion of Saipan.

The next day—and I may be off some time in days or hours on this—they told us, I guess the code breakers, that the Japanese were in position to attack our forces, which they did. But by this time our radar was improved 100 per cent from what they were before, and our fighters were superb. That F6F was one hell of a fighter, and it carried a lot of fuel, and had six guns, even though they were 50s. So they were able to vector them out on the area they knew about where the Japanese force was. But way far away—you know the plan was to attack us, land at Roti, refuel (phonetic), attack us, and then fly back to their ship. That was their plan.

I was ordered to take my early morning flight of twelve dive bombers, and six torpedo planes, I guess, went along with their 500-pound bombs, and I think we had—we didn't have any armor-piercing—but I think we had two 500-pound inside. We went over just as dawn broke. We flew down the runway separately and plopped in those bombs. It was easy, because...

WINKLER: Big target.

CARMODY: ...and we just pitted the hell out of that. As you know, later on when they tried to land they couldn't, and that's when they had the Marianas Turkey Shoot.

Other people will talk about that too, but it was pristine when we came in there. Somebody else might have done the same thing we did. Anyway we went back and reported the situation.

Then a couple of planes camc through our fighter cover and almost hit the *Bunker Hill*. It went off beside the ship, just forward of the aft elevator. We had one elevator back there. But that was the only thing. We were watching this whole thing from the flight deck like spectators. But it was a different world, because our fighters were everywhere. It was just chance getting through. It wasn't a mass like we had the year before. That was a good feeling.

Then the following day, not this day but the following day, they got a better fix on the Japanese fleet. But it was late in the afternoon, and I think it was again a PBY had given the report, or somebody, whatever it was. So we were now—the flight in the darkness, you know, that one.

By the way, about a month after we were out there, the air group commander becomes the navigator, for some reason or other—at his request, I guess. Career purposes. You know what I'm talking about. Our skipper became the air group commander and I became the commanding officer of the squadron. All the way up until June I was the skipper, but now they sent a fellow out from the training command to be the skipper. He's only been with us for a short time and

falls down a ladder and breaks his ankle, so I ran it again. He got there, I think, the latter part of April.

Anyway, I told him quite frankly, I went in to see him. I said, "Skipper, I hope you don't think I'm out of place, but I feel very strongly that I ought to lead this flight, because I've had the experience and know what to expect." He'd never had anything. He hadn't worked against any moving ships. "Oh, no, no, no, Red." I said, "Well, let me take the second section." "Oh, no, no. We need you back here. You're going to be on the second wave." I said, well, I was very concerned, and disappointed. Because I'd gone through this thing and I felt that I should be a participant.

Anyway, no, no. They got off and they didn't do a very good job. He didn't do a very good job either, I'm told. Not to go was disappointing. Of our twelve planes only one got back, and he was with a sharp guy. He was another Californian. The rest went all the way into the water. Separately. He didn't keep the squadron together during the attack. There are other ramifications there that I found out afterward. So we lost eleven planes. And dubious reports. Anyway, he was awarded the Navy Cross. I won't go into that, but you get the nuance there. And I'm told he didn't even dive on the carrier, but everybody else did. That's for the record.

Well, we got ready for the second wave. I briefed the people. I knew they were nervous. I knew what they felt; I'd been there. I said, "Look. We're going to save fuel. We've got a long ways to go. We're going to cruise at about 145 knots so we have plenty of fuel to get back on. What we'll do is, I want you to follow me down and whichever way I turn, if you can you turn the same way. Because we're coming down. But you're going to be at different angles, because you're going to be working on the carrier that's going to be maneuvering." I gave them instructions what to do. "Stay tight. Stay tight. We come up, bunch up two at a time, three at a time..."

CARMODY: Well, then I said, "Now, I know how you feel. I tell you, we've got to do the best we can. What we're going to do is rendezvous. We have flares in the cockpits," you know, flares you can drop, "and we'll get together and we'll conserve our gas and go as far as we can. Let me know what your gas condition is, because it will be at night." And I said, "Let me know when you think you're about ready to go out of fuel, and what we'll do is we'll get in a line and we'll drop a series of flares, so you can see the water. And we'll swing around. I'll go in first, and the rest of you stay to this way, or either side of it. Just watch the fellows ahead, which way they're going, and we'll land in the water. We'll all be together. We can get our rafts together, and we'll have a better chance of rescue." That was my plan. It was a great morale booster. And that's exactly what I would have done. Because we couldn't get back to the ship. We were too far away. I knew that.

Anyway, we get up and get ready to go, and I go through all the details. I'm just like a coach, you know? "Come on," like a football coach. Well we're up and on line, and all of a sudden: Cut engines. The admiral in charge, Mitscher, said: It's too far away. You'll be coming

back at night. We don't want to take a chance. You can't have a good target. Well, it was disappointing, but we did it.

Then, of course, what I did, because it was getting late, now the planes that are coming back—none of ours are coming back. The one that came back, Kenny Holmes, was a real sharp guy and a good flyer. He landed without any trouble on one of the carriers. And that's when they turned the lights on. Now I begin to realize that this is going to be tight. Not realize; I just thought. So I went back to be with the landing signal officer. He had an assistant there, but I mean somebody else. Because I was leaning (phonetic) to help him if a damaged aircraft or whatever, just give him a little support. He landed a lot of planes, but they weren't ours. He landed our combat air patrol that was overhead, nicely. It was dark, about seven o'clock. It got dark at that time, whatever time it was. Mitscher turned on the lights. So it was pretty good. But it was a fiasco.

We landed a lot of airplanes, but none of ours. We landed maybe a couple of our torpedo planes and fighters, but that's all. The next day, of course, we took stock. There were a lot of exaggerated comments about getting hits and all that sort of thing, that we found out later wasn't too good. But at least we damaged them enough so that they didn't want to hit us after that; they went right on to Japan after that. I think we may have gotten a tanker. Not our squadron, but the force got a tanker, and maybe hit a couple of jeeps. But I think they grossly exaggerated getting the large carriers.

However, you may remember, just before this happened out there one of our submarines sank the *Shokaku*. Remember that? And the other one was that big sister ship of theirs, almost the same size, and another submarine sank that. What a blessing. That was big. You never hear about that, but it was there. Well, when that happened, I think that's what took them out of there. They were on their way going away, because they had failed to break through, and they lost all these airplanes at Guam. I think there were 500 planes lost that day. It was a devastating situation for them. They were actually going away at the best speed they could, because they were opening the distance. Anyway, it was very disappointing.

After this we went to Davao. We went back down and helped the Marines at Palau. Davao is on Mindanao. Then we head to Samar and Leyte and Cebu and Negros, through the central Visayans there.

Before that, excuse me, we attacked Formosa. There was a big aircraft assembly system outside of Taipei, up on the hill. We went after that. We went over at 9,000 feet. There was an attack on this place. It was a big target. You couldn't lose. It just was there. As we pulled out we had a flock of Zeroes hit us. But they were coming too fast, and they started to overshoot, from the angle. They must have been green people. Because the weather was kind of bad up above. Really, it may have influenced them. But a wingman in my section, flying this side of me, shot a Zero with his 20-mm cannon. I was too busy seeing where we were going.

The scheme was to go down low, come out, stay low over the land, go down the river that goes out from Taipei, and to go out and on to go over the water. Because there are a lot of mountains right in there. We didn't want to get caught in that. So we did.

Here comes my gang, and they're all behind me. We go out and we got out over the water. And I look over in the distance, and here's a small freighter underway coming towards the port. The port is at the end, you know, around—it's not at Taipei there. It's coming. So as I rendezvoused the people I said, "Mike-Mikes on the target." And they could all see it. So we swung around like that and came down on it. My three people following me—we got off an echelon, those three—and you could see our boat's going into that. But we're close. You could just see it going in. We pulled out like that and about the time the next three were almost down there it blew up. It was an ammunition ship. You see a picture of it going up all by itself? Well, everyone claims that one, but we did it.

The reason for it is, I had learned my lesson when I was in Scouting 10. I had each section, each division leader, rear seated and carrying a K-25 camera. When we made attacks I wanted him to be shooting, like that, unless he was shooting his guns. I wanted evidence. I didn't want this business of inflated stuff. That's the picture you see that he took going away. Well, that was kind of satisfying.

Now we attacked Okinawa. It's an early morning raid. I have just my twelve and I have eight fighters with me. Before we left the intelligence officer, he was so secretive, he didn't give us enough information. But he talked about chaff. What the hell's chaff. Well, they said we want you to try this. This was against Yontan-Zan, the first strikes. We were the first strikes on everything. They said that this was supposed to divert—they had radar-controlled guns—that it would divert so that we threw it out and it deployed, they would go after those targets, rather than you. So each radioman in the back got it. We always briefed together, the radiomen, I mean the gunners, and us, the pilots. We had a good camaraderie.

So we go over there and it's just breaking dawn. We're at 12,000 feet and Yontan-Zan's sitting there. It wasn't moving, their airfield. I was chasing the black puffs and we were throwing this out at the same time. I got the impression that we probably gave the impression that we had about twice as many airplanes as we had. But we all agreed that we thought they got closer to us when we threw it out than without it. So when we came back we gave the report on that.
The reason I bring that up is I became interested in this whole business of electronics. I knew nothing about it. That started an infection that I never lost and still have. So much for that.

When we finished with that, we swung over, go up over the water. We saw some fishing boats off the coast there. When we were coming through you could just see their lights then. By now it's a half hour later. So we go over and we shoot at the one we could see, that was the closest, with our Mike-Mikes. Because now these are better than bombs because bombs don't always hit, but these do, because you're looking right at it; you're aiming, holding on.

Now, then we're working on the Visayans again. This was just before MacArthur's landing. We go over to Cebu and there's a breakbulk ship alongside there. We go over and we get a couple hits. And we may have damaged other things on the pier, but we got a couple of hits, or at least near misses, on this when we were diving. We pull out and rendezvous everybody. A few holes in our planes, but not bad.

I had been asked by the intelligence officer, "When you've finished, can you go over and check to see if there's any shipping in the Gaspi (phonetic) harbor?" That's quite a distance. Cebu's here, this group, and the Gaspi's on the end of Luzon. Maybe it's a hundred miles. Maybe not, maybe it was just eighty miles. Whatever it was. So we're going over there at about 6- or 7,000 feet, because our visibility is good from that altitude. Maybe we were a little lower than that. We go over, and as we're approaching—we're like where that pad is over there—we look down and here is a larger merchant ship alongside a pier. Well, we were out of bombs, so we went after it with our Mike-Mikes. Now I go, and we can just see them going into, whatever it was. And the next flight, then I can't see anymore because I'm pulling up. I look back and there's a towering cloud. It was a big ammunition ship. Going way up just like—it was an ammunition ship.

This fellow was flying number three position on me. But all three of us were hitting there, but we spread out a little bit so that your angle of aim, so you don't hit the guy ahead. He, unbeknownst to me, caught the blast. It threw him 5,000 feet in the air. I looked around and here's him, and everybody else comes through, and—Where's Carl? I thought he'd bought the farm on that one. He got caught in the blast. I'm worried about it, but I get the rest of the people rendezvoused. We always did that, we closed up fast, because of possible Zero activity. And I get a message—whatever my code name was—he said, "Where the hell are you?"
I said, "Where in the hell are you?" He said, "I'm at 5,000 feet and I'm battered." So I said okay. I swung around and I could see where he was, and we took the whole group around there. Man, was he ever bashed. He had a large three-inch or four-inch hawser that, in that explosion from the ship, I guess, threw it up and it was wrapped over his right wing. It extended beyond the length of the airplane about sixty feet in the air. And underneath he had smoke coming out of his engine, the cowl was off below, and just absolutely battered underneath. But he was still flying that old beast.

We had briefed the rescue submarine—they had started rescue service then, by that time—where to go and so forth. I talked to him over the phone. Talked to them. He was petrified, and I told him what to do. So I went up alongside. I took the other fellows with me, but the other twelve were right there; I didn't take those. I moved over and kept nudging this with my left wing. It was coming out from the wing. I was trying to lift it up. And I did get a little action out of it, but the windstream and everything was pressing it against the front end. Finally, it wouldn't come off, so I said, "Gurley (phonetic)," his name was Carl von Gurley, "how about, dip your wing to the right a little bit and let's see if we can get some action there." Then it started to slip and it came off.

I told him about—you know, we have a code word. Be prepared for—I didn't say what it was, but—be prepared for code word so and so. We knew where it was. When we got to him he was still flying. He said, "I want to go with you." I said, "Okay, but you might complicate the submarine's problem." Well, he was so damn petrified, what had happened to him, of course. But he brought that back aboard. So that was a little side story. They just pushed it over the side, it was so badly battered. They did that to me when my Corsair got hit by an 88-millimeter. I'll show you the holes; I've got a big picture of it. But the underside was so blasted and the bottom cowl was gone, and leaking oil, and everything else. I luckily landed aboard, and they didn't even bother with it, it was just so bashed. I was hit with an 88 underneath. Anyway, I wanted to tell you that little side story that happened.

Oh, a little on myself, a story that should be brought out, I think. We're going on our second strike—this was the afternoon strike—down about the middle of Formosa. A big power plant and something else that were on our target list. The twelve guys are behind me. We had no fighter cover on this one, or if it was it was above. We went through a layer. I got a little bit worried about going through them, because I remembered what had happened when I went in earlier. I told you about that, didn't I? I spun in?

So I said don't go below 90 knots. We talked then more than we used to, because they knew we were there. Don't get below 90 knots on this climb. We were climbing because we had to go to 12,000 feet there, on Formosa. I tried to keep track of them on either side, like that, and unbeknownst to me—I wasn't paying enough attention to my air speed—I went to 90 with my 1,000-pound bomb in my bomb bay. A duplication of what happened to me before. So when I pulled out I called them and said, "Make a turn, and I'll join you." That was so embarrassing. I went down to about 8,000 feet, from 12. Just a little side thing.

Then I joined up and took them to the target. We had to open up our bomb bays. We did it simultaneously so that no one forgot them. Apparently it was loose. They told me that when I opened the bomb bay, the bomb came out and went down and hit something below me. Anyway, so much for that. Just a little incident.

Except for that one fellow I was very lucky, and I think it's because of discipline. We really followed discipline. We lost a few. We lost people who were replacement pilots, due to lack of any carrier experience. Several people were shot down but were recovered. By and large we were very successful. Where we lost them was that night of the carrier battle in June. We lost, I think, four people on that. And the crewmen, of course, with them. Which didn't sit well with me at all.

Oh, the other thing is when the *Houston* was torpedoed we went and flew ASW. We held the fighter group over. Not just the *Bunker Hill*. When our turn came, then we went to relieve whoever was there. Each of the carriers was supporting it. And they finally saved the *Houston*. You remember that history. Well, that was kind of an exciting experience.

Then we finished up. We were working over Okinawa. Oh, we went to Iwo Jima, Chichi Jima, Guam—we did close air support for Guam—and Tinian. I'm not going into any great detail about that, but it was quite a show. We went up and attacked the first attacks on Iwo Jima, of our group at that time. Somebody else had gone earlier. Suribachi was picturesque, of course, but it wasn't very tall. Maybe 2,000 feet. But the airfields were down, between, on each end of the island, and we went after the airfield primarily, there. There were a series of strikes on that. Now about a month later we are in a position where we have to go after—we're off of Iwo Jima and we're pounding them, and there is a small merchant ship that was trying to get into there where they apparently had an anchorage out there to offload supplies. The previous strikes going out, none of them could stop them. So the admiral got me up there and gave me a lecture. He was pissed off, because he didn't know any better, of course. We went out with ours and we hit it, and then we strafed it. It was dead in the water and there was a lot of oil around it. But we were low on fuel at this time, so we pulled away without further ado. Apparently it was towed in and it was sunk on the beach, or it made a beach landing. It's there in the picture when they landed on that day.

WINKLER: Leyte Gulf—were you part of Task Force 34, that went up after Ozawa's carriers, with Halsey?

CARMODY: No. On October 26, I think it was, we were detached. The *Bunker Hill*. We'd been there I said seven months—we were eight months. Been there the longest ever. We were on our way down to where we had a big installation in the Celebes area, way south. What was the name?

WINKLER: It wasn't Ulithi, was it?

CARMODY: Oh, no, no. Ulithi's up north. Ulithi's a big lagoon.

WINKLER: Right.

CARMODY: No, we were going to be dropped off and replaced by the air group that was waiting there, whatever their number was. They were waiting. That was part of their big plan. They offloaded us. Manus Island, way south, in that chain of islands along there.

Oh, here's the interesting part of it. We were only about 280 miles from that fiasco, and nothing was done about arming our airplanes, or turning around and steaming towards it. We might have been a help. In other words, we could at least have gotten fighters off with their guns. I'm sure that we could, you know, because we were flying ASP with our SB2Cs. So we could have done that, but that was, you know, part of the—the staffs weren't always brilliant either. There were a lot of things they didn't know. But I always felt kind of guilty about that. But Halsey was still busy running off after images.

Then we landed there. Half the squadron with the skipper flew back, and he left me with the rest of the people and all the enlisted men. We went back on the Barnes, which was a jeep carrier, from there all the way to San Francisco. It was long, about twelve days.

WINKLER: Now, the aircraft. Did they all go back?

CARMODY: No, no. Turned them over. Turned them all over. Everything. And we tried while we were there to brief the people as much as possible what to expect. One of the things I learned early is that when people had an idea of what to expect and how to react, they were more comfortable when they ran into the situation. In other words, the fear of the unknown sometimes fouls things up. That's why I've been an avid lecturer of how things are going to happen, what's going to be done, what to expect, and tell them your gut feelings ahead of time.

We went back to San Francisco. Sorry, not San Francisco; we went into San Diego. My wife and a new baby joined me down there. I was ordered to VB-98 at Los Alamitos. The commanding officer was a guy by the name of J. D. Ramage, Jig Ramage. He's a well-known name in aviation circles. He and I were friends. He was assistant navigator on the *Enterprise*. He came and reported aboard the *Enterprise* right after Guadalcanal. He was so hot to fly, he was coming over all the time and borrowing our airplanes so he could get time in. Finally got carr qualled. He was so hot to get into the things. We became friends. Apparently he asked for me to come to his squadron. It was a replacement squadron, like a RAG, Replacement Air Group, they called it. I became the flight officer at that time, which now we call the ops officer. The exec was a one-time—he'd been with Jig in the *Enterprise*—he went back and became the commanding officer....

WINKLER: This is Tape V, June 3, 2002, Dave Winkler again with Rear Admiral Carmody. You're with VB-98, which you mentioned was a RAG.

CARMODY: Yes, it was called a RAG. This was like the RAG today. They go through flight training, but they don't have good combat. Everything we did was zeroed in on teaching them all the techniques that we had learned over the years.

What we would do is take groups of people as they got through the course out to the carrier for carr quals, or refresher. Because in this case a lot of them had never been aboard a big carrier. They had already been aboard the *Sable* or the...

WINKLER: The *Wolverine*.

CARMODY: ...the other one. But they'd never been aboard. So we worked hard. We had three LSOs working all the time, one from each of the squadrons that were there. What we would do, as a policy of the air group, was one of us would take—when there was a carrier available—one of us would take all three squadrons' people out to the carrier for carr quals. Our job, of course, was to liaison with the ship and the captain.

One of my experiences there is rather interesting. It was a jeep carrier we were using, and it was a little more difficult for the people than the larger carriers. The captain called me up to the bridge when we started working through the deck. Maybe it was the torpedo planes or the fighters, the SB2Cs, whatever it was at the time, because we had to do this, in this case, by order. In other words, bring so many out, then so many else would come, because of the size of the jeep. The captain of the ship said—now, here's a Navy captain, aviator, long (phonetic) aviator—said to me, "Why do they always turn off to the right? Why don't they go off to the left?"

Well, I kind of like: You dumb ass. I said, "Well, Captain, the reason we do that is because that's the reason we keep the ship ten degrees out of the wind, so that as soon as you get airborne they make a right turn so their tail wash, or whatever you call it, the wake of that, wouldn't affect the next plane taking off." "Oh, oh, okay. Well, we could do it the other way." I said, "Yes, we probably could. But we'd have to change the whole routine and people's habit patterns, because that's the way they've been doing it in the fleet since the war began." But I said it nicely. Of course, I didn't have that much confidence in him. But anyway. What they did is they were catching up on the promotion list. They didn't put the experienced people out there. They had no carrier time. He hadn't ever been in combat even. He was just out of the class of '28 or '29, or something like that. The pecking order. No concern for the man's lack of qualifications. That can't happen anymore. I mean, they put it into that, too, but it was the old system. So we did that.

Then we did carr quals on the old *Ranger*. You know, where the stacks go off to the side. People did a lot better on that. They had quite a bit of trouble on the Matanikau. It was a jeep carrier, Kaiser class. They did fairly well on the *Ranger*, but there was maybe five or six barriers. They're neophytes. They're just learning a lot of things the first time. Generally speaking, the captains were fairly solicitous.

Now the *Tarawa* comes out. Brand new, *Tarawa*, the Essex class. I can't remember the captain's name, but he was an old curmudgeon. And I had the responsibility—I was the representative. And damned if he didn't ask me the same thing. Then I explained to him the same way.

Well, then we started to go and we started to have a lot of hairy landings and people were getting wave-offs and wave-offs and wave-offs. Then they were catching the barriers. Not getting their hook down, catching the barriers. We had maybe four or five of those. Well, that wasn't too unusual for the first time, and not much we could do about it. You don't solve the question, you do it by experience. You can't just solve it out of nothing. Anyway, he really—he said, "You're people are terrible. They're not ready for carr quals." I said, "I know that they're pretty bad. But the problem, Captain, is that we haven't had a carrier for a long time. We've been waiting and waiting and waiting. And now that you're here we're trying to catch up. Yes, they're rough. But that's all we have. They're our people. Those are the people that are the replacement pilots, that we're training. And they need the experience." Nicely. I went kind of like that.

Then a couple of more accidents happen. I'm up there and he says, "That's enough." He said, "I'm contacting ComFAirWesPac and telling him that this outfit is not ready for carr quals, and we're coming back into port."

I said, "Captain, I strongly urge that you not do this, because we've got a hundred guys back there that need carr quals. We need it, and we need it desperately. I know we're having trouble here, but we're getting a certain percentage of these people through fairly well, and I'd strongly urge that we continue this because," and I said, "I don't think that AirPac would approve it anyway." He wasn't thinking about the big picture. He was just thinking about—well, you know, he didn't know his ass from first base. I had to tell him about the wind over the deck. His name was Malstrom. I hope he wasn't related to you in any way, Malstrom. I mean, somebody you know. But he was just kind of rough and didn't impress me at all as being a very decent sort of a folk. So I said, "All right, Captain, if that's your decision. But I urge you not to do it. I urge you that we continue." Well, that's what happened.

I'll tell you a little side story. So we go in, and as soon as he's docked at the pier—which takes tugs and everything else—alongside, he goes storming up to ComFAirWesPac. And the man he has to deal with is Captain John Crommelin, who is one of the top Naval aviators and ship skippers and everything else, and just a hell of a guy. One of my favorite characters, people. So John Crommelin says to Malstrom, "Where's Red Carmody?" "Oh," he says, "he's on the ship." He said, "Well, get him up here." And he listens to Malstrom's complaint about what's going on. I walked through the door wondering what's going to happen to me. He says, "Red, tell me your side of this story."

So I told him what I told Malstrom. I said, "You know, Captain, that we do have this trouble. It's not unusual. But we're desperately short of carriers, and we need every opportunity we can." "That's enough. Get your ass out of here and get those carrier qualifications finished." A side story.

The point here is we had a lot of people who were pushed up into the ranks who were not qualified. And that didn't help us. It's a long story after that. Well, that was just a couple of incidents.

After that, much to my surprise, we were moved to San Diego and the war was over. And Machine Charlie, who became the Secretary of Defense—Machine Charlie Johnson, was it? I think it was Johnson, under Truman. We were down to five hours a month. Which is just a danger. That's one hour a week, a little more. We were cut back terribly. We weren't dismantled. But I had some chiefs that were good scroungers and we came up with wash racks and we were doing stuff ourselves. We were laundering our own rags, instead of somebody else. You know how a lot of rags are used, for mopping up and all that. And we skimmed along. But it was a challenge.

Then all of a sudden I get a set of orders to become the assistant operations officer for air on the CarDiv Three staff. What the hell? What am I doing there? I don't know a damn thing about a ship, I don't know anything about tactics, I don't know anything. I've had no training at all; just strictly all air. But anyway, they sent me to school, so I went down to 32nd Street and got a little training there. Then I went over and became an air controller. The reason for that is that they were going to deploy the first guppy TBMs. You know, the air early warning guppies. I was given the job to manage the operational evaluation.

WINKLER: This was from November of '46 to July of '48.

CARMODY: That I was in the air group? I mean in that staff? I was there about a year and a half, I think, yes.

Well, it was a mad scramble and I tried to learn as much as I could about maneuvering boards and how destroyers close, and all that stuff. I had a pretty patient ops officer and I was assistant, and I knew a lot about airplanes but I didn't know anything about.... There were only six of us on the staff—a total of about eight on the staff. That meant we had to stand watches. In those days the admiral ran everything, maneuvering and everything else. So I was a little bit behind, but I ran hard and caught up, I guess.

Then we went on a cruise to Australia and we flew our guppy airplanes for the first time for a real operational evaluation, over a period of time. I would be down on the scope in CIC doing the controlling and so forth. God, I was thinking about the number of times I had to go off on a 250- or 300-mile search looking for things, cutting across about 30 miles, and coming back to a point option. This airplane's up there about 100 miles away from us at 10,000 feet. He can see everything for 200 miles, anything moving. I think, God. Well, I became infected with the whole idea of electronic warfare. Electronics and the operational aspects of this capability. It was really quite an experience.

When I came back from that cruise we went up to the Shantung Peninsula, you know up in—I forget where it is—the nearest to Korea. We did fleet exercises. We were in Task Force 38. There was an admiral aboard. I mean, my admiral, who name was Ginder. And fortunately for me he had become the skipper of the *Enterprise* before we left, and we got a little bit of relationship when he was the skipper of the ship.

I'll tell you another side story. When we were in *Bunker Hill* I was sort of the driving force in the air group. When they had something they wanted they called me up on it. The chief of staff that was aboard the *Bunker Hill* called me up and said, "Red, we want you to fly into," wherever this place was, "and pick up the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air and his aide."

I said, "Where are they?" and he told me where it was. It wasn't Manus, it was some other, about 700 miles. We were up attacking one of the islands up there above Palau. I said, "Yeah, that's fine." He said, "We're going to sent four fighters with you. Take two airplanes."

I said, “Fine. That’s great.” So I kind of gulped, and looked at that distance, about 700 miles away to our destination. Worked out the navigation as best I could, and of course by then I was pretty accomplished in taking care of my own duck (phonetic), you know. So we did. The chief of staff was a brown-nose. He had to fly in the four fighters. He was a former fighter pilot on one of the light carriers. He had to go because I think he wanted to make sure that the Secretary knew who he was.

I didn’t know anything about this until after. I thought he was a horse’s ass, myself. Anyhow, during the Hollandia operation he shot down one of our TBMs. That’s in bad taste. Oops. It was well known, wherever it was, that that happened.But I picked up Secretary Gates, Artemus Gates, who was our Secretary then. And his aide, who wasn’t his aide at all but he was there, was Jimmy Flatley. And of course we’re old friends. We’re old shipmates and he’s one of my mentors on what to expect, and things. I’m happy we maintained a very friendly relationship as long as he lived. Then we flew back to the ship and I landed the Secretary aboard. He was with us for about two operations, maybe two weeks, while we’re operating.

Then I get another call saying we want you to fly the Secretary back, now to Green Islands, way over near Rabaul, in that area. A little further. All I could do is say “Aye Aye, sir.” I gauged my fuel; we didn’t carry spare tanks in the SB2C at that time. But now the brown-nose doesn’t go. I took the Secretary back. But Jimmy Flatley was going out to be ops officer for Halsey or something like that, one of those things.

We landed at this area, it was an Air Force base. We’re talking to the people in the tower, we land, they give us instructions. Finally a “Follow me” comes up. They take us around to—everything is all plush. Neat. There are not many planes there. We go, and I’m getting out of the airplane. I’m in my flight suit and it’s sweaty, of course. And damn, here comes a jeep down the taxiway with two women in it, Red Cross. They are there to give us iced tea or orange juice, or something like that. God, it’s the first women we’ve seen, you know, for quite a long time. I just couldn’t believe how the Air Force lived.

Then we flew back, and my navigation was right. Before departure they apparently gave a point option where they would be, a latitude and longitude. I put that on my chart. They were within twenty miles of that. These are little incidents on the side. I went back to tell that story. Now, CarDiv staff. I learned to be a ship handler and a fleet handler whether I liked it or not, and I enjoyed it. I learned a lot about what surface is all about.

Then I was ordered to the line school. You know what the line school is? None of us aviators had any experience as a line officer. They sent us to this school at Newport, Rhode Island. The other one was, they were moved out to Monterey. We went through—not just us; they had blackshoes too, but a lot of us were there. This was mandatory. Oh, I had committed myself to join the Navy in January of 1946.

WINKLER: Right, because you had a reserve commission, and you augmented.

CARMODY: Yes, augmented. That's the word. So now I'm augmented lieutenant commander. That was a very enjoyable course. It wasn't easy. We learned so much that we used to have to work.... Did you ever go through that course? Damage control and that?

WINKLER: When I went through damage control it was the surface warfare school.

CARMODY: Yes. Well up there now it's that way. Anyway that was a lot of fun. We fought fires. You had to do that, didn't you?

WINKLER: Right.

CARMODY: All those things. Code and history, and just a hell of a lot of things, to raise our level of understanding what it was all about. I enjoyed it. Well, near the end of that tour I had to make up my mind where I was going to go for my tour of duty. I didn't know anything. It's the first time I have been to the East Coast in my life. I had never been there. I had always been in San Diego. So when I got there I thought, well, it would sure be nice to be in that test pilot program. This was 1947 that I'm there, in line school. Or maybe it was '48. '47–'48, I think.

WINKLER: Well, let's see. It says General Line School, reported July '49—following. So you're right, it would have been '48.

CARMODY: I got there in June, I think, or whatever. It started in September.

WINKLER: Then you wind up going to Louisville, Kentucky.

CARMODY: Oh, yes. Well before that I had an opportunity. I thought that would be pretty good. We used to get our flight time—we had to fly eight hours a month to get paid. So I got an F6F from Quonset Point. That's where we did our flying anyway, for our time. I flew down to Patuxent and I had talked to my friend Jimmy Flatley, who was now an admiral, up in the Pentagon—or he was a captain in the Pentagon, almost an admiral. I said: What do you think of this? He said, "Well, it would be a good idea if you want to do it, Red." He was very helpful. He said, "I'll call Captain Tomlinson down there and get an appointment for you." So he got an appointment for me and I flew down for it.

He went through all the litany. You go to school for about six months before they let you do anything. That's what I needed. After it was over he said, "I see no reason why. But," he said, "the only problem I have is that if your orders are cut, they'll never reverse them."

I said, "I don't have any orders yet." I get back and the next day I had them in the mail. They ordered me to the University of Louisville to be an instructor. So I didn't go to Patuxent. But I'm still alive. I might not have been, because in those days they were losing quite—well, not quite a few, but enough to get your attention.

So I spent two years at the University of Louisville. The first year I was instructor of all the freshmen. Then my last year for some reason or other I became for the seniors. And I enjoyed every bit of it. But I must tell you that I was always just one chapter ahead of them. You know what I mean. But that experience that I had acquired the previous year, of damage control, fire fighting, code, all those things I could apply. That was a great boost for me. I was there for two years. I was disappointed that I was ordered there, but then I found out for the first time since I'd been in the Navy I had relaxed a little bit and had a chance to think about where I was going. Up to then I was dead ahead all the time, the war on and then going up to CarDiv staff, and that sort of thing.

Anyhow, when the Korean War started I felt I had to be part of that. Oh, we used to get flight time. Columbus was about 150 miles away. You know where Louisville is, down from Cincinnati there. The reserve people up there would fly down and leave an airplane for those of us aviators at the airfield there that they had a contract with. We would get our flight time, and then we would fly it back, and then they would fly us back, you see. That was kind of expensive for us, but they did it. There were about four of us that were—I was the only aviator on that staff, but there were NESEP people, 1310s, who were going to college there.

I boarded a Bug Smasher, the twin-engine Beechcraft, and flew my PNS, who was a captain...

WINKLER: Professor of Naval Science.

CARMODY: ...back there. And of course while we were there I was inquiring that I would like to get an assignment. That I was an experienced man and that I should get a squadron, or be a squadron commander. The fellow who I was dealing with was Buzz Needham's dad. Needham was now a commander and he was the placement officer in Air. This was in Op-05; it wasn't over in BuPers. So when I came in it was like old home week. We talked about him. Man, that scared the hell out of me. We're good friends now. He said we'll get you one, but I'm not too sure about this and that.

Then I got orders to be the ops officer for VC-11. There were so few people who had experience with the AEW at all that apparently my name was down, as my qualifications, and the skipper of that had me ordered to there. I didn't know that, because my orders read, the first set of orders, read: To the night fighter squadron at Barbers Point. Flying night fighters from the carriers. When we arrived in San Diego I found out, when I went up for further orders for transportation, they said no—you're going to go to VC-11, which was a guppy squadron, air early warning. By this time they were pretty well organized.

Unfortunately, the skipper's not a carrier man, and the exec's not a carrier man. And the fellow I relieved did not have too much experience, as the ops officer, who ran the whole show,

really. So I was there about three or four months and I felt very guilty about telling my students, or my replacement people, that I had never flown a guppy at night off the carrier.

Oh, excuse me. That's not true. I was given twenty day and twenty night landings off one of the carriers that was off the coast there. They were doing radar things. I'm trying to remember the sequence now. Yes, I did. So I felt very comfortable. And I had gone to school beforehand on it. When I was finished with that I went to the captain, this commander—who became an admiral later—and I said, "You know, this is a piece of cake for me, because I've got a lot of carrier experience. But what I've never had, and I lack and I cannot impart it to our membership, the essence or the aroma of night flying off a carrier. Because I've never done it, except those twenty landings I made off a big carrier off the coast here." He said, "Well, what do you want to do, Red?" I said, "I'd like to go out and fly off the carriers in the Sea of Japan, right out to the Korean shoot." "Well, why do you want to do that?"

I said, "I feel that here I am responsible for these people and I can't talk about night flying. I can from what I have done, but I would like to go out and get the real experience." Well, I did. I flew out on my own. I hitchhiked out there. It was no problem. They flew me out to Atsugi (phonetic) in the back of a TBM, the back end.

WINKLER: Side 2 of Tape V. Okay, so you're in the back of this TBM and you're landing.

CARMODY: Landing aboard either the Antietam or the Valley Forge or, whatever it was. I landed aboard, and I think I've already told you about that.

WINKLER: Not on tape, though.

CARMODY: Oh, okay. Well, when I came aboard the assistant air officer was Blackie Weinel. Remember that name? Blackie was the F4U skipper at Los Alamitos when I was the skipper of VB-98. We were both lieutenant commanders, except he's out of the class of '39 and my date of rank is '41. But anyway, we got into a verbal altercation when we were flying a post-war parade of airplanes flying over Los Angeles. I had the base group, leading the whole thing. They were on me, the torpedoes and the F6Fs, and he had an F4U out there, and TBMs. I said, whatever his code was, I said, "Close up. Close up. We want to look sharp," or something. Of course, he was a senior guy, had been in longer than I had. And we had an altercation when we landed. I mean, verbal. I thought I was in the doghouse with him, but it was just the other way around.

He welcomed me. "What the hell are you doing out here, Red?" When I got on, he saw me getting on. He knew I was on the passenger manifest. "What the hell are you doing out here?" or something like that. I looked up and he's talking into the bullhorn. So I felt a friendly....

The reason I mention that is because when I finished my second tour in Korea, so to speak, with my Corsair squadron, I was ordered to become the head of all attack requirements, manager in the Pentagon, in the 05 area. He had done it, and I was kind of teed off at him.

Anyway, as I told you, I met Jim Holloway and Mike Michaelis, how courteous they were. Jim was very helpful. He was a lieutenant commander now also, at this time. I was impressed with his courtesies and thoughtfulness. Then I waited for Mike to come back, wherever he was, to report to him that I was due in aboard the ship and what my plans were. I had already told the captain's scribe why I was there. Mike Michaelis came back from a combat mission all dirty and ready for bear, sweating, and so forth. And, gosh, he treated me like an old friend. And the rest of our lives, that he was alive, we have always been close friends.

Then what I did was, got the procedures, got briefed by the head of that unit that was aboard. It's generally a lieutenant or lieutenant commander. It's just what the procedures were. And then I flew three hops. I was there about three weeks. I flew three hops off the Antietam, all after midnight. Three-and-a-half-hour flights, what we were doing. We'd go out and had a regular course that we would fly, that was kept 24 hours a day around the carrier. When we weren't flying, the other carrier was flying them. There were always two carriers out there. This time there were three. But they always had an AEW airplane airborne. That I enjoyed very much.

Then I was transferred. I think I flew over in one of the guppies to the Phil Sea or the Valley Forge, and had the same experience there. I flew three or four nights there. Did the same thing. I just wanted to compare. I just wanted the aroma of the thing, or the essence. I did that on the Valley Forge. And, of course, I knew the air officer on the Valley Forge too, so it was kind of old home week. I was there just about a month, and it was very rewarding. I learned a lot, the psychology of it, for my own benefit.

I had made one night carrier landing with the wands—you know, the fluorescent lights—aboard the *Enterprise*, but that's all. I couldn't reconstruct it at all. I just did it and it was an okay landing, but I don't remember what happened. So I was trying to overcome the idea of night carrier operations.

As a result of that I installed almost a new doctrine for all the pilots to go through, and that is standardization, to reduce the number of variables when you're coming downwind, so that you go through a check-off list and you're not forgetting something. And also do everything mechanically, almost. About a 50-degree turn over here, certain power settings, and all that. I said: I don't think it will stop your knees from knocking like this, but at least you'll feel more comfortable; you're reducing the number of things you're thinking about. And my whole time as the ops officer of that squadron, we never had one burial (phonetic). Mainly because I hand-honed every guy that went out on that, as a matter of pride, I guess.

It was a very interesting program. I learned a lot from them. I also learned a lot about jamming and passive receiving. We had what they call Queer Spads, they were Q's. In electronic warfare. It was an initial program for the Navy. The Marines had been doing it all along. The Marines led us from the beginning, pushing for electronic warfare capability. Listening, jamming, whatever it was. Finding out what's there. Finding out where the radars are, and that

sort of thing, at that time. So I was indoctrinated in that too. That was VC-35, right next door, and I learned a lot from them.

All right, then I come back, I hitchhiked my way back from there. I found that I'd learned a lot of things and understood things, and was able to explain the aroma, so to speak.
I'd been there about three or four months and I asked the commanding officer for permission to go and see if I could get a squadron to go to Korea. "Oh, God," he said, "Red, we need you. We just can't do it. Can't do it." So we kept going. We were very successful in our landing rates and so forth. We were clipping along. Then he was there almost a year, and I didn't want to stay any longer, because I really wanted to get a squadron and go out to WestPac, to Korea. I asked him again. "Aw, Red," he said, "gosh. Our priorities. You're doing a hell of a job." Because they had no experience at all, and I'd had a lot of experience in carriers. The XO and he were both patrol pilots. I don't know why they had the job, but they did.

So anyway, I stayed there almost a year, and then he was relieved. His name was Jim Reedy, by the way. He was relieved by a fellow by the name of Sam Brown, a captain, a carrier aviator. So naturally when he came in he wanted a briefing on all the ramifications, what's going on, what's our technique, what's our schedule. A good quiz, which he wanted to be brought up on. Where are the soft spots, and so forth.

Oh, let me back off here. When I went to the CarDiv staff he was the ops officer. I forgot about that. He was the ops officer for about three months before we deployed. He was very good about educating me. So we'd known each other. So now he comes to be the commanding officer of VC-11, and after I'd gone through my litany of pros, cons, and everything there, I said, "Oh, by the way. I've been here almost a year now and I've asked Commander Reedy. I'd like to go out and get an attack squadron."

He said, "Well, after you get me squared away, come back and we'll talk about it." Just like that. Boy, I was pumped up. So after a while, maybe another month or so, he saw that the squadron's running well. We had a hell of a record for landings and doing jobs, and so forth, just sharp professionals. So I came to him again and he says, "Yeah. Go ahead, and see what they'll do."

Well, I was designated the CO of the first F9F-5 squadron. But I didn't have BuPers orders. I'd just been given a statement to the effect that that's it, and I was going to get it in a certain length of time. Well, before the orders came from BuPers ordering me to there, they had an F4U squadron at Miramar where they had relieved the squadron commander. And guess who they chose—me. Because I was available. That was the easiest thing to do, and I was experienced. But I'd never flown the F4U. I'd been checked out in it back in 1945 when I was at Los Alamitos, but just a couple of times around the field and putting it down.

So I went to the squadron, and it was all reserves. But they had three Naval Academy fellows, and one other like I was. So it was kind of a shotgun wedding, so to speak. But I sat and

listened for a couple of days when I went over there. I just sat and listened to what their routine was, by the XO and the ops officer, and I knew we were in deep kim chee. We really were in trouble. And now I could understand why the commanding officer was relieved, because—they were all reserves except for a few—they were running the show. He wasn't. What happened, two people got killed in Corsairs in one week. That's why they relieved him. And it turned out that he was an alcoholic.

Now I'm the commanding officer. So I report to the air group commander. He doesn't know me from Adam. He seems like a nice enough guy. I told him I was ready to go, that I'd visited with the squadron a little bit and I felt that I could get them squared away fairly well. I felt confident in it, I said, as soon as I get some more time in the bird. He said thank you very much, and he didn't say anything more to me. He said, good luck.

So I go, and we're having carrier qualifications in about five weeks. So I've got to get the squadron squared away in five weeks. The first thing I did in flying is, I flew Tail End Charlie. Regular flight, Tail End Charlie. Geez, they were so screwed up you couldn't believe it. They were hurting the engines. They weren't flying tight formation. They were straggling along, like a Mack Sennett comedy. Like Keystone Kops. I couldn't believe it.

So I did it another day with another leader. This time it was the ops officer that was leading them. The next fellow, he didn't know his ass from first base. They had come in the Navy. They were in the reserve air program. But they didn't do any flying, to speak of. Only joy-riding around. No controlled flying, so to speak.

So anyway, I just got the whole squadron in the ready room, and I laid down the cards. I said, "We're far behind. We've got a carrier qualification coming up in five weeks, and I hope we can make it. But we've got a long way to go." So I gave them a lecture of how we were going to operate and what our schedule was going to be, and what my expectations were. I said, "I want you to know from the very beginning, when I talk to you gents, listen to me. Because I'm not talking because I'm showing off, or anything like that. I'm doing it because my concern is that your ass is grass if you don't pay any attention. We're going to go into combat. And if you don't listen and learn the things that we're going to be introducing here, ask me to be transferred. Ask me to be transferred," I said.

So I sat down and worked them and worked them and worked them. Lecturing and chalk boards and join-ups and dive bombing and rolling over. They had done none of that. Just amazing. Well, the first thing I had to do, it became apparent to me in a hurry, is, the ops officer was a malingerer. He was part of the problem because he was bringing everybody down to his level. Because he was a weekend warrior. Maybe he got shipped out and had some landings on the *Wolverine*, but that's all, and nothing else.

The next fellow I had to fire was the executive officer, because he wasn't flying. I said, "Why do we want an executive officer for a 1310? We can get anybody to be the executive

officer, but you have to fly. You're going to be a division leader." I gave them the opportunity. "Make up your mind. Tell me what you're going to do." They opted out. So I got rid of those two. Brought in a good exec. Got one of the fellows who was a fairly senior lieutenant—I liked the cut of his jib and the way he was doing things—and made him the ops officer. And all of a sudden we started to function. Of course, your dad was leading the pack, trying to get them to. I made it clear to them: It's your ass if you don't do it right.

We didn't do too much everyday flying, for a variety of reasons. But we learned to dive bomb. We learned to fly in formation. We learned to take off and quickly rendezvous, and things like that. Now the people are starting to take an interest. Particularly after my "Your ass is grass." Remember, your buddies save your.... Remember your buddies. Back and forth.

So that worked well, and now we've got to prepare for going aboard the ship. The first two weeks of the five are gone now. I'm getting a whole different spirit of camaraderie and so forth and so on in the squadron. Then I would tell them everything, go into detail. What we're going to do, how we're doing it, why we're doing it, every damn thing, so they would understand. And I asked the air group commander by telephone that, could he postpone our carrier landing opportunity to the last group to go aboard and let the other people go, to give us maybe another week of training? He said okay. So I worked their asses off. I would stand right with the LSO and look at every guy. By then I'm an expert, over the years, because I had been doing it with the guppies and found out that it paid off. So that I could counsel with the people. Talk about the (?) procedure and learning how to keep your knees from knocking. Just so you're more comfortable. Boy, pretty soon the LSO was really pleased the way they were shaping up. They were getting better and better at turns and control, response to signals. We were still doing this in those days.

WINKLER: Paddle.

CARMODY: Yes. Anyhow, I was satisfied with them. I felt kind of smug, as a matter of fact. The carrier—I can't remember the details—we only had twelve planes. I think maybe the carrier came in for some reason or other and we put half the pilots on there, and the other half would fly out with our twelve Corsairs. We had sixteen of them; that was our complement.

We're finding out that the *Oriskany* was the ship that we were going to deploy in. They were having a hell of a time. The fighters couldn't get it. They were all F9F-5s, I think, at that time. The ADs were having trouble. Those were the two squadrons, of course. Our turn came, and we worked right up to the end with the sec (phonetic) group. I told them in detail what we were going to do. How we should be smarter. Just do it.

Well, to make a long story short.... Oh, we took eight out, excuse me, only eight. We flew four and four in those days, because we were fighters. Bomber squadron. I was first, of course. We land aboard, and then I ran up to watch the rest of them come aboard. God, I was so proud of

them. They all came in, you know. Then what they did, half of them, they stayed in a circle. Then they made six landings, and every one of them just like that.

Well, I got a call from the captain. The air group commander's up there. I had been polite to the guy; I'd talked to him on the phone. But I never went near the guy, because I was too busy. You know, if I need something I'll ask, but if I don't think I need it. Anyhow, he's up there, and the captain is really upset with what's happening. The F8s. They had two F8 squadrons, and the other two were Spad and ours. He apparently, according to a standby, said to the air group commander when we came aboard, "Now that's the way it should be done. That's what we expect. Now that's the type of thing we want. Look at those guys come out. Look how sharp they are. Look at their break coming downwind." Whatever he was talking to this fellow. Well, unbeknownst to me, this guy was a very proud man who didn't know very much, and he took this with a lot of umbrage.

When I came up he was giving me congratulations. He said, "That's really the best I've seen all week. You did a good job," whatever he called me. I was introduced as Red, I think, so he called me Red. His name was Courtney Shands.

I said, "Well, thank you, Captain." We were watching there. And I knew that the air group commander was pissed off about this. We went through the whole carr qual. We aced it. Everybody got carr qualled. No wave-offs, no barriers, no nothing. Perfect all the way through. And the captain kept rubbing this into him, unbeknownst to me. I'm getting this second-hand.

Well then we go back, and now we start dive bombing and formation flying and night flying and night bounce, because we were going to go up and do some night work later on in the schedule of the *Oriskany*.

What we had done by using this technique was that the people get that esprit de corps. They're proud of themselves. The idea. Also the air group commander was too frank about calling nicknames to the squadron, degrading them in his comments. And they had known this, that he was making degrading remarks about the squadron, nicknames and stuff. And here when the rubber met the road they were there. I didn't know about this till afterward.

So now we go to get some night training, night quals. Now I'd had a lot of night carrier landings. Every time I went with them in carr quals I'd go out in a guppy and fly with the guys, so I could bag some more landings, and also see how they were doing. I was comfortable with it. So our guys aced that course too.

Well, unbeknownst to me, he was festered. It came, I guess, because he was embarrassed because he had told the captain that this was his worst squadron. Now, then, we're getting ready to deploy about two weeks later. He calls me down to his office. I'd been there about seven weeks now, that's all. I go down to his office, and he says, "I'm writing a fitness report on you and I want you to have a chance to see it."

"Oh, thank you, CAG." I sat down and I looked at it for a little bit, and looked at it again. Then I turned it over and read a little bit. And I says, "CAG, is this a joke? What's going on? What's the story?" He had given me 3.2 across the board in my fitness report. You know what his excuse was? I said, "Why? I've done everything that I'm supposed to do as a commanding officer. And we've shown our worth. What is it that I've done that caused you to make that assessment?" He says, "You never came to me and asked me for any help. As a matter of fact, you avoided me."

I said, "CAG, my hands were full. We were behind. I've been going night and day working on this, thinking about it, getting the guys ready, and so forth, and I didn't need any help. If I'd needed any help I'd have come to you." "Well, you didn't show up at" some kind of....

I said, "Well, I live over in Coronado and I had a good reason for it. I couldn't come back. I was refinishing the house." Anyway, then I got pissed off at him. I said, "CAG, you're making a very serious mistake, because you're not giving me the benefit of the doubt. You're just upset about something and I'm the brunt of it. Because I want to tell you I'll have the best squadron in your air group and we'll be the squadron that, if there are any kudos come to this air group it will be because of our doing." Of course, that was a little bit precipitous on that. But I wasn't. So we were at....

WINKLER: Loggerheads.

CARMODY: The squadron was gangbusters. I can't tell you how they responded. We were the best squadron. I mean, we had photographic proof of everything we did, too. I was kind of like a proud father for all these reserves, all the nuggets and the other ones, and all the people. And damned if he didn't write another fitness report on me. Oh, no; it's the same one now. So I went to the executive officer and I gave him the story. I said, "This really bothers the hell out of me, and I don't think I should have to take this. What do you think I should do?" So he took it to the captain, and the captain wrote a concurrent fitness report with everything in it two-blocked, because of our night and day....

WINKLER: Today is still June 3. This is Dave Winkler with Rear Admiral Red Carmody. We're continuing. This is Tape VI Side 1, picking up where Fighter Squadron 124 deploys to Korea on the *Oriskany*.

CARMODY: Actually, at that time it was 874. It was an all-reserve outfit. But before we came back from that tour they had put out the word that it was re-designated 124. It was just a short cut.

We went out to Pearl in the *Oriskany*, and we had a chance to do quite a bit of work with the Marine outfit that does the close air support training. In other words they put up the scenarios

and then we go after them. I was most happy to do that. I had experience before, but the other people hadn't. We were there for maybe a couple of weeks for the ORI of the carrier and the air group, and we apparently were okay.

Then we sailed and went to Korea. Came on line—do I remember the dates on that? It was 1952-53, wasn't it?

WINKLER: It says November '52 you returned to the Korean area.

CARMODY: That's it. And of course by this time we're operating up in 45 degree, 46 degree north. The water temperature stays around 38 degrees there, so we had to wear poopie suits, or immersion suits, I should say, all that time. They were kind of an inconvenience. Going over the beach there was quite a bit of snow on the ground once in a while. It was a miserable time.

We were a Corsair, but we carried two 500-pound bombs or one 500-pound bomb and four 250-pound bombs. We never did any fighting. We bombed the big train center at the capital, Pyongyang. That was kind of a racy thing. We got a lot of flak, but we came down and kept at about 300 knots. They were great big railroad yards. I don't know why, but those were our targets. And it was a field day.

One of the things that I had learned to do with time, is that as we would dive bomb something, I had worked out a program where we go into an echelon position—you know, we're two and two now. Shift over here and we're going that way. I would go, and the next man would go and the next man would go and the next man would go. And as we went down we'd have a target the size of this house, and our point of aim would be—I'm here and you're there, across it. So we were assured of getting some hits using our 50-calibers. We had six 50-calibers. We would aim for that while we were going down, and then we would drop on the point of aim, taking care, we were still using the dead-eye. But they were fixed targets. We were pretty successful on that. One thing that we did have there was a lot of photographic coverage. So we felt we were doing a pretty good job there.

We went after trains. Sometime during the night our night VQ ADs would cut railroads. Then we'd come up early in the morning if they didn't dispatch it. A couple of times they caught a locomotive and maybe two, three, four, or five cars came out of a tunnel apparently. They bombed either end of it. So we had a chance to finish up—blew up the engine. We did that several times.

I took twelve planes—no, eight; I flew with eight all the time—up to that bridge that crosses the Yalu into China?

WINKLER: Toko-Ri?

CARMODY: No, no. This is called.... Anyway, we weren't supposed to go into Chinese territory. Boy, that was asking a lot. So what we did was, ahead of time calculate how we were going to get those bridges. They were in a gorge like this. The train came through, then it crossed the Yalu River into China. So what we did is got up north of it. If you look at a map it kind of goes like this. Got up north of it and then pulled this way. I'm sure that sometimes we were over into the Chinese territory, but we didn't go into Chinese territory. We just kind of swung out. And we were able to damage one end of that bridge. But they had very heavy anti-aircraft fire. Very heavy anti-aircraft fire, everywhere.

So that was kind of satisfying.

We had an anti-MiG formation. We'd dive to the ground and spread out far enough apart if permitted, with two here and two there. So once the MiGs would come after—they have to be committed to one or the other—we would turn. We used the old Thach Weave. We modified it, but we're down low. We knew that their arc was pretty good where they're coming down fast. Now, if they get down behind you.... But they don't like to get that low, because they're burning too much fuel. And there's their chaff (phonetic). So they had to fire from high. They came down on us but didn't come all the way up to—a couple of MiGs up north there. It was a little bit thrilling.

We did quite a bit of close air support for the Army. That was one of the most satisfying things that you could do, in my mind. You're doing something worthwhile that's tangible. I had developed a doctrine that when we'd go over, eight planes, four of us would go down and drop on their flares. Each of us would drop a 250-pounder, when we were going after their trench system. We did several of those, quite a few of those. We'd drop one 250-pound bomb, then pull off and the other guy would come over, and then they'd go the rest of the way. So we didn't commit everybody to that, for aim purposes. Then we'd pull up and around. The first time we did that the ground said, "God, that's great, you guys. Come and visit us again."

I said, "What do you mean? We've got three more bombs to drop."

"Oh, no shit."

I said, "Sure." What they would do is fire those from their trench. Everything's mountains there. Our people were along the top of the mountain; these people working their way up. We did that every time. As a matter of fact, we got several messages from JOC, Korea commending our support for the troops. They always liked to hear our—I forget what my signal was, our code name, but we had a friendly relationship with them. And we were more effective. Instead of dropping all the bombs and pulling away we'd do them one at a time.

Then the other thing, they asked a couple of times if it was possible to strafe between about so many...from that smoke. So that happened. That was satisfying. We had quite a few

That's a case where we went on a mission, or a sortie, but during that sortie we would make five attacks. We did that often. That's why you'll see a confusion in numbers. I led sixty-five strikes over there. I mean actual firing at the enemy, not just going over and dropping one

bomb and coming back, that sort of thing. Mainly because I just felt that that was worthwhile. And it was kind of an ego trip probably to help those guys. I felt that way. Particularly during the time I was washing in the Tenaru River there, there were a lot of GIs there and they were chatting away. God, they looked like young kids, and so forth, and I just felt that that was something we should do.

Gosh, that big Hamhung bridge? The last month we were on the line another division—I wasn't in on this one, but one of our divisions that was flown by the executive officer—they were using 1000-pounders, and they dropped the Hamhung bridge again. I mean, I guess it was hit several times. And of course everything we did was photographed, so we had proof of it. It was just a busy time. There were always plenty of targets.

WINKLER: Who assigned the targets?

CARMODY: JOC, Korea.

WINKLER: Okay. JOC, Korea is Joint Operating Center, Korea, and that was based where?

CARMODY: In Seoul. That's the headquarters for everything. We were getting—these were called taskings, or something like that. I can't remember what it is.

So we added a little touch to it when we did the close air support. We supported the Marines over on the Han River a couple of times. Anyway, the ship got a few kudos for our efforts.

Now I've got a bunch of guys who are really eager to participate, and do a good job. And we had the best record. We only had one barrier, and it was an iffy. You know, he kind of went up to it, caught a wire, but.... That was the only thing we had. We had one man shot down, but we picked him up.

I got hit because I violated my own orders, by an 88-millimeter, a German 88, and this is what it looks like from the top. Or is that going through? Which way is that bending? I can't tell. Maybe it went through there and it came here, but I could.... Let's see, "This is flak damage, F4U" that number "over Korea, March 18, 1953." Somebody put this on there. There it is, right there. We'd changed the name by that time, apparently.

That was kind of scary, because it hit, fortunately hit, right where we had a lot of strength, right where the guns were. We had three guns there, and they could take a hell of a beating because they're solid. But it blew the bottom of the cowl off underneath, and I'm leaking and burning oil. A lot of oil coming out of it. We carried a fuel tank with that one. We carried, I think, a fifty-gallon fuel tank, and that was on fire. The fellow said, "Drop the tank, Skipper. Drop the tank." Something to that effect. "You're on fire." So I did.

My question was, should I go into King 18, which was about seventy-five to eighty miles away, or go back to the ship, which was about the same distance off the coast? I weighed that quickly, and I thought, if I go down between here and King 18 they'll have a hell of a time finding me, because it was North Korea. But if I go out over the water and I give it a "Mayday, Mayday," I might get a helicopter. So I opted to get back to the ship. Fortunately the thing kept flying. But we did alert the helicopter, at wherever they were out there. I can't think of the name; it's been too long. It was behind one of the islands. We kept a helicopter detachment there. We didn't, but whoever it was who ran the show.

They had picked up the fellow that was shot down, and they almost reached him when he hit the water. He got out. Everyone got shot up. They had big holes in them. But I was able to bring everybody back. And they were all satisfied, feeling they had done something worthwhile. I think that's the highlight of that.

WINKLER: Now, you did receive a Bronze Star?

CARMODY: Yes.

WINKLER: Which action was that for?

CARMODY: Damned if I know. I don't know. I don't remember whether I had a Bronze Star before that or not. I don't even know what the Bronze Star was for, actually. Maybe just being the skipper of the squadron, huh? Possibly?

WINKLER: Perhaps. And you mentioned the three Air Medals.

CARMODY: I got three, yes.
WINKLER: Okay. Well, from there you go back to the States, and from July '53 to July '55 you head the attack aircraft branch, air warfare division. Talk about how those orders came about.

CARMODY: I don't know. They were dispatch orders that came to the ship, and I was completely flummoxed by this one. I didn't understand. I was hoping to go back and be the skipper of VC-11, because we had just bought a house in Coronado, or a second house—we'd sold the first one, then I bought another one—and I wanted to stay there. I knew that I could do a good job with VC-11, which is the one that provided the guppy detachments for every ship. Because I had already been through that drill, as you remember.

It said to report to Op-05. I became 551C2 or 3. I was in the 551 branch, under carriers. I had all the attack aircraft and all the AEW and all the ASW aircraft, and I was the program sponsor for all of them, including all training aircraft. Now I'll talk about that if you want.

WINKLER: Yes. Now, this is your first Washington tour?

CARMODY: Yes.

WINKLER: Okay.

CARMODY: I'll tell you a little story to show you how well I get along with people. I arrived on Thursday in Washington, went to the office on Thursday. We were there ahead of time. I forget where we were staying. Barb is out. I've been married to Barb thirty-seven years, but this was in my previous marriage.

I went in on Thursday and got signed in with the paperwork, and then on Friday started indoctrination. Then every Monday they had an Op-551 branch meeting for all the people. That was the sponsor for carriers—they had two guys that sponsored the development of carriers—munitions, patrol, fighters, attack, and something else. We had those sub-branches. I was in the carrier, 551C2 or 3, whatever I was. And helicopters. Expertise in those areas—that's what we were supposed to be.

So on Monday they had their usual Monday morning meeting, the first one I ever went to. And there were some of these people I'd never met yet. It was in a room a little bit bigger than this. The fellow who was 551 was a captain, and he would go over each of the branches, what their progress was and so forth. Well, in my branch, which was carriers, the people talked about the angled deck on the *Forrestal*. This was before *Forrestal* became the first carrier. They were talking about progress on the *Forrestal* because they were the sponsor of that for any decisions made, each of those sub-branches.

This fellow from the patrol squadron and my boss, a fellow by the name of Red Hessel, who was a dive bomber pilot and was at the Battle of Santa Cruz.... The reason I know this is because when they landed aboard the carrier those of us who had already come home were trying to help them out, because they didn't have anything. If they wanted to stay in the room or whatever they wanted to do, we tried to help them as much as possible. Red Hessel was one of them. This lieutenant commander got up, and he and Red Hessel had worked out a program that was about to be approved and had gone through our admiral—I mean preliminary—but this was the final clean-up. They'd gone around and peddled that thing. That was using the A3D, a multi-engine, big—they called it the whale—this scheme of theirs was to make that a missileer, to defend the carrier forces. Because they could stay up for long periods of time and carried about eight missiles. They could stay at high altitude and dive down. They were pretty good. We weren't refueling then, by the way.

They were talking about this and I was sitting there listening to this. I got to thinking about it a little bit. So when they had finished this, now it's going to go up to Admiral—oh, gosh, he was the Vice CNO for his last job—Jim Russell. I don't know if you've ever heard of him, but a hell of a good guy. This was kind of the last polishing event before it went to Russell, and then

to Arleigh Burke. Not Arleigh Burke, but whoever was the fellow at that time. Not important. Then, of course, it would become a requirement for us to build a modification for a missileer.

This fellow Sadler (phonetic) said, "Anybody have any comments they'd like to make before we put the stamp on this approval? All silence. Maybe some comments. I got thinking about this. If I'm going to be in this job I might as well lay my cards on the table. So I.... "Oh, well, Red. Welcome." I'd met him before, you know. "Welcome." He said, "What do you want to say?"

I said, "Has anybody factored in how many of these we would need for combat air patrol over twenty-four hours on a continuing basis?"

"What do you mean?"

I said, "For every airplane that's airborne you have another one out on the deck that has to replace it. Otherwise you have a hole in the dike." You know what I've said.

WINKLER: Right.

CARMODY: "And if we had six airborne all the time, that would mean we'd have at least eighteen planes. How many carriers are we going to have to have to service eighteen of those A3Ds?" God, there was a silence.

"That's right. What about that, Red?" Hessel. Oh, God. The man was livid. He'd worked his ass off on this, he and this guy. And they never even factored in the space requirements. It would take one and a half carriers just to handle them. We can't afford that. They do nothing but...

WINKLER: Force protection.

CARMODY: Force protection. Anyway, that's my introduction to my first day on the job. Jesus. I thought I'd tell that little story at this stage of the game. I didn't do it with any malice; I just asked the question. When he asked, that's when I said, because I knew what the ratio is. For every one you have airborne, you need another two backup, practically, in this case. So that's the interjection. I must tell you that Red Hessel really read me the riot act. But I'll tell you what, as I told you earlier, when something's wrong at least I have to examine it. Boy, I don't hesitate to speak up. "God damn it, you don't know how much work we had to do, and all this is dumped (phonetic)." And "Do you know you've just arrived and you've just ruined our whole program?"

So I just told him, I said, "You know, Commander, I don't know why you're talking to me this way. I just had a simple question. He asked for it, and I gave him my opinion. And my opinion apparently was correct. Why are you talking to me this way? I probably saved your reputation." Like that. I was pissed because he started getting pissed at me. And I said, "You're out of line. There's no need for that whatsoever, and I don't know why you're doing it."

"God damn it," and he dismissed me like that. Well, it was kind of a strained relationship for the next couple of months I was there.
But let me give you a few things there. Because of my guppy experience from 1946, and flying the guppy in Korea, I understood the need to have an advanced AEW airplane that could handle more people and stay up longer, and handle more processing and changes. So the first thing I did is—I didn't know how to write requirements, but I got somebody to help me, the format—first thing I did there is I wrote a requirement for a multi-engine, multi-place AEW plane. It turned out to be the E-2C.

The next thing. We did not have one single written word as a requirement for in-flight refueling. People were doing experiments here and experiments there, but the need was always there. So the next thing I did is I wrote the requirement for in-flight refueling (phonetic). It amazed me about these people. They were so narrow in their scope they didn't even think about it. Of course, I'd had a lot of experience by this time.

I told you Blackie Weinel is the one that ordered me to that job. Remember I told you earlier? So when he came I said, "God, you're sure a friend."
He said, "What are you grousing about," or something like that. Because we had been friends back in '45.
At that time we did not have a carrier on-board delivery capability. No requirement. What we were doing, we were using a TBM, using the bomb bay modified so they could carry a lot of stuff in the bomb bay, or down in the gunner's position. That was our only on-board supply system. That was ridiculous. Where I got that urge, or the light went on, the bulb, is when I flew out to....

WINKLER: Okay. Side 2, Tape VI.

CARMODY: Fortunately I had very good rapport with Jim Russell, who was a flag officer. He was a two-star then. Without any hesitation I got them signed off as requirements. Now, other people were thinking about it and we were doing dome of that, but no one in the organization was facilitating getting it done.

The other thing that I was able to do too, because of my interest in electronic warfare, is to—they were using the EA-3D, the ferret version, with a pilot, a co-pilot, and a chief back here writing (phonetic) major things. They had no capability whatsoever. I noticed there that nobody moved programs that were needed. So the next thing I was able to get through was to see that the A3D was converted to carry five people in the back, two guys in front, air conditioned, pressurized. Then that became one of our main ferrets for many years. I felt very good that I was able to do that.

WINKLER: The Air Force picked up on that, didn't they?

CARMODY: Yes. The Air Force already had that capability. They were ahead of us in all electronic warfare. Not tactically, but SAC was. And SAC was like a foreign country to the rest of it, you know. Let me give you an example. SAC had countermeasures capabilities in all their B-52s and others, and not one countermeasure capability in the whole tactical Air Force. We were the same way. I'll get into that a little bit later.

That was a very interesting tour, and I guess it was satisfying because I was able to get things done.

One other point on that. I'm just relating things that I was able to help on. I told you I had all the training aircraft as well. My first jet ride as a checkout was in a two-seated -86, Air Force. It was—was that North American? Yes, -86. What was their great fighter? Was it the F-86? Yes, F-86. North American. It did great over Europe. Okay. Well, they made a two-seater out of it. A jet, now. This was a jet. Man, I had a hell of a ride, you know? We had to go to 40,000 feet, point straight down, and turn the engine all the way up to get through the barrier. We went "Boom," you know, went through, slipped through into that. I thought, gee, the utility of having a multi-seated.... I had a hell of a time with Op-58, Op-58 something, whatever it was. I just couldn't believe that here one of my old friends from Fighting 8—"Aw, we don't want all that."

I said, "Well hell, look at it. We need instrument training. We need checkouts. We have all kinds of reasons why we should have this.

"Aw, no, no, no." They have a guy from about the class of '27 there, a captain, and this is again where these fellows just weren't up to speed. Like I am now if I went back.

So I went ahead anyway and wrote the requirement for a two-place jet trainer. I talked to the Grumman people about it, and they were, you know. I said, "Look, you guys. I'm going to be here for two years. We need this." So they just took out four feet and put in two seats. My gosh, it was just hunky-dory. This is still on that tour of duty.

WINKLER: Which aircraft was that?

CARMODY: The F9F. This was the F9F-8, stretched. With a slight wing, just a little bit, that -8.

Well, the next thing I was able to do—as a lieutenant commander I got all kinds of things done. And I was probably a little bit pushy, insistent. The next one is, I had the trainers and they wanted a new trainer, and so myself and another fellow from the Bureau of Aeronautics went out to look at the T-34. The Air Force had bought about 500 of them. What I was looking for is a cost-effective program for our primary trainers. There was a competition ongoing between Ryan, TRW—not TRW, but whatever it is down in Texas—and the T-34. That was a Beechcraft. So, always looking for an excuse to fly, this fellow and I took a twin-engine Beechcraft out to Wichita, Kansas. God, it was a long trip. But we went out, and I was so glad I did because this whole program had a lot of potential for us. The only thing that we had to have is a bigger engine and a stronger empionage (phonetic) if we wanted to use it for carrier training. T-34. You're sitting up there. It's got a three-meter pop (phonetic)? Up to just recently they've used them all these years. Up till they just got this jet. That one's not a jet.

So I ran the competition. Because of the cost factor of all the parts that could be used and were all in the pipeline—we had a whole variety of things that were a plus on the side there—well, I didn't choose it but I was pushing it. My argument before the board of acceptance, or whatever they called it, was—why I felt that this had a lot of merit—was: Why build a whole new airplane and go from scratch? Everything's in place. And the cost would be half, almost, of what the Air Force had to pay. So that's what we did. But that was a pretty bloody battle with some of the people in the Air Systems Command. It was called the Bureau of Aeronautics at that time. So I felt good about that.

Then the next thing that they had on the books, doing engineering studies on it, was—remember the F7U, that stood like a praying mantis, with a big single wing and twin engines? You sat way up here?

WINKLER: Yes, no tail?

CARMODY: No tail. It had fins there. I dug into a few specifics on that airplane. Oh, somebody had approved a study or effort, and it was ongoing, to make it an attack airplane. I was getting to be more and more familiar at this time with jet engines. My introduction to that came when I was at the University of Louisville on a midshipman summer. The midshipmen go through an air and amphibious summer. I think maybe the ROTC people do too, don't they? Do you remember that? I don't remember.

WINKLER: Right. I went to Corpus.

CARMODY: Okay. In any event, the specifics of the engine they were proposing—and it needed this kind of engine because of the nature of the wing—we could go out 160 miles, drop something, and then come back, and that's all. They had no margin for fuel. When you're in the attack business, particularly on nuclear attack, you want to go as far as you can. I want to tell you, I was a turd in the punchbowl for a long time with some of those people who were civil servants, and depend on that because they were a team and that meant their tenure and everything else. I'll get into that later. I hope your dad wasn't a civil servant, or your parents or anything.

Then one day they were having a fly-off between the Crusader and the FH-1, built by McDonnell-Douglas. FH-1. The Crusader came out on top, as a fighter. But after the competition I got a call from Admiral Jim Russell. Now I'm on very good terms with the man, because I'd made a proposal of why we should have a special carrier support ship, and not just destroyers who do other things. Make it so it's strictly for support of the carrier. I guess he liked the thought. Nothing ever happened to it, but I gave it to him as a think piece. Anyway he called me in and he said, "Red, I'd like to have you go out to McDonnell and talk with the people out there and see if it would be possible for us to develop the FH-1 into an attack airplane for nuclear weapons." Everything was nuclear weapons then, you know.

I said, "Yes, I'd be happy to." I had a pretty good idea what my approach would be on it. And it gave me an opportunity. I checked out an Air Force Shooting Star it was called, a T2B, I

think. A single engine jet. It was one of the first ones in the Air Force. Now it's a training plane. That gave me an excuse to fly it out to St. Louis. I always looked for an opportunity to bag a little jet flight time.

I got there in the evening, and the next morning went in and talked to old Mr. Mac, who was the daddy of it all. A fine gentleman, very courteous and so forth. But the program manager was Lewis. I can't think of his first name. I explained to him what my mission was about. I told him that the admiral asked me to check and make an assessment on the possibility. We'd put all this engineering into this aircraft, a lot of hours and hours on it, and see if we might not make it a good attack airplane. Particularly for delivery of nuclear weapons.

After a little bit Mac, of course, turned me over to Lewis, who was the project officer on this whole thing. They had a big model sitting there, a replica of the FH-1. I went through, sat in the cockpit, looked the whole thing over, and then I said that this would make a good night fighter if it had a second seat. I had a little experience in night flying, as you know. I said, "Is there any possible chance you could stretch this out and put a second seat?" Oh, God, no, no, no. They almost paled. Lewis, I can't think of his first name, a nice guy; we got along fine.
I said, "Well, the other thing is, if we use it on a long flight, I think we may find that it would be advantageous to have a second seat in this, for nuclear weapons delivery. Because it could carry the tanks and a missile and go pretty far. And we were just moving into—I told you I wrote the requirement for in-flight refueling, didn't I? Okay. By the way, I took a lot of flak on that whole program, particularly when I insisted that the 200th A-4 had to have in-flight refueling on it. Whew, boy. You know, Douglas.

So we went over that and they were very cool to the idea. Very cool. I was talking to him, I think his name was Vern Lewis, something like that. He later became the head of the big company down in Texas that built the F-111.

WINKLER: General Dynamics.

CARMODY: Yes. He became the head guy down there. A sharp guy. A businessman-engineer. I said, "Well,"—I'm going to call him Vern for awhile instead of something else—I said, "Vern, you know, just recently I worked with the Grumman people to stretch the F9F-8 into a two-seated airplane, for a variety of reasons that we need very much." I said that in my first flight that I took in a jet, in this -86, that if it stretched.... What I was trying to tell him is that I'd been through this drill before and they found that they had improved performance, because the area rule was enhanced. You know, the Bernoulli theory.

He said, well, no.

I said, "Well, I'm going to be here for another year and I'd sure like to work with you, but I can't do it unless you give some thought to the utility of having that extra seat in there, for a variety of reasons. For a night fighter, for long distance—even though it's additional weight—for long distance nuclear delivery, and even if it's for training or anything else they want to do."

Well, about a week later they came back. They ran the numbers, I found out, and it improved the operational performance of the aircraft, and the fuel specifics were enhanced—the fuel per hour, or fuel per minute, whatever it is-as a result of this. So there was a whole (?) we win (phonetic). When they sent that I took the message into Admiral Russell.

Oh, another fellow that was now my boss was Commander Noel Gayler, who later became CinCPac. He relieved Red Hessel. And oh, by the way, he was amenable to everything that I talked about, or passed in. And never said, "Well, let me have it and I'll talk to the admiral." He said, "Go ahead and tell the admiral about it." He was pretty good about that, which was kind of rare in all those people. Meaning they wanted to get a little closer to being the heroes, I guess.

But as a result of it we bought the first AH-1, which was then turned into the F4H-1, and then –2, -3, -4, -5. We were the ones that started it. Then, of course, after a while the Air Force did it. So I felt kind of good about insisting on that program too. And it worked out very well. I guess what I'm doing is I'm relating a series of things that I could see, things that I was familiar with because I had had three carrier tours—four carrier tours if you want. Two during World War II and two in Korea. Of course, I was only out there a month, but I learned so much when I went out to fly the guppies.

Well, that was a very enjoyable tour for me, and I was totally surprised when I had just made commander and they ordered me out to be the ops officer at ComFAirAlameda. So that's my next tour. You'll see I have a lot of tours in different areas.

WINKLER: One question I wanted to just clarify. You're working within Op-05. What's your relationship between Op-05 and BuAer?

CARMODY: Oh, very tight. We had a joint meeting every week with BuAer. Because we're the approval or disapproval and we want to know where they're going and how much they're doing. We used to meet once a week. We had a regular committee. I can't remember the name of it right now. I used to go to it all the time, with whoever it was. It might have been Gayler, or it might have been—because we were their sponsor. We were the sponsor of whatever, and we wrote the requirements.

WINKLER: Okay, so you wrote the requirements and BuAer's job was basically to go out and contract.

CARMODY: Fulfill. That's right.

WINKLER: And meet the requirements. Okay.

CARMODY: Yes. That's exactly right.

Well, in those days we used to have to fly eight hours a month, up until some time, and then it went to four hours a month. I just drew 160 (phonetic) and I was still on flight orders but I

didn't fly. They wanted us to fly but it was too costly. But I enjoyed the opportunity to fly whenever I could.

From there they ordered me out to ComFAirAlameda. We had seven air groups, four patrol squadrons, two carriers, and two patrol support ships for our patrol planes. So it was a big job. When I arrived out there I was junior to every air group commander, but I had two stars behind me.

One of the things that I developed—I initiated the program and then worked closely with a young, very capable lieutenant. Nowhere could anyone display instructions on how to conduct nuclear training. It was catch as catch can. Local guys doing this up at Albuquerque, other people doing things over here, just all around. We had no unified program to guide people, a Nav Instruction that came out on the whole business. Well, because of that I found this young lieutenant, very sharp on the whole nuclear program. I think he had been associated with the people who were at Albuquerque when—he was still a lieutenant when he came to us—on the staff there. And between him and me we developed a program to qualify bomb delivery pilots. There was no such a thing anywhere in the Navy on that. When I talked about it down at ComFAirWesPac my opposite number, who was a fighter pilot, practically puked. "Why are you talking about that? That's crap." We had a lot of ignorance, a lot of bias. I'm beginning now to understand. I'm beginning my education, my understanding of the whole system. "If it's not familiar to me and I don't know something about it, obviously it's no damn good."

WINKLER: That's the attitude.

CARMODY: That's what it was. I had a very good rapport with the admiral that came in about six months after I reported to Alameda. The reason I had a good rapport with him is because he was the admiral in charge when one of my F4Us came back aboard and a 250-pound bomb came off the rack, slid down the deck, blew a hole in the deck, and killed somebody down below. So they had an inquiry, and he was the chairman of it. The skipper of the Philippine Sea-to-be (phonetic) was the district attorney, and they had three other guys who were the judges on this court of inquiry, or whatever it was. It was more than just an investigation. And of course they were investigating my squadron.

The skipper of the Philippine Sea was, I think, trying to impress the admiral. They quizzed everything. They went through our books. And it just so happened that I had—and I established it—a document that our people were completely familiar with bombs, fuzing, what to look for, what to examine, had read the rules on use of—it was a check list. At that time they were supposed to sign it every quarter, that they had read it, to make sure they were refreshed on it. Fortunately I had a chief petty officer who was a whiz. He was the best of any officer in this area that I ever saw. I knew that we had a solid program. This was part of my reconstruction when I went over there, when I had trouble with the CAG. Because now we're into our cruise.

So they had the squadron instruction, but they don't talk to me at all. They talk to all my subordinates. Aha, I gotcha, type thing. Now I'm called in. This captain, acting like a district attorney prosecuting, was just as nasty as can be to me. I couldn't understand that. He asked me

this question, and I said, "Captain, and Admiral," I said, "I don't know why, but you're missing the point. We didn't have a manual release capability on that. It was never installed in the aircraft. We didn't have the option of pulling a manual release and dropping it in the water. We have been landing aboard—that was the captain's decision: Bring them aboard if they have to. Otherwise they'd lose the airplane."

Well, then he tried to counter that, and I said, "That's my case. This is not the fault of my squadron or any of my pilots, or my ineptness. This clearly lies at the feet of the Naval Air Systems Command. Why didn't they put it in? Everyone else has an emergency release. But they didn't do it—error of some kind—they didn't have it." Well, that kind of took the steam out of the whole thing. And I think the admiral appreciated my aggressiveness. That's why, when he came, I was so happy to see him.

But in that case he encouraged. I told him what we were doing about writing doctrine for training. When he came he asked for the different department heads to come and give him a briefing. I gave him a briefing completely, and of course I was responsible for all the ships, seaplanes, air groups, and tenders, the seaplane tenders. Not responsible, but they were under my aegis for training. At that time after we went through that, and he asked a lot of good questions, I said, "There is something that I would like to add. And that is, I am very concerned about the lack of comprehensive and meaningful training for our nuclear weapons delivery pilots." I said, "Right now we're just going through the motions. What we do now, Admiral, is we give a test...."

WINKLER: Today is still June 3. Dave Winkler, Naval Historical Foundation, with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody. This is Tape VII in our continuing series. Continuing on in Alameda.

CARMODY: I said, "I'd like permission to do some exploratory work here in our district about being able to enhance our special weapons delivery. It isn't just that we don't have any doctrine, but we haven't got any plans for how we're going to train for it. And one of the things that I would like you to take a look at is the importance of having a loft-bombing range at Fallon, Nevada." We had a loft-bombing range down in China Lake, but that was all technical training down there. You know what a loft-bombing range is. Where, you know, you do the goofy-loop and you let it go at 27 degrees or straight up. Then you go and you do a whipperdale (phonetic) and then you go down toward the ground as fast as possible. It took training to do that. I said, "We don't have any at all, except at China Lake, and we can't use that at China Lake. So," I said, "I tentatively would like to see us put a loft-bombing range at Fallon, Nevada." It was way out of Reno at that time. It seemed like it was way out, anyway.

He said, "Well, what if you arrange for me to fly down to see Fred...," the guy who was one of the weaponeers, the aviator? Armed the second bomb. I can't remember the name. Hell of a wonderful man. He was one of my heroes. Anyway, so we went down to see this fellow, who was the captain in charge of the China Lake program. I had briefed him on it, but the admiral

says, “Give him a heads-up on it and let’s go down and talk to him, and let’s see how it works. I want to know more about it.”

So when we finished that the X-5 ran some goofy-loops, we called them, and I said, “The thing here is, on these ranges, they can measure the man’s pull as he goes, because they have a screen where they watch and they can just follow him right around and tell him where he’s pulling too much, or not enough g’s to lift that bullet 27 degrees.” And that’s when it goes automatically, because you’re pulling so many g’s and at 27½ degrees it goes off and it flies about five miles in the air and hits the ground at that distance.

Well, sure enough old Ashworth—Dick Ashworth, what a wonderful man he was. Gosh, he was so easy to get along with, gung-ho. I wish we’d had so many people like that. He appreciated the fact that I made an issue of this. See, he’s technical and we’re operational. And that’s what he needed, because it enhances their program and what they’re doing. So by golly, in the next couple of months we put a goofy-loop range in there with all the monitoring equipment so that people could do it from the air group. I felt very strongly about that. Fortunately my good relationship with him earlier, I’m sure, was....

Well, then the next problem we had is: Flying low level over the countryside is not very well accepted by chicken farmers and farmers. So a friend of mine by the name of Gene Valencia—I don’t know if you’ve ever heard of him. He was a fighter ace during World War II, shot down probably eighteen airplanes. He was the head of air bases, like the same job I had. I had the fleet and he had the air bases. The one at Fallon came under him. Moffat Field came under him. Twelfth Naval District. But he was in our building; their offices were in the building with us. Gene Valencia was a real tiger. I explained to him all the things I was trying to do and, wham, he was ready to go. So he and I, we went over charts of the Twelfth Naval District. Up in Utah north of the Great Salt Lake was a huge barren desert area that was part of the National Wildlife Association. Or it was federal land. It bordered on the northern edge of the Salt Lake. So we said, why don’t we look at that?

We talked about it, and to make a long story short, we flew up to Salt Lake City and went over and talked to the state people. Told them what our idea was, that we were looking for an area. What was so nice about this, the fellows could fly high if they wanted to going over; they now drop over the Salt lake about sixty miles and come up and do the goofy-loop without seeing it. Like you’re coming in from the ocean. It was ideal.

There was a big supply center at Fairfield, Utah, right there between Ogden and Salt Lake City, a big supply center of ours. So we got acquainted with the CO of that outfit, told him what our plans were and what we were doing. He was excited about it. I think he had to sign the contract. We leased from the state 300,000 acres of land in that whole area there, which is like ten miles by twenty miles, something like this. Big. We were feeling pretty good about this. He had tractor equipment. So we told him what we wanted to have done, and he sent his tractors all the way up to there and scraped a long line from the water—not right by the water but so you could pick it up—so that they would learn to come in on that line. It was artificial, but we wanted the training of the goofy-loop. We put markers and we used used cars, junk cars. We’d pile them

up and paint them all yellow, for example. I forget what the color scheme was. Two places, where we did that. Oh, and a big, about 300-foot, circle at the end of this, so when you threw the bomb you could tell one way or the other. You might throw it way out of it, or you might throw it in the circle. It was more than 300 yards (sic) in diameter; the radius was about 300 feet. So that's almost 1,000 feet.

One of my side jobs as the ops officer at ComFAirAlameda was, I was a member of the FAA area control board. That came with the job. So I went down to Los Angeles to this quarterly meeting we were having, and made a presentation to them on our plans. We were asking for their cooperation. At that time they saw nothing the matter with that, because the ground level of that was at 5,000 feet, and the airline going over at any time—and it only went over at certain times—was at about 14,000 feet. To pass the gate (phonetic) they had to have a certain, whatever it was. And when we threw it, it was like this. It wasn't up in the air. In other words, the arc was maybe 1,000 feet over where we let it go, but we were letting it almost at ground level, just above. So it really was not an obstruction to anything flying at high level, which was required. Also I wanted NOTAMs put out, because we would only do it at times when there were no commercial airlines coming over. We knew what their schedule was, and we would put out a NOTAM on that. You know what a NOTAM is?

WINKLER: Notice to air mariners? To aviation....

CARMODY: That's it, right.

While I was in Los Angeles on this—and I had a very positive-thinking board on this and I was feeling pretty good about it—I got a telephone call from the flag secretary saying, "Red, what the hell's going on? All crap has hit the fan. The people in Utah are up in arms, and the two congressmen...." They only had two congressmen. No, two senators and only one congressman. Geez, I didn't know what the hell they were talking about. "What are you talking about? I don't know anything about it." Anyway, the interesting part of this is, I had gone to the brigadier general in charge of the Air Force base in Ogden, Utah, a repair center, a big one, because I told him what we were planning on doing and what we had already done. That we had already leased this, and we were getting ready to do this. What I wanted to know is, after they were there, could they come over. I was trying to pave the way so that we could get our fuel in and get refueled right afterwards. You just don't land there, you know. He was a nice as pie. But he was a phony baloney. He got his whole staff in right away and the Air Force Association went to general quarters to tear this program apart.

WINKLER: Okay, yeah. You're stepping on SAC's....

CARMODY: In their territory. No, this wasn't SAC. This was the repair center. It was the top guys in the Pentagon, the Air Force Chief of Staff. That's where it was. God, I can't tell you what a mess it was. So I was told to fly back and be there in time for the meeting of the two senators and congressman from there. I go into one of the offices up in the building there, and the severe admiral, who doesn't know a damn thing about aviation, or anything, he's aloof. I introduced

myself and so forth when I came in, and Gene Valencia was with me, because he had arranged for the.... And he was a valid fighting ally. This is in Washington, now. The admiral and his aide are stiff-assed as can be. They're just there to listen, supposedly. They're anti, because anything that affects the congressmen that they don't like, they don't like it either. You know what I'm trying to say.

I gave my pitch. I told them that it was ideal for this. We did not see any safety hazard. I'd cleared it through the FAA area, which I was a member of. It would be highly published; the NOTAMs would be out. And it was just certain days that we would do that. But this provided us realistic training so that our people did the real thing instead of just doing goofy-loops one time and then going out on a long-range flight, and so forth. We didn't have a solid program.

Then the congressman from Utah was a prosecuting attorney. Nasty. Just nasty as can be. Domineering. Wanted to squash us like a bug, I guess. And I just respond with simple answers. You know? You don't scare me one damn bit, I was thinking to myself. I just gave him simple answers. This is what we do and what we're trying to do, and if you feel there is some safety aspect of this that....

Oh, at the same time the Air Force Association went to the media and the air stations, and had big headline banners up: Navy's threatening the state wildlife fowl flyaway. Navy's doing this. And having people talking on television programs. God, it was unbelievable. What the Air Force Association did was, they conjured up a whole anti-Navy program. Well, this had nothing to do with what they were doing. This was the fight that was in Washington, still going on since the Battle of the Admirals. This was just '56. Not too long after that, and they're still festering.

So I explained to them, but he was nasty about it all the way. And I was not particularly polite to him. Because he deserved as sharp an answer as he was trying to give me. So I came back with quick answers. Not "You dumb shit," or something like that, but talking, you know, this sort of way. Boy, the admiral who was the legislative liaison, he could have killed me. Just terrible. So anyway, we're kind of left that it looks like the politicians are going to take over and that's going to be a dead dog, a dead deal.

I had tried to work through Op-05's airfield office that handled all this. They were so thickly glued to Congress and Congress's demands that they were like robots. They had no initiative at all. They were just almost stooping over on a lot of these things. I had gone to see them and they rejected me completely without any question when I went over there after this happened. So I went over and tried to have a council with them on this. They were cold on the thing, because they were all politicians there. The captain and—they were bent that way. So I gave up on them.

So Gene Valencia and I went down to see Turner Caldwell. Did you ever hear his name? Caldwell, Turner Caldwell. A fine man. The reason I know him is because he was in the *Wasp* and *Enterprise*, and we all know each other by name, to a degree, one way or another by reputation or someplace in a bar. So I went down to see Turner Caldwell, with Gene Valencia, always. I said, "I'd like a minute because I've got a conundrum here that I can't unravel."

"Sure, come on in, Red." So I wove about a twenty-minute—told him what the whole thing was. He said, "Could you reduce that so that we just have a one-pager?"

I said, "Yeah. How do you want me to do it?

He said, "Well, make the points, but keep it within ten minutes."

I said, "Yeah, I can do that."

He said, "Fine." He calls up and he gets a meeting with Arleigh Burke the next morning. So about 8:30 we're in there. Oh, he edited my one piece of paper; did a nice job. Because he knew what worked. So the Vice Chief and all the other moguls, that were not necessarily friendly, came in. Then Arleigh Burke came in. I was sitting right there. Arleigh Burke's aide was my executive officer in Scouting 10, Bill Martin. I had talked to Bill ahead of time, when we went up there, and we were still allies and good friends, and I think he put a few words in. He was the executive secretary to Arleigh Burke, his right hand.

Anyway, I told Admiral Burke, I said, "Admiral, this is an occasion that I never expected would happen to me, and I must tell you, I'm a little bit nervous. So, if you don't mind—I don't want to make any mistakes in what I give you—I'd like to refer to my paper while I'm talking to you."

"Oh, that's okay." Like this. So I went down the list and he told me, he said, "Red, that's the finest damn report I've ever heard."

Then he turned to the Vice Chief, and the Vice Chief said, "Yep. This is White's doing." White was the Chief of Staff at the time. I didn't realize; I was out of it on that thing. But that was the fireball. They had a chance here to destroy us. This went on for a while, went on and on. Oh, before this all happened I had gone to the Air Force, personally. I flew an F3D. Did you ever hear of them? They used to be old night fighters, side by side? I flew it all the way down to where their headquarters were, down there in South Carolina, purposely so that I could talk to the commander why we were doing all this. Oh, no—why we wanted to have some time on their goofy-loop range where they were using just what I was wanting. They had it right there in the Wendover area. You know, Wendover's as you get across and then you go into Nevada. They had a great big range there that I wanted, that would be just like the one in Salt Lake City. All geared up and instrumented and everything else, and I asked them if we could sign an agreement so we could get some time on it. I didn't care when; it could be Sunday, or Saturday, or if they wanted to do it in the evening or morning, whatever time. But I would like to get our pilots onto it when we can. They went to general quarters on that one. They were freezing us out. Well, I had the letter that I had sent to them and the reply that said, come on down and see us on this. So I had a little evidence in my hand.

Well, to make a long story short—who was the little cigar-smoking admiral that was in CinCPac? His son's a senator from Arizona.

WINKLER: McCain?

CARMODY: McCain. I had given McCain a brief on this, what had happened. He was running a kind of a secret organization at that time, for countermeasures to the Air Force's program. So

finally I told the admiral, I said, "Admiral, this is out of my hands. It's way over my head." Well, McCain took over the fight. I gave him the answer. I said, "All they have to do, Admiral...." He was a captain then. I said, "All they have to do, Captain, is if we could just have one day a week there, or one four-hour period, or whatever. We don't care where it is. We'll arrange for it. But we'd like to be able to fly over unknown territory and then a bombing range, and do it so that it has meaning, from launch to delivery."

I don't know what he did, but it turned out that—the Secretary of Defense at that time was Machine Charlie, I think.

WINKLER: Wilson? Charles Wilson?

CARMODY: Yes, Wilson. I think that's what it was. He was the fellow there. He sent out an edict that we could have that range anytime from ten o'clock in the morning to one o'clock in the afternoon every day of the week. But boy, was it a donnybrook. I can tell you all the things that the Air Force did to cut our throats, to undermine me. God, I was on TV.

I'll give you an example of this. The yacht owners associations and whatever it is.... You know, Salt Lake has a lot of sailing. It's good sailing. We had this great big meeting at the university's big laboratory, you know, where they all sit up like this and you're down here. They have bleacher seating. The place was packed. It was a Saturday morning. Valencia and I had to be very, very careful of what we were doing, because we were cutting corners all the time. I went to make a talk to these people, all the yacht owners and so forth. There were other types up there. When my turn came, when the introduction was made, I had a chart that was about this big, and it was showing the goofy-loop, like that. I showed that this went over there and arced over. I used that. Then I had this small bomb we threw. It was about eight pounds, but it had aerodynamic qualities, you know, little fins and so forth on there, that we threw in practice so that we could mark. It had a shotgun shell in it.

I started out introducing myself, where I was from, and the reason that I was working so hard on this is that we were in the nuclear delivery business now. They didn't want us in the nuclear delivery business.

WINKLER: The Air Force.

CARMODY: The Air Force. I'm talking loud so everybody can hear, and I said that we realized that we were not doing adequate training, that we were not realistic enough. And so I had made an overture to the state for the property, we had the lease, and so forth. Just give them a little background for about five minutes is all, as a way of background. Then I said, "Now, what I'd like to do, so you understand what we're actually doing here—because there's been a lot of misrepresentation in the media and in various media sources that are misrepresentations of fact." So the first thing I did is I picked up this little teeny bomb, about that size. I think it was eight pounds; maybe it was more than that. Anyway, I said, "This is the nuclear bomb that you read about in the paper that was going to be dropped, and the explosion of this was going to run the wildlife up in that area." The wildlife was over on the Jordan River way over there, and we're

way out to the west. And I said, "And the explosive, the atomic explosive in this, is this 12-gauge shotgun shell." I said, "This is on the airplane, the shotgun shell is in it, we make this run," and I did it just like I'm doing now, dramatic, you know, as can be. "We make the run and we throw this, and then it goes and it simulates what would be a nuclear weapon. And when it goes off we have that shotgun shell in there so that people who are measuring it from the sky or from high purchase can see how effective we were." Well, that's what I said.

Then I put in a big prop, a colored thing about this big. One of the aircraft companies put that together for me in a hurry and flew it up to me. It was Beechcraft. But they were still: Oh, what about this? What about that? Then I said—and I was very serious about it. Everything about my demeanor was serious, because it was serious. I said, "Well, you know it just occurred to me that the University of Utah's basketball team just won a national championship." What the hell's he talking about that for? I'm looking at all the people up in the stands there and down here. And I said, "Do you think they could have been champions if they hadn't trained and trained and trained for the year before and the year before? On the courts? In the environment that they were operating in? How could the Utes...." The University of Utah was in Salt Lake City. Now the buzz has stopped a little bit. I said, "That's what we're talking about. We've got a problem and we're trying to solve it, and not interfere with...."

This letter that came out from the Air Force went to all wildlife organizations. How we were going to destroy the wildlife habitat up in the northern area. They had a big map here and it showed us flying over, and they said we'll drop our tanks. And it shows big black circles where the tanks drop. Then it showed that it would flow into the wildlife habitat. I have it someplace, but it would take me an hour to dig it out. It went to the extreme. They stirred up all the wildlife —you know there's a lot of wildlife gurus.

WINKLER: Oh, sure.

CARMODY: You know what I'm talking about.

WINKLER: The Sierra Club and....

CARMODY: The Sierra Club and all that. So anyway, I said....

WINKLER: Continuing with Side 2 of Tape VII.

CARMODY: Well, I tell you, it was sort of an interesting, different thing that you ran into when you were in that job that I had. We got answers, and I said, "I know that we're not, as has been advertised by the Air Force Association, we are not damaging the environment whatsoever. How many shotgun shells are fired in that whole area? How many shotgun shells are fired when you're hunting ducks, as you do when you're going hunting? Nobody says anything about that, and we're not talking about anything more than that."

Then they talked about: The airplanes going over the water would fly over a sailboat and the backdraft would tear the....” Oh, just awful. They were just reaching for it. But this was the Air Force. They went to general quarters on this.

I’m trying to place that time-wise, with my trip. I think I had done that before I talked to Arleigh Burke. I told him about that, about the Air Force. And we had documentary evidence. We had good Naval Reserve people who were picking all these things up and giving them to me so I could use them, you know. They were Naval Reservists.

He turned to the chief of staff who was—I can’t think of his name now. His son is an admiral over here who retired, a rear admiral. He says, “That’s White or somebody else,” he said. “I see the handwriting on this completely.”

So he said, “Red, would you mind going over and talking to Thomas Gates?” the Secretary of the Navy.

“Whatever you say, Admiral. I’m here to get a job done.” So Gene Valencia and I, the driver took us over there, and he called him. And I gave him the pitch. Talbot—no, the guy who was an ambassador to England. Well, anyway, Tom Gates really seemed like a real nice person. He didn’t realize that this ambassador was coming over to visit, so when he came he says, “Come in. I want you to hear this.” They both agreed that this was a plot in the Pentagon, not out there. So I got my butt in a sling on that one. But that’s a story that I think should be told.

WINKLER: That’s a good one, yes.

CARMODY: Because the underhanded things they did are just unbelievable. Seriously. It was all against Naval air, of course. They did the same thing on the—but we pulled a fast one, we built that A3J in a hurry. Showed that we could do it as well as they could, and forced them to have our place at the table at Omaha.

Now, I had a very, very busy, exciting tour aa ops officer at ComFAirAlameda, as you can see. I learned a lot of lessons, and learned how to become a better infighter, in preparation for the fight. I was able to change quite a few things for realism in O&Rs on the carrier and O&Rs for the patrol ships. You know, the seaplane tenders. Instead of letting them do it right at home there I took them down to Long Beach. Sent them down to Long Beach. Set it up there in a strange place. Let’s see how you do now. This business of being at home was wrong. Let’s make this realistic. Little things like that.

WINKLER: O&R is what?

CARMODY: Did I say O&R? Operational readiness inspection. I’m sorry. Operational readiness inspection, ORI.

I had a very successful tour there, and I enjoyed it immensely because I was able to get a lot of things done.

Then the air group commanders list came out and I wasn’t on it. They came out for who had been selected for air group commander. I went to my admiral. My co-ops officer down at

ComFAirWesPac was on the board and he was the one that gave me the down. He didn't want me to be an air group commander, because he was a fighter pilot and didn't want any trucking with that nuclear weapons business. So when I found out that, I went to my admiral, Bob Hickey. We had very good rapport with him. He was very cooperative and helped us with a lot of things. He was just flabbergasted at the huge hue and cry that came up just because we were doing that, what was going on. He says, "I hope you know what you're doing."

I said, "If I don't, Admiral, I'll come to you." But I had a fine rapport with him. He was willing to really do what's right. I think it was during that period that I started feeling it's not who's right but what's right. This is where I was beginning to see the color of many of our people who work in the Pentagon, and all brands, who are strictly company men. If it's wrong and people are going to get killed, don't bother me with those details. I think that comes from those tours that I had at sea and also going ashore at Guadalcanal and seeing the stark reality. So I went to my admiral and said that I would really like very much in my career, because I've had two squadrons and I've done this, to polish it off and see if I couldn't get an air group, and I'd read that I was not selected by the board. And they were my peers, that wanted to turn me down. The one in AirLant and the one in ComFAirWesPac.

So anyway, pretty soon I get orders to Air Group 8 here at Oceana. As a preliminary to that, they sent me to an eight-week course for nuclear weapons delivery. So I'm flying an F9F-8 for about eight weeks. Got a lot of time in the F9F-8. Fighter tactics, nuclear delivery over land, just a heck of a good course, at Salton City. Then I got my orders and we trekked back to Norfolk. I take over Air Group 8 in July of '57.

WINKLER: Okay, now I kind of missed something here, because you didn't get selected to take an air group. Then you approached your admiral. How did you wind up getting the air group?

CARMODY: He just called back there and said you're making a mistake, I guess. I don't know. He called back to BuPers and said, you know, I guess he said I was walking on.... And pretty soon I get my orders. I don't know any more about it. He didn't say anything and I didn't say anything. I did thank him, though. Did thank him for doing it. He was a heck of a guy. And I spent one year with him, that's all.

I had been flying jets. Every time I had a chance I used to fly the F3D and the Shooting Star that we had, and I would fly the F9F there, so by the time I got to the air group I had had about ninety hours or a hundred hours of jet time. Not just flying. You know, goofy-loops and so forth. I think it was sixty hours that we got in those. All air group commanders were required to go through that course.

It was a ho-hum program. We did have a nuclear responsibility for the northern hemisphere. We concentrated on nuclear delivery. I guess it was a successful tour because now, in 1958, I'm ordered up to become the head of the fleet training office in Op-58.

WINKLER: Okay, this is when you were at the....

CARMODY: Commander, Carrier Air Group 8.

WINKLER: You mentioned you put the *Ranger* in commission, did a lot of in-flight refueling training, and what was the other? Oh, you never deployed.

CARMODY: Never deployed. Well, up and down the coast, but never deployed to the.... I was disappointed in not having a deployment. I don't know what the scheme of things was at the time. But while I was there I did a lot of instrument flying, I know. Oh, I had eleven hours flying the F3H-3, the McDonnell—what did they call that?

WINKLER: The Demon?

CARMODY: Demon. The reason that I liked to fly the Demon was it was like flying the TBM. It was roomy in the cockpit. So as a way of incentive for my night fighter squadron to not slack off I would have them schedule me for about midnight every time we were flying. So that I would fly, and that would kind of motivate the commanding officer to start flying. I didn't have to tell him very much. You know what I'm saying? I enjoyed that immensely. I got quite a bit of nighttime in the F3H. Of course, I flew it in the daytime too. And I used it for transportation and did a lot of things. I enjoyed it immensely. That was in '57 at Oceana.

At that time we didn't have a BOQ. Not a BOQ, but we didn't have anything on the base. We had the two hangars and some maintenance spaces and, I guess, a few others, but there was nothing else. And now, of course, it's completely populated with buildings and everything there.

I pushed hard on the business of special weapons delivery then. They put a range in down at Guantanamo Bay, so that when we went down there for ORIs or whatever it was we had an opportunity to keep our hand in on that range.

And they had a range at Pine Castle. While we were in between Cuba and Jamaica, out there about there, I took off with a wingman and an AD and flew twelve hours all the way up to Pine Castle. We took off about dawn and we flew over Cuba. This was before Castro. We went over and out into the sea beyond, and then turned, and we never got over 100 feet off the water. We flew about six hours going up. We had a (?) that we had to keep letting the air out, because of the heat, flying low, and it's hot in the tropics anyway. Then we delivered a small shape, that we talked about earlier. Pine Castle was all set up ahead of time, of course. Made a goofy-loop and got back, and they gave me an "average" or something, whatever they said, for the other fellow too. Then we went back down and retracted our steps and flew back, staying below 50 feet. Then we went over the top of that. When we climbed over, then we didn't have to stay low after that. And we landed at night, it was dark. Twelve hours. I don't think I could do that now. Everyone was required to do that, because the nature of our missions were that. And of course we didn't have in-flight refueling in those birds either.

Then the *Ranger* was ordered to the West Coast. Then we shifted to the *Forrestal*. So the rest of the year we were a *Forrestal* air group. Anything that was happening in the *Forrestal* we were always on, the group. We were the show boat, putting on shows and so forth. It wasn't a very satisfying year for me, but I enjoyed it. And I had very, very good technical instructions on the nuclear weapons. Very good. It was worth that.
Then, as I said, I got orders to go back up to the Pentagon, in Op-58, and I became 581C, or whatever it was. It wasn't C. I had all fleet aircraft manning requirements. Op-58. Op-55 had all airplanes? Well, this had all enlisted personnel and everything, and I had fleet training. Two of us, another fellow and I, were there.

It was during that time that they were introducing now the F-4, P-3s, E-2C, A-6, and one other airplane. I can't think of it now. Who was going to be in the rear seat? Up to now we had enlisted men in all the patrol planes. So I got thinking about that. I thought about it a long time, and said: Hell's fire. Now I go back to my experiences, that during the war I was really just a passenger and they were telling me what to do. The decisions were made by them. And who sent the messages and received the messages? They did. There's something wrong with this picture. I tried it on a couple of my colleagues. I said, "Let me give you an example of what I'm talking about."
They said, "Well, what are you proposing, Red?"
I said, "Well, it strikes me if they're going to do it, why don't we pay them? Why shouldn't we pay them?" The whole time that I flew a guppy in Korea, or anyplace, all I was was the bus driver. They did everything else. They made the decisions. They made the intercepts. They were communicating. I didn't do any communicating there. It was between them and them. Now, are we going to have enlisted men making these decisions? Or are we going to have a program so the officer corps takes charge? Which they should be. Or at least we should pay the guys if we can't make them.

So I wrote up an article. I had seen something that I copied. It was a Christmas tree. I showed how they would start here, and then they would go up the line and they could hold all the jobs they can, right to the CNO. I put that in, and I had to fight a lot of battles with the BuPers people, because the Congress was talking about reducing our officer corps, and here I am suggesting we have to increase it. It was a long battle. I was only there about sixteen months, I guess. I took my dog and pony show around to the admirals that were in Op-05, before I went up to see 05. One of the fellows was MacDonald, who had been the CNO. Now he's in Jim Russell's job. So I go to see him first. And our admiral. And there were two other admirals in there that I had to convince. He literally told me to get my ass out of there. "I don't want to hear any more of this crap." MacDonald. Remember him? He was the CNO.
What could I say? "Thank you for your time, Admiral," turn around and go off. Then I went to see others.
Then I went to see the Assistant Chief of Naval Personnel about this, and he practically—"What the hell are you talking about?" They didn't listen to what I was saying, you know. On the basis of talking about more officers.

Well, the Air Force was using rated officers to do that job, the two-seaters, in early warning. They were using rated officers. Well, that's pretty expensive too. So anyway, I convinced my captain who was there of this. He accused me of euchring him, of course. He says, "You're always euchring me." And I got 05—Op-05 is the top dog—I got him to send this proposal over to BuPers. They went through it and, oh boy, there was a lot of objection. I had to go over and answer questions on a whole variety of things.

But we went through with it. And it's the best thing we could have ever done, because we wouldn't be fair to enlisted men. You know, the pilot, all he does in a P-3 is fly that airplane. Now we're going to have a first class, a second class, and a chief petty officer in charge running the show? They can do it, but if they're going to do it, why not pay them?, was my whole point. That was my argument. Why not pay them? It's not fair. They've got the responsibility.
I think I was a bit of a pain in the ass on this one. But I won. We had the NFO corps, and the NFO corps is exactly what we needed. They're not rated officers; they're not flying. When they're not flying they're not getting flight pay, and when they are flying they get flight pay. But when they're not flying they don't, I mean their jobs. But it's proven to be absolutely a big saver. And now the deputy chief of the Navy—what's his name, Fagan? Is it? He's a four-star. He's an NFO.

WINKLER: Fallon?

CARMODY: Fallon. He was an ensign in the heavy attack. Came aboard with me when I was the CAG. Anyway, Fallon is an NFO. And he'll probably be nominated for the—just because you don't wear wings doesn't mean you're dumb. They're sharp as can be. Well, the head of AirLant was a three-star and he worked for me when I was ComOpTEvFor. He had the A-6 program under me. Sharp as a tack, these fellows. They're all over, and they're doing a very good job. And where they're doing it is now in these long flights, and they're the brains that are working the navigation in multi-place fighters right now. They did a hell of a job on the RA-5C. They were busier than a bird dog on the RA-5C. That was a hell of an airplane. I was the first program manager on that—I didn't mention that—so it was my baby and I really fought for it. And won. Oh, but I had trouble.

All right, so I felt I finished a very successful tour, because I got the NFO program through. And I arranged for the last big aviation shoot-out competition out in wherever it was, in El Centro, I think. They wouldn't give us the money to conduct that from then on, but I had the last one.

Then much to my surprise—and I must tell you that I never thought about my career. I just drifted along wherever they.... It was beneath my dignity to go ask anybody anything. I'm either capable or I'm not capable, and I let it go at that. I never kissed ass for another job, and I'm glad I was that way.

All of a sudden I'm the executive officer of the *Oriskany*. That was a wonderful job, really. I learned so much in that job. Now, mind you, I wouldn't have been quite as capable if I hadn't gone to the line school. And also trying to teach the kids at Louisville. So there were a lot

of things that I knew about, and I was very careful about helping the engineer keeping troops (phonetic) clean and going along with his requests on use of water and so forth. I had a very successful, enjoyable tour, which included a WestPac deployment, in the *Oriskany*. And did a lot of ship handling. I made a point that I was forcing myself to become a ship handler. It got so that I did all the underway replenishments, because my skipper was not seeing too well. And I did all the night approaches. I ate it up because I knew that I was deficient there. I took great pride in doing that. On balance I had a very successful tour.

Then from the *Oriskany*, after one year I was ordered back to the Air Systems Command, which was now BuAer/BuOrd combined. They called it BuWeps. Is it in there?

WINKLER: Yes, it is. On the *Oriskany* you did go to WestPac. Then you went to system director, attack program, at the Bureau of Naval Weapons.

CARMODY: Okay, now it's Bureau of Naval Weapons. That was a very interesting tour. It was during that tour that I became cognizant of the civil service mafia, and how they ran the Navy. It's the same in the Ship Systems Command, it's the same in the Air Systems Command. Wherever they are they've got their program that is an insidious thing. I've been up against it for some time.

This is a report. I have it someplace and I won't take it out now. GAO really put their finger on it. It wasn't just the...it was all civil servants. How, when they take charge, they make sure that their benefits are looked after, their tenure, their longevity, I mean. All those things. I call it a mafia. That's not a very nice word, but that's now they work and operate. Where I found that out is when I was in that job where I had the attack requirements. During that time I was the first program manager on the A-6, the Intruder. On the RA-5C I was the first program manager. That was my responsibility, but I had a team of guys under each of those. It wasn't me. All I did was steer the boat.

Now let's talk about electronic warfare. I'm really pumped up on this whole program. I know what's available. I know the Air Force has got a going electronic warfare program. Not the Air Force—SAC. They have all this electronic warfare capability, and the attacks don't have anything. That's the division. That's like CIA and the FBI, type of thing. And so I pushed for, and wrote a program. I had some good workers and we worked like we would work all day Sunday getting something ready for a Monday meeting. I was pushing for putting....

WINKLER: This is Tape VIII on June 3. This is Dave Winkler, Naval Historical Foundation, again with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody. We're picking up with electronic warfare.

CARMODY: Because of my war experiences I was very sensitive about the protection that was lacking against radars. We should have had jammers to jam radar, and we didn't. The only people that were working on it diligently were the Marine Corps. I was appalled, as I may have told you, at how little they thought about it. I was trying to get the range gate pull-off, the ALQ-52, which

was a system that whenever the Fan Song came on—not the acquisition radar—the Fan Song came on, it immediately picked up that frequency and tried to pull it off target. In other words, there was what they called a range gate pull-off, so that it looked like the image was a half-mile away.

WINKLER: Fan Song was the major Communist air search radar?

CARMODY: No, SA-2 guidance. Not air search. There's a difference. They're very high frequency.

WINKLER: Okay. So it's a fire-control radar.

CARMODY: Yes. It focuses on the target, and the missile is heading for that position.

Whoever—it wasn't before me—but whoever it was that helped to get the A-6.... The A-6 came in on my watch. The man I relieved was the daddy of the A-6. All I did was approve of the progress in the two years that I was in Op-55. Because it wasn't in yet, and they hadn't built it. But one of the things that somebody had demanded is that it have some kind of electronic warfare passive defensive system aboard. So that when it came to me, the A-6 before they were just building them—and I had the responsibility for all that shifted to me—I made sure that they had that ALQ in there, and that they had a passive warning receiver. So that when that frequency came on you could tell where it was coming from. Not clearly, but it's either this quadrant or that quadrant, initially. Now it points right to where the emission is coming from.

Now this is 1960. 1960. We didn't go to war till 1962 or '63. War. And never thought about a war out there. What I wanted to do was put the same equipment in all the A-4s, because they were the predominant attack airplane at the time. I was satisfied, and wouldn't let them touch that on the A-6. So what I did is, we worked over one weekend and I submitted a proposal —there was a regular way of doing it—to the financial board, of why this should be financed: To put the electronic countermeasures equipment in my A-4 fleet. We wrote up a whole draft on this. In other words, there were things you had to do and we did that; we did it over the weekend. We went through the numbers and so forth, and we gave just a crude estimate of what the cost would be. It was pretty high. Because it's not so much the equipment there, but modifying the airplanes that handled the equipment. The equipment was maybe $50,000.

I presented it to the financial committee. This was not the IBCC. They didn't do the financial aspects of the preliminaries. I went before this financial committee headed up by captains and Supply Corps officers and bookkeepers, and that sort of thing. I explained to them why I was there, what my requirements were. That we had to fortify, we had to install this equipment if we were going to expect survival in the missile world. Hell, half of them didn't know what an SA-2 was. Because they didn't pay attention to those. Even though at that time Gary Powers got shot down by them. The SA-2 had been with us a couple of years before then. That shows you how ignorant they were. But I had good liaison with the CIA, so they kept me posted on all that sort of thing, at that time.

So I gave it to them and they turned me down, that it was not necessary equipment. And of course I was furious. I had sent them the paperwork ahead of time, so now we're having them going through it. They'd made a decision already, probably, and they were just giving the decision. I said, "It's clear that I am not a very good presenter, because this is one of the most vital things we're going to need downstream. We've had ample evidence that they can shoot down airplanes, and that we absolutely need this. What we're talking about is the cost of an airplane. Every one that's shot down, just think how much that costs, compared to what I'm asking for just to make the installation. For the cost of one airplane I could supply a hundred carrier aircraft with this." I didn't talk about the installation cost.

No, no, no, no. So I was pretty furious, and I let them know there. I didn't appreciate the kind of snide attitude of some of the officers that were there. I said, "Well, all I can say is, you're making a very serious mistake. Now, if you aren't going to allow me to set up a program to equip all these airplanes, at least let me have sufficient money to test it all out and put it on the shelf, so that if we do get around to this, we don't have to go from scratch. We've got the tested model already there, and all working so we can go into production." They wouldn't even do that.
I was furious. I told my admiral, who at that time was a guy by the name of P. D. Stroop. I said, "This is wrong, Admiral. This is wrong." He was kind of a just go along sort of a guy. Nice fellow, though; he was a nice guy. He became AirPac after that, when I was the skipper of the *Kitty Hawk*. So we lost out. That's 1960 and '61. The war started three years later, and our ass was shot up because of that. I blame the admirals that were there. I blame all those senior officers. Well, that's one thing. I give you this as background.

Now we're having trouble with the drop-out generator on my A-4s and it becomes an issue. I dig into it and find out that there's nothing the matter with the drop-out generator that can't be fixed shortly. Somebody outside had influenced the mafia to say this generator we had, whoever built it—I can't remember the names right now—it's the very one that's got all those.... What we could have done for a fraction of the price is the modifications on the one we had. Well, I raised hell about this.

Now I'm over in that job about, maybe, sixteen months. Maybe I wasn't there that long; I can't remember how long. All of a sudden I'm ordered to go over in the Pentagon to become the head of operational requirements for all aircraft. Of course, I'm a captain now. I never thought about it. But you know what it was, afterwards? I haven't even begun to give you the dirt. Then I realized later on what had happened to me. They said that the mafia says: Get rid of this guy; he's a trouble-maker, and we can't afford that kind of exposure, or if they win things might get convoluted. I didn't really buy it at that time.

So now they sent me over to the Pentagon and I'm the head of all requirements, Op-506. That's all requirements, for every airplane. Actually it was a promotion. I was happy with it. You remember I'd been in the Pentagon before, so I understood it. I'm going now from the Air Systems Command over to the CNO's office, Op-506. Is that there?

WINKLER: Let's see. Bureau of Naval Weapons to August of '62, after which you served as director of air planning requirements branch. So you're there from August '62 to November of '63.

CARMODY: Okay, that's it. It was during that time. That's an interesting program that I was in there, because as the executive officer of the *Oriskany* I was in charge of the whole ship for cleanliness, anything that had to with...the captain...that was my job. Anything that happens you make the decision, and I'm up here. And I just kept him posted. In those days we had nukes aboard and the Ajs. We had launch points. We had to always be within so many hours of the launch points. It was part of the big picture in Omaha.

But then the F3H Demon started to have troubles with the engine. We had a single engine, a J79 engine with an afterburner. We didn't use the afterburner very much, only for practice, but it could take off and land without it because it had a big wing. They were having trouble with it, the air group was. And we had ten engines that I had to find where to put it because we couldn't get them over to a ship that was going back to that we could put it back into the pipeline to get it repaired. So I was stuck with it, and the only place that we had available with these spaces were the nuclear weapons spaces. Because they were big. There may be one or two here, but a lot of room in there all the way around. So I went to the captain about this, and he said, "Jesus, we'll be breaking all the rules if we do that." So we did the best we could. And of course it was robbing Peter to pay Paul sort of thing. But it was a real problem.

I got thinking about this. I said, damn it, I wish we had some air service where they would land aboard and we'd put these engines in them and send them back to the factory. We'd save billions of dollars every year, because they'd get back on time. They're having an inactive life for maybe eight months out of the year and we have to buy new engines to fill that gap. All we're doing is just buying new engines, and that's not very cost effective. This was my thinking. I thought about that further. My scheme that I wrote the letter on, my proposal that I wrote, is: We need a heavy-lift COD. The reason I found that out is because of that trip I made in that TBM. All these things influenced me. We could only carry a small amount. I told you that I wrote the requirement for the C-1. Did I say that before? About the carrier on-board delivery? So that came through. That was pretty good, but it wasn't available at this time. It took two years before it went to fruition, or could be used.

Anyway, this was ridiculous. Here we have this big plant and we have no way of evacuating (phonetic) anything. If it goes into these hulls they may not get back to the States for maybe eight months. So I drafted this proposal that we should examine the—I'm going to use the word "efficacy," because I think that fits it, in other words some meaning that it's appropriate, of working up a program like using the C-130. Had I had any experience with the C-130 at that time? No. I'm going back on this a bit. I said, wouldn't it be cost effective if we had a fleet of, say, eight C-130s—I just use that figure—in the Atlantic, or Pacific, and they were strictly on-board supply aircraft? Deliver on board whatever we needed. And we could start them at plants up in Pennsylvania for engines, or Grumman and the various companies. They'd have a regular routine where they would fly out to Honolulu and then whatever the next base is, then out to the

carrier with this equipment. Maybe a 24-hour period. And then at the same time we'd pull them out and we would ram the other ones, the dead things back and take them back to the plant. We'd cut out maybe six months of down time and save all the money for replacement engines.
I wrote that letter, the details of it and where the cost effectiveness of it would be. I said just with the engines alone—every time we buy a new engine it costs about $400,000, at that time. They're more expensive now. So I had ten of those, or about 4 million bucks just sitting there, and each ship had the same problem. So, why don't we examine that?

Well, it was difficult to get the old-timers in that whole operation, including Op-05, to think in terms of ahead, ahead, ahead. And I was always really sort of a pain in the neck because I kept pushing. Well, anyway, I'm giving you the background. Then we would have heavy-lift capability and back early, and mail and everything else could be the same way. We could expedite a lot of things. Just like UPS, now. That wasn't in there, but UPS is what I'm saying. Well, it never went anyplace. I sent the letter to AirPac, because we were in AirPac, and the skipper endorsed it. Hell, it just got lost. Nothing happened on that. I have the letter someplace. It's probably yellowed by now.

Now I'm Op-05 and I'm the head of all aircraft requirements. So I dig up my plan now. I do a little surveying and I write up a game plan of evaluating the C-130 aboard a carrier. Because that's my job; I'm the requirements man. Of course everybody thought I'd lost my mind. I kept pushing and pushing that. Finally I made a pitch and I went through my immediate boss, who was an admiral, in 50B. He wouldn't touch it. "Aw, I don't want go with that." He said, "You can take it to the admiral, but I'm not going to be there." In other words, he thought it was crap.
It was Jimmy Thach, now. I had learned early that you never go to see an admiral that you want some work done that you don't have a piece of paper he can sign. You don't go in empty-handed. You have a plan before you and, "Would you mind signing this?" so you can take it away with you. If you didn't do that, you know...

WINKLER: You were wasting your shot.

CARMODY: Well, wasting time too. Anyhow, I went into his office there. He looked up from his desk and said, "Oh, what can I do for you, Red?" I still had red hair at that time.

I said, "Well, first I'm glad you're sitting down, because if you were standing up, after you hear what I have to say you might applaud." I started that way. Then I went on and explained to him my scheme for qualifying the C-130 for a carrier. You know about this, don't you? You know about the program. Then I presented the problem to him and I gave him my pitch. I said, "Downstream more and more technical replacements are going to have to take place. More and more important things. We need this as a function of Naval aviation. Not as an adjunct just to do it once in a while. We need this as part of our whole fabric."

He said, "You've got a persuasive argument, Red." He said, "What do you want me to do?" And I reached over.... It was a letter to the commander of the Patuxent Naval center saying that he wanted an evaluation made on the C-130. With his signature. Nifty guy. He wasn't

scared. He was the guy that developed the Thach weave and he shot down a lot of airplanes in ’42, I guess.

So I took it back and we sent it down. Then they asked us if we could come down and talk to them about this. So I went down to Patuxent. The fellow who had charge of that part of it said, “Have you lost your mind?” They were all against it.

I said, “Gents, you‘re overlooking one thing. The admiral wants a positive answer. Are you going to tell him you can’t do it? Or you’re not even going to evaluate it? What I’m asking you to do is an evaluation on your deck out there”—they have a deck on the runway—“to see what your landing speeds were and what you’re roll-out is in no wind and different wind conditions, of that airplane.” Well, they gulped and gulped. Then they went back and studied it and started working on it, because I said, “His signature’s on here, and I’m not going to take a ‘no’ back to him. You’re going to have to be accountable.”

Well, they did. Geez, all of a sudden they found out this was fantastic. That it was a piece of cake. Not a piece of cake, but it was not unachievable. They were just surprised at the qualities because they never did it before. They always used it for transportation. Never thought about it in this role.

The next thing I had to do, once that was achieved, is now to go down to Second Fleet and get permission to use one of his carriers. It had to be an operational carrier. They come under Second Fleet. You know what that routine is. The guy was a old curmudgeon, and he wouldn’t see me. “Oh, what is all this nonsense? I don’t want to waste my time on that.” I’d flown down. His three-star peer had sent a note to him for this. “Aw, I don’t want any part of it.” Fortunately his chief of staff was a fighter pilot, Naval Academy of about ’34, a fighter pilot in Fighting 10. We knew each other by reputation. In other words, we were old shipmates. So he persuaded the admiral that he felt that I might have a message that he might want to hear. So he grudgingly allowed me—“Give me all that crap, here.” He was almost as bad as MacDonald when I went in to see him about the NFO program. I couldn’t understand those people, you know? They were just stodgy. They weren’t thinking at all.

Anyway, because of Jimmy Thach’s memo, he agreed if the CarDiv commander had the time to do it, for me to have liaison with the CarDiv commander and permission to use the *Forrestal*. So after about four weeks of work they were ready to go. I went down to see Bill Martin. He used to be my executive officer; now he’s an admiral. He was incredulous. Never thought about it. But with him was his ops officer, Whitey Feightner, who was in Fighting 10. Whitey and I had been together in the *Bunker Hill*, and we were old friends. He also was ordered to that CarDiv staff when I was just a lieutenant commander. He was a lieutenant at the time. He was a lot of sharps. He had a mechanical mind, and he agreed, and I guess he convinced Bill Martin. So I arranged it.

All we did initially was make approaches and landed on the deck, and went through the deck, and they measured all the...and inside the airplane too. They figured out that if they were coming aboard at 95 knots that they would land in 300 feet. That’s all it would take. Which

means they wouldn't have to have a hook, even. Of course, we didn't have a hook. So we made twenty-six of those. Everything was hunky-dory, complete on that.
The next thing we did is then we went back. Now, Patuxent is very enthusiastic. They were putting different flanges or pressure things for the wheels, for the impact response, and changing the torque on the wheel, and a whole variety of things they learned while they were making these approaches and just flying through the deck. One airplane.

Then they went out again in October. I didn't go out with them this time, but I did the first time. This time they worked up a technique down at Patuxent so that they would approach, and as soon as they touched down they would hit the brakes and hold the stick back, and they would land without a hook in 300 feet. No problem. From the time they touched down they rolled out 300 feet. So on this one now, then we put full gas in it. The first we just had minimum gas. Put as though they were going on a long flight. I forget what the weight was—100,000 pounds or something. And everything worked out fine. We had excess wind over the deck, but we didn't need it. The whole concept made a lot of sense. I was getting very excited about the whole program.

About that time I get orders to be the skipper of the *Zelima*, a reefer. This is the weakness of our whole system. If you don't have an enthusiastic person pushing on a program, it will never get done, because of the stodginess of the mentality of the people who are supposedly famous Naval officers, or aviators or whatever you want to talk about. Then you run into the additional thing of the inertia of stretching a job out in the materiel command, so they can hire more people and that sort of thing. So when I went to sea the program died.

WINKLER: So Flatley was the pilot?

CARMODY: He was the pilot, yes. He did a nice job. He and the copilot, and the LSO, did a hell of a good job. Just coming aboard nicely. And now on the big carriers they could land on an angle. They didn't have to worry about the wingspan. Anyway, I must say that I was in cahoots with Kelly Johnson. You know who he was? He was the famous engineer that built the U-2. Did you see that up there.

WINKLER: Yes, the Skunk Works.

CARMODY: So we did the same thing with the U-2. We used the same technique and we tested the U-2 on the *Kitty Hawk* on the West Coast. It worked like a charm. It became an operational....

WINKLER: This is Side 2 of Tape Number VIII.

CARMODY: Was that too long a dissertation?

WINKLER: No. It was very interesting.

CARMODY: I have a story in here in case you want a reminder. I've got a couple stories. I wrote the stories.

WINKLER: Okay.

CARMODY: The U-2 and the C-130.

But now we had a desperate need for underway replenishment. We need it. During the Gulf War we didn't have the capacity and they had to bring it in to Saudi Arabia from the islands down in the....

WINKLER: Diego Garcia?

CARMODY: Garcia. And all kinds of impediments in time and so forth. Where a C-130 could take off with a load and fly it from Cairo, and fly right aboard the ship. And today we're depending on the Air Force for in-flight refueling. That will come to an end fast. They're going to short circuit us on that one. I'm trying to write a letter now to the Aviation Magazine on that subject. We'd better not get caught with our pants down. Now, people are so busy flying airplanes and fighting wars that they're not thinking downstream.

My motivation for moving this way is, I took advantage of my role as Op-506 and I stretched it. I made the arrangement, through my admiral, for the qualification of the U-2 aboard, because Kelly Johnson and I had worked.... I had lunch with him one time for something—I don't remember what it was now—and I said, "You know, one of the things that really bothers me is our logistics support. Air logistics support. It's too minimal." I said, "What we need is something like the C-130."

He picked that up and he said, "You know, the Air Force is landing that fully loaded, and landing it in 500 feet on unprepared land."

"Good God, how are they doing that?"

He said, "They reverse the props and put the brakes on."

I said, "Golly." Well, that's what started my wanting to do this. It wasn't my idea. I only made a suggestion, but it was Kelly Johnson. He sent the chief engineer from Marietta, Georgia, down and gave me a briefing, and my deputy, who said, "Red, have you lost your mind?" I said, not quite, but he caught on fast. That's how this whole thing really got gelled. The U-2 caper was really something worthwhile. I don't know how many times that the CIA used it. But I don't say anything about the CIA in my article, if you haven't seen it. I wanted to add that it was Kelly Johnson that probably motivated me.

I was thinking about it and wanted it, because I'd been thinking about that when I was XO of the *Oriskany*. It's kind of interesting that I had been in the *Oriskany* in 1952 and '53. Now I'm the exec of that. So I had a certain amount of affiliation with her. One of the things that I managed to do is, the main thing is keeping the ship clean. "Keep it clean; it's our house. Front yard. Don't dump stuff." A very interesting cruise for me in the *Oriskany*.

WINKLER: You mentioned the *Zelima*. You got orders for that.

CARMODY: Then I went through the boat school, the big pond they have at the boat school. Did all the coming alongside and that sort of thing. My advantage was that I had been driving the *Oriskany* in the many times we had in our tour, because we went to WestPac and all, and back. And I did all the underway replenishment at night. He was on the bridge, however, but never said anything. My eye's were better. But relative motion is second nature to us, from landing aboard a carrier. So it was no big deal. I mastered the thing and hell, I enjoyed it. I'll say this when I get to *Kitty Hawk*; I'll tell you a little story about that.

So I went through the school out there and then flew out to Honolulu to catch the *Zelima*. When I got out there she hadn't left Alameda yet. She was alongside in Alameda. So I flew back to the coast. It was that time that Kennedy was assassinated.

WINKLER: '63.

CARMODY: Whenever it was. It was '63?

WINKLER: Yes. November '63 you assumed command of the *Zelima*.

CARMODY: Yes, well that was it. It was '63. He was assassinated that year.

WINKLER: One point. While you were in Washington as the requirements branch head, the Cuban Missile Crisis....

CARMODY: That was not on my watch. I wasn't there at that time. That was later.

Now I'm the skipper of the *Zelima*, '63. I had just left the Pentagon. Finally I flew out to Yokosuka and spent a few days going over the ship with the captain, who was a mustang. Then he gave me the keys to the store and I had it. We never went to sea. I would have taken it to sea if it had been the other way around, but he didn't want to do it, apparently, and I didn't want to argue.

My good fortune was, a fellow by the name of Paul Stevens, who is a very prolific writer about patrol planes and all the things they did during World War II—a fine gentleman, just a nifty guy—had his reefer in dry dock just across the way from where I was at Yokosuka. We were in the bar. Everybody went to the bar up there. That was, you know, kind of the meeting place. So we had a drink together, because I was a new arrival, and he said, "Red, I have to go out to sea and I'm going to be out about a day and a half and be back. Maybe two days." Or whatever it was. And he said, "Would you like to come out with me? I'll give you a chance to handle the ship if you'd like."

I said, "Boy, would I ever like that." I'd handled the *Oriskany*, but this was a single screw. So damn, if it wasn't in the dry dock and he even let me back it out of the dry dock. The tugs were pulling us back out, of course, and he let me handle the tugs. Made a couple of little suggestions. Slewed it around. Yokosuka harbor is kind of tight. You've been there, haven't you?

WINKLER: No. Never have.

CARMODY: It's a locked harbor. Here we go out through there with, I forget the name of his reefer. It was almost the same class as I had. It was a C3 hull. We went out and, hell, everything that he did he just let me do it. I went down to the engine room and talked to the engineering people and asked them what would they like, what's their way of doing things, did they have cooperation with the bridge, and a variety of things. Do they give you enough time?—because I had learned this in the *Oriskany*. If you're going to have an evolution coming up, always keep your engineers advised, so there's no hesitating. It's your fault if anything happens if you don't tell them. Let them know ahead of time. I enforced that. But this Paul Stevens was just a wonderful fellow. We've been friends for a long time, since. He's a retired captain. He would have been Chief of Naval Operations if he had stayed in, he was so smart. But a nice fellow. Very nice.

So when we came back in, then we went around to the cold storage place, went alongside there. I'm trying to remember where it was. What's the next big town up from Yokosuka? But we got all our cold stores. We got underway, and I stayed underway for the next, I forget how long it was, but I was out there for about four months. All my directions came by message, where to go. I was on my own the whole time for the first four months I was out there. I just had a ball. I really enjoyed it, enjoyed every minute of it. Learned to handle that ship. I would always tell the pilot that I would appreciate it if he would stand by and watch me. Keep me from making a mistake, but I would like to learn how to come alongside. Not alongside at sea, but come alongside the pier. So I almost had it strapped on my butt. I'll tell you a little incident that occurred later on.

We were busy as can be. The war started about that time. The incident occurred.

WINKLER: Yes, Tonkin Gulf.

CARMODY: And we were only about 100 miles from there when that happened. No, it wasn't the Tonkin Gulf, it was below there. But that's all right, whatever the incident was. Of course, it was as phony as a three-dollar bill. There was no one around that outfit. They didn't have those kind of ships they were talking about. But nevertheless, that whole thing was kind of squashed.

Well then, of course, we were busy nubbing (phonetic). Carriers, cruisers, destroyers, mine sweepers, everything you could think about. As I say, what I enjoyed about it is we operated independently. We'd go into Subic. In Hong Kong we would anchor out; we went in there a couple of times. I've been into Sasebo, took it in there. That's where the commander was, of 77.3. I just enjoyed everything. Just had a ball there. And felt a little bit cocky because I could handle the ship as well as anybody, or better. A little more foolhardy, probably. But that was a wonderful experience.

One thing, we had such a hard-working crew. It was mostly what we called sweeshee (phonetic), because we didn't have many mechanical helpers. We had dollies that you roll, and rollers. But we never missed the time or anything else. I cleaned up the ship before I left.

Oh, excuse me. One thing, I'm kind of nutty about cleanliness. There was resistance, but everybody enjoyed the cleanliness of the ship after we got it squared away.

Well, in the middle of the cruise, about four and a half months, they ordered me to go to Alameda for some kind of an intermediate overhaul, and come back through Honolulu. The accommodations for the crew on that ship were very, very poor. They had big bunkrooms there, and just a sheet across the end for the first-class petty officers. The chief had another one. For anybody in that bunk area, if they had to take a leak at night they had to go out the door and down a passageway to someplace here. The whole damn thing was just—it wasn't made for this type of work. So I did a little measuring and did some figuring and redesigned the arrangement of the ship down there, and made my plans.

We went back through Honolulu because I had to report to the chief of staff for logistics in the Pacific. His team. They had regular offices, the division there. They were talking about morale and all this sort of thing. I said, "While we're on that subject," I explained the inconveniences that our crew had to go through just to go to the john at night. They had to traipse through and down here and around and into this. And that I had done some measuring and we could put a head right next to them by moving something here and doing that. Oh, move the ship's store, whatever they call it, where you go and buy things.

WINKLER: Gedunk or whatever.

CARMODY: Yeah, and whatever. That was down there. I said, "I've got a place to put that right in the island." Right in the house. We didn't call it the island—the house. We move it up there and it's convenient now. Anybody can go, because going through the passageway fore and aft you can go right into the store. It was about half this size, just perfect. What we did is put a head where that was, a men's washroom and head. It was about the same size. We had four or five here, and we put showers there. They could open the door and come through from their sleeping quarters.

Well, they didn't want to do it. They didn't want to do it. And the junior guy, "Oh, we don't have the money for that. No way. That old ship," and so forth.

So then I went to the admiral. I forget who it was. But I told him the importance of this. I said, "Admiral, I've been impressed by the message that you've been putting out about morale and taking care of our crew, and so forth. I've been on the *Zelima* now for four months and here are my thoughts on this." I said, "This is a program that I feel would be most helpful to the convenience and helping the crew and the morale. They have to do that all the time. Get up and if it's cold and we're north, they have to be bundled up and have to go out through this passageway and around." And I explained to him. Well, I had him locked, and his ops officer right there, who had turned me down, with me on this. Man, he was pissed at me. So be it.

Well, that was one of the mods we made while we were in the yard at Alameda. What a convenience. Easier to keep clean. Good clean heads. Open, more space. Better venting; we vented the thing properly. And the ship's store that was up in the island. There was just no imagination to those people. We got it done. So the crew and I got along very well. We had a good crew. I was a tough taskmaster.

The down side of that was, we had a couple of homosexuals aboard. They were caught in the act by the master-at-arms force. Oh, that's another thing I learned in the *Kitty Hawk*. Make sure those master-at-arms are working for you and not for anybody else. As exec I really laid the law to them. We had a commander we had to get rid of. I did the same thing when I was the skipper of the ship. When that happened—we had about four cases there—they did their job. So all we did is, I brought them before me and...why you're here...violation of this. We had a guy who was the scribe who knew, the yeoman. I said, "We're going to put you ashore at the closest Naval Investigative Service office." They handled that for the details, and I guess they got discharged, I don't know. That was kind of the down side, but I became conscious of it.
I would say between being the exec of the *Oriskany* and the skipper of the *Zelima*, and then the skipper of the *Kitty Hawk*, that I had almost a hundred cases where I had to enforce the law and we decided to get rid of them right away. We would isolate them, maybe put them in the brig. Not for locking up, but just to get them out of the.... Boy, I'll tell you, we had a first class boatswain's mate that was an old salt. He was good at everything. And he had a harem. Of course, we always have the problem there that it's always the senior officer taking advantage of a junior something. Juniors don't do that. It was a bad situation. I'm a little bit biased in that area because I saw quite a bit of it. I advertised what our policies were on the 1MC when I was the skipper of the *Kitty Hawk* very early. Those are just incidents.

We came back to California and I was in there for three months. It was while I was in there that I met Barbara. She worked for the Kaiser Corporation. She was Mr. Kaiser's executive secretary. And I was divorced by that time.

WINKLER: Okay. That was the next question I was going to ask you.

CARMODY: Yeah, I was divorced at that time. Are you a divorced man?

WINKLER: No, no. I've always been single.

CARMODY: Okay. Well, anyway, just a little thing that happened then.
WINKLER: What was your philosophy as far as junior officer training, as far as getting these guys experience at the conn?

CARMODY: I would announce on the 1MC, "Anyone interested in getting qualified conning a carrier or a...." Of course we didn't have any officers on the...because we had such a big supply group. But I qualified the chief engineer underway on the *Zelima*. He would stand watches. And the communicator. And the navigator, who had never had a chance to before. Anybody that wanted to get qualified underway, I said: Good.

Now, when I'm on the *Kitty Hawk* we're doing so many underway replenishments that—I'll tell you a little bit about that. Because of my past experience, which was a great help to me in taking over the *Kitty Hawk*, I got a picture of what the existing force was. I took over when it came out of the yard, and the skipper was a pretty slob type, and left a filthy dirty ship, and not very good discipline aboard, I found out. But I was used to those things, having been the mayor

of the *Oriskany*. I turned to on that, to make sure that everybody knew what they were supposed to do and no nonsense.

Now let me talk about the people on the bridge. First thing is there were only four watch teams for bridge. When we went out initially for our training off the coast of California the four teams were pretty good but they were all a little bit nervous and didn't have enough experience, and so on. So the first thing I did is, we did a lot of Oscar-overboard drills.
We always had about seven people on the watch team because the *Kitty Hawk* is so big. That includes the fellow at the helm. I think there were about seven people involved in that. What I did then is sized up what we were doing and then started to make corrections that I thought would be a help. The big thing was education for the officers in charge. There were a lot of things they didn't know. They had never practiced one of those turns. None of them had ever had any experience with man overboard because they had been in the yard for a year, and I don't know where they came from to begin with. So we started by that. We drilled and we drilled. After I had been aboard for a while I increased it to six watch groups. Then I expanded to ten. So that they didn't rotate all the time. They rotated this way. And personally worked with the fellows so that we'd bring everybody that was involved in watchstanding, whatever it was, lookout or watchstanding, all the officers, up to the bridge. And then we'd have a man overboard drill, and whoever was the duty officer there would handle it. Of course, we went over it ahead of time. So we would make that turn, that Williamson turn, and come back and down. I don't know whether it was right or left, that turn; I've forgotten. The Williamson turn, there.

WINKLER: It depends on which side the guy goes over.

CARMODY: Exactly. So anyway, we did that. What I would do then—you know, it's sixty feet wide, that bridge, and about twenty feet deep. They're huge. I'd have them all up there. And then I would go over step by step. I wanted the man who was in charge there to know that I was not criticizing him. I said I'm using you so the other people can understand what I'm talking about here. Now, here are the things that he didn't do. That's because he hasn't had a chance to be trained yet. We're going to do that. So just keep in mind—the whole thing here is for people to learn. I know how to do all these things, and I want you to know as much about handling this ship as I do, that I feel that I'm qualified. I can be a watch officer at any time and do it.

So when we'd have it, then I would critique afterwards and go right through the steps. Okay, let's try it again. Now we would do it, and then he was confident and he would do this Williamson turn. Or I would suggest that we try a Williamson turn, or just making a big turn and come back. Of course, you go about two miles out of your way to make that turn, as you know.

WINKLER: The racetrack recovery.

CARMODY: Yeah, and then back. Come alongside and pick it up. We'd always pick it up on the starboard side because where the bridge was, on the starboard side of that ship. Pretty soon each watch team, I would put them through a drill, but the rest of the watch teams had to be watching and listening. I really honed that team. I think we kicked that up to about twelve, so that we had

to rotate every twelve days, so to speak. The guys loved it. And the reason I liked it is because once I understood—the watch officers were jg's. And the best one, of course, was a former warrant officer. They all responded accordingly. It took a big load off my mind, I'll tell you, as time went by. This was all off the West Coast. We discussed what each was doing and what the combination was. The orders to the helm, make sure they're clear. Check the headings. The rule was, as soon as man overboard they would throw the flares over the side to identify the spot. I was just proud as punch of those people.

You can ask anyone. I never stayed on the bridge very much at all. I was wandering around the ship doing my thing. I'll give you an instance of that. We were alongside refueling and I was down watching our crew. In this case the Sacramento was alongside, the big one. I am on the hangar deck watching this. We were taking on ammo forward and oil aft. Or maybe it was the other way around—whatever. Because that's the way the Sacramento is. So while I'm there I'm just watching the attitude of the crew. I was a prowler. I was always going around the ship and looking at things, keeping the people on their toes anyway. All of a sudden: bong, bong, bong, bong. "Fire, fire, fire," wherever it was. "Man your fire stations," and so forth. They did it quick, they didn't wait for me, they ran it perfectly. All I did was go over to the wall phone over by the brow that we used where visitors came aboard, and I said, "Go to general quarters." The next thing you know they're at general quarters. Buttoned up. We had a fire in the....

WINKLER: This is Tape IX, on June 3, 2002, with Admiral Carmody. We're picking up with general quarters on the *Kitty Hawk* because she had a fire.

CARMODY: I'll finish up on that. What I did then is went over and went up to the bridge. That's where you're supposed to be, because that's your center of communication. The bridge was quiet. Just a perfect bunch of guys, and they handled everything. I said, "The only reason for me saying that, when they said it was in the engine room I was worried about fuel and other things that are coming in there. That's why we went to general quarters, so that we have double coverage. That was all right. I wasn't countermanding you. When I did that I did it just as a matter of safety."

Several incidents of this. One of the undersecretaries of the Navy was out on a prowl in WestPac....

WINKLER: One thing to start, I just wanted to mention. Could you talk about getting orders to the *Kitty Hawk*?

CARMODY: I did say that I was surprised that they would give me the *Kitty Hawk*, because it was kind of the queen of the Pacific. Relatively new, historic name, and so forth. Of course I was tickled pink. I never dreamed that.... I told you that I did not pay much attention to my career. It was handed to me. I didn't do anything. I never proselytized, I never asked anybody for anything. The only time I did was once, when I asked for that air group. Because I felt that was the ultimate insult that they hadn't selected me.

Anyway, getting back to that—I'll be on the bridge. Thorough training. Thorough training. But I never put any pressure on them. Remember that's the way we do it. You're not always perfect, but try. We had a quiet bridge. They did fine.

The assistant Secretary for something, personnel or whatever it was, was visiting there. So we're underway replenishing. I talked to the executive officer. The executive officer had the conn because we were alongside. I said, "Do you feel comfortable up here? Do you think it would it be okay if I go down and have dinner with the...." No, excuse me. We weren't replenishing. We were just underway. We're off Honolulu. I think it's when we were off Honolulu on the way over. It was just the officer of the deck and the whole team was up there. So I went downstairs, down to the admiral's cabin. Well, I'll tell the incident; I'm not too certain at what time in the operation this was. But about dessert time down below.... Oh, there was somebody else aboard, visiting. I can't remember who this was, now. My memory is a little bit foggy here, but I'll tell the incident. I know that clean.

All of a sudden we get the "Man overboard," bomp bomp bomp bomp, you know the noise you make. "Man overboard, man overboard on the starboard side," etc. So I said, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll go up to the bridge. So I went up to the bridge. And unbeknownst to me, that whole wardroom that was there was following me. So I get up there and step on the bridge. It's dark. It's night. I look at the situation. I don't say a word. They're making a regular turn. Then the people came on the bridge. I mean, they kind of crowded on there—there's a lot of room there anyway—the secretary and his aide, and whoever else was there. I walked over to the starboard side, which is sixty feet away or more. I came on the bridge and listened to what was going on. Everything was quiet. The guy had it; he was making the turn. The flares were out. I said, "Have all the procedures been observed?"

He said, "We have all (phonetic), Captain."

Then I went over and saw that he was making a little bit too tight a turn. So I just walked over like this by the window and said, "Ease your turn a bit," and looked out the window. And he did. He came around and we came back. We lost the people, because I think it was from a helicopter, and the man went through the screws. We looked for about two and a half days, and finally just gave up. We wanted to see if we could find the body or some remnants. We didn't. But the way those people handled that just pleased me no end.

We came back and then as we made the final approach I said, "I'll take the conn now," so they wouldn't have that pressure on them. They write it down in the log, "The Captain has the conn." We came along that area and there was no sign of anything there. We launched a helicopter. They were out and we couldn't see it. We came almost to a stop there. I forget which way the wind was blowing there, but we slowed down. We couldn't see anything in that area, so "All ahead slow." But we stayed right in the area there. I stayed on the bridge but the other people went back.

The visiting guru, the flag officer visiting with the secretary, just couldn't get over the fact that I wasn't on the bridge all the time, and he made some comment. I said, "Admiral, I have great

confidence in my teams of watch officers. I've trained them very diligently. Didn't you think that the officer did a nice job?"

"Yes," he said. He'd never had it happen to him; he'd never been skipper of the *Kitty Hawk*.Then I had another occasion when that happened. I don't remember the details of this either. But I was so confident. And my confidence just caused them to be motivated to do everything right. They were flawless.

I'll give you another example of my confidence in these people. We went through an ORI by ComFAirHawaii. That's required. Operational Readiness Inspection. I never had top watch standers. No command watchstanders. Only the ones that were in line. So when we came in I asked the exec, or whoever I had—maybe it was one of the watch officers—who was going to have the conn when we got underway from H pier there, down from the *Arizona*. We were there. They told me who it was. So the morning that we were going to get underway to go out for our exercises, ORI, I asked who it was, and I said, "How do you feel about taking the conn?" I said, "I'll back it away from the pier," and I went over our procedures, what we were going to do. Back away from the pier and we'll make all the salutes, because we had to back right there. Then we're going to go around Ford Island, go around and we're going to go out through there. "How do you feel about it."

The guy says, "Well, fine, Captain. I'm delighted." Or something to show approval.
I said, "Okay. I want to let you know that I'm going to give it to you. I don't want you to be not so you're thinking about what you're going to do. Remember where the wind is all the time," because we have to go around at about five knots, you know. You have to have a little rudder on to keep it, so you don't get blown down. Which he acknowledged. Now the admiral is on the bridge with his observers. I back it out—don't even pay any attention to the admiral—back it out and said, "Are you ready to take the deck?" whoever it was, lieutenant so-and-so. Or jg—it was a jg, I believe.
He said, "Aye, aye, sir."
I said, "All right. Mr. (so and so) has the deck." They passed the word around to everybody. So I just stayed on the bridge and watched it. He took it around nicely, right in the middle of the channel. Brought it around and came down the far side. You've been there. You make that little hook and then you go like this to go out? Because this is the island and the entrance is over here. So when you're coming around the island you have to turn this way and then you have to turn this way, to kind of get into it.

Well, I noticed that he had not taken wind into—it was about ten or fifteen knots now, broadside to us. When he was coming like this and started his turn, the wind—it was not perceptible, but we were moving this way. So I just, the same thing as I did the other time, I just walked past him and said, "Back your inboard screw," just quietly.
Just like that he says to the helmsman, or whatever they do to have what they want....

WINKLER: The lee helm.

CARMODY: Yes. He backed one-third. I always said that we want to back one-third. If we need more we'll...but let's do it easy. Backed the starboard screws one-third—whatever the words, you

know the routine—and just corrected nicely. Because it was headed towards Hospital Point there. But I just said it quietly. I don't think the admiral even heard me. He took that thing right out into the open ocean and we went on to our operating place. Of course I was very proud of the guys, you know. And the confidence I had in them flowed to the other people.

Now we went out to the area and we started flight operations. I'll jump ahead and tell you that we had the highest mark ever made by a carrier going through Operational Readiness Inspection. That made me feel kind of good.

Now, we plan on coming back. We were out three days, and they were putting us through all the maneuvers. Loading nuclear weapons and the whole thing, and I had that team whipped up. I had some very good officers. A couple who came on the ship with me. I tell this story because, of course I'm proud of it, but how well our people operated. So now when we're coming back, whoever it was—no top watch stander—whoever that was his turn, whether we were in the middle of underway replenishment or going in the harbor, he had the conn. On the starboard side there you can look right over into the water from that carrier, looking out the side. Geez, the rocks looked close there. Of course, your hull is eighty feet away from it, you know. I didn't say anything. He made the corrections. Just slight ones. That's another thing I said: Never make a big, wild correction unless it's a collision situation.

Anyhow, he took it in, and then made a slight turn, and we're going to the H pier again. Straight ahead, across from the *Arizona*. Then I relieved him of the conn and said I'll take it the rest of the way. There was a pilot aboard, and we had those. I told the pilot if you just make sure I don't make mistakes, I'll keep the conn. Of course, it was all showboating for the inspection team.

But what tickled me is here we have lieutenant jg's and lieutenants doing this, and their backups are lieutenant commanders or lieutenants and those other people who want to get squared away. My exec had never had this opportunity. We qualified him aboard in ship handling alongside. He wanted to learn as much as possible. All because we just drilled and drilled on those things. And I knew it because I'd been through this before on the *Oriskany*, and all the mistakes if we made any. I was attuned to them. The big thing was having confidence in the guys to give them the conn, let them have it.

WINKLER: Okay, *Kitty Hawk* was very successful in the ORI. From Hawaii, I guess, then you deployed to WestPac?

CARMODY: Yes. At my request we went silent, so that we couldn't be tracked by satellites. All our broadcasts were made from an A-2. The broadcasts would be made a hundred miles away from us. We think that we went all the way without being identified. We didn't take the usual route. We went right straight to the south of Okinawa. We didn't make the great circle; we went around the long distance. At no time were we ever shadowed by a Bear or a Badger or one of the long-range ships, that we know of. We were trying to practice electronic silence. Because carriers

are like a Christmas tree. Any ship is like a Christmas tree when their radar and the other things are humming. You can't change it.

That's what worries me right now about this electronic catapult they're putting in. I'm afraid that there's going to be a lot of very-low-frequency type emissions going to come out as side-tones (phonetic) and they're going to be able to be picked up. They may be dampening some but they can't dampen all of them. That program could identify it as a ship because the low frequency is an inherent structural harmonic that you can't get rid of. That's why I'm going for that new type of catapult. I don't think they've even thought of it. I've had trouble with that before with people.

I didn't know what our score was; that came out later. I found out we had the highest score, the highest mark that went through. And of course it was because of all the people ahead of me who trained me. I acknowledge that.

We arrived over there. We went into Yokosuka first. We off-loaded whatever we had to deliver there. Then we went down to the Gulf and started operating in the Gulf under orders from Saigon. You know, we were working from op orders. Or whatever, but generally that was our source.

About the third or fourth day, we were in the Gulf and there was the Gidrofon. The Gidrofon was a 90-foot electronic warfare trawler. You've heard of them? The first day they just stayed off to the side a little bit. But the second day they were testing our mettle, I guess. We were recovering F-4s at the time, and they came out in front of us. Got right in front of us and cut their engines and ran up a "ship not under control." So what I had to do is make a turn and go around them at pretty high speed. Then the whole force went by, but we had to hold up two or three F-4s. They couldn't land until we got on the course again.

So what I did is had a conference with the bridge watch, and said, "Now, we're not going to let this happen again." We used the international signals, and I used my horn blasting, you know, emergency. You know that a carrier operating aircraft, you're supposed to stay clear of them. International law. So what I did is said we're going to have a little program here. I told the officers who were the officers of the deck, every four hours, of course. We had a meeting. I said, what we're going to do—I'll call this X-ray Zulu. I don't remember what we called it. "When that signal comes out, here's what you do. Let's keep a camera on the bridge, and let's keep a camera up forward by the transmitting pole there. When we say, 'Execute Program X-ray Bravo Zulu,'" or whatever it was, "then here's what we do."

I got some people down off the flight deck and had them up at this meeting, the boatswain's mate chief, those who were there. "What we'll do is we'll start taking a picture of that Gidrofon and we'll follow it all the way, whatever it does. Of course, we'll have the usual signals and we'll keep trying to get hold of them. We'll have lights. But I want everything logged. When you're up there I want you to log, 'We've come this far now here and it's closing on us, and our course is so and so and their course is this.' Get everything down in the log and tape it as well."

Sure enough the next day he tried it again. He kept coming and kept coming and kept coming. We were recovering. There was wind, of course. I don't think we were going over fifteen knots, maybe twenty. He got out in front of us there about a mile. Stopped right there, ran up the out-of-control signal. I kept blasting the horn, telling them to keep the whistles going. The international danger signals. And we're talking to him on the radio and we're flashing lights at him and telling him this. And they don't move, they don't move, they don't move. I told the guys: We can't have this; I'm just going to continue right on. I'm not too sure what's going to happen or whether I'll be here after this but we can't put up with this nonsense when we're trying to recover, or launching aircraft.

When I guessed to be about 1,000 yards, which is 3,000 feet, in that order—the nearest water over the bow that you can see from the bridge is 900 feet, because we're so far back. So I looked at that distance there and we kept going, and we're blasting the horn the whole time, telling him you're violating international law, and had everything recorded. The log was keeping up with it. All of a sudden his engines were working. He couldn't go forward fast enough, so he backed out of the way, like this. But his top hamper got caught on the deck-edge elevator. But he went right under on this side. I know they had a few fat women aboard, and the other people. We never heard from them.

All I did is send an incident report, standard procedure. In that report we said what they had done and we continued to operate. We were recovering aircraft at the time and we kept operating, and they stopped right in front of us at about a couple of miles, two miles I would say, and I didn't feel it was prudent for us to be possibly missing a landing because of that obstruction, and I just kept going. And then I told them he backed out. Anyway, we sent them a message. I never heard anything more about it.

WINKLER: Then I think they lodged an official protest, because I think the incident makes my book.

CARMODY: Oh, does it? Okay. Well, you know about it then. I didn't know that was common knowledge.

WINKLER: Not really, but....

CARMODY: Anyway they stayed clear of us from then on. They never got close, because I guess they figured that crazy guy will kill us if we're not careful. I was being as crazy as they were. That was just a little incident that happened.

The other thing, ships coming out of Haiphong, Russian breakbulk ships, they didn't pay any attention at all to international rules. We were at ninety degrees from them going out across this way and they were ten miles away. We were doing maybe about ten knots. It was night. That ship just kept coming and kept coming and kept coming. In international law, you know, you go under the stern from that position. International law, you make a slight turn and go under the stern of the crossing ship. That's law. Hell, they'd have none of it. Well, I just kept going and kept going. But I had them call down to the engine room. I said, be ready for a back throttle at any time because we've got this ship. And we didn't know what he was going to do. He just kept

coming and kept coming. I could see his top lights over the bow. That's all; I couldn't see the rest at all, but that's where it was. We almost had a collision. Discretion took charge in this case, so I said, "Back one-third," and slowed the advance. But it was interesting. They paid no attention to any of the rules. Outlaws.

Did I talk about the fire?

WINKLER: No.

CARMODY: Okay. The Sacramento was alongside for refueling?

WINKLER: Oh, yes. We talked about that. We got that.

CARMODY: Okay, I wanted to make sure. I gave the bridge team an attaboy for their quick reaction in doing that, and the whole fire-fighting team. Somebody, some new person, was killed —I can't remember who it was now—by asphyxiation. Everybody else got out through the escape tube in that machinery room. What happened is, the surge in their pump, on the Sacramento, caused a big surge going through in those big down pipes, like this. There was a flange inside the engine room. Something gave way, and high-pressure fuel sprayed behind the furnaces into the generator. That's what started the fire. It was a mist, so it was pretty devastating. But we put that out in record time. We only lost one person. I was glad for that.

It was eventful, because we were operating around the clock at the time. Every time I was on line, I was always designated the task group commander. The ops staff people took care of running that show. We would fly twelve hours on and twelve hours off. Other than that we just flew a heck of a lot and we were busy as can be.

WINKLER: Side B of Tape IX, and you are talking about the coaling plant?

CARMODY: At Cam Pha. Nowhere anywhere in our intelligence history was there any comments or pictures about this big coaling plant that exported coal out of North Vietnam, in Cam Pha. What happened is the RA-5C was coming back from up at Dien Bien Phu (phonetic) and he had his eighteen-inch-focal-length pan camera going like this. It looked fifteen miles that way and fifteen miles this way. Beautiful pictures came out of it. When they landed and did the camera work, here's this pristine coaling plant. Nothing there. And a big long, where they could handle a couple of ships alongside, for coal. They had the big chutes that go into the coal, that type there. Perfect pictures. I was the intelligence officer for the ship, by the way. That's what the lieutenant commander who was the intelligence officer told General Westmoreland when he was visiting us. He said, "Well, are you...?"
He said, "No, actually, the skipper's the intelligence officer, and I'm his assistant." He told me about it; he thought that was a good joke.

Anyway, you see, I was the program manager on the IOIC and fought with the intelligence command and fought with my other people there in the electronics business, because they didn't want to incorporate it. Do you know what the IOIC was?

WINKLER: No.

CARMODY: Integrated Operational Intelligence. What we would do, we'd get the pictures and the electronic, and we'd put them on a big plot, so we'd know exactly what was there, and all the things, close-up pictures that were taken. Here's this beautiful picture of the Cam Pha coaling plant. So when they brought this intelligence up to me on the bridge—or maybe I went down. I was always roaming. Whether I was up above or down below, I can't remember now. But I was very excited about this. So I called the air group commander and we went up to my cabin. I had nice new carpeting on there, kind of deep, and if you ran your hand this way, it stayed there.

What we did is, I worked out an attack plan. He humored me and said that's a good idea; we'll do it that way. I said, "What we'll do now is, let's get A-6s and F-4s, and whatever you think" the load was. I think we had 6,000 pounds on A-6s and we had eight F-4s with 4,000 pounds each. I don't know what the settings were. Slightly delayed settings, I gather, for the fuses. I said, "What I'm going to do now, we're going to just absolutely ignore the takeoff. We're going to carry on a different conversation as though we were operating as usual. But we'll launch this strike at low altitude. I'll steam up during the night to within fifty miles of Cam Pha, so fuel won't be a consideration." The CAG, by the way, was a shipmate of mine during the Korean shoot. He shot down a MiG with his F9F-5. He was in one of the fighter squadrons I was telling you about. His name was Royce Williams. So Royce came aboard as the CAG, and we were old friends, of course. I had great respect and relied on him for doing the right thing.

So they went over and they beat the hell out of the thing the next morning. But in the meantime, that night, a big 900-foot Polish collier came in alongside, and they were coaling when we hit them. We never did hit the ship with any bombs, but debris was flying through the air. They did a hell of a job on this. They were completely surprised. There wasn't very much AA fire around this thing.

What I did, which was a little bit of fudging, about midnight I sent out the message for my intents. We had to send the intents and it went to a regular—including the White House war room and the Pentagon, down in the basement there. I put on it "UNODIR"—unless otherwise directed these are my intentions. That's what it means. I said that this came up and our intent to attack this in the morning, or whenever it was, and whatever the format was at the time. It was cryptic. So about the time they were attacking we got a frantic, "Cancel it, cancel, cancel." The Pentagon staff or the staff working at the White House then were flummoxed by this, I guess. They sent a frantic "flash," "emergency," or something to "cancel, cancel." Well, they were all over the target, so I didn't have a chance to cancel. There's a story about that someplace in the magazine.

By and large the whole military were pawns in this program. There's no question about that. This was all a political something or other. It was just a shame that we were losing so many pilots to them, and just wearing our crews out and wearing our equipment out. It was just a terrible thing, in my mind. I sent the message that says CTG 77.1.—whatever it is that was my call sign—said I recommend that we stay down two days a week, that our bombing was not effective, our night bombing we have no verification that it is good or bad. And of course I got

criticized for that. “That’s not your business,” or something. But my admiral that was aboard my ship, he agreed with me. He sent it on with no comment. I mean, I had him chop it. But he said, “We’re not going to get anywhere with this.” This is Jim Reedy, who was the commander that I told you wasn’t a carrier aviator. And of course we knew each other from that time.

Anyway, that was a very successful raid. They were unable to use it for another ten months. Just a little side where I butted in on something.

WINKLER: Overall, the cruise—you got a Legion of Merit for being CO of *Kitty Hawk* during the time period, and you were CTG 77.6 at times. Some of your aircraft, obviously, were shot down, lost some pilots?

CARMODY: Yes, we lost quite a number. And we had a very dramatic incident where we could see they bailed out off the port quarter, because I guess they didn’t want to go into the water with a crippled airplane—couldn’t handle it too well. And we lost them over the beach. We lost quite a number of A-6s and A-4s. Not many F-4s were lost. I think maybe one or two, I don’t remember exactly.

WINKLER: Was this an introductory tour for the A-6?

CARMODY: We were the second. Well, yes it was, because they had such a terrible maintenance problem in Independence they didn’t have the number of strikes that our people went on. It was the first full-up A-6 strikes, and the A-6 really carried a load. They were a good airplane. Got shot down, too.

WINKLER: I interviewed Admiral Bill Small, and he had, I guess, an A-6 squadron. It was kind of a make or break deployment.

CARMODY: Do you know what ship he was in? Independence?

WINKLER: I don’t think it was Independence. It may have been Constellation.

CARMODY: Well, that was after me. Constellation relieved us.

WINKLER: Right. It probably was Constellation, because he said the previous two A-6 squadrons were shot up pretty bad.

CARMODY: No, not that bad. They were shot up, but we always had a full—we had replacements. They did a good job, except the bombing radars weren’t working at all.

WINKLER: Yes, I think that’s what he was trying to fix.

CARMODY: Maybe a little side story on that. This fellow Lacouture we were talking about. He’s an Iago in your midst. You know who I mean, in that—what is that opera? The Moor?

Remember, he was the villain? He was always two-faced? Actually the A-6 was doing a hell of a good job, but they couldn't bomb blind because it wasn't accurate enough.

Now, I had gone to Bob Pirie with my team of people and pleaded with him not to allow any of the A-6s to be deployed until they fixed that bombing system. Of course, I didn't get anywhere. I won't go into that. So I knew what to expect when I got out there. But they were very good at visual bombing, that they did during the day. They couldn't do much at night but they were pretty darn good during the day. And they carried a hell of a good load, so when they dropped they had some damage. And they did pretty good at night visually. But the bomb system wasn't good at all.

My attitude was: Don't blame the airplane on this; blame the bombing system that was put into it. That was the problem. Don't blame the airplane; it had all kinds of good features. It had good range, it could stay up long, it carried big loads, it was tough. It was a very good airplane. The reason that there was almost a crusade against it is because Tom Connolly was trying to get them out of the fleet so that he could spend all that money on the F-14.

Now, let me tell you what I'm talking about. One day I'm on the bridge during this period and my communicator, who was a Naval aviator, came up. We had good rapport. He delayed handing me the message, by the way, until the strike was over, when we went to the Cam Pha coaling plant. He came up and said, "Captain, this is something I think you ought to see." It was a back-channel message from Lacouture, who was the chief of staff, to Connolly, saying how bad the A-6s were, and that we ought to replace them with A-4s.

Now, when I got that I called up Admiral Reedy and I said, "I'd like to come down and see you, Admiral. And would you please have your chief of staff there." So I went down to see them, and I showed him the message. I said, "To have somebody in my ship sending this back-channel message to destroy what we're trying to accomplish here is a damn low..." I made some nasty remark about it. I said, "And John Lacouture is the one that sent this message. And I'll be damned if I'm going to put up with this nonsense. If you're not going to handle it, I'm going to go to the CinC." I was so pissed off at the guy. It shows what kind of guy he was. He was playing the Tom Connolly card for his being a flag officer, for him. That's all he was doing.

Well, the same thing happened when we were down on our first operations. We went down south and supported, around Saigon. We were down off the Saigon River in the South China Sea. We were operating and all of a sudden I'm told by one of the staff members that the press is coming from Saigon to visit our ship. I said, "What are you talking about?"

"Well, they're coming."

I said, "Well, who invited them?" He took it upon himself not to tell me what was going on and invited the entire—all the foreign press. The foreign press. Including Russians and Polish and Chinese, and everybody else. Boy, I was steamed. I didn't say anything to begin with. But the next thing that happened is, I'm up on the bridge and I look, and this guy's clicking, getting a picture of our aerial bomb rack, which was classified. On the bull horn I said, "Boatswain's mate forward," near that place, "there's a fellow taking pictures of that A-6. I want you to confiscate that camera and bring it to me." Of course, the guy was a Polish guy. So he brought him back.

Somebody took the film out, and I said, "Return the camera to him." Of course, he was complaining about it.

The next thing I hear, I'm front and center down in the admiral's cabin. We're operating, but that didn't bother me because I had a good staff team. I used to leave the bridge all the time. I went down to see him, and he's pissed off. "God damn it, what the hell are you doing? I invited that...," the admiral's telling me. The Cheshire Cat's sitting back there, who knows all about it and he hasn't told me that we were going to have it happen. Now you know how I began to feel about the guy.

I said, "Admiral, this is my ship. I am responsible for everything on this ship. What he was doing is looking at the airplanes I'm responsible for. And we're told that we're not to have these bomb racks—they're supposed to be classified. I ordered that we take the camera away from him and we took out the film and threw it away. Because it's my ship. If you want to take responsibility, you send me a message and tell me that you're responsible for everything on my ship that's going wrong. I'll obey you. But until you tell me that, I'm still running this ship." And I said, "And furthermore your aide double-crossed and cut my throat on this thing, and I don't like it." Well, what could he say to me? I walked out of the place. What could he say to me? "Just tell me what you want and I'll obey you. But by God, until I get that, I'm running this ship. If you want to take it over that's your responsibility."

He got the message. So you see what kind of a bastard I am. I was pretty used to getting in things like that. He had no right to do what he did. He should have kept me posted. But he didn't know about it; he was kind of a dumb guy. But this old weasel that I'm talking about: If you've taken history about him, that's fine. But a lot of it, there's probably little factual information, true facts. Boy, I was upset.

Then later on to have this thing on the A-6. I went to see him. He didn't call for me. So I had two incidents with this guy, which was undermining my command. Of course, he was pissed off. He had the *Saratoga*; he made a mess of it. And he never did get promoted to flag. He's one of those kind of guys, I'll tell you. I have a bad taste in my mouth about somebody that would do that. I like harmony and unity in the staff and I tried my best to support the admiral in every way, but I did what was right. That's just a little side story. I don't know where people get this. We have too many people like that in our organization.

One of the guys I had trouble with, dealing on the sea control ship, was a guy you were talking about, Mustin. God, he was like a little ferret. Taking charge and so forth. I guess he worked for Bud. I forget who he was working for, but anyway, on Bud's staff. Hell, I said, "I'm a flag officer. Since when do you start ordering flag officers around? Or his staff? You have no authority whatsoever; keep that in mind. If you have some complaint about any of my staff you talk to me about it. But don't you do it because—they're my responsibility, not yours. You're not in this organization." He worked for the Vice Chief, Hal Shear. Did you ever hear that name?

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: I told you earlier how my feelings were when I came out of Guadalcanal, about what's right and what's not right. What's right is important, and it's not who's right but what's right. I keep bringing these up because I learned my lesson during that fight, that this is my Navy as much as it is yours. So I never had a very good taste in my mouth, because they tried to sandbag me.

Here's how they worked it. They invited me up. They were forming a committee to evaluate something about the torpedo—I don't remember the details now—because it wasn't working. What they were trying to do is go around me. I went to three meetings. The third meeting was maybe three weeks later. We'd had two in there. They said, well, we're going to vote on this now. I said, "What are you going to do with your vote? Where's it going?" I said, "I'm not voting on this, because I don't belong to this. I'm an independent command. I'm just here because you invited me to listen in on what we were talking about. What you're voting on is not what I have agreed to at all. I told you flat out." Well, they didn't expect that from me. They thought I was a pantywaist or something. Hal Shear was a vice admiral then.

WINKLER: Was this your next tour of duty?

CARMODY: No. This is when I was OpTEvFor.

WINKLER: Okay. So this was later.

CARMODY: Yes. The only man I worked for was the CNO. No flag officer in the fleet was my superior. I was on his staff, nobody else's. But people seemed to forget that. I ran into so many people who were throwing their weight around, because that was "Bud's initiative," "Bud's initiative." "Are you telling me that you're trying to stop Bud's initiative? That's one of his main initiatives that he wants to get done while he's in this job."

I said, "Are you telling me that Bud Zumwalt wants me to tell a lie about what we're finding out?" Then I told you about the last meeting we had. I think I told you about that somewhere along the line. It was amazing. I guess the thought here is that one of our weaknesses is, there isn't integrity in everyone. Some are just devoid of integrity. But they sometimes get into key positions where they just spoil the broth. That was this case.

I'll add to that. In order to bypass me because I wouldn't approve of this program—I mean all my reports were that it was not a viable program. It was based on erroneous information. As I said, the equation left out the electronic warfare passive capability of submarines and other forces to track them at any time, from the air or from the submarines. That alone made it not viable, because they knew exactly where they were at all times and they could fire torpedoes.

Well, they had an amphibious exercise in Norway. A sea control ship went along with the Marine transports and the people who went on this, destroyers and so forth. And two of our nuclear submarines, who reported to me, by the way. They were under my operational control. We said that we wanted them to go along so that they would be the Yellow Force. We had worked this with them. The first thing I know about it is that a top secret message came out

saying the sea control ship—on the way back they sent this message out to the CNO—that the sea control ship worked as expected and they did all these wonderful things, and how they stopped the submarines. The thing was a total lie. Total lie. They didn't make one interception the entire time they were on that cruise.

So the CO of the submarine—there were two of them, but the one that was the senior guy—he came to me after that. He said, "Did you read that?"
I said, "Yes. What the hell's going on?"
He's the one that told me. He said, "They never once made one intercept that was legal. What they did is, we would fire a green flare saying that's when we released our missile," or torpedo, or whatever it was, "and what they would do is come in and drop sonabuoys after the fact. And they would claim that as a kill." Lying. Just lying. I just can't understand how people can lie, because lives would be lost five years after that if that thing went into commission and we had a problem. The integrity of people just amazed me. And I saw so much of that when I was in OpTEvFor. Just—they didn't care. They were so concerned about that, that we may have lost the war, or lost the ship. Or lost all the people involved. That wasn't even in their equation. That's of course, why I have this sore throat. I was very strong in there; I've had it since. But that I could never understand.

And of course Bud Zumwalt was the prince of this thing, and he was living a big lie and he knew it. Because I told him what the trouble was on report one, the first year, when we finished the first phase. When we finished the second phase I went to him before I handed in my full report. I went because I thought it was the courteous thing to do, rather than get it cold. I wanted him to hear it from me. But this is what bothered me so much, just deliberate lying and twisting of facts. That is something that I just can't tolerate. Think—they're so busy with their careers they're not viable military officers, who will sell their damn integrity for something like an increase in rank. And I'm talking about the commander of the Second Fleet. He was praising the report. Came back and he praised the report. Yet he knew damn well that thing wasn't working. But he lied, and he even covered the consequences with me (phonetic). That is why you will find me a little bit irritable on that subject.

WINKLER: Well, we kind of jumped ahead there. We're covering some ground there that we're going to cover tomorrow. Getting back to chronological order, we get back to the *Kitty Hawk*.

CARMODY: All right, well, I had a very successful cruise. And I had a choice of going to the National War College in Washington....

WINKLER: This is Tape No. X, Side A. Dave Winkler, Naval Historical Foundation with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody. It's still June 3 here in Virginia Beach.

Picking up, you've received orders to go to the Project Manager, Reconnaissance Electronic Warfare, Special Operations and Naval Intelligence Processes System Project, Naval Material Command, Washington, D.C.

CARMODY: I had a choice there of either going to the National War College or that. I guess, because I raised so much hell with the fellow that became an admiral after I left that he decided he'd made a mistake in not supporting that program of mine to try to see if we couldn't at least have engineering models of our electronic defense capability. He became an admiral in the meantime and he was the one that was pressing for me to come back and be in the material command. I didn't work for him. I worked for that submarine officer—I can't think of his name now at the moment.

Well, I looked at this. I said, here I am getting ready to retire, practically. What's the point of going to the War College, when here's an opportunity where I may be able to give them some help? So I accepted the job to become the program manager for electronic warfare in the Naval Material Command. That has nothing to do with the Bureau of Electronics or Bureau of Ships. They're still separate commands. But this is the overall type thing.

This was really a handful for me. From the time I left the Pentagon to go out and be—in 1960, when I pled with those people to let me at least have sufficient funds to have engineering models—well, now, everything I'd said came true. We were losing people right and left to the missiles. So consequently, secondarily if not principally, those people who refused to give me those funds were partially responsible for all those people in the Hilton and the people that were dead. We lost 2700 airplanes in the military, all the people that got killed and all the people in there. We may have lost just half that if we had gone and put these countermeasures equipment in the airplanes in the early '60s—because we didn't go to war till '64. But nobody thinks about it that way. I do. I hold them responsible for dereliction of duty. I really do.

Well, anyway, I took over that job. They came up with a program called Shoehorn. It was kind of a buzzword and so forth. This came from the man in the Pentagon whose job I took, next to become the head of electronic warfare and the other. He was the instigator of things that they were trying to get going. So what they were doing now is working feverishly trying to get equipment they could shoehorn into the existing airframes. Well, it was all well and good. It was a buzzword. The trouble is, I had to execute it to get the Air Systems Command to do all these things they were supposed to do. Of course, it was like pulling teeth. Not only that, but I had the equipment that goes aboard shipboard. Not just air; I had everything. We were behind the curve as it was, and I knew it.

So I instituted a program for each of the air CinCs—AirLant and AirPac, and we had a committee meeting on that—to help expedite getting those mod changes as quickly as possible, and then train the people in what they were doing. Well, there was no great enthusiasm for this, because it was black magic, and they didn't believe it would be of any help to them.
But we did do a lot. For example, one of the things that I invented is on the last group of F-4s I had them put that hump on the back. Did you ever see that hump on the F-4s? Not F-4s, A-4s. It looks like a little hump like that. Well, there was no place that you could quickly change stuff without tearing the inside out of that A-4. So I said: Why don't we put a canoe on it? Do you know what a canoe is? It's an upside-down canoe. That's what we called it. Because that's what

we had done on the RA-5C, that whole bottom there—that's where the word came from. So all I did was took the other way. It didn't affect—it was a more stable airplane, aerodynamically, you see, because of the way the wind was going around it.

WINKLER: The A-4Ms, definitely, the Marine Corps A-4M version, you could see that built into it.

CARMODY: That's exactly right. Well, that was one of the things. I instituted that. It was my idea, because I'd been working back in 1960 with the pod that was under the RA-5C. I said, well, we have all that in there; why don't we use that on top and streamline it? Well, we did get that in and that was a help for maintenance and so forth.

But by and large they were kind of, "Oh, what's that crap?" They didn't understand. And I didn't have time to go hold their hands, each of them. I was busier than a one-armed paper hanger there with radars, ships, passive systems, etc. It was very busy. And I didn't have a very good staff. This was a brand new office and we just took people from here and there. It wasn't too good. But I was able to visit the contractors and tell them the urgency of getting these out. They were up in New Hampshire, Sanders Associates. When we were having trouble with the test line I said: All I'm asking you is, don't send us anything, because it's too costly to sent it back to you. I'd rather have you slow up on the line than to ship something out there, because all it does is cause us trouble and a logistics headache. I visited the people that supplied that, learned what they were doing, and I don't know, it was just busy all the time.

I had good rapport with the Agency. They let me have fifty-four of theirs that needed modifications, which we could do, because we were so short in supplying the fleet. I asked them if they had what it was, and they gave me all fifty-four of those. Of course, I was one of their agents. We put them through the pipeline, made the changes so that we had enough to get through, because they didn't build them fast. Hell, we were briefing over the target by this time, you know; hell, it was 1966 this was going on. I was pleading with the people in 05, who were the air-responsible people, to pay attention to what I was trying to tell them—why this was important. This is when I told you that the three-star admiral who was the head of 05 during this period, every time he'd see me he'd say, "Oh, here comes Red Carmody with his black magic. Ho, ho, ho, ho." And then all his little minions would go "Ho, ho, ho, ho." Toads, real toads. You can't imagine. What are they laughing at?

Well, then we had a falling out. No, this was later. But it was a busy about sixteen months in that job. I can't tell you. I was just all over the place, trying to put the equipment on the battleship *New Jersey*, that was going to Vietnam. We put an all-electronic system aboard. Of course I was paying for it; it was about a million dollars, just the installation of it. If they fired a missile, this had the ability to pick up the missile coming inbound and give it false signals. I think that was the *New Jersey*.

It was just a busy, busy time. But I had no cooperation from Op-05. Not a single bit. That caused trouble, as far as I was concerned, because I felt the aviators were letting their people down. And of course where the proof was is when they filled up the Hanoi Hilton. That's one of

the reasons I had a close association with the Agency, because they had some very, very sharp technicians there and it was kind of a quid pro quo we were working there. We helped them on certain programs, and they in turn had their guys in their technical side make the changes. So we saved time and had more units getting into the airplanes. That required antennas being put out on the wings, too. So there was quite a lot of changes there. That's what was called the "Shoehorn" program. It wasn't just for the equipment, but also the whole suite. It was a good idea. It wasn't my idea; it was Sam Brown's idea, the guy that I knew before.

All of a sudden after I was selected—much to my surprise I was selected for flag—about two weeks later I was told I was going to relieve him of his job as Op-35. I was going in, but I was still a captain; I was just a selectee. That became a pretty good battleground too, because electronic warfare was an enigma to almost every Naval officer. Except the Marines were sharp. The Marines knew that. I told you how I designed the A-6. Did I tell that somewhere along the line?

WINKLER: I don't think so.

CARMODY: Oh, I left that out. When I was Op-506 I did the same thing I did with the F-4. We stretched it out and made it so it was four place....

WINKLER: Oh, yes. You did mention it.

CARMODY: And if we didn't have people in there we could put equipment in it. I was looking at the long term. (?) growth potential to do things. We put people in there and it turned out it was a jewel. During Desert Storm the F-117 wouldn't go anywhere without it. You know, the stealth bird? What they would do is jam the long-wavelength radar. Long wavelength radars were not impacted because they had a long linger time, about a microsecond, where the fire control systems didn't have that. They were high frequency. They could track them in with that low frequency with their search radars so that when they came in close they could almost see them. The jammers were always with those people. That's why they had such a success. Our jammers, in the A-6. I did this when I was Op-506. I forgot about that.

I had a little trouble. Here's how it started. The Marines had ordered an EA-6E1 (sic), just a two-seater. And of course I'm in the driver's seat on the requirements side, and I had a conference with them. I said that I know that you people have been really a mainstay for us in helping us at least have some kind of semblance of a capability. However, the EA-6A—I said I can't buy it. We hadn't even ordered them. But we had to buy them if we were going to have a follow-on order to fulfill the Marines' requirements for that. I said we're not going to do it. We cannot. And I explained to my admiral at the time, who was Bill Schoech or Jimmy Thach. I explained why, and he agreed.

I had no altercation with the Marines, but we had a conference with a couple other Marines in with us and they went back and discussed it with their chief, who was General Wally Greene, who was the chief at that time. Wally Greene agreed with it. I had asked them: Let's get

together on this. Why I called them for the meeting is I wanted a good, solid cooperation so that we could take on the Defense Department. Wally Greene agreed to it and he came to some of our meetings, you know, the Commandant of the Marine Corps. Active role, which I really appreciated. Now, with the Marines with me, we were fighting McNamara, the whiz kids. They did all kinds of tricks, but we finally won. Then we had an order of whatever the initial order was, and so did the Marines. I forget what the time frame was, because here again, after I had the job done, I'm off doing something else. I mean I was transferred before that came to complete fruition.

WINKLER: Why do you think the Marines were so much more...

CARMODY: Paying attention?

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: I don't know. Maybe it's because they saw that they had to pinpoint targets. They didn't have the luxury of mass bombing; they didn't have many aircraft. They were that way in Korea. We had something then, but the Marines were the ones that carried the torch, really. And we did not have an active cadre of people in Op-05 who were pushing for a jamming aircraft, until I got there. Anyway, that's the background on the EA-6B.

WINKLER: It's kind of funny, because the Air Force just recently has kind of given up on that mission, much to their detriment.

CARMODY: No, because now they're using A-6s. But of course, they're taking them all out of our inventory.

Then our A-6s were refined. Hell, we were putting HARM missiles on them to shoot at things if we had to. The A-6 is a hell of a versatile aircraft, and has great growth potential. We don't know what it can do. Now they're trying to decide, are we going to build more of them or are we going to do something else? I'm saying: Every time we go to the skimpy side—well, we're going to put this in an F-18, we can put those pods there—that's bullshit. Because one man in an airplane can't handle the total picture. That's what I learned. That's why I went for the two-seated F-4, back in the '50s.

I'd learned my lesson at that time. Where I really appreciated it is because I used to do night intercepts with my F3H. Sometimes we'd follow the guys all the way down to the water, the bogie. We'd follow them down to the water. When you're low you're watching your instruments all the time, and you're not looking at that guy very often. You're here, or you're looking ahead to see how far you're closing and so forth. It's not easy. You're much more efficient with that guy in the back. Now, of course, the F-14 really was the hero over in this last fracas, because they had such accuracy—because the guy in the back was doing all the extra things. Well, I just add that. That's one of the things.

You've seen those articles, haven't you? Here it is. You've seen it?

WINKLER: I haven't seen that particular article, no.

CARMODY: I call it the U-2 carrier caper. Then I have another magazine in here with an article—it was put out by the Wings of Gold—that talked about the C-130. If I can find it. My trouble is I give them away for people to look at and I don't get them back.

Oh, this Proceedings article is when I said the CVs are not enough. But I don't want to go into that one. Let's see, there's the Naval Historical Foundation, that I put things away in. See if I can find this here.

WINKLER: Picking up from August '66 to September '67, this reconnaissance electronic warfare special operations project—we've pretty much covered quite a bit of turf there. Any other issues that you need to touch on?

CARMODY: No. We had this big system that we put on the.... Remember the ship that the top hamper was cut off when they had a collision out in the Med?

WINKLER: On the Belknap?

CARMODY: Belknap. We put this very big expensive—it was built for us—passive receiving system, so that we could pick up signals coming from afar, and let us know incoming missiles they were using to home on. Or people using radar coming in, or so forth. We put that system on and it worked like gangbusters. But it was too damn big. Then they came out with a reduced version of it. It never did work out as well as we expected, but it did work well. But it was too big and taking up too much room. And after the Belknap happened everybody lost interest because of the cost. Now, I'm not there when that actually happened.

WINKLER: No, that's later.

CARMODY: But I was in on the development of that, the whole development of that. I was the program manager on it.

I was program manager on the Type 18 periscope. It had been laying fallow for a long time. I said: What in the hell's going on? This thing's been here, according to this, for the last two years and nothing's been done on it. Well, so and so. I got to the bottom of it and found out it was the civil service program again, the problem. I talked to the submarine people over in the Pentagon. I said, is there any reason this isn't...? They said, no, we're satisfied with it. I said: What the hell, haven't you been going after it? The 18-type periscope could come up and receive the signals coming from a radar or a search, or whatever. They could go down and get it, bring it up again and get it. It was good for reconnaissance, snoopers, clandestine reconnaissance. It worked well. But that thing had been laying fallow for about sixteen months. So I checked with everybody and we kicked it out. It was just one of those things, one of the troubles in this maze that we work at in the material commands. But I got that one out.

Then we put this million-dollar equipment on the New Jersey and it worked fine. But for some reason or other they brought it back. I think they left it on for an experiment, but by then I was off, I guess, on some other tangent, trying to get as much equipment out to the fleet as we could.

WINKLER: Who broke the news to you that you made flag?

CARMODY: I can't remember. I can't remember.

WINKLER: Okay. Usually that's one of those surprises.

CARMODY: I had been told by a fellow on the board who was an old, old friend of mine that I had been selected the year before, when I came off the *Kitty Hawk*. When I was on the *Kitty Hawk*. And one of the officers got up and apparently took me apart because I was divorced and, you know, "We don't want divorced people." Of course, it was a bunch of bull. In my place Jim Holloway was selected. So they made room for him. I knew that. So I felt, you know, I've had the black hand put on me. It didn't make any difference to me, one way or the other. But when I was selected, I can't tell you. Can't remember. I can't really tell you who it was.

So when we made it, of course I was tickled. Of course, now I'm married. The guy who did this was the Chief of Naval Information. His name was Hank Miller, or Hank something. He was the fellow that worked with Jimmy Doolittle, getting him qualified. He used any excuse, I guess, to make room for Jim. Of course, Jim was a shoo-in, at least the next year. So I really didn't pay too much attention to it. I never got any kind of palpitations on the whole idea. But I can't remember how I was told. Maybe it was when the report came out. Probably that's when I got my first information on that.

WINKLER: Okay. I was just curious. So you wind up going to Op-35.

CARMODY: Yes. And, of course, that's the final decision level. It was nothing but a big fight all the time. One of the things that I did convince the Secretary of the Navy to do was to assign a Brickbat 3 number for us. So that electronic warfare in the Navy had that kind of priority when it came to the allocation of funds.

How long was I there, does it say? About a year and a half? Two years?

WINKLER: It looks like September '67 to September '69, two years.

CARMODY: Two years. And I was busier than a one-armed paper hanger in that job, because all kinds of things were going on at the time. But they did give us that Brickbat designation. Brickbat 3 was a priority in spending. Because, no sense waving your arms in the air if you're not going to get any funds. But that took about a year to get into action, so by that time I'm off being a CarDiv commander, at the end of two years.

My biggest problem was with the people in the surface warfare area. They weren't genuinely interested in anything in electronic warfare either. I can't recount; all I know is I was

just busier than can be, trying to improve the flow of equipment and priorities. I'm sure I helped a little bit. I was surprised—I was there two years and then they ordered me out to be a Cardiv commander.

WINKLER: ...X-B. A good place to pick up is you assume command of Carrier Division One in September '69, with CTG 77.3, 77.0. What did Carrier Division One consist of?

CARMODY: It was Carrier Division One, but when I was in the Far East we were designated 77.3. Then when I was the task force commander running the whole show for all the ships it was 77.0. What we would do is I would be on the line for a month. Then I'd leave and another guy would come and he'd be 77.0 and he'd run all the task force and all the flying. Then I'd come back and he'd go. So we were trading that for whatever length of time I was out there, which was a good way because we were up most of the time for one reason or another. I had such a good staff of operations people that really I was almost superfluous.

WINKLER: What carriers were part of the division?

CARMODY: Well, in this case I was sent to the *Bon Homme Richard* to have a flag there. I forget which carriers joined us now, but some of the big ones were with us during that period. And the Essex class—of course they were angled deck; the whole Essex class were converted—were there. And, I can't remember. I'd have to look at a picture to recall the other carriers. Connie wasn't there yet. Connie was our relief. Oh, *Enterprise*. The *Enterprise* was there. No, the *Enterprise* was there when I was the skipper of the *Kitty Hawk*.

WINKLER: Well, *Enterprise* had a fire in '69. Off Hawaii.

CARMODY: Oh, yes, she did. I remember that, yes. They had an accident with a missile going off and hitting somebody. It was all on the flight deck, the fire. I remember that.

WINKLER: Who was Seventh Fleet at the time? Was Holloway out there yet?

CARMODY: No. Holloway was still the skipper of the *Enterprise*.

WINKLER: Well, now, Holloway was skipper of the *Enterprise* in '65, because he took her over there.

CARMODY: He came after I was halfway through my trip. He was the skipper of the *Enterprise* when I was the skipper of the *Kitty Hawk*. So he's not a task force commander yet; I mean he's not a flag officer. When I left in *Kitty Hawk* to go home, I told you, I found out that he was the alternative to me. I think that was a ploy by that Miller guy, Hank Miller was his name. Then I came back out and Holloway wasn't out there as a flag officer then. I don't think he was there at all. He was destined for greater activity than that.

WINKLER: Well, he had Seventh Fleet. I'm just trying to think if it was...

CARMODY: Johnny Hyland.

WINKLER: Yes, Hyland; McCain had Seventh Fleet.

CARMODY: Not on my watch.

WINKLER: No, McCain I think had CinCPac.

CARMODY: Yes, he had CinCPac. Because I called on him when we were going through, when I was a flag officer. What did you ask me?

WINKLER: Well, who was Seventh Fleet, and I think you said Hyland was Seventh Fleet at the time.

CARMODY: No, then somebody else came. I can't remember.

WINKLER: Okay. Anyway, you mentioned that basically your staff made everything run.

CARMODY: I would just be around (phonetic) and chat with them a little bit and see how things were going. Then I'd go exercise or do something else. I was kind of useless. Any decisions they'd want they could just call me on the phone. My ops officer was the Hook, you know the guy that has a false arm on this side? But they let him stay in Naval aviation because he proved he could handle the throttle over here? He had been shot down in an A-4. They called him Captain Hook. He was my ops officer. Gosh, I can't think of his name. I'd have to look in the book and find it.

And the chief of staff was a fellow by the name of Davis. He was a old-timer and very reliable. The only thing we talked about is contingencies and making sure that they didn't keep me in the dark—you're not doing me any favors. We all ate in my mess. In our mess. We had a big room for our mess, the eight officers who were all part of the staff.

WINKLER: At this time did you notice any difference in the quality of personnel, with the enlisted folks?

CARMODY: No.

WINKLER: We have the draft.

CARMODY: I would have to go back and talk about my training program on the *Kitty Hawk*, because when they came on, yes, they were pretty slovenly, including officers. I took a very firm hand on this and just put the cards on the table and said, "If you don't do your job, somebody else is going to die, and you're going to be responsible for that," for the officers, now. "So you

learn your job and do it. I don't want to have the experience I had the other day," when during damage control exercises where everything was clamped down I used to walk around ship and look at the various parties, and here's about forty men and here's this lieutenant commander lecturing them, and about half of the forty men were picking their noses and not even paying any attention to what he was saying. He was just talking rotely to the few people who were listening. I couldn't get over that. So I went up and I didn't chastise him, but I told the whole crew there, I said, "What you people keep forgetting, in your back alley garb," or whatever I made the comment on, I said, "What you don't understand is your ass is grass if this ship gets on fire. We've got a million gallons of bunker oil, we have two million gallons of high-test fuel, we have jet fuel, and anything can happen. This thing could go sky high, and your guys are over there talking while that man's lecturing, and he's lecturing and not paying any attention to your talking." I said, "Come on, you guys. Your ass can be grass." I used that all the time. "And not only that, but if you don't take care of me and I'm gone, who's going to take care of you? So you're responsible for my life and I'm responsible for your life, and as soon as you get that through your head, maybe we won't have a disaster. We'll put the fire out in time, or we'll patch the holes, or something like that." I told them, "There's no place to go. You can't go over the hill, gents. You can't desert. You've got to stay here and fight. So why don't you learn how to take care of your ship, take care of your shipmates, and get with this. Let's stop this foolishness of taking care of yourself all the time, taking care of yourself and not paying attention." I kept saying: It's your ass. You just go along blithely and....

Well, after that session I had very, very strong meetings with the division and the lower department heads, that they're responsible. I said I don't care what you do, but let's start taking a round turn here. This is no joke. Everyone was alike because most of them, they didn't know what war was all about. None of them did. So finally I started to get their attention. One of the things, part of my cleanliness program—pretty soon that ship became the cleanest ship in the fleet. We would get compliments. Now, when you get a big carrier and they're loading bombs and bringing them up, and all the dust and dirt, and we still keep the thing clean, that's it. I would praise them for it as we got stronger and stronger. I often said: Remember, the man that can save your life may be dead because he didn't listen, or you may be the man that will be dead because he didn't listen to what he was supposed to do in an emergency. Several time I would get on the 1MC and talk to the whole ship. This was the first six months.

WINKLER: Now, jumping back to 1969 where you're CarDiv One, you had the *Forrestal* fire, you had the *Oriskany* fire.

CARMODY: They were after my time. I had gone back to the States by that time.

WINKLER: But when you were with CarDiv One, though, those incidents occurred in '67, '68.

CARMODY: See, I was there in the CarDiv in '70; all of '70.

WINKLER: Right; so you had real-life examples.

CARMODY: Oh, I see what you mean. Well, now I'm not running the show. So I'm not having discipline problems because all my officers are very sharp. And we had good skull sessions in our quarters ashore about what would be expected, and integrity, integrity, integrity.

WINKLER: That was the question I had. How was the discipline and morale in '70, with your....

CARMODY: You mean with my CarDiv staff? Or the ship?

WINKLER: Well, the staff and the ships.
CARMODY: Well, gosh, the staff—they were top-notch. They were all gung-ho guys. Most of them got to know me very well. So it was like I said: Remember, you're not just working for me. Forget me. You're working for the benefit of the ship, or the benefit of the staff, or to save somebody's ass. Just remember that. Don't do something because you think it will please me. You do what's right. And my motto was always: It isn't who's right, but what's right.

WINKLER: When you were out there at the time, did you have opportunities to fly off to go to Saigon?

CARMODY: Yes. I went to a couple of meetings in Saigon. I went to a meeting at Monkey Mountain there at Danang. Then we had an R&R in Singapore. In that case I flew our COD airplane—we had our own one aboard—I flew the COD with a couple other guys and met my wife in Saigon. I was there ahead of time, about five days ahead of time before they got there, so we'd have a little longer time. That's what I liked about Davis—I can't think of his name right now—he was just a very sharp guy, a sharp carrier guy. All business. I said if anything happens let me know and I'll fly back. I flew it actually, but the crew that went with me stayed there, because there was no sense in them—they were on the beach—there was no sense in them flying out to land aboard the ship. And we went into Saigon.

It was the Bonny Dick I was on at the time. And of course I had to make all the calls on the officials there. I got that out of the way too. I paid my respects to whoever was the top—I think they were Brits that were there, weren't they? I'm trying to remember. Singapore, I think, was still British. They invited us to a couple of parties. We respectfully had to refuse a couple. But we had a very nice, enjoyable time. The whole crew of the Bonny Dick had a good R&R there. The skipper of the ship gave them lectures about spitting on the ground and throwing paper around, because without hesitation they'll throw you in jail. If you want to stay there—we're not going to get you out; you'll have to stay your course there. You can get home any way you can. But when you're there you're AWOL. It worked real well. Everybody had their share of enjoyment, I understand.

It wasn't a very exciting tour, as far as operations are concerned, because I didn't try to run the show. There was no need for me to do it. We developed contingency plans, what we'd do

if we had another Pueblo incident or so forth. We worked that out. But once we'd worked that out we would just execute it.

WINKLER: Well, at the time Johnson had put the.... We had ceased bombing in the North, I believe. I know he ended it in March of '68, but Nixon's now in.

CARMODY: Well, see, I came back in '66, and then I'm back there all of '70. I get on the line in early '70, as the CarDiv commander. We were out there, I think, about eight months.

WINKLER: Well, let's see, from there you are going to be getting orders to OpTEvFor. That might be a good place to pick up tomorrow.

CARMODY: Yes. I was there three years.

WINKLER: And then finally with the IG, so we can cover that.
CARMODY: No, that's when I go to....

WINKLER: Oh, yes. You go to Twelve, San Francisco, and then you finish up as IG. Okay. I think we'll be able to get through that tomorrow. So I think that might be a good place to close for the evening.

CARMODY: But I want to tell you that the reticence of the people to embrace electronic warfare just absolutely slayed me. I'm talking about our top guys. Just slayed me. They didn't even want to touch it. And yet all our people were getting shot down without—we don't have even a warning system in the early days. Just couldn't believe it. The vice admiral in charge of 05.

I think I told you about the fact that when VA-something lost sixteen aircraft there was a hullabaloo. So the first thing Tom Moorer does is call me, "What the hell's going on down in this thing?" He comes down there and he says, "Well all that equipment they're putting in there, it's no damn good," and on and on. Well, the equipment was good. They just weren't using it. They were not using it. I had that, "Aw, we don't need that crap." Of course, I'd been there before and I knew what the problem was.

I told you that Tom called me up—Tom Moorer was my immediate boss; I worked for him, of course—and he said, "What's the story on this, Red? God, Tom Connolly was just here and he said that we ought to be buying noise jammers."
I said, "Admiral, what he didn't tell you, and probably didn't know, is that they lost about sixteen 100s," or 80s, whatever their numbers were they were using then, "and they were using noise jammers. All the noise jammers did was focus where they were, and the missiles were going right into the noise jammers and shooting them down."

He said, "You'd better go down and talk to them." This is the time he called all his staff in and then waited for me to come by—we had an appointment—and started to insult me.

I couldn't believe it. I said, "Boy, you flabbergast me, that you would talk this way to me. You have never said anything positive about what I do. You've never offered to cooperate with me the entire time that I've been in the electronic warfare business. You've ridiculed me on the streets. You've ridiculed me and ridiculed me in meetings, and talked about, 'Here comes the black magic Red Carmody, with his black magic.'" And I said, "And you don't know that that noise jammer—they lost sixteen airplanes also besides us. And you're talking about shifting over in the middle of the stream. We're just getting this equipment going, just beginning to capitalize on it. And they just didn't have it turned on. That's why they got all of them. No one got away from that. They lost the whole sixteen guys."

But you understand, this lack of total integrity for my end product, my end product, my end product. How much is going to reflect on me? How much is going to reflect on me? It just kills me how those things are.

WINKLER: Well, you've also got that NIH syndrome—not invented here.

CARMODY: It's the same principle. And consequently anybody who's a toady, they feel, well, if I kiss his ass then maybe I'll get to be promoted. We have too much of that, too. It was very, very bad. I don't know whether I'm casting any light—I'm probably touching on it lightly. But that is the one thing that all those jobs taught me—the lack of personal integrity. It does not exist in Naval officers. A few. A few. But boy, when it comes to making choices they go for whatever their route is, and that's not what we should be doing to survive. I told you if it was my Navy....

Okay, I think I've said enough on that one.

WINKLER: Today is June 4. This is Tape XI, with Dave Winkler, Naval Historical Foundation with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody. We're going to pick up with your tour as OpTEvFor.

CARMODY: Well, as a preliminary to that, when I was on my way back to the States after being the CarDiv commander—no, I was still CarDiv; I was no longer a task force commander—I received a letter from the BuPers detailer saying that they were going to order me to become a commander of the Naval testing facility at Patuxent. That's a big organization, you know. I was pleased with that, because I had been in the aviation game for quite a while, and had proposed some of the airplanes that were built on my watch. Then when I arrived and moved ashore in our offices on North Island I waited and waited and waited, and finally they assigned me to First Fleet for whatever things he wanted me to do. In this case it was Ike Kidd. I did work with his ops officer, but not too much. Kind of wasting time.

Then when I finally received my orders they had cancelled my going to Patuxent and sent me to OpTEvFor. I had the distinct feeling that in my term when I was Op-506 in the requirements branch, that I bruised the ego of some of the aircraft contractors. Which I did do. It was not intentionally, it was a matter of fact, of what's going on. But I was again exposed to the idea of how the system works. If somebody in industry doesn't want it to happen they make it so it can't happen. That was an interesting one.

Actually I was delighted with the opportunity to go to OpTEvFor because it was such a diverse program. It was across the board. It wasn't just airplanes, but everything. When I arrived at OpTEvFor, Dave Packard, who was really the technical guy driving the Defense Department —you know, Laird was just a politician, but Dave Packard was all brains—he instituted a program called "fly before buy." You've heard about that.

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: The object there was that, before we go into production let's prove that this is an operational, useful aircraft that can survive in the harsh realities of war. Or whatever it was—ships and so forth. Well, when I was being checked out and I learned about these things I made a personal call on the Army lieutenant general who was now the head overseer for the operational evaluation of any of our equipment. I'm sorry I can't think of the name. I'll look it up. I went in and sat down with him and I said, "I've been reading this doctrine here and I've brought this along with me. It says here that the Services will ensure that they have a viable product before they go into production." Where before, we never did it that way, because you have to realize that military procurement is a pump primer for the economy. When a Senator wants something done or a Congressman wants something done they'll approve of a program, and if anybody fiddles with that, heads roll. Unfortunately. I've made this statement many, many times, that most of the military's biggest headaches and problems is Congress. It was so clearly brought out to me during my three-year tour at OpTEvFor, Operational Test and Evaluation Force.

On this fly-before-buy program I approved some of it, because I had been in the business for some time and I didn't like the idea of how we'd go ahead with a faulty vehicle of some kind, or the equipment. So I talked to the general. Earlier, when I was PM-7, I had arranged for assistance on the electronic range they were putting in North Vietnam. I worked the—it wasn't P-3s in those days, it was...

WINKLER: Neptune? The P-2?

CARMODY: P-2, yes. The Neptune. I handled the arrangements for that to go and to get them equipped, to support that program that he was the program manager for the Defense Department, and he appreciated that. So we had met before and at least we understood each other. He said: Yes? I said, "Well, I don't mind sticking my neck out but I sure don't like to have it chopped off. I want to know whether, if I go ahead and work diligently on this whole idea of fly-before-buy, all of a sudden I'm handed my head by the people who are supposedly.... I want to know if I do that, if that's what you're going to do." I was very candid with the man. I said, "I don't want to be caught out on things. I've been sandbagged several times in my career on being enthusiastic to get something done, and then get chopped off at the knees." No, he assured me. I said, "All right. I'm going to play it the way you say." I just wanted his assurance. Well, that's how we established our relationship.

I believe, I think I have it somewhere, that we had over 200 projects underway during my three years there. A submarine satellite system, underwater da-da-da, that sort of thing that we were working on. Submarine rescue, Aegis, the Gatling gun—you know—Phalanx. Just a whole

variety. The sea control ship was just one. Light carrier destroyer air—I forget what they called it now—equipping destroyers with helicopters.

WINKLER: The LAMPS?

CARMODY: LAMPS, thank you, that's it. Light Airborne Multi-Purpose System. I'll tell you more about that, because I actually accelerate that program on my watch. Just a whole variety. This gave a lot of heartburn to the technical community. My view of the technical community is: They don't pay any attention to what the end product is. They don't match this product with what I call the harsh realities of war. They leave it out of the equation. I had a continuous, not a fight particularly, but not an understanding between us, because they couldn't understand why I would turn down a perfectly good product which ran perfectly but it couldn't be maintained by sailors, for example. Or it required so many replacement parts that we didn't have enough room for them. The reality of things.

I'll give you an example of that. At this time, during that three-year period, we had the big drive on cleaning the Bay and sanitation and all that. Putting the slop in your bilges and then pumping it out someplace when you got ashore, and all that sort of thing. The Material Command was tasked with doing some work on that. Well, they came up with a very good program. They could burn it up and it was like ashes. The fluid went over the side. The only trouble is, it was too large for any destroyer. There was no place you could put it on a destroyer. And there was no place you could put it on a cruiser. And a carrier wouldn't be covered (phonetic) by it, because it was the size of this room. And so on and so forth. Well they just couldn't understand. I said I cannot approve this because it is not realistic and it would be an impediment to our ships to put it on. In other words our ships would have to be completely reconstructed. See, they didn't think in terms of the total picture. I keep talking about that, as you've noticed. Well, people were really upset with me on that. The deputy commander of the Ship Systems Command really had heartburn on it. I used to go and sit down and talk to them. I never hid behind anything; I'd go right to them and talk to them, or get them on the phone, whatever it was.

WINKLER: Step back a bit, just to give an orientation. How big an organization is it? It's based down here in Norfolk, right?

CARMODY: Yes.

WINKLER: How big of an organization? And could you give me an overall mission statement?

CARMODY: The mission statement is derived from a directive from the Department of Defense. Each Service has its own directions from that statement. I had about 105, 110 officers, a certain number of men. We were divided in divisions by whatever—a submarine team, a surface

warfare team, carrier team, electronic warfare team, helicopter team, whatever it is, they had their own offices. That's the categories.

Part of OpTEvFor was DX-5 and DX-4 (phonetic), and VX-1, which was the P-3 program, anti-submarine program. They had separate offices headed by each of these. And when the new programs were proposed we got an advance copy right away for making preparation to take on this job, and what were the parameters that we would have to follow and what we would do in that case.

For example, the Marines wanted to buy the Harrier, and they were so hot they could hardly.... This was before my watch. All these things happened before my day. But now the new rules go into effect, and now it says: Before you go into full production you must have an operational test and evaluation of the equipment and the decision that it is a viable program. In those words, equivalently.

Well, in that case, when I was Op-506 I had at that time—that was in the '60s, '61 to '62—when I arrived there the Brits had already built a fanjet to take off like this and go ahead. I forget the name of it now. So what I did, because I thought we should definitely not brush this off, I put together a committee of people from Patuxent, from the Air Systems Command, my office—there were five of us—and we invited the Brits to come over and talk to us. What they're doing, what the background is, we had a chance to ask them questions and so forth. As a result of that we just said, no, we shouldn't buy it at this time but we would provide them R&D funds with the caveat that, when the time came for that program, we could be part of the program. So we had a partnership with the Brits on that. I did that, actually. That was one of the things that we lacked in all the divisions. For some reason or other we were always picking up the status quo and trying to get it through, and nobody's—not no one but not everyone—not always were people planning ahead. In this case I felt that we should take a hard look at it. And my bosses agreed with me, whoever they were at this time, Well, that's an example.

This was about my third year, now. I didn't know anything about the Harrier. The Harrier was doing very well and they were already in the ranks in the RAF—not in the Navy—RAF, now. So what I did is I made an arrangement and I went over to wherever the field was up in the middle of England, and I got checked out in the Harrier. Because I wanted to have a feel for what this was all about and what the possibilities were, and at least have conversation on it and understand the engines, and so forth. That was an enjoyable trip for me. I wanted to be articulate on the subject. We had a British Naval officer, a lieutenant commander, on our staff. We always had someone there. And we had good cooperation with their tests, with the Brits. In this case it was the air force though, RAF. Well, after I had a better understanding of it, then I asked the people down at Cherry Point, where the wing is, the Eastern wing of the Marine air...

WINKLER: The Second Air Wing?

CARMODY: That's it. I said, give me your requirements. What are your expectations? What are you advertising? What do you want? We went over them. This was all taking about a year, of course. Then when the time came we fashioned a test and evaluation on those and we ran a live

test on it. Loading, and the logistics aspect of it—when you're far forward in this small takeoff area that's all well and good, but where are your weapons and all the other things? People forget logistics. We ran about a week exercise, fictitious of course, of fifty miles. We had them load the weapons, time and so forth, and they had to take off. We checked how much gas was required when they loaded the thing; they had to take gas out. They couldn't go more than about fifty to sixty miles and stay very long, because when they were taking off they....

And oh, by the way, during that time there was a lot of gaga stuff about it. That's one of the things the sea control ship was based around. That they would have this Harrier and they could defend it. I'll get into that later on, but you asked me that question.

Satellite things. I told you that when I was PM-7 that I had pushed the 18 periscope with the passive capability, and that had lain fallow. There was a lot of monkey business in that one. Evaluation of airplanes, evaluation of P-3. Just a whole variety of these. And even small programs were subject to the "Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval," as I would say. We had a busy, busy time all the time on that. I'll think of more as we go along, but I use those.
Oh, we did the evaluation on the Gatling gun, and much to their distress—what's the systems command that has weapons? BuWeps, but they'd gone back to....

WINKLER: NavSea?

CARMODY: Yes, it was in NavSea, I believe. We said, well, it looks good on paper and it looks good on your dry run, and so forth. Now we'd like to have you put it on a moving platform and see what the problems are. They did this out at San Nicholas Island. Then we put it on one of the ships and we ran the exercise. It's a hell of a system, but it cannot duel with a short-range missile. Everybody was thinking—now, here's where they left it out of the equation again—they were thinking about shooting down an incoming airplane. They'd catch it maybe at a thousand yards. That's the first time you'd have an effect, because those depleted uranium things, they drop off pretty damn fast, you know. So what we did is we got an F-4 and put a long target behind it and towed it at about a hundred feet off the water at high speed, and used it to see how effective they were. Well, it wasn't too successful.

I said in my report that I cannot recommend this as it is. The concept may be good, but it's against the wrong targets. This is kamikazes they were shooting at, that came in so that at a thousand yards, or three thousand yards, you could hit them. We're talking about small missiles at supersonic speed. It wouldn't do it. That's why I was using that. They weren't going supersonic, but they were doing maybe 500 knots. That's why I used the F-4, because it could do it in burner. It was not successful. We did not have a successful operation on that, at all.

Again, you see, the military people, the Navy people, don't sit down and keep looking at: Where are the holes? Where are the holes? What's this? Are we taking risks into consideration? They agree on something, they have a project, they work with the contract, this small group, and they produce something, and it's no damn good. Now they send it to me and I'm the bad guy in the act. I had a lot of that, but that was just one example. We did a lot of things in electronic warfare the same way, and I just poked holes because they were too vulnerable. You're not doing the right thing.

Over the three years I was there we had assigned over 200 projects of various sizes.

WINKLER: I assume the Vulcan Phalanx is much more effective, because they eventually deployed the system in the '80s. So I assume they improved the system after you got through with it.

CARMODY: Yes. But it still can't, because a missile is fired—what do they call the missile that they fired, the Iraqis?

WINKLER: The Exocet?

CARMODY: Exocet. That thing is fired from about five miles. That's 25,000 feet, and that depleted uranium just couldn't get out to that distance. You see my point? It looked like it was great, but I had to be honest about it. I had to tell them that, in the harsh realities of war this does not meet the requirement of—it has to hit the launcher, airplane, or it has to hit the missile. The missile now is supersonic. They can't move that gun around at that speed. Oh, if they could put a barrier this way it would probably stop it, but when they're just shooting at it they can't. And they'll run out of ammunition before they can reload, because of the speed of that.

This is what bothered me so much. The trouble I had getting people to realize about the SA-2, the SAM missile. I worked with the CIA and helped them quite a bit in certain areas. I was briefed on all the things that they were doing. All that did is enhance my capability to make an assessment. We had the habit of doing that. But we had entrenchments. They were just so used to being in the rut they were not comfortable outside of it. And that was the problem we had there.

WINKLER: Did Harpoon come through your watch?

CARMODY: Yes. Harpoon and....

WINKLER: Tomahawk followed.

CARMODY: Tomahawk wasn't in our time. The....

WINKLER: Standard Missile?

CARMODY: No, that came after my time. The aircraft guided missiles.

Let me give you an example of what I'm talking about. We wanted to run an evaluation of our passive receiving system in our airplanes, in a realistic scenario. Second Fleet was having a big fleet exercise down off of Vieques or off in that area someplace. They had all these exercises set up of airplanes coming in and how they were going to defend themselves, and so forth. They allowed OpTEvFor a morning of time to do the evaluation. Our jammers came in and completely shut the fleet down. Then they made another exercise, and they canceled it. Irt was cancelled. No further. That's because: You're wasting our time and we can't get our training in.

Think of what I just said. "You're wasting our time. We don't have time for this anymore. Because we have to get our training in." And what was the training? It wasn't against the threat. Here we cut their balls right off. They couldn't pick us up, and we made low level attacks. They couldn't pick us up, I mean my OpTEvFor team; they were flying. This is the three-star admiral. He's pissed off because, "You're spoiling our training." What the hell were they training for? Survival? He didn't see the nuances of that, the subtlety of what we were doing. He just missed it completely, because all he wanted to do was say, oh, we've completed all these exercises. And they had nothing to do with the harsh realities of war.

You notice I use that a lot. You know where I got that word? The fellow that was the Inspector of.... Oh, what was he called? Also, he's the one that brought Douglas MacArthur out, when he was a junior officer, out of....

WINKLER: Bulkeley?

CARMODY: Bulkeley. John Bulkeley was one of the staunchest, most reliable, solid men I have ever met in my life. He should have been promoted many times. Out of the Class of about '28 or '29. They kept him on because he was really good. But he was unsuccessful to get the people to change their ways. I spent a lot of time with him, just because the guy was so sharp.

WINKLER: Continuing, this is Side B of Tape XI. You're talking about Admiral Bulkeley. They just named a commissioned destroyer after him.

CARMODY: Yes. I'm going to tell you an incident, in just a little bit. The man was a genius. His dedication to the Navy was just unbelievable. It was an inspiration just to talk to the guy. He enjoyed the fact that I understood him, and what my problem was is what he had gone through. We just hit it off, and I learned so much from that man. I mean it brought the ideas, gelled a lot of thoughts that I had had, and so forth. One of them is: Don't waver when you're in our job. Because if you waver somebody else is going to get killed downstream. He was just a great guy and I thought a lot of him. I'm glad they honored him—a destroyer, was it? That's right.

Okay. The people in the Pentagon, in the CNO's offices, were fighting me, undermining me all the time. You know who Tom Hayward is. He was in some kind of a job when he was a vice admiral. And this—I'm going to call them a cabal, working for Bud in this case, all of them. Hal Shear. Your friend that we were talking about—his dad was....

WINKLER: Mustin.

CARMODY: Mustin. There was a little cadre of these people who were always pooh-poohing and throwing rocks. And that way Bud was influenced by them, I'm sure. They were making sure that their noses were in the right spot, if you know what I mean. He wrote a letter saying: If Red Carmody had his way we would buy one airplane and test it, and we wouldn't have any airplanes at all. It was just a nasty misrepresentation of fact, completely. But the people reading it didn't have any knowledge, so.... They were fighting me the whole time. And of course I always had the Defense Department on my side. I told you how they tried to change the language so we didn't have to build our equipment in accordance with what the threat was. They wanted to leave

the threat out. Follow? So that they could make it for something else to adjust it for whatever it was. It was not a healthy relationship with his staff. I'll get to that later. A whole myriad of things occurred. It was a heel and toe job. I welcomed the opportunity of being in the position that I was.

Well, for example, we did the evaluation on the Marines' twin-engine Huey. That's a real winner. It's like a gunship. The Cobra. It's a twin-engine now. They have more capability, more safety, carry better weapons, and so forth. Well, we did the evaluation. Our people at OpTEvFor, out in the desert, did the evaluation on that.

WINKLER: What was the final outcome with the Harrier? You talked about that.

CARMODY: Oh, the Harrier exceeded the capability for their mission. In other words, it was beyond that. But the fuel thing was always the specter. And they couldn't come out of that envelope. If they did, then the whole equation changed. For example, for two years we evaluated the Harrier on LSDs out there. These were assigned for that purpose and they were under my operational control when we were doing these. It looked great coming off the back of it, but we found out real quickly that when they made a vertical take-off, like they would do from a destroyer, in order to carry two HARM missiles they had to take that amount of fuel out, or they couldn't have gotten off. Because there's no run; they had to go off straight. So the whole concept of a vertical fighter coming off a destroyer or the back end of a cruiser or an LSD was fallacy. People were dreaming. But yet that was part of the whole sea control concept, what the Harrier would do. It was a complete matter of ignorance on the people, to put that into the equation without knowing what the capabilities were.

WINKLER: Was there also a problem—I heard that some of the decks couldn't withstand the heat exhaust?

CARMODY: From the downflow. Yes. But that could have been cured with about an inch of steel. Of course, that would change your metacentric height on a destroyer right away. Yes, there were a lot of things.

I was very candid. I briefed that gang up there and they were just kind of sneering. I just couldn't believe it. I think I told you, when they formed the committee and asked me to participate in the committee, and then the vote? I said, "Hold it. Hold it. I'm here as a guest. You've invited me to listen in and make comments, but I'm ComOpTEvFor. I'm not in your office. I'm here to supply information."

Oh, I know what it was—the Mark 48 torpedo. Oh, what a fiasco that was. They kept wanting me to approve the test system, automatic test. And I said, "It's not working. It's not working." Well, they kept pushing and pushing. This is all the submariners now. My memory's coming back on that now. The whole time I was at OpTEvFor, the automatic test system would not function effectively, or it was hit or miss, on the Mark 48 torpedo. Then we ran the Tongue of the Ocean torpedo evaluation. We were having trouble for triggering off when it was under—we had all kinds of trouble. What it was, was the result of people before this time accepting crap and not rocking the boat, going ahead and buying things, and they're not worth a damn. Am I making

that clear? That's exactly what was going on. And all of a sudden this big blockage came up of fly-before-buy by the Laird-Packard group, and boy. It's not the way we've been doing business.

Now here's where you find civil service making sure. They wanted control as soon as we got there so that they could make sure of the level of employment, longevity, and all that sort of thing. They became in my view a mafia-type operation.

Oh, and we did the evaluation on the LAMPS. Bud invited Dave Packard and this general that I told you of, invited them down to observe some of our evaluation on the sea control ship. We were using a current helicopter. Can't think of it now.

WINKLER: Probably the Sea King?

CARMODY: No, this was before that. We didn't have that yet.

I'm sure that the general had given Packard a profile on who I was and my attitude and so forth, because we hit it off right away. Also, he'd gone to Stanford and I'm a graduate of San Jose State. He graduated from Stanford about four years before I did. He was a Californian, and of course I'm a fruit picker from that area. We talked about Bob Mondavi, the guy who makes the wine. Not Robert but—I can't think of it now. We just got along very well. So after they watched the evaluation we came to my—I had a mess, my own mess, with stewards and so forth there. I had all of them there. Oh, Bud had something else to do and he couldn't do it. But the general and Dave Packard, we were having a lunch in our mess, and I explained to him my rationale. I said, "I want you to understand why I feel this is a viable program, makes a lot of sense. And why we should start now. Don't wait five years, but start now, so that in five years we have the infrastructure. We build an infrastructure. Nothing just happens. It takes a while for a gestation period." And I said, "The value of this to the destroyer program—I can't quantify it." I said, "They have early warning, they have scouting over the horizon, they can be a relay, they can be a rescue, they can drop weapons if necessary. A whole field has opened up additional capability for our destroyers if we put this system aboard." My attitude was that these tests that we'd done on the back of a destroyer, even though they're bumpy we can see the value. Because we're going to build—was it the Sea King? Was that what they built?

WINKLER: Seasprite was the....

CARMODY: Well, something. It was a new airplane. I said, "The thing here is, we develop the infrastructure now. Don't wait. Don't put this off. This is something that will help our Navy, help our ASW picture, and a variety of things that I can't even enumerate at this time." He agreed with me. We had a good discussion on it. So I really sold him on this.

It's a hell of a program. We haven't even begun to appreciate that capability. Maybe the people have, I don't know. But it just has such a variety of capability. And the thing is, it fits right on the ship. And we're doing it day and night. We're doing it in all kinds of weather. That's what I told him. "This is the time to develop a cadre, the training, and all those things, so that when they come along they do it." I recommended that they move ahead with it, and by golly he did it. So much for that. But that was the background of that.

WINKLER: A couple questions. Trying to evaluate the enemy's capabilities—obviously you were very wired into Soviet capabilities at the time. Could you discuss that a little bit?

CARMODY: Okay. Nothing to it. I won't get into anything classified. People can read....

They had a little intelligence office down on the first deck, about this size. And we had three intelligence officers. So I had them come up and give me a briefing when I took over. What are you doing? How are you doing? What's your connectivity? All these things. And—what I expect from you is, the intelligence that's available, you get from all sources, you bring it in here. Then that's what we're working on. That's our guidelines. What is the threat? That had never happened before.

I was there for about eight months and I doubled the size of that. I made it twice the size and increased their budget, and it became one of the best intelligence sources that they had at LantFlt. These three officers. They did a hell of a job for me, because I was enthusiastic. You know, my background, everything I did was in this area, and no one had included them in the equation of our capabilities. That was our whole purpose. We had all the intelligence, every bit of intelligence. And I think we had, in some cases, because of my interface with the CIA, I think we had things sometimes that other people didn't have.

WINKLER: You've mentioned several times that you had a working relationship with the CIA. How did that come about?

CARMODY: When I stuck my neck out to sponsor the use of the U-2, we had a marriage. It takes somebody who has a broad enough vision of what this is all about. You've got to be persuasive against the naysayers. Because first they say: How's that going to affect my job? What about my career? What's going to happen here? But because of my cooperation in getting that whole U-2 thing, that article there, they were....

Well, I'd helped them before then, too, before OpTEvFor. This was when I was Op-506. And remember I'd just come over from being the program manager on the...and this was the time that there were questions about a lot of things. Gary Powers was shot down during that time frame. And the usefulness of having a carrier capability released them from having all the problem of going into Afghanistan. Security, fuel, all that sort of thing. If we launched from the Arabian Sea they could have done the same thing and come back and landed on the carrier. I'm using this as an example. I'm not saying they did that. Well, that cemented our relationship.

Now later on, when I'm PM-7, I'm helping them in other ways. I don't want to talk about that. For example, the overhead satellite program—fantastic programs going on there. That sort of thing.

Of course I kept wanting—tie it in now, tie it in now. Don't keep that. Let's go so that we can get this aboard ship.

I'll touch on one other thing. I became a little bit wild on the subject of electronic warfare back in the Air Systems Command. I mean, almost obstreperous or hard-headed about it. But the only way you could even budge those people was to be absolutely resolute. To make contact, so they

could cover their ass, I coerced them, sort of. That was the beginning of it. Then when we did the U-2 caper and it was successful, that had a lot of meaning, because we were having trouble with Afghanistan. Probably their very crowd (phonetic), because that's where we were operating from, you know. You knew that. Or India. A lot of people don't realize it, but India was one of our.... They used to fly, the Brits. There's a book up here—you can probably get it if you want to—it's called, "The Dragon Lady." It was given to me by the author. It covers the whole U-2 program. I can't—I may have lent it to someone. But it's called, "The Dragon Lady." You can't get it in this country. They've banned it, whoever has the.... I don't know why. It's a hell of a good story, about the whole thing. They touch on our carr quals. It was a boon to them. I went to sea to be a sailor so I was away from it, when I took over *Zelima*.

What I'm trying to tell you is that the technical people and the people on Bud's staff were anti-OpTEvFor. That's why, when I went to see General Umpty-ump, that I didn't mind putting my butt out as long as you are sincere and you're really going to do this, and I can do what's right. Because if you pull the rug out from under me, I'm dead on arrival. I used that kind of language with him. We had a fine rapport.

WINKLER: One question I had is, your counterparts in the Army and Air Force....

CARMODY: Ah, that's the answer. There you are. They weren't nearly as well organized as we were. So the undersecretary in the R&D area—I can't think of his name right now—he had a committee of all the OT&E people, and about every three months he would invite us over to his office to say, how goes it? And that's how I had a feeling for this. As a result of that I kept pounding and pounding and pounding in that meeting: Gents, we have to get electronic warfare on our side. We've got to embrace it. We must embrace it. We must treat it as a major element of military warfare. This is the three guys, all of them not older, but senior to me. They were vice-types. Air Force Material Command and the Army's, whatever they were there. I kept harping to them, explaining how important it was for us.

I was telling the general about the early air (phonetic) field exercises. I said, "You're not prepared. I know you're not prepared. You don't have countermeasure against missiles. You don't have countermeasures at all. I mean, you have them, but they're crude. They're truck-mounted, they're not mobile, and it's kind of a routine operation." I had visited an Army post on this and gotten briefed. The Air Force surprised me because SAC had everything but tactical had nothing. It was like they were out in a foreign country. I told you that before.

This deputy R&D fellow was a pretty bright guy. He was fishing for some program, I think, that he could start, I'm sure. So I prepared a paper for him and then I gave him a short dissertation on: What we need now, as quickly as possible, is a national range, I said, like in the desert north of Nellis. We need a national range with all the enemies' or simulated enemies' capability for us to work against. It was all in my paper. I have it in the files upstairs; it's probably green now.

I left a little game plan on it. He was talking and I said, "I can assist in this way," and I had this in my proposal. "I'll liaison with China Lake. China Lake is more advanced than any of our Services. They have put up there many ranges to test their equipment. They know how to do

it. They've got a format. They have the experience. With your permission I'll make a contact with them and what I'm suggesting—they can set up a mini-range for you and the rest of us to make an evaluation ahead of time." So I contacted China Lake. You know it's called NOTS Inyokern. It was China Lake but an old cover on it. Anyway, they agreed. They set up a little mini-range. I couldn't go to this one; something happened. But the other guys went out and saw it, particularly the Secretary, and I said, "There's your proof." They showed them how they could pick up airplanes coming in, they ran jamming, what the effects would be, and a whole variety of things. But mainly against—they did have a couple of Soviet MiGs there. They went ahead with it. Now they've got the big Tomahawk (phonetic) range, they call it. Do you know about it?

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: I did that. And boy am I glad. You know why I'm glad too? My son was in Special Forces, a helicopter driver. They would go out and use it for low level work, how they were going to get through. They've got everything out there. Because at that time we could get them from Iran and other places, and the Israelis had everything.

WINKLER: Well, the Egyptians.

CARMODY: And the Egyptians too. Everything the Soviets had. So now what we're doing is, we're starting to understand the threat. That's a threat. It's a threat to the mission, you see? And now it's in full use, as I say. Several years ago, before my son died suddenly, they would go out there for practicing their black operations. Because that's what they were going up against. They wanted to skim (phonetic) right over the ground, map the earth, and a variety of things. They do it all the time. So that was a very satisfactory tour that I had, even though we got booted for it.

WINKLER: Well, the difference nowadays compared to Vietnam, where we were losing hundreds of aircraft, today it's a major news item if we have an aircraft shot down. Of course, the Vietnamese had the most intense air defense. But Iraq—we suppressed their defense during the Gulf War.

CARMODY: Let me say this now. The Chinese have put in their infrastructure program. So they have the capability (phonetic) of...and going over there with another one. They can still be used because they're blinking, they're closing here and going there. We know about it. They're using that—what is it we use now? Everything goes through the wire. I apologize; I know what it is but I can't name it.

We don't know what our capability is against the Soviets. I mean...

WINKLER: The Chinese.

CARMODY: No. The Iraqis. We really don't know. A lot has been going on, and you know, we do everything from 20,000 feet. All that patrolling's from 20,000 feet and they shoot things from that distance.

I guess I'm not getting into too much classification, am I?

WINKLER: I hope not.

CARMODY: I'm a student of it. I have stacks of supporting evidence.

All right—OpTEvFor. Very, very, very satisfying operation because I think I inculcated my officers and petty officers with the idea of can-do. I instituted what I've been talking about all the time and I used it all the time with them: Remember, it's not who's right but what's right. You're working on my staff. You're not working for me. You're working to get accomplished something over here.

WINKLER: This is Dave Winkler with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody. This is Tape XII today, June 4, here at his home in Virginia Beach. You were just mentioning your staff, chief of staff and the capabilities of your enlisted folks.

CARMODY: The chief of staff was crackerjack. Barb will know his name. I just...him now. And the department heads were sharp. The thing is here, they enjoyed the work because of the atmosphere they were working under. I made it clear to them that they're the experts, but never, never, never fudge because Bud Zumwalt said something, or whatever it is. When I'd go to a briefing in the Pentagon, when I'd come back I would repeat the briefing to them. Then I'd tell them where the holes were.

I only had one mole, but he was rewarded with.... He worked hard with us. Oh, in helicopters, and minesweeping, we worked on the minesweeping evaluations. A heck of a good guy in that minesweeping program. He was a lieutenant commander. Of course, that came under the aviation division. I sent him out to WestPac, and he was the advisor on mining the harbor at Haiphong. He was so sharp. He was in the riverine force, had a tour there before he came to OpTEvFor. Those people were flying two or three times a day, shooting there. They were truly heroic aviators in my mind, that whole riverine flying group. Boy, that was tough. If you ever went down your ass would practically be grass in that. For what they did, I have great admiration for them. Just great.

WINKLER: I guess a major bugaboo that we talked off-line about was this whole sea control ship thing.

CARMODY: Well, it was assigned to me because it was ordered that they wouldn't accept it unless we had an OpTEvFor evaluation. That's how it came to me.

WINKLER: Now obviously, Packard had the fly-before-buy, but you can't do that with a ship.

CARMODY: Oh yes, you can. You can, but you don't do it in the same manner. The only ship that we did an evaluation was the new big amphibian ships, with the flight deck.

WINKLER: The LHAs?

CARMODY: LHAs. The mission that they had envisaged on that justified their being built. They've already proven their worth. That was a good program, and we had no trouble on that. That's the only ship that we did.

WINKLER: Did you do any work on the gas turbine engine that eventually went into the Spruance?
CARMODY: No, that was before my time. We didn't have anything to do with that, because it was already a done deal.

WINKLER: They were commissioning Spruance class while you were at....

CARMODY: And now it's universal, practically. Of course what worries me is the refueling requirement. That bothers the hell out of me.

There's just a whole variety of things at OpTEvFor that went on. My biggest headache—it wasn't a headache but a challenge—was the sea control ship, because my orders from the CNO, as a result of the Defense Department's directive, told me that the sea control ship had to be gone through. They had very weak chapters on OpTEvFor's responsibility. Now they had to be shored up because the Defense Department says: You will. Everything. I don't care what it is. Satellites. There's other things that I have done; I'm trying to remember, bring them up, but I can't think of it. I may be spending too much time on this.

But on the sea control ship. The first thing we did is, I had an LSD under my operational command, from the amphib force. I was the user. So we did all the evaluations on their back, on the helicopters. Then we brought the Harrier there. The compatibility aspects of this. Then running a continuous exercise to see what the level of effort had to be out there. What are the logistics aspects? Personnel manning? Just the whole—we had a regular checklist of things that we would follow. And we weren't stuck with that. What this showed was that at that time the Harrier could not be married to destroyers. Everybody had Orwell's 1980s view of it. Remember Orwell? That wrote way back in the '50s? the 30s?

WINKLER: Yes. "1984."

CARMODY: "1984," that's right. A lot of people, the unwashed, didn't understand all the ramifications. It wasn't absorbed by the union around the CNO. We did test the helicopters on the back as best we could. That was that part of it. We did the helicopters, and then we did the Harrier. I'm trying to think what other things we were doing on that particular program. Then we got the whole sea control concept, that was sent to us. I have a copy of how this was all developed. It came out of that support activity we talked about. SAIC, or something like that. No, it wasn't that.

WINKLER: Oh, Center for Naval Analyses.

CARMODY: Right. They were deep in this thing. You can look at that document and they left many things out of the equation. It was almost like they were being sycophants to the staff people.

I'm trying to think of the next operation that we had there. It ran almost continuously. Oh, and I had two submarines assigned to me, operationally controlled. We worked up programs of range and the capability of the helicopter. Here's what the plan was. They were going to have these sea control ships be convoy escorts in low probability of war. As I told you, it was ridiculous. I mean it was an oxymoron. Anyway, what they would do is they would go along the outside of the convoy and drop sonobuoys, like this, off at a certain area. And we would go through that and I guess what we would do is keep dropping them out all the way to the end of the earth. Well, the logistics aspects of that got to me immediately. For the sea control ship we had a jeep carrier. We needed a command and control center on these, and each of them had to have the full unit, because there would be one on this side and one over there, maybe thirty miles away, or whatever it was. The helicopters would patrol those along the way there, and the convoy would go through. This is a crude description. That was the idea. Then they would just keep going like this.

Well, the first fallacy was the low probability of attack. That was really not very military-like. The next was that these helicopters were controlled from the destroyer. They were in constant communication. The destroyer was running the plot. Follow? And of course every time the destroyer sent a message to him the submarine over here could pick the message up. Or if the helicopter is broadcasting this information to the ship, they could pick it up right away. The whole thing was—you were naked. I couldn't get that through to those people that I was dealing with, because their minds were made up. They didn't care. This project is going to go because this is the major initiative of the CNO. Don't bother me with details.

Of course, being an electronic passive and active sort of a guy that I had been over the last ten years or so, what I did then is I consulted with the commanding officers of my submarines and asked them about it in detail. They said it's a piece of cake. We can put an antenna up—we're below the surface—put an antenna up and we can pick up (phonetic) all this shouting going on, because the helicopter's flying about three to five hundred feet. We can pick them up at about thirty miles, or whatever it was. That's not the edge of the earth, of course, but the scanner. I couldn't get this message across. Just communicating. Then when the ship communicated it became a target. A submarine makes a triangulation on it, they know exactly where it is.

Well, that was my first report to Bud. Phase 1. He'd just nod his head, like this. Just he and I were in his office. I said to him, "I know that you're very anxious to see if this program will work. But from the very beginning it has very, very debilitating pitfalls." And I told him about this, just like I described to you. I said, "I don't know how you're going to uncover that, unless you go to a silent code." But then it's longer in communication, and there are other factors there. They could have done that but it never came up. They didn't even know it existed, apparently. You know, you can go to—I used to know all the language but I can't say it now. So I said, "Basically, the concept is flawed from the very beginning, before we've even made any major evaluations of the scenario." The scenario, right now, what I've just described. Okay,

well, he thanked me. Said keep up the good work, and so forth. So I go back. And about a year later, now we've gone through more of the exercising. Now we're using the jeep carrier.

WINKLER: Do you remember what jeep carrier?

CARMODY: Yes. The skipper was a contemporary of mine. We were old friends. He understood the subtleties of what we were doing. He said, "What can I do?" He said, "My job is to make this a success." I said I know that, but we talked about it. I flew aboard and spent a little time with their setup. So the next time a year had gone by and we had another one and this was with the carrier now, the jeep carrier working. I brought that up again. I said, they haven't solved it. They're going to be exposed. Our submarines are able to locate every one of the helicopters. Our submarines can triangulate the position of the ships. They could fire missiles and hit the ship in the first burst. That would be their first operation, to get rid of the carriers. And you do not have enough airplanes, helicopters, in your force to fly ASW for the carrier too. They're going now looking, suppose, here. You would have to have four carriers instead of two. I was using that. For instance.

But it didn't get through at all, because this was a political program. You know, I've told you before, Nitze was bound and determined to run Bud for President. He was grooming him. From other sources, we've talked about. The idea of the whole sea control ship.... I told you that article that said they were going to build fifty-two of them, that was in "Newsweek." That brought the whole industry behind Bud's program, you see? My assessment. So I could understand why I was talking to deaf ears, because, don't bother me with the facts.
Well, then on that time I said, "I'd like to know what your expectations are, Bud." I told you I was senior to him. We'd worked together when he was in Op-97. I think I was senior to him as an admiral too, at the time. So it wasn't "Admiral;" we were talking as colleagues. I said, "Bud, what are your expectations?" I said, "I know the concept, what you had in mind here. It's very clear to us and we've evaluated it. What I'm trying to tell you is that the whole concept is flawed. I don't know who has been advising you, but I don't think that they understand what the ramifications here are." Well, of course they knew it but they weren't—it was Bud's initiative. I said, "Is there anything that you would like to have me do? Is there something that you feel maybe I'm not doing the right thing, or whatever it is?"
"Oh, no, no. You just keep going." And the reason he said that is because he knew that this general was hot on this, because they tried to get this through Congress without going through OpTEvFor, you know. Did you know that?

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: Okay. And the Congress said, give us your operational readiness evaluation first. DoD.

It was a very, very busy job.

WINKLER: Sometimes Congress is not the root of all problems. Sometimes they ask the right questions.

CARMODY: Yes. But Hebert—making deals with the Congressman to move the Reserve down, that was nothing but highway robbery. And screw the public. Screwed the whole country just so that he could get re-elected down there because he brought them. That's bad program that we have, in today's world when things are so delicate. We have to have the best. We don't have it yet.

I'll wind this up by saying that it was an absolutely fascinating job.

WINKLER: Just one thing—we never did get a sea control ship.

CARMODY: No. Never did. Oh, now let me tell you a postscript on this. On the final report I'd given it a flat down. I said I cannot endorse this for operational readiness because it cannot operate effectively in the harsh realities of war. It's written down and it's in the record, someplace. So I went up to see Bud with my final report. Well, he didn't have a meeting, he and I. He brought his minions in, his vice chief, and Hayward was now being groomed for the job, and about four of them right there.

So I went in. I didn't go into his office; I went into the outer office. They have a little sitting room. They had it set up with a table here and put me on a couch here, and those four people sat there, and Bud wasn't there. "He's busy right now, but he'll be in after a while." And these guys, these four people, proceeded to try to persuade me. Each of them took a shot at me. It was an insult, really an insult. I wasn't that invested (phonetic), but it was an insult. Every one of them was trying to get me to lie. The very thought that they thought they might persuade me to lie was an insult to me.

This is what I told you, that the prosecuting attorney was Tom Hayward. He didn't know what in the hell he was talking about. That's when I said to him, for everyone's benefit, "I know it's the Chief of Naval Operations' major initiative. I've known it all along, and I've been told that it is. You're not telling me anything," when he asked me: Do you realize this? I said, "Of course I do. Are you suggesting to me that the CNO wants me to lie and fudge this report so the sea control ship can be brought into being?" What could they do? I told you that the other day. Then Bud came in. It was all staged. It was staged. He came in and he sat down. I talked to him just a little bit and then I told him that I had this report and that there was no way that I could—it was an invalid proposal because it was fraught with pitfalls and it would not work in the harsh realities of war. I used that a lot. He dismissed me by saying, "Well, this program is above OpTEvFor's decision on this." Dismissed me. Isn't that interesting?

Then just shortly after that I got orders to San Francisco. I knew what was happening. I want you to know that I'm never crestfallen.

WINKLER: But the program never did....

CARMODY: Oh, what they did then, they transferred me out, and my relief was a guy by the name of Monroe. And after six or eight weeks that he was there the guys that were still on the staff said: You can't get any decision out of him at all. So much stuff is going in and he hasn't made a decision on this. He was figuring out every angle, I guess. Then they came up with a plan and eight weeks after I was gone they went out and conducted an evaluation of the sea control ship, and they approved it. OpTEvFor approved it. So they sent it in and they got it before Congress, with their politicians. And the Defense Department stepped in and said this was not a valid operation. The former commander of the Operational Test and Evaluation Force spent three years evaluating the ship and at every stage he had turned it down for the things I talked about. And Congress didn't even, they wouldn't go (phonetic) for it. All that for nothing. And the cost involved.

Oh, I told you about the trip to Norway for the landing evaluation? These two submarines were the Orange force? I did?

WINKLER: This was for the test of the sea control ship.

CARMODY: Yes. Well, no. I piggybacked on there. We had ten of our officers who were on the committee—no, six of them—were there taking notes on everything. All the incoming things, then they would evaluate what was going on in daytime. And I told you that the submarine officer came to see me the day after they got into port and gave me his first-hand report: They never made one attack that would have been successful. They jiggled that whole thing around and lied, and put it in writing. That really disgusted me. And what bothered me is Second Fleet getting in the act, and other people. Three-star people. Can you imagine? What kind of Naval officers are they? That sell a regiment, lose a regiment of people, just so they can get promoted to the next rank?

That was the end of it, and I was on my way to San Francisco.

WINKLER: Right, for your "retirement tour."

CARMODY: My "retirement tour." Shall I talk about San Francisco now? I know there are a lot of other things on this other one. If I took my notes out I could give it to you in about three hours.

Well, I knew that it was going to happen to me, so it was no surprise. I was a little disappointed, but not too much. I felt good that no way would I fudge on the subject. Because remember what I told you: It's my Navy. I don't care what your rank is; if you're wrong, you're wrong. If I'm wrong, I'm wrong, but it's my Navy and I'm going to defend it from whatever my responsibility is. That was my attitude, and I told that to people. I said, don't forget—it's my Navy too. I know you're senior to me and you're talking about this, but what's wrong is wrong. I am not going to be a party to some obfuscation of the facts. I'm glad that I was that way. Really.

Let's go back to San Francisco now. What I did there—it was kind of a nothing job. So the first thing I did is, we were having trouble with public relations because the Communists set fire to the NROTC at Cal and they were parading and doing these other things, and we were having troubles on that. I arrived in the middle of it. So what I did is developed a program to

follow that I thought would be helpful to the Navy. The first thing I did is I visited each of the governors and told them that I wanted to let them know that they were in my Naval District. Reagan broke up when I told him that. Ronnie Reagan. He knew I was saying it in jest, but he really laughed. I came up there with about five Reserve officers. I had access to them, over at Alameda.

WINKLER: The Naval District covered what? California? Nevada?

CARMODY: Halfway down California, about to San Luis Obispo. And then the Eleventh Naval District had the rest.

WINKLER: Tape XII, Side B. Okay, so you had...

CARMODY: Twelfth Naval District.

WINKLER: Northern California and Nevada.

CARMODY: And Utah. So what I did is to set out to have a personal liaison with the governors. They all received me very graciously, were keenly interested, or at least they gave me that impression. My story was that I'm new; however I'm a Californian and I have relatives in Utah and some of my family were born in Reno, Nevada. Just that.

In talking to Ronald Reagan—there were about five other people there who were big in the Reserves and the Navy League. I took them along. I said that I'm here because I would like to establish a rapport with you and your staff so that anything that comes up that has to do with the Navy or other military things, so that you would call on me for advice. Or maybe get an opinion from me if you want to. I'm available. We didn't want a misunderstanding with the public (phonetic). My whole theme was that I cooperate with them, and if they would call me first I would appreciate it. Because we were having a little tough time with these Wobblies in the Berkeley area, and I think it was at the State college at Davis, also. It was along those lines, just going on and saying: Feel free to call me and consider that I'm part of your staff, if you want to. That was the general theme. Then side chatter and so forth, but my message got out to Reagan.

Then the next one I went to is the governor of Utah. I found him to be a very easy person to talk to, and related about the same message that I had given to Reagan. He was very cooperative and said: I appreciate your giving us this opportunity to do it. He brought in one of his staff people to let him hear it so that I had his address to call at any time. They could call me or I cold call them.

Then in about another three or four weeks I flew down to the capital in Nevada. My brother was big in getting the aviation program going in Reno, back in the thirties, and right up to and after the war. He was well known there. He was the author and put the first air races from there down to Los Angeles. It became quite a thing and they used it on races day; it was a holiday almost. So anyway, I used all those old things—I'm local, I'm a local guy. And I worked

on a construction job in Reno in 1938 when I was a college kid, because they paid five dollars a day.

WINKLER: Big bucks.

CARMODY: Big bucks in those times. That was fine. We had a good relationship with them. Then when Reagan—he could only have two terms in California—when that was over I took about twenty of the Reserves and Navy League, we took them up and gave him a little farewell present, so we had a nice meeting with him then. That's after I'd been there a year, when he went out.

Before I could call on Rosebud Brown, who became the governor, that little pipsqueak, this is when I decided to retire. I told BuPers what my intentions were and they came back to me and asked if I would stay on. I told you that a lot of people were dropping out because they were dues (phonetic) on their.... And I wasn't in that category. I was maybe three or four years senior to most of those people.

WINKLER: A quick question. As a Naval District commander you had responsibility for....

CARMODY: All public relations.

WINKLER: Public relations. You also had Reserve and recruiting?

CARMODY: Oh, yes. But no, that was independent. That's aside. But for a variety of purposes it came under the district commandant as overall cognizance of it. We had all the court martial responsibilities. I had a team of lawyers on my staff. They had a big law practice, so to speak, there at Treasure Island. That was a busy one.

WINKLER: Did you have any landlord responsibilities?
CARMODY: No. Then, for example, I was responsible for making sure that the nuclear bombs that were coming out of Port Chicago were not hijacked. I didn't do it; it was there. But I went out and made a visit to the commanding officer of the ammunition depot and made a good rapport. We sat down and he went over everything. He was going the back way bringing the nukes in, the safest route where they could fight a fight if they had to. I said to him, "Have you ever considered using tugboats?" Your tugboats to tow them down rather than to go through this. Being a Californian and being recruited by St. Mary's University I knew the back side of the country over there, and had friends. I know that area, all of the Bay area and all the way up to Sacramento and up the mountains there, from my youth.

So we gave it a try. He wrote it up and I signed the directive, how they would do it from now on. The Coast Guard put two gunboats ahead and behind us. Here are the barges. The tugs take it up; they come right alongside and do it. We didn't have to go overland anyplace. I think that the skipper there was pretty sharp. He planted the seed and let me find out about it. But I agreed that it made sense, because I had studied it pretty good.

If there had been a disaster anyplace in the district that would have been something that infringed on our program, I would be involved in it, and public relations releases, and all that sort of thing. They had a good PAO office.

WINKLER: Twelfth Naval District—you thought that was going to be your retirement tour, but it was not.

CARMODY: It ended up that it wasn't.

The other thing, after I called on all the governors, then I called on all the major newspapers. Not in Nevada. Reno's the main one; didn't go over there. But I did talk to the people when I was in Utah. I won't have time to go into that, but I got into a big pissing contest on a program I had for training nuclear delivery pilots. Did I talk to you about that?

WINKLER: Right.

CARMODY: I spent a lot of time from my job as ops officer at ComFAirAlameda in Salt Lake City trying to mend fences and to get the bombing range approved. So I had contact with the Salt Lake City Tribune, or whatever it is. So while I was there seeing the governor I went to see the people there too.

Then I called on the San Francisco Examiner. Now, on my CarDiv staff in 1947 our admiral, the admiral, was a friend of the Hearsts. And Randy Hearst flew out to be with us at Pearl Harbor to make the trip to Australia for the Australian Coral Sea Day. We were the first group to go into Australia since the war, and Randy Hearst was there. Now he's the publisher and he has all the reins. So I had a good session with his editors and just a short visit with him, for old times sake. Because I have pictures of him where we put him through the pollywog deal, going across the equator. I had a good session with them. I explained my concern with the unrest and their using us as whipping boys here. It was about that time, I told you, they set fire to the NROTC building over at Berkeley, so I had a stone to step on there. They were kind during my whole, about eighteen months that I was there, or whatever the time was.

WINKLER: Was it during that time his daughter....
CARMODY: Yes. The Symbionese Liberation Army captured her, and that was...

WINKLER: Big news.

CARMODY: Oh, yes. Then I called on the San Jose Mercury Herald, the Sacramento Union, the Fresno Bee. Those were the major large cities. That was it, about six papers. I got a good reception. My message was that I would appreciate it if you have something that you want to get information about the Navy or other things, just give us a call. We have a good public relations service there and we'll be happy to get the message across. My message was that we want, the Navy wants, to be a good neighbor. Nobody told me to do that. I was overreacting because of the snub I had received just earlier back here, so I vowed to do a good job.

Jim Holloway was now CNO and he had instituted a policy to invite CNOs from various countries to this country for counsel and a visit to San Francisco, and of course Barbara and I were the host and hostess. We didn't appreciate that particularly. But in a way it was enjoyable. It was enjoyable.

We had—what was that slave ship, the Esmeralda? Did you every hear of the Esmeralda? The sailing ship of the Chilean Navy, where they had all the prisoners aboard, supposedly. They came through, and of course the naysayers were throwing garbage at them, so we had to take it out of the pier and we put it alongside at Alameda. The ambassador came out on that one.

The chief of staff of the Norwegian joint program, he came, and his wife. The Australians visited with us. That was strictly a social sort of thing, but it was time-consuming and it kept Barb very busy. We lived in those great big quarters on Goat Island, there. Yerba Buena Island it used to be called when my ancestors were there.

I was invited to help open up the race season up at whatever that—I can't think of the name. Had Dan Farran (phonetic) over at the other side. I showed up in my white uniform and did the foolish things. Just do it. Mainly because I was trying to back up my word that I wanted to be a good neighbor. And hockey. When the hockey season opened in Oakland I went out. Just things like that.

Nobody told me to do anything. Not a single instruction ever came to me. The only thing that I got is when they said we're going to take your stewards away from you. Boy, and here I had this big—everything. I said, "Shall I turn down these people?" Well, they hadn't considered that. You know, staffies get to be very insensitive. Particularly they get bewildered by their own importance and they forget courtesies and what other people's problems are. I understand that.

I think I told you that the Navy League moguls had yachts—fifty-, sixty-foot, forty-five-feet, luxurious, and they would take all our guests out. They offered this. It was part of their program of support of the Navy. That type thing. It worked out real well. It was a fantastic harbor, taking them out underneath the Golden Gate Bridge and they'd come back and go by Treasure Island and then Angel Island, and then go around Treasure Island. It was really very, very good, but it took time and planning. Barb did a hell of a lot of that, managing that whole thing.

On balance it was a memorable tour. And I'm glad that I didn't sulk. This is how I talked to myself: Buck up, stand up and march off smartly and get something done.

WINKLER: Well, it kind of was a breather between two very intense tours.

CARMODY: Yes. Well, then I told you the other, that I decided to turn it in. Of course, my roots are in that area. I've got all kinds of relatives in San Jose, Santa Clara, up and down the state of California, and up in the Grass Valley. So I thought that might be a good place to get connected.

WINKLER: Did you have the two stars in OpTEvFor?

CARMODY: Yes. They didn't have the one-stars.

WINKLER: That's right. You went straight to two.

CARMODY: Yes, I went straight to two, although I was lower half. But I made upper half when I reported to OpTEvFor. So when I was OpTEvFor I was O-8. More money. I recognized that.

Let's see. I think that kind of sums it up. Oh, and we had a lot of friends there. We shared our house with all kinds of people. College friends and old friends, relatives, big reunions, and everything else. We enjoyed it as a family program. We've got pictures of it and good memories. That's where Barb and I had first met, you know, in Alameda, when I had just left the *Zelima*. So it was good. I made it so.

Oh, we had the big undersea listening—what do we call it? What is the undersea listening cable?

WINKLER: SOSUS?

CARMODY: SOSUS. That came under me, too. Way up on the coast, below Eureka. So I made a trip up there to these isolated places. Told them ahead of time so they had a chance to get polished up. I enjoyed visiting with them and getting refreshed on those things. Then, of course, I'm always making little talks if I go to a dinner, like in Eureka. Short, but just always rah-rah Navy, rah-rah Navy.

I think that's about the extent of it. I'm sure there are other incidents that came. Oh, that Esmeralda thing, I saw that was getting out of hand. I was worried they would throw a bomb aboard or something, or try to set it afire. Oh, there were people in canoes, dressed up like Indians. They had to fend them off from the Esmeralda. That's a heck of a ship, a beautiful ship.

I know there were other things that I did at the time, but I think that's about it. It was just a kind of a restful change of pace. Then we made the decision and I told you, I think, that after the Chief of Naval Personnel talked to me, I called Jim. We'd been friends for a long time. I asked him what were his expectations for my role there, and he said, "Be yourself."

I said, "Are you sure?"

He said, "Of course." Which I thought was a vote of confidence.

So then I went to be the IG. That had a pretty good staff. Pretty good. Not enough; I think we should have had two lawyers and we only had one.

Did I tell you that about two weeks after I reported the Secretary called me over and asked me to go down and investigate the training command?

WINKLER: No.

CARMODY: Didn't I tell you about that?

WINKLER: No. But before you go on to that, what was the size of the IG back then? You mentioned you had a lawyer.

CARMODY: Oh, yes. We had about forty people.

WINKLER: Okay. They have a hot-lines division. You didn't have a hot-line, did you?

CARMODY: Not in those days.

WINKLER: Not in those days. You just went out and did investigations and, I guess, inspections?

CARMODY: Yes. IG inspections.

WINKLER: Okay. And the other thing is, at the time did you have IGs with the different major commands, who report to their bosses but indirect to you?

CARMODY: I tried to get that. Because I saw the fallacy in the whole Navy program. It was phony. This was in my second year, now; I'll jump ahead to that. I'd gone out and inspected Lant- and PacFlt, and found a lot of things wrong with them. Nobody ever inspected them from outside. And were they pissed. Tom Hayward was the guy there, and I hated to hit (phonetic) him. I didn't feel good about it but they were wanting in transportation. They had let it slide and let it slide as to how they were going to handle transportation. There were several others. We spent about ten days there. We had a team going into administration, a team going into ops, a team going into material, about four teams. I think we had about four separate areas. We found that we couldn't give them an AA, or an A, even. I'm sure that went over like a lead balloon.

WINKLER: The teams, when they would do an inspection, did they have a checklist of things they were looking for?

CARMODY: Yes, ahead of time. Oh yes, yes. We would prepare for a trip and, in the areas that we were concerned, we would get someone enlisted (phonetic) in the IG. He wasn't an IG member. That was part of the way we did it. We would go to BuPers, for example. Those people were experts we would take with us. I did that to Spain and everywhere I went, out to WestPac, even. We didn't have all that, but what we wanted to look at, we got that. We didn't have all that assigned to us. That was the rules where the IG were involved.

I want to tell you a little incident that occurred when I was the IG. I told you about the scam on the steel? I already told you about that.

WINKLER: Right. I don't know if we talked about that on tape, though.
CARMODY: With Ike Kidd? They were worried about the accountability of the Lockheed organization. They were there all day and I told you that one of the fellows' dad was in the junk business. Not junk, but....

WINKLER: Scrap metal?

CARMODY: Scrap metal and that sort of thing. They had a group that got together once a year, and in a conversation between a couple of people this commander—who was with his dad at the convention, but he was the commander that worked for Ike, an auditor, lieutenant commander—heard this man say, God, what a good deal we were making on this deal. He kept listening and listening. It was the Avondale man. So all of a sudden the light went on why they weren't doing it. This thing, it looked, the way they had fixed the books. This was surveyed metal, that sort of thing. So on Thursday morning armed with this they confronted them, and sure enough, to the tune of about $50 million dollars, on that order, these people, whoever it was. They were getting it and putting it down and then survey it. They would cut a little piece off, or something, and then they were selling it on the black market. This was Lockheed. They owned Avondale. They were building....

WINKLER: I think it was a FFG 7s they were building there.

CARMODY: Right. I've told you about that.

WINKLER: We talked about that off the tape. You were mentioning, when you reported aboard, within two weeks you were called in to....

CARMODY: Oh, we went down to the air training command at Pensacola, because the vice admiral in charge there was implicated by the public, by a city bank there, the bank that was on the Naval base, as interfering.... It was an old, reputable bank on the base there. He and a bunch of Navy guys had opened up a new bank and they were going pretty strong, and selling stock at a good price to all of their friends. I tried to get in on it. I heard about it, because one of my chiefs of staff had bought quite a bit of stock in the bank. The whole thing was a scam. It was a good bank. I mean, it was a legitimate bank. But they wanted to get in on the ground on it. And I missed out on it. So when the Secretary called and said that he wanted me to go down and investigate this situation, I told him right there, I said, "Mr. Secretary, I may be not qualified to go." Then I told him that I didn't buy the stock, but I sure as hell would like to have done it.

Now, the admiral is helping to have a branch on the base. And he was overt about it. He was an open-faced crook, all right? They moved the federal credit union, or whoever it was, I forget, moved them out of this beautiful corner in Pensacola, right on the main road as you're going in to the administrative areas there. And they're there now. Well, he did a lot of shenanigans. I told you about using his airplane to fly back and forth on weekends to his ranch in Virginia, his farm, plantation. Going out to cattle meetings and taking his whole family, including the in-laws. It was just absolutely corrupt.

WINKLER: So the issue was the fact that, here's the base commander who bought stock in this bank and then used his influence to move the bank onto the base so the bank would be successful. Clearly a conflict of interest.

CARMODY: Of course it was. And I told you there was a direct connection between him and one of the undersecretaries on this. So it was pretty widespread, their relationship. Again, integrity doesn't exist. It only exists where it is convenient, unfortunately.

WINKLER: You mentioned you made tours out to PacFlt.

CARMODY: As the IG? Oh, yes. We gave him a complete report as having given him a low grade. He was so pissed. Oh, he was so pissed. I'm talking about Tom Hayward. I think he thought maybe I was pulling a vendetta on him, because we'd had the meeting before then.

WINKLER: Today is still June 4, the sixtieth anniversary of the Battle of Midway. This is Dave Winkler, here with Rear Admiral Martin Carmody. Tape XIII, Side A.

We were talking about your inspections with the IG. You talked about going out to the Pacific Fleet, CinCPac, and some of the other places you visited. For example, I think we talked about intelligence, Naval Intelligence.

CARMODY: That's something that I think we should talk about. The Naval Intelligence Command had never had an IG inspection in their history. And you know from my previous work that we talked about earlier, everything I did was based on intelligence. The intelligence command itself in the Pentagon—Naval Intelligence Command—is what I'm talking about now. So we gave them an inspection. We used outside help on this; we always used outside help. And we used some people who were former Navy intelligence people. We found that they were in a state of disarray. We went out to—what is that place out near Andrews Air Force Base?

WINKLER: Suitland?

CARMODY: Suitland. We went out there, and those people welcomed the inspection. They allowed how, what some of the problems were. I don't think it went over very well with the chief of Naval Intelligence. And we went up to Fort Meade, where we had another very closed-circuit type outfit. Their attitude was that—boy, we're glad you're doing it.

In any event, following these inspections—and I had to fail them until they made...—they had a list of the corrections. Then we went back and checked for them, that they had fulfilled their responsibility. We had to do that as the IG office. All of a sudden after this happened, I had a call from a fellow by the name of—he was the deputy CIA at this time.

WINKLER: Inman?

CARMODY: Inman. I got a call from Bobby Inman. Did I already talk about this?

WINKLER: We mentioned it after dinner last night.

CARMODY: Oh, just a little bit. Okay.

He wanted to see me. I said, "Sure, come on." He's a four-star admiral, but he's in the CIA now. He comes to my offices there up on the Hill—my offices were very nice, by the way—and proceeds to give me a talking-to, that I shouldn't have been doing that and, you know, the whole idea of looking into that was untoward, and just telling me that I shouldn't be interfering with the intelligence program. Words to that effect. And of course, he's not even in the Navy now; he's working for the CIA.

So I just plain told him that he was out of line. I wasn't working for him and he wasn't in my chain of command, and if he had any problems with me, to go talk to the CNO. Of course, he didn't like that at all. But I thought it was an affront to me, that he would think that I would be but a quiver in his.... Under another circumstance I'd have thrown him right out of the office.

WINKLER: Was one of the things you were looking at with the intelligence was that we had dominated our collection assets with the undersea...?

CARMODY: Oh. The most support for intelligence was assigned to the submarine forces. No question, they did a fantastic job on covert operations. But they dominated too far. They dominated to the point—in my view, now—to the point that we were not getting good intelligence to pass on to our aviation programs. When I'd been OpTevFor I saw that problem. And when I formed—I told you, I had a complete restructuring job and I doubled the size of my intelligence center. I did that because I wasn't getting good intelligence from them. I attributed this to the fact that it was dominated by the submarine service. That's not a criticism. They were doing it; it was being allowed. But the other people were getting short-changed. And that came out very clear when we had our investigation, where I went through this whole thing.

I didn't realize how bad it was, so when the report came in I took a team with me. I went up to Fort Meade and sat down with the people so I got a first-hand. I went out to Suitland and got a first-hand there. Then I came back, and this is when I gave them an unsatisfactory report. And Inman had gone from that job, I think, to the CIA. But he was very close to it, and he didn't care for that at all.

WINKLER: Was he CIA or NSA?

CARMODY: CIA. Deputy CIA.

WINKLER: Some of the other places you went out to visit?

CARMODY: I took a team up to the big worldweb (phonetic) site in Scotland. There was a big worldweb (phonetic) site—you know what that is, intelligence collection, listening worldwide and so forth—up there. They'd never had an inspection before. Found a lot of things wanting, but they were doing pretty well and they had a good attitude, and so forth.

One of the things that I would do is get up early in the morning and go down when they'd come out for muster, all the personnel. Would go just to see how they walked, what their—just to get a feel for them. And the thing that struck me as being kind of, not gross but whatever, was the number of pregnant women that were there. You talk about a Mack Sennett comedy. I just noted

that, here you have a tall gal—and they didn't have uniforms for pregnancy—and here they are in this gingham outfit and this big.... I think there were two or three up there in that site.

Oh, the people up there really welcomed our program, the team. We just stayed there about two days.

WINKLER: They were probably happy to see anybody.

CARMODY: Then we went to another site down toward where we had the connection to the SOSUS again. It's down from England, over the corner of England, the southwest corner of England. I can't remember the name of it, but that's not important. But we gave them a good scrub and made recommendations, and also suggested that they start requesting things that they weren't. And if they had any problem to send a message personally to me.

And we went to another place in England, those sites that it was recommended we check on.

Then we flew to Spain. They had a big worldweb (phonetic) out at Rota there, the big one there. So we went through the same thing. So I went out in the early morning again. And there were six or seven of these gals in all types of civilian dresses that were really grotesque, some coming way up here. But I didn't make it an issue, didn't talk about it; I just noted it.

Then we went to a site on Sicily not very far from—what is our big air base there?

WINKLER: Sigonella.

CARMODY: Sigonella. We were there. We did a good three units (phonetic) at Sigonella. We made a good inspection there; we had a lot of recommendations. By and large they were a hot-operating outfit. There was all of VP, the emergency carrier (phonetic) stuff in there.

Then we around to the ammunition depot around the far end of that. I can't remember the name of the base, but it's a familiar name.

WINKLER: Augusta Bay?

CARMODY: Augusta Bay, yes. We found a lot of discrepancies there, and we left with strong recommendations that that be done, whatever it was.

Then I went over to the submarine base on that island off the coast, just adjacent to Napoleon's incarceration. What was that called?

WINKLER: Oh, Sardinia.

CARMODY: You know those islands right there? Where the submarine base was?

WINKLER: La Maddalena.

CARMODY: That's it. I spent about three days there. Not I—the team and I. It was very interesting. They were pretty well squared away. It was a revealing trip, as far as I was concerned.

Then we went to a spot in Italy. I'm trying to think what it was now.

WINKLER: Well, you had the Naples installation.

CARMODY: Maybe it was at Naples. Yes, that's where it was.

WINKLER: AFSouth is the NATO headquarters.

CARMODY: Yes, I know about that. Then I always called....

WINKLER: Then Gaeta was where the Sixth Fleet was.

CARMODY: No, we didn't go up there, because they didn't have that much of a shore establishment.

WINKLER: No, they didn't.

CARMODY: Then, I think we flew home from there.

Oh, on the way over we stopped in Iceland, at Keflavik. We found a lot of discrepancies there. A lot of pilfering by the civilian populace, taking tools away. A lot of things disappearing. Not enough security in that sense. We followed up on that pretty well. All of it we followed up on.

A good IG inspection is helpful to people, to get out of their lethargy and realize that they have a lot of things that are just left. They've allowed them to slip by.

Let's see. I went somewhere else after that. Did we have an installation on the Azores?

WINKLER: We did.

CARMODY: I think we went over there too. And then we flew home from the Azores. We had a four-engine R4D, one of those. Slow as hell, but reliable.

In WestPac we visited Guam. Very interesting, pretty well squared away. We visited the hospital. I was asked to do this. I had a list. Before I left on any trip I sent it to all the parties—hospital, BuPers, the chaplain—things that while we were there for me to report on.

Then we flew to Okinawa. We went down to the Philippines too. There was a big worldweb (phonetic) there too. I knew all that area because I'd flown over it. Okinawa. Then to Japan. I had it on my schedule to go to Diego Garcia, from the Philippines. But some of my staff members said, you know, if we go there we're going to lose two or three days, because it would take a day to get there, and we'd already been working pretty good. And they persuaded me to skip that because of the long ride back and forth. Which we did. Wish I'd gone, though.

I was scheduled to go to Bahrain to inspect the command there under, in this case, Crowe. Crowe was a rear admiral at the time. And I told you, he sent me a message saying that this was going on at the time of our arrival and he'd recommend that we not make the inspection at that time.

Went to California, because we have quite a few bases there.

Oh, we did CinCLantFlt. Ike Kidd was the commander there. The other thing we saw there that was kind of untoward is the flow of intelligence coming out of there. By and large they were in pretty good shape. But they have a different problem. They're way out, isolated out there, and everybody knew they had to travel far, far over here to get anything (phonetic). But I think Ike was probably, on balance, a lot sharper as a Naval officer than the guy at PacFlt. Ike was pretty shrewd. And you know, after that job, or before I guess, he was the four-star in the Naval Material program. That whole thing became a fiasco too.

We were busy all the time.

WINKLER: Then you had some of these investigations. You mentioned one where you went down to Pensacola. There were problems I guess here in Norfolk in the supply system that you looked into?

CARMODY: Oh, yes. We went to that, and we found all kinds of discrepancies. The big thing is, we weren't surveying. We had stuff out in the big auxiliary supply center out towards Williamsburg there—I can't think of the name of it right now—stuff way back to the Civil War, practically, that we were discovering, that had no use whatsoever. Give it to the city if you want. Survey it; give it away. But you see, that kept a nice group of people working.

So we did that, yes. And that's why I was familiar with the gamesmanship, the scam, the black marketing, and actually just stealing stuff, at the supply centers.

WINKLER: How did you confront some of these officers?

CARMODY: Well, of course, it's not on their watch. And as I told you, let sleeping dogs lie. They weren't about to open up and clean up their act, because they would get tarred by the same brush. Or tarred some way or the other. So no one would do it. The fellow who lived next to me on Dillingham Road, there, was the head of the supply center. And boy, he didn't want to touch anything that might interfere with his tour of duty, you see. So there was no close attention, no innovation, no imagination. It was: This is my watch, I want to play golf on Saturday, and so forth. There were probably good supply officers, a few of those, but they let the system be corrupted. And I told you, the FBI planted.... That's how that thing got blown there. There was a lot of noise on that. After my time. But I saw what it was like when I was the IG.

My last case was a report from a contractor who had a contract with some branch in the Pentagon. The captain in charge of that branch professed to be an old buddy of his, and friend and so forth. He came to me with a tape and played it for me, where this captain was banging up his wife when he wasn't around. Then it got where they were using drugs, using mushroom-type, whatever that....

WINKLER: Hallucinogens.

CARMODY: Yes, that sort of thing. I hadn't ever done anything like this before. So, the first thing I did was I went up to talk to the Judge Advocate General, who was my peer. Boy, he didn't want to touch it. I wanted to get the legal aspects and so forth. There had never been any investigation; this man came to me. An ex-Naval officer. Well, I looked into it, and then I revealed what was going on, because of the sensitivity of it, to Jim Holloway. Jim Holloway said, "Red, I'm too busy on this. Will you deal with Hal Shear?", who was the vice chief. I didn't know that the culprit was a classmate of his—didn't know that initially. So what I'm doing now, in the progress of my report, I'm reporting all this to Hal Shear.

All of a sudden, out of a clear blue sky something blows, and I find on a taped telephone conversation—I had no tape on my part; I'm talking about this retired Naval officer who ran a nice business. He had been given a contract because of the intelligence aspect of it. But this guy took advantage of it. So everything that I was reporting to Hal Shear, he was consulting his classmate, telling him what was going on. Boy, that really pissed me off. And you know how I found out about it? It was on the tape. He said that Red Carmody was, you know.... I'm trying to think how I had the connection. I found it out of a clear blue sky. Oh, what he told the gal, I guess during their paramouring, whatever they were doing—what he said, he had to have gotten it from Hal Shear.

So what I did in this case is, I called up Hal Shear. I was up on the Hill, there. I called Hal Shear and said, "Are you going to be in this morning? I'd like to come over and see you as quickly as possible." Jim wasn't in town. I walked in and I said, "The reason I'm here is because you've been cutting my throat. All the information our team has been collecting—". Now we have the Naval Investigative Service that are doing the work. I said, "You have been passing information, cutting my throat and undermining my investigation. And by God, I'm going to hold you accountable. All I'm doing is, I'm doing you the favor to tell you that I'm going up to see the Secretary of the Navy right now and put you on report." Walked out of the office. Well, the Secretary was flabbergasted. Of course, they didn't know how to handle it. I forget who the undersecretary was then. Then they had the counsel telling me to come over and brief him on the whole thing. Because there was taping. Now, remember the Nixon tapes. These guys were scared crapless about anything on tape.

WINKLER: Now, this guy was basically leaving a tape recorder on while this guy was visiting his wife.

CARMODY: Yes. Down in the basement. He hooked it up to the telephone line. He was an electronic twidget. That was his own business. It had nothing to do with me, but that's how he got the tape. But it was enough that I felt that at least this guy should be exposed, and get kicked out of the Navy. No more than that.

WINKLER: Now, what was this guy doing, that he was so....

CARMODY: He was in this branch that had the liaison with the agency, and he was playing it to the hilt. He was acting as a cutout for the agency. That's what this fellow was. He was doing the product, but it was a known entity, and it was a cutout. You know what I mean by a cutout.

WINKLER: No.

CARMODY: Okay. Actually it's the agency, we're working for them. They're not part of this. We're part of it. That's the cutout. We're the cutout. Do you understand what I mean? We're acting as the cutout so it can't be traced to them. This is a Navy problem. Do you follow? That's what I mean.

WINKLER: So we're talking basically a black program here.

CARMODY: Yes. So I'm conducting an investigation. I have his wife—I asked her to come over and tell what's going on. I had the culprit himself in there, with my lawyer, of course, and scribe, at least three of us. Oh, yes. Went into depth on this. Then I found out, after all this, that the vice chief was giving him all this information. So he knew what was going on all the time. I believe that he was the type of person that would probably threaten the Secretary of the Navy. I think that's why the Secretary of the Navy shared it with—not the Secretary, but one of the people in the Secretary's office, working with him—and his aide, his counsel, treated me like I was a criminal, or tried to. I reminded him that, "You may be the counsel to the Secretary of the Navy, but I work for the Secretary of the Navy too, and there's no need for your demeanor of treating me like I'm a hostile. I'm not a hostile; I'm doing my duty."

I told you that the CIA did an investigation of my whole report and they gave me a clear bill of health. Then they didn't know what to do. Well, the quickest thing you can do to clean this thing up is to get rid of me. So two weeks later, I'm gone. Interesting.

Isn't that a checkered career, though?

WINKLER: You mentioned Admiral Holloway called you up and said it's retirement time.

CARMODY: Yes. Well, he had no choice. It was a courtesy to me. When Bud fired me, he didn't even have the courtesy to call me. Or Jim could have had somebody else call me to tell me that.

WINKLER: At that time you worked directly for the Secretary of the Navy? You were not in the CNO's chain of command?

CARMODY: Oh, no. Equally so. That's why I never hesitated. Because they called me earlier. Remember, I told you they called me in when I was only on the job two weeks.

WINKLER: Okay, this is Side B of Tape XIII. And you're going to tell a little side story about your coming back.

CARMODY: Yes. When I got back from my trip to Europe. On the way, flying, we had plenty of time in chatter and talking. I got to thinking about this, because I saw so many women that were just grotesque. You know, just completely, it was not Navy. So I was thinking about it. One of the commanders who went with me was in the area of personnel management and so forth. And I said, "You know, why is it that we don't have a Navy pregnancy smock to issue to our people?" Or they would buy it, of course; they would. I said, "Why is that?" I said, "This is not good. We need.... At least they'd be in uniform and wouldn't look so...," with gingham dresses and crazy things, you can't imagine. They didn't have any taste anyway. "At least they would look squared-away Navy."

He said, "Oh, that's a good idea. I never thought of it." So when I got back to the office there, I went to see the...BuPers. Not the chief, because he was away, but I saw them. And in giving my report which I gave him about the condition....

(Interruption in tape. Then continued with story at end of Side A)

CARMODY: I'll try to continue and wrap that one up.

Well, as a result of that, as I say, it was really Jim did me a favor by not having somebody else call. He had the courage to do it himself. We're old friends, and he's a nifty guy, actually. He knew that things were beyond his control, and I knew it. That's why I didn't hesitate. When I went to the Secretary of the Navy after being in Hal Shear's office, I told him exactly what Hal Shear had done. I said, "That man cut my throat and sabotaged my investigation." And he did it with malice aforethought, because he kept it up. It wasn't just passing. During my whole time, all the information that I was giving to him as requested by the CNO, for him to handle it, he was giving it to this fellow that was involved.

I had something else there that I wanted to touch on.

WINKLER: Well, I think you finished up with the pregnancy. I guess the result was....

CARMODY: Oh, that's it. Yes. Well, so what the vice chief of personnel did is, he got his—Carlisle Trost was a lower level admiral at this time, I guess—and had a meeting with a woman Navy captain. Carlisle Trost sitting here, me on this side of the table, and the captain there and two commanders, and asking me to tell them what I was talking about. I thought, well, this is a good idea. Anyway, I told them what my impression was in Scotland and in Spain and at Sigonella. And I guess I'd been to the Philippines too by this time. No, I don't think I'd gone to the Philippines yet. I said it was just so unseemly to me, that why can't we develop a pregnancy uniform they can buy and be shipshape, and wouldn't look so un-Navylike? Or something like that. And I did it sincerely.

I didn't know that they'd been plotting, and they came back at me as though I had shit in their breakfast food. Excuse me. I couldn't believe it. I saw they were sort of hostile with me. And I said, "Gosh, I didn't mean to start a bonfire here. I was just telling you what the report was."

"Oh, well, you know...." Gosh, they had all these things—went off about men, went off on a tirade. Carlisle Trost is listening right there, and they're using all the cliches that the feminists use. What had I done?

So I said, "I don't understand why we're going off in all these areas. Clearly, if we want to have a shipshape Navy, we ought to take care of our own and not leave it up to them, so they can be going around in uniform." End of that. That's all I repeated. Then they gave me the phone (phonetic).

Well, I didn't pay too much attention to that. I wasn't upset, but I kept it in my mind. Now I'm retired. And what happens? About two years after that—no, about three. I don't know when it was, but after that some time.

WINKLER: Oh, thirteen years or so; it was 1990.

CARMODY: Okay. I had never given it any thought, to women in service, too much. What I didn't realize is that they had formed a cabal, the military women, and they were on the verge of mutiny. They were blabbing their mouths all the time and making noise. They never were told to keep quiet, keep it in the Navy. They went to the media. All these at this time. And after Tailhook I got to thinking. By now I realized why they were pissed off at me. They were trying to gundeck the whole business of women in combat. And they didn't want the idea of the expense of having women do this. It was a financial thing, apparently. They didn't want it exposed.

Because if you look at the total cost of putting women in combat, it will shiver your timbers. Fantastic. The overhaul of the *Forrestal*, or our interim fix—just for the interim there they had something like $160 million for intermediate fixes—you know what the money went for? Quarters for women. The flight deck—they didn't make all the changes they had to, and they were almost broke. I had that firsthand, from one of the main officers. Then I realized that this gang were always trying to protect. Don't talk about the cost, don't talk about the cost. And we never talk about the cost. But it's costing us literally a billion dollars a year to keep women in a combat role. Combat role, now. In other words, taking them aboard destroyers, taking them aboard here, heads, everything else. And we're not getting a run for our money with women in the service. I don't care whether they're flying jets—one or two of them are flying jets—the cost of keeping them aboard is really horrendous. Everywhere, everywhere, it's just horrendous.

WINKLER: Well, that's beyond—you're getting into current topics here. But yes, that's certainly something that is debatable.

CARMODY: They never let it come up.
Well, of course, I must tell you that where I was badly.... I worked hard on it but I was badly blindsided with my ex-wife, who had not renewed her alimony requirement—because I knew that she had a lot of money herself—let it slide for about five years in California. I was not a resident of California. I'm resident here. I sold all the property in California, or put it in somebody else's name.

But this cabal of women Naval officers were in cahoots with the Congressman from Colorado, the sharp-tongued, loud-mouthed—you know who I'm talking about. Can't think of it at the moment. Now, they were having meetings with her. They were doing the planning for all of this. One of the things they passed, that they got through almost clandestinely, was the Former Spouse Protection Act. You ever heard of it?

WINKLER: Yes.

CARMODY: Of course, I didn't worry about it because she had passed the time of asking for me to renew the alimony. So I didn't worry about it. But then they passed a law for people like myself that was ex post facto. A new law. I came under the laws of the State of California and I did everything I was supposed to. But they passed this law and ignored the whole ex post facto thing. So that when it became law in 1980, all of a sudden I'm back and paying more than I was before.

So I'm a little bit biased on this whole business, because of the absolute bull-headedness of the women. And they didn't worry about women in service. All they wanted is the money from the men. But now women that are in service, I mean a lot of women, now they are hit by it. Well, screw them, we don't worry about those. Those are peons; they're the Navy types. That's their attitude. Pat Schroeder. What a....

WINKLER: Let's don't go there.

Finishing up with the IG, any other issues to touch base on? I think we've pretty much covered that tour pretty good.

CARMODY: Yes. I did make an effort, and I recommended it to Jim—or it was more than just that. But I could see that our whole IG hierarchy was flawed. It was out of date, and it was not an effective instrument. So what I proposed, and I said this on up to the CNO and the Secretary—what I propose is that we study this carefully with a view to having centralization of the IG so that, because I'm right near the CNO, so that I'm getting all the reports that are coming to me, to get a clear picture of what's going on out in the fleet. That they now became responsible to me, not to their fleet commander. Of course, that hit the—that was a little—that one was really.... Because I would have exposed all these people for sloth. They weren't doing a good job. It showed up in the IG report, particularly in the facts, they were skating on thin ice. Boy, they were upset with me. And of course, that's why they were also glad to see me be retired. But I looked at that very carefully, and I talked to my lawyers and I talked to the other people there. They agreed that, as it is now, we didn't know what we were getting, because the IG is so vulnerable (phonetic).

I'll give you an example of that, that affected me. I was in a donnybrook with Air Systems Command on a system where they reneged on the contract a year after it was given. I won't go into the details of that. So I went to the chief of the Air Systems Command and told him what the situation was. He couldn't believe it. "Aw, you don't know about that." By the way,

he used to be a lieutenant in the A-6 squadron when I was the skipper of the *Kitty Hawk*. But now he's a vice admiral. Anyway, he said, "I'm going to have my IG look at that."

I said, "Fine. I'll cooperate with him in any way possible." So his IG looked into it, and the people he quizzed were the people who were screwing my colleague. I was a consultant on this particular deal. So the IG went to get his information from the people who were doing the screwing. I just couldn't believe it. And not only that. They never gave myself or the company I worked with.... I was their consultant; I was more than that in this case. The IG report dismissed all the things that we had down that were facts. And they wouldn't give a copy of the report to me or to the company. I said, "How can you crucify us like you're doing now, and not give us a chance? You're violating my rights by not having a chance to respond."

Then what they did is took this and, in order to not get their fingers in the tar, the head of the Air Systems Command turns it over to the DoD IG and they go through the whole investigation without ever consulting us. It took a year. It was a scam. They were trying to kill this program, an electronic program that I'm very familiar with from my background. That's why I was in it. They did the same thing. They wrote up a report and sent it to Congress without ever revealing what they were writing at all to my colleagues. Terrible.

That's what can happen when you allow your field offices to run the show. You need a centralized IG. Now, they can have their own IG if they want to, for certain type readiness things. No, you can't. You can have them, but the reports should also be sent to my office as the IG, and we review them to see if they're following what they're supposed to do. And if there's any interference, then we should take action. And that's what we should do now. They're all corrupt, and they're not about to go against the commanding officer of the organization.

WINKLER: I guess that sums that up
You retired. A big retirement? Small retirement?

CARMODY: Very small, mainly because Jim was out of the country and my disgust was so deep that I said I don't want any kind of a ceremony. Hal Shear was still there and I didn't even want to face the guy. But he wanted to give Barb the retirement thing and he wanted to give me that Distinguished Service Medal.

WINKLER: Legion of Merit?

CARMODY: No, it's a little higher than the Legion of Merit. The Distinguished Service Medal? It's just below the Navy Cross.

I told you, didn't I, about the gentleman asking if they were going to give me a Distinguished Service Medal? They said no, they weren't. He said, well, if you aren't, I'll have the Secretary do it for you. Because I'd really been through a wringer in that three years at OpTevFor. And I was inside a washing machine going around when I was the IG.

WINKLER: Okay, you had a quiet ceremony.

CARMODY: A quiet ceremony, and hell, I didn't even shake hands with him. But they were good enough to include Barb. Right in the CNO's office there. They had asked me if I wanted a parade and have it at the Navy Yard, with toots and whistles. I said no; I'll just be so glad to retire I don't want to take the time to do that. It left a very bad taste in my mouth. But I want to tell you, I am probably more in a golden mood than most officers out of the service today, because I still feel strongly there are things we should do to get ourselves squared away.

WINKLER: Just a quick overview of—did you retire to come down here?

CARMODY: No. I retired there, and I had a lot of experience in electronic warfare. I understood what the companies needed for responding to a request for proposal. So I became an expert in that area. I hired out to companies who were bidding, and I became a "red team" member. You know what those are? Red and blue, you know. We're the ones that tear apart the proposal, go into great depth, see whether it's full, all the things there. It takes a little doing.
I did that for a long time. And then I did other things for the first three or four years, consulting directly on other subjects. I had to fly out to California a couple of times, and just around. I was really quite busy, as busy as I wanted to be.

Then—Frank Ault and I were old friends. A hell of a guy. We're close friends. He's a strange man, but is one of the smartest men I know of in the world. We had compatibility between us. He's sort of an iconoclast as well.

The company bid on a request for proposal for a top to bottom evaluation of the Customs Service air interdiction program, against smuggling. And we won the contract. We didn't win it—the people we worked for. But we did all the writing of the proposal. We won it. We worked on this program for about three years. It had nothing to do with the Navy, however.

We made a visit to every one in this country of the sites where they were supposedly flying to interdict drugs coming into the country. The thing was a Mack Sennett comedy. It really was. For instance, if a man had already flown eight hours and (?), he wouldn't fly past eight hours—civil service rules. This sort of thing. Going through the motions. Poor talent. No understanding of the total picture, and so forth. We had this program.

So we sat down and the first thing we did was a survey of all the sites. We got the attitude and what their routine was. We made a very, very thorough evaluation. We didn't do anything far up north—all in Texas and Florida, New Mexico, and Arizona. We didn't go up to California either, because what we were concentrating on was, the biggest bulk comes through over the border. We sat down and worked out a 3-D (phonetic) operation, in every detail, on what would be required. That was our aim, to turn over a turnkey operation. We covered everything from putting an adjunct site down at Eglin Air Force Base, where all the intelligence comes in for all airplanes, all over the Atlantic. That's the center for all of them. Which we could tap for our benefit, for whoever's running our show. We recommended which kind of airplanes to buy.
It turned out to be this was a Congressman and a Senator's whipping boys, a source for them to get reelected. In Arizona the Senator was really a less-than character. And the Congressman from—I don't remember where it was. Their whole interest in going after passing the bill for the

Customs Service to do this was so they could get the contract. The other one was that they heard that they were going to use P-2s, P-3s, and they were going to change this, because of the long range and so forth. The particular radar in there was being built by Hughes, so they moved the plant into Arizona. That's all they were after. They couldn't care less about drug enforcement. We saw that throughout those people who were our leaders. Up to the Vice President. But he was not informed. He was hoodwinked all the time. He did not know that the Customs Service people were pulling the wool over his eyes. I'm talking about Bush when he was Vice President. What happened to our proposal to go down to Eglin and do that? We had a cost estimate on everything. Out-year cost estimates. We did a thorough—it took us about a year to do this. We were with them three years. They paid us well. They paid the companies who were doing this work. They won the contract, but we were the people doing the work.

Anyway, we found out that before we got into the game, they'd bought twelve airplanes built by Taylorcraft, or Beechcraft, or whatever it was, for interceptors for doing this. But they had no radar in it. They had no passive receiving systems. They had no way to come in and get some of these while they're doing it. When they did that they were overweight. They couldn't carry but one or two passengers. They had nothing. They did no planning whatsoever. It was just political. Whatever company they bought from—let's say it was Beechcraft. They bought, I think, twenty of them. And they were dogs, because they didn't write the right specifications for them.

Then the Congressman from Oklahoma wanted—when this came out, he was working to bring that center that we already had at Eglin at a fraction of the cost, to put the big thing in his. And that's where the drug enforcement control of the air is controlled there.

WINKLER: Tinker?

CARMODY: In that area. Oh, yes; in that area, see? The whole thing was nothing but a Congressional playpen. They didn't care about anything. I'm talking about inside things now.

So the subject came up and I guess I was viewed as an obstructionist of some kind, so they sent a Congressional aide over from DeConcini's office. He swaggers in the room and they have all the minions, the supposedly sub-chiefs or whatever they are. They don't know their ass from first base on what they're doing. They don't have a total picture of what they need, but nevertheless they're GS-17s or something. And for some reason or other they took after me. He was kind of nasty about it. It was almost like he was trying to scare (phonetic) them from even carrying through this contract they had with us. This young punk. Nasty as can be. Just a bullyish-type person.

Well, of course I couldn't just sit there and take it easy. I gave him my two cents worth and just got up and walked out. I said, "I didn't come here for this. I came here to help try to get this solved, and all I'm getting is a bunch of crap that I...."