Oral History

Vice Admiral
Marmaduke G. Bayne
U.S. Navy (Retired)

Conducted by

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Naval Historical Foundation

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Introduction

I first contacted Vice Admiral Bayne in 1996, it was in relation to another series of interviews I had intended to conduct with Secretary of the Navy Fred Korth. Bayne had served as Korth's Executive Assistant and thus could provide an overview of the issues. He invited me to Irvington and was gracious with his time, providing me with good background material. At that time it became obvious that Bayne would be a good interview subject, however, he politely declined.

Unfortunately, Korth fell ill and subsequently passed away so the planned interviews were never conducted. However, Bayne had a change of heart and agreed to a biographical interview that included the period that he served as Korth's EA.

Besides serving as a SecNav EA, Vice Admiral Bayne's career is significant as he served in the Submarine Service during a period of transformation from WWII diesel boats to a force including nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarines. In his interviews, Bayne details a career serving as a junior officer on a Fleet Boat in the Western Pacific battling the Japanese Empire to command of a missile boat flotilla in the Mediterranean Sea in the late 1960s.

In addition, he served in several political-military posts, with his most important being Commander, Middle East Force. As COMIDEASTFOR, Bayne negotiated with the Bahraini government for an American naval shore presence there that continues to the present. Indeed, when I visited Bahrain in November 1998 to write on the history of USN-Bahraini relations, I noted that the Bahrain School Library was named for him.

In addition to thanking Vice Admiral Bayne for his interview and subsequent review of the transcript, I greatly appreciate the assistance of Yeoman Chief Frank Arre, USN (Ret.) who transcribed the first session and Rear Admiral James D. Cossey, USN (Ret.) who transcribed the second interview.

David F. Winkler, Ph.D.
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Vice Admiral Marmaduke G. Bayne, USN (Ret.)

Marmaduke Gresham Bayne was born on 2 May 1920 in Norfolk, Virginia, son of Marmaduke G. and Lessie Lee (McConnico) Bayne. He attended the University of Tennessee at Knoxville from which he received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1942. He was commissioned Ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve on 16 June 1942 and subsequently advanced to the rank of Vice Admiral, to date from 1 February 1973, having transferred to the Regular Navy on 30 July 1945.

After receiving his commission in 1942, he attended the Naval Training School, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, for indoctrination training. In November 1942, he became Officer in Charge of USS YP-61. He had submarine training at the Submarine School, New London, Connecticut, and in April 1944 joined the USS BECUNA (SS 319), making three war patrols in the Pacific on that submarine.

In March 1945, he was assigned to Submarine Division TWO HUNDRED SIXTY ONE for duty with a Refit Crew and in June 1945 became Engineering Officer of the USS BERGALL (SS 320). He had instruction at the General Line School, Newport, Rhode Island, from July 1946 to June 1947, then became Executive Officer of the USS TORO (SS 422). Between August 1949 and March 1951, he was Officer in Charge at Training Aids Section, at the Fifth Naval District Headquarters, Norfolk, Virginia, after which he had duty on the USS SEA LEOPARD (SS 483) as Executive Officer.

In July 1952, he joined the staff of the Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet and Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, as Aide to the Commander. In that capacity he attended the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London, and the fleet review that year at Spithead.

In May 1954 he assumed command of the USS PIPER (SS 409). He had command of the USS TRIGGER (SS 564) from April 1955 to January 1957, then had instruction at the Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, Virginia, for the next seven months.

He reported in July 1957, as Assistant Head of the Submarine Warfare Branch in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Navy Department, Washington, D.C., serving there for three years until joining the staff of Commander, Submarine Force, U.S. Atlantic Fleet as Plans Officer in September 1960. In July 1961, he became Commander Submarine Division SIXTY-TWO deploying to the Mediterranean with his division of submarines for duty with the SIXTH Fleet. He was selected as Aide to the Secretary of the Navy, and served from June 1962 until November 1963, when he reported as Assistant Chief of Staff, Polaris, to Commander Submarine Force, Atlantic Fleet.

In August 1965, he assumed command of Submarine Flotilla EIGHT in Naples, Italy for which he was awarded a Legion of Merit for his exercise of control of ballistic

missile submarine operations in the Mediterranean Sea. In July 1967, he reported as Assistant Director of the Politico-Military Policy Division, Office of Chief of Naval Operations, Navy Department and was awarded a Gold Star in lieu of second Legion of Merit for his exceptional meritorious service.

In August 1968, he was detached to serve as Deputy Chief of Staff and Assistant Chief of Staff for Plans, Policy, and Operations, to the Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic. He was awarded a Gold Star in lieu of his Third Legion of Merit for his service in this assignment.

He became Commander Middle East Force in April 1970 and in January 1973, he reported as Commandant of the National War College, Washington, D.C. There he earned a Distinguished Service Medal and the Defense Distinguished Service Medal. He retired from the Navy in 1977. In additional to the above cited awards, Vice Admiral Bayne has the American Campaign Medal; Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal; World War II Victory Medal; National Defense Service Medal with bronze star; and the Philippine Liberation Medal with one star.

Since retirement, he served as Senior Councilor to the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University and then settled in Irvington, Virginia.

He is married to the former Sibyl Louise Drake and they have two children and six grandchildren. Sybil Bayne is a noted artist and owner of “The Old Post Office Art Gallery” in Irvington.

Subjects Covered

16 July 1998

Youth in Norfolk—Father was Navy Chief—died young
Influence of Grandmother—Man of the house—younger brother
Influence of History Teacher Virginia Arthur
Work during the Depression—Navy YMCA—Racial Incident
Decision to go the University of Tennessee—Marriage to Sybil Drake

Joining the Navy—Indoctrination at Dartmouth College
Assigned to command YP 429—Duty out of Charleston
Discussion of crew, armament, and duties—Surviving Heavy Seas

Assignment to Submarine School and USS BECUNA
Convoy attack—Depth charged—torpedoes
The effects of depth charges in shallow water
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Witnessing effects of surface gun attack
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Discussion of mine detection exercise—lesson learned
XO duties—Relationship with Chief of the Boat

Assignment to Training Aids job in Norfolk
XO of SEA LEOPARD—Discussion of C.O.
Aide to SACLANT—Working for Admiral McCormick
Coronation of Queen Elizabeth—Meeting VIPs
Insights gained—Caring for people assigned
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Tactics—Comparison of diesel boats—Periscope-snorkel innovations
Command of TRIGGER—Deployments
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NAUTILUS North Pole Transit

Commander Submarine Division SIXTY TWO
Leadership philosophy—Deployment to the Mediterranean
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Malta situation and Chief Steward Hughes
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Turnover to be SECNAV Executive Assistant--Selection Process
Secretary Korth strengths--Korth and BUPERS Admiral Smedberg
Korth, McNamara, and the whiz kids
Korth and Admiral Anderson
Priorities--Organization--Dillion Report
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Korth's management style
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Panama Trip--Korth on the USMC
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Korth's resignation

ACOS for Polaris, ComSubLant--working for VADM Grenfell
Challenges--Polaris readiness

Assuming command as COMSUBFLOT EIGHT--Duty in the Med
Working with the French and Italians
The LIBERTY incident--Soviet Med Fleet

Duty as Deputy Director OP-61B
Working for VADM O'Grady--Selection for Flag

ACOS Plans for SACLANT--ADM Holmes
Soviet threat presentation--Dealing with NATO

COMMIDEASTFOR--Bahrain--11 month tour to 3 years
British pullout--Flagship--Morale challenges--Drugs
Travel to Iran--The Bahrain School--World view changes
Visit to Ethiopia--Soviet Admiral Kruglikov

National War College Tour
Creation of National Defense University

16 July 1998

WINKLER: We are here from the Naval Historical Foundation, in Irvington, Virginia on July 16, 1998 at the home of Vice Admiral Marmaduke G. Bayne, U.S. Navy, Retired, and this is the first tape. We are going to start out right at the beginning. You were born in 1920, May 2, in Norfolk, Virginia and could you talk about growing up, your parents, where you went to school, and I guess, some of the influences in your youth.

BAYNE: Dave, I certainly can. I was thinking last night about how different was my growing up environment than that of my grandchildren. I have six grandchildren, all of whom are doing pretty well, and yet they are uncertain about where they are going, what they are going to do; how things are going to work out for them...even what their real interests are. I do not remember any difficulty with that sort of thing. My father died when I was young, when I was nine years old. He was a casualty of World War I. He was in the Navy during World War I; a Chief Petty Officer who taught mathematics in the Naval teaching environment and contracted what was called German flu. Apparently there was a near epidemic in this country. He survived for a time, but his lungs were affected and he developed tuberculosis and died in 1929. So I did not grow up with a strong male influence. My mother, my aunt, and my grandmother brought me up. My grandmother was the powerful person in our particular family. I had one brother, two years younger, who is not living now. My grandmother was the controlling family influence. She was very much a southern lady who was brought up with specific codes of conduct. Things for her were either right or wrong. She would not be patient with what we call "political correctness" or "spin doctoring" today. So, in my young life, there was very specific direction. I had no difficulty finding out quickly if I took a wrong path. I was rapidly pulled up short. I never developed doubts about what I was doing, or what I was going to do, or what was the right thing to do. Today's culture does not seem to promote that as much as did mine. From my perspective that is regrettable because today the emphasis seems more on self than on what is right. Then you did not worry about your own interests too much. You are very concerned about other people from the beginning, how you appeared to them in ethical terms.

My grandmother had a favorite saying which my brother and I always heard when she was correcting us. "Remember the two bears," she would tell us, "to bear and to forbear." That admonition came to my brother and me about once a week, referring to something we had done or not done, or some question we had asked. So, it was natural to grow up in an environment that included things of which you were a part, but an environment, which clearly demonstrated you were not the most important thing in it. You had to allow for the others, their views and their rights and responsibilities.

WINKLER: Out of curiosity, were you the younger or the older brother?

BAYNE: I was two years older.

WINKLER: O.K.

BAYNE: My mother did me no favor at all when she told me, after my father's funeral, that I was now "the man of the house". I remember clearly that she called me into her room, very formerly sat me down before her, and said, "Gresham, (I was not known as Marmaduke, I was known by my middle name, Gresham), you are now the man of the house. We will all depend on you." That is one Hell of a thing to throw at a nine-year old kid. Because of it, I am sure I grew up with a much more serious outlook than I would have had otherwise. In those days, that was 1929, and in a family without a male money earner, both my Mother and my Aunt worked. My Grandmother was the housekeeper, the cook, and the general manager. My Aunt was a trust officer in the Seaboard Citizens Bank. My Mother worked as a saleswoman in various department stores. We lived together and pooled resources. I got my first job when I was 13 years old at the Navy YMCA in Norfolk, Virginia. To back track for a moment, my first memory of any consequence is from Macon, Georgia, where my Father was born. We had gone there when I was four or five years old. He was to start a hotel in Macon and I remember my brother and I in a big house standing on an outside porch at the top of a large flight of stairs, being shown a BB gun by my Father. He explained to us how to use it, but was very clear he did not want us to use it without his supervision. That, and a later incident in Norfolk concerning a BB gun are the most lasting memories of my Father.

Toward the end of his life, we lived for a time at Ocean View, Virginia because the sea air was supposed to help his lungs. He had built us a kite, which we flew in a field near the house. One day, my brother and I went to the field to fly the kite and some older boys shot holes in it with a BB gun. We came home and told our Father who went to the field to find the boys. They denied they had damaged the kite, showed the BB gun, which they said would not even shoot. Father came home and accused us of lying about the rips in the kite. When we stuck to our story he went back to find the boys shooting at tin cans with a fully operable gun. Evidently they had simply removed the magazine to claim the gun was not working and he had believed them instead of his sons. The event was traumatic for him. He was shaken and apologized to us over and over again for having been willing to believe his sons were lying. Lying was a huge issue in our family. The hotel venture in Macon obviously did not pan out, either because he got sick, or saw a better opportunity in Norfolk. We moved to Norfolk, Virginia where my brother and I grew up. I remember my Father as in and out of hospitals and sanitariums until he died. To the extent that a normal life can be led without a Father, I think I led a normal young life. I played baseball. I loved baseball; played first base. My mother wanted me to study piano and for a while, I tried to do that, but baseball won out and she, I guess, was wise enough to give up insistence on the piano. I love music and now wish she had not been so flexible. I loved books, still do, and possibly read more than I should at that age. At times I was much happier sitting around reading something than I was outside, playing. My brother was quite different. He was a very outgoing male human being. Sort of a physical fitness buff. When we were, oh, ten, eleven, something like that, my brother went away to summer camp, and came home suddenly as tall as I was. We got in

an argument about something, and he hit me with his left fist. I have no idea where that blow came from, but it knocked me down, and began quite a different relationship with him. I was still "the man of the house" but it certainly could not be exercised with physical authority. I don't mean to imply here that we were any more antagonistic than other brothers, but that summer, when he grew so quickly, changed the way we argued. We went through grammar school, Blair Junior High School, and Maury High School in Norfolk.

The biggest influence in my life at Maury was my history teacher. Her name was Virginia Arthur. She is not living now. I maintained a close relationship with her until her death; used to send her tapes and memorabilia from wherever I was in the world. She was a remarkable woman; a true teacher, one of these people who loved her students and pulled out of them the best they had. My love of history today is because of Virginia Rohrer (her married name). I did reasonably well in school. I never had too much trouble with academics, but was never the sort of student who had to have all "A's". In Norfolk, sailing was the big after school sport. The Maury Regatta on July the 4th was a big event, and many of us seemed to work toward that each year. When I was about fourteen my aunt bought me a sailboat, a sloop, fourteen feet long. I had sailed with other people up until that time, but having my own boat became the controlling interest in my life. I loved boats, studied them, worked on them, read much about the lore of the sea, knot tying, proper terminology. Even today, it seems particularly wrong when I hear someone call a line on a boat a "rope", without giving it its appropriate name.

WINKLER: This is during the depression.

BAYNE: The depression was very much a part of all of this. We had enough money to provide the basics. We lived in an apartment, a large four bedroom, big apartment in Ghent in Norfolk. I was never conscious of quote' being poor', but I was conscious of not being able to spend money without careful thought. I was conscious there were other people in high school who had an automobile and I did not. There were things that others did, lived in larger houses, belonged to country clubs, but I was never aware of categories of being poor and being rich. Certainly money was not plentiful, and it is bound to have conditioned the way I feel about money today. I had a paper route as a younger boy and got my first steady job around age thirteen or fourteen years old. I was generally aware that to have more control over money of my own I had to earn it. I was a swimmer; had learned the basics of swimming, the various strokes, and principles of buoyancy at a summer camp, and my first job was teaching swimming to young people at the Navy YMCA on Saturday morning. The arrangement was that on Saturday I could use their swimming pool to teach young people to swim for two hours, and then would manage the pool the rest of the day. I got a dollar per person and had as many as twelve kids. To make twelve dollars on a Saturday morning was a lot of money then, particularly to someone my age. But in order to do that I had to agree to manage the pool for the rest of the day which meant that I would give out the towels to mostly enlisted Navy people from ships that were in port.

The cost was fifty cents for a towel, soap and locker, and a quarter was returned

when the towel and locker key were returned. That was the extent of my responsibilities for using the pool. Later on, before I went away to college, my responsibilities expanded, and I became the administrative clerk in the Service Department. Its manager was a great gentleman named Mr. Philip Credle, who took me under his wing. I gradually took care of the correspondence, the accounting and the general record keeping of the Department. It was a wonderful learning experience. I'll have to tell you here one huge lesson for me. Even today I'm not sure how it affected me, but remember, this was the thirties, in a Southern city. The event was clearly a sign of the times, but it confused me and made me angry, in addition to costing me my job as a swimming instructor. One Saturday after the swimming class was done and I was managing the pool, a large group of enlisted people from the USS RALIEGH came to the pool.

Two or three of them were black, I imagine black stewards, the only Navy rate then available to blacks. I let them use the pool. It never occurred to me there was anything wrong with this. They were American sailors and this was a Navy YMCA. Later that day Mr. Shaw, the Executive Director of the Norfolk Navy YMCA, called me to his office. I'd never met the man before, and he fired me, after lecturing me about how much I had cost the "Y" because of the necessity to drain and clean the pool. That sounds incredible today. This was a Navy Young Men's Christian Association and I had made the unforgivable error of letting black sailors swim in the same water used by the rest of humanity. Obviously I was way ahead of my time. I didn't understand it. It was a crushing blow. I still don't understand it. Of course, he was simply implementing the policy of the times. Maybe he did not approve of the policy but he had to enforce it. It colored my thinking about many things and made me very angry. Later Mr. Credle went to bat for me, and arranged for me to continue working in the Service Department, but I was forbidden to teach swimming. My twelve dollar Saturdays were over.

There was not money to send me to college so there WAS a difference in economic status, I suppose, but I went for two years to the Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary, after earning the money to go. It wasn't a heck of a lot of money as I remember. College tuition then was not what it is now.

Then I heard of Dr. Axel Brett at the University of Tennessee who was the head to the Psychology Department there. I had ideas of getting in the executive part of YMCA work. That required a graduate degree from the YMCA college at Springfield, Mass. The plan was to go to the University of Tennessee and study with Dr. Brett, which I did, then enter Springfield College. I graduated in June of 1942, six months after Pearl Harbor. Obviously I was going to war, not Springfield College.

During the high school years in Norfolk, I met, when I was seventeen and she was fifteen, a young lady who went to Miss Graham's girl's school, Sybil Drake. We did everything together: all the teenage social activity, all the long telephone conversations about life and what was happening. In the parlance of those times, we "went steady." It was pretty clear that whatever our futures were, they would be linked in some way. When it was obvious I would be involved with the military, I wrote her father a letter just before my Senior College year and asked permission to marry his daughter. That was the way

things were done then. I received a reply discussing the serious step we were taking and setting a time he and I could talk about this.

The end of the story is that we were married on Memorial Day, 1941, at the beginning of my Senior year. Her family and my Aunt (my Mother had died by then) came to Knoxville and we were married by Dr. Clifford Barber in the Second Presbyterian Church there. The space where that Church stood is today is a parking lot. I was a member of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity and after our marriage our big event was going to Sunday lunch at the Fraternity House. I worked for the Tennessee Valley Authority, a new electric utility, run by the government. I carried a full academic load; worked forty hours a week in the personnel department of the TVA, made $105 a month, was married, paying my college tuition; and I have never been happier. I had become a resident of Tennessee because tuition at UT cost less for a state resident. Our first big event was buying a cocker spaniel. We have always had dogs in the house since then. On a Friday afternoon at some little cafe near the college we would buy an ice cream cone, walk the dog, and enjoy one of the few unscheduled moments of the week. . Obviously after 7 December, 1941, it was clear my immediate future was the military. After graduation in June of '42, we came back to Norfolk, standing up practically all the way on the train from Knoxville to Norfolk. Transportation in the country in those days was impossible.

Trains were packed, just jammed, everything was moving and it was a time in the country unlike any other I had or have experienced. We came back to Norfolk and I applied for a commission in the Navy and was put in what was called the DVS program, (Deck Volunteer Special).

WINKLER: Just step back a second. One would presume that growing up in Norfolk and your interest in sailing would predispose you into coming into the Navy versus one of the other services.

BAYNE: Oh, I am sure that is absolutely true, and it reminds me of something I forgot. Mrs. Arthur, the history teacher I mentioned

WINKLER: O.K.

BAYNE: Mrs. Arthur had found out, while I was away at school, there was an appointment to the Naval Academy available through our local Congressional Representative in Norfolk. I don't remember his name. She nominated me for that appointment. Her perception of the times was superb, and if a war was coming, and she was certain of that, it would be best, she told me, to be an officer in the Navy. I took the necessary exams, and was selected as the first alternate to the principal appointee. I don't know who that was, but he decided not to take the appointment or flunked one of the qualifying exams. Suddenly, I was called by Mrs. Arthur telling me that I had an appointment to the Naval Academy if I wanted it. I turned it down. This was earlier, of course, than 1941; just after I had gone to UT. I had become quickly involved with what I was doing at Tennessee and my thoughts were definitely toward YMCA work upon

graduation. At that time I saw the ocean and sailing as a hobby; an avocation, not a vocation. But there's no question that when it became evident I was going to go into military it was going to be the Navy.

When I came back to Norfolk after Graduation, I was told by the recruiting officer my familiarity with quote 'boats', that's exactly what he said, 'boats', would qualify me for the "special" category, and I could be directly Commissioned without going through the V7 or V12 training programs. The recruiting officer was a Doctor, a Dr. Byrd in Norfolk and he was in the Naval Reserve Medical Corp and had been called to active duty, certainly as a Doctor, I imagine, but he also had been given charge of Naval Officer recruitment in Norfolk. He told me because of my familiarity with boats, I was being given a direct commission in the DVS program. I would be sent to Dartmouth for the Naval Officer Orientation Program there. So Sybil and I set off for Dartmouth for six weeks of what essentially was push up school.

There were six hundred of us there. It was the first of such orientation programs at Dartmouth. The senior student was a Mr. Kennet Hinks who was a Vice President of J. Walter Thompson Company. He had been recruited in the DVS program as a Lieutenant Commander for public relations and he was our father figure. He was the one we went to when things became mysterious. I'll give you an example. We were there for six weeks and were not allowed, those of us who were married, to live with our wives. We could see our wives on week-ends. Sibyl rented a room with a Dartmouth Professor's family named Chamberlain.

We Officers lived in the Dartmouth college dormitories; drilled together outside in companies and in class studied such things as Leadership, Naval History and Tradition, The Watch Officers' Guide, and Navigation, which was totally dead reckoning. One day a sextant was passed around in Navigation class and we were told it was used in celestial navigation. That was the only mention of celestial navigation. It was all piloting: plotting courses, set and drift, speed and distance; pure dead reckoning. I kept in touch with Mr. Hinks for years after the war. He lived in Farmville, Virginia. I don't think he's living now, for I haven't heard from him in a long time. He was a wise, wonderful sort of father figure to those of us who were younger. By far the majority were just like me, young college graduates, newly commissioned as Ensigns in the Navy in this special designation category, because we had skills the Navy could use. Many were lawyers, some had already see employment on merchant ships, others, like Mr. Hinks, were established business people in public relations, accounting and supply or engineering. While we were going through our orientation we were not allowed to wear the chinstraps on our caps. We the blue uniform but until we finished the six weeks we had to keep the gold chin strap off the cap.

When the six weeks ended putting on the gold chinstrap was the symbolic indication that now we were truly Commissioned Officers. At the end of the six weeks we anxiously awaited our orders. Many were order to Armed Guard duty on Merchant ships. For some reason my orders were quite late in arriving. It seemed everyone knew where they were going but me. Finally the Commanding Officer, whose name was

Lieutenant Ducommun, called me into his office to tell me I had Confidential orders which I could reveal to no one, not even my wife. They were orders as Officer in Charge of the YP 429, in whatever port she may be found. Lieutenant Ducommun said the orders were classified because the location of the ship was secret. I was to report to the Commandant of the Third Naval District at The Battery in New York for further transportation to the port the YP 429 was located. I went to Mr. Hinks and suggested it seemed silly that I could not talk this over with my wife, who would go to New York with me. He agreed, so Sibyl and I discussed it fully and so established a pattern for doing things Navy together. But that incident describes the paranoia in those days, and the helpful wisdom if Mr. Hinks. "Loose lips sink ships" and all that sort of rhetoric was everywhere. We went to New York; I reported to The Battery where I was assigned to one of the communication inspection teams, which went aboard ships making up into convoys in New York harbor. The teams were to make certain communication signals on all the ships were compatible with what would be needed crossing the Atlantic.

The convoys usually were escorted by American destroyers, sometimes a British destroyer. There were many nationalities and it was necessary to insure they could communicate and had the up to date flashing light signals, which changed every four hours. I remember particularly a Russian ship, which had a woman as Commanding Officer. I didn't realize it at first, because it was a cold night and she was so bundled up she could have been any gender. I had gone out in the pilot boat; climbed up a long boarding ladder and asked to see the ship's communication signals. This huge person all wrapped up in heavy weather gear asked what I was doing on the ship.

She did not speak English, but had an interpreter, and it was some time before I realized I was talking to a woman and that she commanded the ship. The ship was at anchor but during our conversation another ship, maneuvering to anchor, seemed to be getting too close. She left me abruptly with some comment about "nonsense while her ship was being run down." She was very direct and did not have time for me.

I was a member of the inspection team for about a month while the YP 429's location remained a mystery. There was so much going on in New York harbor that finding a small Yard Patrol craft for an Ensign just did not have any sort of priority. For a while Sibyl and I stayed at the Commodore Hotel, and enjoyed New York plays and night life, but money became a bit scarce for hotel living, so we moved to an apartment way out on 116th street, near Columbia University. I caught the subway to the Battery early in the morning, and Sibyl killed the day wandering around New York. That's what we did for about a month, and then they found the YP 429 in the Charleston, South Carolina, Naval Ship Yard. On Christmas Eve I was told I had to go immediately to Charleston. I made an effort to spend Christmas with my wife, but was told I couldn't do that since the ship had been waiting for me for a month.

I caught the train on Christmas Eve and went to Charleston to relieve the Officer in Charge, who had been waiting for me, and the ship sat in the Shipyard at least another month. Sibyl went home to Norfolk and moved in with her family until she could find an apartment; not easy to do in those days.

The YP 429 was in overhaul in Charleston to convert her 300 horsepower Cooper Bessemer diesel to solid injection. Years ago I started a book (never finished beyond a partial outline) about the desperate efforts made then by our Navy to get any sort of ship to sea. Anything that could float was a candidate, for we were woefully short of ships. It seemed to me this part of naval history had never been adequately told.

In the late 30's and early 40s we simply did not have ships, and German submarines had a field day off the Atlantic Coast. The YP 429 was the former ELVIRA GASPAR, a Gloucester fisherman, 110 feet long with a mast and single riding sail to steady her in heavy weather. Her old diesel, which took up nearly half of the below decks space, was air started. In order to maneuver coming alongside it was necessary to stop the engine, slip the clutch into reverse gear, and restart the engine to back down.

The air supply permitted about three or four stops or starts before a compressor kicked in to replenish the air banks before you could again restart the engine. So docking the YP was a thrill, but exceptionally good experience in ship handling. If you've seen the movie "CAPTAIN'S COURAGEOUS" with Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew, the ELVIRA GASPAR was the sister ship of the "We're Here" in that movie.

She had an enlisted crew of 17, all naval reserve, one other Ensign who was 6 months junior to me, a Chief Boatswains Mate who had literally owned a shoe store in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and a Coxswain First Class named Murphy, who knew more about ships than any of us. He was a fisherman out of New Bedford, and he had worked for years on ships like the YP 429. With that exception, we were all flying blind. Our mission was to get the 429 out of the shipyard, and patrol up and down the East Coast looking for German submarines. There was some rumor that the Navy had acquired seventeen of these Gloucester fishermen initially to bring cane sugar from Cuba.

Sugar was rationed during the early war years, but a synthetic sweetner was soon available, so this heroic transport of Cuban sugar was not needed, and the Navy had to find some use for its acquisitions. I have never validated the accuracy of that rumor. YP 429 was fitted with three 20 millimeter guns, one in the bow and two forward of the waist, and two depth charge racks, each with four depth charges. There was no sound gear other than a fathometer.

I guess the hope was that we could be floating nuisances for German submarines up and down the coast. At least we were afloat. So that's what we did. We worked from a Section Base at Mayport, Florida, and our operational routine was ten days at sea, and two days in port to resupply and refuel. This schedule meant watch and watch, four hours on and four off for the Officers around the clock. We were perpetually tired. I learned a great deal about seamanship, and celestial navigation. I had Bowdich, Duttons, and the Almanacs and learned to take sights, and work out lines of position using a sextant like the one they passed around the class at Dartmouth. When I think of the extensive training and time to become an Officer of the Deck today, I marvel at the resiliency of the American educational system, which could take a green college Liberal Arts graduate,

and have him standing command watches and doing celestial navigation in a very short time.

I learned seamanship albeit on a ship that required a lot of tender loving care. The assignment was good experience in Officer/Enlisted relationships, Navy logistics, command responsibility, and much about dead reckoning because all navigational aids along the coast were turned off. One somewhat salty Skipper of one the YP's had been an Officer on a Merchant Ship. His approach to navigation was novel. He said you just run East or West until your fathometer reads ten feet more than your draft, slow down, until you can flush the head and get sandy water, then start looking for landmarks.

Light houses and lighted navigational buoys were non existent. Without radar, you depended on estimating the effect of current and wind on speed/distance plots, and on careful use of the fathometer. You became pretty good at this and quite confident as time went on.

WINKLER: You also had no radar.

BAYNE: No radar. No sonar, no loran. This was basic seamanship and it was great. It really was great. I don't begrudge that time at all. We were caught in a couple of bad storms, one with such heavy wind, rain and sea that it was dangerous to drive the ship into it, so I just turned away from the Coast so the wind and weather were on the quarter, where the ship rode relatively comfortably, and went East for nearly two days until the thing blew out. Our problem was not German submarines, it was survival. The YP 429 was just too old to oppose weather like this. Standing on the top bridge, above the pilot house, I could put my feet together and actually watch them move against each other as the planking of the ship strained in the heavy sea.

After the storm abated, I calculated our position, and set a course for our Section Base at Mayport. I cannot describe the sheer joy of making a landfall under those conditions and actually being where I thought we were. That is pure excitement. Later, I made a very serious error. I read the Bureau of Ship's Manual, which came with the ship. It said all Navy ships equipped with depth charges should test them at least once a year to be sure the hydrostatic fuses on the charges worked. To do this you had to roll a depth charge, and the BUShip's manual had instructions for doing this. So, on a clear day, in the Gulf Stream, off the Florida Coast, I gave the all ahead flank order, and waited until YP429 got up to her highest possible speed, about 12 knots, and rolled a charge from the stern set for 250 feet.

I stood calmly, stop watch in hand, to check the time of the explosion, and so the accuracy of the hydrostatic fuse. A few seconds later the world came to an end. The ocean boiled up, overran the ship, and we felt for a moment as though we would end over end. The engine stopped when the propeller shaft was squeezed by the shaft bearing which ran through the rudder post. The engine room telegraph jangled and the Engineman called over the voice tube, "Captain, you'd better come down here".

So down I went to see two streams of water larger than my arm pouring into the ship on either side of the sprung rudder post. Since the shaft had frozen the engine could not be started, and since the bilge pumps were run by the engine, we had no pumps. Fortunately, on deck there was a handy-billy manual pump. It was worked like a small railroad car which required a man on either end of long handles, pumping up and down to make the car go. For the next several hours we all took turns at those handles and kept the 429 afloat until we could get her to a railway where she was hauled out and repaired. We radioed for a tug, which came eventually and towed us to the railway. Still reading the BuShip's Manual, I requested that a Board of Inspection and Survey determine the YP 429's seaworthiness, and after much hemming and hawing one was appointed and found her to be unsuitable for Naval activity.

Prior to this, I had on several occasions requested submarine duty. The requests had always been forwarded saying I was not available, since I was Officer in Charge of a Naval ship. After the report of the Board of Inspection and Survey I thought now was the opportunity, so sent a message saying so.

That message was endorsed by the Section Base Commander recommending waiting until the final disposition of the ship was known. Shortly after that I received orders to take the YP 429 to Boston and turn her over to a Naval disposal facility for return to her former owner. With the help of shipyards on the East Coast we did that. Using the Inland Waterway between Beaufort, North Carolina, and the Chesapeake Bay we managed to get her to Norfolk where substantial repair was done. That got us to New York and another shipyard, another repair job, and finally, Boston. After disbanding the crew, and turning YP 429 over to the disposal activity I was ordered to the YP-61 as her Executive Officer. She was in Bermuda.

She was a former Coast Guard cutter, about 100 feet in length, but made of steel, not wood, so I was taking a step up in ship construction. Her job was to sit off Bermuda and act as a station ship for convoys crossing the ocean. It was pretty boring duty, but I did have an opportunity to go to sea occasionally with the British training submarines working out of Bermuda. They were old U.S. "R" boats, teaching basic submarine diving to British submarine students. After six months or so of that my orders came to Submarine School, to report in January 1943.

WINKLER: Ever run into the Germans out there?

BAYNE: The closest interaction with German submarines was on the YP 429. One night we saw something off in the distance, an identifiable shape with no lights, just a shape. The Officer in Charge was the Communication Officer, as well as the Navigator, so I blinked the current identification signal at this shape. There was no reply. When I blinked it again the shape disappeared. We went to Battle Stations and ran toward what we had seen, but with no radar, we had no real estimate of distance.

I reported what we had seen using the crystal controlled operational frequency we used with the Section Base, and several hours later received a coded message, which took

some time to uncode using the manual strip boards furnished us. This important, classified message told us to "Proceed to investigate." I have to believe that some action was taken other than that, for next morning about sunrise a large tanker blew up in our vicinity. Soon all sorts of search equipment was nearby, a blimp, ships with sonar, all trying to locate what I will always believe I had seen as a shape the night before.

Shipwrecks along the coast with a part of the wreckage close to the surface were marked by a quick flashing low visibility white light to warn off other maritime traffic. It was the only lighted navigational aid available. In those days you could pilot at night from Key West to Boston by running along the line of quick flashing buoys. Nearly all the way you would see the quick flash of the next wreck buoy before running out of the visibility of the last one. The success of the German submarine campaign has been pretty well documented, but they had only fifty or sixty submarines at the peak of their success. It makes you wonder what would have happened had they had more and used them more effectively, before we built enough ships and planes to mount a countering ASW program in the Atlantic.

This is a part of the Navy story that I don't think has been well told. Today, there are signs we depend so much on a policy of deterrence, that we can afford to reduce our ship numbers drastically. There is no question that the last 50 years of nuclear deterrence has been effective, but without a geopolitical power balance, without the Soviets and the U.S. balancing things out, the world will, and is, getting into all sorts of ethnic struggles. We are becoming the world's policeman because no one else can act in that capacity. If you examine the Balkans, the Arabian Gulf , the Middle East, Korea, you see ever present signs that our need for military power is not going to abate . Yet, we see a domestic political necessity to cut forces drastically, all the while making noises about our lack of readiness. This is exactly what happened between the two World Wars, and soon we will be reliving the 1930's. That will be a cultural change. When I was growing up in Norfolk the Navy and the civilian part of Norfolk were separate entities. World War II brought them together. Now they are drifting into their separate camps again. A civilian rarely knew anyone in the Navy in Norfolk in the thirties, and Navy people rarely played a part in civilian society. We may be going back to that kind of social structure in the country if we don't keep our Forces large enough to have the general public feel a part of the responsibility for our military. Maybe we will again get to the point where the ELIVIRA GASPARS will have to be called to service because there is nothing else. I certainly hope not.

Anyway, Submarine School in the war years was three months, not six. I stood high enough in the class to be ordered to new construction, which seemed to be what everyone wanted. I was assigned to USS BECUNA , building at the Electric Boat Company in Groton, Connecticut. Her Commanding Officer was Captain Henry Sturr. Captain Henry D. Sturr was a great Commanding Officer. The Executive Officer was a likable, low key man named Commander Tom Dabney. Both were Annapolis graduates and had already made several war patrols. The third in rank was LCdr James Esterbrook, a Naval Reserve Officer, and a lawyer from New York in civilian life.

I was the junior officer, an Ensign just out of Sub School. My initial job was Commissary Office and after one War patrol I was made First Lieutenant. It was a far cry from being Officer in Charge. I made three patrols on BECUNA and two were successful, that is we sank Japanese ships.

WINKLER: It says here two successful.

BAYNE: Okay, we made three but only two were successful.

WINKLER: Success is that you got something.

BAYNE: Successful was defined as being credited with having sunk Japanese's ships.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: There are several incidents to relate, and this gets into the sea story kind of recounting. Whether it has value or not I don't know. We had a good ship. We worked together and there was no question that we all knew what we were setting out to do. Not only the wardroom, but the entire ship was compatible.

We were ordered from Groton after Commissioning and completion of our shakedown period, to Perth, Australia. We made our patrols from Perth, coming up through Lombak Strait after refueling at Darwin on the northwest coast of Australia. After transiting the Strait we entered the Philippine Sea and submarine hunting grounds. The Strait was patrolled by Japanese surface and air, so transiting Lombok was usually done on the surface at night. BECUNA's wardroom was sort of adopted in Perth by a family name Lloyd. Brigadier General Lloyd was away at war with the Australian Army, and Mrs. Lloyd and her daughter, Margaret, whose husband, Francis "Red" Burt, was flying for the Royal Australian Air Force, were most hospitable to our group, giving us use of their tennis court, and providing a home away from home during the two weeks between patrols. Margaret's husband later became Chief Justice of Western Australia's Supreme Court, and eventually Governor of Western Australia. Margaret became Lady Margaret. So we were taken into the hospitality of a special Australian family and we still correspond. Governor and Lady Burt visited us in Irvington several years ago.

The operational pattern was two weeks in upkeep and two months at sea. The general order of things at sea was long periods of boredom followed by intense and quite dangerous activity. My initial assignment during Battle Stations was the navigational plot. My assistant was the Chief Yeoman named Brennon.

During one of the long periods at Battle Stations, when trying to track a Japanese convoy and get into attack position, I mentioned to Brennon that the last mail I had from my wife indicated she had sold the car, and I could not figure out why. Mail was not always received in sequence, so undoubtedly the explanation had been given in a letter not yet received. I made the comment during one of the quiet periods, but later we got into attack position, sank a couple of the transports, and took our depth charge beating

from the Japanese escorts. Our torpedoes then were the old Mark 45's, which left a discernible wake as they ran toward their targets. This must have been during our first patrol before the Mark 27 torpedoes, electric and without a wake, were provided. The Japanese escorts ran down the torpedo tracks and dropped an accurate spread of depth charges, which shook us up quite a bit.

Brennon, during the quiet period which always follows such an attack, when you are wondering if the attacker has a good datum and when the next ones will be dropped, looked up at me and said; "Mr. Bayne, I'll bet you don't care right now why your wife sold the car." Funny, you remember things like that, but it cleared the tension, and made things a bit more bearable. Before the electric torpedoes, the Mark 45 was a risk. You used them because it was all you had , but unless the sea was disturbed enough by wind and weather to obscure their wakes, you definitely gave the enemy information about your location, if he knew how to use it. You understood that, and so the psychology at play seemed to be, you did your job and you took your beating. Procedure was generally to go rapidly to 450 feet after an attack, about the maximum safe operating depth for the 1500 ton World War II Fleet submarine, hoping you would get under a thermal layer and so make sonar detection difficult, if not impossible, for Japanese sonar technology.

Actually these wonderful boats could go deeper; BECUNA was knocked down to 600 feet on one attack. You learned to trust and feel a deep affection for the submarine and the people who had designed and built them. I'm sure submarines today generate that kind of feeling from the people who operate them.

WINKLER: Having been somebody who was on the surface who had this concern about submarines and now suddenly you're a submariner. How did that effect you emotionally?

BAYNE: Positively, I think. I know one of my reasons for applying for submarine duty was that it seemed to be the most effective way to go to war. I was watching, not in any close way, I've told you the closest encounter I had with a German submarine, but I was observing what was happening up and down our Coast. It seemed to me, I would be more effective under the water than on top of it. It just seemed the thing to do; the effective way to fight the war. As a young man I was very much a part of my generation. I was angry at the Japanese. I was not debating whether war was right or wrong to the extent that I do now. Nor was I debating whether or not Japanese were good or bad people, or Germany a good or bad country. I knew they were bad, and my country had asked me to do something about that to the extent that I could, and I was very eager to do it. To me it was pretty clear submarines would be most effective method. I had no difficulty with that, just felt lucky to get orders to Sub School.

WINKLER: The story you told about the depth charges, was that the first time that you had been involved with an attack?

BAYNE: No, we made several attacks; some more successful than others. Toward the end of the war or toward the end of my time on BECUNA we would be beaten up a lot

more because we were in much more shallow water. As the US submarine campaign in the Pacific became more successful, the Japanese could not afford to stay in deep water, so they plied their trade closer to the beach. To get at them you had to go into water that at times was much shallower than optimum attack depth. In shallow water, we made an attack on a convoyed supply ship. We hit it, but did not sink it. The subsequent string of depth charges knocked us to the bottom in about 120-130 feet of water. That was much too shallow. When you consider that at periscope depth a submarine requires about seventy feet of water just to operate, we had very little protection over us. We could not risk making the necessary noise with air and pumps to lift ourselves off the bottom because the Japanese might hear us. We could only sit there, as quietly as possible, hoping their data was not good enough for an accurate attack. They came back and forth throughout the day and gradually got further and further away. Finally we were able to risk making the boat more buoyant using pumps and air to get ourselves off the bottom. Then, we moved slowly out to deeper water. The security of deep water after an experience like that is palpable.

Some damage was done to the boat, one of the shaft seals was weakened and we had taken on water, but such things are the business of combat submarining. Getting to that deep water felt like coming home. Thinking back on such events, with one possible exception, I don't remember anyone panicking or losing control. Hell; you were doing what you had to do and you simply didn't have time to lose control. I'm sure panicking must have occurred, but every effort was made to weed out the potential for that sort of thing at submarine school.

Back tracking a moment; one of the weeding out processes at submarine school was the diving tank. After familiarization with escape equipment you are taken down to the bottom of the hundred feet column of water and squeezed into a tiny chamber with twenty or twenty-five other men. You literally banged into each other just to get into the tank. It is hot and gets hotter as pressure is built to about 50 pounds per square inch so it is equalized with the pressure of the 100 feet column of water. Then the door to the chamber can be opened and one at a time you ascend the 100 feet to the surface. You cannot hold your breath but must adjust your ascent to match the line of bubbles you are slowly blowing out of your mouth to equalize lung pressure with water pressure as you ascend. Obviously, if you hold your breath with 50 pounds per square inch pressure in your lungs, at some point you will rupture a lung when lung pressure exceeds outside water pressure. You are told such a rupture can occur in as little as ten feet change in depth, if you do not keep the pressure equalized. That is a sobering revelation and is, with the close, confining environment, a perfect test for claustrophobia, calmness under stress, and all sorts of psychological control. One of my submarine school classmates who was a nice guy socially; sort of a buddy; lost it completely during the tank ascent.

He was immediately below me. His hand grabbed my ankle, and he scrambled up my body, knocking my mouthpiece out with his foot as he fought to get anywhere but where he was. He just needed to get out of there. Instructors are in diving bells all along the 100 feet ascent and one of them pulled my buddy into the bell, watched me to be sure I was all right, and called for the bell to be hauled up. Unfortunately, my buddy had to

leave sub school as a result of that little escapade. So efforts are made to pick up characteristics that might tend to cause you to lose control in tense moments. Though such tests cannot be perfect, I remember no significant panicking on BECUNA. Patrol operations were fairly routine by the time I got to Perth, relatively late in the war, and after you made three or four patrols, you were shifted to another submarine.

WINKLER: Talk a little bit about the leadership. You learn a lot from the folks you serve under. What were some of the impressions as far as the leadership of the BECUNA?

BAYNE: I think leadership on a submarine is different leadership than on other ships. People without submarine experience will debate that, I'm sure, and they have every right to, but the relationship is closer on a submarine. Rank is both more absolute and less demanding. It is accepted that the commanding officer is God: I mean that submarine is his; no one else's. He is the only one looking through that periscope. He is the only one with the complete picture, and he is the only one in whom you can have complete trust. If you do not, things just do not work.

Under some conditions one or two skippers had the Execs take bearing and ranges through the scope for them, because they didn't handle a periscope well, but that sort of thing was rare. When the Captain says something on a submarine you have no basis to question it. He knows, you do not. I was with a Commanding Officer after the war whom the crew feared; not in the sense that he would hurt them, but in the sense that he did reckless and careless things. If that sort of attitude develops it is deadly, for security and trust, unit pride and in a real way happiness, disappears. A submarine is a one-man operation much more so than other types of naval units, except perhaps flying an airplane, but the involvement of others in a plane is not apt to be so profound. Leadership, on a submarine, is generally by example. The Captain is inevitably the most experienced person on the boat, he should be able to understand and actually do most any task. I don't think there was anything on BECUNA that Captain Sturr couldn't do. That's an indication right there. I still naturally call him Captain Sturr. He did not make flag rank, he is a good friend, he lived in Florida after retirement, died there a couple of years ago. But I will always think of him as Captain Sturr. The atmosphere in the Wardroom always changed when he entered, not in any unproductive or constraining way, more out of respect, a bit of awe, and a good bit of just liking the guy. Maybe I can give you an example of his leadership style.

I wore a pair of sandals on patrol, sandals that had a strap over the heel and were open toed. We dressed in much more relaxed ways on patrol than otherwise. On one occasion I came up to relieve the Officer of the Deck when the Captain was on the Bridge. We were charging batteries at night in Japanese controlled waters. After the formalities of the relief had taken place, including the statement "The Captain is on the Bridge," and the Officer relieved had gone below, Captain Sturr said to me, "Duke those damn sandals are going to come off if you have to clear the bridge in a hurry. Getting one caught in the hatch would be bad." I said. "Oh no sir, they are very secure." He said no more, just reached over and OOGA, OOGA, "DIVE DIVE" rang out as he pushed the diving alarm. If the Captain is on the bridge when the boat dives, he is the last man down

the hatch, after the lookouts and after the Officer of the Deck. When you realize that only about 45 seconds elapses between the sounding of the alarm and the complete submergence of the submarine, there is no time for anything but getting down that hatch and getting it shut. As I dropped down the hatch, Captain Sturr put his foot on the back of one of my sandals and it ripped off. No time to retrieve it. When the Captain is on the bridge during a dive, the Office of the Deck becomes the Diving Officer and the Captain takes the conn. So, I dropped through the conning tower to the Control Room, arriving there with one foot bare. After leveling off the dive, I heard over the ship's announcing system, the one MC, which everyone on board could hear, "Mister Bayne, I have a leather sandal in the conning tower. I kept it from fouling the hatch. Do you know its owner?" I replied over the same ship wide system " Yes, sir, it is mine." " Can you tell me how I found it in the hatch?" "Yes, sir, it fell from my foot." "What do you think about that, Mister Bayne." "It is dangerous," I said. Obviously I never wore the sandals again on the bridge nor did anyone else. I took a lot of ribbing about my sandals from others on the boat but Captain Sturr never mentioned it again. That is leadership. He could have made his point in any number of ways, but none more effective. We trusted him to take care of us, and we would do our best take care of him. I left BECUNA after three patrols and went to BERGALL, joining her in Subic Bay.

WINKLER: Now is BECUNA up in Philadelphia?

BAYNE: Yes, she is the World War II memorial submarine there. I don't know whether I should mention this in this kind of a history or not, but it does illustrate how wartime and peacetime focus on quite different things. I will not use names, it would not be fair. I mentioned the care with, which submarine people are weeded out at sub school, and that the system is not always perfect. Here is an example. On our second patrol, we were assigned a new Officer, and set about the business of training him for Deck Watches. That requires standing watches with another Officer until that officer certifies the new Officer is ready to handle it on his own. While standing his watch on the rear of the bridge, this new officer saw a Japanese plane on the horizon and watched it turned toward BECUNA.

He froze, couldn't speak, and just pointed, until a lookout saw where he was pointing and yelled "DIVE DIVE". We got under and the plane dropped his bombs or charges a good distance from us. The officer did not make another patrol, and was, I believe, later temporally disqualified from submarines. During the remainder of his time on board he had to be supervised in everything. You can understand my surprise to get a letter from the Philadelphia Memorial Committee about BECUNA signed by this Officer. It seemed a bit ironic, but illustrated more peacetime than war.

WINKLER: Well we did an interview with Captain Bing Gillette and he's a character.

BAYNE: Nice guy, good sense of humor.

WINKLER: Great sense of humor, but he was talking about one of the method of

attacks that seems to be most effective was the night surface attack.

BAYNE: Yes.

WINKLER: Was that the system used by BECUNA?

BAYNE: Sometimes. BECUNA conducted some surface attacks but it was toward the end of the war. I'll give you two instances, one on BECUNA and one on BERGALL. Toward the end of the war many of the targets were relatively small ships. We used the 5" 25 caliber deck gun for targets too small for torpedoes. Such small ships, sampans, small unescorted coastal freighters running the coast were known to be carrying supplies and small replacement parts simply because there weren't any big ships available. Normally submarine combat is impersonal, particularly for anyone other than the Captain.

You are computing an attack position, you might hear a torpedo explosion or gunfire if you are successful in your attack, but you are not actually seeing anything. On one daytime surface attack I had a glimpse of the true horror of war. During surface battle stations I was the torpedo data computer operator or TDC operator, passing range and bearing to the gun crews. In a gun action attack on a small coastal freighter, a sampan type ship, we used radar ranges and optical bearings to establish a tracking solution, fired a couple of salvos, straddled the target, and fired a salvo to hit. As the last shots left BECUNA, I went to the periscope to see the results. The Captain was on the bridge.

As I saw the shells hit, I was vividly conscious of a man's hand hanging from a line near the stern of the small ship. Evidently he had been trying to abandon ship in a small boat being towed astern. When the shell hit it blew him to bits. There was nothing left, just his arm and hand, still clutching the line. That sight made the war quite personal, and quite different from hearing the explosion of just fired torpedoes and not being able to see the damage they did. Normally you don’t see people die. That sight made it a different kind of war.

Three patrols on BECUNA and then to BERGALL, commanded by Captain John Hyde, one of the most loved individuals in the Submarine business. He is no longer living, but he became a sort of legend because of a night surface action and its subsequent results. This happened before I joined BERGALL, and the ship talked of little else. Did you ever hear the name, Ben Jarvis, Captain Ben Jarvis?

WINKLER: No.

BAYNE: Ben was a huge man; about 6'4", beautifully proportioned; just powerful. His chest was so huge that his binoculars sorta laid on his chest rather that hung around his neck. With all his strength, he was a gentle man; did not seek conflict, but obviously could handle whatever came his way. There are two stories about him, one involving the night surface attack that made Captain Hyde so famous.

Subic Bay became a submarine base as soon as it could be secured from the Japanese. Right after I left BECUNA and before joining Bergall I was ordered as Executive Officer of a refit crew at Subic. An Officer's Club was set up in a Quonset hut there, and became the only recreational spot for off duty hours. The story about Ben is that someone in the Club had a bit too much to drink, became belligerent, came over to the table where Ben was sitting with his buddies, and, after, pushing him hard in the chest, said. "You may be big, but I can take you." Clearly the situation was not one for conflict, but something had to be done to cool it down. The story is, and I have heard it often enough to believe it has much truth, that Ben, after calmly suggesting that the guy just go away, and getting little but continued shoving and "I can take you" talk, finally, reached up from where he was sitting, grabbed the man by his shirt collar, and stood up, lifting the man from the ground, as he did so. Ben shook him and said, "You scare me", and dropped him. This fellow kind of looked at him and walked on back to the bar. Ben had a reputation for being calm, cool and collected. The night surface action illustrated that.

BERGALL was trying to get into firing position on what turned out to be a Japanese cruiser. BERGALL had radar contact on a dark night and it was clear the target was a large ship. Captain Hyde was on the bridge, conducting the surface attack, and Ben Jarvis was with him, as a Prospective Commanding Officer. It was usual that new Submarine skippers make a "PCO run" on a patrol before getting a ship of their own, and Ben was a Prospective Commanding Officer. They both saw a flash near the cruiser and Captain Hyde said, "Looks like lightening, maybe we'll have a squall," or words to that effect. Ben said, "Captain, that looks like gunfire to me" Another flash and the same sort of comment from the two men, but after the third flash an eight inch shell hit BERGALL, ripping off the forward torpedo loading hatch, going into the forward torpedo room where it rolled all the way back up against the after bulkhead without exploding. The only personnel casualty was a sprained ankle of one of the torpedomen as the shell bounced through the torpedo room. Ben's calm comment is said to have been; "See, Captain, I told you that's gunfire."

BERGALL's attack was, of course, aborted, and the "get the hell outa here" maneuver performed at flank speed. BERGALL was in grave trouble; in Japanese waters, unable to dive, with a large portion of the pressure hull shot away. During the rest of the night they used metal plating from the torpedo room decking, and welded a makeshift patch over the hole. There was no way to know how much pressure such a patch would stand, even if it was waterproof. The plan was to head for a rendezvous with another U.S. submarine, off load most of the crew, and try to get the boat back to Perth by running on the surface, hoping they could avoid Japanese air attacks. If they had to dive, they would dive compensated for the forward torpedo room flooded, but there was no intention to test this unless a plane forced them to do so. Submarine Force South West Pacific had other ideas. Hyde was told to rendezvous with another submarine (I have forgotten her name) off load the entire crew and scuttle BERGALL. Evidently there was considerable concern at Headquarters that the Japanese could capture a relatively intact American submarine.

Hyde asked for volunteers to try and get the boat back, and everyone on board volunteered. I think the Officers stayed and enough enlisted personnel to run the engine rooms and man skeleton watches; the rest were put on another submarine, and BERGALL began her run home.

WINKLER: With the crew on another submarine?

BAYNE: Yes, they were put off on a submarine told to rendezvous with BERGALL. Obviously she made it home, saw one Japanese plane on the horizon who did not see her. When they arrived in Perth there was considerable controversy about whether or not Hyde had defied his orders to scuttle the submarine. This caused delay and argument over awards and recognition of the patrol as successful. There could be no doubt that Hyde's action had saved a very expensive submarine. By reputation in the submarine service John Hyde was a hero; there was no question about it.
BERGALL made another patrol and was nearly hit by a mine, which exploded near her. The explosion knocked a shaft out of line to such an extent that she developed a high pitched squeal in a reduction gear, which could be heard for miles: certainly no characteristic to have on patrol. It was at this point I joined BERGALL to learn she was ordered back to the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in New Hampshire for replacement of the reduction gear.

WINKLER: It says here, you had a Refit Crew as Executive Officer.

BAYNE: That was in Subic Bay before I joined BERGALL. Essentially when I joined her the war for me was over. The last wartime incident occurred as we were rounding the Northern Coast of the Philippines. I had the deck one afternoon and saw a fire on the beach, went in closer to take a look and unwittingly placed the submarine in jeopardy. As we got closer there was gunfire from the beach and a shell splashed in the ocean near us. I dived the submarine and that was really the end of the war for me. We crossed the Pacific, went home via the Panama Canal. The Panama Canal is the only place on earth where the Commanding Officer gives up operational responsibility for his ship. He literally does not have the authority or responsibility to take his ship through the Canal, but must turn the operational authority over to a Canal pilot. We decided to make it a luxury cruise for the Captain.

In Panama we bought an umbrella, a deck chair and a small end table. These were set up on the forward deck and the Captain invited to take his ease and sightsee as we made the transit. We waited on him hand and foot and wanted to. Things were different then; there could be a certain relaxation of discipline without it meaning an unmilitary fraternization. Of course, we were a happy clan that the war was nearing its end, and that we were going home. We all had lost good friends, but somehow the symbol of Captain Hyde relaxing in his deck chair meant a lot to all of us.

So, we came back and went through overhaul at Portsmouth. Captain Thomas Kimmel, the son of Admiral Kimmel of Pearl Harbor fame, relieved Captain Hyde as Commanding Officer of BERGALL. We arrived in the shipyard during wartime, we left

during peace. In the meantime many of the yard workmen who had disassembled BERGALL to begin the overhaul, were not around when it came time to put her back together again, and there were some mistakes. When we left the shipyard, enroute again to the Pacific via the Canal we ran out of engine lubricating oil before we got halfway down the coast. Some expansion springs behind engine piston rings had not been replaced and we had to rebuild the engines one by one, replacing those rings. Things like that occurred during the war to peace transition. We reentered a Pacific Ocean quite different than the one we had left. The war was over but the results of Japanese occupation of many of the Pacific Islands had to be evaluated, to determine whether or not some form of temporary military government was necessary to aid the indigenous people to reestablish a way of life.

BERGALL was assigned to visit Truk and Ponape islands and help in this determination. Some of the conditions we found were unbelievable. The Japanese had used the island natives as pure slaves, separating men and women and families, using women as prostitutes and men as forced workers to produce agricultural products for the Japanese military. Some Japanese soldiers were still in some of the hills on the islands, either disbelieving the war was over or not having received information to that effect. We would take shore parties to these places and try to make some estimate of what was needed. Two occurrences might illustrate the conditions; one somewhat humorous, the other an indication of the strange impersonality of war. There were medical briefings warning that the venereal disease rate was about 99 percent. The Japanese had used the women and social conditions were abominable.

One of the daily rituals was parading naked people into the ocean at specified times during the day to relieve themselves. Nudity was a way of life and women were chattels to be used and thrown away. Alcohol from fermented coconut juice was everywhere and deadly. People had been treated so badly they seemed to be in a dazed condition, incapable of any sort of organized living. They were scared.

WINKLER: This was under the Japanese.

BAYNE: Yes, oh yes, but they did not know us, either. So fear was an understandable initial reaction.

WINKLER: Why were you specifically?

BAYNE: Involved?

WINKLER: Yes.

BAYNE: Well submarines probably were the kind of ship that could do this pretty well. We were small enough to be relatively unintimidating when seen from a distance, we could suddenly appear without dominating the horizon for hours. Another factor may have had a bearing. This was the time when people were leaving the Navy in droves. Ships were tied up because so many of their people returned to civilian life. The job had

to be done, and submarines were available to do it. The two events I mentioned occurred during search parties I took ashore. On one we were searching some of the caves in the hills when I heard a banging sound like someone hitting rocks with a hammer. I went toward it to find one of our good, clean cut American young men banging a gold tooth out of a dead Japanese soldier.

I lost my cool as they say today. I grabbed him, and threw him as hard as I could against the wall of the cave, and said something like " What in the Hell do you think you are doing. Those are human beings". He said; "They're just Japs; I only wanted a souvenir." To me it was revolting, and yet he did not appreciate what he was doing. Again, war is impersonal.

At the end of another shore party, one of our people did not show up at the rubber boat at the time specified to go back to the submarine. I mentioned earlier about the 99% venereal rate, and the dangerous coconut brew. We waited a good while until finally he came staggering up to the boat, drunk as a Lord, and happy as a king. All his inhibitions were gone.

He kept trying to get in the boat, and falling all over himself. Finally he threw his arm around my shoulder to steady himself, and whispered to me in a very loud stage whisper, "Mr. Bayne, I found one of the one percent." He was treated for gonorrhea about ten days later, and illustrated rather graphically that finding the one percent was more fiction that fact.

WINKLER: That situation, your college education may have came into play, you're what a psychology major.

BAYNE: A couple of people have asked me how in the world studying clinical psychology prepared me for submarines? I think it may have had a quite an impact. You are much more willing to look at people humanly than you are to demand certain standards that you know they can't meet. You can look at people for what they are rather than what you want them to be. Yet, at the same time you realize that the military environment does require a different standard of discipline that must be applied. There are some martinets and there are some who hate discipline. The military, in wartime, has to handle both. My attitude and perhaps acceptance of this dichotomy is not always a good thing.

When I was in Submarine School one of the Executive Officers on a training submarine assigned to Sub School had the reputation of being an unreasonable blow hard, so it was best to stay out of his way. I never knew this man's name but he surely made an impression.

On a cold day during the January to March period in 1943 when I was in New London for SubSchool, our group was assigned this fellow's submarine for diving instruction in Long Island Sound. We reported aboard to be greeted by this apparition all covered up against the cold in his foul weather gear. He began his introduction to us

telling us that he was a son-of-a-bitch, and anyone who thought he wasn't, just try to do something he did not like. Somebody laughed when he said that. We were all lined up as students in front of him as he was making this ridiculous speech, and he did sound funny. Of course he screamed something like "What the Hell are you laughing at?" but no one said anything. For some reason that made an impression on me. I really wanted to ask him why he thought he could motivate people that way? I did not think he was funny, just ridiculous. But there are people like that, and when you run into them there seems no point in creating conflict.

My time on BERGALL was at the end of the war. We were involved in the usual submarine training, and it was during this time I decided to apply for Regular Navy, and remain in, instead of returning to civilian life.

WINKLER: It said on your bio general line school. I guess that's in Newport under instruction. That's a whole year.

BAYNE: That's where my son was born. Those of us who applied for Regular Navy went to General Line School initially in Newport, Rhode Island. I believe I was in the first General Line School Class. We finally lived in a housing development called The Anchorage but that was after Sybil and I lived in the embalmer's apartment at a funeral home because housing was very hard to find in Newport. Our son was born in the Naval Hospital there, and it was quite a good graduate year. It was run as a graduate school. Our subjects were more sophisticated Leadership, Naval Traditions, Logistics problems, quite complex celestial navigation problems, and much deliberate attempt to instill a pride and understanding of military life. We studied political science, and military history. At first the teaching process was the same draw slips daily and go to the boards memory system used at the Naval Academy.

That changed after the nightly reading assignments became so long that many were unable to complete them. A group of the more senior officers, Commanders, some with Navy Crosses, called upon the Rear Admiral in charge and made the point that we had just fought a war, and were home for the first time in many months. Some had been overseas a couple of years, and it seemed unwise to spend that time in unnecessary study. Rear Admiral Moosbrugger was the Commanding Officer of the Line School and he handled the matter well. The Line School at Newport lasted a couple of years and gave way to a more permanent General Line Graduate School. One of our main non-academic occupations was trying to get a new automobile. Cars were not manufactured doing the war and we were all driving old automobiles. We tried to get to know the automobile companies in Newport who were selling automobiles, long before they got them in their sales rooms. In the end we all profited by the academics as well as the military socializing, and return to a more normal life.

WINKLER: Was it doing that period, before you went before an augmentation board?

BAYNE: That occurred in New London, before Line School, when I was assigned to the

submarine BERGALL.

WINKLER: Okay, you mentioned that before that there just might be worth recounting for the record the process for augmentation.

BAYNE: I applied for Regular Navy in 1945 and went to Line School in 1946. I was assigned to USS TORO in New London in 1947, after General Line School.

WINKLER: Well it says here that you got on her in '47 after the school.

BAYNE: I went to TORO after the school.

WINKLER: That's right.

BAYNE: When I went before the augmentation board I knew the Board was composed of three Submarine Commanding Officers, and I remember it well because they were insistent that I really wanted to make the Navy a career. It was a big decision. Up until that time, I had really thought I was going back to graduate school. Sybil and I had gone to Boston and gone through the interviews, and I had been accepted in the Littaeur School, of Business Administration at Harvard. Then I was told of the opportunity to be assigned as Executive Office of a submarine, and the truth is, that became a more desirable choice.

As I look back on it, it is difficult to be absolutely accurate about the reason for the decision. In hindsight I have never regretted it, but I would have difficulty saying just why it was made, except the lure of the submarine assignment was much more attractive than going back to school. I was a Lieutenant, and I know I was flattered and surprised that I could be an Executive Officer. Sibyl and I talked it over and I applied. I had to make formal application by letter. It was endorsed by my Commanding Officer on up through the chain. And then at some point I had to go through a board that consisted of the three submarine commanding officers. That was a thoughtful and far ranging interview. One of the Commanding Officer's knew a lot about political science. He wanted to talk about vital national interests, why we need a security system, why it was necessary for nations to put all that money into a military system, whether human beings were, by nature more competitive or cooperative? These were very, very good questions and quite profound. At some point we got to the inevitable question, why do you want to become USN instead of USNR? Is this something you want to do because you can't get a job or is it intended to be a career choice?

They were candid in trying to determine my true interest in becoming a career Naval Officer. All three were Naval Academy Graduates. The notion of service to country came up for much discussion and the idea that a military profession is not a way to amass wealth. What were my qualifications and background. There was some concern that my academic background had not been more technical. There were some technical questions about submarine operations, but I don't remember them as standing out, or having much importance. No standard systems questions like the old qualification

question about how you line up the systems to fuel a submarine through the air horn. I don't remember an interview of any kind that was as honest and far ranging in the attempt to evaluate me, and let me understand the importance of the decision I was making. Being a Naval Officer, to them, was important and they wanted no one in the club who could not feel that. One of the final questions, asked with some hesitancy, but nonetheless, with a real determination to find out how I viewed the Navy, was how would I react to a situation, perhaps ten years or so down the line, when I might be recommended for a very fine assignment? The scenario was that I would be one of three officers recommended for this prize assignment. We all had good records, were of the same rank and all highly qualified. The only difference in our backgrounds was that two of the three were Naval Academy graduates, and I was not.

The question asked was, "Who do you think will be the third choice for that good assignment?" I said something like I suppose you are suggesting that I might be the third choice, and the reply was, "That is exactly what I am saying, but I want your reaction to that." I answered the question by saying, that if in ten years the people who made the decisions about those jobs were only Naval Academy graduates, I would have made a bad decision making the Navy a career, but I suspected that by then people like me who had fought a war and been augmented into the Regular Navy would be having a say about such assignments. The reaction to my answer was that if I had that much faith in the system, they thought I would make a good Regular Officer. I was accepted. Obviously it turned out that way, and I have never felt a stigma because of no Academy background.

WINKLER: Today, its still July 16th right here in Irvington, Virginia this is Dr. David Winkler, with Vice Admiral Marmaduke Gresham Bayne and this is the second tape. Well you mentioned something about an unusual tour was at.

BAYNE: Well it is about where we were going to pick it up.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: It's a little bit ahead. We had been talking about it when winding up the General Line School at Newport.

WINKLER: Right, then you're going to be going to the USS TORO.

BAYNE: Yes, and it is worth while saying a couple of things about TORO before we go to this unusual assignment.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: From the line school we were assigned, and I say we because Sybil has done this thing with me, so it is natural to use a collective pronoun. We were assigned again to New London where the USS TORO was stationed. New London was not her favorite place in the world. It had little artistic culture and was just too cold. I was the Executive Officer of the TORO under Captain Raymond W. Alexandria, who was an absolute

prince. He was the most natural navigator, I think, I have ever known. His instincts regarding position, relative motion and relative speeds were uncanny at times. I was the ship's navigator, and when I realized what an unusual person he was, it was like having a skipper who loved being the engineering officer. Yet, he never put me in the position of second guessing me.

He just instinctively always seem to know where the submarine was, his mind tracked whatever we were doing. I had to use a chart and plot where we were and where we were going. I had to see it on paper, but he seemed to know without that. 1947 was close enough to the end of the war to allow ships considerably more freedom in their operations than subsequently developed. You weren't worried too much about fuel usage, running engines at high speeds; we were still in a war mentality where whatever you needed was available. There were limitless exercise torpedoes. Frankly there was such a supply of torpedoes that once you took the warheads off and made them exercise capable, they were magnificent for training. So you fired actual torpedoes in exercises, you did not have to pretend to shoot them. On one fleet exercise we went to Guantanamo, Cuba after a spell at Key West as a submarine target for the sonar school there. We cruised to Guantanamo and met the USS PIPER, which I later commanded. We were to return to New London in company. As PIPER cleared the harbor, she sent a message to us by flashing light from the bridge, "We will furnish you line handlers in New London".

That message developed into a remarkable game on the twelve or thirteen hundred mile trip up the coast. We had to send noon position reports to New London each day, but were otherwise on our own. We gradually began to send these reports at different times, using different frequencies, so we could keep the other from knowing our speed of advance. In the beginning we made trim dives each day, and conducted some emergency drills and did the usual training things inherent in at sea activity, but these became shorter and shorter as we increased speed until finally when we were about north of Norfolk and out of sight of each other TORO was just frankly racing PIPER to New London. We were scanning frequencies to pick up the other's position report each day. We had blown ballast tanks dry to lighten ship as much as possible, and were running all four engines at full speed. These things would never be allowed today. We sighted Montauk Point, the entry into Long Island Sound near daybreak, and realized there was a radar contact east of us traveling at about our speed, slightly over twenty knots, headed for Montauk also. Obviously it was PIPER. She rounded Montauk a few hundred yards ahead of us. Captain Alexander elected to cut inside the sea buoy off Montauk, and we roared down Long Island Sound a couple hundred yards ahead of PIPER.

I was in the conning tower, keeping track of our course: trying to see with radar any small fishing boats that might be out in the Sound that early in the morning. We maintained these positions around Race Rock, which establishes the entrance to the Thames River and New London. It was obvious someone would have to reduce speed before entering the River for it is narrow, with traffic, and maintaining twenty knots would hardly be prudent. At this stage it became a game of chicken. No one was asleep on either submarine, for over the days running up the coast an record of probable PIPER position had been posted, and both crews wanted desperately to win.

This gets back to Captain Alexandria's ability as navigator. He knew Long Island Sound so well that he knew he could cut inside the entrance buoy, and run the sound staying close to the various navigational markings. Finally the PIPER bridge signal light flashed, "Please furnish line handlers." The message was repeated on the ship's announcing system, and you could clearly hear the yell inside the ship from the bridge. Both submarines cut speed and went on in the channel safely and normally.

That night on Captain Alexander's front porch a case of Scotch mysteriously appeared. It was from the crew. There was also, the next morning, a meeting with the Division Commander in which both Commanding Officers were chastised for wasting fuel and acting like speed boats. Shortly after that restrictions on transit speeds were set at a maximum of 15 knots. Obviously this was before the days of nuclear submarines.

WINKLER: Right.

BAYNE: Surely the attitudes were different. Toro became the favored submarine in New London. There were requests for transfer to her. To be a member of TORO's crew was golden. It was a grand and happy tour of duty.

WINKLER: You were the Exec.

BAYNE: I was the Exec.

WINKLER: Coming up on your first boat you were.

BAYNE: Commissary officer.

WINKLER: Commissary. Now how is it, this is a period of only like three years.

BAYNE: Right.

WINKLER: When you think of the leap from Commissary Officer to Executive Officer, now that's a span of 15 years.

BAYNE: Well it was during wartime. At the start of WWII General Eisenhower was a Major in the Army.

BAYNE: Those things are signs of their times and promotions are necessarily slower in peace than in war. I don't think there is anything unusual about that but you bring up a point I've thought of often. We are so careful today about qualifying people for Officer of the Deck watches or to be qualified in submarines. Surely submarines are more complex now then they were then, but the basic notion of being qualified is the same. Qualified for what. At the end of the day, it is qualified to perform adequately in war, in combat. If that can be done in a few months in wartime, why does it take so long in peacetime? I think the answer must lie in the fact that we have a longer time available in

peacetime, so we use it. I was standing unsupervised watches in wartime six months, or less, after I joined BECUNA, right out of submarine school.
Why? Because I had to. It had to be done. The ability of the human mind and psyche is pretty wonderful in things like this. If the conditions require it, you do it. I absolutely disagreed and still disagree with the Rickover method about things like this. Using his inordinate screening system, which really was nothing but political control of the nuclear program, we could not have mobilized, had it been necessary. We would have scrapped the entire Rickover system, assigned people to new nuclear submarines as we built them, accepting a higher attrition, but enabling new individuals to accept the responsibility for the plants much more quickly that he felt it could be done. His method was wasteful of personnel and in my opinion did harm to the correct way to assign people. It usurped functions best left to the Bureau of Naval personnel. But this is hardly the vehicle to debate the Rickover matter. He happened to be in the right place at the right time, was aggressive, politically astute, a public relations genius, and took advantage of the opportunity before him. The subject was personal control, not what is good for the Navy. No I think you do what you have to do.

Maybe The old analogy voiced in the Hollywood rendition of the musical review, GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS applies. If those gals who looked so great up on that stage were tramps, they were going to end up tramps; if in fact they were the dignified ladies they portrayed themselves to be, the heady atmosphere of instant fame would not change them. My belief in human beings is far beyond having to run them through a set regimen to see what they can do. And in an atmosphere like TORO where people believed in people and somebody like Ray Alexandria was pushing you with every opportunity you could have, people simply excelled. Let me give you another example that certainly doesn't do me any particular good but it indicates the kind of guy Ray was. The Executive Officer of a submarine under these daily operational conditions worked his rear end off. You were at sea most of the day with the sub school or with whatever training assignment was given; you returned to port and only then could tackle the administrative work of the ship. I seldom got home in time for dinner and always left home way before breakfast, in order to get the submarine ready to get underway by 0800, and I loved it. On one occasion TORO had been assigned to do a mine detection exercise. In a part of Long Island Sound a series of dummy mines had been planted. They were dropped down on cables, anchored to the bottom with the mine floating below the surface as though it was blocking a harbor entrance to submarines. The minefield had been laid and carefully plotted so that the location of the mines was known. TORO had an QLA sonar mounted on the deck topside. It was a design developed late in the war to aid submarines in penetrating Japanese harbors. It was a somewhat primitive device, which relied on learning to recognize a distinctive signal if sensing a mine. TORO was assigned to run this test minefield, assessing the accuracy of the QLA against the known locations of the mines. She would run the field, plot the mines detected, and her results would be assessed by the Division, to aid in improvements needed on the detection equipment. I was in the Division office before getting underway, delivering mail, picking up mail, doing those last minute things always required, when the Division Commander handed me an envelope and said something like, "Duke, this is for the Captain; the Captain's eyes only." He said we were going do this minefield test but we needed a

safety valve. I put the letter in my briefcase and forgot it completely, absorbed in the matters of getting underway.

We got underway, ran the minefield, plotted where we thought the mines were and had no problem with the exercise. Evidently the Division Commander had indicated to the Captain that he would have a safety valve of some sort, in case there was equipment failure or concern about mine cables wrapping around a propeller. Captain Alexander had previously mentioned that to me, asking if I had seen any mail about this exercise. I said no, for at that time I had not, and later the matter left my conscience as I became involved with other things. About two or three weeks later I was going over non-urgent mail when I came across this envelope given me by the Division Commander, and it all flooded back. I took it to Captain Alexander and told him of my error. I had no explanation. I had simply blown it. So I took it to him and told him I had no explanation for it, but had blown it badly. He never mentioned it again. I don't know how he straightened things out with the Division Commander.

I do know had we gotten into trouble and tangled with one of those exercise mine cables, the matter would have been very serious, but we had no difficulty, and things blew over. There are many people I know who would have made a fitness report notation of my performance. Captain Alexandria felt no need to do that. I suppose he knew he could say nothing to me I had not already said to myself.

Another, much more amusing incident describes the urgency and busyness of the times.
I had developed a bad habit in the morning. The alarm clock would ring about five AM; Sibyl would get up and fix a pot of coffee and I would turn over for a few minutes more sleep. When the coffee was ready she would shake me, and the day would begin. After a time she became understandably annoyed at this, and one morning did not rewake me. I came to, conscious, I suppose, that the routine had been changed, looked at the clock and realized I had about half an hour before TORO was due to back out of her berth at the Submarine Base, and I had a twenty minute drive to that Base. I left the house in my underwear carrying my clothes; dressed as I drove, and arrived at the boat, already singled up, the Captain on the bridge, and the gangway pulled in as I walked aboard. Captain Alexander called down to me, "Good morning, Mr. Bayne, glad you could make it". When he found out what had happened he agreed with Sibyl that it was my responsibility to meet my time commitments, not hers. Such human mistakes occur and surely I learned from Captain Alexander you don't go around looking for people to make errors so you can take them to task, but remain ready to understand when they do.

The idea that you are looking for matters to criticize is not conducive to effective leadership, and he certainly was magnificent in his handling of people. TORO was a very, very happy time.

WINKLER: As far as, sometime you have the CO and the Executive Officer do a good cop/bad cop routine. Did you see any of this here?

BAYNE: I've never seen that. I've never been in the position where that occurred. When we get to it, I'll recount a strained CO/XO relationship because the Captain was not capable of handling the ship, but that is a very different matter. I have not experienced a situation where the XO was tough so the CO could be lenient, or vice versa. I am certain the moment you try to change your personality to fit some contrived system of leadership or management, you are taking a risk. You can't do it all the time anyway, you will slip up and be natural.

So it's better to exercise whatever comes naturally to you as a result of your experience and training than try to be something you are not.

WINKLER: As far as being Executive Officer working with your department heads and I guess also, did you have a Chief of the Boat back then?

BAYNE: Absolutely. And that is a relationship that is unique to submarines I suspect. Maybe some other parts of the Navy have similar enlisted relationships but I am not aware of it. I can remember all of the Chiefs of the Boat on the submarines I was on, and they were all different. Some were Fatherly, some were very strict disciplinarians, some were fierce in their ability to handle anything and keep problems from the Exec. or Captain, but all had a highly developed philosophy that the crew came first. They were the spokesman for the crew, and to exercise that well they had to be right. It is a huge job. One, Chief of the Boat, Johnny Johnson, on TORO was a great big fellow who was intimidating to look at physically; people didn't play around with him. He was a Father figure to everyone on the submarine. People did not want to disappoint him and they trusted him.

Another Chief Dawes, nicknamed “Doggy”, Chief of the Boat on BECUNA was a very rigid, precise individual, but torn apart internally. I think he was frightened at times, he use to come in from patrol and be physically sick; the relief was so great. He was a born teacher. One young officer, learning the routine of diving, gave the order to blow negative while the negative flood valves were shut.

The negative tank, on WWII fleet boats, was a nine-ton tank that was normally kept flooded on the surface to accelerate the speed of a dive. When you get near the ordered depth you blow out that nine tons of water, and assuming the submarine is properly trimmed, you are at a neutral buoyancy for operating submerged. After blowing, the flood valves are shut to keep water weight out of the tank. Obviously you don't want to admit compressed air to the tank with the flood valves shut or you will damage the flood valve gaskets. Learning this diving routine can be confusing, and often it is rote learning before the purpose of the sequence of the commands sinks in. On this occasion a new Officer, learning to dive the boat, gave the order to “shut Negative Floods”, then he said, “Blow Negative.” The Chief of the Boat is usually the manifold operator during Battle Stations, as was Dawes, and he did not miss a beat.

He blew the tank, then shut the floods, turned around and said to no one in particular, seemed to be talking to himself; “The most dangerous thing on a submarine is

someone giving orders he doesn't understand." Chiefs of the Boat enjoy special positions on submarines. One young officer, with a great sense of humor, wrote an amusing paper during the qualification process entitled, WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE CHIEF OF THE BOAT COMES.

I guess to sum up the comments on TORO, my time on her was the happiest and most productive tour I remember, even tours when I was Commanding Officer. It was all due to Captain Ray Alexander.

WINKLER: After TORO you went to this OIC training unit session.

BAYNE: After the couple of years on TORO I was ordered to shore duty with the Fifth Naval District in Norfolk, Virginia, my hometown. I have no idea why. It was not a request; probably just some billet to be filled and I was due for reassignment to shore duty. I was assigned to the Fifth Naval District, Director of Training, a Captain, "BB" Wilson. He was the Assistant Chief of Staff for Training for the District. When I reported I was told I would be the Officer in Charge of the Fifth Naval District Training Aids Section. I had no idea what this was. My office was detached from the District Headquarters. It was located at the Norfolk Naval Station near the ship piers to facilitate, I later learned, ships borrowing movies and training films from the Training Aids Library. I relieved no one. When I arrived the job had been vacant for a time.

The library was adequately run by a Chief Petty Officer, a Chief Yoeman, I think. I was not overjoyed. Compared to the intense operational life on TORO, I had nothing to do. One huge compensation, of course, was time with my family; regular hours, nine to five, no long trips. From that standpoint, it was delightful, but I felt nothing was happening.

WINKLER: Right.

BAYNE: These were training films. This place was going to run whether I was there or not, it was an automatic operation. So I asked to see Captain Wilson, and suggested a billet could be saved; that an Officer was not needed in charge of this thing. He said get back down there and make something of the job. So I began to invent things to do. Norfolk is a large basic enlisted school training area; yeoman school, radio school, electrician's school, just about any basic, Class A training school the Navy has.

Visiting these school it became apparent some things available at the Training Aids Section might help in the various curricula. Overhead projectors were beginning to be used as visual teaching aides, and we could get them through the section, so we developed instruction information in using them. Making overlays, using them as a direct teaching tool instead of blackboards; they were new, and they caught on. Instructors began coming to get curricula materials, to sign out training films, which were being updated all the time. Gradually the training aids section began to be used. The assignment came to a moment of truth when
I was told by Captain Wilson to represent the Fifth Naval District by setting up a Training

booth at the Virginia State Fair in Richmond. There I was, a Navy Lieutenant in uniform, trying to represent the Navy at a carnival. The atmosphere was about ten leagues below the social strata I thought the Navy should occupy. Right across from me was some company selling bathtubs with training aids of semi-nude women stepping in and out the bathtub, and as I later learned, photos of completely nude women bathing, when you indicated an interest in those bathtubs. The culture was so far removed from what I thought the Navy was trying to do, we just didn't fit in. I spent three or four days there and nobody was interested in what I was doing. Our booth was really laughable; out of place. My only option was to be like a barker in a carnival yelling at people to take a look at what the Navy was selling.

I even tried that but it didn't work. It's not my nature anyway. So I came back and wrote a blistering report that we had placed the Navy in a position in which it simply did not belong. It was not the way to demonstrate the Navy. If the purpose was to recruit, maybe a recruiter with suitable recruiting films and materials could be more effective, but this was not the environment for the United States Navy. It was somewhat of a surprise to me that Captain Wilson read my report with favor and the whole thing came to a crashing halt. Shortly after that, LCDR Dumcheck, a woman officer, was assigned to relieve me as Officer in Charge Training Aids Section, Fifth Naval District. I was ordered as Executive Officer, USS SEA LEOPARD, assigned to Submarine Squadron SIX in Norfolk. I was deliriously happy. Sibyl and I built a house in Norfolk, and although I was away from home a lot more, I know I was a much nicer human being to have around. Unfortunately the time on SEA LEOPARD was at the bottom of the barrel insofar as my submarine duty was concerned.

It all revolved around my concern for the ability of the Commanding Officer. I felt I was a more of a safety valve than anything else. His shiphandling ability, his estimate of distance and speeds, his near ineptness and inconsistency in human relations were so markedly inferior to what I had known on TORO, that I lived an uneasy life. It makes no point to identify the individual. He was a very, very unusual man, unsure of himself, actually I believe he was afraid of the submarine. He used the excuse “to get me ready for command” to avoid shiphandling, to avoid attack situations during exercises, to avoid exercising any “command presence” at all. Yet, he craved approval, several times asking me if I thought he had done something well. It soon became apparent to the crew that something was wrong. They sensed he was avoiding decisions.

Yet, the submarine had to meet its commitments, and we did, but not with the flash and verve of a TORO, or BECUNA or BERGALL. On one trip into St. Johns, Nova Scotia, after a fleet exercise during which we generally avoided contact with anything, the Captain simply went to bed, and told me to make best speed to port, which at that time was a couple of days away. When I woke him to tell him we were running into a dense fog and would have to reduce speed, he didn’t even get out of bed. I stayed up all day and night, navigating constantly by Loran and depth finder, to be certain we didn’t get out of position, for none of the navigational aids on shore were visible in the fog.

He didn’t seem to realize we were in a tight situation and I could use all the help I

could get. He, as was usual, avoided the problem. It was hard to keep from getting the idea that if any mistakes were made his explanation would be, "the Executive Officer did it." This was long before any satellite navigational system was available, to give you a secure sense of navigational position. Later, on a training exercise off San Juan we were given the task of intercepting ships departing San Juan. It was hard to avoid contact with these departing exercise ships sitting off a deep water harbor like San Juan. Even at 100 or 150 feet sonar would indicate there was something that should be investigated. He was reluctant to do that saying that the periscope would be detected. That was certainly a risk but the other option was to do nothing and sit there as the ships went by. Finally he decided to come up and look, but the decision was made when a loud sonar contact nearby clearly indicated a close ship. The scope went up and the Captain turned to me and said "Take a look."

I saw nothing but gray paint; a destroyer escort so close it was dangerous. Without reference to the Captain I ordered three hundred feet, flood negative, and as we went below about ninety feet the destroyer thundered over us, and sent the umpire signal for attack and we were out of the exercise. He simply had no perception of relative distance.

How he ever got through Sub School I can't imagine. When something like that happens, people in the conning tower are fast bearers of the news, and it does the boat no good. We both received orders about the same time but he left shortly before I did. I think the Division and Squadron Commanders realized that they had some trouble here. It was a peculiar kind of environment to be in and something you simply don't want to experience professionally. But again it was a learning experience and I felt; in honesty, I felt sorry for him. If you mention SEA LEOPARD Sibyl today will say something like "I was so glad to see him get off that submarine". Undoubtedly I brought home a lot of my concerns. Whether I'm using the very close personal difficulties I had onboard SEA LEOPARD as an excuse, I don't know. My mind was simply wrapped up in a very narrow environment. I did not worry about much beyond that.

WINKLER: In your next tour of duty though, you might start seeing that, because I guess you were a Flag Lieutenant.

BAYNE: That was a completely different time. While still on SEA LEOPARD I received a message at sea to call a Commander James Calvert at BUPERS. Does that name mean anything to you?

WINKLER: Yes.

BAYNE: Admiral Calvert was later the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, was then the submarine detail officer in the Bureau of Naval Personnel. He and I are close in age and very good friends. When I called he told me I had been nominated as Flag Lieutenant to the new Commander In Chief Atlantic Fleet (CINCLANTFLT), and Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic (SACLANT). I suspect he had nominated me. SACLANT was just beginning as part of the Naval arm of NATO, opposite the Army command of SACEUR in Europe. Later, I received a message at sea on SEA LEOPARD

that I was to report with my wife to the Quarters of Vice Admiral Switzer, who was Deputy CINCLANTFLT, to be interviewed as a candidate for Aide and Flag Lieutenant to Admiral Lynde McCormick, CINCLANTFLT.

I did not know what to think. The message was a personal message for LCDR Bayne. I, of course showed it to the captain. He asked me if I wanted to do this and I said, "well it's a directive." He told me being an Aide was "nothing." He said it was just running around holding hats and making schedules. His downplaying it made me very interested in the assignment. Had he recommended it I might have felt otherwise. The date, time and place for the call on Admiral Switzer were given, so Sibyl and I arrived at his quarters at the appointed time, calling cards in hand. Admiral Switzer lived in one of the old historic quarters on Dillingham Boulevard at the Norfolk Naval Base. Mrs. Switzer was there and we spent a formal 20 minutes talking about the importance of the Aide's job since SACLAT was just being formed. He made certain both Sibyl and I understood there would be a good deal of traveling involved. He was direct, saying he was screening candidates for Admiral McCormick to interview.

At the end of our short talk he said I would be added to list if I really wanted the assignment. I said I would be honored to be considered, and we left. Later I was given a time to see Admiral McCormick in his office without my wife. His opening statement was something like "I'm interviewing young Officers to select one to be my Aide. Do you know what being an Aide means?" I said, "No sir", and he said, "It means saving my time, do you think you can do that?"

I answered that I could certainly try, and the short conversation became quite impersonal. Admiral McCormick was a formal individual, almost austere; direct, no nonsense; very Navy. I later learned he came from a Naval family, had been born at the Naval Academy; his Father was a Naval Doctor. Finally he dismissed me and a short time later I received orders to report to CINCLANTFLT for assignment as Flag Lieutenant with additional assignment as Aide to the Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic.

I spent the next 22 months in an environment totally different from any I had ever known and at a time so historical that I have always wondered how in the world something like this could have fallen into my lap.

At the end of the tour, Admiral McCormick was relieved by Admiral Jerrald Wright, and I received orders to command USS PIPER in New London.

Those twenty-two months were pivotal in my naval career. I was placed in a position to closely observe policy being made. I met individuals I had only read about; Heads of State, The President of the United States, General Eisenhower, Cabinet Officials; traveled repeatedly to all of the NATO countries, took part in major international Naval exercises, was present at all NATO Ministerial and Military councils; was invited to the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth; in short I was never again awed by wondering about high level decision making, or overwhelmed by rank and power. My entire perception of governments, policy decision making, effective and non-effective

individuals changed. No longer was there someone or something "up there," "in Washington," mysterious and unreachable, who made the "big" decisions and decided correctly the progress and direction of human events. These great decisions were made by human beings, some good, some bad, some in between. What a wake-up call that was! Before that tour, I had been dealing with little nuts and bolts way down the chain of command. It was exciting and fulfilling for me, and I was perfectly happy in that realm. After that tour I knew there was more excitement out there.

When I think of a Lieutenant Commander traveling with all those truly important people at a time in history unlikely to be repeated; a Lieutenant Commander, who because of the generosity and thoughtfulness of Admiral McCormick, was allowed in these inner circles, included at high level dinners and policy councils, I am simply amazed that it happened. This initial time in the CINCLANT/SACLANT dual organization was quite different from the organization that later developed. In the beginning it was truly a dual assignment. Admiral McCormick with me tagging along to his left and a pace behind, would split his day between the two jobs, and physically change offices, and change his status from a National, United States Naval Officer, to an International high military official. Later there were two Aides, one for each of the staffs, but in the beginning there was only one, me; and the learning experience was beyond anyone's dream.

Once a month we were on a plane to Europe to visit one of the NATO Nations, or attending NATO Ministerial and Military Council meetings. On one occasion, a typical example of the thoughtfulness of Admiral McCormick, he suggested that if I wanted to I could take leave next time we went to Paris, and perhaps Sibyl could come there.

I flew over with the Admiral and she came over on the SS AMERICA. She was included in all the official social arrangements for that week, met the Countess De Maublanc, the Paris head of the Eve Arden cosmetic firm, and with Mrs. McCormick, went with her to fashion shows and on shopping tours. When the Admiral returned to the States, I entered leave status, spent another week in Paris with Sibyl and we returned on the second voyage of the SS UNITED STATES, which crossed the ocean in three and a half days. This was in May, and my birthday occurred during the voyage and was recognized by the ship's Captain with a gala birthday party. What other Lieutenant Commander in the Navy had such opportunities?

A couple of incidents are worth mentioning. They allow insight into Admiral McCormick's disciplined mind and character.

We went to a commissioning ceremony at Newport News for some ship; I don't now remember the name, a large naval surface combatant. The Admiral's driver was named Missouri, Chief Petty Officer Missouri. He had been with Admiral McCormick a long time, was devoted to him, and knew his habits. I did not know Missouri at first.

In the organization he was assigned to The Flag Lieutenant who controlled his administrative needs. We drove to Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company

in Newport News for the commissioning, out to the Newport News Country Club for a celebratory lunch and then back to Norfolk. It was a long affair and we arrived home around three in the afternoon. When we got back to CINCLANTFLT headquarters and as we were walking up the steps to his office, the Admiral asked if Missouri had had lunch. I remember exactly where this was. I was behind him on the steps, and he had taken only two or three steps when he asked did Missouri get lunch? I said I imagined he did. With that he stopped on the steps, turned around to face me, and in a very severe tone, said, "You don't know?" When I said, "No sir," he said, "You are not going to be a Hell of a lot of good to me if you can't think about other people."

I had been busy thinking about the Admiral and I had not given a thought to Missouri.
I suppose I unconsciously felt he was a grown man, very capable, and would take care of his own needs, which is exactly what he had done. When I later asked him if he gotten lunch, he looked at me quizzically, and said, "Of course." The point made was that I had not thought of it, made certain he had time for it, not kept him waiting around for some indeterminate time unable to know when he could have lunch.

Another trivial incident I will always remember. In those days there was a time to change from blue to white hat cover, and still wear the blue uniform.

WINKLER: That's before my time.

BAYNE: So you always wore a white hat cover. It was always on a Monday, and I wrote to the stewards at the house and I went to the Quarters to make sure the Admiral had a white hat cover ready for that Monday. Big event, big thing to do, you didn't want the Admiral arriving at the office wearing the wrong cover when everyone else had changed. As always I met him on that Monday morning as he drove up. There would be four bells from the lower quarterdeck when they saw the car arriving and the stewards would have called when he left the Quarters, so I knew exactly when he would arrive, and would be there to open the car door, salute and say, "Good morning, Admiral." As I ran down the steps to greet him I realized I had forgotten to change my cover. He stepped out with his sparkling white cover and there I was, saluting in an old blue one. He smiled, looked up at me and he said, "You have a lousy Aide."

It was a perfect way to handle the situation; he could not ignore it, but it was not one of those things to create a big deal. His touch in such things was superb. I cite these little things to illustrate how important and memorable are proper leadership traits; putting the right emphasize on the right thing at the right time. How did it pay off? It created in me attention to what some would say are minor matters, it made me view things from the Admiral's perspective, which is what an Aide's job is; as he had put it in that initial interview, "to save his time".

Later, on a trip to Turkey, Mrs. McCormick wanted to buy some rugs. Because of his international status and the immense amount of representational entertaining done on these trips, SACLANT was given special permission to have his wife accompany him on

the official SACLANT aircraft. He could not do that when traveling as CINCLANTFLT, but the international status changed many things. On this trip to Turkey the rate of exchange was much better on the street than it was in the bank; probably twice as good. Mrs. McCormick intended to exchange some American Express Checks for Turkish lira at the best street rate she could get, and so pay less for her carpets. Officially she was breaking the law, for the currency was not stable and the bank rate was the established exchange.

No one honored the official rate and it was a bit silly to go out of your way to spend more money than necessary. I suggested that I exchange my American Express checks for the amount she wanted, in order not to have the McCormick name involved in any possible questionable transaction. That is what we did, and I heard her later explaining to some friends why I had done that. She said I was concerned for the country, and she was exactly right. At that time to have the name of the Supreme Allied Commander appear to have flaunted a NATO country's currency laws would have been quite serious. I don't recount this to blow my horn, but to illustrate that the Admiral's careful examples gave me a perspective I did not have before this assignment.

WINKLER: During that time frame period I guess Germany was coming on board.

BAYNE: No it was way before Germany was coming aboard.

WINKLER: It was like '55 when Germany came onboard.

BAYNE: That sounds early to me. I came to SACLANT in June of 52 and stayed through April of '54. This was right at the beginning, even before France pulled out. I thought Germany became a part of NATO after German unification, much later.

WINKLER: That's right.

BAYNE: Headquarters for NATO was in France, initially in Paris at the Pallais de Challiot. We went to Paris a lot, and visited other NATO nations less frequently; places like Luxembourg. You could question why in the world they were ever a part of NATO but they were, and are.

WINKLER: How would describe the state of the various NATO Navies at that time?

BAYNE: The U.S. and Britain were the NATO Navies. Everyone else took less part, even France. Much effort was made to work together but this was way before the Standing NATO Naval Force was even envisioned. There were major NATO Naval exercises usually called "MAINBRACE". Second Fleet was the U.S. contribution to the NATO Naval Strike Force. Admiral McCormick boarded USS WISCONSIN and flew his flag there during one of the MAINBRACE exercises. Being at sea as SACLANT was a unique event, for most of the time SACLANT was in councils and committees ashore, trying to plan what NATO would do if it had to invoke clause fifteen of the North

Atlantic Treaty which stated aggression against one NATO nation was aggression against all fifteen. We were going to such council meetings more than we did anything else.

The at sea MAINBRACE event was conceptually planned to resist by air and sea an attack from the North by hostile forces Obviously "the North" was the Soviet Union attacking Norway. This was certainly the largest assembly of ships and aircraft in the Northern Atlantic most people had ever seen, maybe the largest ever. On board WISCONSIN was the first time I had ever heard 16-inch guns fired. A full broadside moves the ship laterally in the water. It is awesome. We were well north in the Atlantic conducting a carrier strike to defend Norway. Vice Admiral Combs was the Air Commander for Second Fleet. A mistake was made in weather forecasting and at one point there were a couple hundred aircraft airborne taking part in the strike. Weather closed in and the carriers from which the planes had flown were operating in zero visibility. The planes after conducting their strikes were returning, were over the ocean, and did not have fuel to get to a land-based airfield. Things were pretty frantic until a submarine reported clear weather overhead. I think it was the submarine TIRANTE, but I am not sure. The nearest carrier was vectored to TIRANTE's position, and all planes given that position.

The end of the story is that they landed all aircraft without a single wave off, some with empty fuel readings as they landed. The press was covering the exercise with reporters on every major ship. Had it been necessary to ditch many U.S. aircraft at sea, because they ran out of fuel with no place to land, imagine what that would have done to the U.S. and NATO's collective image. I think it was the *New York Times* that next day carried a story of an interview with Admiral Combs, asking the question what he did as Supreme Air Commander when he could not find a place for his planes to land. His answer was "I got down on my knees and appealed to a more supreme commander." So there were interesting times, but that's the one major operational event I remember.

WINKLER: Was DeGaulle President of France at the time?

BAYNE: Yes.

WINKLER: Any dealings with him?

BAYNE: I never met DeGaulle but McCormick did. There is nothing of substance I remember. He was not an enthusiastic supporter of NATO, as you know. Speaking of Heads of State there is an amusing incident involving the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Douglas Fairbanks was very much in evidence during the Coronation. He was a Captain in the Naval Reserve.
SACLANT and SACEUR had been invited to the Coronation as the military representatives of NATO, Admiral McCormick and General Ridgeway, SACEUR, and invited into Westminster for the actual ceremony. Bleachers were set up along the Coronation route for members of delegations who were not high enough in the structure to be in the Abbey. Mrs. McCormick and I had seats in these bleachers with live circuit TV provided so the actual ceremony could be viewed. The day before the ceremony Sir

Douglas who had been knighted by the Queen for his World War II activity, which was significant, was to sit in the Abbey. He asked me if Admiral McCormick would wear his sword and medals. It was a full dress affair as you can imagine. The British do not do these things halfway. In 1954, the Navy had not yet returned after the war to the elaborate full dress we now use. No swords were worn and gloves and ribbons were a part of uniform full dress instead of medals. I told Sir Douglas that, and that I was certain Admiral McCormick would adhere to dress regulations, but I would ask and let him know if I was wrong. I did ask and I was right.

The Admiral had no intention to change uniform regulations, but he told me to tell Sir Douglas that what he wore did not in this instance require Sir Douglas to do likewise. Sir Douglas came to the ceremony wearing his sword and a full array of medals, his Order of Knighthood and any thing else to decorate his uniform. Later, after returning home, when Admiral McCormick was briefing the staff on his participation in the Coronation, he came to the part about the Coronation procession, and described the seats for General Ridgeway and himself, and the procession of other Officers. At one point, after mentioning that Sir Douglas Fairbanks was there, he commented that "Sir Douglas clanked by." It was a perfect commentary on the difference between the two men.

WINKLER: You're fortunate that you're living in Norfolk so you have your wife, and I guess your children.

BAYNE: We kept our children in Norfolk private schools, the Country Day School for our daughter and the Norfolk Academy for our son. Norfolk Public Schools about that time were going through their "Massive Resistance" to segregation, and had shut down the Public Schools. It was a bad time for general education. We really had no option. They are both good students and to have deprived them of an adequate education was unthinkable, they were in high school at the time.

There was much effort to run schools in garages and churches but Norfolk made a bad error in its resistance movement. We did our best to keep our children out of it. It was expensive but it was necessary.

WINKLER: Any other comments about your tour at CINCLANTFLT?

BAYNE: Well, as I said it was pivotal. I think the overall comment was suddenly seeing what I was doing from a much broader perspective then I had seen it before.

WINKLER: Well then you received orders to your first real command.

BAYNE: Yes, as C.O. PIPER. It was the first commissioned ship command. The Officer in Charge designations were of non-commissioned ships, but I assure you the responsibility of command was just as real, perhaps not legally so, but so in terms of responsibility. AS C.O. PIPER, I relieved the Officer who started the Naval Sailing Association, and later, as C.O. of an ice breaker, made a great contribution to the Navy's operations in the Arctic. PIPER was a good submarine.

I don't remember anything remarkable about our operations as a Sub School submarine. At one point I was faced with the undesirable duty of not recommending PIPER's Executive Officer for command. That was a miserable experience. Clearly he had expected command, but he couldn't handle it, and after my experience on SEA LEOPARD, I was not in a position to risk that sort of thing. I talked it over with the Division Commander who agreed with me, but it was just a rotten experience. He had planned on command and his family had evidently planned on continued submarine pay, and he had to be reassigned without it. When you influence lives that drastically it is tough, but a part of the profession. I am sure to this day, if he hears my name, he spits at it.

WINKLER: Being detailed to a submarine and then the change of command. Can you walk me through that?

BAYNE: Yes, it was in New London for one thing. We left Norfolk and went to New London and did the necessary house hunting. Sybil will probably tell you we rented a house and as the former tenants were moving out, she was moving in all by herself because I was busy with the submarine. She was left with the whole thing, two children, a dog, and a new house, all the parts of a young family. I guess that's part of it too. Change of command of anything is important, even changing a deck watch at sea. It should not be done lightly.

It is ceremonial, to be sure, a dress occasion, but it is much more than that. It is the public, legal transfer of responsibility before all who wish to witness it. The crew is paraded in dress uniform at quarters. The Commanding Officer being relieved makes remarks he feel necessary to sum up whatever he has experienced, and reads his orders to his new assignment. The new Commanding Officer reads his orders authorizing him to Command, and at some point in the Ceremony, faces the old Commanding Officer, salutes and say, "I relieve you, sir." Of course before this moment the two officers have gone over the ships records, any outstanding orders, unfinished business, made calls on the next in the command chain, that is the Division and Squadron Commanders if they are present in the same port, taken the ship to sea together and worked through any ship's business, mechanical problems or other things particular to that command needed by a new Commander. Bob McWethy was probably the best ship handler I have known. He was one with the ship. I knew there was no way I could actually relieve him in that department after watching him handle PIPER.

His sense of distance and time and relative relationships were so accurate you felt confident. As a human being I am not certain his ship got to know him too well. He was a somewhat distant man, but he certainly ran a grand submarine. He warned me gently about the Executive Officer, but avoided the issue of not recommending him for command. Whether he did that deliberately or not, I don't know. It would certainly have been more sensible had he done it, for it had to be done soon after I came aboard. I felt it was dumped in my lap. As I said he was different, so it would not have been easy to open that sort of discussion. He did another thing that was more amusing than anything

else, but strange and certainly not something I, nor anyone else I know would have done.

After the change of command ceremony it was apparent he was reluctant to leave the ship. We went below, talking about various things, and he said something like, "Duke, running one of these things around with the Sub School students you never have the opportunity to relax and just enjoy the ride; you never even get a chance to read the magazines all stacked up in the wardroom. I wonder if you would mind if, tomorrow, when you get underway, if I ride with you, to just enjoy a day at sea?" My reply was, gently but he knew I meant it. "Bob, get off my ship. Take all the magazines you want but read them some other place."

I think he expected that sort of reply. He certainly would not have wanted a just departed Commanding Officer on board the first day of his new command. He was an original man; had many new ideas, which he put to good effect later in his insistence that the submarine force did not make as much strategic use of the Arctic as it should.

WINKLER: Your commanding officer tactics, how were your tactics developed as far as?

BAYNE: Do you mean tactics with the crew or tactics with running the submarine?

WINKLER: Tactics of running the submarine and how you would go about

BAYNE: Making an attack.

WINKLER: Yea, preparing the ship for war. Obviously you know tactics are evolving with the Soviet threat, I think there was a school established up in, I think it the 50th anniversary this year or next year up in New London as far as a tactic school. Kind of like the Top Gun for Submarines.

BAYNE: There is a command school, there has always been a command school, called the PCO, (Prospective Commanding Officer) school.

WINKLER: Right.

BAYNE: But I not familiar with another tactical school.

WINKLER: Is there a Submarine Squadron TWELVE or something like that?

BAYNE: Could be, could be I'm not familiar with it. Then, there was Submarine Development Group Two, responsible for new techniques in equipment (mostly sonar) and new tactical maneuvers. Perhaps that is what Submarine Squadron TWELVE is now. It's always there I guess David. The constant issue is noise, the basic tactic is noise elimination. Then and now, efforts are made to create as quiet a submarine as possible.

For a time the Soviets were ahead of this in this, after the introduction of nuclear

power. NAUTILUS was one of the nosiest submarines ever built. You could hear and identify her half way across the Atlantic Ocean if she was running a high speed. She never would have been usable in combat. As for combat tactics, fleet and inter submarine exercises were developed to hone attack skills in submarine crews. Time was spent on tactical trainers at Submarine School, trainers where you could take your entire combat team and practice basic submarine periscope and sonar attacks. I imagine those basic tactics, so familiar to me, are today quite different, given the increased maneuverability and detection equipment of modern submarines.

Then, the emphasis was certainly on the periscope, and the development of skills that allowed you estimate quickly, range, relative speed, and attitude of surface targets. And you conscientiously tried to train yourself to save in your mind what you saw. With the detection radar we have today, that kind of periscope exposure would be an impossible risk.

I remember one exercise on TRIGGER, the second submarine I commanded. We will eventually discuss that time. Patrick Gray was my division commander for awhile, the same Patrick Gray who became Nixon's Director of the FBI, and was used so poorly during Watergate. He rode TRIGGER for about a week during this exercise. The submarine was intercepting a group of ships moving from one place to another. TRIGGER managed to get under the outer escorting group, using sonar detection and TRIGGER's ability to maneuver a quiet high speeds submerged.

We managed to position ourselves between the outer escorts and the body of the convoy where we had great fun picking off ships with the relatively short-ranged exercise torpedoes of those days. You had to get close enough to deliver them accurately, optimally you had to get within a couple thousand of yards of your target. When we had avoided the escorts and gotten into attack position, I asked the Division Commander to take a look through the periscope. The scope went up and right back down. His comment was something like, "My God how did you get in here?" I told him it was luck and it was. But there is a certain amount of that involved in submarine attack tactics. You are always taking a risk when you maneuver that close to an enemy, be it in practice or in war. That's the business. Your experience can reduce the risk to the least possible degree, and after a while your instincts tell you what degree of risk to accept, but this is not something available without doing it, and doing it over and over. Things are bound to be different today, because risking your ship in peace is more political than it is in war. For that reason you don't take risks in peacetime that you take in war. I learned that the hard way, which we will talk about later. So in peacetime a political element enters the tactical picture. There is no way in the world to learn these things without actually experiencing them.

WINKLER: I guess similar things apply when you're talking about tactics as far as how to handle the crew.

BAYNE: Certainly. Some of your people are better than others. Submarine movies seem always to focus on an uncanny sonarman, usually a nerd-like character whose ability to

hear and interpret things on that sonar is downright mystical. That picture is not all wrong. Some people have better frequency detection ability than others, and after they have heard the noises in the sea over and over, and heard the noises ships make over and over, they can identify the ship with a squeaky shaft, or the whine of an early NAUTILUS, or snapping shrimp, or the songs of whales. Putting together your best people to work as an attack team, a detection team, takes a lot of work and calls for all sorts of leadership tools, inspirational motivation, ship pride and downright competition to prove your ship is better than others. We used to have a blindfold test, when learning the Torpedo Data Computer. The TDC operator is blindfolded and given ranges, bearings and speeds to enter into his machine. This series of entries is worked out carefully beforehand so the end results are known.

The object is, of course, for the good TDC operator to match these end results blindfolded, and produce the same end figures achieved by someone looking at the computer. It can be done but it takes a lot of practice. If achieved the operator becomes one with his machine and does not have to use his mind to deliberately enter data. He does it instinctively. Lieutenant Russell Ward, the Gunnery Officer and TDC operator on BECUNA during the war was the best at this I have ever known. He could even trick the tricker, and pretend to have made a mistake, but compensate at the end so that the right data was the eventual result.

WINKLER: The submarine you knew first, as Commanding Officer, the PIPER then the TRIGGER. During the 1950's did they modernize the World War II boats.

BAYNE: Guppys?

WINKLER: Were these Guppys?

BAYNE: PIPER was a Guppy; SEA LEOPARD was one of the first Guppys, TORO was a Fleet boat.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: TORO was simply a Fleet boat; nothing done to it at all. SEA LEOPARD was the first integration of the Guppy. Incidentally GUPPY means something like "Greater Underwater Propulsion Power." SEA LEOPARD had the streamed lined conning tower but not the curved bow, it wasn't a full guppy. PIPER was a full Guppy, and the TRIGGER was totally different.
The TRIGGER, the TROUT and the HARDER were new after the war designs called Fast Attack submarines. They were the three new design submarines that were built after the war and after the Guppy program; the newest things we had until the nuclear boats. They were shorter in length because the engineering package was smaller. TRIGGER had a totally new concept in submarine diesel engines. They were four General Motors radial diesel engines rated at 1600 horsepower, but taking up about half the space of the big Fleet boats' in line engines. They were very easy engines to operate but maintaining them was a major headache. They did not have the rugged survivability of the Fairbanks

Morse diesels used to fight the war. The Navy finally decided not to keep them, and TRIGGER was reengined. TRIGGER was a nice submarine to operate, much faster underwater speed, about twelve knots as compared with the maximum eight for the Fleet boats.

It used the German-introduced ride around periscope, where you sat in a seat and the periscope revolved rather than your having to manhandle it around. This was not all good, because you could forget relative bearing easily if your rear end was not moving around with the scope. There was also a tendency to leave the scope up too long. You were comfortable in what you were doing, no real physical effort to operate the scope, and you could forget it was up. As with all things there was a learning curve.

WINKLER: Now the with snorkel, that's a different mode of operation versus what you used in World War II.

BAYNE: The U.S. did not have snorkels in World War II. That was a German innovation, designed to reduce the amount of hardware exposed to detection during battery charge to the minimum. All that was above water was the top of the main induction valve, which allowed outside air into the boat. The snorkel could extend this valve by hydraulically raising it to nearly the same height above the conning tower as the extended periscope. It was well toward the end of the war that Japanese radar capability became good enough to require the snorkel in the Pacific, but it was early in the Atlantic that the Germans could no longer sit on the surface and charge batteries with safety.

That is another example of the different kinds of submarine warfare fought in the Atlantic and Pacific. Snorkeling to some extent is a blind operation unless you are using detection and search radars while snorkling. Even then the height of radar is so low that your effective detection range becomes less than a surface ship with good radar. So again the risk must be evaluated. You are tempted to keep a constant periscope watch but that keeps another detectable pole up in the air, higher than the snorkel. Another factor is weather. Heavy weather makes depth control at shallow snorkel depths much more difficult and causes the induction valve to periodically shut and open as it dips under water. That draws a vacuum in the boat as the running engines use up the air rapidly. There are safety limits, which shut down the engine if the vacuum becomes too great. If you're charging batteries at night from the bridge, your lookouts are up there, you know what's going on around you a lot better than you do when you're snorkeling.
The noise of a running diesel engine diminishes sonar performance so hearing approaching ships from long distances is diminished. During one period on TRIGER we sat up on the Greenland/Iceland/UK gap for six weeks seeking to detect any Soviet submarines, which might be coming south.

WINKLER: Of course both of these commands are out of New London?

BAYNE: Yes.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: I relieved Jim Calvert on TRIGGER. He was her first Commanding Office after her construction and I was her second.

WINKLER: Did you deploy to…

BAYNE: There were several deployments during the two years I had TRIGGER, but I did not take her to the Mediterranean. I mentioned above the deployment to the Greenland/Iceland/UK area. Most were in connection with Fleet exercises, where we would go into port to wrap up and evaluate the exercise. By far the most memorable was a deployment to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands where we went during a Springboard exercise in January of 1956. It was the most traumatic event of my Naval Career and nearly ended that career. Some will say to this day, it should have. TRIGGER and TROUT were assigned adjacent operating areas in the Atlantic and given tasks to attack a Naval convoy en route from Northern Atlantic ports to the Caribbean. After much searching TRIGGER detected the noise of many ships much farther to the East than anticipated, and after running to the limits of her area finally saw the convoy in TROUT's area. It looked as though there would be no attack. My estimate of TROUT's position was much further South than mine, and rather than let the convoy go by, I took TRIGGER deep, ran at high speed, entering TROUT's area and getting into attack position. When I brought TRIGGER to periscope depth, the convoy was still too distant to attack but an escort was nearby and I attacked it with simulated exercise torpedoes sending the attack signal by underwater telephone, and the going deep. TRIGGER used a steep dive angle going from periscope depth to probably 400 feet or so. I don't remember the exact ordered depth, but as we were beginning the steep angle and changing depth rapidly the forward torpedo room reported a "loud noise", that sounded like we had "hit something". The dive continued normally and water tight integrity checks showed no change in TRIGGER's situation.

TRIGGER went deep, returned to her area and felt she had at least gotten in a attack on the convoy, which was obviously trying to avoid any proximity to the exercise submarines by running the extreme edges of her assigned routing. It is important to realize this was close enough to the end of WW II to have the notion of "hot pursuit" very much a part of an aggressive submarine's commander's attitude. There is no question that I was an aggressive submarine commander. I was proud of my ship, her people were the best in the business, and allowing that convoy to get by without an attack was just not to be done. After surfacing that night at the end of the exercise period, TRIGGER intercepted a message sent by TROUT to ComSubLant reporting hitting an uncharted object. Upon checking TRIGGER's logs, the time of TROUT's incident was exactly the time the forward torpedo room had reported its "loud noise" and the navigational position given by TROUT checked with TRIGGER's at that time. I sent a message to SubLant indicating that TROUT's object was undoubtedly TRIGGER. TRIGGER's message caused Sublant to direct TRIGGER and TROUT to proceed to port in St. Thomas and await an investigating officer.

Upon arriving in St. Thomas, TRIGGER found in one of her bow buoyancy flood spaces,

a piece of steel later determined to have come from the top of Trout's bow. Obviously the investigating officer found that TRIGGER had entered TROUT's area and attacked the same ship at the same time TROUT was making an attack, and in so doing had created a hazard for both submarines.
The following weeks as the investigation was conducted were understandable torment for me. I was certain my naval career was at an end. I did not sleep, kept replaying the incident over and over mentally, trying to come to some conclusion other than the horrible one that had TRIGGER been a few yards to the left, a few feet deeper, or a few seconds later in diving, she would have driven directly into TROUT's side, and two submarines could have been locked together as they fell over a thousand feet to the ocean floor. Sibyl says the memory she has of me during those weeks is the back of my head and the rising smoke of a soldering iron as I built radio Heath Kits to keep my mind on something other than TRIGGER and TROUT. There were other repercussions. The Squadron Commander, Captain William (nickname "Rosie") Kinsella was riding TRIGGER during the transit South, and on board during TRIGGER's attack.

After return to New London I was told that a Captain Slade Cutter, one of the Assistant Chiefs of Staff for ComSubLant, felt that Captain Kinsella must have known of my decision to enter TROUT's area, therefore must have condoned it. Therefore as Senior Officer Present Afloat (SOPA) he was a Party to the Investigation and possibly culpable. When I heard that I wrote a letter to ComSubLant, indicating I alone made the decision to enter TROUT's area. There was some other effort to suggest that the Commodore, as SOPA, should have kept himself advised of what was happening. Those who believed him culpable said that whether I informed him or not, he had the responsibility to know, but that effort did not prevail, thank Heaven.
I have never understood what anyone's motive could have been to involve the Commodore in that legal and damaging way. It was my responsibility and as Commanding Officer -- I had to accept it. In April of 1956 I was called to the office of Commander Submarines Atlantic, Rear Admiral Frank Watkins, and told that he, with much regret, had approved a Letter of Admonition, which he read to me. He said that the Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet had felt it appropriate that I be relieved of command but had left that to the judgment of the Submarine Force Commander. Admiral Watkins said he did not feel that way, and was approving my continuation as C.O. TRIGGER. I returned to TRIGGER and finished my tour, remaining C.O. for about another nine months. In January of 1957, I was ordered to return to Norfolk for duty under instruction at the Armed Forces Staff College. During that six months course Sibyl and I lived in her mother's guest house, and so missed the camaraderie of the student body at the Staff College. The students lived in BOQ type barracks at the College, but being Norfolkians we did not. I have always felt I missed much of the Staff College, Joint Staff atmosphere by not living there but Sibyl had other views on this.

In July of 1957, I was ordered to OpNav in Washington as Assistant Head, Submarine Warfare Branch, where I spent thirty-eight months being very much a part of the submarine establishment. It was during that time I was assigned as the OpNav officer to handle the Nautilus' under the North Pole transit. For some time, egged on by Captain Robert McWethy, the former C.O. of PIPER, and CO of an ice breaker, and Dr. Waldo

Lyons, a physicist and sonar expert, the Navy had considered what it could do to enhance its under ice capability in the Arctic Ocean. There were many strategic reasons for this.

Shorter transit distances between the Atlantic and Pacific; much shorter missile ranges to the USSR if over the pole trajectories were used; the obvious stealth factor of under ice operations; and the purely competitive impulse to get there before the Soviets. In 1959 the beeping of the Soviet Sputnik was heard by the world. Clearly the U.S. had been overtaken in space technology by the Soviets. Every government agency tried to determine what could be done to counter this lead. NAUTILUS, the first nuclear capable submarine was a fact, and the idea that she should make the first submerged transit across the North Pole began to have much appeal. Her Commanding Officer, Commander William Anderson, was brought to the Pentagon for consultation, and I was assigned the project for the Submarine Warfare Branch.
The CNO was Admiral Arleigh Burke and after the feasibility of the operation was determined to be positive, Admiral Burke and I visited the White House and proposed to President Eisenhower that NAUTILUS make the trip. In the Oval Office during that proposal were The President, his Naval Aide, Captain Peter Aurand, Admiral Burke and I. When it was decided the trip would be attempted, President Eisenhower pointing in turn to Admiral Burke, then to Aurand and then to me said, " I want no one, no one, no one to indicate the success or failure of this attempt until I indicate the time and place." That directive set in motion the need for very complex planning for NAUTILUS. A plane was chartered under an assumed name for Commander Anderson and Dr. Lyons to fly over a possible NAUTILUS track through the Bering Strait and examine the frequency of polenyas or open spaces in the ice; a cover story was written to indicate NAUTILUS transiting the Panama Canal en route the West Coast to conduct submerged detection tests for the West Coast SOSUS system; a special and totally experimental gyroscope was installed on NAUTILUS to aid in Polar navigation and finally in the early summer of 1958 NAUTILUS left the East Coast to make another mark in history. In the meantime, in the Pentagon, I was furnishing the morning briefing officers with fictitious positions for NAUTILUS as she supposedly ran along the West Coast to test SOSUS.
Unfortunately her first attempt to transit the Bering Strait resulted in increasing thickness of ice above her and decreasing depth of water beneath her. Finally she had to abort the attempt after some damage to her top mounted ice detection sonar. She was returned to Pearl Harbor where the Commander In Chief Pacific Fleet was necessarily told of her true mission.

She was repaired over a two week period and CinCPacFlt's aircraft was used to fly members of the NAUTILUS crew home to New London on leave while waiting for the ship. No word of her true mission ever leaked. Her second attempt to penetrate the Bering Strait was successful as was her transit of the Arctic Ocean where she crossed the North Pole on 3 August 1958. When she emerged into the Atlantic, I received via a "one time pad" communication system a message saying the trip was successful, NAUTILUS was in the Atlantic and to inform the White House. Captain Aurand flew to Iceland in The Columbine, the President's plane, picked up Captain Anderson by helo and flew him back to Washington where the President announced the successful completion of the voyage with Anderson beside him.

One other interesting note. In the planning for the trip Admiral Burke felt it appropriate to inform the President of the risks being taken. I personally typed a letter from the CNO to the President enumerating those risks, ranging from serious illness on board, fire, ice damage, unknown depth of ice, to the navigational risk should the experimental gyro not process exactly 180 degrees at the Pole. Obviously at the Pole all directions are South, but if the Gyro maintaining the ships position did not reverse itself exactly South could mean any direction, even a direction toward the Soviet Union. Admiral Burke signed the letter and I took it to the White House. I did not see the President but Captain Aurand took it in to him, returning with the letter, and telling me the President did not wish to receive it. Obviously, any misfortune would be caused by the Navy, not the White House. When we were wrapping up the pieces after the successful completion of the trip, I asked Admiral Burke what to do with this letter. His reply was classic. He said, "Do you want to write a book?" I said, "No, sir". He said, "Neither do I. Burn it." Which I did.

Most of the time in the assignment in the Submarine Branch was spent attempting to justify increased force levels for submarines, never too successful. In September of 1960 I was assigned as Plans Officer to the staff of ComSubLant, again in Norfolk Virginia, where Sublant had moved from New London, Connecticut. I was on the SubLant staff only a year before being given a Submarine Division. During that year I seemed to be a peacemaker. Traditionally the location of the Submarine Atlantic command was in New London, the location of the Submarine School.

With the coming of missile submarines and the strategic control of those missiles, SubLant had to be closer to the Fleet and Unified Commander in Norfolk. Deputy ComSubLant was still located in new London and as Plans officer I was in the position of recommending and justifying which functions should be in Norfolk and which in New London. Obviously someone's ox was going to be gored. Those in New London wanted to stay there and those in Norfolk wanted to stay there. Fortunately, Deputy ComSubLant was Rear Admiral Lowrance. His nickname was "Rebel" but he was a reasonable man, and he did not create unnecessary obstacles to planning for this split staff. The year was spent helping establish the staff function as they related to New London and to the higher echelons in Norfolk.

WINKLER: How did you get command of the division?

BAYNE: I think, Dave, it came time for the relief of Commander Submarine Division SIXTY TWO, and I was available. Or maybe there was a need to get someone else in the Plans job and they wanted me out. You never really know the reason when such changes occur, particularly if they happen more quickly than you think they should. This occurred after being Plans Officer for only ten months.

WINKLER: Where was the homeport and what subs were assigned?

BAYNE: The homeport was Norfolk, so we did not have to move, and I am embarrassed

not to recall the names of the submarines except for the nuclear submarine Scorpion commanded by Commander Jack Fagin. I did deploy to the Sixth Fleet with the Division; there were five submarines and the Rescue ship USS KITTIWAKE from which I flew the Division Pennant during the deployment. The other submarines were diesel boats, one fleet boat two modified Guppys and one fleet bow, streamlined deck Guppy. This tour also was only a year, but I believe that was normal for Division Commanders, although it may have been shortened by the call to the SECNAV assignment. More about that later.

WINKLER: Discuss your leadership philosophy.

BAYNE: I guess it was as operational as possible. Except for the SCORPION there is little memorable to report. I did involve myself unwisely, it turned out, in the internal workings of one of the submarines. I noted on reviewing personnel records that one crewmember had been unqualified for two years, and there was a general policy to qualify in a year or be transferred.
I talked it over with the CO, who wanted to get rid of him. This would take Division approval so I interviewed the individual. He was a charmer, great logic in his delay in qualifying built around a steady operational schedule, busy doing his job, good answers to technical questions which indicated a pretty good knowledge of his boat, so I, over the C.O.'s objections, gave him another delay, three months as I remember it. The C.O. really objected saying there was something wrong with the guy, he talked a good game, but just did not produce. I overrode the C.O. and gave him the extension. During that three months the tender, (USS ORION) got underway for her periodic cruise; this time to Bermuda with the submarine squadron. While there the submarine to which this young man was assigned received a message to put the individual under immediate arrest. The FBI had tracked stolen U.S. weapons to a General Delivery location in Florida in his name.
He had to be put in the brig on the tender, the submarine certainly had no place to detain him, and he was transferred to FBI custody on return to Norfolk. The C.O. never said "I told you so," but he had every right. I did not try to play God again.

I mentioned we deployed the Division to the Mediterranean, the KITTIWAKE and the five submarines. We stayed in company during the transit, I transferring from boat to boat by highline, exercising the submarines in ASW work, and occasionally anti-ship attacks against KITTIWAKE as target, as we crossed the ocean. Off the Azores we experienced some extremely heavy weather and it was increasingly difficult to keep everyone in company. I sent a message asking for the sea conditions on the boats. The one from the WWII fleet boat said they had secured the bridge and the bridge hatch to keep water out of the boat, were conning by periscope from the conning tower, and were repeatedly under water if they tried to maintain formation speed. The high bridge Guppys said they were taking heavy occasional water over the bridge, had strapped in the bridge watch, and recommended reducing speed; SCORPION, which had earlier requested permission to run submerged and keep station by sonar asked, "What's the problem?" We did manage to stay together and a day later made our rendezvous with the Sixth Fleet on time and together. We entered the anchorage in column, dropped anchors together on signal, five hundreds yards apart, and did it as well as a Division of Destroyers which do

this sort of thing all the time; at least that's what we told ourselves.

There was no comment from Sixth Fleet, except that we did an excessive amount of communicating as we approached Gibralter, and in the Mediterranean we did not send unnecessary radio traffic. Welcome to the surface Navy world.

A good friend of mine, Rear Admiral Barney Sieglaff, wartime submarine skipper, was one of Six Fleet's Task Force Commanders, and during a time KITTIWAKE was in company with his Flagship, a Cruiser, I called on him. Uniform for calls was dress white, and shifting from the day to day khaki at the last minute so the whites would be fresh for the call, I forgot to attach my shoulder boards. I arrived at the Cruiser's gangway, Division Sixty Two pennant flying from KITTIWAKE's small boat, to hear the announcement from the cruiser's quarterdeck, "Division SIXTY-TWO arriving," walked through the side boys lined up to meet me, saluted the Quarterdeck, returned the salute of the Watch Officer, and turned to salute the Admiral who came to greet me, hearing the Watch Officer whisper to me, "Commodore, you forgot your shoulder boards." There is nothing that looks more naked than a white uniform without shoulder boards.

Admiral Sieglaff greeted me, we went to his Cabin, he waved aside my apology for arriving undressed, and we had a pleasant cup of coffee and talked over a mutual time we had spent in St. Thomas a few years ago and the plans of our wives to drive together through a part of Italy. The next day, there was a flashing light message that Commander Task Force SIXTY-ONE would return the call of ComSubDiv SIXTY-TWO and would like to see SCORPION if possible. The arrangements were made, and Admiral Sieglaff arrived on time *without his shoulder boards*. No one mentioned it. Many years later after we were both retired, I reminded him of the incident and he said he thought he would pay me just as much respect as I showed him. Great Guy!

The big event of the deployment was the acceptance by King Paul and Queen Fredricka of Greece of Commander Sixth Fleet's invitation to ride a nuclear submarine. The arrangements were made. I would be Commander Sixth Fleet's representative during the visit, and since Queen Fredricka and her daughter Princess Sofia, with her Fiance, Prince Constantine of Spain,(they are now the King and Queen of Spain) would also be in the King Paul's party, it was appropriate to have female greeters aboard. I called Sibyl in Norfolk and told her if she could fly to Athens I could arrange for her to have an at sea lunch with the Queen of Greece. She came, bless her heart. She was met by Captain and Mrs. William Antle.

Bill had the Naval Military Assistance assignment in Greece. He an his wife, Mary, Sibyl and I formed the official greeting party for the Royal Family visit. Queen Fredrica had met Admiral Rickover, told the story several times of riding in a helicopter with him and having him pull the seat belt too tight, and was excited to be at sea in one "of Admiral Rickover's submarines." My gentle insistence that this was one of Sixth Fleet's submarines did not influence her, and when she found out that Jack Fagin, the Captain of the submarine, knew Admiral Rickover better than did I, she directed her

attention to him. We had an interesting moment when she wished to send a message to Admiral Rickover telling him how much she was enjoying her day at sea, diving in one of "his submarines, and expressing her pleasure to him." She wrote her message and asked Captain Fagin to send it. It was addressed directly to Commander Nuclear Reactors Branch, Bureau of Ships for Admiral Rickover.

Fagin showed it to me and I wrote in info addees of CNO, CINCLANTFLT, COMSIXTHFLT and COMSUBLANT. When the message was typed up on SCORPION's message forms, and given to Queen Fredrica for her release, she said to me, "You have censored my message" I said, "No, Your Majesty, I have only addressed it to ensure it gets where you wish it to go." She smiled, initialed the message, and repeated, "You censored my message". She was a strong woman obviously used to having her way. I guess that's the way it is with Queens. The at sea visit proceeded without incident with the visiting party taking turns handling the diving planes, the rudder, looking through the periscope and doing those things submarine visitors find appealing. Lunch was appropriate though nothing startling enough for me to remember. I do remember thinking that if anything happened to that submarine we would wipe out the entire ruling dynasty of Greece, and have a big impact on Spain. Sibyl has always remembered it as a fitting greeting to her arrival to be dining with the Royal family a few hours after her arrival in Athens. After the Athens visit the Submarine Division split up into various exercise groups, visiting Mediterranean ports, and conducting a routine deployment. Sibyl and Ruth Sieglaff rented a car and drove from Athens to Brendisi where they caught the ferry to Italy and toured some of the spots, ending up in Rome, then Naples. From Naples she flew to meet me in Malta where I had gone with KITTIWAKE and two or three of the submarines to take part in an around the island sub versus sub exercise with the British.

While in Malta we had a minor problem ashore when a couple of the U.S. people had a bit too much stimulation at a bar and picked a fight with some British sailors. There were some racial overtones in the squabble because two of the American people were black. My reaction was to keep them aboard during the remainder of our stay in Malta in addition to whatever discipline was exercised by their Commanding Officers. The Division steward was a Chief Petty Officer named Walker Hughes who had been with me on board PIPER and who later was Chief Steward in the Quarters after I was selected to Flag rank. Hughes and I were good friends. He was, and is, one of those extremely intelligent people who proved that making the Steward rate the only available career path for blacks in the Navy, was just a wrong and very ineffective thing to do. But they were the times. Hughes had heard about the disagreement on the beach and asked me what I intended to do about it. When I told him the offenders would have no more liberty while in Malta, he asked me to rethink that.

He said it was probably the only opportunity they would have to see Malta in their lifetimes, and he would guarantee their good behavior. Hughes went ashore with them when next they had liberty and I heard no more about the conduct of American people ashore in Malta. Today, Walker Hughes and his wife are still friends of ours; they live in Norfolk where he has just retired from Virginia State employment as a counselor to the

State Employment Commission.

WINKLER: Any unique challenges? Discuss the transition from diesel to nuclear boats.

BAYNE: You are right, there was a transition. Being non-nuclear trained and having a nuclear boat in my Division created a problem for me and for Jack Fagin, the C.O. of SCORPION.[1] That problem was the dual chain of command occasioned by Rickover's tight control over the engineering space of nuclear submarines. Although he gave lip service to the fact that he had nothing to do with the operation of the submarine, that was a glib non-truth and he knew it. When Fagin told me he used a public telephone to call Rickover to report on SCORPION's power plant, because it was awkward to send messages to Rickover through normal Navy Channels, I told him not to do that anymore because his chain of command was through me. If he had difficulty with Rickover keeping the operational chain of command informed officially, use my telephone to call him, and keep me informed unofficially.

That was for his own protection in case he was told to do something with that plant that interfered with the operational schedule of the submarine. Down time on the plant, periodic engineering tests required by Rickover outside the normal administrative, logistical and operational inspections conducted by the Division: all these things were of legal and command interest to the operational chain of command. I imagine other Commanding Officers of nuclear boats had similar problems, but Jack Fagin handled it well, kept me informed and ran a good submarine. Parenthetically all this was of course long before SCORPION was lost at sea off the Azores by causes unknown, but dramatized by the conjectural description of her loss in the book *Blind Man's Bluff*.

My operational challenge came when I had SCORPION's power plant scram during an exercise. The boat handled the emergency well, came back to power, using the proper procedures and all was well. Fagin was put in a box, because Rickover insisted that such drills were not the province of non-nuclear officers, regardless of their positions in the chain of command. I told him to report the incident to Rickover. I had done it deliberately; I wanted Rickover to know it. Divisions Commanders were responsible for the state of readiness of their submarines. They certainly could not be running to Rickover whenever they wanted to test that readiness. The incident caused some ruffled feathers and did not endear me to Rickover who had a pretty low opinion of me because earlier I had not agreed to an interview with him to get into the nuclear program. I had had command of two submarines and a successful interview, which was by no means assured, would mean only command of another submarine. I was criticized pretty roundly for my decision, but I never found it to hinder me in any way.

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1 Note from RADM Jerry Holland: Page 51 - 53 Admiral Bayne refers to "Jack Fagan" as the Commanding Officer of USS SCORPION (SSN 589)during his period in Norfolk as a Division Commander. Commander Fagan was actually the Commanding Officer of USS SHARK (SSN 591). The CO of SCORPION while Bayne was the Division Commander was actually CDR Norman B. "Buzz" Bessac.

WINKLER: During this period the SSBN GEORGE WASHINGTON was Commissioned...what were your thoughts on the program?

BAYNE: While in the Submarine Warfare Branch in OPNAV three or four years earlier than the Division assignment, I had been assigned to the Special Projects Task Force for the development of the Polaris Program. This was the group under Rear Admiral Raborn responsible for bringing into being the concept of missile submarines. We met regularly in BuShips to hear, evaluate, and decide the direction of this new military system.

The deployment of GEORGE WASHINGTON was, of course, the culmination of the efforts of the group. I know of no other time in our Navy (perhaps the Manhattan Project for the development of the atomic bomb is a near parallel) when a blank check was written beforehand to cover costs of a program yet unknown. In hindsight I doubt it would be done that way again, for the program ate up resources which were allocated for maintenance of existing ships. It was one of those things which from the beginning was destined not to fail, because the decision was made that the security of the country depended upon its success. GEORGE WASHINGTON's deployment was a watershed, and changed submarine operations significantly. It eventually split the force into two parts, the missile boats and the fast attack boats with different operational methods, problems and objectives. But it worked as a secure deterrent system at a time geopolitical issues were unclear. It did what it was hoped it would do.

WINKLER: Any other operational stories.

BAYNE: I think not. Several things come to mind but they are no different than other Commanders dealing with day to day personnel, administrative and operational matters. I left the Division in June of 1962 and reported to the Office of the Secretary of the Navy as his Aide and Executive Assistant. That was a huge change in my life.

26 August 1998

WINKLER: This is David Winkler with Vice Admiral Marmaduke Gresham Bayne. We are picking up with your tenure as the Executive Assistant for the Secretary of the Navy. You became the Executive Assistant for Secretary Korth when he was already Secretary.

BAYNE: He had been Secretary for a short time. He relieved Secretary Connolly. Bill Anderson, who had been the Commanding Officer of Nautilus, was the Executive Assistant for Connolly and I relieved him. I don't really think of Connolly as a Secretary of the Navy. He seemed more a political animal. He came in promising much, making great speeches. but his interest was in a political stepping stone to something else. As soon as the Governor of Texas became politically viable for him, he simply left, leaving nothing memorable behind him. There was disappointment in the Navy at Connolly's cavalier departure, because he had promised so much. Undoubtedly that is someone else's story. Admiral George Anderson was the CNO, and Captain Isaac (Ike) Kidd was Executive Assistant to the CNO. I liked Ike and the two of us were in a position to

coordinate two rather strong personalities, but I am quite certain we did not always do it well. Change was occurring in the Navy, as in the other Services, because of Robert McNamara's ego and the uniformed military faced a different way of doing business.

WINKLER: Step back for a second. How did you get selected for the job?

BAYNE: I was called by the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Personnel and told to report to the Secretary of the Navy for an interview as his possible Executive Assistant. There were two or three being interviewed and Korth made the selection. Frankly the chemistry between us seemed good from the beginning. I just liked him. He was a genuine human being and what you saw was what you got. He had tremendous confidence; had been successful in business, was a lawyer, and he was not unfamiliar with Washington. Previously, he had been Counsel to the Secretary of the Army. So, he was politically tuned to the Washington scene. He was a Texan, a friend of Lyndon Johnson's, undoubtedly the reason he was appointed as Secretary of the Navy, and he was a comfortable person to be around. He genuinely liked people. Unfortunately he was in the right place at the wrong time, because of what happened later over the TFX—and we'll get to that as well as some other complex matters he faced; the Cuban quarantine, reorganization of the Navy, selection of nuclear personnel, among other things. It was a remarkably political time. The Kennedy administration, from my perspective, was rough, ruthless and dedicated to change. It is important to realize, as I try to recapture these times, thirty odd years ago, that I was as apolitical as you could get; a Naval officer, almost totally operationally trained up to that time, not equipped to think politically, or in a "I'll scratch your back if you'll scratch mine" pragmatic sort of way. Matters were right or wrong. That somewhat unsophisticated political perspective coupled with the strong personalities involved, resulted in opening my eyes quickly.

Secretary Korth's strengths were a remarkable sense of organization and an uncanny way with people. He insisted on the right people for the right positions. Example; rather early in his tenure, he indicated a desire to interview any Officer being assigned to a Spanish speaking country. He spoke Spanish and felt a working knowledge of the language would better represent our country. That created a bit of a problem for the Bureau of Personnel because it narrowed the qualification envelope for such people. The concept obviously had to be applied to countries other than Spain.

He was very insistent that our country be represented overseas by people who could understand and participate in the culture to which they were assigned. This idea of just sending them to a language school for a few months and saying, you're qualified, seemed to him poor planning. He believed the language was the key to the culture.

So, earlier on, he and Admiral Smedberg, who was the Chief of Personnel, developed a little bit of a conflict. Admiral Smedberg saw Korth getting too much into his business, and Korth saw Smedberg as an example of "spit and polish" Navy business as usual. Admiral Smedberg did not work well with Korth's "Oh. Come on, Bill, let's talk about this . . . you don't have to come in here looking like you're running a clipper ship. We just want to talk about things." That was Korth's way, but it was not Admiral

Smedberg's way. I remember one such conversation on board Sequoia, which, at that time was under the control of the Secretary of the Navy. Korth used SEQUOIA to get to know flag officers and their wives. He gave cruises—dinner cruises for members of the Navy; and occasionally for official guests visiting the country. On this occasion with Admiral Smedberg, accompanied by his wife, the conversation got a bit strained.

Mrs. Smedberg was a longtime Navy wife, and was unnerved by Korth's light banter, which she apparently felt was criticism of her husband. Admiral Smedberg made a mistake of saying something like "Mr. Secretary, you know. I have already seen three Secretaries of the Navy come and go since I've been Chief of Naval Personnel, and I suspect you won't be the last one I'll see. So possibly I know a lot more about the Navy than you do." That was the gist of the comment. I am certain Smedberg did not mean it to sound the way it did, but its effect was to put Secretaries of the Navy in a rather unimportant category. Mr. Korth played with the comment a bit, massaged the words and the idea, and threw it back at him. "Well, you've certainly been around the Navy a lot longer than I have, but at this level, the Navy is more than running ships around. It's getting budgets. It's working in the best interests of all the agencies of the government, and it's doing the best you can for the image of the Navy at a different level. In that context, I'm not sure you know more about the Navy than I do." That kind of set the stage for the Korth/Smedberg relationship. Mr. Korth repeated to me several times during the time we were together, using an ironic tone, that, "Of course, Smedberg knows more about the Navy than I do."

There was also a somewhat strained atmosphere—I guess it was more of a disappointment than anything—in working with Secretary McNamara. His distant personality, and supreme confidence resulted in an image of arrogance that made a cooperative strategy difficult. He was convinced the military was wasteful in its budgeting process and that he was the person to change that. He sent out his first, rather famous general budget memorandum, which told the services they were to recommend to the Secretary of Defense whatever they needed. They were not to be constrained by traditional budget guidelines as to total amounts or divisions of allocated funds. At first, his policy seemed to offer a new look at defense budgeting, as it did. It sounded as though he really wanted to hear and understand Service needs. But as the "snowflakes" began to fall it became apparent that this call for unconstrained budgets was nothing more than a stratagem to know service total dreams and give the SecDef a documented tool for criticism. It's result was to take budget origination away from the Services and vest budget decisions no lower that the SECDEF level. The "snowflakes" were Defense memos commenting on Service requirements. The result of the new policy was considerably less flexibility in building budgets than had existed before.

A lot of this was done through the famous quiz kid system; Alan Enthoven and his group. These were intelligent men whose lack of operational experience did not deter them from making operational decisions.

WINKLER: Quiz kid or whiz kid?

BAYNE: Whiz kids. Excuse me. Quiz kid is another time. McNamara had known some of them before, and had brought the same kind of analytical talent to the Ford Motor Company. What was the slogan he kept on his desk? "If you have knowledge and cannot reduce your knowledge to numbers, you do not have knowledge." His actions seemed to indicate he believed that, and yet, his love of poetry, his love of music indicated a romantic mind as well as a supremely pragmatic one. I, of course, did not work directly with him, but I was removed by only one echelon, and saw him occasionally, went to sea with him later on one of the early missile submarines. I do not believe that many felt close to him. I never felt that decision he made was the final answer on that matter for he could easily change his mind, so in spite of his vaunted specificity, there was always the air of uncertainty in his decisions.

Admiral Anderson, the other policy maker of this triumvirate, was someone Korth genuinely liked. He liked his physical aura. George Anderson was a big man and just looked like the CNO. Korth would say, "Here comes George down the corridor looking like a clipper ship under full sail." It was a term he used not infrequently, and was not an inaccurate description. He felt Admiral Anderson was also politically well tuned, and someone he could work with. It was a real disappointment to Korth when the TFX came along and the two men seemed at the opposite ends of that decision. People were hurt as the decision was made. George Spangenberg was a highly qualified aeronautical design engineer who was caught in the middle of the Navy's efforts to prevent going too far with a common air frame concept. He knew that this airframe, as dictated by McNamara, couldn't serve both services effectively. He knew the compromises to be made so the plane could land on a carrier would reduce the weight needed by the Air Force. Admiral Dick Ashworth, the Naval Officer who was on board the Enola Gay, helping to assemble the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, was another extraordinarily capable officer caught in the McNamara dictatorial management method.

Korth was in the position where he was perfectly willing to support Anderson and take into the political arena the strong feelings of people like Anderson, Ashworth and Spangenberg, but he could not get very far with such judgments. I guess he was working in an arena that essentially was controlled by a management tyrant. So Korth was very much in the middle. It did not work out well for him. It was too bad the Navy lost its argument for a lot of money went down the drain because it could not make its case. The Navy lost two very capable men because of TFX, the CNO and the Secretary of the Navy. But that is really the end of the story rather than the beginning.

The important thing Korth did in the beginning was to call for a look at the Navy's organization; specifically the manner in which requirements were determined and then met. He felt objectivity could not be achieved if the same organization developed the needs, and then went about satisfying them. One example of this he was never able to do much about, and one he worried about, was the organization which had the Chief of Naval Personnel being both the determiner of personnel requirements as well as the activity which provided the personnel needed.

The Assistant Chief of Naval Operations for Personnel established the requirements which, as the Chief of Naval Personnel, he fulfilled. Korth maintained that was not objective. So, he had John Dillon, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Administration, study the Navy's organization. The Dillon study set up the Material Command as a totally separate part of the Navy's requirements planning. It was to provide the resources, which the operational side of the Navy required.

Mr. Kenneth Ballou, was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Logistics and became much involved in the new process. Under him came the shipyards and the activities, which maintained the Navy. Korth's insistence on this different organizational concept did establish a procedure by which the Navy could assess its needs much more effectively, and work them out on a more realistic basis. It was put into effect before he left, but was changed after he left. I have no idea what it is today.

WINKLER: They did away with the Material Command about 1985. It was during John Lehman's time. He wanted to run the Material Command, but that's another story. In Korth's time the Material Command abolished the Bureaus.

BAYNE: That's right. BuShips; BuOrd; They were done away with.

WINKLER: My understanding is that a ship was getting too sophisticated. It used to be that BuShips worried about the hull, and Bureau Ordnance would worry about ordnance. . . a better way was needed to integrate the shipbuilding and the weapons design functions.

BAYNE: I think that's a good way to put it. Korth's way of putting it was that the span of control of the CNO was far too broad. There were so many things under him that he had to know something about that he wasn't effective in doing his job. He wanted to change that. There was a debate about whether he was creating two CNOs, one for material and one for operations. It was clear that the Chief of Naval Material was subordinate to the CNO, but the new plan did reduce his span of control so that the Bureaus were not directly under the CNO. It made a more usable organization. At least that's Korth's view of it and it seemed to work for a while.

One of the political differences of the Kennedy/ McNamara administration was the separate political representation within those organizations, something Korth resisted. Each service, the Army, Navy , Air Force, and the Department of Defense, had a lower echelon political civilian appointee at the Secretarial level. Adam Yarmalinski was the appointee who worked for McNamara. I wished I hadn't forgotten the names of the other ones. Korth said he didn't want such a position added to his office, but he was forced to appoint one, and eventually he chose a young lawyer who had served in the JAG office as a Lieutenant (jg), whose Father was well connected to the Democratic Party. His responsibility, as Korth used the position, was mostly for speech writing. That individual tied in directly to the Secretary of Defense, the White House and the other Services through similar political civilian appointments in each office.

WINKLER: Who was the Under Secretary?

BAYNE: Paul Fahy; and that's a whole separate story in itself. He was an absolute political appointee, fun guy, but not qualified to handle the job. His qualifications were that he was a friend of the President. Maybe it's worth telling now, because it may get away as we continue. Not infrequently during the many briefings a Secretary must endure, there would be some Aide or somebody who would run in and tell Mr. Fahy that President Kennedy was on the phone. He and Jack Kennedy were very good friends; they were buddies. Remember they had served together in PT boats during WWII. When these calls came, Korth would be sitting in the briefing, and Bill Fahy, his Under Secretary, would have to get up and leave .

He would get up and leave the meeting to talk to the President. It created an awkward moment and Korth chafed a bit over it. Jumping way ahead for a moment. When Korth resigned, Fahy gave him a good-bye, professional family dinner party. All the members of the various Assistant Secretaries' offices were invited with their wives. It was given in the Secretary's dining room in the Pentagon. Toward the end of the dinner, when the toasts and speeches were occurring, Mr. Fahy said, "Well. Mr. Secretary" (he always called Korth "Mr. Secretary"). I know you wondered at times what it was all about when I would get a call from the President in your presence. Let me tell you a story. And he told a long and very funny story about a man who had gone into a hotel and become sick and had to see the hotel Doctor. He was diagnosed with what Mr. Fahy called a "blockage" and an enema was prescribed. In the same dining room was another man who had asked what the Hotel's specialty was, and was told it was onion soup, the best onion soup anywhere. He did not like onion soup, and did not order it. He ate his dinner and went to his room for the night. A short time later a knock on his door revealed a full medical staff, who came in and over his strong objections, held him down and gave him an enema. Obviously they had come to the wrong room. The punch line comes when later a friend asked him how he liked the hotel. His answer was that the hotel was fine, but if you went there, and they recommended their onion soup, by all means do not refuse it. Mr. Fahy was a master storyteller, and by the time he got to the punch line we all were laughing so hard we had tears in our eyes. Then he became very serious and said, "Mr. Secretary, I just wanted you to know that when the President called me, it was to have me tell the onion soup story to someone in his office at the time. I am the court jester." I cannot remember another time when my attitude changed so abruptly from one of ridiculous humor, to one of pure poignancy, and I thought how wonderful it would have been had Mr. Fahy told that story a year earlier.

Dr. Wakeland was the other Secretarial member of the office. He was Assistant Secretary for Research and Development; a very cerebral man, and a loyal friend to Fred Korth. He did what he could during the TFX thing to keep it from getting to the conflict it finally became. It was a close group. Dillon, Wakeland, Ballou, Fahy and Korth saw a lot of each other. They met every week for either a breakfast or a lunch or something like that. They were often together on Sequoia.

Korth's management method was getting to know the people and working with them. He kept long hours in the office and was generally available.

Couple of things that might be of interest. His relationship with Rickover is something that probably should be known. He wondered why there was no one in the wings to take over for him, why Rickover so jealously guarded his position. He talked with Admiral Anderson about it and with Admiral Smedberg. Who's general view was that Rickover wanted to manage too closely the input of those who entered the nuclear programs. Korth felt the man had been long enough in his assignment; that the Head of the Reactors Branch needed new blood. He was politically stymied from doing anything about that because of Rickover's closeness to the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Rickover was in the unique position of being a uniformed Naval officer who had a direct link to Congress, which by some definitions, was illegal, but he used it very effectively. Korth did not believe that was in accordance with appropriate command channels. Rickover had access to the Congress not available to the CNO. Korth worried about mobilization. He knew if we began to mobilize we could not use Rickover's personnel training methods. They were too slow. He used to say he did not think Rickover's claim that his system had a remarkably low rejection rate was anything unusual. By accepting only the top one percent you could achieve a low rejection rate in anything. A conflict had developed between Rickover and Smedberg over the number of officers to be made available annually for nuclear training. That was something Korth seized on and felt it should be handled in a normal way, even if it meant a higher rejection rate. A broader acceptance into the program had other benefits in moral and preparing for mobilization. The eventual resolution of this was typical Korth.

After many meetings and much discussion until he felt himself fully read into the matter; he even took two nuclear submarine commanding officers on a dinner run on SEQUOIA to discuss this, he asked Smedberg and Rickover to propose to him a plan to accept into the program a justifiable number of officers annually. He wanted to pin them down. He wanted some agreement on a selection system that established requirements. Neither Smedberg nor Rickover wanted to be pinned down like this, but he insisted. They reported back sometime later, and it is a memorable event. After they had been in the Secretary's office a short time, my buzzer sounder and he called me into the meeting. His opening remark let me know that not only was he upset, but he was close to anger. He said, "Captain Bayne, can you read?" Usually he called me "Duke" so the scene was different. I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "Well, I have two Vice Admirals here who either cannot or will not read. Read that line to me." He pointed to a line in the document the two Vice Admirals had brought, which was to have been the plan for injecting a specific number of officers annually into the nuclear program. The line read something like, "Annually the number of officers admitted into Navy Nuclear programs will be as the Chief of Naval Personnel and the Chief of Naval Reactors shall agree."

Mr. Korth said, "Captain Bayne, that's bullshit. Can you write?" I said, "Yes, sir." He handed me a pen and said "write this, 'Annually the number of officers admitted to the Navy's Nuclear programs will be as the Secretary of the Navy shall determine.'" Then he said, "That's all, Gentlemen." He just dismissed them.

They left and Admiral Smedberg just walked out, mad. As Rickover walked out he turned to me and said, "That was pretty good." They were back in a week or so with a letter, which committed to a need for 438 or some number close to that, officers in the program annually. Funny you remember numbers like that. Korth broke through a problem that had plagued personnel planners for some time by his very personal approach to management.

The Secretary was pretty thoroughly tripped up, on the loss of the THRESHER. The thing was such a tragedy in the Navy, happening as it did right out of overhaul and no real way to explain the disaster. KITTIWAKE was the rescue vessel standing by THRESHER as she made her initial dives and tests after overhaul at the U.S. Naval Shipyard in Kittery, Maine. The people on KITTIWAKE heard the last underwater telephone message from her and thought they heard after that, some sound that could, in hindsight, have indicated an implosion of the hull, but the mystery was total. So the search for THRESHER began and Korth, on the advice of the people making the search, made the announcement that she had been found. In fact she had not. He was the victim of very bad professional advice, and it served to change a bit of the trust he felt he had in the professionalism of naval officers.

He looked bad, trying to explain at a press briefing that the shadow on the ocean bottom was THRESHER, when every instinct him he could not see anything. When, later he had to tell these same people he was wrong, he was understandably upset. Actually he was talked into making the announcement over his better judgment and intense questioning of the Navy Captain who tried to get him to see THRESHER in the photographs shown him. It was a bad time.

The rest of the THRESHER story is not pretty either. The investigation was headed by Admiral Austin, nickname "Count." He was President of the Naval War College and a thorough, precise naval officer. He was a bit regal and his nickname was accurate. The investigation came to the conclusion, after much testimony from all the people who had anything to do with THRESHER, her initial building, her operation and overhaul; that the procedural inability to use latent heat to come back to power after a reactor scram, had contributed to her loss. The absolute procedures for the operation of the plant required a nine minute cool down and careful return to power after an unintentional loss of power. It was the opinion of the operators that at test depth something happened to scram the plant and during the nine compulsory minutes to return to power, she sank below her crush depth.

. . . The events leading up to her going to test depth had been high speed runs where actual weight in the boat could be easily controlled . As she went to test depth of 1200 feet the hull compressed and she became heavy. When she slowed down at 1200 feet, she began to sink slowly until the extra weight could be pumped out. As they begin to pump to get water weight removed, something happened most probably in the control spaces. A minor leak may have sprayed water on electrical controls that scrammed the

plant. Obviously everything at this point is conjecture. Losing power at that depth with a compulsory nine-minute recovery time was fatal.

This finding was not acceptable to Rickover because it questioned operational procedures he had established, at times over the objections of Commanding Officers who felt such a recovery time was unrealistic. It could never be used in wartime. Some way had to found to use latent heat in an emergency. Rickover held up his endorsement on the investigation and after some time and much coordination with the Joint Committee the investigation came back to the Secretary's office rewritten to indicate the proximate cause of THRESHER's loss was ship design, which did not permit rapid enough blowing of ballast tanks to overcome a heavy condition at test depth. Of course this is conjecture on my part, but I think the study was rewritten to avoid any political overtones of unsafe operation of a nuclear plant.

I heard Rear Admiral Jason Maurer, who was then ComSubPac, testify before the Joint Committee on this matter. A most successful wartime submarine commanding officer he testified that in his opinion, the lack of authority to use latent heat to come back to power in an emergency must have cause THRESHER's loss.

Admiral Rickover was at the meeting and made no comment. Later he appeared alone before the Committee and crucified Admiral Maurer. The kicker in the whole thing is a short time after THRESHER's loss, permission to use latent heat in an emergency became an operational reality. So, in that sense some good came from THRESHER's loss. Too bad lives had to be lost to bring it about. Korth did not like the way this played out.

WINKLER: You came aboard just a few months before the Cuban Missile Crisis?

BAYNE: Yes, I came aboard as a Commander. It was a Captain's billet, but I was in the selection zone for Captain and selected while I was in that position. Initially I felt way out of my depth--thoroughly out of my depth, but I learned a lot working with someone like Korth who kept me informed of everything. I knew what was going on in the Secretary of the Navy's office, and I was able to keep things flowing down to the CNO and until the TFX confusion, it worked.

The Cuban Missile Crisis was another of those peculiar times when strong people got into conflict. Korth was hurt by it, because he felt that, as the Secretary of the Navy, he had to know what the requirements of the Navy in this situation were going to be. McNamara was very clear that the Secretaries of the Departments had no operational authority of any kind. They were logistic providers. Title 10 got pretty well worked around during the period. It had been more of a buddy network where you did know what the operational situation was and felt responsible for the logistics to meet those operational requirements. But Korth was cut out of the operational briefings during the Cuban quarantine period. He was not invited to them, and on one occasion, he was asked to leave. At that level that is tough to take.

There has been a story, which I'm sure you have heard, that McNamara came to one of those operational briefings and asked Admiral Anderson about unidentified ships on the briefing board. Admiral Anderson had to get the answer from one of the plot keepers. At that point, McNamara took over operational command of the ships on the quarantine line. I don't know how true that is, but I know that Anderson and McNamara did not get along. Korth was on the outside during this time and I knew little of the details surrounding the operation of the Naval Quarantine. I do remember one incident— the *New York Times* Pentagon reporter Walter Lippman, came into my office on one of those nights just before the Kennedy announcement of Soviet missiles in Cuba.

He wanted to know why the Secretary had spent the night in his office. I said, "Well, he does that not infrequently. I've spent the night in the office with him. He works long hours." Lippman said. "I don't think you usually spend the night in the office. What's going on?" And I said, "Well, it is usual business." We obviously had been told this was of the highest sort of confidentiality, to be released only by the President. Then he said to me. "You're lying, aren't you?" Just like that. And I said, "Mr. Lippman— would you leave my office?" And he left. Just marched out, angry. I was trying my best to do my job, and he was trying his best to do his job, but I didn't think he handled that well. It was a little too . . . too arrogant.

One other interesting by-play. You remember that early in Kennedy's tenure, the Navy gave an at-sea demonstration off the Atlantic Coast that was a big flop. Nothing seemed to work. The submarines didn't know where the surface ships were and vice versa, and the drone that flew over to attack the task force never was hit. Things just did not work. So Admiral Anderson set in motion a replay of this whole thing.

It was done with the Third Fleet on the West Coast. The Secretary and I flew out in Air Force One with the President and all the many people who travel on something like that . We stopped at China Lake to be briefed on some of the Sidewinder missile development. We went on board a carrier—I've forgotten the name of the carrier—and we all met the President. We had met him on the plane, but we all met him on board ship in a more formal receiving line arrangement. When he was going down the line of naval officers standing there to greet him and came to me I said, "Good morning Mr. President. How are you?" He stopped, held my hand for a moment and said, "I'm good, I'm good, and how are you?" Just like that. It was so different from Nixon, who shook your hand and pushed you quickly along. Nixon wasn't the least bit interested. He knew he had to shake your hand, but he wasn't interested in talking to you. Kennedy, in that brief moment, gave the impression that he really wanted to get to know you. He was a magnetic man.

Anyhow, Alan Enthoven had tried to get on the plane to go out because he wanted data on the surface-to-air missile shoot. I told him I would bring him back whatever I could. When it was over, he came down to the office and asked what happened. I said everything went well. The drone came through and got blown up, and the submarine surfaced in the right place, and everything just worked. "I think the President was impressed." He asked, "How many missiles did you shoot at the drone?" I said, "Well,

the carrier has an anti-missile system . . . there was a frigate out there that shot one, there was a destroyer that shot one . . . there was another ship that fired--four or five missiles fired in all." He said, "Well, you didn't prove a damn thing. The missile reliability of that system is point five something. If you shot more than two you didn't prove a thing." I said, 'Well, it was simulated wartime. There was an enemy attacking the task force. They wanted to knock it down. They weren't interested in data collection."

He said, "Let me ask you something. You're in a submarine, and you're ready to attack a ship. You've got the fire control problem solved. You're all lined up. It's an important target, and you know you have to sink it . . . how many torpedoes are you going to shoot?" I said, "How many do I have loaded?" He said. "Well, how many did you have on board?" I said, "We had six in the forward tubes." He said, "You've got six." I said, "I'd shoot six." He said, "Well, you're the kind of person costing the Navy too damn much money. We're buying all these weapons on the basis of just shooting randomly. When the weapon reliability of the system is point 5, you should only shoot two." I said, "Well, I want to kill him before he kills me." He said "Well, you don't . . . you don't understand." I said, "Well, hell, I do know more about World War II than you do." He said, "But you don't know more about World War III." Very, very interesting. . a conversation I have always remembered because we were coming at this from such a totally different direction. He didn't see that survival is somewhere in this. But he was annoyed that we shot more than two missiles at that drone, and I couldn't tell him how many had hit, so the simulation was a failure, from his point of view….but that was the atmosphere of the times…and the operational Navy was somewhat at variance with the bean counters, as they were called.

WINKLER: Secretary Korth took a trip down to Guantanamo Bay after that.

BAYNE: Yes, we went down in an A3D. The CNO's Assistant Chief of Staff for Naval Aviation, Admiral Pirie, had modified an A3D for use as a VIP aircraft. It would carry four or five people and get them there rapidly. I've forgotten why Korth went to Guantanamo. I know he was going to a meeting of the Panama Canal Commission. He was on that Board and undoubtedly Navy business of some sort was tied to that meeting. We refueled at Roosevelt Roads and flew on down to Guantanamo and Panama. He was concerned about what was going on in Panama and was quite predictive, saying. "You know, we are not going to be able to maintain the control over this place that we have now." We met with President Torreos?

WINKLER: Un huh.

BAYNE: He was a cold individual. At one point, he pointed over our heads and said "Do you see that fence?" We looked and didn't see any fence. He said. Whether you see it or not there's a fence there, and it's keeping my people from our land." He was talking about the territory the US controlled on either side of the Canal. A fence was there he said and that fence had to be torn down.

Korth was familiar with our relations with Panama because he had been a member of the Canal Commission Board since he was Army Counsel. He was worried that control of the Canal would, at some point, get out of the hands of the United States. Very predictive.

Korth's attitude toward the Marine Corps was conditioned by an incident told him while in Guantanamo. One of the border sentries, a Marine, who patrolled the fence separating Cuban and US territory, was left out in bad weather without suitable rain gear. General Shoup, the Commandant of Marines, was disturbed this young man had not received proper support from his people. He said, "Somebody's going to fry for that". And they did. That incident, and the care Shoup felt for his people made a tremendous impression on Korth. When Korth resigned, he wrote a three or four page paper of his impressions. I had a copy of it and I can't find it. It was a candid statement, which said inter alia , that he trusted the Marines more than he did the Navy. What they tell me, they do, he said, and that statement cannot always be said about the Navy. He may not have wanted that particular statement ever published, but I'm sure it came from his relationship with General Shoup, whom Korth admired. He thought that man was just . . . just a solid man. And, again, had Admiral Anderson been in a different environment. I think he would have had a very close relationship with him also. But the McNamara environment made that impossible. So we finally get to the TFX that blew it all up.

WINKLER: Just one thing. Was there an issue about the Reservists with Guantanamo that during the Cuban Missile Crisis Korth had to get involved with?

BAYNE: David, there might have been, but if so. I don't remember it.

WINKLER: Okay

BAYNE: I just simply do not remember.

WINKLER: Because I think that McNamara wanted the Reservists to go home before Christmas.

BAYNE: It's not . . . it's certainly not one of those issues that survives for me now.

WINKLER: When I spoke with Secretary Korth. he mentioned the Naval Academy. There were some issues involved with academics there.

BAYNE: Well, there were some issues involved with academics and with Admiral Rickover.

WINKLER: Uh huh.

BAYNE: Admiral Rickover felt that the Naval Academy should be an Engineering School, and it should be an Engineering School that taught humanities. He was a self-proclaimed educator, and he wanted to change it. Korth took the position that the Naval

Academy staff would control the curriculum since that was their job. What Admiral Rickover wanted to say and do would be heard, but the Academy staff had the responsibility. Rickover's argument was that there were not enough well-trained engineers coming out for his program . . . he wasn't finding them, so he wanted to tighten the academic engineering discipline.
I don't remember it ever getting much beyond that. It went on after Korth.
The Academy has changed somewhat over the years in its emphasis on not only a better humanities program as well as engineering but a better concentration on ethics. This sort of thing got blown out of proportion during Viet Nam.

WINKLER: Now with Admiral Anderson, I think he fell out of favor with McNamara over the Cuban Missile Crisis.

BAYNE: Undoubtedly. They had a big disagreement over how to run the quarantine operation. Anderson wouldn't give and McNamara wouldn't give . But they fell out over the TFX.

WINKLER: Okay. Okay.

BAYNE: I mean they really split. And the reason Admiral Anderson would not shake hands with McNamara when he left, if that is true . . . was over the TFX not over the Cuban Missile Crisis.

WINKLER: Okay. 'Cause one of the things which . . well. I guess it was Korth who had to find . . Anderson was not re-appointed for

BAYNE: It was a two-year term then Dave, you remember. It was before the four-year term for the CNO. Anderson was not re-appointed and Korth was told by McNamara to bring Dave McDonald to Washington where he would be announced as the next CNO, and not let Anderson know anything about it. I actually met Admiral McDonald at the airport and took him to his sister's house—he had a sister who lived in DC. He was supposed to remain quiet until McNamara announced he would be the new CNO. Korth couldn't do that. McNamara told him not to tell Anderson anything about it. He called Anderson and told him. It was stupid of McNamara to attempt to confuse the system this way for any naval flag officer coming into Washington has to let the CNO know by message. Also leaving his command of the Sixth Fleet required reporting his whereabouts to the CNO. That was done the moment McDonald left the Sixth Fleet. Prior to all this, and in preparation for recommending Anderson's relief, Secretary Korth visited those likely to be considered as potential CNO material. I accompanied him. We made a trip to Norfolk to visit Admiral Page Smith, who was CINCLANTFLT, to Vice Admiral David McDonald in the Sixth Fleet, and someone I am not remembering. Korth came down very heavily on McDonald. We flew to Naples and heloed out to the flagship to talk with Admiral McDonald, who was very reticent about relieving Anderson when Korth told him he was being considered as CNO. He said, "I'm not ready for that." He was a Vice Admiral then, and he said. "I'm not ready for that and George is not ready to go."

When he was told he had no real say-so in the matter, and also told the conditions under which he was being brought to Washington, he objected to it. Said this was not good to treat a fine man this way. Obviously, McNamara's handling of people was not his strong point.

Flagship. Korth was given the Captain's in port Cabin. It was seldom used. I had a room somewhere deep in the ship. After we'd gone to bed he called me and said, '"There's something broken up here. I'm not kidding. There is something running around making all sorts of noise. I can't sleep in this place. There is something overhead that's broken. It's rattling all around up here." So I called the bridge and ask them what it was. They did not know and sent someone down to the in port cabin to find out. Nothing happened when they got there; it was quiet. [The following in a loud voice mimicking Secretary Korth's voice.] "I'm telling you the thing's making a noise up there. I'll just get to sleep and then I'll hear this freight train. It's something big; it's a loud noise. Honestly, have you got another place…a cabin, a bunk somewhere for me to sleep?"

"Mr. Secretary. I'll just stay here until I hear what it is." We waited and waited and waited and nothing happened. I went back up on the bridge. There was a hydraulic message system between the bridge and the radio communications. While I was there someone put a message in the tube down to the Radio Shack. It went [loudly]. "Whoooooooraat-t-t-t" right over the in port cabin.

When those in the cabin heard it the Secretary burst out laughing. "There it is! You all don't know what's happening on this ship." A messenger was used between the Bridge and the Radio Room for the rest of his stay. It was amusing that no one had figured out what the noise could be. Obviously the Captain was not in his in port cabin often.

(The following was spoken in a loud voice mimicking Secretary Korth's voice.) "See You all don't know anything about this ship. I have to come all the way out here to tell you about these ships!" He had a good time with that. Great time. He enjoyed having something happen to bring a bit of irony into Navy professionalism, which he found at times, almost amusing.

Secretary Korth did not think Admiral Smith, Page Smith, Commander of the Atlantic Fleet was enough of a total person to be CNO. He said he was more like Smedberg than the kind of human being needed to run the Navy. He was looking for a people man, like himself, I imagine. McDonald was Korth's recommendation, approved by McNamara who took the nomination to the President for ultimate approval. . The whole thing was planned to be done secretly. When you understand what has to be done to process such a high level nomination, McNamara should have known it could not have been kept secret. BuPers had to put the nomination into the proper form to go to the President. The very notion of not telling Admiral Anderson what was happening was kind of stupid. Korth called Anderson, and told him Dave McDonald would be coming to town to be announced as the new CNO, that the President was considering "other opportunities" for Admiral Anderson. As you know, he was given the Ambassadorship

to Portugal, which I don't think he particularly liked. McNamara's handling of that thing was just rotten, I think.

WINKLER: I read Anderson's oral history, and, basically. Anderson was well aware of the situation because of communications.

BAYNE: Oh he would have been aware of it whether Korth called him or not. I don't know whether Korth called him before Smedberg did or before he got the message from McDonald. just a flat message saying "I'll be in town" or "ComSixthFlt in Washington such and such."

WINKLER: TFX. That's the

BAYNE: F-111

WINKLER: Yes.

BAYNE: Well that was the unfortunate crowning event of Mr. Korth's time as Secretary. As you know, McNamara believed he could save billions of dollars over many years by having a single airframe meet the needs of both the Air Force and the Navy. Over the strong objections of both the concept was put out for bids. Boeing and Grumman emerged as the two principal aircraft manufacturers to be considered. When you think about what was being attempted here; variable wing geometry to allow modern flight speeds yet enable slow enough speeds for carrier landings, a totally new all weather navigation and weapon delivery system, the Phoenix, that had never been even invented; in-flight thrust reversers, titanium used extensively to meet the 64.000 pounds carrier deck weight limit; all that to emerge in a viable airframe to meet the needs of two services: when you consider all that you get some idea of the magnitude of what was being attempted, what was being dictated by one man over the objections of people who had been in the airframe business for many years. George Spangenburg who was principally responsible for the Navy part of the design was going to design meetings and working with Boeing and Grumman to come up with something. He just said it couldn't be done. From the Navy's viewpoint it just could not be done. He was right, but he was politically wrong, and Anderson was trying his best to get this thing handled so that everybody could be satisfied.

McNamara could say he saved money, but it would be savings on something the Navy could not use, which is what it turned out to be. That was the atmosphere in which it all came bubbling up. Toward the last few months, Korth, Gene Zuckert, who was the Secretary of the Air Force; Roswell Gilpatrick, the Deputy Secretary of Defense and McNamara, were meeting in McNamara's office to make this decision.

WINKLER: General Dynamics?

BAYNE: What?

WINKLER: General Dynamics?

BAYNE: I don't . . was GD in it?

WINKLER: I think so.

BAYNE: Well. I don't . . GD certainly made a proposal but I don't think they were one of the last two.

WINKLER: I think they were . . . cause Grumman's out on Long Island.

BAYNE: No. Grumman has a Fort Worth plant. You mean GD Fort Worth. General Dynamics Fort Worth?

WINKLER: Uh huh.

BAYNE: I'm pretty sure it was Grunman Fort Worth. but look it up.

WINKLER: We'll find out

BAYNE: Whichever was the Fort Worth plant. Could well have been General Dynamics Fort Worth. Anyway. Boeing and General Dynamics Fort Worth, let's say, came down to the wire, and the decision was made for Fort Worth. That's the key to this, not whether it's GD or Grumman.

WINKLER: Yes.

BAYNE: The decision was made in McNamara 's office, and nobody really knew what it was going to be; who made it or why it was made. At that time there was some talk about Fort Worth needing an economic boost. Fred Korth had been the President of the First . . . I think it was the First National Bank in Fort Worth. So when it came out that the home of the Secretary of the Navy was to be given the largest single defense contract that had ever been given, there was an almost built-in question about that, but the decision was not made by Korth. And his position in the whole thing, as he testified before the McClellan Committee, when the Congress decided to investigate the decision, was there was no discernible difference between the two proposals.

He said that over and over and over again. It is in so many records that it was very clear the Navy was saying was that it did not make a damn bit of difference which company got the contract; neither of the proposals was going to work. The actual decision was probably made by Roswell Gilpatrick, but that was not clear when the McClellan Committee announced hearings. Korth began to occupy just about all his time during his last few months with the TFX. I've forgotten what period of time it was that Navy witnesses were going over to the Hill. Commander Andy…

WINKLER: Kerr

BAYNE: Kerr was his Counsel and Tom Hayward who was later the CNO, was his Administrative Aide, and I, we were all involved . . . and the Marine Aide . . . all involved, putting packages of correspondence together and responding to Congressional and White House demands for Korth's records. There were briefing sessions about what he probably would be asked. His central answer was always there is no discernible difference in the two proposals. He was in a good, solid and accurate position. But, one Saturday morning we were in the office and The White House phone rang, an unusual occurrence. He had a phone, a red phone, I think, on his desk that connected directly to the White House switchboard. The call was from Bobby Kennedy, and when it was over, Korth pushed my button and asked me to come into his office. He said, "I want you to draft a note resigning me as Secretary of the Navy for personal reasons, and see what you can do about making arrangements for me to go to Bethesda Naval Hospital to have my left ear examined. This left ear's been giving me a lot of trouble. I'm getting hard of hearing. Do it just as soon as you can." And I just blurted out, "Mr. Secretary what have you done?" It was an emotional reaction.

Mr. Korth said, " I haven't done anything, but you have to listen very carefully to what people mean, not what they say but what they mean. Have I told you about the big game hunter?"

WINKLER: Not on tape.

BAYNE: Well. I'll get it on tape. I was standing there in shock. Here we were working our tails off to try and get this testimony before the Congress and do it right, and now he was resigning for personal reasons.

He said. "Well, there was this big game hunter who, out on the African veldt, . . . hadn't had any luck hunting for game. He broke out into a clearing, looked up and on overhanging limb of a tree was the most gorgeous naked lady he had ever seen in his life. He looked up at her and said. 'Are you game?' And she said. 'Yes.' So he shot her."

Korth said "you gotta listen to what people mean and not what they say. I just had a talk with Bobby Kennedy who thinks it will be for the good of the Country if I resign as Secretary."

I said, "Well. it's not going to be good for the Navy. We just lost the CNO under conditions that have not been good for the Navy, and now we're losing the Secretary of the Navy. I can't see how that's good for the Navy.'

He said, "Well would it be good for the Navy if at Kennedy's press conference next Thursday . . . " (I think it was Thursday…he held rather frequent press conferences) "somebody asked him (and I assure you they will) the question 'Mr. President, Do you have absolute confidence in the Secretary of the Navy?' If he answers in any way other than a ringing affirmation of the Secretary of the Navy, do you think that's going to be good for the Navy?"

And I said. "Well, I don't suppose it will."

And he said, "Well, this is the best thing for the Navy.. "They've got to have somebody to give McClellan. The choice has been made. I'm the one. And I want to be in Bethesda. I want to be out of the press view. I want to be away where we can control it."

I was running back and forth to Bethesda for the next two or three weeks until Bud Zumwalt came in to relieve me and Paul Nitze came in to relieve Fred Korth. We drafted a resignation letter in the office, and he changed it a little bit. I guess, but signed it giving personal reasons for his resignation. That ended his career as Secretary of the Navy.

WINKLER: The decision to have the [aircraft carrier] KENNEDY as a conventional powered ship over the objections of the Navy. Did that play in . . . was that a factor in the resignation?

BAYNE: No, not at all. The portrait of Korth that hangs in the Pentagon today shows him with a carrier in the background and his letter of resignation in his hand, but that was a political portrait of there ever was one. Incidentally Sibyl did a copy of that portrait for Korth. Peter Hurd, a Texas artist and friend of Korth's did the original and Sibyl did a copy of it for him. There is much symbolism in the portrait and I imagine historians, looking at that portrait, can easily come to the conclusion that he resigned in protest over the carrier. There was some talk at one time that he was resigning over this disagreement, but no, the resignation was over the TFX. I would so swear on a stack of Bibles. It was wrong. and, of course, it all vanished with the assassination of the President. Korth went back to Fort Worth. His marriage broke up. Then he came back to DC and set up law offices in Washington with his son, Fritz. His daughter-in-law, Penny Korth, later was our Ambassador to Mauritius during Reagan's Presidency. Did you know that? Under the Reagan Administration she was Co-Chairperson for the Inaugural Balls for Ronald Reagan.

Unfortunately, now, as we talk about this he, [Fred Korth] is about to wind it all up. He is ill with lung cancer in El Paso, Texas. He is a grand, grand human being. I benefited a lot knowing the man and watching him handle things that much lesser people would have handled in a way that certainly would have hurt the Navy much more.

Let's go have some lunch.

WINKLER: After a lunch break, we're picking it up after your tour with SecNav. You were the Assistant Chief of Staff for Polaris with COMSUBLANT . . .I guess you talk about the transition . . . leaving . . . Paul Nitze came in and he brought in Admiral Zumwalt.

BAYNE: Right.

WINKLER: Well, then I guess it was Captain Zumwalt. or

BAYNE: It was Captain .Actually. our turnover, such as it was, was at the Naval Hospital at Bethesda. Nitze was not unfamiliar with political Washington, nor was Bud. They both came from ISA so it was an easy transition. I left, and Vice Admiral Grenfell, COMSUBLANT, who had moved COMSUBLANT from New London to Norfolk, asked me to come down and be the Plans Officer for Polaris for him. We, Sibyl and I, were delighted because our home was Norfolk. Sibyl and I moved back to Norfolk. We already had a house there. It was a fortuitous move actually. I'm referring now to our children. The children finished their high school at the private schools; Norfolk Academy and Country Day School.

WINKLER: How old are your kids now?

BAYNE: They were in High School, and not very happy because we'd moved two or three times rather quickly in those years. I was with Korth only 17 months before things came to an end and we were moving again. They were just establishing themselves in High Schools in Northern Virginia, and suddenly had to pick up and go. They say today, both of them, that although they weren't particularly happy with it then, having to adjust rapidly to new environments has been marvelous experience. They have no difficulty today in social situations, or finding themselves in new places. They get along easily, and attribute it to this moving around.

The Norfolk SUBLANT position was now well established, and Vice Admiral Grenfell was a fixture in the Norfolk Naval scene. He and his wife, Martha, established original projects. Families were important. Maybe this is more natural for someone who's been brought up in the military in small submarines rather than some other parts of the Navy. But family matters were very important to Admiral Grenfell. Earlier, The Intelligence Officer, Commander Henry Morgan, who retired as a Flag Officer, moved from New London with the staff but did not move his family from Stonington, Connecticut where they had a lovely home. It was one of Admiral Grenfell's absolute intentions to get that family together. He was not going to let Hank live, working in Norfolk with his wife far away in Connecticut. Finally he just simply transferred him.

Admiral Grenfell was a very good friend of mine, and Martha was an extremely good friend of Sibyl's. There is a painting around the corner there that come from a Submarine Art Exhibition that Martha and Sibyl arranged. The annual Submarine Art Exhibition, which so far as I know still occurs in Norfolk every year, was an opportunity for members of the military who painted to have an outlet for their work.

The picture around the corner was done by a Seaman in the Navy named Clovis. I've never heard of him before or since, but it was one of the first things we saw at the original Submarine Art Exhibition, and we bought the painting. It has become a part of our life actually. Martha was always doing something like that. She was energetic and original. Joe Grenfell was a pure professional. He was a naval officer who believed that

men and equipment worked together best when they were happy, and it was his job to keep 'em happy. He was good at it. He also did things his way. It was not always the way other people worked. So when I say, he was a strong dedicated human being, I imply there were people who were for him as well as against him, but I was crazy about him. We got along rather well.

WINKLER: What were some of the challenges during that period?

BAYNE: The movement to Norfolk was a bold thing to do. It was necessary to bring the missile submarines, with their strategic mission, closer to the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. Economically it was a good move, because it was obvious, both in New London and in Norfolk, that the staff had to be located in proximity to the Fleet Commander. The New London staff would gradually fade away, as it has. The missile boats needed a closer relationship with CINCLANT in Norfolk, than it could have in New London.

So there was that, if it was a challenge. I don't remember it as one of those jobs where you wondered at the end of the day what was going to happen next. It was not so volatile as working in SECNAV's office. I was working in pleasant conditions with pleasant people I knew well, and I was in my hometown. It was a great assignment.

WINKLER: Well, it says here you were Chief of Staff for Polaris Assistant. Who was the Chief of Staff for Polaris?

BAYNE: COMSUBLANT.

WINKLER: Oh. okay

BAYNE: It would be just like the Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations or the CNO.

WINKLER: Okay. Now this was during the time period where the Polaris submarines were entering the fleet?

BAYNE: Yes, the name Polaris was what was used. It was before Trident missiles and before SSBN became the generic term.

WINKLER: And was it during this period they forward deployed. Forward deployed to Holy Loch and . .

BAYNE: It was during this period that they were sent to Holy Loch. A submarine tender was sent to Holy Loch. The reason, of course, was time on target.

WINKLER: Right.

BAYNE: You were closer to the range capability arc in Holy Loch than in Norfolk. It allowed a more efficient use of the system.

WINKLER: Had they already gone to the Blue-Gold crew system at that time?

BAYNE: Oh yes. That was done rather quickly. I couldn't give you a specific number of patrols that were made with one crew before we went to two. GEORGE WASHINGTON, of course, was the first boat. The two-crew concept happened quickly. It had to. You were going to wear people out. I traveled a lot in the assignment. I went to the Holy Loch. I went out on the missile exercises? Periodically a submarine would randomly pick a missile and. of course, take the warhead out of it and fire it using the authenticated fire signal. It would be submerged somewhere in the Atlantic, would use the Atlantic Range, which was from way north down toward the Bahamas. There had to be an observer on board to report and comment on the efficacy of the system. So I was doing that sort of thing. Broke my left ankle transferring from a destroyer. We would fly to a convenient pick up spot, in this case it was the Azores, meet a destroyer to take you on out to the prearranged spot in the Atlantic to meet the submarine. You would transfer to the missile submarine, witness the exercise and ride with the submarine into port (Holy Loch) to end her patrol. It was a rough day when we made this particular transfer, and I got my leg caught between the submarine hull and the small boat, and popped a small bone in my ankle.

The system was in its growing pains stage. The missiles worked. You were worried about reliability, missile shelf life. You didn't know what shelf life they had sitting in that bad atmosphere. How long all of that was going to work? So it was really necessary to test them. And they worked remarkably well.

I think I mentioned to you before we began this, that much later, talking to Admiral Burke one time after he had retired, I asked him what, if anything, he would have done differently as the CNO. He said he should have "fallen on his sword" over the decision to maintain the missile boats within the Navy budget. He had been overruled on this by Tom Gates, then the Secretary of Defense, but it was a compromise he had to make to keep the missile boats under the operational control of the Navy. There was much pressure then, from the Air Force and some "think tank" type strategists, to place operational control in a "Strategic Command". Concern was expressed the chain of operational command traditionally used by the Navy was too complex. Should the Presidential signal ever be given to fire nuclear submarine missiles, the command chain from the President to the submarine had to be unobstructed. That was another argument, of course, to support the close proximity of SUBLANT and CINCLANT. Admiral Burke said he knew that to agree to logistically support this new system within existing Navy budgets was wrong, and given the opportunity do this over, he would insist on a separate strategic budget for the submarines. He was right, of course.

Carrier overhauls were delayed, ship construction was set aside, to find money to maintain missiles constantly "on target." The early days, before missile range was great enough to be "on station" from the homeport, were very costly. My assignment, after the COMSUBLANT plans job, was as Commander Submarine Flotilla Eight, in the Mediterranean. It was a natural move from the Polaris Plans job to the Flotilla

assignment, which was in the process of establishing missile submarines in the Mediterranean. I relieved Captain Mike Rindskopf, the first ComSubFlot Eight. Sibyl and I enjoyed a fascinating tour in Naples, Italy. SUBFLOT EIGHT Headquarters were adjacent to the Headquarters of Commander In Chief South, Admiral Donald Griffin, whom I had known in the Pentagon when he was Assistant Chief of Staff for Naval Air. It was necessary for SUBFLOT EIGHT to have an operational hat under the Sixth Fleet as CTF 64: a Nato hat under CINCSOUTH as Submarines South; as well as the basic command relationship with COMSUBLANT, as Commander Submarine Flotilla Eight. The operational strategy was to tell the missile submarines everything about all other maritime movements in the Mediterranean, and to tell all others nothing about the missile submarines. Of course, the onus for remaining undetected rested with the submarine commander, but our purpose was to make that as easy for him as possible.

It was necessary for COMSUBFLOT EIGHT to work with various other nations—the French, the British, the Italians—who had submarines in the Med. Talk about a challenge. The very interesting job was to set up arrangements where I knew where other national submarines were, but not tell other nationals anything about ours. This was not always an easy thing to do. The French particularly were insistent that if they let us know where they were operating submarines, we had to reciprocate. On one occasion we got an information message from Commander French Submarines based in Toulon, Admiral Charbanier, I think. They were setting up a submarine versus submarine exercise in the Gulf of Lions, away from Toulon. The exercise blocked out one of the passages we had to use to transit. It was taking up the whole ocean and seemed a deliberate ruse to force us to disclose missile submarine movements.

> Bill Ellis, Vice Admiral Ellis, was the Commander Sixth Fleet. I went to the flagship. He carried his flag on a cruiser and told him my problem. He said. "Well it's your problem. Why don't you go on over to Toulon and see what you can work out?"

So I went over, and it was kind of a hard-nosed affair. They greeted me with a magnificent lunch but little else. I took the Operations Officer with me and maybe one other member of the staff. They were gracious, and lunch was a typically French wine lunch with all the trimmings. But when we got down to talking, it was pretty clear they wanted as good as they gave. The only alternative I had was to redo their exercise, We took the position that we were there not really to interfere; we just thought they could get better results by doing it our way. We had redrawn the whole thing leaving open the transit area for Polaris operations, but offering more potential contact time among their exercise submarines. The argument worked. They couldn't tell us their way was better because it had been done simply to seal off passages. So we managed to get our way. They gave in. Not to give in would have been transparently petty. Situations like that made things interesting.

It was during that time LIBERTY was attacked by the Israelis. SUBFLOTEIGHT had the most complete operational plot in the whole Mediterranean, including Commander Sixth Fleet, simply because we had to let the missile boats know of all

maritime traffic. This was after Ellis had left. I think Vice Admiral Bill Martin was then COMSIXTHFLT. We knew where the LIBERTY was and we knew what Liberty was. So everybody was coming to SUBFLOTEIGHT to view our plot. Admiral Griffin, Admiral Martin assorted operational people from Sixth Fleet, all trying to get an idea about what could have happened. It was kind of a surprise to me that that big screen . . . it was as big as the side of this room . . . was the one place in the Mediterranean where everything was displayed. It gave us problems, too, for before we could display the plot we had to remove the symbols showing positions of the missile submarines, or we would have violated our own operational policy.

I will believe always that the attack on LIBERTY was a mistake. It was not deliberate. I am not a great admirer of the conduct of the Israelis today; they are far too internal and unreliable in their international cooperation, but what happened with LIBERTY was a mistake made during the change of an operational commander watch. The symbol for the LIBERTY was removed from their plot in Tel Aviv and there was nothing on the plot to refute the report that it was an Egyptian communications ship, when that report was made by Israeli surveillance aircraft. The order of the new, incoming command officer in Tel Aviv was simply, "Take it out." He did not know he was ordering an attack on an American ship. LIBERTY flew a big American flag when the planes came over and when Israel sent out the fast attack boats, but the feeling of the attackers was the American flag was an Egyptian subterfuge. It was an Egyptian ship flying an American flag to keep from being attacked. Those explanations were rational. The people on LIBERTY will never believe that is what happened. They firmly believe it was deliberate, and the attack ordered because LIBERTY was copying Israeli operational traffic. Books have been written to say that in great detail.

Naples was an interesting tour because we were involved with the Italians to a large extent. The regional Italian Naval Commander was an Italian submarine Admiral who had fought against the Allies during World War II. He and I saw a good bit of each another. We worked well together. He knew what was going on and didn't demand from me things he knew I couldn't tell him. It was good cooperation, quite unlike the French.

WINKLER: It must have been very difficult, as far as deploying and operating in the Mediterranean because that is a very crowded space.

BAYNE: It was tricky. It really was, particularly when you brought the boats in through Gibraltar and moved them through narrow passages like the Straits of Messina. I don't remember the time/distance arithmetic now, but by the time you brought a submarine in through Gibraltar and ran it the length of the Med and back out again, it was about time for it to go home You had to keep them moving. You couldn't set them up in little areas and let them operate in just those areas because there was too much maritime traffic. Potential contact time with other ships was reduced by constant movement. We had one crisis when someone on board had to be medically lifted off. We sent the boat to an out of the way spot and picked him up by helo. There were no dangerous interactions. There were little ones like the French exercise, but that was more of a game than anything else.

WINKLER: During this period the Soviets were establishing a Mediterranean Fleet and so they were developing an ASW capability . . . I have anecdotes from other oral interviews that it wasn't very effective, but you must have been keeping track of the Soviets.

BAYNE: Oh. Yes, we surely were from all sorts of sources. We had Sixth Fleet intelligence feeding directly into our operational plot. We had all kinds of French, Italian, Maltese, or the British out of Malta, information. It was necessary to go back and forth to Malta occasionally to keep that contact open.

Yes, we had lots of information, and of course, we had our own ships running around to keep pretty close tab. I imagine the Soviets did operate an occasional submarine in the Mediterranean that I knew nothing about, but we fortunately never got into any trouble with that. It's a small place when you look at it that way. There's not a lot of sea room for doing that sort of thing. I was relieved there by Captain Oliver Hazard Perry.

WINKLER: There's a name.

BAYNE: He is now a retired Vice Admiral. He lives in San Diego. Hap Perry, H. A. P. Perry. Oliver Hazard Perry.

Sibyl and I were in Naples a couple of years, and it was generally a pleasant tour of duty, but we had a big decision to make regarding our children. They were in their last years of high school and to have uprooted then from their very good private schools in Norfolk, and put then in an overseas Defense Department School (there was one in Naples) would have asked a lot of them. They stayed with Sibyl's Mother who lived in Norfolk, came to see us during the summer, but as things turned out I am certain their acceptance into good colleges and their association with their High School environment were greatly enhanced by not moving them. We made a lot of Italian friends and that takes a little time. Dave, are there any notable things about . . . we're talking about Naples, Italy; any notable things that come to your mind that I might not think of. That's from the social side of things. There were some strange customs. New Year's Eve. The notion is you get rid of everything. On New Year's Day one year there was a piece in the paper that a woman in her excitement had thrown a little baby over her porch railing into the street. The baby survived.

WINKLER: Were the French kicked . . . the French pulled out of NATO during that time period?

BAYNE: I think they had done that when we arrived, but our relationship with the French was always more competitive than cooperative. Just like the incident I described. The Italian social structure takes a little knowing. Time is not nearly so important to Italians as it is to Americans. Have you lived over there?

WINKLER: I've been stationed over there.

[Loud crash of thunder and exchange of comments about the storm outside]

BAYNE: Boy. That was close, wasn't it?

WINKLER: Poor transcriber.

BAYNE: Good Gosh, I didn't think of that. You might make a note that this is during the approach of Hurricane Bob. We're sitting here talking during the approach of a hurricane.

WINKLER: As Flotilla Eight. I guess that means you had operational command of the submarines in the Mediterranean.

BAYNE: That's right. The Flotilla was under the Commander Submarine Force Atlantic structure.

WINKLER: So basically when they came through the Straits of Gibraltar, they chopped to you.

BAYNE: That's right.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: . There was no message that did that, but yes, once entering the Mediterranean they belonged operationally to COMSUBFLOT EIGHT.

WINKLER: And that took you through July '67 and that's where you were when the Arab-Israeli War took place in June of 67.

BAYNE: We were in Naples then, and of course, that is when the LIBERTY incident occurred.

WINKLER: Right. And then you did a tour as Deputy Director of OP-61B.

BAYNE: Yes. Vice Admiral James O'Grady was Op-61, and I was his Deputy. It was in that assignment that I became more convinced about the cause of the LIBERTY error. I came back right after the LIBERTY incident and all of this investigative info began to flow into OPNAV. There were concerns whether or not the Israelis had done this deliberately, and whether or not there should be compensation for the people on LIBERTY; which there was eventually. There was a question of a public apology. OP-61 was the center for those matters. I actually read Israeli logs of that period when the change of command in Tel Aviv occurred and the mistake was made. The mistake was unprofessional and regrettable but understandable. It shouldn't have been made, but it was a fact that it could have happened that way. I am not sure Admiral Tom Moorer agrees with that. He was the CNO at the time and I was told he wrote a forward to one of the books written about the incident which implied the Israeli attack was deliberate.

WINKLER: At that time. he is the. . CNO right?

BAYNE: He was, because he was Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff when I came back from Bahrain. He went from the CNO to Chairman.

WINKLER: That's right.

BAYNE. I was in the Middle East when Bud Zumwalt was CNO.

WINKLER: Right. I mentioned from my dissertation standpoint that's when the Incidents at Sea when we approached the Soviets. And I recall going through my documents, O'Grady's signature is on quite a few of those.

BAYNE: Yes.

WINKLER: So I guess he dealt with that issue. Other politico-military policy . . . were you overseeing the different, like country desks?

BAYNE: OP-06 was the Navy contact, outside of ISA, which is the Defense contact, with the Department of State. And so, we worked with the country desks. OP-61 is divided up into various branches; into a Strategic Section, into a Plans Section, into a Military Assistance Section, into a Latin American Section. Bill Crowe, incidentally was there at that time.

Bill was in one of the other Divisions; I've forgotten exactly what. Let's see. He'd come back from graduate school.

WINKLER: Right. His . . . I interviewed him, and he was detached . . . he had to debrief the PUEBLO group when they were captured. His lawyer was a fellow by the name of Bill Lynch and they went out there and had to do.

BAYNE: It doesn't ring too much of a bell with me. I remember being appalled at Lloyd Buecher. I guess, my reaction to the whole thing was I couldn't quite understand his actions. But I don't remember any personal connection with the PUEBLO incident during that period of time.

WINKLER: What were some of the specific issues that you were working?

BAYNE: You know, it's just day to day stuff. I was sitting here thinking that's a very logical question, and I *can't* even come up with any issues. The day's routine was getting ready for the briefings that would take place in the Tank; getting position papers completed for whatever those issues were. Admiral Wendt was OP-06. We would assemble input to him from the State Department view. I'll probably wake up tonight thinking of something, but it was day to day slugging it out in the Pentagon. Long hours, doing the briefing papers for the Tank, coming back and working late to write the reports and going home.

WINKLER: Well, we were in Viet Nam during that time period.

BAYNE: The job, as I remember it, David, was more an administrative job than a handling issues job. I was kind of responsible for the flow of stuff through the Division and being sure the Admiral was well served with what he had to do with the next higher echelon so I didn't get too involved with any particular thing. One thing that does stand out was LIBERTY, but perhaps I remember that because of my prior association with it in the Mediterranean.

WINKLER: Okay….now, is it this tour or the next tour that you made flag?

BAYNE: I was selected during the tour in OP-61, There were two of us, George Steele and I. I think George had the distinction of being the youngest Flag Officer selected up until that time. Some emotion began to flow as a result of two of us being selected from OP-61. As a result there were increased requests for duty assignments there, although it had always been a desirable assignment.

WINKLER: So, well, once you made flag. I guess that set you up for your next tour,

BAYNE: I went to SACLANT, which was not unfamiliar territory.

WINKLER: SACLANT?

BAYNE: After being selected to Rear Admiral, I was assigned as the Assistant Chief of Staff for Plans for SACLANT in Norfolk. Admiral Ephraim Holmes was CINCLANT and SACLANT. My job was purely international. The thought process had to become international because there were many things that Admiral Holmes was privy to from the fleet operational standpoint that I knew nothing about; and I didn't want to know anything about them because I was dealing with a completely international staff. A good bit of traveling was involved. Rear Admiral Richard Colbert, whom I relieved, (he was promoted to Vice Admiral and became President of the Naval War College) had done a marvelous job in beginning a presentation called "The Soviet Naval Threat". I inherited that, and I also inherited a brilliant naval assistant named Beth Coye, a woman Lieutenant Commander--maybe she was a Lieutenant then--who was the daughter of Rear Admiral John Coye. He had been my Squadron Commander in submarines back in New London when I commanded the submarine PIPER. Beth was the Soviet Analyst on the SACLANT staff.

She was an Intelligence Specialist and a Soviet Analyst: had one of those startling minds that never forgets anything, and is always able to present things in a very logical, pro and con way; leading the decision in the right direction. She was just an objective, smart woman.

We traveled to the NATO capitals, presenting "The Soviet Naval Threat," keeping it up to date. .The purpose was to keep NATO nations concerned with what the

Soviets were doing with their Navy. I often wonder if we had known how much this was going to collapse whether we possibly could have been so enthusiastic about this?

WINKLER: Well a book came out in '68 by Robert Herrick where he talks about the thesis that the Soviet Navy was a defensive Navy and…

BAYNE: That's what they claimed.

WINKLER: That was his argument in the book, that he was a Commander in Naval Intelligence and he had been over there in the 50's and the book was not really dealing with the 1960s, but that traditionally they had been a defensive Navy *protecting* the flank of the Army.

BAYNE: Well, the whole theme of this NATO briefing. "The Soviet Naval Threat" was antithetical to that. Why did they have to build such large, long range ships if it was a defensive Navy? They didn't need ocean going submarines and carriers if their purpose was defensive. So the theme of "The Threat" was to present that argument and simply show the ships. What are they going to use them for? What are they defending against? . . . Why do they need all this to support the Army? Can they have another objective to control critical maritime bottlenecks or sea lanes of commerce? There were many examples you could give. Just like the theme of that recent book, "K Class." Have you gotten to Patrick Robinson yet?

WINKLER: No.

BAYNE: He's a new writer. He writes with the British Admiral who commanded the Falklands war.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: The Hundred Days War thing?

WINKLER: Sandy Woodward

BAYNE: Rear Admiral Sandy Woodward and Patrick Robinson develop the kind of thinking that was in "The Threat" where you set up a special weapon like the K Class which is a diesel submarine . . . to seal off the Straits of Taiwan. Once that had been accomplished, you move into the straits and keep others from using them. Those opportunities occur for an ocean-going navy. And it's not too difficult to build a briefing with good visual aids to show a dismaying projection of what could happen. So we did that.

It was a pleasant but different kind of job; a large part of it social. The NATO Officers Club and bar became a large part of before and after lunch work down there I guess I was fairly familiar with it because I had been , as I told you some time ago, Aide

to the first SACLANT, Admiral Lynde McCormick in those same buildings years before. I knew my way around pretty thoroughly and felt very much at home.

There was a French Captain assigned to the staff as an observer but without the complete authority to participate in all the planning process. This was, of course, because of the French decision to withdraw from the operational commitment of NATO. I suppose DeGaulle felt he wanted more operational flexibility. The French observer on the SACLANT staff was in an awkward position doing his best to be included in everything, but having to live with others making the decision about his involvement. There were little staff complexities like that, but it was not a demanding tour.

WINKLER: These briefings when you went overseas, was it limited to Navy or did you sometimes brief politicians?

BAYNE: Sometimes there were politicians. We actually gave "The Threat" briefing to the NATO Military Council.

WINKLER: They had the Standing Naval Force Atlantic?

BAYNE: It was really in embryo. It did not get going until after I left. That was another of Colbert's ideas, and it took awhile for it to be born. Eventually there were four ships. I think the first were the Dutch, English and American, maybe the Norwegian. It moved about the Atlantic, and visited various places and flew a NATO flag. Very interesting concept. But…

WINKLER: My impression was it's much more for political unity show than military.

BAYNE: 0f course it was. It was a show of international naval force. I mean, exactly that. You made of it whatever you wanted to make of it. If you knew a lot about NATO and the way it worked you knew very well the first thing those four nations were going to do if they really got into trouble was to pull their ships out and put them under their national flag. That's the nature of the game. We hadn't gotten far enough in the United Nations to allow others to control our forces. That's still be worked out. I don't know how long it will take before we get an enforcement . . . an effective enforcement agent for the United Nations.

WINKLER: From there, you went to probably one of your more interesting tours as COMIDEASTFOR?

BAYNE: It was certainly that because it was so different, and I was there at a pivotal time. I had gone because Admiral Semmes who was the Chief of Naval Personnel then, called me and said, "Duke, This is a job I want you to take. I had it, and it's the best job I ever had in my life." That's flatly what he said. I knew him. He was a friend and his wife is an artist. She and Sybil painted together. He made quite a case for this. So I said. "Okay, send me." He said. "Well, you know, it's not a physically comfortable place. The temperatures are pretty high.' He said, "The tour is 11 months." When I questioned

picking up and going that far for 11 months, he said. "It's worth it. It really is worth it." Sibyl agreed so I said, let's go. The children were out of undergraduate college by then, our daughter married and our son in Medical College, so they would not accompany us, although both visited Bahrain while we were there. Just about the time I got there, in April of 1970, two things happened. Bahrain was in the process of determining, through the offices of an Ambassador Winesphere, whether or not they wanted to be an independent country. Iran had a historical claim on Bahrain. The Al Khalifa family, the ruling family in Bahrain, declared Bahrain independent of Iran back in the 1600's, but the claim had never been authenticated.

The majority of Muslims in Bahrain are Shia who are Iranian by heritage. The ruling Al Khalifa are Sunni Muslims. The Bahrainis have operated independently for a long time under British protection so they petitioned the UN for nation status. It was delicately handled. The U.S. had maintained a presence there for a long time, since 1948. . . right after the war. We were not overtly supporting this thing, but we were not stopping it either. The UN approach was to have Ambassador Winesphere come there and conduct an ascertainment, that's the word that was used, an ascertainment as to the will of the Bahraini people. It was overwhelmingly for independence. With the sixty some percent Shia population, clearly tied to Iran, I have always wondered about the political handling of that ascertainment. Regardless of how it was done, the Shah of Iran formally accepted it, and with United Nations approval, Bahrain became an independent state on the 16th of December, 1970.

There was a big celebration which lasted for days. The other major event during our time there was the British decision , to pull back its forces "East of Suez.. About a year after Bahrain independence Sibyl and I stood on the dock and waved good-bye to the last British ships there.

With all this going on, Bud Zumwalt, then the CNO, called me and said, "Look. I know your tour there is supposed to be eleven months, but this is not the time to leave and send someone new over there. Can you stay?" So we stayed nearly three years, thirty two months actually, during all of the transition period.

A lot happened that made it probably the most interesting duty that we've had. During my time there we had not yet established a US political presence. COMMIDEASTFOR was the US representation in Bahrain . About halfway through the tour the State Department sent a Consul there. His name was John Gatch, a fine man who actually lived in my house. The Navy rented quarters from a Bahraini business man named Hussein Yateem. There were three bedrooms and Mr. Gatch had no place to live so we put him up there. Now there are Ambassador's quarters and none for COMMIDEASTFOR. Times change. I became amused as the protocol developed after an Ambassador was established. My relationship with the Emir was quite close. I think the first Ambassador expected I would chuck that aside and deal with the Bahrain Government only through him, but we gradually established a working relationship so that the next ComMidEastFor did not feel he had a nurse maid. Prior to the establishment of an American Embassy there, ComMidEastFor conducted all the negotiations for the

agreement with Bahrain to lease some of facilities the British were leaving. Those negotiations were fascinating.

WINKLER: What was the ships in the AOR

BAYNE: When I first went over there, the flagship was the USS VALCOUR, a former seaplane tender. The USS VALCOUR was held together with sealing wax and wire. It was a very old ship that really should not have been there. I brought USS LA SALLE over a bit later to replace her. It was apparent we had to do something. With the British leaving, we had to show some interest in the place. Some planners on CINCLANTFLT's staff wanted to send a guided missile frigate as the flagship but I opposed that. I felt that a warship with missiles overlooking that small Arab island would send a wrong message. What was needed was something to demonstrate skills, how to make air conditioning work; how to treat tropical diseases: things like that.

And that's what we did. USS LA SALLE was a Landing Ship Dock. It was a huge presence but no warship . It did had a helicopter and the Crown Prince immediately wanted to learn to fly it. We took him up in it a lot, but his father did not want him learning top fly. So we never got around to any instruction.

WINKLER: The Marines must have resisted the idea of what they consider amphibious force assets being sent to the Mid East

BAYNE: I wasn't aware of that if it was so. I never heard of that difficulty. And LA SALLE is still the flagship of the MIDEAST FORCE unless the Fifth Fleet Organization has changed that. She was until just a few years ago.

WINKLER: I believe it's that is now with the Sixth Fleet.

BAYNE: It probably is. Usually the Force was LA SALLE and three or four destroyers on a rotational basis. That was somewhat misleading because there was also a Convair aircraft assigned. The geographical command of the Force was huge; from East Africa to what was, then West Pakistan; now Bangladesh. It was renamed while we were there. So the territory we covered was large and required a plane just to get around it.

There were at sea exercises; one a big, MidLink international exercise with the Iranians, the Pakistanis, the British, and the French, if the French wanted to send ships. One night was memorable; bringing a large force into the Straits of Hormuz. Several different languages were being spoken over the tactical air circuits and I was tempted to tell everyone to proceed independently. But we gradually worked it out where similar groups came through together, and entered port next morning for the exercise wrap up.

The job was mostly operational because we moved around so much, but there were occasional culture problems with people having trouble adjusting. One of the problems was drugs. I began to get reports from the ships that drugs were becoming more and more prevalent. I called for a locker search on the ships that were making up

the Force at that time. You could walk down the gangway in a place like Mauritius and buy hashish on the dock. The locker search was announced over objections of some of the Commanding Officers. The time and place for the search was advertised and still there were seventeen cases of illegal drugs discovered. I indicated I wanted to see all 17 of the offenders on the flagship. That raised many objections. The word got to me that someone commented, "That's Bud Zumwalt all over again." Some felt command prerogatives were being overridden. My purpose was to try to understand exactly what was happening and I could not do this with the information filtered through commands channels. Something's unusual was happening. We shouldn't be having this much of a problem.

We met in the wardroom on the flagship, and at first there was an appropriate reticence to say anything. Here were 17 guys who were in trouble, alone in a room with an Admiral who had their careers in his hands; it was natural to be reluctant to speak out. They were from First Class all the way down to seamen. It was a real mystery to me why this sudden change in what had been a pretty well conducted group of people. It was hard to get them talking; hard to establish a trust element in the group. Finally it began and gradually went around the table.

> There were those who said, "Well, there are no women over here. In the Muslim world we just sit on the ships. If we go ashore, all we have to do is go in a bar and drink. And in most Muslim countries there are no bars, so there's just nothing to do. We're bored." Someone else picked up the boredom issue and added the language difficulty to the problem. Gradually they were defending themselves on the basis of needing something to help them get beyond themselves. They just needed something , something to get them beyond themselves. Reading and studying, the college programs, PACE opportunities did not suffice. They seemed to be saying it wasn't their fault, somebody else had to do something to solve the problem for them. Finally, a black Engineman who had been quiet, occasionally shaking his head at something said, but saying nothing himself, looked up and said. "Admiral, it's not any of those things. We do it because it feels good." . Just right straight out, direct and honest. I said. "Well, we have an honest man in the group. I can understand that, but you are going to feel good on your time, not mine. And, when you're standing duty on your ship you have your shipmates, your Captain and me- all depending on you, and you are going to have to be bigger men than just giving in to something that feels good."

Obviously, if it continued there could be serious trouble. I indicated they all faced Captain's Mast , and, depending on the degree of their misbehavior, they could be severely punished. That would be up to their Commanding Officers, but drug usage was going to stop. It seemed to work. At least I heard far less about drugs in the Middle East Force. You can say the Commanding Officers were quieter about such problems after that, and that could be a part of it. Perhaps the Commanding Officers took hold. That Engineman taught me a tremendous lesson. "It just feels good." It suddenly hit me like a ton of bricks. He's dealing with something that I'm not going to solve by any kind of rule around here. This is up to him. He's has to resist this not me. But I have to give him a reason to resist.

Yes, there were people problems of one kind or another. There was an Officer who did not believe in standing nuclear watches because he was opposed to the use of nuclear weapons.

WINKLER: Did you try to address the boredom problem?

BAYNE: The boredom?

WINKLER: Yes.

BAYNE: That was a constant challenge. We played the movie game all the time. We had a very active exchange of movies between the ships , a mailing program for movies from a movie library. We encouraged programs like the PACE college program, encouraged leave and travel. I even made space available on the MIDEASTFOR aircraft for a few to travel on leave to parts of the area they had not seen. It is a rough tour of duty, and requires inner resources that no amount of coddling can provide. The weather is bad, too hot. The social life is zero. Those who cannot see the advantages to learning about another culture, of using their time to their own advantage; or those who have the internal disadvantage of blaming others for problems which are theirs to solve; those people are going to have trouble in any environment. I don't believe the military gains its universal respect trying to solve problems by creating unnatural comforts. There is much to be said for recognizing a tough situation and conquering it. Marines Corp philosophy proves that all the time.

WINKLER: During that time. Iran was an ally. so I imagine you must've traveled up there quite a bit.

BAYNE: Yes, we were in Iran several times. Met with the Shah each time we went over there. He was one of those magnetic people; bigger than life; dominating the scene around him. I think he gradually became shielded from all the reality around him, and saw himself as above the daily business of running his country. The autocratic handling of the 2500th anniversary of Persia caused a good deal of hard feeling in the country. I think the people felt it was a multimillion dollar extravaganza for rich folk. The luxurious tents erected for the visiting Heads of State were right out of Cyrus The Great days. Example: one big problem occurred when the planning for light bulbs was insufficient and a crisis delivery of hundreds of thousands of light bulbs had to be made. The light bulb manufacturers balked because they, quite correctly I imagine, could not be certain they would ever be paid. The Shah just decreed that the bulbs be delivered. He looked upon himself as a Emperor, but I think he must have been thinking of many years past. We all know it did not work out for him. The relations with the Iranian Navy were good. The Head of their Navy was a young man, related by marriage to the Shah, and socially extremely alert and hospitable. I heard later he got into much trouble importing automobiles using Navy Ships, and selling them, for his own account. The Shah had a nephew also interested in the military, in the fast hovercraft type ships, attack helicopters, and fast aircraft. He always seemed to me to be a typical hot rodder but in a position to

spend a lot of money on fast, expensive toys. He was never happier than when demonstrating how fast a hovercraft could go.

There was a suggestion that we bring a submarine out to be a part of MidEastForce. Putting a submarine in the Persian Gulf is like putting something in the bathtub. It was silly. We didn't do that. We did have a missile boat transit the Indian Ocean to check out environmental impact on missile components. There were odds and ends like that, but the Middle East Force was primarily a minimum naval presence, moving about area, showing the flag and demonstrating US interest in the indigenous people and their culture.

For me the Bahrain school was probably the biggest event of my time there. It is still going strong. Sybil and I were invited back to Bahrain by His Highness, a few years after we left, to dedicate the Marmaduke Bayne Library as part of the school, which by then had a newly built administration building and library. There were initial growing pains. The first Principal was an educator who seemed to believe there was no such thing as a bad child, just a misguided one, so his discipline was nearly nonexistent. When I was on the Island I made periodic visits to the School, attended classes, talked with students and teachers. It soon became pretty evident that control from the top was lacking, Even teachers who exerted classroom discipline did not feel they would be backed up by their Principal. The School was the US Navy's problem. It had been established, with much cooperation from the Bahrain Government and BapCo, the Bahrain Petroleum Company, using a part of Jufair, the military base the British vacated. There were twenty five nationalities represented in the student body with grades from one to twelve; boarding students living in dormitories. These students came from surrounding countries and were generally sons and daughters of people working in the Middle East. There was just too much at risk here to allow the School to establish anything but a good reputation.

I had agreed, in the early planning stages, to attempt to establish a high school curriculum to prepare students for both US University entry and to take British "A" and "O' level exams for European University entry. There were differences in this from the curricula usually taught by UDESIA (US Defense Schools something or other). When I discovered that the cots in the nurse's area were perpetually filled with students "sleeping off" a high, I fired the principal, and for a while the U.S. navy actually ran the School. I had Officers teaching in the classrooms, and the students who could not control the drugs were expelled. I went to Bonn, Germany to meet with UDESIA officials, and we agreed on a new principle, Dr. Frijth Wannebo, of Norwegian heritage. What a breath of fresh air he was! Not only did he have a firm grasp of educational professionalism, he and his family quickly adapted to the culture, were readily accepted by the Bahrainis, the large international community, and he allowed no nonsense to become a part of the school environment. With Wannebo the School began to expand its possibilities. Part of this , I suppose was because of his own international outlook. His wife, Paula, was French, his own heritage was European and his daughter,

Antoinette, approaching high school age and attending the school her Father was running, was smart and eager to learn. He was an American running an international school from an international point of view. It was a perfect situation.

One situation developed worth recounting for it demonstrates the importance of the School in the community and how its reputation could be sullied rather easily. I received a call from the Office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sheik Mohammed Bin Mubarrak Al Khalifa, asking me to call on the Minister in his office. By then I knew him pretty well, and the fact that he did not simply speak to me over the phone indicated something beyond the ordinary. I arranged a time to meet with him and he, after the gracious greeting, the inevitable Arab coffee, told me the School had a problem. He said one of the women boarding students was exposing herself in public and causing much concern in town. He made very clear that this could not continue; even said something about Bahrain having been tolerant when we had difficulties with the students using drugs. He said some members of the Royal family were considering sending their children to the School, and such thing as this did not help in their decision. I assured him I could not conceive of any student I knew doing such a thing but would find out and if the rumor was true, put an end to it. I discussed the matter with Wannebo, who felt, as did I, that none of the woman students met the description, either in appearance or behavior. The counselors in the woman's dorm were adamant, it was not one of their girls. Our investigation at the School turned up nothing, until one day the Supply Officer came hurriedly to my office to say he had seen the girl and she was, at that moment, in the Alireza Cold Store (a store selling frozen foods), bending over in a miniskirt and no underwear looking at magazines with a group of Bahraini men standing behind her. I called the head of Bahraini security, a British official, and asked help in identifying the girl. It developed she was the daughter of an off shore oil driller who was away from his home on an oil rig. While he was away the Mother and Daughter were attracting men to their house and making money. I informed the Foreign Minister of what information I had discovered. It was corroborated by the head of Security and before the oil driller returned home his wife and daughter had been put on a plane back to the States. There was, of course, much relief that it was not a student at the School, but concern that the School was the first thought in such a circumstance.
The School's early reputation changed quickly under Wannebo and today it is very much a part of the Bahraini scene. The son of the then Crown Prince, (now the Emir of Bahrain) is a graduate of the School, as are the sons and daughters of other members of the Royal Family as well as children of many distinguished Bahrain families. By any standard the School is a success, with National Merit Scholars, qualified entrance into both US and European University systems, and through its students makes a much more lasting impression on the Bahraini culture than is possible by any number of deployed American warships.
Another of the interesting annual events was the visit to Ethiopia for the graduation ceremonies of their Naval Academy. Emperor Haille Selassie made a celebration of honoring the Navy cadets as they graduated, inviting all maritime countries to take part. All countries with naval units that operated in that part of

the world usually participated. There was always a Russian ship, French, British, Dutch, and representatives from local countries with various types of Naval craft; patrol boats from Saudi Arabia for instance. Meeting with the various heads of the navies in the area or if they weren't developed navies, the Ministers of Defense who wanted to buy a Navy, occurred on an informal basis during the three-day ceremony. Saudi Arabia was the most interested in acquiring something more impressive than the few small patrol craft they had. Prince Sultan, the brother of King Fahd was intrigued by this. His son is the Saudi Ambassador to this country today, and was later one of the first foreign students at a new program started at the National War College. When I tried to talk with Prince Sultan about the long-range matters of personnel training, replacement and maintenance of ships, he did not seem interested in details, just wanted to buy a sixteen or nineteen ship Navy. His main interest was what a Navy would cost. We made some of the best friends we've ever had during our time there.
I went to the Middle East assignment after the usual Defense and State briefings designed to portray our national interests in the area. The emphasis was understandably on Israel. I even carried two passports so I could visit Israel without embarrassing the Arab states and vice versa. The general attitude with which I arrived was of the difficulty the beleaguered state of Israel experienced trying to survive in a hostile environment. U.S. policy was to help that nation exist. I came home feeling that something was wrong with our policy. The aggression existed but it came from the other direction. What is going on over there right now is not the difficult development of a vibrant state of Israel, it's the development of a theocracy that is going to fall flat on its face for demographic reasons, if something isn't done to share the land. That is so apparent when you live there, you cannot come away with any other conclusion. The public image of the region in Europe and in Asia is quite different from the US image of the place. I don't mean it's all pro-Arab or pro-Muslim, it is just that this isn't going to work the way it's being done. Israel isn't going to be able to survive by a long run policy they of a few people control millions by military power alone, even with our help.

WINKLER. Your world view was it changed because of these conversations?

BAYNE: My world view reversed because of living there. Very definitely.

WINKLER: Now, after you left. of course. there was the October '73 War. And that . . . at that time. you were at the National War College. Consequently. relations between us and these Arab countries kind of soured.

BAYNE: Sure.

WINKLER: Getting back to Ethiopia briefly. did you have a chance to meet the Russians?

BAYNE: We saw them at least once a year during the three years we were there. Rear Admiral Kruglikov was in Ethiopia each time I was there. He brought a Russian Kotlin

class destroyer to Ethiopian Navy Days to be his flagship. Usually it was a modified Kotlin, stretched out and larger than the original class. We were good competitors. I liked him, and he liked me, and he loved to dance with Sibyl. She is a good dancer, and there was much social activity during the three days of graduation ceremonies. The protocol was that all calls were considered to have been made and returned. You did not get into that everybody calling on everybody routine. It would have been endless.

> Kruglikov did not speak English, and I didn't speak Russian, so we communicated through an interpreter .The last year I was there the ship I used as Flagship was USS *Wainwright*, a guided missile cruiser. She was too deep, drawing twenty eight feet, to enter the harbor.

I had her anchored right at the harbor entrance so she dominated the maritime scene. Congestion in the port was severe; not enough room for the ships, crowded and difficult to establish ship identity. *Wainwright* was the largest ship there. The others could get into the harbor and tie up alongside the dock which was more convenient, but much less visible. I was commuting by boat that year. At night, with her dress lights on—all the ships were dressed—*Wainwright* dominated everything. She looked like something from another planet. The great U.S. was there. Well, Kruglikov didn't like it. It was too overpowering for him. He had arrived in a new, modified Kotlin, which was the largest ship he had used, and I imagine he had expected to project a significant image. But he was pretty outclassed with *Wainwright*, and he began to ride me that I was not playing the game properly. He said I did not bring her into port because she was a "secret ship". I am sure he meant she was carrying nuclear weapons, and he was trying to gain some ground in getting me to admit it. He said we kept her anchored out because we wanted no one on board her. I countered with saying she drew twenty-eight feet and that was that. Finally, at one of the large social affairs, with many people listening to us, his needling became pretty constant, accusing me of not playing by the proper rules; not doing what the Emperor had desired by bringing in a "secret ship". Finally I said, "Well. Admiral. you re right. You're absolutely right. *Wainwright* is the most secret ship in the US Navy ." It stopped the clock. Everyone stopped talking and gathered around us. After the interpreter told him that, he looked at me and nodded like he understood. I said, "You can understand how I must protect those secrets. They are all packed in the bottom foot of her keel. We keep them there to protect them, and if I bring her in and she gets a hole in the bottom all those secrets will get out." It took a while to translate that so he understood it, but when he finally caught it he threw his arms around me—he was a huge man, laughed uproariously , and said, " Admiral, may I call on you?" And I said. "I wish you would. I will return your call". So we broke the rule about calls. I sent a boat in for him next morning. He came out, and I showed him all over the ship. He was very appreciative, and I returned the call the next day but he never let me get below decks. We stayed topside. He had a civilian commissar with him the whole time. He did not have the freedom I had. As we left that year, he said. "We're going to come back next year and I'm going to bring you a bottle . . . I'll bring two bottles of vodka, one for you and one for me. We sit down and we figure it out." And I said, "Well, I'll bring a bottle of bourbon. I don't trust the vodka." He laughed and we parted. I never saw him again. But that was the

atmosphere at Ethiopian Navy Day. It was a different environment, and everyone was friendly in our group of navies.

WINKLER: That was also a period of. I think . . . *let's* see I won't say exactly détente . . . Nixon went to Moscow in May of '72 . . . so
BAYNE: Well. it was a period when we were talking a bit more. I wrote quite a few messages back . . . even back channel messages that suggested we take more interest in the Soviet buildup out there. When the British left the Soviets took that to mean their interest in the region had waned , and when we said we were not going to do any more than we had done before they undoubted felt Western nations has left the way open for them. There was much discussion, and studies about what to do with the Middle East Force, whether to beef it up or not. It was decided not to do that. By that non-action we indicated our interests were elsewhere. So, it was natural that the Soviets would begin to be more active, and they did. They began to use the deep sea buoys off Aden regularly. They always had ships there and in Aden and

WINKLER: Somalia.

BAYNE: And Somalia. They began to do things they had not done before, began to increase their forces in the area.
. After I retired, some five years later, Tom Hayward, then the CNO, asked me to be the JCS Representative to the Indian Ocean Limitation Talks. Paul Warnke was the Chairman of this effort to agree on the force levels we would operate there. We met in Moscow, we met Bern, Switzerland to be on neutral ground and twice, in Washington. It was nothing but a delaying action on the part of the Soviets.. At a time they were talking with us about limiting forces in the region, we had French photographs of more new stuff coming into Somalia than they had used before. Landing ships, tanks being rolled ashore, everything. They were just piling it up. So we cut off the talks. I guess you could call it strategic lying. But I think we made a big policy mistake allowing the impression to linger that the region met no more to us strategically in 1970 after the British left that it had previously with the British forces there. . Had we filled the vacuum left by the British, we would not have had the Soviets in Afghanistan, we would not have had US hostages in Iran; in fact the Shah may not have fallen to the Ayatollah, and we probably would have avoided the Iraq situation had we indicated more of a strategic interest in the region. We could have done that. It would have been very easy to do it then. But that is said with a lot of hindsight.

WINKLER: Well they were cutting back the fleet decommissioning a lot of World War II

BAYNE: Britain tried to walk back the decision to pull out, whether in recognition of our lack of interest I do not know. There was a change in Prime Minister before the British pull back. Heath replaced Wilson and sent a bunch of envoys running around the

Gulf asking the people in Qatar, the former Trucial States and Oman if they desired a continued British presence. They were told no.

WINKLER: Wilson?

BAYNE: Wilson. Wilson. He reopened the notion of leaving. How about staying? Not pulling out? The answer was you said you were going to go; now go. There would've been a big political problem if they hadn't pulled out. So they left. It was a funny feeling to stand on that dock and see those British ships leave. Yet, even with the reluctance of the British to stay, I know more of a US presence could have been managed had we decided on it. We had arranged to use some of Jufair, the British base in Bahrain with its communication capability. We took that over. And other parts of Jufair were used to build the school and set up a Middle East Force Support Command, but the rest of it, by far the largest part, went back to Bahrain. We negotiated the landing rights for the Middle East Force airplane at Maharraq, the airfield, and the dock space for the Flagship at Mina Sulman. All that for 600,000 Bahraini dinar a year. The initial proposal was in dollars but the agreement was in dinars. . I have no idea what the terms are today, but I guarantee it's many, many times that original 600,000.

WINKLER: Your National War College tour. You were Commandant in your last tour.

BAYNE: When I came back, I was assigned as Commandant of the National War College.

WINKLER: Now. at this time, you were a two-star. Was the War College a three-star billet?

BAYNE: The War College was a three-star billet, and I was promoted on my orders detaching me from Middle East Force to Vice Admiral. I was detached as a Vice Admiral, came back and reported to Fort McNair, and was assigned those gorgeous quarters, Quarters 7, a part of the original Stanford White design. It was a stimulating assignment and at first I felt way out of my depth. I had been affected by the Middle East experience, so set up an enlarged Middle East emphasis at the War College, and gradually built the curriculum around the notion that competition basic to the human condition. People are more competitive than they are cooperative; and security systems have been built on that human condition since human beings started building fences around what they planted in the ground. I wanted to approach national security from the anthropological view, and build up an academic understanding for the need for a national security system . . . what vital interests really are—what individual conceptual frameworks are required to provide students a solid basis to move into policy levels. These students are pretty classy people. They have been highly selected, have an average of 18 or 19 years service in either the military, the Department of State or the Executive Branch of government, over half of them already have graduate degrees and statistically about half will someday be Admirals, Generals or Ambassadors. So, this is no ordinary group of individuals.

WINKLER: You didn't have . . . I was trying to recall you didn't have a graduate degree?

BAYNE: No. I gave up graduate school in clinical psychology when I got involved with the military. But I sensed a compelling need to build a war college experience on something besides gaming, or something besides strategic use of forces, and so far as I know, that's pretty well been continued. During the first year and a half I was there the Congress began to make noises about the duplication at the Service Schools. The Fisher House Subcommittee on Education felt we should merge the War College and the Industrial College of the Armed Forces into a single entity. I imagine the motive was saving money, but the missions of the Schools were so different, a merger would be wrong.

There were areas where duplication had developed over the years; separate visual aids functions, publishing functions, libraries, but the curricula were separate and should remain so; the War College dealing with geopolitical considerations and the Industrial College with Industrial Mobilization. . . So merging them was really not a proposal for efficiency. There was no argument that some economies could be realized by merging some of the administrative duplications. Secretary of Defense William Clements was a supporter of the Schools. He believed in education and is a realist. We came up with the proposal to put a university cap over not only the War College and the Industrial College but the Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk and the Management School at Fort Belvoir. We gave up a Vice Admiral billet and the trappings that went with that . The University President had Vice Admiral rank, but the heads of the other Colleges were two star rank. There were some savings in merging some of the administrative departments. And that is how the Defense University was created. I was asked to be its first President and served as such until retirement from the Navy in February 1977. There was a notion at the outset that the University would be somewhat hierarchical at the apex of the military educational system, but you can imagine the Service confusion such a notion generated. Army, Navy and Air War Colleges felt their missions were service related and so autonomous. We did establish a relationship among the five Colleges; the Industrial College, the War College and the three Service Schools. They met quarterly to guard against curricula duplication, and to preserve mission specificity of the Schools.
I was amused when the Goldwater-Nichols bill placed emphasis on Joint Education. Suddenly each of the Service Schools was teaching Joint subjects and had been for years. I was asked to be the Navy member on the Senior Schools review Board which was established to examine these Schools in light of the Goldwater-Nichols directive. By then I had retired and was not so politic as some of the others, and had a little trouble with the conclusions that saw all the Schools already meeting the requirements for Joint education; each in its own way. I am not aware of any impact the Review Board made. I think the National Defense University survived all right. I'm not totally sure of that. It has set up, as you know, a Foundation, trying to raise money to augment its teaching staff. I sat on the Foundation Board for a time, Chaired its Executive Committee, but it was difficult to explain to corporations and potential donors why they should donate money to a Defense institution which should be supported by Defense budgets.

When the world settles down and we no longer sense a need for large standing forces, unless we make the mistake of keeping commitments so far ahead of the forces that we *can't* meet the commitments, we will spend more time on military education. In the military. the educational system is wonderfully developed. It would be a shame to dismantle it.

WINKLER: I think you did mention to me when you were over at the National War College. you met up with the Russians again?

BAYNE: I don't remember saying that. It may have been the time of the Limitation talks although the Defense University was not a part of that.

WINKLER: Okay.

BAYNE: The Defense University and the quarters were national representation property. Occasionally we would have some official visitor from Hungary or some relatively minor official national guest. We had many guests in the house overnight and people for dinners and receptions. There could have been some Russian involvement in some of that, but I do not remember anything out of the ordinary.

WINKLER: Okay. All right. Thank you for your time.