

Volume 1 of All Me Blooming Life is an autobiographical account of a Cold War Naval Career in nuclear submarines. Captain Hyland's career included duty in both missile and attack submarines as well as duty as a naval attaché.

**All Me Bloomin Life: Volume 1 - Life in the Navy,
Recollections of a Cold War Naval Career**

By John J. Hyland III

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VOLUME 1 LIFE IN THE NAVY

All Me Bloomin Life

Recollections of a Cold War Naval Career

A photograph of a submarine on the surface of the ocean. The submarine is dark and has a conning tower. In the background, there is a large, rugged cliff face. The sky is blue with some clouds.

John J. Hyland III,
Captain, USN (ret)

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Chapter 3: The Adventure Begins

United States Naval Academy 1958—1962

As I think about it now, I'd say on one level my active duty service is a story of a naïve, callow youth growing into a naval officer the service would trust with command of two of its submarines. It's a story of learning to focus on the job, to prepare for and overcome adversity, and to use failure to improve. On another concurrent level these years are the story of my marriage to Ann and our growing love and mutual support as we raised our family and dealt with increasing professional responsibilities. As a midshipman all I had to worry about was academics, athletics, and occasionally my next date. As a newly married junior officer those concerns expanded to taking care of a division of sailors while Ann and I adjusted to life together. Ann made the adjustment to married life easy, and on the boat the professionalism of submarine sailors I nominally led made even the difficult days of a patrol acceptable. The arrival of our children and my advancement to department head complicated both the personal and professional aspects of our life together. The increased span of my responsibilities as Navigator and Operations Officer meant relying on junior officers and Chief Petty Officers to accomplish day-to-day activities. At home children meant finding housing where the schools were good and assuring Ann had adequate support when I was at sea. The next step—Executive Officer—made me responsible for running the boat day-to-day in the way the Commanding Officer wanted. In a word I became Mr. Inside, while the CO was Mr. Outside, handling relations with the Submarine Squadron Staff. As CO I became Mr. Outside and set the standards the XO maintained inside.

When I was the XO and CO, Ann became the “mother hen” to the younger wardroom wives and with the wife of the Chief of the Boat the “mother hen” to the wives of the enlisted personnel in addition to

taking care of our children, running the house, and maintaining the budget. I cannot exaggerate how important Ann was to any professional success I had and to raising our children pretty much single handed.

USNA 101

When I arrived at the US Naval Academy in the summer of 1958, Annapolis, MD was a sleepy little city that revolved around the Academy except when, as Maryland's capital, it hosted the state legislature. The Academy is a small school of about four thousand in the Brigade of Midshipmen.

The Yard, as the Academy campus is known, consisted of Bancroft Hall, where all midshipmen are housed; the Naval Academy Chapel, where John Paul Jones' tomb is located; various academic buildings invariably named for naval officers most of whom are unknown outside the Academy; various athletic buildings and playing fields, also named for Navy or Marine Corps officers; a parade ground; married officers' quarters; an officers' club; a hospital; and various administrative offices. Bordered by the Severn River, Annapolis Harbor, and the town of Annapolis, the Academy began as a ten-acre site and has grown to its current size, just over three hundred acres, primarily through land fill. Nevertheless, the Yard remains quite compact. All the academic buildings are within a few minutes' walk from Bancroft Hall, as are most of the athletic facilities, and a midshipman could walk from one end to the other of the Yard in less than fifteen minutes.

Today Annapolis no longer revolves around the Academy. It has become an exurb of Baltimore and Washington and a major yachting center. In 1958 Annapolis boasted two main commercial streets. Maryland Avenue, known to midshipmen as Robbers Row, led to the Maryland State House and featured inexpensive restaurants midshipmen could afford and uniform shops catering to graduating midshipmen. Main Street ran from the harbor to Church Circle and was the main commercial street. Over the past decades as yachting

became the prime commercial mover in Annapolis, the town has expanded across the harbor to Eastport as well as further inland and the yachting support infrastructure dominates the harbor area. Main Street has become more chic, while Maryland Avenue has not.

Academics

When I arrived at Annapolis, the Naval Academy faculty ratio was about one third civilian and two thirds military. In mathematics, English, history, and government, and foreign languages the faculty was largely civilian. Everywhere else it was largely military. I remember the Kent masters who were excellent teachers, but I have no recollection any professors at Annapolis. In my plebe year, however, I reaped the benefit of the Kent curriculum. Those masters irrefutably readied me for college; hence, going to Kent provided a consistent, high quality curriculum. I had already studied most of English, math, science, history, and language courses offered to plebes. With the other pressures of plebe year, the fact that I was repeating all or parts of most of the courses gave me a tremendous advantage. I made the Superintendent's List and stood fiftieth in the class at the end of the year. In spite of that record, I came very close to failing Engineering Drawing. I went to extra instruction regularly and managed to pass with a 2.52 on the strength of a good final exam.

After plebe year, I encountered new material and my class standing slipped. I never stood as high in the class standings as I had at the end of plebe year, although my grades remained the same. Admiral Rickover and his staff noted the drop in my class standing from 50 after plebe year to 100 in my first class year; they were not pleased with either the drop in my class standing or my explanation for it.

The Academy graded on a 4.0 scale with 2.5 being the minimum passing grade. Every midshipman had to pass every course with a 2.5 or better. Failing any class resulted in dismissal from the Academy. On rare occasions when midshipmen failed a course they were allowed to turn back. Turning back meant they had to repeat the entire year in

which they had failed a course, graduating with the class behind the one in which they began.

Midshipmen with a grade point average [GPA] of 3.4 or higher were on the Superintendent's List (Supe's List), the equivalent of the Dean's List at a civilian university. Unlike the criteria for a civilian university's Dean's List, the criteria for the Supe's List included grades for physical education and military aptitude, known as grease. My GPA profited from both those grades.

Making the Supe's List entitled a midshipman to wear stars above the anchors on the Service Dress Blue uniform; thus, midshipmen on the list were referred to as wearing stars. Wearing stars came with a substantial privilege—extra liberty. A second classman on the Supe's List was allowed to leave the Academy for one weekend each semester. A first classman on the list got an additional weekend liberty for a total of three per semester. I found that I could not avail myself of these extra weekends, play varsity sports, and continue to make the Supe's List.

When I attended the Naval Academy, there was one course of study for all midshipmen. Classes were small, no more than fifteen in a class. The emphasis was on rote learning. In math, science, and engineering classes, if no student had a question about the homework, the professor had students demonstrate (recite) the solutions to the homework in front of the class.

The USNA curriculum was dominated by mathematics, science, engineering, and professional courses, i.e. navigation, seamanship, weapons systems. I was able to maintain an average around 3.3 in these courses, but I had to work hard for those grades.

In addition, there were required physical education (swimming, boxing, wrestling, running) and military leadership courses. Ironically some of the best varsity athletes had difficulty with the required physical education classes. Football players and wrestlers often failed the swimming tests and spent weeks on the Sub Squad until they

passed the required test. Physical education and military aptitude grades counted on a midshipman's GPA. My grades in both these non-academic areas improved my GPA.

English, history, and government were of lesser importance in the standard curriculum, as indicated by the midshipmen's slang term for them, bull. Similarly, foreign languages, dago in midshipman slang, were considered less important. Bull and dago disappeared from the required curriculum after youngster year, the truest sign of their relative unimportance. These were the areas where I received the highest grades, regularly above 3.6, and they kept me on the Supe's List.

Exceptional students, who found studies easy, were known as slashes in Academy slang. Students like me who had to work to stay on the Superintendent's List were known as grinds. A slash could play bridge in the evening study hours, do his homework, and get good marks; I could not. I was a grind. I deliberately never learned to play bridge to avoid the pressure to be a fourth in the games that took place every evening.

In my second class year (1960-61) under pressure from Naval Reactors, the Academy introduced overload courses as an option. Midshipmen could take one extra course per semester. The Rickover assumption was that most midshipmen who overloaded would take a course in math, science, or engineering. As an incentive to add to an already chock-a-block schedule the Academy allowed a midshipman to substitute a grade of 3.0 or better in an overload course for any grade of 3.0 or better in a required course.

This may not seem like much of an incentive, but it was. A midshipman's GPA determined the order in which he made his service selection in his first class year. The midshipman who stood first in the class chose first; the midshipman who stood last, the anchorman, chose last. Choosing early on service selection night meant having a better chance of getting the service—Navy, Marines, Air Force—and the

branch—Aviation, Submarines, Surface, Marine Infantry, Marine Air—that you wanted.

Here is how I profited from the overload system. I took extra courses in French where I routinely earned a grade of 3.8 or better. I then substituted that 3.8 for the 3.2 or 3.3 that I eked out in one of the required science and engineering courses, improving my GPA and class standing. It was a no brainer.

Another bonus of overloading in French was that it exposed me to the Olmsted Scholarship, which had just started up a few years earlier. This scholarship required an officer to study in a country where English was not the native language and to do his studies in the foreign language. The foreign language department was an enthusiastic promoter of this program and encouraged those who were overloading in foreign languages to apply for it, which I did. Serendipity!

In 1962 10% of the class could choose to go into the Air Force, whose academy had graduated its first class in 1958. The Air Force was an attractive choice for some midshipmen for at least three reasons. First, the Air Force allowed graduating midshipmen to go directly into graduate school, which the Navy did not. That made the Air Force especially attractive to anyone who wanted to go to graduate school. Second, duty in the Air Force did not involve sea duty. That made the Air Force attractive to midshipmen whose summer cruise experiences convinced them they did not want a career that included sea duty. Third, the Air Force offered more opportunities to become a pilot than the Navy.

Most graduates consider the Naval Academy a good place to have graduated from, but, while there, no midshipman regards the Naval Academy as a good place to be. With few exceptions all midshipmen long to be done with the Academy, and they all love to get away from it whenever they can. I certainly fell in with the majority of midshipmen in being anxious to get away from the Academy. Being on the Superintendent's List (Dean's List) had the benefit of providing

extra liberty and playing varsity sports provided another avenue to more time away from the Academy.

To get into the Navy Nuclear Power Program a midshipman had to be selected by Naval Reactors [NR] after interviewing with Admiral Rickover. As I began my first class year in 1961, three things were clear to me:

- Nuclear submarines were the future of the Navy, just as battleships had been when my grandfather graduated in 1900 and just as naval aviation had been when my father graduated in 1934.
- Getting into the Navy Nuclear Power program could lead to a good career.
- A good GPA was a prerequisite to getting an interview at NR.

Sports

Sports were an important part of the Academy experience. Today it can be difficult to remember that in the late 50s and early 60s Navy was among the powerhouses in college athletics. In 1961 Navy won the national championship in squash. The lacrosse team won the national championship outright in 1960 and 1962 and tied for it with Army in 1961. In 1962 the basketball team went to the National Invitational Tournament in New York, while the wrestling team placed third in the Eastern Intercollegiate Championships. In football Navy beat Miami, Notre Dame, Virginia, and Army.

For all Navy teams the *sine qua non* of a successful season is a win over Army. Football is the sport where this rivalry is nationally known. But Army and Navy play against one another in virtually every sport—baseball, basketball, one hundred fifty-pound football, lacrosse, soccer, track and field, swimming and diving, fencing, squash, tennis, rifle and pistol, tennis, and golf, to name some of them. In the fall, winter, and spring there is an Army-Navy weekend when the two academies' teams play one another. The general public focuses on the

football game but misses most of the other contests, which are as hotly contested as the football game.

Plebe Year 1958—1959

Plebe (freshman) classes at USNA started with a nominal one thousand two hundred midshipmen. Plebe year attrition ran 15—20 percent. Many plebes left during plebe summer before the Brigade of Midshipmen returned from summer activities outside the Academy. The most unhappy and most likely to leave in the summer were sons of graduates whose families pressured them to attend USNA.

As for compensation, midshipmen at Annapolis do receive a salary, half that of an ensign—about one hundred eleven dollars per month during my four years at the Naval Academy. Most of the salary paid for uniforms, required books, and other school supplies. In 1959 the residual pay that I actually collected, known as the monthly insult, amounted to five dollars a month. By the time I graduated the monthly insult had grown to twenty dollars a month.

Money almost did not matter, however, since liberty—permission to leave the grounds of the Academy—was so limited. Plebes could go into Annapolis on Saturday afternoon after noon meal, but they had to return in time for the Saturday evening meal formation. Youngsters (sophomores) and second classmen (juniors) had slightly more liberal liberty hours, but they could go into town only on the weekends. Like plebes they had to make (be present at) evening meal formations. First classmen (seniors) were the only class allowed to leave the Academy overnight on the weekend, and in 1961-62 we were allowed two weekends per semester.

My plebe year began in the summer of 1958 shortly after I graduated from Kent. As I noted earlier, plebe year academics were largely a repeat of courses I had had at Kent. Repeating those courses allowed me to do well while I adapted to the rigors of plebe year hazing and the discipline of military life.

Plebe summer introduces the new midshipmen to the basics of military life. Except for the plebe detail, a cadre of second class midshipmen (juniors), the entire brigade was away from the Academy on summer cruises. On the first day plebes received military haircuts and uniforms before being taking the oath of office in Memorial Hall in Bancroft Hall. Second classmen taught plebes how to wear uniforms, march in formation, and various other aspects of life at the Academy. Marine drill sergeants taught them to shoot rifles and pistols on the rifle range. Salty chief petty officers taught them basic seamanship.

The Life of Midshipmen

The Brigade of Midshipmen returned from its various summer cruises in early September 1958. The Brigade of Midshipmen consisted of two regiments; each regiment was further divided into six battalions. Each battalion consisted of four companies. Each company consisted of about one hundred fifty midshipmen. A company had four platoons, each of which consisted of three squads. A squad was anywhere from ten to fourteen midshipman and they were your tablemates for most meals.

A midshipman's company was his home for the four years he spent at the Academy. Company mates attended class, stood for inspection before noon and evening meal, marched to chow together, played on company sports teams, and marched in parades as a unit. A midshipman's company became his new family, especially his fellow classmates in the company. Midshipman lived with their company and roomed with members of their class in the company. The bonds formed within the company would last a lifetime.

The Commissioned Officers

Commissioned officers oversaw the daily activities of the Brigade. Each battalion had a battalion officer, usually a Commander, while each company had its own company officer, usually a Navy Lieutenant or a Marine Corps Captain. The Marine Corps sent impressive officers

to the Academy as company officers in an effort to recruit midshipmen into the Marine Corps.

My company officers were naval officers and they were not as impressive as the Marine Corps company officers. One was a naval aviator who did not conceal his disappointment with his assignment as a company officer and his desire to go to Test Pilot School. A second was a former quarterback on the Navy football team, and he made clear that his major interest was coaching quarterbacks on the football team, not being a company officer. Later he went on to a very successful coaching career at Virginia. In my youngster year my company officer was the Army Exchange Officer, and he was the only impressive company officer I had. I have no recollection of the fourth company officer.

My Company

I was assigned to the 15th company in a four-man room with Dave Arnold, Norm Emerson, and Bert Huchberger. Dave, Norm, and I all went into nuclear submarines when we graduated. Bert went into the Air Force. When the Brigade returned, the first classmen (seniors in the Class of 1959) in each company looked over the plebes and selected one as their plebe to mentor. My firstie took little interest in me, and I cannot recall his name.

I did not respond well to the hazing that characterized plebe year. First (seniors) and second (juniors) classmen indulged in mental and physical harassment interspersed with yelling and screaming whenever a plebe failed to answer their questions quickly enough. In theory the goal of this hazing was to teach plebes how to operate under extreme pressure and not to freeze up. The hazing often seemed to focus on the least imposing plebes in a deliberate effort to force them to resign. I was sufficiently disenchanted with the whole process that I participated in it as little as I could when I was a second and first classman.

Regardless of what I thought of plebe year I had to put up with it. The only arena where as a plebe I could exact a measure of revenge on upperclassmen was on the athletic fields where rank did not count. Although I had never played squash, I was the best squash player in the 15th company. In competition with any upperclassman I used what skill I had not just to beat him but also to make him regret that he had stepped onto the court with me. By Thanksgiving no 15th company upperclassman would play me. They knew what to expect by then and thought better of playing me, but they liked the wins I produced in intramural competition.

In 1958, Navy did not recruit athletes in any sport except football. However, during plebe year varsity and junior varsity coaches in all sports paid special attention to anyone with a modicum of experience or talent during Physical Education [PE] classes. The swimming coach, the same coach who was at the Academy when Dad and Uncle Bill were on the team, tried to recruit me on the basis of my last name. I knew how to swim and passed the PE tests without any problem, but I had never swum competitively.

The wrestling coach asked me to try out for the team based on what he saw in PE (i.e. my Kent wrestling experience), but I had no interest in making weight any longer. The squash coach, Art Potter, focused on recruiting players cut from the basketball team, because they were agile and had decent footwork, and on anyone who had played tennis. At any rate, that winter I made the plebe squash team. Walt Martin, another 15th company plebe, also made the squad. John Baehr, Colin Fox and Tom Quinn also made the squash team. Walt, John, and I continued to play squash and made the varsity squad as youngsters, but after plebe year Colin and Tom decided to focus on tennis and did not try out for the varsity squash team.

In the spring I made the plebe tennis team as did John, Colin, and Tom. All four of us made the varsity as youngsters. Colin and Tom became mainstays on the tennis team. John and I made the team, but rarely played in matches.

Youngster Year 1959—1960

At the end of the June Week plebes become third classmen or youngsters only after they place a cap on the top of the Herndon monument, officially ending plebe year. The upperclassmen grease the monument and water the area to saturation the night before graduation to make it more difficult for the plebes to get the cap on top of the monument. I simply threw away the uniform I wore to the Herndon Monument that day; no amount of washing could have resurrected it to wearable condition. Today this tradition is much more closely regulated than it was in 1959.

Out to Sea

The day after graduation my classmates and I departed on summer cruise. None of us was thrilled with the prospect of a cruise through the Saint Lawrence Seaway and into the Great Lakes to celebrate the 1959 opening of the Saint Lawrence Seaway, but we did not get a vote. In our dream's European ports, not in Midwestern ports, were to be the highlight of summer cruise.

I was assigned to the USS Haynesworth (DD-700), a World War II destroyer, for the cruise. Haynesworth steamed from Annapolis down the Chesapeake Bay and into the Atlantic, proceeding up the East Coast to the Saint Lawrence River and into the Great Lakes. We made port calls in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Cleveland. In the course of the summer I worked alongside the enlisted crew on the deck gang, in the engineering spaces, and in the forward five-inch gun mount.

At the end of the cruise we departed on summer leave. Dad was then assigned to the Navy Staff in the Pentagon, and my family lived in Alexandria on Albany Lane. I went home and spent most of that summer leave at the Army-Navy Country Club swimming and playing tennis.

The Return

The Brigade returned in early September. During youngster year I roomed with Mike Abercrombie and Dave Arnold, both of whom went into nuclear submarines after graduation. Naval Academy slang for roommate is wife, and it is accurate. More than 50 years after we roomed together, the bond of our years at Annapolis remains strong. Mike and I continued to room together for second and first class years.

I continued to make the Superintendent's List throughout youngster year, but I remember little of the specific courses I took. I continued to rely on English, History, Government and French courses to compensate for mathematics and engineering courses to keep my overall average over 3.4. I could make the same comments about academics for second and first class years.

Dealing with a Bully

In the fall I went out for the varsity squash team. One of the other midshipmen trying out for the team was Jim Maxwell, a first classman and the backup quarterback on the football team. He was a gifted athlete but his squash game depended largely on intimidating his opponents, by and large considerably smaller than he. In the round robin tournament to determine who made the team, I had to play him and I didn't look forward to the match.

True to form, Jim tried to push me around, but the effect was not what he expected. I responded in kind and lost no opportunity to block him into the side wall and hit him with the ball and the racket. He recognized that his tactic had backfired and angrily said, "You're deliberately hitting me, aren't you?" I acknowledged that I was doing exactly that and added that I would continue to do so. I won that match; Jim never came back. At the end of the round robin, I had made the team.

Squash and Coach Potter

Coach Art Potter arranged for the team to play friendly matches during the fall. After football games in Baltimore we played at the Maryland Athletic Club; after games in Philadelphia at the Merion Cricket Club. Playing in these exclusive clubs was a treat. Often the club member would ask the midshipman he'd played to stay for dinner. At Merion for two years in a row I played an older man who called himself The Silver Fox. He won the first time we played; I fell for his wiles. He was delighted and invited me to dinner. I won the next year, but the Silver Fox still invited me to dinner.

Coach Potter required that every team member play a ladder match every day and the nine players who ended up at the top of the ladder played in the intercollegiate match on Saturday. When I played on Saturdays as a youngster, it was in the ninth spot on the ladder. Coming into the Army match Coach Potter staged a round robin to determine the ladder for Army. I had to play and win at West Point in order to letter, because I hadn't played in enough matches during the season to letter otherwise. Fortunately, I played exceptionally well in the round robin and went to West Point in my usual ninth spot.

Coach Potter had another gimmick to encourage us not to let up in a match. We had a twenty-dollar pot; each player put a dollar and the coach added eleven dollars. The pot went to the player who gave up the fewest points in his match. Twenty dollars was a lot of money to midshipmen whose monthly spending money went from five dollars as a plebe to twenty dollars as a first classman, and it pretty much guaranteed that no one slacked off in a match.

At West Point I played well for the first two games of the match, and I began to count my twenty-dollar pot. Then I lost the third game, because I was so busy counting my money. And then I dropped the fourth game in a tiebreak. I managed to eke out the fifth game and earned my letter. Someone else got the twenty-dollar pot.

Tennis

In tennis I was less successful, although I made the team and traveled occasionally. Tennis matches consisted of six singles and three doubles, best two of three sets. The only times I played in matches were matches where Navy had already won overall. I played at third doubles.

There was an important advantage to making the tennis team; midshipmen on varsity teams did not have to march in the spring dress parades on Wednesdays. Visitors to the Academy may love the dress parades, and they are good public relations. But it is an understatement to say that the midshipmen did not like to march in them. The parade uniforms are woolen and uncomfortable; after a parade in the warm spring weather you could literally wring the sweat out of the uniform.

Second Class Year 1960—1961

When June week of 1960 ended, the class of 1962 embarked in Landing Ship Tanks [LST] anchored off Annapolis for the trip to Little Creek, VA and Marine Corps indoctrination. The culmination of our Marine Corps training was an amphibious landing on the beaches at Dam Neck, just to the south of Virginia Beach. From Virginia Beach we flew to Pensacola for Naval Aviation indoctrination where we flew in basic training aircraft, a T-34. While we were in Florida, we made a short side trip to Key West to embark for a day in the diesel submarines based there.

After completion of summer cruise, Dave Arnold, Mike Abercrombie, and I took a space available flight to Bermuda before returning home for summer leave. For a week or two we lived at the Bachelors Officers Quarters at one end of the island and toiled around Bermuda on motor scooters, stopping often for rum-based drinks. My family was still living on Albany Avenue in Alexandria and I went there for the remainder of summer leave.

When we returned to Annapolis as second classmen, we found ourselves transferred from the 15th to the 22nd company. All of the class of 1962 was moved from the company where they had spent their first two years to a new company. In theory this move gave everyone in the class a clean slate and was especially important for those whose plebe year had pegged them as underperformers. The change did not work out exactly as the theory had predicted, but it may have helped some escape the stigma of plebe year.

Match Maker, Match Maker ...

In second class year I unexpectedly turned into a match maker. I was dating Skip Wild, a Delta Delta Delta at the University of Maryland. I asked Skip if she had a sorority sister who might like to date Mike whom she had met. She fixed up Mike with Joanna, also a Tri Delt, and Joanna, in turn, fixed up John Gluck with Julia, another Tri Delt. Skip and I, on the other hand, went our separate ways. I had numerous other dates unlike Mike and John, who found their life partners in Joanna and Julia. Mike and Joanna and John and Julia have now been happily married for more than fifty years.

Home for Christmas

I flew home for Christmas leave in 1960 from Patuxent River to Argentia, Newfoundland, where Dad was Commander, Barrier Force, Atlantic (COMBARLANT). The barrier force flew Super Constellations between Argentia and Lages, Azores. The planes were the seaward extension of the Distant Early Warning [DEW] Line of radar stations in Canada and their mission was to provide early warning of a Soviet air strike on the US. Winter weather in Argentia was routinely atrocious. At the end of Christmas leave I was to fly back to Patuxent River on one of the Super Constellations and hitch hike from there back to the Academy. In the midst of a winter storm the plane was deiced and warmed up inside the hanger, taxied directly to the end of the runway, and took off immediately. This procedure was considered routine and it was necessary to maintain the airborne extension of the DEW line.

Squash & Tennis

That winter back at Annapolis on the squash team I moved up the ladder to sixth or seventh and played in all the matches. The only match I lost that year was against Princeton on the Saturday after the week when I had all four wisdom teeth pulled and did not practice. The match went to five games, but in the end, I couldn't pull it out. At the end of the season in 1961 I was elected captain of the team for the next year.

In the three years I played the only other squash match that I lost was in my first class year when Coach Potter, knowing we would win at Pittsburgh, put the first classmen into the match at one, two, and three. John Baehr, and Walt Martin and I would have won easily at our normal slots on the ladder, but we all took a lesson when we moved up. Navy won the match six to three.

I was again less successful in tennis, but I made the team and traveled for matches against Penn State and Pittsburgh. I marched in no parades, but my occasional play in matches was never enough for me to earn a letter in tennis. I knew that in the 1962 season, when I would be a first classman about to graduate, the coach would focus on grooming the youngsters and second classmen and I would have less chance to letter.

First Class Year 1961—1962

As soon as June Week ended, the class of 1962 became first classmen and departed for summer cruise. First class cruise was designed to introduce midshipmen to life as a junior officer in the fleet. My initial assignment was on a cruiser in the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean.

My professors in Foreign Languages had recommended me and another classmate for the first exchange cruise with the French Naval Academy, a bonus from overloading in French. I knew that this French Navy cruise was a possibility when I left Annapolis for the Mediterranean. However, the French Navy had not confirmed the

arrangements for the exchange, so I had left Annapolis expecting to spend the summer on the cruiser. However, I spent a week or two on the cruiser. The cruiser was a World War II ship, and the atmosphere was very formal with pre-World War II Navy rigidity. I stood bridge watches as Junior Officer of the Deck [JOOD] in Service Dress Khaki and was not enchanted.

French Navy Cruise

I was rescued by orders to report to the Naval Attaché in Paris for further transfer to the École Navale for a summer cruise. From the cruiser I went by helicopter to Sigonella in Sicily, then to Naples, and on to Paris. In Paris I learned that the French Navy still had not decided on the program. My classmate and I spent about two weeks in Paris, reporting to the Naval Attaché's office daily only to be dismissed for the day.

In retrospect Paris was wasted on me that summer. This was the first time I had traveled abroad, and I was overwhelmed. I was clueless in a world of French speakers, although I could read and write French well. I should have been able to do that after taking French for six years at Kent and Annapolis. But I had neither spoken nor heard French much in those six years. In the summer of 1961 no self-respecting Frenchman would admit to speaking English, which was not the *lingua franca* it has become today.

In Brest the French Navy ferried me and the other American midshipman across the harbor to Lanvéoc Poulmic, the location of the French Naval Academy. When we arrived at Lanvéoc-Poulmic, we were required to pay a call on the Commandant of the Academy, a French Navy Captain. The Commandant very politely explained to us in English that there were three languages in the world: German for beasts, English for birds, and French for people. He added that we would hear no more English for the summer. He was right. Except in port where Norwegians, Danes, and Dutch spoke more English than French, I heard only French for the rest of the summer.

I must be honest: my only real memory of that time is of sitting in a Left Bank nightclub listening to Melina Mercouri singing “*Jamais le Dimanche*” (“Never on Sunday”) as I nursed a drink. I don’t remember visiting the Louvre, climbing the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe, visiting les Invalides, seeing Sacré Coeur and Montmartre, or doing any of the other obligatory things for first-time visitors to Paris.

Fils d’eau

The French Naval Academy consisted of a two-year course at the Academy followed by a year-long cruise around the world on the training ship, Jeanne d’Arc. First year students, known as *fils d’eau* (sons of water), take a short summer cruise on French Navy ships, and that’s what was in store for me. But not right away.

The *fils d’eau* cruise was not scheduled to begin for three weeks, so I went to class with *les fils d’eau*. I would have been a hit in English class, but there was no English class. At night we slept in hammocks, slung from the overhead just as they would be on the French Navy ships we embarked in a few weeks later. In the morning we stowed our hammocks and went off to class. In the afternoon we sailed in small boats. No one said a word in English. By evening meal, I was exhausted from trying to understand a language I’d studied with considerable success.

Once the second year students had graduated and embarked in Jeanne d’Arc, the *fils d’eau* embarked on their cruise, which sailed to Stavanger, Norway, Copenhagen, Denmark, and Rotterdam, Netherlands. If nothing else, these ports seemed to offer more promise than my youngster year ports of Chicago, Milwaukee, and Cleveland. We embarked in three small corvettes: le Pimodan, le Boulonnais, and a third ship, whose name I cannot dredge up.

French Midshipmen

The status of the French midshipmen on this cruise was nearly identical to that of a US midshipman on his third class cruise. They were treated as enlisted men, stood the same watches as enlisted men, ate the same food, and berthed in enlisted quarters. On one occasion, the ships conducted a demonstration of depth charges in the Norwegian Sea, each of the three ships rolling a depth charge off its stern. The depth charges stunned large number of fish, which floated to surface. All three captains immediately ordered lifeboats launched to recover the fish.

Pimodan's midshipmen launched the lifeboat but forgot to put in the plug for the drain in its bilge. The US Navy would never have allowed the midshipman trainees to make this basic error. Pimodan's first lifeboat took on water, collected no fish, and nearly sank, but none of the midshipmen ever forgot the plug again. The second lifeboat did not make the same error as the first and collected a large number of fish. We all ate fresh fish for evening meal.

Learning the Hard Way

The French Navy's willingness to allow the midshipmen to make mistakes and to learn from them extended to other aspects of the cruise as well. When the ships cruised in formation, the commissioned officers intervened only at the last moment when it became apparent that the midshipmen had lost the big picture or were about to endanger their ship. The US Navy that I had encountered on youngster cruise and on the cruiser was not so relaxed and made no allowances for midshipmen's errors. I came away with respect for the French system, which seemed better suited to teaching neophytes than the American system.

On another occasion Pimodan conducted an engineering drill that involved getting an injured man out of the engine room. The skipper deliberately chose a cadet from Saint Cyr, France's military academy, by far the tallest and heaviest of the trainees, as the injured man. When

we finally extracted the cadet from the engine room, the skipper declared the drill a success, and we celebrated with champagne in the wardroom. Not exactly a debrief along US Navy lines.

Plonk

Unlike the US Navy, which has a prohibition on alcohol consumption at sea, the French Navy served wine with lunch and dinner. Not great wine, *plonk*. The Pimodan's crew called it *le gros rouge qui tache* (the big red that stains). On occasion the crew would abstain from drinking the wine at lunch and then combine it with the allocation for dinner, resulting in tipsy watchstanders on the next watch. Another surprise for the innocent American that I was. Alcohol at sea is a mixed blessing at best.

Port Calls

Port calls with the French Navy were also a different story. When Pimodan moored alongside the pier in Stavanger, the first order was to put up an awning over the after deck and to prepare for the afternoon champagne reception for the movers and shakers of Stavanger as well as the town's most attractive daughters. The French midshipmen knew this was coming and thought nothing of it, but for me it was a most pleasant surprise. The procedure was the same in Copenhagen and in Rotterdam.

Two factors insured that the American mids had a most successful port call. The color of both the French and US Navy dress uniform is blue, but the US Navy's blue is darker than the French Navy blue. In every port the difference in uniforms had the benefit of making me and my Annapolis colleague stand out. In addition, in Norway, Denmark, and the Netherlands the girls spoke better English than French. This combination insured both of us probably enjoyed the port calls more than the French mids, not that any of us suffered after those initial receptions on the after deck.

Return to Brest

From Rotterdam the training squadron returned to Brest. The French midshipmen went back to the École Navale in Lanvéoc-Poulmic, and the two American midshipmen went back to Paris and from Paris flew back to Annapolis. The delays in starting the exchange cruise effectively ate up what would have been my summer leave that year. My stories of Paris, the cruise, and port calls in Norway, Denmark, and the Netherlands insured I got no sympathy whatsoever when I complained about not having had any leave.

I came back to Annapolis and resumed what, by then, was the regular routine of classes and sports. In the fall I managed to stay on the Super's List thanks to the 3.8 grade point average in French, and I worked myself back into shape on the squash courts.

First class midshipmen are appointed to various positions of authority during year. One set of midshipmen is appointed for the fall; another for the winter; and a third for the spring. The spring set is a selection of the best of the fall and winter sets. The Brigade Commander wears six stripes; regimental commanders five; battalion commanders four; company commanders three. Among midshipmen being a three striper or higher was considered a big deal.

Mike Abercrombie, my roommate since youngster year, was Sixth Battalion Commander in the fall of 1961. He moved into the Battalion Commanders room, leaving me without a wife (roommate) for the fall semester. Once the winter set took over, he moved back into the room. I was the 22nd Company Sub-Commander, a two-striper position in the fall and a platoon commander, another two-striper slot, in the spring.

An Enchanted Meeting

In 1961 Dad was stationed in Omaha, Nebraska at Offutt Air Force Base as the Atlantic Fleet Representative to the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff [JSTPS]. Earlier in his career when he was assigned to the Navy Staff he had been assigned to a small group of officers from

all the services whose job was to allocate the then limited number of nuclear weapons among the various services. That assignment had made him one of the few senior naval officers with experience in nuclear weapons matters.

At this time the Strategic Air Command [SAC] was headed by General Thomas Power. To make it clear that the Navy was not welcome, Dad, a Rear Admiral, was assigned sergeants quarters, and that is where I spent Christmas leave. The evening I arrived home, Dad's Chief Staff Officer, Commander Lew Neeb, a submariner, came over for cocktails. He quizzed me about my service intentions after graduation. I explained that I had my eye on a new destroyer homeported in Yokosuka, Japan for my first tour after which I would apply for nuclear power training. Commander Neeb explained that a better choice might be to apply for nuclear power training directly given the rapid expansion of the nuclear submarine force.

Although it was snowing heavily, Commander Neeb called his Arizona State University fraternity brother, Colonel Thomas P. Coleman, USAF, and asked if he could bring me over to meet Colonel Coleman's daughter, Ann. Neither Commander Neeb nor I knew that due to the snow Colonel Coleman had grounded his daughter so she had had to cancel her date for that evening. Commander Neeb and I drove over to the Coleman's quarters and I met Ann. With an old fraternity brother present, Ann's parents relented and allowed her to go out in spite of the snowstorm. We drove into Omaha and had a wonderful date. Serendipity in spades!

December 21, 1961 is a day that I still celebrate.

The next evening, I saw Ann again at a mixer for college students at the Offutt Officers Club. Much to my dismay she had a date for the following night. In spite of the competition from other suitors, I managed to snag a few more dates with Ann before I had to return to Annapolis. Commander Neeb made his point; Ann was going to the University of Connecticut, a short drive from Submarine School in New London. I saw the wisdom of going directly into the Navy

Nuclear Power Program and submarines and shelved any thought of going to a destroyer in Yokosuka.

Winter Goes By

That last winter semester passed quickly. I moved up to third or fourth on the squash team ladder, alternating with John Baehr. Walt Martin held down the fifth spot. Lee Pekary, a second classman, and Clark Graham, a youngster, played in the two top spots. In the spring I again made the tennis team, but, as I expected, my role was practice partner, cannon fodder for the up-and-coming players who were the future of the team.

I invited Ann to West Point for the winter Army-Navy sports weekend. Unfortunately, although I won my match, the squash team lost and I was a miserable date. In spite of this Ann came to Annapolis that spring for a weekend and agreed to come for June week, too. Her father, perhaps seeing the handwriting on the wall, commented wryly that at least the uniform was blue, if not Air Force blue.

Interviewing with Admiral Rickover

Every nuclear submariner from my era began his career with an interview with Admiral Rickover, the Kindly Old Gent [KOG] as he was ironically dubbed, since he was anything but kindly. And all of us who interviewed with Admiral Rickover have similar stories.

The KOG conducted the interviews over spring leave, meaning, of course, that candidates for the Navy Nuclear Power program got no spring leave. Naval Reactors [NR] headquarters were located on the north side of the mall alongside the reflecting pools between the Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument. Built to provide temporary office space for the expansion of the military during World War II, they were still in use in the spring of 1962. My interview process consisted of four sessions with the Admiral, because he threw me out of the first three. Rickover's staff prepared him well for these interviews by closely reviewing my record at the Academy.

In the first interview Rickover confronted me with the drop in my class standing from fiftieth at the end of plebe year to one hundredth at the end of my first class year. He rejected my explanation that in plebe year I had repeated what I had already studied at Kent and that had given me an unusually high standing. In the second interview he questioned why I still played varsity tennis since I only rarely played in intercollegiate matches and rejected my explanation of loyalty to the team. In the third he challenged my continued study of French and rejected my explanation of how my grades in French raised my grade point average and gave me a better chance at service selection.

After each of the peremptory dismissals a Prospective Commanding Officer [PCO], who was studying at NR, conducted me to a room about the size of a broom closet, which the midshipmen dubbed the penalty box. I remained in the penalty box until called into the Admiral's office again, presumably having contemplated the error of my ways. After my third dismissal the PCO counseled me not to talk back to the Admiral. I hadn't thought that I was talking back to the Admiral; I thought I was giving him an honest answer to a question. For once I was smart enough not to reply to the PCO's advice.

In my final interview I agreed to drop the study of French and take a math course instead. Thus, in the spring semester of my first class year I overloaded in math instead of French. I passed the course only because my professor, who had been my plebe squash coach three years earlier, had mercy and gave me a 2.50. It was, for me, quite literally a case of "2.50 and survive."

I left the Naval Reactors not knowing whether I had passed or not. A few days after I returned to Annapolis, I learned that I had been accepted in the program and would start Nuclear Power School in Bainbridge, MD in September 1962. Between graduation and the start of Nuclear Power School I would spend the summer as a member of the pre-commissioning detail for USS Bainbridge (DLGN-25) in Quincy, MA.

First Orders

In 1962 Midshipmen were prohibited from having automobiles at the Academy until the spring of their first class year. Knowing that roughly one thousand midshipmen would buy a car induced any number of East Coast car dealerships to offer very good prices on automobiles. I bought a red Volkswagen Beetle, which I picked up from a dealership in New Jersey on a Saturday, drove it back to the Academy, and parked it on Hospital Point.

Well before June Week began, I could taste the end of my four years in Annapolis. I was in the Navy Nuclear Power Program, had orders to a ship, and owned a car. The end was in sight. June Week passed quickly. Mike Abercrombie and I had rented a home in Annapolis for our families and our dates. Ann came for the week. Dad, Mom, Nancy, Pam, and Whiting came for the week. Aunt Mary and Grandmother Hyland came for graduation.

Mike's family, who lived in Arlington and who had provided me with lots of TLC throughout my last two years at the Academy, was there in force. Mike was already engaged to Joanna and would be married shortly after graduation.

On Prize Day I received the Class of 1912 Prize as the graduating midshipman with the highest GPA in English, History, and Government as well as an award for leadership in squash. I graduated with distinction, standing one hundred in a class of about nine hundred and twenty. Ann and my mother put on my Ensign's shoulder marks.

Bottom Line

I'm proud to have gone to the Academy, but I didn't enjoy the Academy experience any more than I enjoyed the Kent experience. *Aigre-doux* is as applicable a description of these four Annapolis years as it is of the five Kent years.

For some of my classmates their four years at Annapolis appear to have been the highlight of their lives. In the mid-1990s my father commented that some graduates credit the Academy with more good than it could possibly deserve. He noted that they behaved as if the sun rose in the east every morning because of the Academy.

My father's assessment of the value of the Academy was simple. He thought the Academy justified itself because its graduates did their duty in war. I share that opinion of the Academy. During World War II, Korea, the Cold War, and Vietnam, his class did its duty. My class's wars were the Cold War, Vietnam, and the Gulf War. We did our duty in them. The Class of 1962 had more graduates killed in Vietnam than any other Annapolis class. Those who died in combat were the class' naval aviators and Marines. Submariners, like me, played an integral part in the Cold War where ballistic missile submarines were the Navy's highest priority. Most of my submariner classmates served their first twenty years either in a boat or in a direct support staff position. I was a rare exception to that rule, having a shore tour as an Olmsted Scholar. As it was, I was on a boat for seven consecutive years before the Olmsted tour and for twelve consecutive years after it.

Chapter 7: Olmsted Scholarship 1969-1972

As an Olmsted Scholar I studied at the Institut d'Études Politiques in Paris, France from 1969-1971 and The American University, Washington, DC from 1971-1972. If this chapter reads like a love letter to France, Paris, and the French, it reflects accurately that I am a full-fledged Francophile. I fell hopelessly in love with Paris, Parisians, and France during my Olmsted Scholar tour. I am not alone in that regard in the family. Ann, Ann-Marie, Martine, and Thomas have also become Francophiles.

In *The Seven Storey Mountain* Thomas Merton described France in terms that express as well as any how I feel about France:

But the wonderful thing about France is how all her perfections harmonize so fully together. She has possessed all the skills from cooking to logic and theology, from bridge-building to contemplation, from vine-growing to sculpture, from cattle-breeding to prayer and possessed them more perfectly, separately and together, than any other nation.

On a personal level the Olmsted tour was an incomparable, life-changing experience. And it gave Ann and me our first extended period of our marriage living together without the pressures that come with shipboard assignments. Together, Ann and I had the freedom to explore a new country and a new culture, and we never forgot the experience. From the time I graduated from Annapolis I had been in training for nuclear submarine duty or serving in submarines without a break. Ann and I had been married for five years of those seven years and had three small children, but, except for Sam Houston's overhaul, we had never spent more than three months at a time together.

The Olmsted Scholar tour not only provided us with nearly three years together, but it exposed us to another language, culture, and country, and broadened our outlooks immeasurably. Both of us learned to speak French fluently. We made French friends with whom we have remained in contact to this day. We discovered that the United States and Americans do not have a monopoly on good judgment and that the American way is not the only way to do things. It was an eye-opening, exhilarating experience.

Compared to shipboard duty, going to graduate school was a cakewalk. I felt pressure to take my studies seriously; to learn to speak, read, and write French well; and to do well in class, but the unrelenting pressures of shipboard duty—submerged operations, being ready to launch missiles within thirty minutes, remaining undetected, meeting overhaul schedules, standing duty every three days in port, etc.—were absent.

When we went to Paris, Ann looked at me and said, “If this doesn’t work, you get the kids.” It worked. To this day both Ann and I look back on this tour, our “first hardship tour in Paris,” with the greatest fondness. It remains one of the enduring highlights of our marriage, as does our “second hardship tour in Paris” that began fifteen years after we left Paris in 1971.

Olmsted Scholarship Background

Before I get into specifics, a little background information is in order. For starters, General George Olmsted established the Olmsted Scholar Program in reaction to his experiences in China during World War II. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, General Olmsted served in the War Department and in North Africa. In 1943, he was sent to China, where he organized a network of factories and supply routes along China’s rivers.

In China, General Olmsted interacted with both Chinese and Japanese officials. He observed at close hand the acidic relationship of General (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell with Chiang Kai Shek. This experience

convinced General Olmsted that senior American military leaders suffered from a lack of exposure and sensitivity to foreign cultures. This belief, together with a lifelong dedication to the security of the nation, led him to establish the Olmsted Scholar Program under the auspices of The George and Carol Olmsted Foundation.

Olmsted Scholar candidates are selected to study at the graduate level in a language other than English for two years. The criteria for selection are similar to those for selection as a Rhodes Scholar with additional criteria based on the candidate's military service record. To put this in perspective, the first Olmsted Class of six scholars was selected in 1960. Since then—over the last sixty years—six hundred seventy-one Olmsted Scholars have studied in sixty-three countries in forty-two languages. When I was selected, fewer than one hundred officers had been selected from the Air Force, Army, and Navy/Marines.

The goal of the program is to educate young career military officers who have the potential to become future leaders in their services. When I submitted my application for the Olmsted Scholarship in 1961, the Olmsted Program was brand new. Only one class had been selected. Had I not taken overload courses in French I would not have been aware of its existence. The application allowed the candidate to specify three universities where he would like to study. I listed in order of preference Geneva, Grenoble, and Paris.

I received notification of my selection as a scholar to attend the Institut d'Études Politiques (Sciences Po) in Paris while at sea during my first patrol in USS Stonewall Jackson (SSBN-634). After the patrol ended, I applied for admission to Sciences Po. I left Stonewall Jackson after the next patrol and moved from Pearl to Paris via language study in Washington, DC, believing that I had been accepted at Sciences Po.

Language Studies

Our first stop on the trip was Washington, DC where I had six weeks of French language tutoring at the Defense Language Institute [DLI]

(East Coast). I was the only student in the class for eight hours a day, five days a week. Those six weeks at DLI were the most exhausting school weeks I have ever spent.

In 1969 when we arrived in France, English had not become the lingua franca that it is today. The French took enormous pride in their language and expected everyone to learn it and speak it. The French still take enormous pride in their language, but they have adapted to the realities of tourism. Annually France hosts more tourists than any other European country, and the French have learned to accommodate that reality by speaking English, the lingua franca of tourists.

In 1969 the Welcome to Paris spiel on the bus from Charles de Gaulle airport to downtown Paris was in French, and it remained exclusively in French until about 1990, when an English language version debuted. The English language spiel belatedly recognized that tourism was big business in France and that most tourists spoke more English than French. There were other signs of the growing dominance of English, too. In the first decade of the new century when Ann and I left a restaurant with French friends, the maître d'hôtel often wished us goodbye in English, although we had not spoken English during our meal. Our accents betrayed us.

Est-ce Qu'Ann Parle Français ?

Prior to the trip, Ann spoke no French, but the Olmsted Scholarship provided \$1,000 for her to take language lessons. She deposited her Olmsted check at Berlitz and underwent her own language blitz that gave her elementary proficiency. In the two years we lived in France, Ann continued to take language lessons at the Embassy, and she came back to the US in 1971 fluent in French.

After her French lessons Ann would decompress by visiting the Louvre in the afternoon then meeting me at Sciences Po where I had a lecture by the dean of French historians, Jean Baptiste Duroselle, at 1830. After the lecture we had a standing date for dinner.

That alone would have made a pretty full day of French for Ann, but she supplemented the Embassy French lessons with lessons in the Louvre from the gigolos who were on the lookout for pretty women to guide around the Louvre. Ann would allow them to guide her around the Louvre, then as the Louvre closed, she would excuse herself, saying, “*J’ai un rendez-vous avec mon marie maintenant*” (I have a date with my husband now), disappointing the gigolo who had anticipated something more substantial for his efforts.

Meeting General Olmsted

While we were in Washington for language training, we met General Olmsted in his 17th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue office that overlooked the White House and the Old Executive Office Building. In the early days of the scholarship program every scholar met General Olmsted personally. Both Ann and I were nervous as kittens, but as soon as the General saw Ann, he lost all interest in me, and I relaxed. Ann was a huge hit with the General; I was happy to be ignored.

The scholarship provided an annual stipend for scholars’ wives to allow them to participate fully in the Olmsted experience. Some wives had not spent all their money, and the general wanted to ensure Ann spent every penny. He told Ann that she did not have to account for her stipend, and she could spend it on anything she wanted—shoes, clothes, au pair, maids, whatever. What was important, emphasized the general, was that she spend it all.

He need not have worried; Ann spent it all. Ann’s stipend paid for an *au pair*, a maid twice a week, language lessons, travel, and a red wool Jean Patou pants suit. Ann was the same size as one of Jean Patou’s models, and the model was allowed to sell the clothes she wore in the collection. The price was right, and I still remember how lovely Ann looked in that outfit. The General would have been delighted.

One of the charming aspects of the Olmsted experience is the annual business meeting of the Olmsted Foundation. The meeting is actually a dinner party, and the business is handled in a few minutes between

cocktails and dinner. In the earlier days when there were many fewer scholars and even fewer of them in the Washington area, General and Mrs. Olmsted had the annual meeting at their home in Arlington overlooking the George Washington Parkway and the Potomac River. Ann and I were able to attend these meetings in 1969 before we went to France and again in 1971 and 1972 after I returned to study at The American University. The Olmsteds, firmly ensconced in the 1 percent, lived very well. Now that there are so many scholars the meeting is held at Anderson House in Washington, DC in June and not all scholars can attend. Anderson House has its own caché, but it's not General Olmsted's home.

Travel to France

In 1969 one of the options for military travel to France was the SS United States. This was a way to subsidize American flag shipping. Ann and I along with John (almost four years old), Thomas (almost three years old), and Ann-Marie (six months) were booked on the United States' last crossing from New York to LeHavre. We took the train from Washington to New York where, with the help of Aunt Sally and Uncle Bob Baylis, we boarded the ship and headed for France. We were at sea when Apollo 11 landed on the moon on July 20, 1969. Although we could travel on the liner, we did not have enough money to pay for the baby sitters who would free us to take advantage of the entertainment opportunities on the ship. The Atlantic crossing was calm and uneventful until the last evening. The trip in the English Channel from Southampton to Le Havre was rough and left Ann queasy. From Le Havre we took the train to Paris.

Finding and Furnishing a French Home

In Paris the Defense Attaché Office booked us into a hotel at the Porte de Saint Cloud while we looked for a place to live. In the hotel we had a ground floor suite whose windows opened onto an interior courtyard. The owners of the hotel took a shine to Ann-Marie and daily came to the courtyard window and asked to play with her. This was our first hint that our children would be our best ambassadors and provide our

entrée into French society. When we left Paris two years later, we spent our last ten days in the same hotel, this time in the owner's suite on the top floor.

Every day we took the Métro looking at apartments in the city that were advertised through the Embassy. After several weeks of herding John and Thomas on and off the Métro with Ann-Marie on my back, Ann and I quickly determined that, with three energetic young children, we were not in the market for an apartment in Paris. Fortunately, when we were at our wit's end, we found a house in Sèvres, just across the Seine from Boulogne-Billancourt, with an enclosed yard a block away from the Parc de Saint Cloud.

The house, Villa Olga, was a nineteenth century, three-story stone house built by a Russian émigré for his mistress. A covered porch, tiled entry hall, living room, dining room, kitchen, and powder room completed the ground floor. The first floor had two nice sized bedrooms, a smaller room big enough for Ann-Marie's crib, and a bathroom. The third floor had a bedroom and bath for the au pair we hoped to find. Our two years in the Villa Olga turned out to be a dream. To this day Ann remembers Villa Olga as a dream house. I still remember the address, 27 rue des Fontenelles, and the phone number, 027-08-06.

Renting a house in France is nothing like renting one in the US, and it provided us with our introduction to the many differences between the French and American way. Renting also gave us our first lesson in French tax culture. I paid the owner, M. Tournier, in cash at various cafés in and around Paris; he clearly was not declaring this income on his tax returns.

And furnishing the house was also an eye-opener. When we moved into the Villa Olga, there were no toilet seats in any of the bathrooms, no chandeliers in the living and dining room, though there were wires protruding from the ceiling, and no cabinets in the kitchen. This was routine in France where such choices were considered a matter of personal taste, and no owner would have the temerity to suppose he

knew a tenant's taste in toilet seats or chandeliers or kitchen cabinets. This system kept the owner's costs down, an important consideration. I had studied French for six years, but my studies had not equipped me with the vocabulary for toilet seats, chandeliers, electrical hookups, or kitchen cabinets. Of necessity I learned that new vocabulary quickly, though I've forgotten it now.

Our household goods were lost somewhere between Pearl Harbor and Paris, so we camped out in the house on furniture borrowed from the Embassy. Camping out in our own house was an improvement over staying in the hotel. Eventually our household goods finally arrived. We unpacked and Ann made the house a home in short order. However, we had two problems. We had neither a washing machine nor a dryer, essential appliances with three small children, one still in diapers in those pre-Pampers days. Moreover, Ann-Marie did not like and would not eat French baby food; she was a Gerber girl. French baby food simply didn't cut it with her.

The solution to these problems was a trip to the US commissary and Post Exchange at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe [SHAPE] in Mons, Belgium. I borrowed the largest car I could locate, a Peugeot 504 station wagon. Our plan was to drive to SHAPE, buy a washer and dryer, and stock up on baby food and other American products not available at the small commissary in the Embassy.

Crossing the Border

In the summer of 1969 the trip from Paris to Mons and back was not the straight shot on the Autoroute du Nord that it later became. And in those pre-European Union days the trip involved crossing the French/Belgian border and customs inspections. Ann and I made it to Mons and found the commissary and exchange where we accomplished our mission.

I doubt any 504 ever carried more than the one I drove toward the French/Belgian border. The dryer was tied onto the roof rack, the washing machine stuffed behind the back seat, and the back seat and

every nook and cranny jammed with a six-month supply of baby food. Ann rode with her knees under her chin, her feet on cartons of baby food on the floor in front of her seat.

I headed for the border on a small back road, thinking that I might find a crossing that had no customs officials. At the Defense Language Institute, I had memorized a dialogue involving a border crossing. One of characters in the dialogue opened with "*Tiens, nous sommes déjà a la frontiere.*" (Oh, we are already at the border.) The customs official then asks, "*Avez-vous quelque chose a déclarer?*" (Do you have anything to declare?) The driver replies, "*Non, je n'ai rien a déclarer.*" (No, I have nothing to declare.)

At the crossing I had chosen there was a customs official on the French side of the border, and he approached the car after I stopped. Exactly like the dialogue I'd memorized, he said, "*Avez-vous quelque chose a déclarer?*" Following the script, I said, "*Non, je n'ai rien a déclarer.*" Taken aback, the official looked with raised eyebrows at the dryer on the roof rack, the washing machine behind the back seat, and all the groceries in the back seat. He promptly retreated to the border post in search of a more senior official. The senior official in charge came out, and he and I went through the same dialogue, but this time I remembered to add, "*L'ambassade américaine m'a donné cette letter pour la passage de la frontière.*" (The American Embassy gave me this letter for the border crossing.) The letter identified me as an employee of the embassy and asked for free passage of my goods into France. It did the trick. The senior official sniffed in disgust and waved us through. We drove back to Sèvres, hired an embassy electrician/plumber to hook up the washer and dryer, and were in business. Ann-Marie didn't starve. By the time she ate her way through the baby food from the commissary Ann-Marie was eating real food.

Sciences Po Summer School: A Jury of Profs

When I left Pearl Harbor, I thought I had been accepted as a second-year student at Sciences Po. I was mistaken. When I arrived in Paris, I discovered that, before being admitted, I had to pass an entrance exam

and be interviewed by a jury of three professors. If I passed the exam and interview, then I would be admitted. And exactly what would I tell the US Navy if I did not get in after the Navy had moved me and my family from Pearl to Paris? I was more than a little nervous.

I immediately signed up for French lessons at the Alliance Française. When I learned that Sciences Po had a summer school for foreign students, I signed up for that, too, and made sure to attend every class. Unlike some of the younger students I wore a coat and tie to underline that I was a serious student.

The Alliance Française classes helped, but the key to passing the exam and the interview was religious attendance at the Sciences Po class and handing in all the assigned homework without fail. The homework consisted of reading *Le Monde* and then reducing the front-page editorial by a third without losing its meaning and without making too many grammatical and stylistic errors. *Le Monde* is to French journalism what the *New York Times* is to American journalism. Discussion in class focused on the students' written responses, but anything that appeared in *Le Monde* was fair game. I used the French/English dictionary a lot, and I did the homework religiously for the six weeks of summer school for foreigners. This class was an excellent investment.

When I appeared before the jury of three professors, it was clear that the summer school professor, a spinster, wielded unusual power. She had clearly fingered the students she thought were acceptable and her influence with the professors was clear. The clincher was not, however, her recommendation. When the first professor asked why an active duty US naval officer was applying to study at Sciences Po, I answered that I was an Olmsted Scholar (*un Boursier Olmsted*) and immediately I saw I was going to be accepted. The first four Olmsted Scholars at Sciences Po had set enviable records, and I rode in on their achievements. Of the four one retired as an Air Force general (four stars), one as an Army brigadier general (one star), and two as Colonel/Captain.

Table for Two: La Mère Michel

Although I was pretty certain I had made the cut, I still had to wait for several days until all the interviews had been completed before the official results were published on the school bulletin board and confirmed my acceptance. Ann and I celebrated with our first dinner at La Mère Michel, a tiny, seven-table, unpretentious restaurant in the 17th arrondissement.

Ann had given me Waverley Root's *Paris Dining Guide* before we arrived in Paris. Root's book was my restaurant bible for the two years we spent in Paris. The grandfather of all French dining guides is the Guide Michelin, which rates the quality of food by one, two, or three stars, but has no descriptive text in it. Root's Guide used a four-star system that allowed for more nuanced judgments. In addition, Root, one of America's original foodies, wrote a description of the restaurant and the best dishes on the menu.

My goal was to find one of Root's three-star restaurants where Ann and I could eat a three-course meal with wine and coffee for twenty dollars (one hundred francs) or less. With today's Paris prices I know that sounds unbelievable, but I had no difficulty finding restaurants that met those criteria in 1969-1971. La Mère Michel fit those criteria.

La Mère Michel was reputed to have the best *bar* (sea bass) au beurre blanc in Paris and her *omelette soufflé au rhum* was not far behind, and we found both worthy of the hype. Since that first meal in 1969 Ann and I returned to La Mère Michel many times over the next two years. We continued to come back every time we visited Paris over several decades. Much to my dismay, the restaurant closed sometime after 1989, when we completed our second hardship tour in Paris.

That first meal also introduced Ann to E. Dehillerin, Paris' leading purveyor of restaurant equipment. To get to the bathrooms at La Mère Michel customers passed through the kitchen. Ann immediately noticed the copper cookware and got the name of the supplier. We still

have the copper pots and pans that Ann bought during our Olmsted tour, although they don't get as much use as they once did.

Living in Sèvres

Once we had found our new home, moved in, and made our first trip to the SHAPE Commissary and Exchange, we settled down in Sèvres. As the only American family in the town, we were the object of considerable curiosity among our neighbors, local merchants, fellow parishioners at church, and shoppers in the town's open-air market.

Ann's Olmsted stipend allowed her to hire an au pair as well as to have a maid twice a week. The au pair and the maid gave Ann considerable freedom even though we had three small children, exactly what the scholarship intended.

Ann found our au pair at a college a few steps from our front door. This college trained pre-school teachers. Ann chose Mireille, who came from Annecy in eastern France and spoke no English, except to say, "I speak no English." She was in her last year of school and needed a place to live, and we needed help with the children. Her father brought her to the house, and we passed his inspection, because he left us with his daughter and a bottle of his home distilled eau de vie. Mireille was a godsend. The children loved her. The eau de vie was raw.

Since Mireille spoke no English, she forced us to speak French at home, when we would have otherwise lapsed into English. She was exceptionally patient with our limited fluency. If we asked, but only if we asked, would she explain the correct way to express the ideas and notions we were stumbling over. As a result of Mireille's presence both Ann and I steadily improved our spoken French.

School, Church, and Social Life the French Way

We enrolled John and Thomas in the *jardin d'enfants* (pre-school/kindergarten) at Sainte Jeanne d'Arc School, two blocks away

from our house down the hill on the way to town. They went to school for the full day from 0900 to 1600, although they came home for lunch. By Thanksgiving between school and Mireille they were fluent in French. If Ann or I spoke to them in English, they understood what we said, but they replied in French.

We went to Mass at the local Catholic church, *Église Saint-Romain*, in town. Through the church we met a neighbor, Madame Marguerite Richard, who lived across the street from us with her husband, a retired French Air Force general. Madame Richard took Ann under her wing and introduced us to Philippe and Christine Lapierre, who sang in the church choir. She also introduced us to Martine Dusigne, the fiancée of her younger son, Olivier, and to her daughter, Dominique, the fiancée of a French diplomat.

Madame Richard was one of several mentors and role models Ann managed to attract. Growing up Mrs. Hardzog, the mother of three boys, made Ann a de facto daughter. The same was true of Mrs. Fendall, who had no children. Within the family Aunt Sally Baylis played much the same role as these other ladies.

Martine became Ann's best friend and through Martine we came to know her parents, her sister, Marie-France, and her sister's husband, Pierre Bontems. Her parents, M. and Mme. (André & Andrée) Dusigne, lived in Chalons-sur-Marne (now renamed Chalons-en-Champagne). M. Dusigne had retired from a career managing a brewery and devoted himself to painting, his first love. An accomplished artist, he presented his work at the annual Grand Palais exhibition. When we left Paris in 1971, Martine presented us with one of her father's paintings, a stormy landscape in Champagne. Over the years Ann and I accumulated several of M. Dusigne's oils, watercolors, and prints, and all of our children have one or two of his works as well. The Richard, Dusigne, Bontems, and Lapierre families all became good friends with whom we have never lost contact. Much of my image of France consists of these friends and their families.

We Become French Radicals (Sort Of...)

At Église Saint-Romain Ann and I volunteered to open a co-operative baby-sitting service during one of the Sunday Masses. This sort of arrangement was fairly standard in America, but we had no idea how radical it was in France in 1969. Radical though it may have been, our church co-op was an instant success. French parents like to attend Mass without having to attend to small children just as much as American parents. Within weeks we had a going concern. For French parents an hour or so in the co-op was easy.

For us time in the co-op was a challenge because understanding little children's French—French baby talk—proved to be even more challenging than understanding adult French, even though the children spoke at less than the machine gun speed typical of their parents. Ann and I quickly learned when we read nursery rhymes to the children that the various animals' sounds in French are not the same as the sounds the animals make in English. French cocks do not crow, "Cock-a-doodle-do"; they crow, "Coq-o-rico". I don't remember what French pigs say, but it is not "Oink". The children were amused, as were their parents.

Chez la Maison Rouge

Ann shopped daily in Sèvres at La Maison Rouge, a small grocery store at the bottom of the hill in Sèvres, as well as at the bakery (boulangerie) and other stores. No one at La Maison Rouge, other stores, or the open-air market admitted to speaking any English, although I'm sure some did. For both of us understanding French, routinely spoken at machine gun speeds, was a challenge. Fortunately, once Ann became known as a regular customer, the venders spoke somewhat more slowly. Ann had to operate in French, and she quickly became quite fluent in the vocabulary needed to shop.

At first, she bought everything by the kilo (2.2 pounds) because many goods were priced by the kilo, and she paid using large denomination notes to ensure that she did not have to make change. La Maison

Rouge's owner recognized what she was doing and put a halt to that practice when Ann was buying garlic and he asked, "*Un kilo d'ail, Madame?*" (A kilo of garlic, Madame?) After that initial exchange he would patiently force Ann to buy in more reasonable quantities and to use smaller bills. By Christmas both Ann and I were comfortable with French money.

The Lovely Weekends

Saturday and Sunday were Mireille's days off. On weekends we often took the children for long walks in the Parc de Saint Cloud and treated them to hot chocolate in the café across the street from the train station in Ville d'Avray. We also ventured into Paris to the Jardin d'Acclimatation where the miniature train was a big hit with the children. Our other fairly regular destination in the city was Paris' zoo (Parc Zoologique). On one occasion at the zoo John climbed on the wall of the dry moat surrounding the bear exhibit and fell into the moat. The bears did not seem to be nearly as perturbed as Ann and I and the other onlookers were, and John was rescued without any serious harm being done.

Once we had a car, we sometimes took trips into the country on the weekend. On one of these trips in Champagne I became hopelessly lost in spite of having a detailed Michelin map of the area. As I searched for a policeman, gas station, or café where I could get directions, John piped up from the back seat to tell me that he would do the talking to the *flic* (cop), because my French accent was not good. We stopped at the first café we came across.

As Ann and I got Thomas and Ann-Marie out of the car, John bounded into the café. When we walked in, all eyes were on us. I learned in the course of our lunch that John had burst into the café and asked, "*Où est le bon vin rouge? Les Américains sont arrivés.*" That translates as "Where is the good red wine? The Americans have arrived." I'm not sure where John learned to say that, any more than I know where he learned the slang (*flic*) for policeman, but his distinctive entry made us

minor celebrities for the afternoon. I got the instructions I needed to find where we were on the map and to get us back to Sèvres.

On New Year's Eve in 1971 Ann and I drove into Paris to pick up a special dinner. Our first stop, Lamazère, the king of cassoulet just off the Champs Élysées, to pick up our main course. Our second stop, Bertillon, on the Île Saint Louis, for ice cream or sorbet for dessert. The trip was uneventful until we hit a classic traffic jam on the way home. At an intersection of four or five streets no one was moving except to honk their horns. After maybe five minutes an exasperated Ann jumped out of the car and began directing traffic to clear the intersection. I don't know what the other drivers thought but what they saw a forceful, good looking woman giving directions and they followed her signals. Ann cleared the intersection, and we proceeded back to Sèvres. Never underestimate a Navy wife.

Dining in Paris

I had learned when I was courting Ann the way to her heart was a good meal. I remembered this when we arrived in Paris. When we arrived in Paris, I suggested that each week after my Thursday evening lecture we have a date to try a different restaurant, selected from the aforementioned Waverley Root's *Paris Dining Guide*. We also had a date for Sunday evening after Mireille returned. These weekly dates were one of my more inspired suggestions; Ann could not have been more pleased. I still have the copy of Root's *Guide* where I dutifully recorded the prices of the meals and our assessments of Root's recommendations.

Over the course of the first school year (1969-1970) we went to a different restaurant almost every week. In the second year (1970-1971) for the most part we went back to our favorites from the first year. We systematically compared the French version of Julia Child's dishes with Ann's version. Ann became an excellent cook; today I eat better at home than I do in most restaurants. I take Ann out to dinner to give her an occasional respite from the kitchen, not because I lack for good food at home.

At any rate, I compiled a list of our favorite restaurants that still makes my mouth water:

- Lyonnais, in the shadow of the Bourse (stock exchange) with an entirely female staff where the owner told you what to eat and never misled you.
- Allard, a 16th century mail stop in the heart of the Latin Quarter on the rue Saint-Andre-des-Arts, for canard aux navets and other hearty Burgundian fare.
- Pharamond, in the Les Halles district, for tripes a la mode de Caen, exquisitely fresh fish, and other Norman treats.
- Aissa, where the owner's godfather was Marshall Lyautey, in the 14th, for Moroccan couscous.
- Paul Chene, in the tony 16th arrondissement near the Trocadéro, for *noisettes d'agneau* (lamb chops) and *tarte tatin* (upside down tarte).

One restaurant we went to only once: Aux Artistes, in Montmartre on the rue Lepic, served delicious *souflée de turbot*, *poulet a l'estragon*, and spinach to die for. As Ann and I exited after our meal, a handsomely endowed lady of the night with much of her charm on display approached me, looked Ann up and down, and informed me in graphic terms that she could offer me more. I declined her offer. Ann ensured we did not return to Aux Artistes.

Birthday Dinner

For Ann's birthday that first November in Paris we splurged with dinner at Le Grand Véfour, a three-star restaurant in the *Guide Michelin*. In the rear of the Palais Royal, Le Grand Véfour is more than two hundred fifty years old and classified as a historical monument. The staff immediately sized us up and coached us into a superb meal that I could afford.

That evening we ate *lamproie a la bordelaise* (baby eels in red wine sauce). The sommelier, M. Henocq, rather than take advantage of my

naiveté when confronted with the dictionary-sized wine list, suggested a reasonably priced wine that he knew our untutored palates would appreciate. The meal was a great success, but a costly one. Le Grand Véfour became a tradition for special occasions. We have been back many, many times over the years to celebrate Ann's birthdays, our wedding anniversaries, and other special occasions.

More Stars

Our other splurge was La Tour d'Argent, at the time another three-star restaurant. La Tour d'Argent's picture windows overlook the floodlit Notre Dame, making it one of the most romantic restaurants in Paris. Like most first-time diners we had the restaurant's celebrated pressed duck, and somewhere in our memorabilia I'm sure we have the certificate with the number of the bird we ate. Like the Le Grand Véfour La Tour d'Argent was an expensive success, since we have returned several times over the years.

With a built-in babysitter in our au pair, Ann and I also had a standing dinner date for Sunday evening. Even though many Parisian restaurants closed on Sunday, over time we found three favorites that we visited many times. The first two came from Waverley Root; the third from the Guide Michelin.

The first was Relais des Pyrenees, the best Basque-Béarnais restaurant in Paris. Although the Relais was to hell and gone from Sèvres in the twentieth arrondissement, the meal, invariably pipérade and confit de canard, was worth the trip around the Périphérique. On one Sunday when the bill arrived, I found I had too little cash in francs to pay the one hundred ten francs service compris (twenty-two dollars including the tip), but I had a Ben Franklin to handle such emergencies. After much discussion of the exchange rate, the restaurant accepted the one-hundred-dollar bill and gave me change in francs. After that Sunday everyone on the Relais staff knew who we were, and I always made sure I came with enough cash to pay for our meals.

In 1971 Ann and I ate our last meal in Paris before returning to the US at the Relais. On that occasion the chef, who had cooked for President Kennedy in the White House, came out of the kitchen with his White House scrapbook and a bottle of Armagnac and regaled us with his adventures in the US while plying us with Armagnac. Sadly, like Mère Michel the Relais disappeared sometime after our second hardship tour in Paris.

Our second Sunday favorite was Au Cochon d'Or, also to hell and gone from Sèvres in the nineteenth arrondissement across the street from La Villette, Paris' slaughterhouses in 1969. La Villette is now a science museum/park. Au Cochon d'Or specialized in Charolais beef. We almost always ate a cote de boeuf with marrow sauce, pommes soufflés, and when they were in season, wild strawberries with crème fraîche. Fortunately, our third favorite was closer to home in Meudon, a ten-minute drive from our house. Here we settled on tournedos that were served on a bed of artichoke hearts and foie gras.

Travel in Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean

In 1969 the Olmsted Scholarship stipend amounted to two thousand dollars for the scholar and one thousand dollars for the scholar's wife. General Olmsted urged us to use any money that we had after school expenses to travel. Two thousand dollars may seem like a paltry sum today, but Sciences Po cost less than forty dollars a year in 1969! Of course, there were additional expenses for books, but that still left money for travel during vacations.

In the summer of 1970 between my first and second years at Sciences Po, we traveled in France and dipped our toes into Spain. We rented an apartment and spent two weeks at the beach in Brittany in Quiberon. On the beach Ann and I routinely wore our sweatshirts, but John, Thomas, and Ann-Marie did not feel the same chill. After our first forays into the cold water none of us were eager to swim.

We returned to Paris, unpacked, washed our clothes, repacked and left for a two-week trip through France to the Costa Brava in Spain where

we had rented another apartment. We traveled down the Rhone River Valley then along the French coast to Perpignan before crossing the border. The Mediterranean, unlike the Atlantic in Brittany, was warm enough to make swimming pleasurable. We traveled back to Sèvres through central France via Toulouse, Cahors, Limoges, Chateauroux, and Orleans.

At Easter in 1971 Ann and I went to Portugal on a tour with six others. In a minibus with an English-speaking guide, we left Lisbon making a loop through Cascais, Sintra, Coimbra, Porto, and Evora, stopping to take in the standard tourist sites along the way. Our trip coincided with Holy Week and in Coimbra we were able to march through the town and participate in the Good Friday ceremonies. From Evora we drove back to Lisbon and flew home to Paris.

Berlin

Later in 1971 I finally received permission to travel to Berlin on the troop train from West Germany. Because of my duty in SSBNs and the clearances I had held, I needed special permission for this trip through East Germany and it took the better part of two years to get it. Ann and I drove to Frankfurt where we boarded the troop train, the only authorized way for me to visit Berlin. The train, which had three sleeping cars, a mail car, a freight car, and an escort car, traveled only at night. Ours left Frankfurt at 2030 and arrived in Berlin at about 0630 the next morning. During the 115-mile trip through East Germany we were supposed to keep our window shades down, but whenever we stopped, we peeked out. At every station in East Germany where the train stopped, it stopped in a flood lit area between chain link fences topped with barbed wire with numerous armed East German guards visible.

In Berlin Ann and I could ride the U-bahn and the S-bahn, but we had to be alert to get off any train that crossed from West Berlin to East Berlin. That added tension to every trip, since we spoke no German and did not have a good feel for the city. Although West Berlin was obviously more prosperous than East Berlin, which we glimpsed at

Check Point Charlie, I was struck by how few young people lived in West Berlin. Later the West German government provided financial and fiscal incentives for young West Germans to live in Berlin, and a younger population flocked to Berlin. But in 1970 these incentives were not in place and Berlin looked like an aging city.

Neither Ann nor I spoke or read any German, and specifically we knew no “menu German”. This led to us to order some unusual meals in Berlin. In France if we ordered dishes that did not go with one another or if we ordered a dessert for an hors d’oeuvre, the waiter would object and guide us to the “correct” choice. Not so in Berlin where the waiter would simply bring whatever we pointed to on the menu. We didn’t starve, but neither did we get the wonderful things we saw on other patrons’ plates. After the weekend when we drove back into France, we stopped at a nondescript café for a simple lunch—omelette, frites, red wine, crème caramel—that both of us remember to this day. Perhaps we had become more French than we thought, living to eat that next great meal.

Institut d’Études Politiques (Sciences Po)

In 1969 the Institut d’Études Politiques was a three-year course of studies in four “sections”. In France Sciences Po owes its renown as the premier feeder school for l’École Nationale d’Administration [ENA]. ENA graduates fill virtually all of France’s high-level civil service posts, prefectures, and most of its diplomatic posts. Getting into Sciences Po and then into ENA guarantees a Frenchman a comfortable and successful career in government. French students trying to get into ENA studied in the *Section Services Publiques* (Public Service). French students considering a career in business studied in the *Section Economiques et Finances* (Economy and Finance). I met many of them when I did a “stage” (internship) at the Bourse de Paris in the summer between my first and second years at Sciences Po.

Olmsted Scholars, by virtue of their American bachelor’s degree, entered Sciences Po in the second year of the three-year curriculum.

Most foreign students, including most Olmsted Scholars, studied in the *Section Relations Internationales* (International Relations) where the curriculum focused on diplomatic history, international law, and economics. Among the French, *Relations Internationales* was known as the section where *filles au papa* (daddy's girls), young women from wealthy families continuing their education while waiting to marry, congregated. The students' assessment was not far off the mark, but there were also serious students in *Relations Internationales*, too.

Sciences Po was a baptism by fire hose for me. Neither Kent nor Annapolis allowed for much choice in the courses I took. Sciences Po, on the other hand, was all about choices. In addition, all the instruction was in French, and none of the professors made concessions for foreign students whose French might be weak. The exception to this rule was the seminar for foreign students where there was a measure of tolerance for imperfect French.

When I prepared for the final exams at the end of the 1971 school year, I looked back at my notes from the first semester in 1969 and realized how much of what had been taught went right over my head. My notes from that period were incomprehensible, worthless. In the second semester and through the second year my notes improved steadily and actually helped prepare for the final exam.

The final exam at the end of the Science Po's course of study is known as *le grand oral* (the grand oral (exam)). The process is identical to the process for exams at the end of a semester course with three exceptions. First, the exam is worth six credits, twice the value of an annual seminar! Second, the student draws three question slips and chooses one of the three to answer. Third, the student faces a jury of three professors rather than one.

A Little Squash

Sciences Po gave students the option of playing a sport or taking an additional seminar. In my first semester I chose to play a sport, thinking that it would provide opportunities to meet French students

outside of classes and seminars. However, sports did not provide the opportunities to meet French students as I thought they would. In addition, at 30 I was at least five years older than most students and I found I had little in common with them.

At the end of the first semester, I joined a squash club, Le Jeu de Paume, in the 16th arrondissement. This club had a court tennis court (*un jeu de paume*), in addition to its squash courts. I had played squash at the Naval Academy, but the American game was played with a hard ball while the English game used a soft ball. In spite of the difference in the balls used, the two versions of the game were similar, and I turned out to be one of the better players at the club, although I was not as skilled as the English members who had grown up playing with the squishier ball.

My student routine allowed me to play regularly in the afternoon, and I soon had a standing game with Dr. Jean Grandchamps, a dentist whose apartment was above the notorious strip club Le Crazy Horse on the swanky Avenue Georges V. Jean and I were evenly matched and usually played before empty spectator seats.

One day, however, Catherine Deneuve showed up and watched us play. One of our balls went out of the court and Jean politely asked, "*Madame, s'il vous plait, cherchez la balle.*" (Madame, please get the ball.) To which Madame replied, "*Mais, je suis Catherine Deneuve,*" (But I am Catherine Deneuve) implying it was beneath her to find the ball and throw it back into the court. Jean, a chauvinistic Frenchman to the core, roared back, "*Merde alors! Cherchez la balle!*" (Shit, just get the ball). Madame Deneuve found the ball, tossed it back into the court, and promptly left.

One of the benefits of playing at Le Jeu de Paume was invitations to play in tournaments outside Paris. In 1970 I received invitations to the Princess Grace Tournament in Monaco and the Royal Copenhagen Tournament in Denmark. I turned down both to focus on my studies at Sciences Po, and I've regretted that decision ever since. My folly

turned out to be a valuable lesson; do not close any doors unless it's absolutely necessary.

Internship at the Paris Stock Exchange

At the end of the first year (69-70) I signed up for a month-long stage (internship). Just as is the case in the US, these internships can lead to a job upon graduation, and they were intended primarily for students in the *Section Economiques et Finances*. When I applied for a stage, Sciences Po administrators were dumbfounded. No one except French citizens had ever applied for a stage. In the end I was assigned to work at the Paris Stock Exchange, La Bourse, in the firm of LeGuay-Massounaud, at that time the premier stockbroker (*agent de change*) on the Bourse.

La Bourse is tiny as stock exchanges go. In 1969 it was about 1/10 the size of London's and one twenty-fifth the size of New York's. It listed about one thousand five hundred companies. Most individual stocks trade fewer than five hundred shares per day. It had one hundred sixteen brokerages (*agents de change*), fifty-one of which were family owned. In 1969 it still listed bonds from Imperial Russia, reflecting French investments in Russian railroads and municipalities in the late nineteenth century! I bought shares in the Village of Moscow for my father-in-law's Christmas present for a song. This stage exposed me to students in the *Section Economiques et Finances*, generally a more serious and focused group than those in *Relations Internationales*, as well as to the blue-collar workers who ran the Bourse and published its daily newspaper. Under the supervision of a LeGuay-Massounaud *commis* (trader) I bought and sold stock, totted up the day's results, and received an education entirely different from that of the Sciences Po classroom.

Sciences Po Friends

In the fall of 1969, I signed up for an early morning lecture class. Before this class I regularly stopped in Le Bar Bazile for an eye-opening double espresso. The only other regular at this early hour was

the postman, and his eye-opener was cognac, not coffee. Located a few doors from the entrance of Sciences Po, Le Bar Bazile was the de facto student lounge for many of the students.

I would return at lunchtime for a sandwich and another double espresso to fuel me for the afternoon. By then the bar would be crowded with students. One of regulars who ate lunch at the bar and I struck up a conversation after we had seen one another for several days. That's how I met Pierre Ariola, an *ancien élève* (former student, i.e. graduate) of Sciences Po who was attending ENA. In 1969 ENA and Sciences Po were located back to back; Sciences Po on rue St. Guillaume and ENA on rue des Saints-Pères. ENA later relocated outside Paris.

ENA's graduation requirements included fluency in two foreign languages, and Pierre wanted to buff up his considerable fluency in English. He could tell from my accent that I was not a native French speaker. I realized I could use similar help with French. We quickly struck up a bargain to exchange lessons. To include Ann and make us a foursome Pierre introduced us to Nicole Briot, like Pierre an *ancien élève* of Sciences Po and a student at ENA. Nicole and Pierre spoke English better than Ann and I spoke French, but that did not appear to bother them.

In the first week we met for dinner once a week at Pierre's apartment and spoke French, and in the second week we met at our home and spoke English. Before Pierre and Nicole's oral exams in English, I would spend the day at ENA with them speaking English until they walked into the exam room. When Pierre and Nicole had written assignments in English, I edited their drafts; when I had written assignments in French, they reciprocated.

This program was a success. Not only did we all profit from these arrangements, but we also became fast friends, and our friendships have endured to this day. I graduated with distinction from Sciences Po in 1971. From ENA Pierre went into the French diplomatic corps, ending his career with ambassadorships in Qatar and Trinidad and

Tobago. Nicole went into the Ministry of Finance where she became the first woman promoted to the rank of *Inspecteur des Finances* (Inspector of Finances).

Over Christmas/New Year's holiday in 1970 Pierre invited us to Bordeaux for the holidays. We stayed in Pierre's sister's flat in central Bordeaux, and we met Pierre's parents who lived in Blanquefort (Today Blanquefort is, for all intents and purposes, incorporated into Bordeaux.) on the outskirts of the city and visited wineries where Pierre's parents had arranged for le maître de chais (cellar masters) to give us tours.

Once we returned to the US Pierre and Nicole visited us there and, when we've returned to France, we've gone on vacation with them. We even managed to introduce them to Perigord, a region neither had ever visited.

Return to the United States

After I finished my last exam at Sciences Po, Ann and I flew back to the United States, and I enrolled in The American University [AU] School of International Service [SIS] to pursue a Master's Degree in International Relations. When SIS reviewed my transcript from Sciences Po, it put me in the doctoral program, even though I was slated to be in residence less than a year. I was able to complete all the requirements for a doctorate except the dissertation in the two semesters I spent at AU. Had I been more foresighted, I would have consulted with SIS before I went to France so that my studies at Sciences Po were related to a possible dissertation topic.

Coming back to the United States after two years of total immersion in all things French was a huge shock. Ann now had three small children to care for but no au pair. None of our friends could relate to our experiences abroad. Our eyes teared up whenever we played the French records we came back with. Initially the children spoke only French, no English, but by Christmas they spoke only English, although they understood French.

This was not the last time that Ann and I encountered culture shock when we came back to the United States. It happened again we returned from my three years as Naval Attaché in Paris and from our six years in Vienna, Austria. Eventually, on each of these occasions we adjusted to the faster pace of life in the United States and learned to enjoy the memories of our years abroad.

Return from France

Immediately after our return from France, we stayed with Ann's parents. Ann house-hunted and I started classes at American University's School of International Service. Despite her efforts, we drew a blank in our house hunting. As a result, Ann took the children to Madison, CT, while I stayed in Washington to take a full load of classes for the summer semester. This summer interlude began Ann's love affair with Madison, where she stayed with Aunt Sally and Uncle Bob Baylis.

Aunt Sally and Uncle Bob, both of whom were avid, skilled sailors, lived next door to the Madison Yacht Club in a rambling beach-front home. Although Ann was not a sailor, she and the children loved being able to walk to the Yacht Club beach for the day. Aunt Sally was an indulgent aunt, and our children still talk about her wood chuck (meat loaf) sandwiches for lunch, the lobster races she staged in the kitchen before dinner, and sailing on Fantasy, the Baylis' yacht. Ann had always admired Aunt Sally's warm, laid back style, and this relaxed summer interlude turned Madison into a watch word for gracious living.

On to Rockville

That fall, we finally rented a town house in Rockville, MD in time for John to start first grade and Thomas to start kindergarten. Thomas, who had gone to school full time for the two years we lived in France, was supremely bored with half-a-day kindergarten. He would leave for school with John and then hide in the bushes until John came back from school. This went on for a week or so before Thomas's teacher

called Ann to ask if Thomas was okay. That call was Ann's first inkling that Thomas had not been going to school. Once she learned what had gone on, she walked both boys to school.

While we were living in Rockville, Madame Richard, our Sèvres neighbor, visited us. Ann took her to John and Thomas's school, the monuments and museums that all first-time visitors must see, and an American supermarket. Ann told me that Madame Richard was more impressed with the supermarket than she was with any of the monuments and museums.

Chapter 10:

USS Abraham Lincoln (SSBN-602)

1978-1981

Toward the end of Tautog's 1977 deployment, I was promoted to Commander and received orders to command. But first I had to complete the Prospective Commanding Officer [PCO] pipeline. The training pipeline for submarine PCOs involves a three-month stint at Naval Reactors Headquarters, followed by a six-week Prospective Commanding Officer [PCO] School run by COMSUBPAC as well as other courses specifically related to his upcoming command tour. When travel, leave, and school schedules are factored in it takes more than a year for a PCO to complete this training pipeline. So, I left Tautog in April 1977 with orders to command of USS Abraham Lincoln (SSBN-602) Blue.

Charm School

Charm School is the wry designation for the three-months of training at Naval Reactors [NR] Headquarters. It is designed to make the PCO intimately familiar with the engineering plant of the boat he will command, and Admiral Rickover made certain it was anything but charming. Every weekday from 0800 to 1700 the PCOs attend lectures from technical experts on the NR staff and study the technical details of the boat's reactor plant. On Saturdays they have a three-hour written test on the week's topics. At the end of the course NR experts conduct oral interviews to test the PCO's knowledge of reactor theory as well as the details of his boat's installations.

I left Tautog a few days after completing a six-month deployment and faced another long separation from Ann and the family at Charm School in Washington, DC. Ann's parents proved again that they were the in-laws from heaven. They proposed that they take our three older children for the fall semester and that Ann and our youngest, Martine,

accompany me to Washington. We found a house sitter for our home in Kailua; went to Tucson, AZ where we left John, Thomas, and Ann-Marie with their grandparents. Ann, Martine, and I flew to Washington for Charm School.

After I completed Charm School the three of us flew back to Tucson where we spent a lovely Christmas with Ann's parents, collected John, Thomas, and Ann-Marie, and returned to Hawaii after the New Year. I cannot say often enough how wonderfully fortunate I was in my in-laws. Having Ann and Martine with me made Charm School much more enjoyable than it would otherwise have been.

COMSUBPAC PCO School

COMSUBPAC's PCO School is different from Charm School. It is focused on every aspect of command except engineering. The curriculum covers tactics, operations, personnel policies, and a host of other topics. PCO tactical exercises at sea cover every aspect of submarining. There is no guarantee that a PCO will pass the course, but I have no personal knowledge of a PCO who has not gone on to his command. I'd say this is a result of the long apprenticeship in submarines and vigorous training and schooling.

The Submarine Force invested a fortune in training me to be a Commanding Officer: six months of Nuclear Power School; six months at a Nuclear Power Training Unit; six months of Basic Submarine School; various short courses in sensors, weapons, and tactics; three months of Polaris Weapons Officer School; three months in Charm School; six weeks instruction in the SSBN weapons system at the PCO level; six more weeks in SUBPAC's PCO School. The PCO then reports to his prospective command as the PCO for a month before the change of command ceremony.

COMSUBPAC's PCO School took place, for the most part, in Pearl Harbor, although it did involve a trip to San Diego. Then, I had a six-week PCO-level course in the Polaris Weapons System. Shortly thereafter, I began my command tour.

Command

I relieved CDR Gary Cogdell as CO on April 20, 1978 with the traditional change of command ceremony conducted on the Submarine Base, Pearl Harbor at the memorial to the fifty-two Pacific submarines lost in World War II. I took command during an off-crew period, so the first time I set foot on the boat was in Guam where the Blue Crew relieved the Gold Crew.

At any rate, I am at a loss to describe what it means to command a ship, so I will quote Joseph Conrad, who wrote:

A ship at sea is a distant world in herself. The Navy must place great power, responsibility and trust in the hands of those leaders chosen for command.

In each ship there is one man who, in the hours of emergency or peril at sea, can turn to no other man. There is one alone who is ultimately responsible for the safe navigation, engineering performance, accurate gunfire and morale of his ship. He is the commanding officer. He is the ship!

This is the most difficult and demanding assignment in the Navy. There is not an instant during his tour as Commanding Officer that he can escape the grasp of command responsibility. His privileges in view of his obligations are almost ludicrously small; nevertheless, Command is the spur which has given the Navy its great leaders.

It is a duty which most richly deserves the highest, time-honored title of the seafaring world—‘Captain’.

When the CO arrives and departs, he is announced with the name of his command. In the five years I spent in command, I grew accustomed to being greeted with “Abraham Lincoln arriving/departing” or “Sam Houston arriving/departing.” Those daily reminders of command responsibility were reinforced, if need be, when I opened the patrol orders for the two deterrent patrols I made in Abraham Lincoln and found them addressed personally to Commander John Joseph Hyland,

III, USN. That made clear who was responsible in the most vivid terms.

The CO is responsible for what happens and for what does not happen, no matter how small or how significant. At home we had a call waiting feature on the phone and for the five years I was in command the children knew that they were to hang up immediately when they heard call waiting. Most of the time the report was not a crisis, but on occasion the report would be something on the order of “Captain, it’s OK, the fire is out” followed by the details. These calls came at all hours of the day and night and the family accepted them as part of life.

I should probably point out that the material casualties and unusual events that I discuss were rare events. The vast majority of the time, the equipment on the boat works as designed and the crew performs its routine duties superbly. For every one of these rare events, like stern plane oil leak in Sam Houston, the steam generator chloride contamination in Sargo, the full scram fiasco in Tautog, a dropped rod and breaking In-Hold-Out switch on the Reactor Plant Control Panel [RPCP] in Abraham Lincoln, and the major steam and primary plant leaks in Sam Houston, there are thousands of operations that go off without a hitch every day at sea. But it’s those rare moments of crisis, not the routine events, that remain memorable. Submariners train for those exceptional moments, and in my experience, they handle them exceptionally well.

Our children really had no concept of what command involved. While I was in command, they asked Ann, “When is Dad going to be the Chief of the Boat [COB]?” Today the COB’s official title would be Senior Enlisted Advisor, but in submarines the COB will always be the COB, the Chief Petty Officer who is, along with the XO, a key advisor to the CO. The COB is the key to making the boat run smoothly through his leadership of the Chiefs’ Quarters, but he’s not the Captain.

Abraham Lincoln's Patrol 52

I had taken command during an off-crew period, so the first time I set foot on the boat was when the Blue crew flew to Guam. The long term plans for Abraham Lincoln's future were as follows. I was to make one thirty-day deterrent patrol from Guam. Then, the Gold Crew would relieve me and make the boat's final patrol from Guam, ending the patrol in Pearl Harbor. In Pearl Harbor I would relieve the Gold Crew CO, Doug Williams, and combine the Blue and Gold Crews in anticipation of decommissioning the boat at Bremerton Naval Shipyard. I would operate the boat from Pearl Harbor with the combined crew until the shipyard was ready to start the decommissioning process, then transit from Pearl Harbor to Bangor, WA where we would offload the missiles and torpedoes, and finally move to Bremerton where we would enter the drydock for decommissioning.

Abraham Lincoln's reactor fuel was nearing the end of life, so she made patrols that were about thirty days long instead of the nominal sixty days. Submarine Squadron 15 focused intently on the next boat to deploy on patrol. Abraham Lincoln became that boat only after about forty-five or fifty days into its sixty-day upkeep. Nevertheless, the tender accomplished the repairs that the Gold Crew had highlighted, including repairs to the main engines, a Ships Service Turbine Generator steam leak, and extensive work on the air conditioning plants.

Abraham Lincoln's reduced time at sea made maintaining operational readiness a significant challenge, but Garry Cogdell, my predecessor as CO, had left me with a well-trained crew, accustomed to its reduced operations at sea. To maintain readiness during the sixty-day in-port period we conducted several fast cruises, periods of several days when no repair work was done while the crew simulated at sea conditions alongside the pier. About a week before getting underway for patrol, she went to sea for a three-day period of sea trials.

Every CO has quirks that distinguish him from his predecessor and other COs. Abraham Lincoln had two soft ice cream machines, and I chose to make them my signature issue. I decreed the crew should have ice cream available twenty-four hours a day. If either of the machines broke down, I ordered that the Engineer Officer, Damage Control Assistant, Auxiliary Division Chief, and I meet in the Crew's Mess to formulate a repair plan to ensure soft ice cream was always available. When I combined crews in Pearl Harbor, I made sure that the policy on ice cream was still in effect. I thought this policy would make it more attractive to work on my boat. And in the small waterfront community at SUBBASE Pearl Abraham Lincoln quickly became known as a place where a sailor working on the boat could always get soft ice cream.

Abraham Lincoln left on her fifty-second patrol as scheduled. This patrol was just as uneventful as the patrols I had made in Stonewall Jackson with few sonar contacts, regular emergency drills, and intermittent Weapons System Readiness Tests. The boat navigated through the same passage between uninhabited islands that Stonewall Jackson had passed through on my first patrol in 1968. This time I went through the passage at PD and gave the crew periscope liberty, a chance to look out the periscope at the islands.

Maintaining Connectivity

In the middle of this patrol the mechanism for streaming the trailing wire antenna, the primary antenna for maintaining connectivity with the submarine broadcast, malfunctioned. The mechanism was in the trunk between the upper and lower bridge hatches. To maintain connectivity during the repair the boat went to a depth intermediate between patrol depth and PD. At this depth the top of the sail was only twenty feet or so below the surface, allowing it to maintain connectivity on a sail-mounted VLF antenna. The downside of cruising at this depth is that the boat is susceptible to collision with a surface ship of reasonable tonnage.

Repairing the streaming mechanism required keeping the lower bridge hatch open, which made any collision extremely dangerous because the water would flood into the boat whereas ordinarily it would be held back by the lower bridge hatch. The repair took more time than I had hoped, and I spent the entire time hovering between Control and my stateroom, trying to project calm when I was anything but calm. I breathed a sigh of genuine relief when the repair was complete and we were able to stream the trailing wire antenna and return to normal patrol depth again.

A Slight Change

There was one change in patrol routine since I had last made a deterrent patrol in 1969. As the capabilities of the Soviet Navy's submarine force improved, there was a chance that Soviet boats would attempt to trail an SSBN on patrol. As a precaution against an undetected trailer one SSBN would be assigned to delouse another. The goal of delousing was to ensure that the target SSBN was not being trailed by a foreign (Soviet) submarine. The delousing SSBN would break radio silence only in the event it detected a trailer.

Abraham Lincoln deloused USS Thomas Edison (SSBN-610) on this patrol. I was surprised at the long range at which we detected Thomas Edison, but the detection range was the product of being especially alert and knowing roughly where the target was. There was no trailer behind Thomas Edison.

After completing the patrol, Abraham Lincoln passed its annual Operational Reactor Safeguards Examination [ORSE] with a grade of Average or above in all categories. Doug Williams and his Gold Crew relieved me and the Blue Crew, and we flew back to Hawaii to await the boat's arrival at the end of the Gold Crew's final patrol. While waiting for the boat to arrive in Pearl, the Blue Crew conducted its final off-crew training period.

Combined Crew Operations

When Abraham Lincoln arrived in Pearl Harbor, she became a unit of Submarine Squadron One [SUBRON ONE]. As mentioned before, I relieved Doug Williams as CO and combined the Blue and Gold crews. Doug's XO, LCDR Garnett C. "Skip" Beard and his COB, FTCS [SS] Larry A. Lutgens made this difficult process look easy. Skip and Larry made me look like a super star in their management of this process, and the combined crew they created was exceptionally gifted, the best of Blue and Gold Crews. In the crew consolidation process a new Engineer Officer, Paul Taylor, reported for duty. Paul, a product of the Navy Enlisted Scientific Engineering Program [NESEP], had what I had come to recognize as the special NESEP touch with the crew.

The boat arrived in Pearl Harbor, having had a fire in the port Ships Service Motor Generator [SSMG] during the transit. Repairing the SSMG required cutting a patch in the pressure hull, removing the SSMG for repair, reinstalling and testing it, replacing the patch, and finally testing the new hull welds for integrity. When the SSMG repairs were completed and the hull patch rewelded into the hull, Abraham Lincoln began local operations in the Mid-Pacific [MIDPAC] Operating Areas, the same areas where Sargo and Tautog had operated.

By combining Blue and Gold Crews and continuing to operate, Abraham Lincoln broke new ground. Normally after crew consolidation an SSBN went directly into a shipyard overhaul. The new situation of continuing at sea operations posed the question of whether the combined crew should undergo the examinations that normally occurred after an overhaul—Nuclear Technical Proficiency Inspection [NTPI], Operational Readiness Inspection [ORI], Mark 48 Torpedo Certification, and Operational Reactor Safeguards Examination [ORSE]. The decision that Abraham Lincoln would get all the post-overhaul inspections became clear shortly after she began operating out of Pearl Harbor.

The combined crew jelled rapidly and with concentrated effort prepared for the upcoming inspections. The XO and COB were the keys to this impressive effort, which paid off in successful completion of the NTPI, ORI, and Mark 48 certification. Abraham Lincoln passed her NTPI with no deficiencies, a real compliment to the Weapons Department. Preparing for this sequence of inspections limited the number of engineering drills that we ran. As soon as they were complete, we turned to preparations for the ORSE that we knew was coming.

Engineering Drills

In an operating area east of Oahu ideal for engineering drills because there is little ship traffic through it, we conducted Paul Taylor's first week of engineering drills. Drilling twice a day produced marked improvement, but the crew's responses were still ragged when we began the last set of drills on Friday morning. During the first drill the In-Hold-Out switch on the Reactor Plant Control Panel broke. Smoothly the watch section transferred rod control to the Reactor Control Panel backup in Auxiliary Machinery Room 2. Breaking this switch, which controls the insertion and withdrawal of the control rods in the core, was a major casualty. After reporting the casualty to the chain of command, Abraham Lincoln returned to port, installed a new switch, and conducted the extensive testing required to ensure the new switch operated correctly.

Upon arriving in port, the squadron informed me that Abraham Lincoln would have a surprise ORSE on Monday. I should have told the squadron that, with the repair and required testing of the In-Hold-Out switch, we would not be ready for the examination on Monday, but I didn't. Big mistake. Instead, Skip, Paul, and I mustered the Engineering Department for a weekend of crash preparations for the ORSE. The repair and required testing left all the key players in the ORSE exhausted by Monday.

Abraham Lincoln went to sea on Monday and completed the ORSE. With only one week of dedicated preparation the drill sets were

ragged, and the lack of maintenance during the long in-port period to repair the SSMG adversely affected the boat's material condition. In addition, the inspectors discovered that the Gold Crew had violated the Pressure/Temperature Curve during several startups after the last Blue Crew ORSE. The Pressure/Temperature Curve ensures that the thick-walled reactor vessel is thoroughly and evenly heated before it is subject to high pressure. In these startups the pressure had exceeded the allowable limit for the existing temperature increasing the risk of fracturing the reactor vessel.

The ship received an overall grade of Below Average with grades of Below Average in every sub-category. I was disappointed, but not surprised, with this result. The squadron treated it as a failure and instituted a recovery program appropriate to a failure. During this recovery effort, which lasted about six weeks, a squadron representative senior to me was on board whenever the reactor was critical, an indication of how little trust the squadron had in me and the crew as a result of the violations of the Pressure/Temperature curve.

At the same time the COB rallied all the crew to help the Engineering Department in any way that it could. In a heartening display of solidarity, the non-nuclear portion of the crew relieved the Engineering Department of several time-consuming tasks that did not require nuclear training.

The Reexam

The reexam went as smoothly as the surprise ORSE had gone poorly. The inspectors found few administrative discrepancies and the operational drill sets went well with only minor deficiencies. The crew had responded to adversity superbly, and in my opinion deserved an Above Average grade.

At the debrief on Friday the crew earned Above Averages in all but one category, but the ORSE Board assigned an overall grade of Average. I was upset at the Average grade; I thought was an injustice to the crew, given the Above Average grades in all but one category.

This was an ideal time to follow General Eisenhower's advice to junior officers, "Never pass up a chance to keep your big mouth shut." But I ignored that good advice. I exploded and accused the ORSE Board of not giving the crew the grade it deserved, because it lacked the courage to acknowledge the boat's improvement from Below Average to Above Average. The squadron commander was aghast at my outburst and, as quickly as he could, hustled me out of the room.

On Monday Admiral Rickover called and after verifying that I was on the phone, said, "Good job," and hung up. Every other call I had had with the KOG had begun along the lines of, "God dammit, Hyland..." and had gone downhill from there. I took this call as tacit acknowledgement that the ORSE Board had erred in not giving the crew an Above Average.

That said, my outburst did no good for me or the crew in the long run. It established me as all too willing to buck the system; that, in turn, cost the crew support that it deserved. General Eisenhower was correct. I should have kept my big mouth shut. If I had any illusions about the reaction of the squadron to my outburst, Abraham Lincoln's subsequent berthing assignments dispelled them. From the time of her arrival in Pearl Harbor the boat had been berthed at S-1, a pier convenient to the SUBBASE repair shops, Squadron One offices, and the enlisted barracks. After my outburst her normal berth shifted to S-21, the least convenient pier at the SUBBASE.

Local Operations

With the ORSE reexamination in the rearview mirror Abraham Lincoln resumed weekly local operations, getting underway on Monday morning and returning to port on Friday afternoon. The local operations consisted primarily of conducting Individual Ship Exercises [ISE], torpedo firing exercises, providing anti-submarine warfare [ASW] services to surface ships and patrol aircraft, and, on one occasion, included making a port call at Kona on the Big Island of Hawaii.

With one exception these local operations passed without incident. Abraham Lincoln was operating about one hundred nautical miles [nm] south of Oahu conducting engineering drills when she sustained an unusual casualty—a dropped control rod. The dropped control rod immediately shut down the reactor. Recognizing that recovering from this casualty would take hours, I ordered the boat rigged for reduced electrical power, surfaced, and ordered All Stop. The boat would rely on the emergency diesel for several hours. The electrical capacity of the diesel generator limited the number of air conditioning plants we could run, ensuring conditions throughout the boat, especially in the engineering spaces, would become hot and very uncomfortable.

Once surfaced with the diesel running, we sent the required emergency messages to the chain of command. In turn, the Reactor Control Division began trouble shooting, identifying the cause of the dropped rod, and working on repairs. This process took several hours during which conditions in the engineering spaces became so hot that the watch changed at thirty-minute intervals. The coolest area in the boat was the dry bilge area of the Lower Level Missile Compartment [LLMC], an area where entry was restricted, and the two-man rule was in effect. To provide relief for the personnel coming off engineering watches I ordered the LLMC opened to give some relief to these men.

With a stream of messages, we kept the chain of command informed of the status until the Radio Room overheated and the transmitters failed. From the bridge using the battery-powered, hand-held radio normally used only when entering and leaving port I tried to contact a frigate visible on the horizon. I knew the frigate would be unlikely to have its hand-held radio turned on when she was one hundred miles from shore, but I had no other option. If I could raise the frigate, she could transmit updates until we completed repairs and cooled down the boat. I never succeeded in raising the frigate, which eventually disappeared below the horizon.

When the repair of the dropped rod was finally complete, the boat cooled down, and the radios working again, Abraham Lincoln reported

completion of the repairs and headed for port to conduct testing that could not be done at sea. In a message intended to reassure the squadron that we were in good shape, I wrote, "Returning to port to conduct additional testing. Both ice cream machines operating."

Back to Pearl Harbor

The transit back to Pearl Harbor was uneventful. Abraham Lincoln entered port, moored at S-21, shut down the reactor, and began the additional testing that could not be done with the reactor critical. The next day I was ordered to report to COMSUBPAC N-4, a senior captain who was the force material officer and the primary link between COMSUBPAC and Naval Reactors in Washington. This was unusual; normally I dealt with the Squadron One staff, not the COMSUBPAC staff.

When I reported to the N-4 I found myself in a come around just like a plebe at Annapolis. The captain accused me of lying about the inability to transmit emergency messages due to the failure of the radio transmitters. In addition, he was miffed at my attempt at reassurance in referring to the ice cream machines. I endured his tirade, so typical of the mini-Rickovers from a certain period in the nuclear submarine era, until he finally stopped. Thoroughly irked by being accused of lying, I again failed to observe General Eisenhower's advice. I should have said, "Yes, sir," and gotten out of the office as quickly as I could. I didn't. I asserted that I had told the truth, but, in view of reactions like his, if I had another similar casualty, I would simply fix it and not send any messages. Another rash, ill-considered move on my part!

While operating out of Pearl Harbor a key reactor plant component, the Reactor Plant Fresh Water [RPFW] heat exchanger, became fouled with mussels. The fouling reduced the cooling capacity of the heat exchanger; in turn the reduced cooling made it impossible for the boat to make rated power with all the parameters within specification. Week after week over the weekend the Machinery Division would disassemble the RPFW heat exchanger, clean out the mussels using the only procedure authorized for the crew, reassemble the heat

exchanger, and conduct the required hydrostatic test in time to get underway on Monday.

The cleaning procedure authorized for the ship's force was ineffective. The RPFW heat exchanger technical manual contained a shipyard-only procedure for chemical cleaning of the heat exchanger. Repeatedly I requested the squadron to have a team from Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard conduct this procedure to no avail. The toll on Machinery Division personnel and the squadron's inaction induced me to write an Incident Report [IR] stating that the boat could not make rated power. IRs are written reports of casualties, material defects, and other problems addressed directly to Naval Reactors [NR] with copies going to the chain of command.

I had little doubt what the reaction to the IR would be. NR would insist that an operational submarine be capable of reaching rated power with all parameters in specification. The chain of command would resent that I had not meekly accepted its inaction, but, under pressure from NR, it would authorize the shipyard procedure promptly. I was correct and the IR produced the desired result. The shipyard conducted the chemical cleaning process, and Abraham Lincoln was able to make rated power for the remainder of her operations and Machinery Division personnel had more pleasant weekends.

A Conscientious Objector

While the boat was operating out of Pearl Harbor, one of the JOs declared himself to be a conscientious objector. This officer was an exceptionally effective division officer, and I tried my best to dissuade him from making his request official, but he was very religious, and his pastor had convinced him that nuclear weapons and his religion were incompatible. It never occurred to me to contact the COMSUBPAC Chaplain, who might have had more success than I had in convincing the JO that his religion and nuclear weapons were compatible. 20/20 hindsight.

When I reported the situation to the squadron, I received very strong guidance from the squadron and SUBPAC staffs to crucify the officer in his final fitness report, even though he was a fine officer and continued to perform in an exemplary manner. I ignored this advice and wrote the fitness report the officer's performance warranted. The officer was designated as a conscientious objector and was honorably discharged.

Decades later this JO, then a medical doctor in Texas, called me to apologize for causing me a great deal of trouble. He said he now considered his decision to be a conscientious objector a youthful error. I assured him he had done the right thing at the time and his career as a doctor more than made up for any error in his youthful judgment.

The Final Patrol: Abraham Lincoln Patrol 54

As the time to leave Pearl Harbor grew nearer, I asked the chain of command to arrange for Abraham Lincoln to make a final deterrent patrol as part of the transit to Bangor. Pointing out that the boat had its full load of missiles and the Weapons Department had maintained proficiency in missile fire control and launch procedures, I added that this deterrent patrol would meet the criterion for all crew members to wear the SSBN Deterrent Patrol Insignia, especially those who had reported to the boat after its fifty-third patrol. To my delight COMSUBPAC made the necessary arrangements for Abraham Lincoln to make her fifty-fourth and final deterrent patrol.

Abraham Lincoln departed on her final patrol in October 1979. This patrol was, like most deterrent patrols, uneventful as the boat moved slowly through its patrol areas toward the west coast. Toward the end of the patrol, Paul Taylor, the Engineer Officer, reported unusual reactor behavior in response to movement of the control rods. After careful evaluation, Paul, Skip Beard, the XO, and I concluded these abnormal reactions required that we break radio silence to report them and recommend termination of the patrol earlier than scheduled.

After COMSUBPAC received the report, he ordered Abraham Lincoln to end her patrol and steam directly to Bangor, WA. The boat proceeded to Bangor, WA arriving in early November, and offloaded her missiles and torpedoes at the Strategic Weapons Facility, Pacific [SWFPAC]. Within days of her arrival in Bangor, NR ordered that the rod drive motors be electrically disconnected. That ended any hope I might have had of operating at sea from Bangor.

In Patrol 54 Abraham Lincoln had 100 percent weapons readiness and 100 percent navigation in specification, two key criteria of a successful patrol. Equally important every member of the crew was now qualified to wear the SSBN Deterrent Patrol Insignia. Abraham Lincoln's Weapons Officer, Clark Maxwell, deserved the credit for keeping his department in impeccable shape during the ten months of local operations when the boat's strategic deterrence mission took a back seat. Clark's excellence highlighted the weakness I had noted in Abraham Lincoln's Assistant Weapons Officers. He had prepared two officers for designation as Strategic Weapons Officers, but neither of them had done well.

Reflecting on the submarine force's earlier problems with Engineer Officer qualification, I had Clark prepare a proposal for a course for Prospective Strategic Weapons Officers similar to the one I had proposed for Prospective Engineer Officers when I served in Stonewall Jackson. Clark did his usual superb job on this task. SUBPAC immediately established the recommended school and adopted Clark's proposed curriculum unchanged. Clark was awarded the Navy Commendation Medal for this achievement, but his more important achievement was to set a force-wide standard that ensured continuing competence in Strategic Weapons Officers.

Change of Homeport

A change of homeport represents a significant disruption for the crew of any ship, and Abraham Lincoln was no exception. Moving from Hawaii to Bremerton is a more complicated proposition than moving from New London, CG to Portsmouth, NH. You can't drive across the

Pacific, so each crew member with a car had to plan when to ship it so that it would be in Bremerton when he or his family arrived. Any change of home port also involves uprooting children from their schools and putting them in new schools. Families with school age children preferred to move in the summer, so that their children would begin the school year in their new school. All this usually takes place while the boat and its crew are at sea, placing enormous stress on the wives.

The XO, COB, Chief Yeoman, and I worked out a plan to ease the disruption of the change of home port from Pearl Harbor to Bremerton as much as possible. In the summer of 1979, well ahead of the boat's scheduled arrival in Bremerton, we sent the Chief Yeoman and a small support team to Bremerton with a mission to assist every family as it arrived from Hawaii. The plan required an Abraham Lincoln representative to meet each family at the Seattle/Tacoma [SEATAC] Airport, take them to Bremerton, settle them in temporary housing, and assist them in finding permanent housing.

In my family's case Ann had flown to the mainland to house hunt in the late spring of 1979. She found an appropriate home in Bremerton and called me on the boat on a Sunday morning. When I answered the phone, she described the house and asked if it was okay to buy it. During our conversation, it became evident her request to buy the house was a mere formality. She liked the house and had signed the papers to buy it before making the call. Ann is the epitome of a great Navy wife, unafraid to make decisions and run a home no matter what the situation.

That put Ann in Bremerton as Abraham Lincoln families began to arrive. She met every flight with Abraham Lincoln families on it at SEATAC, got them settled temporarily, and helped them find permanent housing. Ann's participation in this plan assured me no family would be forgotten and left to fend for itself in the new homeport. She and the Chief Yeoman made a difficult move as smooth as possible. And their efforts made a major contribution to maintaining

high morale among the crew members, who were still operating out of Pearl Harbor.

Decommissioning

When I first took command of Abraham Lincoln, I had contacted Captain Chuck Larson, who as CO, USS Halibut (SSN-587) was the first to decommission a nuclear submarine, for advice. Earlier I had asked Chuck, who had been a White House Fellow, for advice when I was a candidate for that program, so he knew who I was. He came through with a set of excellent recommendations, as well as a warning that decommissioning would take much longer than I expected, since Abraham Lincoln would have the lowest priority in the shipyard. Now the time to put those recommendations into action had arrived.

In due time Abraham Lincoln was towed from Bangor to Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton where she entered drydock alongside USS Theodore Roosevelt (SSBN-600) to begin the decommissioning process. The major steps in decommissioning included:

- Defueling the reactor and putting all engineering systems in deactivation status.
- Dismantling the missile compartment. This process involved cutting up the 130-foot missile compartment and leaving the pieces in the drydock, so that Soviet satellites could verify the destruction of the missile compartment. This process had never been done before and it left the forward part of the boat separated from the engineering spaces by one hundred thirty feet.
- Moving the two separated parts of the boat back together and welding them together to make the boat watertight, so that the decommissioned hull could be put in the Inactive Ship Facility at Bremerton.
- Removing all classified and cryptographic material from the boat.

- Returning the boat's supply of repair parts back to the Navy Supply System.
- Arranging for the officers' and crew's follow-on assignments.

To report the reuniting of the two parts of the hull Skip and I drafted a modified SUBNOTE to document the 130-foot movement. SUBNOTES are the messages used in SUBPAC to route submarines. They allow the SUBPAC to know roughly where the boat is at all times, and they are a key element in avoiding submerged collisions. RADM Kelly appreciated the humor in adapting the SUBNOTE format to report a movement of 130 feet. Paul Taylor managed his part of decommissioning superbly. He and the Engineering Department completed the whole process without a single incident, an extraordinary achievement.

As fewer and fewer of the ship's systems remained operational, I tried to reduce the size of the crew as quickly as possible. Skip Beard proved to be a master at negotiating desirable follow-on assignments for those crew members whose technical specialties were no longer required in Abraham Lincoln. Skip's negotiations with the enlisted detailers produced a personnel retention rate of 69 percent overall, among the highest of all SUBPAC submarines. Reenlisting an experienced submariner saves the Navy the cost of enlisting and training two or three potential replacements and provides invaluable experienced petty officers to man other submarines.

Once the boat had offloaded its missiles and torpedoes, Skip made the boat's missile fire control technicians, missile technicians, and torpedomen available for reassignment when he could negotiate an assignment to an advanced technical school or to a boat in a homeport where they wanted to serve. The impact of these measures on the crew was palpable; crew members sensed that Skip would look after them and get them desirable orders. In most cases those orders involved either an extension of their enlistment or a reenlistment.

The ship's store of repair parts was no longer required, since none of the equipment was operating. Making these parts available to submariners with the same equipment as Abraham Lincoln was a no-brainer. Once it was done, there was no work for the Supply Officer and his enlisted crew. Thus, Skip could negotiate with the detailers on their behalf. Similarly, once the reactor had been defueled and the propulsion plant systems were in deactivation status, there was no need to keep the full complement of engineering personnel.

Cutting back on nuclear watchstanding requirements was ticklish. Because it involved the reactor plant, I had to get the squadron, NR representative in the shipyard, SUBPAC shipyard representative, and SUBPAC N-4 to agree on any changes to the standard watchstanding requirements. The shipyard's NR representative typified the excessive conservatism to any changes that reduced watchstanding requirements. He was loath to recognize that keeping a watchstander in Maneuvering when all the meters read zero and there were no readings to take undermined the legitimacy of watchstanding itself. Eventually everyone, including the NR representative, came around to my way of thinking.

As the decommissioning process proceeded, I was able to reduce the watchstanding requirements to two roving watches, one forward and one aft, supervised by two Chief Petty Officers and one commissioned officer. Providing fire watches and maintaining cleanliness, a key to fire prevention, dictated a crew somewhat larger than these watchstanding requirements demanded. At decommissioning the crew consisted of me, seven other officers, seven Chief Petty Officers, and thirty-nine petty officers. The effort to keep the crew sized appropriately was a great success. Every member of the wardroom and crew was fully occupied. Those who had detached before the decommissioning ceremony represented a substantial contribution of experienced submariners to the operational submarine force.

Keeping the Crew Off the Streets and Out of the Bars

Abraham Lincoln's crew was unusually gifted athletically. This proved to be a godsend during the decommissioning process. When we combined crews, the XO convinced me to start running and competing in road races. If the XO and I were competing, we were able to engage a number of the crew in running road races. We had two teams, Lincoln Fast and Lincoln Slow to compete in races. I was on the Slow team; crew members who often had run track in high school manned the Fast team. Skip, the COB, and I organized carpools to get the boat's runners to the many weekend 10K races in the Seattle, Tacoma, and Bremerton areas, most of which were not team events. In the occasional 10Ks with a team element the Fast team was competitive and often came in ahead of teams from battalion sized Army units.

In softball season I made a habit of running to the field where Abraham Lincoln's team was playing. These athletic activities kept a sizeable portion of the crew occupied in their leisure hours. Keeping the crew off the streets and out of the bars minimized Shore Patrol incidents that could require disciplinary action.

Bremerton was a thoroughly pro-Navy town. It was the opposite of the Norfolk, VA attitude that I had observed as a youngster: sailors and dogs keep off the grass. Several of Bremerton's automobile dealers, working with the local Navy League, sponsored a Sailor of the Quarter program. Every quarter the automobile dealers treated the Sailor of the Quarter, as well as the COB and the CO of the winner's boat, to an early breakfast and a day of fishing on Puget Sound with beer, wine, and booze plus a guarantee that everyone would catch fish. This would have been a nice prize, but the auto dealers also offered the winning sailor a new car at the dealer's price, which made the prize especially interesting to a young sailor.

I immediately saw the potential of the Sailor of the Quarter as a morale booster. Skip, Master Chief Lutgens, and I made sure Abraham Lincoln had at least one candidate competing to be Sailor of the

Quarter in every quarter. Ultimately, the prospect of a new car at the dealer's price encouraged many of the troops to vie to be Abraham Lincoln's nominee. Our efforts paid off handsomely; we had a winner no less often than every other quarter. When that sailor came back from his day fishing on Puget Sound and talked to his shipmates, the effect on morale was worth its weight in gold.

Decommissioning Ceremony

On the eve of the decommissioning ceremony Ann and I hosted a dinner party at our home. We invited the wardroom officers, all the boat's thirteen previous COs, and the Submarine Group Commander. RADM Kelly and most of the former COs made the trip to Bremerton for the ceremony. Ann is an accomplished hostess and a wonderful cook, and her meal made this occasion unusually festive and filled with sea stories going back twenty or more years.

The decommissioning ceremony the next day was a somber event without fanfare. I made short remarks. The COB lowered the ensign, and the most senior chief petty officer took down the commissioning pennant. The crew marched off the boat for the final time. I followed.

Decommissioning was not a particularly happy occasion as my command, a once living, breathing, and functioning organization was reduced to a hulk devoid of life. Although I did not relish this aspect of my assignment, it was an assignment with almost no established rules or detailed guidance. That kind of duty, which rewarded initiative, turned out to suit me well.

And with that, my first command ended. I had asked for a second command, a submarine that was operating at sea, as my next assignment. I received orders to command of USS Sam Houston (SSN-609), the boat in which I first served, now designated as an attack boat. Those orders would keep the family in Bremerton for another two years and allow our older son to finish high school there.

Chapter 13: Naval Attaché Paris 1986-1989

Attaché Training

Attachés come in three flavors—military, naval, and air. Military attachés are active duty military officers who are declared intelligence collectors. In contrast to CIA officers whose intelligence functions are not declared, the host countries are fully aware of the attachés mission.. Both attachés and CIA officers who are assigned to an embassy enjoy diplomatic immunity. In addition to their intelligence collection mission, attachés have many other duties, including representing their country at various ceremonies, entertaining host country officials, and conducting liaison between their service and the corresponding host country service.

After leaving OP-65, I reported to the Defense Intelligence Agency [DIA] for a six-month Attaché School at the beginning of 1986. Attaché School had to cover many bases because attachés went to a wide variety of countries. Some, like the USSR and its satellites in the Warsaw Pact during the Cold War, were hostile to the US; some were neutral; others, like Great Britain, were friendly. The school concentrated on duty in hostile countries, assuming that, if attachés could do their job in a hostile country, they could do it in any other country. France was something of a special case. France was an ally, and, like every ally, France had its own interests that did not always coincide with American interests. It cooperated with the US in many areas, but not in all. Plus, its intelligence services actively targeted the United States.

In 1985 an Assistant Army Attaché had been assassinated on the street in Paris where I would be living. That was an incentive for me to pay attention to the anti-terrorism training. As a submariner I was

accustomed to varying routines to avoid creating patterns that could be exploited, so this aspect of the training was easier for me to absorb than it was for some of the other students. Even today years after I completed my attaché tour, I still check the street for vehicles that I don't recognize, and I still instinctively vary the routes I take to and from various places that I frequent. Some might think I'm paranoid.

Another major aspect of attaché training involved reporting requirements. As declared intelligence collectors, attachés collect, analyze, and report military and political-military information to DIA and other Intelligence Community agencies. Their host countries know that. My background in writing submarine patrol reports provided me with a leg up on reporting. Submarine patrol reports carefully distinguish between facts and analysis of facts. Broadly speaking a submarine patrol report has two sections. The first says, "This is what I observed. This is what happened." The second, which is optional, says, "This is what I think about what I saw and what happened." Intelligence Information Reports [IIR] use the same format. Just like patrol reports, IIRs put facts in one section and analysis and opinions in separate section. In contrast to IIRs, State Department reporting does not require this rigorous distinction between facts and analyses.

Ann's Training

While I went through attaché training, Ann received training to equip her for her roles overseas. Just as had been the case during active submarining days, Ann and I would be a team but even so more than in our submarine tours. Our success would depend on both of us.

One aspect of Ann's training concentrated on entertaining. Once again, the style of entertaining overseas varies from extremely informal to most formal. DIA opted to train for the more formal style, assuming that the wives could easily adapt to greater informality if they knew the ins and outs of formal entertaining. Ann didn't need this knife-and-fork training. Having lived in France, Ann knew what to expect. Plus, she had done a lot of wardroom entertaining in my previous tours.

A second aspect of the wives' training involved preparing them to represent America overseas and to be knowledgeable about America's cultural treasures. The Washington DC area provided excellent terrain for this part of the training. During her training, Ann visited many more historic and cultural locations in the DC area than I have to this day. When we returned to the US after our attaché tour, DOD and State often asked Ann to escort the wives of senior French officials both because of her fluency in French and because of her broad knowledge of Washington's cultural and historic highlights.

Travel to Paris

Once Ann and I had completed attaché training, we flew to London with our children, even though the three older ones would leave to go to college shortly after we arrived in Paris. We wanted all the children to see our Paris home and feel comfortable coming home even though home was not in the US.

In London I had a week of briefings at the headquarters of the Commander, US Navy Europe [CINCUSNAVEUR]. Ann and the children had a week of sightseeing. From London we traveled by train to Dover, ferry to France, and train to Paris. We arrived unannounced in Paris because the messages providing our travel plans had gotten lost in the ether. After some initial confusion we took taxis to our temporary lodging in the Embassy's Van Loo apartments in the sixteenth arrondissement, not far from the hotel where we had stayed at the beginning and end of our Olmsted tour.

We stayed in the Van Loo Apartments until our household goods arrived. We then moved into an apartment most Parisians only dream of. In the sixteenth arrondissement on rue Le Sueur, a narrow street running between the Avenue de la Grande Armée and the Avenue Foch, the apartment was one of two on the first floor of an art déco building often used as a film set. The apartment was as large as our home in Waynewood. It came with a lockable garage and was ideally suited for the entertaining we were expected to do. The rent for this apartment probably exceeded my monthly salary as a Navy Captain.

Defense Attaché Office Paris

In 1986 the Defense Attaché Office [DAO] in Paris was the largest in the world, even larger than Moscow's. It consisted of the Defense Attaché [DATT], the Air Attaché and two Assistant Air Attachés, the Army Attaché and three Assistant Army Attachés, and the Naval Attaché and two Assistant Naval Attachés. In addition, DIA supplied each service attaché's office with a Bilingual Lingual Research Technician [BLRT, pronounced blurt].

Brigadier General [BG] Roland Lajoie, USA, the DATT, was an Army intelligence officer on his fourth tour as an attaché. I could not have asked for a better boss. In spite of his vast experience in military intelligence, he let me, a neophyte, run the Naval Attaché Office without the least hint of micromanagement. A delight after my submarine squadron commanders.

I was blessed with superb assistant naval attachés. CDRs Al Olsen ('86-'88) and Evan Robinson ('88-'89) were Naval Intelligence specialists with a much more refined understanding of how the Intelligence Community [IC] worked than I. Their advice allowed the office to take advantage of collection opportunities that arose unexpectedly, and it kept me from making errors within the IC.

The other assistant attaché in the office was a Marine, LCOL Max Corley. Like me he was a neophyte in intelligence matters. Max focused on the French Navy elements that most resembled the US Marine Corps, French counterterrorist organizations, and related matters. His reporting on French military counterterrorism activities was superb and sparked jealousy among some of the CIA's officers, who considered counterterrorism their exclusive domain. Max also played a key role in supporting the activities of the Marine Expeditionary Units (MEU) that rotated into the 6th Fleet.

Maria Eichmann was the BLRT in our office. A lovely young woman and an expert in the niceties of writing invitations and thank you letters in French, Maria was a godsend in the area of the social graces. Her

real value, however, was her editing skill, which insured that Navy IIRs were models of clarity and precision. Even in technical areas where she had no background, she had an unerring eye for writing that was not clear. With consummate tact she routinely suggested edits that improved the IIRs I wrote.

Ironically, an Army intelligence specialist, Sergeant Phil Richards, ran the Navy Ship Visit program in France, the largest in the world at the time. In a typical week the Navy had between one and four ships from the Sixth Fleet in French ports on the Côte d'Azur. Phil handled all the logistics for these visits, assuring the ships received the food, fuel, and other services they needed. I received many undeserved kudos for Phil's exceptional performance. The Embassy rated the Navy Ship Visit program as the US government's most favorable public relations effort in France.

Access

As Naval Attaché, I was the lucky beneficiary of three factors over which I had no control. These three factors provided my fellow attachés and me with unequalled access to the French Navy's senior officers, key members of the French Navy staff, and French Navy facilities. This extraordinary level of access formed the basis for our reporting, for assistance to French Navy operations, and for increasing cooperation between the two navies.

The US and French Navies had a long history of cooperation and coordination. For example, in the immediate aftermath of World War II when France reconstituted its Naval Aviation arm, all prospective French Navy aviators trained at Pensacola where all US naval aviators begin training. A second example: when I was the Naval Attaché, France did not participate in NATO's military organization. This fact meant that the French Navy's access to the US Navy passed almost exclusively through the Naval Attaché Office. As a result, the three attachés dealt with a full plate of substantive issues. Today, when France has rejoined the NATO military organization, that may no

longer be the case, because the French military can bypass the attachés by going to the US infrastructure at NATO.

In the 1980s the French Navy was the fifth largest Navy in the world. Although dwarfed by the US Navy's size, the French Navy maintained every capability that the US Navy had, including nuclear-powered SSNs and SSBNs, a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier, carrier- and land-based naval aviation units, a variety of surface combatants, naval special forces, and a modest amphibious warfare capacity. In addition, it maintained a worldwide presence with small detachments in the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, in the Pacific at its nuclear weapons test site, at Nouméa in New Caledonia, and in the Caribbean. These factors allowed the French Navy to complement the US Navy and made both navies more effective.

Finally, in much the same way that the US Navy's Nuclear Power Program had poached the Navy's best performers from the start, the French Navy had also recruited its best talent into the submarine force, *la sousmarine* (submarine mafia) in French Navy slang. During my tour in Paris nuclear submariners occupied many key positions in the French Navy. Both the US and French Navies' senior ranks were dominated by nuclear submariners.

Having commanded two nuclear submarines gave me instant credibility among *la sousmarine* whose crown jewels were its SSBNs, the most important element of France's strategic nuclear deterrence. The paper I wrote on French Nuclear Forces when I was at AEI had circulated among French Navy flag officers, so they knew I was knowledgeable about their nuclear forces. As a fellow submariner I benefited immensely from this coincidence. I was a credible interlocutor from the start and given access that I'm certain no other attaché had.

French Navy Flag Officers

President Charles de Gaulle had personally selected the current Chief of Staff of the French Navy, Admiral Bernard Louzeau, to command

France's first SSBN. In the French Navy Admiral Louzeau was known affectionately as Babar after Jean de Brunhoff's genial elephant. Bernard Louzeau came from Normandy, but not from Norman royalty. The French often refer to their Navy as *la Royale* because of the number of sons of former royalty in its officer corps. I knew many French naval officers whose names reflected their royal heritage. Some were dedicated royalists, who would have welcomed the return of a king. Only with reluctance did these officers celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the French revolution in 1989. Absent a king, Jean Marie LePen was their choice to lead France. Admiral Louzeau was not among this group.

The admiral, despite his success, remained a humble person, not overly impressed with himself. He and his wife chose not to occupy their official residence, a sumptuous apartment in the French Navy headquarters building overlooking the Place de la Concorde. They did their official entertaining there, but they lived in their apartment in Montmartre, so that their children's lives were not disrupted, and Madame Louzeau could continue to teach math at the local lycée. Madame Louzeau invited Ann to spend a week in Normandy in the summer of 1988 at the family's summer cottage. This extraordinarily gracious gesture, Ann could not turn down. She spent a week in the Louzeau's modest stone cottage with no heat and no indoor plumbing. Even in the summer Normandy is not warm. Ann enjoyed the company, but not the frigid nights and the lack of indoor plumbing.

Admiral Alain Coatenea, another nuclear submariner, was a key deputy who later became the Deputy Chairman of France's Joint Chiefs of Staff. Admiral Coatenea was known among French Navy junior officers as "the neutron bomb that kills men but not machines" (*la bombe à neutron qui tue les hommes mais pas les machines*). I found him to be quite congenial, but I didn't work for him.

Force Océanique Stratégique

Admiral Michel Merveilleux du Vignaux commanded France's SSBN Force, *la Force Océanique Stratégique* (FOST), the dominant element

of French nuclear deterrence. Michel was a submariner, who had lost an eye in a hunting accident. As a result, he had not been allowed to take France's nuclear power training, but he commanded the FOST nonetheless. FOST headquarters were in a subterranean limestone cave in Houilles, a suburb of Paris. The cave had been a mushroom farm before it became FOST headquarters, and part of the cave still produced *champignons de Paris*. Whenever I visited FOST Headquarters, Admiral du Vignaux gave me a kilogram of mushrooms for Ann. A kilo (2.2 pounds) is an immense number of mushrooms, and I gave the bulk of them to the DAO driver. After my first visit to FOST Headquarters the DAO drivers, knowing about the mushroom bonus, competed to go to Houilles. And it didn't hurt that they were fed the same luncheon that I ate, and the French Navy ate well.

As my tour was ending, Admiral du Vignaux invited to me a farewell luncheon at his headquarters. At the end of the lunch, he gave presented me with a *coupelle* from every submarine in the French Navy as a gift to Ann in addition to the kilo of mushrooms. A *coupelle*, the standard gift of a French Navy ship to a high ranking official, is a small metal dish with the ship's insignia in the base. One *coupelle* would have been a gracious farewell gift; Ann's gift was off the charts. If I ever needed confirmation of Ann's key role in Paris, this gift was it. After giving me Ann's gift, Admiral du Vignaux took off his French Navy submarine insignia and pinned them on me. I was overwhelmed and, for once, speechless. I have his insignia framed with mine along with a decoration the French government awarded to me in the I-love-me section of the family room.

More Than Meets the Eye

My comments about Ann's contributions during my attaché tour may give the mistaken impression that her contributions consisted primarily in being a gracious hostess to a stream of French and American admirals. She was that but so much more, too. She often told me facts that were grist for official reports, things that only a wife would hear. Ann made equally valuable contributions representing the

US in *Bienvenue en France* (Welcome to France), an organization for diplomats' wives. Fluent in French, she was a highly prized recruit in French conversation groups.

Michel's brother and another member of *la sousmarinade*, Admiral Régis Merveilleux du Vignaux commanded the Atlantic Fleet with headquarters in Brest. That made him to counterpart to the Commander in Chief, US Navy, Europe and the Commander in Chief, Atlantic Fleet in the US Navy. Michel and Régis du Vignaux were not two peas in a pod. Their personalities were as different from one another as my two sons' personalities are different from one another. They differed physically as well. Régis was tall and elegant; Michel short and rotund. Michel put it this way in French: *Il est le beau, et je suis le gros*. Translation: He's the handsome one; I'm the fat one. It sounds much better in French than it does in English.

Impact of the Maritime Strategy

The naval attachés also profited from the 1986 publication of an unclassified version the Navy's Maritime Strategy in Naval Institute *Proceedings*. I had observed the development of the highly classified version of the strategy from the sidelines when I was assigned to OP-65. RADM Roger Bacon and Captain Linton Brooks, under the direct guidance of the Chief of Naval Operation [CNO], played key roles in developing the strategy. From time to time, Lint would ask my opinion of elements of the emerging strategy without ever letting me in on the larger picture. I was not surprised to see an unclassified version of the Maritime Strategy appear in *Proceedings*. I knew the CNO wanted the Soviet Union to know what was in store for it in the event of war. Senior officers in the French Navy immediately grasped the implications of the strategy for its own SSBN force.

The 1986 Maritime Strategy called for the US Navy to surge into Norwegian Sea to attack the Soviet bases on the Kola Peninsula and for US SSNs to attack Soviet SSBNs in their Barents Sea bastion. The strategy would surge US Atlantic Fleet through the patrol areas of French SSBNs, and the US anti-submarine warfare [ASW] forces in

the surge would threaten French SSBNs survival. If France's SSBNs were detected by US ASW forces, they would be treated as hostile and attacked. The Maritime Strategy alerted the French Navy of the need for greater coordination and cooperation with the US Navy to avoid Blue-on-Blue attacks on French Navy SSBNs. As naval attaché I became the initial point of contact to deal with the US strategy and to set up increased coordination among operational forces to avoid Blue-on-Bleu attacks.

Dealing with the Ambassador

When Ann and I arrived in Paris, we had no experience working with the State Department. I knew that the ambassador in Paris was traditionally a political appointee who received the post as a reward for helping the president in his election campaign. Helping the president get elected never seemed to me to be an especially germane qualification for appointment as an ambassador, but it is and remains an ingrained feature of US politics. Ambassador Joe Rogers and his wife, Honey could not have been better representatives of the US, and their example forced me to reevaluate my opinions about political appointees.

Mrs. Rogers insisted on being called Honey. To this day I don't know her real name. Honey was most gracious to Embassy wives. She organized an exercise class in the residence. Ann considers that class held in the residence's elegant dining room exactly what a woman's gym should look like.

Ambassador Rogers met the criteria for a political appointment. He had been the Finance Chairman of President Reagan's Presidential Campaign. A wealthy businessman from Tennessee, he had made his fortune in construction. One wag in the Embassy explained to me the Ambassador had paved Saudi Arabia and become wealthy in the process. He brought his business background to the job of managing the Embassy. He insisted that every embassy section set annual goals, and he monitored progress closely. Like many Reagan Republicans he

was a defense hawk and took more interest in the Navy than I had anticipated.

For the most part BG Lajoie, the Defense Attaché, dealt with the Ambassador, but there were exceptions to this rule. The first exception came as a request from the Ambassador to arrange a visit to an aircraft carrier. Fortunately, a carrier battle group [CVBG] was scheduled to operate in the Bay of Biscay, which put Paris within the range of its Carrier Onboard Delivery [COD] aircraft, a C-2 Greyhound. I arranged for the Ambassador and number of French Navy flag officers to fly from Paris to the carrier. After an agonizing weather delay that threatened to scrub the visit, the COD flew into Le Bourget, the same airfield where Charles Lindbergh had landed after crossing the Atlantic in May 1927, picked up the Ambassador, the French Navy admirals, and me and flew back to the carrier. I made my first and only carrier landing that day.

The CVBG Commander was RADM Barney Kelly, whom I knew as the CO, USS Enterprise (CVN-65) in overhaul at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard when I was decommissioning Abraham Lincoln. He proved to be a great host. The Navy had recently changed its rules on alcohol on its ships; now when VIPs visited, wine could be served. Barney's sly toast at lunch thanked the Ambassador and the visiting admirals for permitting him to have his first legal drink at sea. The air group put on an impressive demonstration. After the conclusion of the visit the COD flew us back to Le Bourget. The next morning the Ambassador called me down to his office to find out how best to thank Admiral Kelly and the officers and men of Enterprise who had made the trip a success. He said he enjoyed the trip and had learned a lot, but he was disappointed not to meet any enlisted men.

Another Request

And he had one other item on his agenda: a trip on a nuclear submarine. I set about arranging an underway on one of the boats in the Mediterranean by contacting Admiral Bacon, who had helped me get the attaché billet and was now in charge of submarines in the

Mediterranean. On the appointed day the Ambassador and I flew to Toulon where Admiral Bacon met us and took us to the Sturgeon (SSN-637) Class boat that was ready to get underway. She would go from Toulon to the Italian island of La Maddalena where the US Navy maintained a submarine tender. The Ambassador and I would debark in La Maddalena and fly back to Paris.

The Ambassador got the full VIP treatment—periscope liberty, angles and dangles, and a tour through all the non-engineering spaces. I don't think he slept a wink. When he left the boat the next morning, Ambassador Rogers had met every sailor from the state of Tennessee in the crew and had written a personal note to their parents thanking them for their sons' contribution to the nation and its defense. Both Admiral Bacon and I were impressed.

I breathed a premature sigh of relief, thinking that the submarine trip had exhausted the Ambassador's interest in the Navy.

How shortsighted! No sooner were we back in Paris than he asked me to brief him on the Navy's Ship Visit Program. When I briefed him, he was shocked at the number of port calls US Navy ships made in French ports. He quizzed me on the support available to assist sailors ashore, and I explained that the United Services Organization [USO] had a presence on the Côte d'Azur where most port calls took place. I gratuitously mentioned that the USO never had adequate funds, not on the Côte d'Azur or anywhere else. I left thinking the briefing had satisfied Ambassador Rogers. Big mistake!

I had misjudged the Ambassador. My comment about USO funding shortfalls had piqued the interest of the businessman in the Ambassador. He followed up with a request for an estimate of the dollar value of US Navy ship visits to the economy of the Côte d'Azur. I did a back of the envelope calculation for the money that the ships' crews would probably spend, and Phil Richards supplied me with estimates of the value of the food, fuel, and other supplies involved. I don't remember the dollar total, but it was a seven-figure number, and the first digit was not a one. I took these figures to Ambassador Rogers,

and he immediately decided the French, whose economy profited from the ship visits, should provide funding for the USO. Not in a million years would this linkage have occurred to me or any other naval officer. I left with a charge to raise money for the USO from French companies.

Squeezing Blood from Turnips

If there was ever a task for which I was totally unprepared, raising money for the USO from the French businesses was it. I went to see the Commercial Attaché for advice. Both of us knew that French companies did not make charitable donations. We agreed that it was farfetched to think the Embassy could get them to do so. I had once again underestimated the Ambassador. Within ten days the owners of the firm that he had used to raise money for President Reagan's presidential campaign were in my office. Mr. Bob Odell and Mr. Tim Roper of Odell, Roper and Associates introduced themselves and described how they planned to raise \$500,000 for the USO from French companies. All the Commercial Attaché had to do was set up appointments with major French defense companies. My job: escort the two fund raisers to the appointments and translate for them, if required.

What the Ambassador had surmised was that French defense companies wanted to break into the lucrative American defense market and that having the Embassy on their side was a no-brainer. The fund raisers would be making an offer that the companies could not refuse in return for Embassy support in their effort to break into the US defense market, they needed to make a contribution to the USO.

Odell and Roper didn't make this godfather offer as bluntly as I've described it, but their message was perfectly clear. I would not have thought of this approach in a million years. Neither would have the Commercial Attaché. Unsubtly twisting arms, the two fund raisers pocketed commitments for \$500,000 in the space of two week-long visits. To thank the French companies' executives for their donations the Ambassador staged an exclusive gala at the American

ambassador's residence. It should go without saying that an invitation to the US Ambassador's residence was much sought after, especially when the gala was an exclusive event for the donors. The French executives liked the bargain and salivated at the thought of Embassy support for their efforts to penetrate the US defense market. The Ambassador was happy with the outcome, and the USO on the Côte d'Azur was tickled pink to find itself \$500,000 better off.

Reception Arm Candy

Ambassador Rogers invited attachés and their wives to receptions at the residence from time to time. As for the attachés at these receptions, they were decked out in dress uniforms, eye candy for the Ambassador's guests. Plus, all the attachés spoke French fluently and were comfortable with meeting new people at receptions.

Two of these receptions were particularly notable for the people Ann and I met. The first was a hastily arranged reception for Greg Lemond, the first American to win the Tour de France bicycle race. All the cyclists in the family—my son Thomas and my sons-in-law Chris and Joel—were envious to the nth degree that we had shaken hands with the Tour winner.

The second reception was one for movie stars in Paris for the Césars, France's equivalent of the Oscars. At this reception Ann approached a tall, slender woman, standing alone with her back to the crowd, to engage her in standard reception chit-chat. An awed Ann found herself talking to Audrey Hepburn and they had a nice conversation. As Audrey Hepburn moved on, she remarked to Ann, "You are a beautiful woman." I knew that and would have complimented Ms. Hepburn on her excellent judgment had I been there.

Later at the same reception Ann and I found ourselves face-to-face with Sean Connery, his wife, and their two sons. After the reception Ann vowed she would never wash the hand that had shaken the hand of Sean Connery, a vow she did not keep. Connery's wife, a curvaceous Frenchwoman, had been spray-painted into a bright red

dress that left no curve disguised. Their two sons were in uniform. One was doing his obligatory military service in France; the other in England. Audrey Hepburn and Sean Connery had made this an unforgettable reception.

Official Entertaining

DIA provided every attaché office with funds to entertain host country counterparts. It expected every attaché to entertain at least twice a month. The Defense Attaché allocated these funds among the Air Force, Army, and Naval attachés and their assistants. DIA had a detailed regulations defining official entertainment; the regulations were designed to ensure the attaché's guests were foreigners, not fellow Americans. This tour in Paris was the only time that Ann and I have been paid to entertain, and we never had any trouble meeting DIA's entertainment requirements. Ann's superb cooking made us a sought-after dinner invitation. My 1966 purchase of Julia Child's cookbook paid off in spades.

Attaché entertaining carries an undeserved reputation as frivolous cookie pushing. In fact, it is an integral aspect of an attaché's work, fostering social relationships that provide the attaché with entrées on a professional level. When we entertained, Ann and I were on duty and used the occasion to further US and Navy interests. Ann was a huge success as a hostess and, when we rehashed the party afterwards, she would often have tidbits and biographical details that only wives of the French officers would know.

Official Events

Ann and I hosted two basic events. We hosted sit down dinners for ten to twenty and receptions for larger crowds of up to fifty guests. Our apartment came with the job, and it was ideal for entertaining with a spacious entry, an immense living room, a large dining room, and a kitchen to support the entertainment. Once a dinner or reception began, Ann and I were fully occupied with our guests, and we depended on

our Filipino maid, Tina, and her husband, René, to serve cocktails, make the final dinner preparations, and serve the dinner.

Although the French have a reputation for being heavy drinkers, we found that not to be the case. Our guests, as a rule, would not drink American cocktails, because they were unfamiliar with them and didn't know how the cocktails would affect them. The exception to this general rule were French naval aviators who had learned to fly at Pensacola where they had not only learned to fly but also to appreciate good bourbon. For everyone else we quickly found that serving champagne was the key to putting our guests at ease.

At dinner our French guests rarely drank more than one glass of wine. The Embassy commissary stocked excellent American wines, which we chose to serve with dinner. I remember one French admiral commenting that the wine we served would give a good French wine a run for the money, a rare compliment in a country that prides itself as the birthplace of fine wine. Ann and I noted that, when we hosted visiting French and American officers together, wine consumption was roughly double what it was when we hosted French officers alone.

For short US flag officer visits, we sometimes hosted a brunch on Sunday, so that the American and French officers would have an opportunity to socialize before getting down to business on Monday. I don't know if brunch has become common in France now, but it was a novelty in the late mid to late 1980s. During my tour the French Navy, which always had had good relations with the US Navy, sought even deeper relationships, so their officers came to these brunches knowing that their appearance would make the visit more productive.

Receptions were our other staple entertainment. As a rule, receptions are a chore for the level of officials we wanted to attract. Our two most successful receptions employed special circumstances to attract the desired crowd. The first involved my parents' visit to France. The French Navy was aware that my father was a distinguished naval aviator and a four-star admiral who had commanded the Pacific Fleet.

Our reception in his honor drew virtually every French Navy flag officer in Paris.

The second unusually successful reception, a *vernissage* for André Dusigne's art, ran for three consecutive evenings in October 1988 to accommodate the guest list. We had a full house for all three nights. Ann and I had met the Dusigne family whose younger daughter, Martine, was Ann's best friend during our Olmsted tour. We had attended Martine's wedding to Olivier Richard, the younger son of our Sèvres neighbors, Général and Madame Richard. In France Martine's father, André Dusigne, was a well-known artist who exhibited his work at the annual show in Paris' Grand Palais. He had retired from a career as a brewer and was working full time as an artist when we met him in 1986.

In 1988, Martine was living overseas in Réunion, so we contacted her older sister, Marie-France, with our idea for a show (*vernissage*) of her father's works. She responded enthusiastically. Ann and I borrowed display boards from the Embassy to transform the foyer, living room, and dining room of our apartment into an art gallery. This unique reception was a huge success. For months after it, Ann received compliments at the standard embassy receptions we attended every week.

A Favorite Memory

My favorite memory of French naval aviators involves the wife of the senior naval aviator, an admiral who had trained in Pensacola. The admiral's wife was a feisty, curvaceous, red-head. She wasn't classically beautiful, but she was attractive and, like most French women, took every advantage of her best features. The first time she and her husband came to dinner, our regular waiter, René, offered her a glass of champagne and she exclaimed (in French, of course), "What! Is this the home of the American naval attaché? Is there no Jack Daniels?" René understood the French, but did not know what to do.

I asked the admiral's wife how she would like her Jack Daniels. In English this time she said, "Neat, with ice and perhaps a little water." After that René always had her Jack Daniels ready.

Later after dinner over coffee in the living room the admiral's wife remarked, "You know, Jay, I'm no longer as young as I once was, but I like my age. Men still pay attention to me, but their wives are no longer jealous." That is the classic French woman's attitude in a society where Ann would correctly tell you that most men are male chauvinists.

Two-Way Street

Attaché entertaining was a two-way street. Ann and I were rarely at home in the evening from Monday to Friday in the three years we were in Paris unless we were hosting a dinner or reception. By unspoken agreement among attachés the weekends were sacred and reserved for families.

Representational Events

Another attaché duty, a close cousin of official entertainment, was representing the US at ceremonial events. Typically, these involved diplomatic receptions and ceremonies commemorating events with Franco-American significance. I was a regular at wreath laying ceremonies at the Arc de Triomphe. By the third year of my tour the French employees who oversaw these ceremonies greeted me as a comrade.

Attachés were in high demand at embassy receptions, and we routinely attended two or three every week. In addition to routine embassy receptions, we received a constant stream of dinner invitations and usually attended one or two every week. An attaché double header was an evening where we attended a reception followed by a dinner. An attaché marathon added a luncheon before the reception. The luncheons only involved me and fortunately attaché marathons were

rare. For my own survival, I quickly learned how to navigate receptions and meals on one glass of champagne and one glass of wine.

In 1988, Ann had surgery in the NATO Hospital in Mons, Belgium. During her absence I took Ann-Marie, my twenty-year-old daughter who was studying at the Sorbonne in her junior year abroad, to a diplomatic reception where she attracted considerable attention. Although I introduced her as my daughter, few among the worldly-wise attachés and their wives took that as fact and surmised I had found a very attractive mistress. When Ann returned to Paris, several attaché's wives gave her an earful about my mistress, thoroughly amusing Ann.

Luncheons

The best luncheons were those hosted by NATO's naval attachés, the Blue Mafia, on a monthly rotation. Each of the NATO attaché's wives would design a menu typical of her country for these luncheons. These meals were uniformly delicious, and the attachés bent over backwards in thanking the host's wife for her efforts. Belgium did not have a naval attaché in Paris, so we inducted Belgium's Army Attaché, Colonel Joseph "Jo" Deleers, into the Blue Mafia, even though he didn't wear a navy-blue uniform. Jo and his wife, Danny, became good friends as did a number of other NATO attachés and their wives, the Germans Rudiger and Ulrike von der Goltz, the Italians Pietro and Kathy de Michaelis, Dutch couple Willem and Carla Harberts, and Canada's Jacques and Daniella Gauvin.

The luncheon I liked least was the quarterly CAMNA luncheon. CAMNA, *le Corps des Attachés Militaire, Naval, et de l'Air*, was the official organization of attachés in Paris. Membership in CAMNA was obligatory and its expensive luncheons ate into my entertainment budget without providing many reporting opportunities. American attachés at CAMNA luncheons were desirable table mates, because the other attachés knew we had special access to our French counterparts. At best CMNA lunches were dull affairs; at worst they turned into fencing matches with adversaries or lengthy attempts to

deflect questions about French Navy issues that I did not want to answer.

Operation Dragoon Commemoration

Another set of representational events at which the Naval Attaché was expected commemorated Operation Dragoon, the World War II invasion of southern France on August 15, 1944. In 1986 these were the first official events I attended as the Naval Attaché. They were a drink from the proverbial fire hose. Traditionally the first wave of French summer vacationers leave home on July 15 and return on August 15, the same day when the second wave of vacationers leave home. The perfect recipe for traffic jams. Ann and I packed all four children into an Embassy station wagon and drove to the Côte d'Azur along with millions of Frenchmen. Except for the traffic, the trip was uneventful until the final stretch on a road paralleling the beaches. John and Thomas immediately saw that most of the women had forgotten the top half of their bathing suits and moved to take the window seats closest to the beach.

At the hotel where we stayed, the children were on their own most of the time. Ann and I had a series of ceremonies to attend at different locations every day followed by a reception in the evening. I grew adept at changing from Service Dress White—choker whites—to Tropical White Long—short sleeves—in the car as we moved from Fréjus to Draguignon to other locations whose names I don't recall.

This trip provided our first exposure to a set of extremely wealthy people, a mix of Americans and French, who lived on the Riviera and led supremely empty lives with nothing more important to discuss than the next reception or dinner. This slice of Riviera society was avid to entertain senior naval officers, the most sought after being the Commander, Sixth Fleet [COMSIXTHFLT]. Senior naval officers with no background in France or the French in port for a limited time were often dazzled by these people and their receptions and dinners. Both Ann and I were put off by the vapidness of their existence. Neither of us looked forward to trips to the Côte d'Azur, but they were part of

job. Being polite and acting as eye candy while sipping champagne was not exactly a hardship.

Escorting Senior Officials (VIPs)

Escorting VIPs was a third aspect of the job related to entertaining. Two VIP visits in 1988 were especially notable—one by William L. Ball, the Secretary of the Navy, and the other by Senator John Warner (R-VA), a former Secretary of the Navy. The French government has no position corresponding to Secretary of the Navy and did not know how to handle Secretary Ball's visit. This issue evaporated when it became clear the Secretary's visit would not include Paris in an official capacity. His visit consisted of a series of ceremonial events on the Riviera followed by a speech at the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery. Belleau Wood, the site of a 1918 US Marine Corps battle that earned Marines the moniker of Devil Dogs from their German enemies, lies close to this cemetery.

Secretary Ball

Secretary Ball descended on the Côte d'Azur and took up residence with his wife in a posh hideaway hotel in Èze, a medieval village high in the hills above Nice. The hotel commanded a lovely view of the Mediterranean coast, but it was supremely inconvenient for the Secretary and everyone else connected with the visit. Èze was located off a narrow two-lane road far from the ceremonial sites, and there were no reasonably priced accommodations convenient to the hotel for those supporting his visit. The Secretary seemed to be pleased with this part of his trip, which had to be extended when his plane developed mechanical issues. Frankly, I was frazzled by the time Secretary headed north to deliver his speech honoring the Marines buried in the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery.

The Secretary expected me to deliver his speech honoring the fallen Marines in French after he delivered it in English. I prodded his staff to get me a copy of the speech while we were on the Côte d'Azur, but the Secretary hadn't written it yet. Late in the evening on the eve of

the day when Secretary was to give the speech, I finally got a copy. It was a great speech that hit all the right notes, but I was up until 0300 working on the translation I was expected to deliver. After the Secretary gave the speech, I repeated it in French. I was so tired that I did not realize how good the speech was until I reread it after the visit.

Max Corley, my Marine assistant and I, accompanied by our wives, drove from Paris to the cemetery for the ceremony, which went off without a hitch. After the ceremony the French hosted the official party, including me, Max, and our wives for lunch at the Moët et Chandon hospitality chateau in Hautvillers. According to French tradition, Hautvillers is where Dom Pérignon, a Benedictine monk and the cellar master at Hautvillers, invented champagne.

After lunch we visited the Moët et Chandon cellars where we all received complimentary bottles of Dom Pérignon. Then Ann and I and the Secretary and his wife proceeded to Reims where the Secretary was to meet a close friend for dinner at Les Crayères, a three-star restaurant in the Guide Michelin. Max and Shirley went home after lunch, but I was nervous about leaving the Secretary in case a problem should arise. Les Crayères, a marvelous restaurant, is also the site where Eisenhower set up his headquarters in France in World War II after the Normandy invasion. Ike had good taste. I was too tired to enjoy the dinner or to appreciate the history of the site. When Ann and I finally arrived back in Paris late that night, my only feeling was one of relief that the Secretary's visit was over.

Senator Warner

Senator Warner's visit unfolded differently. He announced he would be attending a Strategic Defense Initiative [SDI] (aka "Star Wars") conference in Paris, but he did not go through the normal State Department channels. I learned that, since he hadn't gone through channels, the Embassy planned to ignore his visit entirely. I asked myself a question, "Who would take the blame if a former Secretary of the Navy and sitting Senator was stiffed by the Embassy?" The answer was clear as a bell: yours truly, the Naval Attaché. I went

directly to the Ambassador's office and told his immediate staff I would be happy to escort Senator Warner. I added it would be nice if the Senator stayed at the Ambassador's residence, since he was an influential Republican in the Senate. The Ambassador apparently agreed with my assessment because the Senator stayed in the Lindbergh bedroom at the residence.

On the first day of the conference, I arranged to have an Embassy vehicle pick up the Senator at the residence. The French arranged a motorcycle escort for the short trip from the residence to the conference site on the Champs-Élysées. At the appointed departure time the Senator was nowhere to be seen. After what I thought was a long time, he came out of the residence and, very late by naval standards, we proceeded to the conference site with sirens blazing. The escort did not stop at traffic lights or for traffic jams. Consequently, when the rue Royale was blocked on our side of the street, the escort moved into the opposite side of the street and blew through the Place de la Concorde up the Champs where it did a U-turn to stop in front of the conference location. The Senator seemed unperturbed by the trip, while I, in front in the suicide seat, was scared out of my wits. The conference was well underway when Senator Warner entered. All the proceedings stopped as he made his way to his place. I got it! The Senator was always late so that his entrance would be noticed. It happened every day of the conference. How could I have not known it?

When the conference ended that first day, the Senator asked me where he could go shopping. I told him the Embassy commissary and gift store opened at 0900, and it had the best prices for the best-known French luxury goods. The next morning Senator Warner exited the residence shortly after 0900 and we walked to the Embassy. We were in the commissary and gift store for about thirty minutes. The Senator power-shopped at the rate of \$100 a minute, buying gifts for his daughters, friends, and staff. I left, stunned that anyone could spend \$3,000 in thirty minutes. I carried the loot, looking like a Nepalese Sherpa.

Senator Warner hadn't eaten breakfast, so he asked me to join him at Le Crillon, which is just across the rue Boissy d'Anglas from the Embassy. I gulped; I knew what prices at Le Crillon were and how much money I had with me. Earlier in my tour I had called Ann and asked her to meet me at the Embassy and go out for dinner. When she arrived, it was too early to eat dinner and I proposed a glass of champagne in Le Crillon's bar. The first glass was excellent; we had a second and I signaled for the check. When I paid the bill, I had no money left. We went home for dinner.

The Senator came to my rescue and treated me to breakfast. On the way out, he stopped in Le Crillon's gift shop and added to my load. On the way back to the residence he noticed Hermès on the corner of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré and the rue Boissy d'Anglas. We crossed the Faubourg and went in. Senator Warner proceeded to add to his purchases for his staff. He wasn't done. Further along the Faubourg he noticed an attractive framed display of antique corkscrews in a shop window. Without a second thought he went in and bought the display. We left and went up to the Lindbergh bedroom where I deposited an immense pile of loot.

The Senator had one other request for me. He wanted to play tennis the next morning. I was at a loss how to arrange a tennis match at a secure location. Fortunately, I had noticed what appeared to be fittings and lines for a tennis court in the residence's courtyard. The Embassy staff in the guard house confirmed my suspicion and showed me the net and net poles. I had a solution! Early the next morning the Senator and I played a couple of sets in the courtyard. He could get up early if there was no audience to impress! The noise from our match brought Ambassador Rogers to an upstairs window where he took in the scene and shook his head in disbelief. I wasn't gracious enough to let the Senator win, but he didn't appear to mind.

The day of the Senator's departure opened with desultory rain and fog. My preferred driver in the Defense Attaché Office's motor pool, René, and I both knew immediately that getting to Charles de Gaulle airport

would be a nightmare. I had set a departure time that, even with the lousy weather, would get the Senator to the airport in time to catch his flight. Wouldn't you know that this morning he was running behind schedule? And to top it off he asked us to pick up his daughter at her hotel on Avenue Montaigne. Of course, his daughter was running behind schedule, delayed by extracting herself from an Arab paramour's embrace.

With these delays I was sure we would not get to the airport on time for the Senator's flight. When it was clear that would be the case, I told him, but he was not upset at all. He glanced at his daughter and suggested it would be an adventure to fly on Air France's SST. When we arrived at the airport, Senator Warner gave me the receipts from his and his daughter's shopping to take to the Duty-Free desk for refunds. Senator Warner went to the Air France desk and bought two tickets on the SST. The two Warners combined Duty-Free rebates approximated my monthly salary as a Navy Captain. They went through the departure gate. René and I drove back to Paris, rehashing the whole visit and the final day in amazement.

Escorting French Flag Officers

In the fall of 1986, I escorted Admiral Coatenea and his Chief of Staff, Capitaine de Vaisseau Camille Sellier, another nuclear submariner with an SSBN command tour in his resumé, to the US. Admiral Bruce Demars, the senior US submariner on active duty aka The Grand Dolphin, had invited Admiral Coatenea to tour key US nuclear submarine facilities. Plus, he had arranged for the use of the Chief of Naval Operations' personal plane to fly our party of four from base to base. This was an eye-opening trip for me—my first flag-officer-level exposure to the submarine support infrastructure that had provided me with a steady stream of well-prepared junior officers and young petty officers and had kept my boats in excellent material condition.

From Washington we went to New London where Admiral Demars focused on the infrastructure that supported nuclear submarines—attack trainers, diving trainers, missile launch trainers, technical

schools, and maintenance facilities. From New London we flew to Kings Bay, Georgia, the newly commissioned Trident submarine base for the Atlantic. The focus here was operational support. From Kings Bay, we crossed the country to Bangor, home port for Pacific Trident boats where we visited the Trident Training Facility and the Intermediate Maintenance Facility.

Admiral Coatenea received an extensive education in American baseball during the trip, since Admiral Demars was an avid fan of the Boston Red Sox. At a luncheon with the widow of Admiral Régis du Vignaux and Admiral and Madame Coatenea many, many years later, Admiral Coatenea reminded me of his introduction to the incomprehensible game of American baseball.

Canadian Negotiations

Later in my attaché tour, the Coatenea trip proved extremely valuable when Canada was exploring the purchase of Rubis Class SSNs from France. France was only too willing to export its Rubis Class SSNs. Not only would the sales bring in revenue, but, since Canada did not have the necessary nuclear submarine support infrastructure, the sales would also offer the prospect of long-term support of the exported boats, an especially lucrative opportunity. France needs to pursue an aggressive export policy of every kind of military equipment to amortize its costs over longer production runs. The state-run organizations that produced equipment for France's Air Force, Army, and Navy all run active, aggressive export policies. France has a reputation for overpromising to make a sale and for shaky after-sale support, but in spite of this reputation France is among the leaders in military sales to foreign countries.

The Canadian Naval Attaché, Jacques Gauvin, was his embassy's point man in Canada's negotiations, but he had no background in submarines or nuclear power. He often turned to me for background information to help him better understand what the Canadian Navy was getting into. The broad look at the submarine support infrastructure that I gotten from the Coatenea trip proved essential to

giving Jacques the background he needed to advise his country on the proposed purchase. The extent of the required infrastructure was an eye-opener for Jacques and, I suspect, for Canada's Navy and government. Nor would it have been something France would have emphasized, because Canada's lack of the necessary infrastructure meant France would be the sole source of lifetime support to Canada's SSNs and more lucrative than the sale itself.

US policy vigorously opposed Canada's attempts to build a nuclear submarine fleet. These discussions with Jacques revealed the ups and downs in Canada's negotiations with the French, as well as many political and technical details of great interest to the State Department and US Navy. The Pentagon and State Department eagerly read the reports I generated from these discussions.

Escorting US Navy Flag Officers

I had had very limited contact with US Navy flag officers before I became the Naval Attaché in Paris. My tour in OP-65 was the first time I had worked directly for an admiral, and it also was the first time I routinely dealt with admirals. Paris changed that. In three years in Paris, I think I met every flag officer in the Navy except those on duty in the Pacific Fleet. Every flag officer visit required extensive preparation and added to Ann's entertainment load, but these visits provided me with access that I would not otherwise have had. In addition, the visits established personal links between senior officers, facilitating increased cooperation and coordination between the two navies on operational matters. The official portion of a flag visit was relatively standard. The visit unfolded in two parts—meetings in Paris and a trip to one of the two major French Navy bases, Brest on the Atlantic coast or Toulon on the Mediterranean.

One of the more difficult truths that I had to convey to visiting American officers had nothing to do with substance. It had to do with how formal their reception in France would be and how important it would be for them to dress like conservative American bankers. The flag officers usually got the message, but the junior officers in their

retinue often did not and found themselves underdressed and embarrassed at the receptions and meals hosted by the French.

Flag Officer Visits

The first flag officer visit I had gone on was that of a French admiral to the US. In 1986, I accompanied Admiral Coatenea to the United States where Admiral Bruce Demars personally escorted him on visits to key US submarine facilities. When Admiral Demars visited France in 1988, Admiral Michel du Vignaux reciprocated, inviting Admiral Demars to tour Île Longue, France's equivalent of the US Submarine Base and Strategic Weapons Facility at Bangor, and to go on sea trials on one of France's SSBNs. Accompanying Admiral Demars on his trip gave me unprecedented access to France's SSBN force, a topic of considerable interest to the US. I was able to provide unique details on the facilities, maintenance practices, and operational standards of France's SSBN force, *la Force Océanique Stratégique* (FOST).

Over the three years I spent in Paris, the French Navy invited every senior submariner who visited to tour Île Longue and an SSBN. In 1989 Admiral Michel du Vignaux commented to the American admiral, "Jay has been here so often, he could deliver the briefing." He was not far from the truth. One of those flag officers was Admiral Chuck Larson, the Deputy CNO for Plans and Policy (OP-06), who had given me advice on navigating the White House Fellows competition and on surviving Abraham Lincoln's decommissioning process. The admiral was a nuclear submariner, but he had begun his career as a naval aviator. He had been the Brigade Commander, the number one ranking midshipman, in the same Naval Academy class in which John McCain had graduated near the bottom of the class. At Pensacola he had been McCain's wingman, which he characterized as follows: "It was tough to be John's wingman, and after midnight it got much tougher." The French Navy was aware of these details and was clever at exploiting them. On the flight to Brest two French Navy F-8 Crusaders appeared flying in formation with Admiral Larson's plane.

He had dozed off, so I nudged him and pointed out the escort French naval aviators had arranged for him. The Admiral was impressed.

Profitable Visits

Two flag officer visits included visits to Commando Hubert, the French Navy's equivalent of SEAL Team Six. Commando Hubert demonstrated its Hi-Lo parachute expertise and then put me and the visiting admiral in a room while it staged a hostage rescue. Standing wedged in one corner of the room with the admiral in another corner with the hostage dummy in the center of the room, I wondered how I gotten myself into this situation and whether the admiral and I would survive. Commando Hubert had probably practiced this drill a thousand times and, after the drill was over, I realized I had no reason to worry. These two trips allowed me to write a series of cables on a topic of intense interest to the US.

On another occasion when I learned of a SEAL Flag Officer's visit, I was not enthralled. Expecting a physical fitness nut, I was stunned to find myself escorting an admiral with a doctorate in ocean acoustics. Not only did I get a lesson in not prejudging a visitor, I also got access to France's sonar research and development activities. Another coup in an area of great interest.

Unique Insights

Admiral Jonathan Howe, then the Chairman, NATO Military Committee, paid a visit to Paris in 1987 that provided unique insight into French Navy operations in the Persian Gulf. In a meeting with Admiral Alain Coatenea, then the Deputy Chairman of France's Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Admiral gave Admiral Howe a copy of the French Navy's *Rules of Engagement [ROE]* in the Persian Gulf to read. The *ROE* was, of course, in French, and I translated them for Admiral Howe while Admiral Coatenea nodded approval of my translation. Like most French Navy flag officers, Admiral Coatenea understood and spoke English, but almost never acknowledged it.

In 1987 the US Navy was escorting reflagged Kuwaiti tankers in the Persian Gulf to protect them against Iranian attacks in Operation Earnest Will. The simultaneous presence of US and French warships in the Gulf during the Tanker War raised the possibility of inadvertent attacks on friendly ships, Blue-on-Blue attacks in the Navy's vernacular. The Iran-Iraq War was in full swing. In May 1987 two Exocet missiles, fired by an Iraqi Mirage F-1, hit USS Stark and killed thirty-seven of her crew. Detailed knowledge of the French Navy's *ROE* would seriously reduce the risk of Blue-on-Blue attacks.

After our interview Admiral Howe ordered me to report the meeting to Washington using the back channel, i.e. not as a widely distributed IIR but in a message with very limited distribution. I had never used the back channel, which the CIA Station controlled, but I figured out how to use it. The report went to Washington where it found a ready audience.

What I did not realize was that the report in the back channel would not be made available to the Ambassador, unless I so specified. On Monday I received a come around to the Ambassador's office where the CIA station chief, barely concealing a smirk, watched as the Ambassador reprimanded me for concealing a message of interest to him. I apologized, saying that I had not known the Ambassador would not see the message.

The lesson I took away from this incident was one that my later experience confirmed. The CIA does not play well in the sandbox. Offered a chance to one-up another agency it does so with no compunction. A more cooperative station chief might have alerted me that my message did not go to the Ambassador and advised me to get it to him. Instead, this station chief took the message directly to the Ambassador. Recalling the CIA station's prior effort to cut off Max Corley from reporting on military counterterrorism, I limited cooperation with the station for the rest of my tour.

Chief of Naval Operations Visit

In 1988 the CNO, Admiral Carlisle Trost, made an official visit to France, a visit I had lobbied for since my arrival in 1986. Admiral Trost, a nuclear submariner, had been the first Olmsted Scholar, and Ann and I knew him and his wife, Pauline, through the Olmsted Scholar network.

The official part of the visit was uneventful with visits to key French Navy installations, including Île Longue and an SSBN. What made the visit memorable were two incidents that involved just the Hylands and the Trosts.

When Ann escorted Pauline around to see the various Parisian must see sites, Pauline asked to go shopping. Accompanied by Pauline's security detail, Ann and Pauline began shopping in one of Paris' large department stores. Pauline, uncomfortable with the presence of the (male) security detail, quietly asked Ann if they could ditch the security detail. No sooner said than done. The security detail, frantic about losing contact with Pauline, had no idea where the ladies had gone. Late that afternoon the two ladies returned to the hotel, *Le Cercle Militaire*, where the Trosts were staying, pleased with a successful shopping expedition, especially with their purchase of nylons with anchors on the ankles. The irate security detail supervisor admonished Ann not to ditch the detail again. And she didn't, not because of the admonishment, but because Pauline didn't ask her to.

The Trosts had one free evening during their visit and asked us to arrange for an evening in Paris. After some discussion Ann and I decided that we would take them to dinner at one of four Hemingway haunts in Montparnasse. All four feature in various Hemingway works and they all retain a jazz age ambiance. After dinner we would take them on an evening cruise on the Seine.

We chose La Coupole, which, in addition its Hemingway associations, is an eye-popping art déco masterpiece. Admiral and Mrs. Trost were delighted with the insouciance of the waiters and the dinner of raw

oysters and fresh fish. The dinner was a huge success, but the Trosts showed no sign of being ready to leave when we were running out of time to catch the last *Bateau Mouche* tour of the evening from the Pont d'Alma on which I had made reservations.

I signaled the waiter to ready the check, and went outside to brief the DAO driver, again my favorite, René, and the gendarmes in the motorcycle escort. René and the gendarmes decided on a plan that began with a U-turn on the Boulevard Montparnasse and a sprint to the Pont d'Alma with sirens blaring. Knowing that what was coming would be a spectacular end to dinner, I paid the bill, and Ann and I gently hustled the Trosts into their car.

René and the gendarmes, tickled pink with their plan, pulled it off without a hitch. The thoroughly stunned Trosts and the more blasé Hylands had a delightful, floodlit cruise on the Seine past all the places—Notre Dame, Quai d'Orsay, Musée du Louvre, Île de la Cite, Musée d'Orsay—that Ann and Pauline had visited earlier with Pauline pointing out each one to Admiral Trost.

Navy-to-Navy Relationships

The US and French navies held annual staff talks, alternating one year in Paris, the next in Washington. The participants in these talks came from the Plans and Policy divisions of the two navies' staffs. The head of the French Navy is the Chief of Staff [COS]. His counterpart in the US Navy is the Chief of Naval Operations [CNO]. In 1986, these talks, held in Washington, were inconsequential; neither Navy appeared to view them as an opportunity to deepen and broaden relations. Over the next three years I made a concerted effort to make the talks more substantive.

I had high hopes for talks at the highest Navy-to-Navy level, but the first talks showed me that this level was not the best vehicle to deepen and broaden relations. The French Navy had to navigate carefully between its desire for closer relations with the US Navy and French foreign policy that required maintaining a certain standoffishness and

independence. Perhaps meaningful talks in Paris and Washington were a bit too dicey for the French Navy. Real cooperation would have to come obliquely at a lower level, not directly. The annual staff talks would be important as the vehicle by which the CNO and COS approved substantive discussions at lower staff levels. The appropriate lower level for the operationally oriented discussions would vary according to the specific topic.

Back in Paris, I broached this approach with Capitaine de Vaisseau Georges Prud'homme, another nuclear submariner and the senior planner in the Plans and Policy Division of the staff. Georges and I had become good friends during our preparations for the 1986 annual Navy-to-Navy staff talks. Georges, who like me wanted to deepen cooperation between our navies, agreed with my approach. Each of us worked his system to obtain approval of various proposals with the result that the proposals weren't controversial and received approval from both the CNO and COS at the Navy-to-Navy talks.

The Language Lab

In 1988, Admiral Bétermier, the Commandant of the *École navale supérieure*, the French Navy's senior war college, whom I had met much earlier when he commanded the French Navy's Atlantic Surface Forces, asked me for help in setting up an English language lab at the *École navale supérieure*. Admiral Bétermier explained that French Navy had modified its fitness report to include an obligatory evaluation of an officer's English language proficiency. Without demonstrated proficiency in English, graduates of Admiral Bétermier's school were unlikely to be promoted. His students were the up-and-comers in the French Navy, and it was unacceptable for them not to be competitive for promotion upon graduation. But the school had no English language laboratory. Could I help?

Smiling inwardly at the irony of this request, I recalled my interview with the Commandant of the *École navale* in 1961 when he had told me, "There are three languages in the world: English for birds, German for beasts, and French for people." My how times had changed. I, of

course, told Admiral Bétermier I would help and would get back to him with a proposal.

The US Naval War College [NWC] in Newport, RI is the counterpart to the *École navale superieure*. Thinking a war college-to-war college link could prove broadly useful, I contacted the French desk officer on the CNO's staff, described the issue, and proposed that the NWC help Admiral Bétermier set up an English language lab. I also alerted the NWC to my proposal, so it would not be blindsided by the request. Once I had an OK from the Pentagon, I went back to Admiral Bétermier with the proposed solution, which he gratefully accepted. The two schools had the language lab up in short order.

War Games

The success of the language lab opened the door to a potential solution to the Blue-on-Blue problem presented by the US Navy's Maritime Strategy. Using the NWC as the venue for a war game would allow the French Navy to participate without creating political issues, while taking advantage of the NWC's outstanding war gaming capabilities. The key would be to have the annual Navy-to-Navy talks approve the proposal.

Before the next Navy-to-Navy talks I worked with the French Navy desk officer in the Pentagon and with Georges Prud'homme on a proposal to authorize war games at the NWC where, without acknowledging it, the French and US participants would use their actual war plans. After the games the two sides would take the lessons learned and use them to revise their war plans to make improvements that would reduce the possibility of Blue-on-Blue encounters and take better advantage of each Navy's capabilities. With this spade work done, the following Navy-to-Navy talks approved the war game proposal. At that point the issue was out of my hands. To this day I don't know how well this war game ploy worked, but I did catch hints that both navies found this process useful and that it produced revisions to their war plans.

This initial success prompted Georges and me to work closely together to make the annual staff talks more productive. Both of us realized we needed to get senior admirals on both sides to buy into specific proposals before the talks. We also knew we needed to use the talks to put the official stamp of approval on the proposals that would be executed by subordinate commands well away from Parisian politics. The impetus to find ways for the two navies to work together blossomed. The results included:

- The first joint US/French amphibious exercise in 13 years.
- The largest ever Marine Corps training exercise in France.
- The first ever US/French counterterrorist exercise.
- The establishment of a secure communications link between CINCUSNAVEUR and CECLANT (Commandant en Chef, Atlantic).

Supporting French Navy Operations

Every Navy maintains some form of Attaché Liaison Office whose principal objective is to shield its personnel and facilities from foreign attachés while at the same time maintaining cordial relations with the attachés. The head of the French Navy's Attaché Liaison Office was *Capitaine de Vaisseau* (Captain) Patrick de la Rochebrochard d'Auzay. Patrick had been the first French Navy exchange officer at the US Naval Academy. One of his children was an American citizen, born at the Academy hospital.

I could not have had a more sympathetic interlocutor than Patrick. His principal assistant, *Capitaine de Frégate* (Commander) Yves de Kersauson de Pennendreff was France's Assistant Naval Attaché in Washington during my tour as a Federal Executive Fellow. We had made the French Naval Academy summer cruise together in 1961. Yves later served as France's Naval Attaché in London, and as an Admiral he became the first director of France's equivalent of DIA. Tragically. Tragically, Yves died on a massive heart attack just days after he retired.

Maintaining good relations with the liaison office and the two principal officers who staffed it was an important aspect of the naval attaché's work. Al Olsen and Evan Robinson, the two Assistant Attachés with intelligence backgrounds, did an outstanding job of nurturing our relations with the Attaché Liaison Office. Daily they prepared an intelligence summary designed for release to the French Navy and delivered it to the Liaison Office. This task routinely put them in contact with the Liaison Office and made them known and trusted allies. While delivering the daily summary Al and Evan would learn of upcoming French Navy operations, and, knowing the strengths and weaknesses of the French Navy, they were adept at figuring out which ones the US Navy could make more effective with its support.

In the 1980s, the French Navy, unlike the US Navy, sent its surface ships into the Black and Barents Seas. Al and Evan were able to arrange for a special intelligence broadcast that provided the French ships with up-to-date summaries of Soviet Naval activity where the French ships were operating. They also arranged to equip the French ships with advanced electronic intercept equipment to make their Barents and Black Sea patrols more productive.

The Soviet Union regularly exported a version of its very capable Kilo Class diesel submarine to its allies. The Kilos occasionally called at French ports. Those port calls presented an opportunity to collect hard-to-get details on this very effective class of diesel submarines. Al and Evan were able to arrange for the US Navy to provide special equipment to monitor these port calls.

Sixth Fleet Support

Good relations with the Liaison Office were also important in the attachés' support of the Sixth Fleet. The US Navy's ship visit program in France was the Navy's largest, and most of the visiting ships were assigned to the Sixth Fleet. The parameters for advance notice of these visits were set by the Liaison Office. Due to our good relations with

the Liaison Office, we managed to have the prior notice requirements for a port visit halved, a significant benefit to the Sixth Fleet.

Both Patrick and his wife, Gillette, and Yves and his wife, Aude, became close personal friends. Ann, Martine, and I were often invited to Patrick's family's château in the Loire Valley for long weekends. When Antoine, his oldest son and a graduate of Saint Cyr, France's West Point, was married, Patrick invited us to the wedding along with Al Olsen, also a frequent weekend guest at Patrick's château. At the wine-soaked reception after the wedding Mass, the Saint Cyriens taught Al and me how to *sabrer le champagne*. The newly commissioned French Army officers ran their sabers up the side of the cold bottle rapidly and the shock of the saber hitting the protrusion just below the cork broke the glass, allowing the internal pressure to blow the cork (and the glass around it) off. À votre santé! When Ann celebrated her fiftieth birthday in Paris, Aude, then a widow, was one of the guests Ann most wanted to join us at the birthday dinner at Le Grand Véfour. We did not *sabrer le champagne*.

Supporting French Navy Charity [ADOSM]

Every year in the late fall, ADOSM, the French Navy's counterpart to the Navy and Marine Corps Relief Association, had a three-day charity sale, *La Vente de Charité*, in the grandest of the public rooms at French Navy Headquarters. The *Vente* was the major source of funds to assist French Navy personnel in financial difficulty.

ADOSM invited the NATO Naval Attachés to have a booth at the *Vente*. Each attaché's booth sold various items typical of his country and the profit from these sales went to ADOSM. For the attachés and their wives *La Vente de Charité* was an all-hands-on-deck affair. Al, Evan and Nancy, Max and Shirley, Phil Richards, and Ann and I were on our feet for the whole day for three days. On a professional level the *Vente* represented an unparalleled opportunity to meet French Navy officers, their wives, and their children in a relaxed, congenial atmosphere.

When Ann and I arrived in 1986, we found the stock of items to sell at the *Vente* inappropriate and uninteresting. We were in something of a panic. On the 1986 trip accompanying Admiral Coatanea to the US, I pretty much cleaned out the stock of ball caps, patches, and cigarette lighters on each of the boats that Admiral Coatanea toured. As the *Vente* weekend approached, we arranged with the Embassy commissary to buy cases of Jack Daniels, thinking that French naval aviators who had learned to fly in Pensacola would snap it up. The commissary also supplied us with American peanut butter, brownie and pancake mixes, and other American products that were not readily available in Paris at the time.

We sold the inappropriate and uninteresting leftovers at fire-sale prices. We sold the booty from the Coatanea trip and the commissary goods at markups of 100 percent or more. By the end of the *Vente* our booth was empty, and we were able to make a sizeable donation to ADOSM, establish a reserve fund to buy goods for the next year's *Vente de Charité*, and to pay ourselves back for the money Ann and I had expended to stock the booth. In the following two years we were in much better shape, and our contributions to ADOSM increased substantially. In those years we added Plantation Peanuts from Waverly, VA, which I advertised (shamelessly and falsely as coming from my brother-in-law's farm) to our stock. And my sister, Pam, and her husband organized shipments of New York state maple syrup that I (again shamelessly and falsely) advertised as a family product. Ann proved to be a master businesswoman. Under Ann's guidance in the three years we were in Paris, the US Navy contribution to ADOSM skyrocketed. In 1989, she donated a sum that exceeded 15 percent of ADOSM's annual budget.

Variety

The Naval Attaché's job in Paris had many aspects that had nothing to do with intelligence reporting, official entertaining, representational events, escorting flag officers, or Navy-to-Navy relations. Here is a small sample of the range of tasks attachés undertook.

US military sales to France were the responsibility of the Defense Military Assistance Office, not the Defense Attaché Office. The two organizations did not cooperate or exchange information, primarily because the Military Assistance Office did not want to be perceived as intelligence collectors linked to the attachés. The French, of course, assumed the two offices worked together hand-in-glove. They simply could not conceive of any other arrangement because their attachés and military export sales worked hand in glove.

I had better relations with the French Navy staff than the Military Assistance Office, and the French Navy routinely contacted me rather than the Military Assistance Office with their wish list for US Navy equipment. The French Navy's aviators had two priorities. They wanted to acquire two naval aircraft to replace obsolescent aircraft in their inventory. They wanted E-2 Hawkeyes to replace their inadequate airborne early warning plane, the Alizé, in the airborne early warning role. They also wanted to replace their Super Étendard attack aircraft and F-8 Crusader fighters with F/A-18 Hornets. In the end the French Navy did get approval to purchase E-2 Hawkeyes, because no French aircraft manufacturer had a comparable plane. It did not get approval to buy F/A-18 Hornets. The French government insisted the Navy buy Dassault Mirages.

This situation produced some awkwardness. I dutifully informed the Military Assistant Office of each of the French Navy's approaches. However, even after the Military Assistant Office representatives followed up, the French would come back to the Naval Attaché Office.

A Coast Guard Port Call

In celebration of the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution, the city of Rouen had arranged for the US Coast Guard's training ship, USCGS Eagle, to make a port call. At the time the Coast Guard was an element of the Department of Commerce. Within the Embassy the Commercial Attaché, who had no experience or familiarity with the Coast Guard, much with less port calls, had the lead for the visit. He called me with the same panic that I had felt when I called him earlier

to discuss the Ambassador's dictate to raise money for the USO. Prominent Rouen merchants had asked him to come to Rouen to iron out details of Eagle's visit. I agreed to take his place and on the appointed day drove to Rouen.

The merchants had great plans to use Eagle as a backdrop for commercial advertisements for their various firms. I was aghast at this wholly unacceptable idea. Searching for a way to make the unacceptability of using a Coast Guard ship as an advertising platform, I asked the merchants if they would make the same proposal for a port call of the French Navy training ship, Jeanne d'Arc. The English burned Jeanne d'Arc at the stake in Rouen in 1431, as the merchants undoubtedly knew, and my question was sufficient to shock the merchants into rethinking the implications of using Eagle as an advertising platform. They graciously agreed to scrap their original plans. I breathed a sigh of relief, and we worked out more acceptable arrangements.

The merchants had invited me to lunch after the meeting, and there was no way I could escape from it. The lunch was unusually good, even by French standards, but the *pièce de résistance* was Armagnac offered with coffee at the end of the meal. Armagnac, a liqueur from southwestern France, is normally considered the unrefined cousin of Cognac. It's earthier than Cognac, and it can be quite raw. I knew I had to get back to Paris where a full day's work awaited me. After trying to beg off, I asked for a small glass of Armagnac as a necessary courtesy. With my first sip I regretted not asking for a full measure. The Armagnac was a nectar of the Gods. It should have been; at Fauchon, a luxury goods store in Paris, a bottle went for over \$150.

A Sunday Emergency

On a Sunday in 1988, I received a call informing me that a US medevac plane had made an emergency stop at a French Air Force base in the suburbs of Paris and that the patient, a US Navy petty officer, had been taken to a French military hospital in an eastern suburb of Paris. The rest of the story unfolded when I reached the

hospital. The patient, a female petty officer stationed at Lages Air Station in the Azores, had been in a serious automobile accident. Lages was not equipped to deal with her injuries, hence the medevac flight. The patient was bleeding so badly that the medevac flight crew realized they would exhaust the plane's supply of blood before it reached the US military hospital in Germany. The pilots contacted the French Air Force, explained the situation, and received permission to land. In the meantime, the French arranged for the patient to be rushed to the hospital where I found her.

Her mother arrived a few days after the emergency landing. Neither the petty officer nor her mother spoke a word of French. And her mother had no lodging and very little money. I was able to find a hotel close to hospital for the mother, negotiate a reasonable price for an extended stay, and arrange with the Embassy for emergency funds to support the mother's stay. The French doctors and surgeons spoke some English but were not so fluent than they could explain their surgical plans or discuss what the possible outcomes of the surgeries might be with either the petty officer or her mother. Over the course of a month, I made the daily trek to the hospital to translate the surgeon's plans for the patient and her mother. Of necessity my command of medical French improved remarkably.

The team of French doctors taking care of this young woman did a magnificent job. The patient and her mother were able to fly to the US hospital in Germany to continue treatment and rehabilitation at the end of the month. This story had a mixed ending. The French blood supply used to keep the petty officer alive and in the multiple surgeries was tainted with HIV, although no one realized it at the time. The young woman lived but she had contracted HIV. I mustered all of the naval attachés and we made a special trip to the hospital to thank the surgeons with a champagne toast and present them with a declaration making them unofficial members of the Naval Attaché's office. The surgeons were delighted with the recognition.

Olmsted Scholars and Personnel Exchange Program [PEP] Officers

I had been an Olmsted Scholar, and I was aware that having two years of not observed fitness reports had not been career enhancing. Every naval officer receives a fitness report annually. These reports become the basis for promotion. A “not observed” fitness report contains no grades and no remarks and becomes an unhelpful gap in the officer’s record when he comes up for promotion. My cousin, Bill Hyland, had had a PEP tour with the Canadian Navy, and he confirmed that not observed fitness reports were a negative in his career. As naval attaché, I actively sought ways to write substantive fitness reports for Olmsted Scholars and PEP officers in France.

In 1986, Lt. Kurt Tidd, who ended his career as a four-star admiral, was completing his Olmsted tour in Bordeaux. I couldn’t do much for him at that point, but obviously he didn’t need my help. I could help Lt. Jamie Foggo, an Olmsted Scholar in Strasbourg and a nuclear submariner, who began his studies in 1987. When the SSN in which he had qualified in submarines made a port visit in Brest, I arranged for him to be the liaison officer. Speaking French well and knowing his old boat in detail, he did a superb job. Admiral Régis du Vignaux, the French Atlantic Fleet commander, who would not have ordinarily noticed a junior US naval officer, was sufficiently impressed to comment favorably to me on Jamie’s performance.

Later I had an occasion to visit Strasbourg to make a few remarks to the Chambre de Commerce about the US Navy and the Sixth Fleet. This invitation to address the Chambre de Commerce came from Pierre Bontems, Martine Dusigne’s brother-in-law. After the talk Jamie arranged a tour of Strasbourg’s port for me, an afternoon that allowed me to write a detailed report on the port, its facilities, and its capacities for handling traffic. To my surprise this report generated kudos from a variety of Army organizations that used the information for war planning.

These two events allowed me to write concurrent fitness reports for Jamie. Jamie recently retired from active duty as a four-star admiral. He, like Kurt Tidd, didn't need any help from me to succeed in the Navy, but I like to think my efforts did no harm.

Jamie also introduced me to Alsatian wine, which is widely underestimated. After the afternoon at the port, he and I drove to Domaine Albert Seltz in Mittelbergheim. M. Seltz had married an American from California and was delighted to show off his products to two French-speaking Americans. When Harry Rowen asked me to arrange a last good meal and find some good wine to tide us over when we were traveling to the Middle East, I arranged a tour at Domaine Seltz made reservations at Le Crocodile, a two-star restaurant in Strasbourg, for dinner afterwards. Harry bought two cases of Seltz wine for the trip and thoroughly enjoyed his meal at Le Crocodile.

Personnel Exchange Program

The Navy's Personnel Exchange Program [PEP] sends US naval officers to two-year tours with foreign navies. During my attaché tour the PEP in France consisted of a naval aviator flying Super Étendards at a base near Toulon and a surface warfare officer at the École navale, the French Naval Academy in Lanvéoc Poulmic, across the harbor from the city of Brest.

I reached out to the naval aviator, but he was, perhaps rightfully, leery of associating with an attaché, a declared intelligence collector. When I contacted the PEP officer at the École navale, who was teaching English there, I discovered that he had completed a French-English dictionary of technical naval terms. From the Navy-to-Navy staff talks I knew that neither the American nor the French translators who worked those talks had any familiarity with this highly technical vocabulary. When this officer completed his work, the Commandant of the École navale arranged for Admiral Louzeau, the Chief of Staff, to write the forward to it. I sent copies of the dictionary to the US agencies and organizations that I thought would use them, such as the State Department translators who had worked the Navy-to-Navy staff

talks and to the Naval Academy Department of Foreign Languages. All the recipients thanked me profusely for their dictionaries. And the translations at staff talks improved.

Living on the economy in rural France, the PEP officer had met a wide range of ordinary French people, including a businessman who pressed him to have me visit a factory in Burgundy. Reluctantly I agreed to the visit to the factory that, much to my surprise, manufactured precision components used in French fire control systems. The visit produced an IIR of interest to industrial analysts. I wrote a concurrent fitness report for the PEP officer and successfully recommended him for the award of a Navy Commendation Medal for the French-English naval dictionary. I hope my efforts helped.

Life in Paris: A Stream of Guests

For the three years we were in Paris, Ann and I entertained a constant stream of house guests. In contrast to our Olmsted tour when none of our Navy friends and acquaintances were free to visit us, now they were free to travel abroad. Almost universally they were easy guests. We taught them how to use the Métro, equipped them with a Michelin Guide to Paris, and turned them loose.

We also entertained a raft of our children's college friends and acquaintances. Ann would get a call along these lines:

“Hi, I'm a friend of [John, Thomas, or Ann-Marie]. We're classmates/friends at college. I just arrived in Paris. Would you have room for me to stay with you?”

Usually Ann's answer was, “Yes,” followed by instructions on how to get to rue Le Sueur.

Among the most delightful of our repeat house guests was Melissa Menotti, my son John's sister-in-law, who was studying in Madrid. Always upbeat, Melissa had adapted to Spanish evening hours, which began very late; every afternoon she took a power nap, her version of

the traditional afternoon siesta. Ann and I adopted power napping in the afternoon to cope with our own late evenings.

Ann's cousin, Kathy Bonnevier and her husband, Joe, came annually for an extended stay. As young girls Ann and Kathy had spent summers together at Kathy's parents' summer home in Maine, and they were more like sisters than cousins. The Bonneviens walked all over Paris; by their third visit they knew many parts of the city better than Ann or I. Joe, who appreciated a good beer, quickly located Kitty O'Shea's, an Irish pub in the second arrondissement, not far from Harry's Bar, Paris' premier location for American cocktails. He and Kathy routinely ended their walks with a pint at Kitty O'Shea's.

Taking advantage of their find, I declared an unofficial holiday Navy Birthday, October 13. I closed the office after lunch and invited everyone in the office and their wives and sweethearts to repair to Kitty O'Shea's to celebrate. I also made the third Thursday in November, the day Beaujolais Nouveau arrives in Paris, an unofficial holiday. Same deal for the office but in lieu of Kitty O'Shea's the office repaired to a Beaujolais wine bar. Although the Army and Air Force Attachés were aware of this Navy practice, they didn't follow suit. Their loss. The unofficial holidays were a morale booster in the office and distinguished us from the other attachés' offices.

Mom, Dad, and Yann

My parents came from Hawaii where they had lived since my father's retirement in 1971. In retirement Dad, who had had more than enough travel in his active-duty career, did not like to budge from Oahu. Not so my mother. The lure of Paris was too great for her to pass up the opportunity. Before World War II my mother had spent the better part of a year in Paris as a young woman studying art. She lived with a banker, Uncle Philip, in his apartment overlooking the Parc Monceau. Uncle Philip was not a true uncle; he had married my mother's Aunt Virginia (my Grandfather Whiting's sister), and was a good friend of my mother's parents. My mother came back from her stay in Paris,

trailed by a French nobleman, who had looked good in Paris but ultimately didn't pass muster in New York.

When Mom and Dad visited us, the Louvre was under renovation and I.M. Pei's pyramids (under construction in what had formerly been a parking lot) were quite controversial among Parisians. With the passage of years those pyramids have come to be national treasures. I.M. Pei's on-site architect for the renovation was Yann Weymouth, an old family friend. For Mom one of the highlights of her visit was the tour of the construction site that Yann arranged for my parents, Ann, and me. Dad, never to my knowledge a museum goer, went along, but he was clearly concerned more about Mom's safety in a construction area than on the architectural renovations.

Fresh out of college, Yann had married one of the daughters of the owners of the *Washington Post*, but the marriage had not lasted. He was now married to Susana, a stunning younger woman and an emigrée from Cuba. Yann and Susana motored around Paris on a large Harley hog. Knowing that the Louvre renovation was a hot topic, I invited Yann and his wife to a reception at French Navy headquarters where I was allowed to bring two guests. The headquarters building, located on the corner of rue Royale and the Place de la Concorde, was once the *garde meuble* of Marie Antoinette. It was an inconvenient building for the French Navy staff, but its public salons were gorgeous examples of 18th century French taste, all white and gold with mirrors everywhere to make them look larger.

You guessed it: Yann and his wife roared into the interior courtyard of French Navy headquarters on their Harley, creating a minor sensation among the enlisted personnel admitting guests. And they were just as sensational at the reception where the assembled guests could not get enough of them. The ladies wanted to talk to Yann about the Louvre renovations. The men could not get enough of Susana. I heard about my choice of guests for weeks afterwards. Yann was not the only Weymouth we entertained in Paris. His younger sister, Tina, and her husband, Chris Franz, were our guests for dinner one evening. Tina

was the bassist in the rock band Talking Heads; her husband the lead singer. Ann and I had barely heard of the Talking Heads, but Thomas and Ann-Marie, who had, were awed.

We took my parents on what had become our standard tour for special visitors. The first stop was the invasion beaches in Normandy with a visit to the American Cemetery, le Point du Hoc, Saint-Lo, and other well-known spots that featured large in D-Day. Driving on the autoroute toward Normandy, my father looked at the speedometer and remarked. “My God, Jay, you’re driving faster than my first airplane flew.” And he was undoubtedly correct, but I was only driving at the same speed as the traffic. From the Normandy beaches we drove to Mont Saint Michel and toured the famous monastery. Then we pressed on to the Loire Valley for visits to several of the famous royal chateaux. On the way back to Paris we stopped in Chartres to visit its celebrated cathedral.

Aunt Sally and Uncle Bob

Aunt Sally and Uncle Bob Baylis came to Paris, and their visit allowed us to repay them for their many kindnesses to us over many years. Aunt Sally and Uncle Bob were famous for picking up the tab. In the US no matter how hard I tried I could never treat them. We took them on our standard VIP tour and there the tables were turned. Ann and I spoke French; Aunt Sally and Uncle Bob did not. We were able to arrange to pick up the tab throughout the trip.

While the Baylises were in Paris, I was awarded the *Medaille d’Or de Paris* (Gold Medal of Paris). Max Corley, the Marine assistant naval attaché, had discovered this purely ceremonial award and arranged for me to receive it. The real attraction of the *Medaille d’Or de Paris* was that it was presented at a reception in the Senate dining room in the Palais du Luxembourg, a gorgeous venue overlooking the Jardins du Luxembourg that is almost always inaccessible to mere mortals. Ann, Aunt Sally, Uncle Bob, and I got to see this rarely seen room. Much to Ann’s and Aunt Sally’s amusement, after I received the award a very well-endowed French woman latched onto me. As I tried politely to

disentangle myself, I could see Ann and Aunt Sally were thoroughly amused and making no move to help me extract myself.

The Loire Valley Châteaux: Lovely Long Weekends

Ann and I and Martine often traveled to the Loire Valley when I had a free long weekend. We usually stayed at private châteaux whose owners had converted a portion of their château into rooms for rent, an emerging French version of an American Bread and Breakfast. These family châteaux, small compared to the royal châteaux but immense by any other standard, were extremely expensive to maintain. Consequently, these costs forced the owners to open their homes to guests to defray some of the costs of upkeep. Both Ann and I spoke French fluently, so the limited English fluency of many of the owners was not an issue, and these stays allowed us to meet ordinary French people. Not many Frenchmen own a château, so calling the owners ordinary French people is something of a stretch.

These châteaux would offer breakfast, and some offered dinner with the hosts. One of the first questions I asked the owners was, “Where do you buy your day-to-day wine?” Frequently this question prompted a recommendation of a local vineyard with the best *vin ordinaire*. The ensuing conversation often revealed that the owner bought his wine for daily consumption in a *cubitainer*, a plastic vessel holding forty liters of wine, and that he bottled his own wine for less than a dollar per bottle. Further conversation produced instructions on how to get a *cubitainer* license to transport a wine in a private vehicle legally. Armed with this local knowledge, I would get a *cubitainer* license, visit the recommended vineyard, and return to Paris with forty liters of wine in the trunk of the car. Back at home I would borrow a manual corking device from Patrick de la Rochbrochard and transfer the forty liters into seven hundred fifty milliliter bottles. Santé! At less than a dollar per bottle.

Travel Outside France

Normally attachés do not travel outside the country to which they are accredited, but on two occasions we were able to travel outside France. Pietro de Michaelis, the Italian Naval Attaché, arranged for Ann and me to stay at the Italian Navy's base in Venice for a week in the spring of 1989. The visiting officers' quarters were not luxurious, but the week in Venice was. Pietro gave us a Venetian vacation to remember for a lifetime.

Pierre Ariola, our friend from Olmsted days, had entered France's diplomatic service and in 1987 was France's Consul Général in Marrakesh, Morocco. He invited the three of us and Nicole Briot to join him in November 1987. Nicole flew to Marrakesh about a week before Ann, Martine, and I arrived. Ann proposed that we prepare a traditional American Thanksgiving dinner during our stay. Pierre liked Ann's idea and we left Paris laden with all the fixings for the traditional American Thanksgiving dinner, including a huge frozen Butterball turkey, cans of cranberry jelly, sweet potatoes, etc. In Paris Ann and I lived in what I consider luxury, but our official apartment paled in comparison to Pierre's digs in Marrakesh. The residence occupied an entire city block and included his quarters, quarters for his staff, a swimming pool, and an orange orchard inhabited by an unfriendly gazelle. There are diplomatic hardship posts; neither Paris nor Marrakesh qualify.

On the day of the Thanksgiving dinner, Pierre's cook, Archaea, an illiterate Moroccan tribeswoman, and Ann slaved away in the residence's kitchen preparing the meal with Ann explaining in French this completely unknown meal and how to prepare it. Archaea was a quick study and that allowed Ann to leave the finishing touches on the dinner to her. Pierre invited twenty-four Moroccan guests to dinner. Thanksgiving dinner was a novelty for the guests, but they polished off a thirty-pound turkey and all the trimmings and applauded Ann and Archaea.

Among the guests were two doctors, man and wife, who had been educated in France. To thank us for the dinner, they invited Pierre, Nicole, and the three Hylands to a couscous dinner at their home. The couscous was served in the traditional manner with each guest using his fingers to take what he wanted from the mound of couscous on a central platter. Ann and I knew that the French are not comfortable eating with their fingers. In our first receptions we had served finger food and our guests had hardly touched the offerings. When we added little plates and forks, they dug right in. Eating with their fingers from the common mound of couscous predictably made Pierre and Nicole uncomfortable, but the three Hylands were undeterred and enjoyed a delicious meal.

Martine's major goal in Morocco was to ride a camel and she got her wish on the outskirts of the city. Ann, Nicole, and I opted to watch and not to ride. Martine could not have been more thrilled. On a Sunday the five of us drove to Agadir for lunch in a seaside restaurant. Agadir was the site of the Second Moroccan Crisis before the outbreak of World War I. In 1911 Germany sent the gunboat Panther to Agadir, challenging France's rights in Morocco. Germany backed down and in the ensuing diplomatic conference Morocco became a French protectorate. We had a delightful lunch and toured the souk and the battlements that once protected the port.

On our last evening in Marrakesh, Ann was not feeling well, and I invited Pierre and Nicole to join me and Martine for dinner at the Mamounia, the hotel where Churchill stayed during World War II. Pierre opted out, but Nicole joined me and Martine for a memorable meal in a meticulously kept hotel. The next morning Pierre put his four guests on the flight back to Paris.

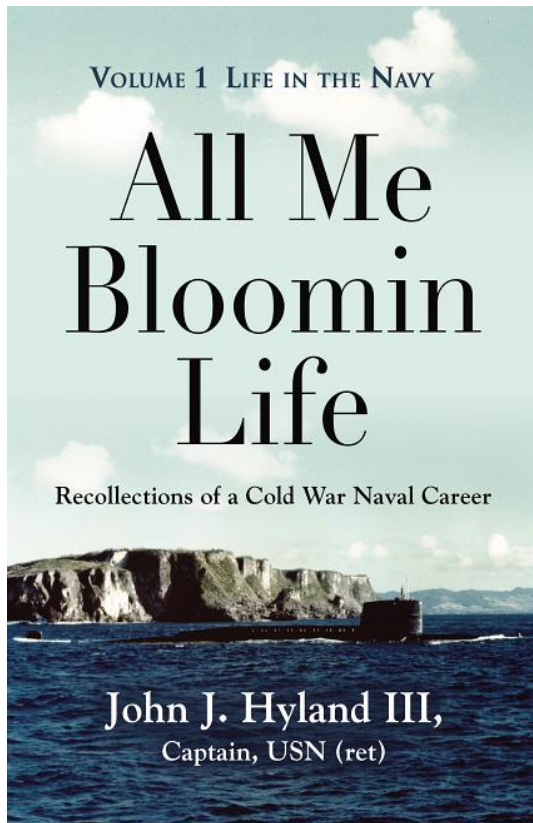
An Ideal Fit

Both of my hardship tours in Paris proved to be an ideal fit. The Olmsted Scholar tour provided me with the language skills and gave me a good understanding of France and the French. Having Ann as an integral part of the Olmsted experience was a delightful bonus.

In the second tour as naval attaché the senior officers in the chain of command were too far away to micromanage what I did. Although there were a plethora of rules and regulations, none were especially burdensome and most left room for initiative. Since France had withdrawn from NATO's military organization, the French Navy had to come through the naval attaché to deal with the US Navy. That opened opportunities for initiatives that produced substantive progress in Navy-to-Navy matters and made the tour fruitful. On a professional level this job gave me the satisfaction of being able to foster increased cooperation and coordination between the two navies. I like to believe that these efforts continued to bear fruit long after I left Paris and retired.

In this tour Ann was even more important than she was in my other tours. Her ability to speak French, her skill as a hostess, and her willingness to undertake escort duties on behalf of the Embassy were vital to the success I enjoyed as naval attaché. Her reputation followed her back to Washington where she was often recruited to escort the wives of French officials.

At the end of my attaché tour, I received three awards—one from France, one from DIA, and one from the Intelligence Community. I don't think any of these organizations had a full understanding of what I had done in Paris. It's probably just as well.



Volume 1 of All Me Blooming Life is an autobiographical account of a Cold War Naval Career in nuclear submarines. Captain Hyland's career included duty in both missile and attack submarines as well as duty as a naval attaché.

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