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Interview Number 1 with Captain Forrest Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)
Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California
Date: 15 August 1984
Subject: Biography
Interviewer: Commander Etta-Belle Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Q: The Naval Institute appreciates your doing this for us very much. Good morning.

Captain Biard: Good morning.

Q: Captain Biard, I think one of the most interesting things about your name is that someone looking at it would call you Captain Baird, but it really isn't Baird, it's Biard, is that correct?

Captain Biard: That is correct. There are three ways to spell it. The members of the family, the records show, spell it all three ways, Baird, Beard, and Biard. It is a Norman name, came over from Scotland or England with William the Conquerer. When I ^{in 1937-38, serving in USS Manley,} was in the Mediterranean, some of the suppliers ^{French merchants who came} ~~on the ship,~~ ^{came regularly to the ship,} ~~French suppliers,~~ told me, "Oh, you're a Norman, aren't you?"

I said, "Am I?"
"Oh, yes. Biard is a well-known name in Normandy. And ~~"Oh, yes, "Cafe Biard."~~ It's famous, in Paris, a Norman cafe.
So I ~~learned~~ ^{heard} then. And since ~~then~~ ^{that time} ~~I found that that is the case.~~ ~~that they told me to be~~

→ I have found what they told me is quite true.

Q: Well, let's start with when you were born and where, and something about your parents. I always think at the beginning it's nice to start at the beginning.

Captain Biard: Yes, I think the beginning is an excellent place to start. I was born in Bonham, Texas, which ^{was} ~~is~~ a farming town and county seat of about 7,000 people. It's 60 miles north and 28 miles east of Dallas, and only about 11 miles from the Red River. It's about 130 miles west of the ^{border between} ~~Louisiana border~~ and Texas. My people were old-time Texans. They came to Texas in 1846, from both sides of the family. My father's family came on a houseboat down the Tennessee River, ^{then down} the Mississippi, and up the Red River. They hit ^{sandbars} ~~sandbars~~ all the way along ^{the Red River} and when they finally ~~found a sandbar~~ hit one ~~that~~ ^{and animals} they couldn't get off of, they took all the gear ^{near there at a place} off the boat and settled ~~the place~~ ^{a hamlet}, ~~and~~ ^{in North} ~~it's~~ now called Bairdstown, ~~or~~ Biardstown, Texas, ^{then} ~~depending on~~ how you wish to spell it. They ~~have~~ settled that area.

Q: That places you for sure at the beginning. You weren't born there.

Captain Biard: No, I was born in Bonham, about 40 miles from there. My father was essentially, after 11 years old, an orphan. He was highly respected in town. ^{with} He lived with various families, just anyone who would take him in. The people seemed to be glad

to take him in, I know, because people have told me how much they respected him, *as a truly fine young boy. They liked for their children to have his company.*

My mother was the daughter of a family that settled in McKinney, Texas, around McKinney and Allen. They ~~also~~ came there *1847 after some of* in ~~1846~~ *but* her people, the brothers of her father, had to walk *from Mexico to Kentucky after fighting in* back, ~~from~~ the Mexican War. They came through Texas and saw *Collin* ~~Colleen~~ County, passed through it, and liked it so much that they went back to Tennessee and Kentucky and got the other members of the family and brought them back to *Collin* ~~Colleen~~ County. That was 1846 and 1847. So they were old-timers there. My father's family, the name is still there, it's all over that part of Texas. My mother's family is now largely in Midland, Texas, where her brothers were ranchers, and where I lived for four years after we moved away from my native town of Bonham.

In Midland, Texas, I had quite a time. I was there from the age of six until the age of 11. My father owned a drugstore, ^{or} was part owner of a drugstore there. While I was going to school, he would, whenever he had a chance, take me out of school and ~~take~~ *let me go out to* ~~me out~~ *to* the ranches for round-ups and things of that type. Or *cattle drives and* if he would wangle a good fishing ^{or hunting} trip somewhere, he would take me along with him on that.

Q: Did he feel that was as much a part of your education as the academic side?

Captain Biard: Very much so.

Q: Or did he just like company?

Captain Biard: He liked company, and he wanted to see that I had the experience there. This was a true experience because the automobile was just then really coming to that part of the country. *And the country was ^{then} unspoiled with highways ~~and~~ oil wells and people.*

Q: You didn't tell me when you were born.

Captain Biard: I was born December 21, 1912. I intended to tell you that. *Both of my parents were born in 1889.*

Q: Well, of course, you don't look it, you know that.

Captain Biard: I thank you very much. I hope I don't. I feel fairly young. But ^{my dad} ~~he~~ would take me out of school just to go out on these expeditions. I was a good student, so it didn't make any difference. I didn't miss the school at all. I could make it up easily when I came back. But I had many experiences on the ranch ^{es} and around the ranch country with him on various expeditions, such as hunting and fishing trips. We had to go far to fish because the water, ^{lakes and streams,} was very scarce out there. I have stories that I can tell about hunting and fishing that people

would not believe, because my uncles' ranches did not have people hunting and fishing on them. My dad was the only one who did such. My uncles didn't hunt and they didn't fish; they were ranchers. So the stories that I can tell about Dad, about round-ups, cattle drives and the like are things that you only see in ^{fruity Western} movies.

Q: Would you think it appropriate for you to give me, say, an example of one which might be typical of some of these things? I don't think it should be left out, but it probably wouldn't be appropriate to put them all in, but maybe you can give me a "for instance."

Captain Biard: Yes. For example, in fishing now, there is one remarkable instance that I tell quite frequently. My dad had gone out to this place about 33 miles outside of Midland. This type of ~~travelling over sandy roads~~ ^{almost always was over two ruts only slightly worn into} the sandy ranch pasture land. In those days and times, tires weren't good. We usually had about three or four punctures in the afternoon when we'd go out that far. We'd have to repair the puncture and then start all over again.

Q: What did you have, an old Ford?

Captain Biard: No, ^{Dad} ~~he~~ had an old Patterson. You've never heard of it. It was the only car of that make I've ever seen. I wish

we had had a Ford. We'd have had far less trouble. But it was a large touring car. About here at this time, he had gone out with some other people and they stopped by this lake that was about a couple of miles in diameter, ^{for that country,} and had high hills all around. This ^{was what in West Texas} ~~is~~ what we call a wet weather lake. ~~In West Texas we call that wet weather lake.~~ At times when the rains are scarce, the lake dries up, ^{and} we only have a ^{dry} lake bed. But then if we do get a fairly rainy season, water comes in and ^a ~~the~~ lake is ^{in the low spot} there for a few years. When we moved to Midland, about two years after we moved to Midland, we had a very, very rainy year. That's unusual in Midland; it's dry country. In fact, it rained so much ^{my} ~~that~~ Dad said ^{that was} ~~that~~ the only time he ^{ever} heard ranchers saying they wished it would stop raining. Usually they were praying for rain. It actually flooded the railroad that came through there, and the railroad had to stop running for several months while they could finally manage to drain the big lake that ^{Texas and Pacific} swamped the railroad, ^{a few miles west of Midland.} ~~But~~ this lake formed then, and it was called Anglin Lake, because ^{I now will tell about was} a Texas Ranger named Anglin had been killed there in earlier years by cattle rustlers. He had been buried on top of one of ^{bordering the lake} the hills, ^{on it} and there was a cross marking his grave.

Dad and his companions stopped there for the evening meal, to prepare the evening meal, and while they were eating, they threw some bread over ^{into} ~~or~~ the little tributary--not tributary, but sort of inlet to this lake, and they noticed that as soon as they threw this bread ^{onto} ~~on~~ the water, something ^{would} ~~grab~~ it. It didn't

make any difference how frequently or how much they threw, something grabbed it. My Dad said, "~~There are~~ ^{"There are} fish in that lake. I'm coming back."

^{a row boat and a long coil of double strand}
 So he came back the next week with galvanized wire, ~~and~~ he ^(hung) put hooks spaced one yard apart on this galvanized wire and ran it across this little branch ^{where it} ~~there that~~ was about 100 yards across, ^{so there were} about 100 hooks on it, and put liver on ^{a small piece of} ~~the hook~~ ^{each} ~~hook~~. Then, coming back, they checked the line, and on every hook they ^{had} caught a catfish, each of which was the same identical size, about three pounds. ~~So~~ They just couldn't believe it. They ran across again and baited the hooks, and came back, and again, there was a fish of the same size on every hook.

Q: I can't imagine what you did with them.

Captain Biard: I'll tell you in a minute.

Q: Don't be anxious, huh?

Captain Biard: The next morning before they left, they ran it again, and the same thing happened. Well, they left ^{the trotline} ~~at~~ there, but they didn't bait the hooks. They put all the catfish in wet tow sacks and brought them back to town.

Q: What kind of sacks?

were one bushel
 Captain Biard: Tow sacks. These ~~are~~ gunny sacks, a burlap sack.
 They ~~put~~ ^{wet} them down ^{and kept them wet as we drove back to Midland} so that the fish would live, ~~all of the same~~
~~size~~

{Capt. Biard:
 Q: They lived? They kept them alive? They were catfish, and
 catfish are very rugged and difficult to kill.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so when he got home, he got a bunch of
 washtubs. In those days and time we had to do our own washing in
 the backyard. He got ^{some} washtubs ^{and then} filled ^{and} with water, ^{and} put the
 catfish in them, ~~and~~ Then he ~~just~~ told his friends, "For heaven
 sake, come get some fish." So he gave fish to everybody in town.

He went back ^{to the lake} ~~in~~ about two or three weeks ^{later and when} and he checked the
 line ^{and he found that catfish} ~~had eaten~~ ^{were hanging} on many of the hooks
 that hadn't been baited ^{after the last catch had been}
 removed, ^{some days earlier.}

Q: That's the Pavlov theory, I guess. Who knows?

Dad and his friends returned to Anglin Lake
 Captain Biard: And so ~~they did that for several weeks.~~
 each weekend for the next ~~five~~ ^{three or so} weeks

Q: Were you with him?

or twice
 Captain Biard: I went out once with him. So I can tell you for
 sure ~~that~~ ^{that} this account is true.

Q: I just hope you had that experience because it's quite

unusual.

the unusual situation at Anglin Lake
 Captain Biard: He wanted me to see ~~that~~, that's why I went out
 with him. And exactly the same ^{things} ~~would~~ happen when I was with him
 as had happened before. ^{happened}

Q: That's a real fish story.

Captain Biard: Yes. I've never heard the like of it before or
 since. So that went on for ^{several} ~~a couple of~~ weeks.

Q: And you certify that it's true.

Captain Biard: Yes. I don't have to stretch that story at all.
 This went on for several weeks, or at least for ~~several months~~,
 three weeks, ^{or four} ~~or so~~. ^{But} ~~and~~ finally ^{the catfish} ~~they~~ started to stop ^{biting}. The fish
^{probably were} ~~started~~ disappearing. My dad's theory is when we first got out
 there, the fish had become so numerous that they'd eaten all the
 food in the lake, and so they were just ravenous for anything.
 By the time the two or three months had passed, most of them had
 starved.

Q: Or maybe he caught them all.

so I doubt that.
 Captain Biard: Maybe he did. Mighty big lake, [^] But I have never

heard another story like it, nor have people ever ceased to wonder when I ~~asked~~^{tell} them about this.

Q: Well, the smile on your face is amusing because it's obvious that you enjoyed hearing it and telling it, and you do it very well.

Captain Biard: Thank you. I enjoyed that very much. It's ~~such a very~~^{a very} ~~an~~ unusual story, ~~and a true story.~~^{but it is}

Q: It's wonderful to have happy stories of your parents.

Captain Biard: My dad tried to make that experience of life in West Texas and the ranch country extremely meaningful to me, and he did so. He would take me out on round-ups; he would ^{send} take me out of school for these. He would call the superintendent, ^{and then} the superintendent would call me up with a stern face and say, "Your father wants you to come see him." I could tell the superintendent was very unhappy.

Q: Your father wants you to come and see him?

Captain Biard: Yes. So I would go, and Dad would say, "All right, son, we're going out on a round-up." And so we would go. We'd take our hot rolls, that's the bedding, and then we would drive out, maybe 20 or 30 miles over open prairie, to one of my uncles' ranches, where we then would "follow" the chuck wagon," as we called it. At night we would sleep on the ground around the chuck wagon and after an early breakfast we would start ~~the~~ ~~an~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~country~~ ~~we~~ ~~would~~ ~~start~~

check wagon to our noon meeting and eating points.
After the noon meal the cook would Biard #1 - 11
move on to the evening rendezvous.
~~call the chuck wagon, as the herds were rounded up, and we would~~

~~move them. So I went right with the cowboys, I did everything~~
In this way we cowhands were always
~~they did, slept out under the open skies.~~

"following" the chuck wagon. This was fun if it
didn't rain. It seldom rained in that part of Texas.

Q: I'm surprised that ~~that~~ this late in history. That's in
the 1900s. { ranchers were doing such as that

Captain Biard: The 1920s.

Q: I honestly didn't know that was still going on.

Captain Biard: It went on until the 1930s and Forties.

Q: Really?

Captain Biard: Yes. And so I rode right with them, ^{On spring} and they
~~roundups we would drive the cattle to~~
~~would get near the pens that they would always have on a ranch~~
for branding and the like, and ^{in these branding pens} the cowboys would sic me on to the
calves, to bulldog them, they'd call it, to ^{throw the calf and hold} hold them down while
^{him while} they would brand ^{him} them. They would ^{always} get the biggest calves they
could, figuring, "We'll get one that will really be a match for
him." And they'd say, "All right, go get that one." So I would
go over and ^{probably have to} fight and fight with ^{the calf} him, and always, I but I
never was busted by one; I was always ^{eventually} able to throw him and hold
him down. ~~It would take two of us after I'd get him, somebody~~
It took two people to hold a calf down for branding
after he was thrown. Having "bulldogged" him
by twisting his head and neck, I would grab
his top front leg and keep it doubled up. Then

~~a woman put some of my hands on our necks so~~
as to hold his head and neck against the ground.

Assuming a sitting position, a cowboy ^{Biard #1 - 12} helper would grab ~~else had a way of grabbing~~ one rear leg and putting his feet against the ^{lower} ~~other~~ one, ^{so} while the brander ^{could go} went to work, ~~on him the calf~~. I would hold ^{the top} front leg, doubled up, and place my knees on the ~~downed~~ calf's neck. In this way
Q: I couldn't have stood that.

Captain Biard: Oh, it was a challenge.

two of us could keep the calf flat on the ground and still, while he was being branded.

Q: I couldn't have stood seeing it suffer.

Captain Biard: The ranchers always say that they don't suffer, that their hide is so thick, they really don't feel it. I don't think that's true, though, because that iron ^{is very, very hot} hits ~~It's hot~~, and I think it hurts.

Q: It really sizzles.

Captain Biard: It does. But I went through days and days and days of that at times and really did like it. I learned to love to ^{"follow"} ~~be~~ the chuck wagon.

Q: So you really knew the West.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Even in our modern day. That really surprises me. It shows

you what I don't know.

Captain Biard: I visited my uncles out there in the late 1950s. They were the ranchers, ~~the~~ the people who owned these ranches, They told me that the old chuck wagon had just disappeared, the last chuck wagon had gone.

worked on

Q: In the Fifties?

Captain Biard: Yes. In the late Forties and Fifties, they started moving cattle by trucks instead of driving them *in herds.*

Q: I see.

In one day they now
Captain Biard: ~~They could move them by trucks in a day, whereas by trucks that would require over a week to move it would take them days and days to move them slowly as herds.~~
by herding.

Q: I have to ask one question. The round-up took them where? They didn't go on those cattle drives that one hears ^{about, such as} ~~that goes~~ moving herds from Texas to Kansas. ~~clear up.~~ They took them where, to a railroad station?

cattle-loading
Captain Biard: Yes, usually to a railroad station or to another pasture. It might be that the grass in one pasture on ~~another~~ *the rancher would move the cattle to* a ranch wasn't good, so ~~they moved them over to~~ *pasture or to another* another ranch.

~~Now, windmills out there, this is windmill country. The water~~
All the rancher out there had windmills, many windmills. The water

(next page)

usually or less
 table is about 60 feet below the surface. Mesquite trees are all over the place, and Mesquite trees do not grow in an area where they can't send a tap root down to the water table, which they can do if it's no more than about 60 or 70 feet deep. Well, there are Mesquite trees all over this land out there, so that means you can ^{almost} always send a windmill shaft down and get water. Windmills would be about three miles apart. In other words, the cattle would never have to walk more than about a mile and a half to water. They would ordinarily walk about a mile and a half in the morning for water, and ^{then} go back to graze somewhere where the grass ^{was good,} ~~is better,~~ and they would walk ^{back to the windmill} again in the afternoon. They wouldn't ^{ever} have to walk more than a mile and a half. You ^{could} ~~can~~ see the cattle trails all over these pastures, ^{trails leading to the windmills with their water storage tank dams and drinking troughs for the cattle.}

Q: What kind of cattle were they?

Captain Biard: They were the white-faced Hereford cattle. The old Longhorn had long gone. ~~It was a good range animal.~~

Q: These are domestic animals?

The Longhorns
 Captain Biard: Yes. ~~They~~ ^{the best beef producers} were good range animals, but they were not ~~good beef.~~ ^{for} The Hereford were much better ~~beef.~~ ^{so} these were ~~are~~ ^{the so-called white-face cattle.} ~~white-faced.~~ So we had a lot of Mesquite, a lot of grass. The cattle didn't eat Mesquite unless the grass was scarce, ~~the~~ ^{then in desperation they would eat the}

^{bean pods from the thorny Mesquite branches.}
~~Mesquite~~ leaves and ^{beans}. So we would round them up in one
 pasture which might be six or so square miles, ^{in size} ~~a square mile,~~
~~would be one mile on the side,~~ and maybe move them to another
 pasture. Maybe there would only be about 75 or 100 cattle in
^{one pasture} there. Then we might get some more ^{from} ~~for~~ another pasture, and by
^{we would} the time ~~you~~ get them all together, there might be 200 or 300.
 Then we might ~~move~~ ^{them} move ~~them~~ down 30, 40, 50, 60 miles, ~~driving~~
~~them,~~ and we would ^{even} drive them across other people's ranches in an
 exchange ^{type} situation. ^{These other ranches would move} ~~He would drive his across ours~~ at times.
^{their cattle across our ranches whenever they needed}
^{to do so.}

Q: What was the extent of your uncles' holdings?

Captain Biard: Their ranches in those days, my uncles', were
 usually about 30 square miles. ^{Each of my uncles had two or three such ranche} In other words, it would be about
 five miles by six miles on the side, and it would be ranch. It
 would be fenced, It was not an open ^{range,} ~~ranch.~~ ^{My two most}
^{affluent uncles had four or five} ~~branches~~ ^{of approximately}
^{this size.}

Q: Did they live there as well as do this?

Captain Biard: Their homes were in town, and they had ranch
 houses out ^{on the ranches} ~~there~~ where they lived and their families might live
 if there were children, ^{But} ~~and~~ ^{and children} the wives would usually live in town
 during the school months. ~~But~~ ^{They} had special ways of taking these
^{wire} ~~stone~~ fences down for the herd to pass across, and then they
 would put the fences back up, barbed wire fences. ~~Some would~~

a herd

Biard #1 - 16

~~move with them, and we might move at times,~~ If ^{we} you could move ^{a herd} 20 miles a day, ^{we} you were doing ^{very} well. 30 miles was absolute [^] ~~imagination.~~

Q: How many cowboys did they have?

Captain Biard: We might have a dozen moving the herd, say a herd of up to 300 cattle.

Q: So you really saw life in the old West. Isn't that incredible?

Captain Biard: It is.

Q: ^{It is} ~~In a~~ ^{that in this} fantastic scientific world ~~that~~ you are sitting here and telling me about something that one would expect would have been long gone.

Captain Biard: Well, others would think it. Of course, I lived it, so it doesn't seem to be long gone to me. But one of the things we would do, we would have breakfast in the morning and then the chuck wagon would pick up, take our bedding, we would go on to where he was going to have the noon meal. We knew how far we could drive the herd by that time; ^{so} we'd meet ^{the wagon} ~~him~~ for the noon meal, and ^{then the cook} ~~we~~ would move on to where we were going to spend the evening and the night.

Q: You were all on horseback, of course.

all except the cook, who drove the chuck wagon
 Captain Biard: Yes, ~~but~~ The cook was the most valuable man in
 the organization because if you didn't feed good food, you
 couldn't keep the cowboys. And he was the highest paid cowboy.
 The cowboys got ^{some} ~~about~~ \$30 a month, ^{but} ~~the~~ cook ^{made} ~~got~~ about \$80.
~~month~~. He got his room free, the open sky. Of course, ^{each ranch} ~~they had~~
~~headquarters~~ had a cowboy bunk house where the cowhands
~~a cowboy bunk house where you could stay and not out on the~~
^{could bunk down when not sleeping on the range.}
~~ranch, a ranch house.~~

Q: I have to ask one more question and I know I probably
 shouldn't dwell on this so long. But was it a covered wagon like
 you see in the movies, or was it just an open ...

Captain Biard: It was a covered wagon like you see in the
 movies, with an arch type cover, canvas cover.

Q: And that's where he held forth.

the cook,
 Captain Biard: Yes, where he carried all his gear, as well as
 the hot-roller, or bedding, for all of the cowboys
 following his chuck wagon
 Q: Everybody else slept outdoors?

Captain Biard: Well, he slept outdoors, too. He just carried
 our gear in that wagon. It was not a dormitory
 even for the cook.

Q: But you all slept out under the open sky.

Captain Biard: Open sky.

Q: That's interesting. You know, they always say that the best naval officers came from a place where no one ever saw water before, and I guess that's typical, because here you are from Texas. How did you get to the Academy? I presume you finished your schooling.

Captain Biard: I finished my schooling. ^{In November of 1923} When I was 11 years old, I moved to Dallas. My dad had been the bookkeeper of a small cotton mill in Bonham, and right after World War I ^a ~~the~~ firm was building a mill at Dallas, at Love Field, which had been ~~the~~ ^{a World War I} ~~old~~ aviation field ~~converted to an industrial site~~ ^{located} ~~some six~~ miles from the center of Dallas. At that time much of Love Field was being converted to an industrial site.

Q: Doesn't it still exist, Love Field?

^{air} It now is a large commercial field.

Captain Biard: Yes, it does. ^{later} They tore the mill down and ^{that area and move} converted ~~it~~ back to an air field.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: And so the man who was responsible for building this mill contacted the manager of the mill in ^{Bonham} ~~Dallas~~ and said,

"I need a good cottonⁿ mill man to run my mill."

He said, "The best man I can tell you about is Jack Biard, now in Midland, Texas."

So he ^{came to Midland to see} ~~called~~ my dad ^{Dad got the} ~~to see him~~ and liked him, ~~and gave him the~~ job. So we went to Love Field to build this ^{mill} ~~field~~, right on the edge of the old air field. It was a dirt air field ^{with} ~~no~~ runways in those days, where they ^{had} trained pilots in World War I. ~~still~~ ^{There still were hangars and some flying activities there but} ~~had their hangars, still had their field, but no longer run as a~~ ^{place} ~~was no longer a~~ military field. And so that was quite an experience living there and building this mill. the

You may not know anything about mill hands in those days, and I don't think you do.

Q: I don't. You're absolutely right.

Captain Biard: ~~But~~ they were some of the toughest, sneakiest people in the world. ^{There many} ~~They were~~ good people, but when a new mill was being built, those who couldn't get along at any other mill would flock to the new mill for jobs. This ^{created} ~~had its~~ problems, for sure. You couldn't get very good people, usually, because the top pay at the mill was 30 cents an hour. Much of it was less than that. ^{The bums would flock to the new mill.} ~~They had to be weeded out later, but slowly.~~

Q: No wonder there were problems.

→ We put up a large number of houses for the workers and their families on the mill property.

Captain Biard: ~~We had mill houses,~~ ^{These} they were converted from ~~the~~ sections of the old military barracks, ^{We} built a mill town, ^{but} nothing fancy at all. ~~The~~ ^{families} ~~people~~ could live in them, they had ^{natural} gas, ^{electricity, and water} and we charged them very little rent, \$3 a week or something like that. ^{At least two} ~~Two~~ members of the family would usually ~~live~~ ^{work in the mills} there. ~~And~~ ~~the mill say,~~ 30 cents an hour was top pay. We did have ~~two~~ ^{a few} people in ^{the mill who} ~~there that~~ made more than that. But it was ^{generally} a rough group, ^a very rough group. My dad put me on odd jobs there in the summertime ~~to work~~ ^{usually working} in the yard there at the mill. When ~~they~~ ^{Dad} ~~needed~~ ^{needed} special jobs done, ~~sometimes~~ ^{sometimes} he would put some of his better men on the job and ^{sometimes} send me along with them, ~~and~~ they would always find ~~ways for me to do~~ ^{something} something, ~~difficult, things, to see what I could do.~~ ^{for the boss's 11-year old son to do.} They ~~did that~~ ^{did that} in a spirit of fun. There were good mill-hands.

Q: To test you, I suppose.

Captain Biard: They were always testing. We had several good men that ^{Dad} ~~he~~ really trusted, ~~that~~ ^{They} were not the ^{typical} so-called cotton mill rats. ~~But they, too,~~ ^{But they, too,} loved to test me, just as the cowboys always did in the branding pen.

Q: Rats?

Captain Biard: Yes. He never did refer to them as such. He would not do that, but the cotton mill employees themselves did. That's what they called the general type of person that worked

there. He had several people that he would ^{use one} ~~have doing~~ the special jobs, and he'd ^{frequently} send me along with them ~~to work~~ and they saw that I did ^{my share of work.}

One of the things that was happening ^{was this.} ~~that they were doing,~~ ^{A construction group was} ~~they were~~ installing a horizontal, in-line, natural gas engine to drive the generator that would power the mill. It was a secondhand piece of equipment. I don't think it was installed properly because it soon broke and they could not repair it to get it back into service. I watched them installing ^{fremendous} ~~this~~ thing ^{for week}. I worked in there in the engine room, as they called it, with the engine room group sometimes, saw them installing this great big thing, and I became enamored of mechanics and engines and with the airplanes that were still coming and going at Love Field all the time. ~~they had these~~ ^{Many} barnstorming pilots ^{always visited the field, and} ~~coming in,~~ I was always going there and climbing over airplanes, finding out all I could about them and about flying. I couldn't fly, but I got to know all the pilots. I got to know all the famous pilots.

^{Later when} Lindbergh came through there several times, I got to know him ^{slightly}. ^{The U.S. Army Air Corps} ~~and~~ Around-the-World fliers came through, ^{and} I got to know them. ~~the~~ ^{Some} transatlantic fliers came through, ^{and} I got to know them, ^{too}.

And so it was a very, very wonderful experience. ^{Not too far from Love Field and the cotton mill were} ~~Next to the mill was~~ the Trinity River and the Trinity River bottoms. ^{These bottoms were wide and} ~~They were~~ wild and swampy. I used to spend ~~my~~ ^{much} time down there. ~~It's a wonder I didn't get snake bitten.~~ ~~On one side of Love Field there was this wide Trinity River bottoms,~~

The bottoms were ^{very, very thick with} very heavily forested and ~~lots of~~ undergrowth. I used to spend a lot of time down there, an awful lot of time, just ^{pushing} ~~running~~ through it and exploring. It's amazing that I was never bitten by a snake because there were plenty ~~of snakes~~ down there.

Q: Rattlers?

Captain Biard: Rattlers and water moccasins and copperheads. Those are the three that you have to look out for. But it was a very, very, very interesting experience. My dad had me working in the ^{mill} yard, getting it in shape, cleaning it up from the construction, getting all of the bricks, rocks, cement globs, and all that stuff out. My first job there when I was 11 years old, ~~maybe it was 12,~~ made me eight-and-a-half cents an hour, and everybody in the mill was quick to admit that I was the hardest working person in the mill. They said, "You're underpaid." Well, my dad didn't dare pay me ^{anything like} as much as he paid the other people. He didn't set the wages; ^{they were} ~~that was~~ set from on high. If he could have, he would have paid them far more than ^{they received,} ~~that,~~ but he didn't have the money. That was the dictate of ^{higher} ~~the~~ management ^{of} ~~the corporation.~~ The wages were ~~just~~ ^{an extremely low} low, but he put me on at eight-and-a-half cents an hour during the summer. I really did work; I worked like everything. ~~It was hot.~~ ^{And it was very hot.} ~~I worked in the mill yard for two summers.~~ ^{After about a year and a half of living out there, we moved} ~~to town.~~ He changed jobs and went to work at the uptown office

About two years after Dad started at the cotton mill the mill was sold to another group of owners. A few months later Dad was given the chance again ^{Biard #1 - 23} ~~of the mill. The mill was sold. Then he went to the office of~~ ~~to work for~~ the man who had built the mill, J. Perry ^{Burrus} Burrus, a very excellent businessman, ^{very} ~~and~~ straight and honest, but he was sharp. My dad became his right-hand man. This was 1926. And from then on he travelled all over Texas, organizing a ^{flour milling} ~~mill~~ corporation which J. Perry ^{Burrus} ~~Burrus~~ was putting together, ~~a flour mill corporation~~. It was a good corporation, properly put together, and my dad was the right-hand man in that effort. He took me with him whenever he could so that I got to see the state, ~~and~~ He liked to do things with me, and I liked to go with him.

Q: You were what, high school age?

Captain Biard: I was ^{just} going into high school. In high school I was fortunate. Rather, I was fortunate in grammar school. When I moved to Dallas I was very afraid that they'd put me back in school because I came from a country town, but in Midland we had excellent schools, topnotch. My cousins were schoolteachers. We were a large family, the ^{Elkin} ~~Bloom~~ family there, on my mother's side. ^{Many of my female older cousins in Midland} ~~were schoolteachers. Many of them were schoolteachers.~~ The superintendent was a hard man to work for, but he did run a good school system. It was small but very good. So when I got to Dallas, instead of talking about putting me back, they wanted to put me forward, put me ahead. My folks said no, they didn't want ~~that~~ ~~to~~. But even while we were living at Love Field, I went to

Dallas to school. We paid the extra tuition and my dad has us driven into town, into Dallas, to attend school there.

The schools there were very good, very, very good. ~~One~~
Even so, my classroom the first year had
~~classroom would have~~ two classes in it, probably around 70 people
altogether, and so the lower half of the class would be taught on
one side, ^{of the room,} and the upper half of the class on the other, ^{then} both by
the same teacher.

Q: Same room?

Captain Biard: Same room.

Q: Of course, you're just talking about the white school.

Captain Biard: Yes. Only whites went to these schools in those days. They were segregated.

Q: Were you aware of that fact when you were there?

Captain Biard: Very much so. Very much so.

Q: We can talk about that in a minute, maybe.

Captain Biard: Yes. In fact, my ^{first} teacher ^{in Dallas} was my landlady. ~~then~~
~~we moved into Dallas, we moved into a house owned by a~~
~~75-year-old lady who was teaching school where I was to go to~~
For the first three months after moving from Midland we had to rent a home in Dallas. Our house at Love Field, the mill manager's house, was not yet finished. Dad rented a place owned

by a 10 year-old boy, ...
she was to be my schoolteacher for my first
year in Dallas-Love Field. Biard #1 - 25

~~school, and it turned out that she was my schoolteacher.~~

Q: At 75, still teaching.

Captain Biard: Yes. A little bitty lady with ...

Q: Tennis shoes.

Captain Biard: No. With button shoes on, you know, high button shoes. Let me tell you, she carried a ruler in one hand and she went around and whacked it on the desk. She kept discipline, 70 children in that room.

Q: Tell us her name.

Captain Biard: Flora Hemphill. Man, she could teach and she did teach. Now, we would have other teachers for some subjects, but she taught several subjects, one of which would be English, and the other, reading. And she really did teach ^{them} ~~it~~. In the fifth and sixth grades, I learned far more English than was taught in colleges I attended later on. Dallas schools were good.

Well, after I had a year of sitting in one side, on the low side with the higher side of the class on the other side, the teachers got together and they said, "Well, let's double promote him now and put him in the higher group. He knows as much as

they do." And so they did that. That was one of the luckiest things ~~in my life~~ ^{in my entire life} that ever happened to me because by having done that, I was able to pass the entrance exams for the Naval Academy ~~later on and get in. was~~ ^{in time to be admitted in 1930.}

The physical requirements for entrance to the Naval Academy were changed the next year, and if I had not been double promoted, I could have never entered the Naval Academy, and that would have changed my life so completely.

Q: Are we ready to talk about why you went to the Navy at this point?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Before we get to that, we spoke of the segregated schools. I wonder, you were aware that they were segregated. Did you have any feeling that this was unfair, or did you accept it as a way of life, or did you give any thought to it at that time?

Captain Biard: I didn't give too much thought to it at that time because that was the way of life. The school I attended, ^{was only} two or three blocks from the ~~school~~ ^{edge of} darkie town, ~~started, and it~~ ^{which} went on for some distance. The principal of ^{my} the school, ~~that I went to,~~ ^{or the} ~~man~~ ^{man} who soon became the principal, had been principal of the ^{high} school that my dad went to in Bonham, Texas, so he ^{had known} ~~know~~ ^{and} my

Mom and Dad in Bonham,

Biard #1 - 27

~~family~~ In Texas at that time, they used to take a census of each school district once a year to determine how much aid the state would give the school system, and the aid the school gave was \$12.50 a student per year, not very much.

Q: No.

Captain Biard: But the ^{principal} ~~superintendent~~ of the school was responsible for getting the names of all of the ^{children of} ~~people in the~~ school age living in his district ~~district, all the children in the district.~~ Well, ~~part of his~~ ^{his} school-census area included a large part ~~duties included the section of this darkie town next door,~~ so he ^{close by,} had to take that census as well. He needed help, so he knew me and knew my family, ~~and~~ he asked my parents if I could help him take both the white and the dark census, ^{since} ~~with him.~~ ^{They had no objections.} So I went along with him. I became quite familiar with this darkie town there for about two or three years while I was helping him take this census ^{after hours and on Saturdays for about a month each year}. Darkies in those days ~~they~~ were called niggers or negroes, but the average person respectfully would call them darkies. I had no trouble there. I was only about 12 years old. Usually I would not be too far from ^{the principal but sometimes} ~~him~~. We would take the census, we'd get the names of the children, and then we'd have to have the parent or the guardians sign the slip to make it legal and valid. But I did much of this, so I was quite aware, quite aware of the situation in darkie town. ^{I would be on my own} I think he paid me twenty-five cents per hour to help him with this work.

Q: Did you ever feel any emotional reaction that this wasn't fair, this wasn't right? Or again, this was the way things were?

Captain Biard: It was the way things were. It was the way things were. And in general, I didn't meet any resentment among the darkies there.

Q: But again, a good experience for your adult life.

Captain Biard: A good experience, yes. ~~Now, when Dad moved back to the office in Dallas, let me hit upon this later.~~ You ^{have} asked me when did I think about going to the Naval Academy. ~~One time~~ when I was about 12 years old, we moved back into Dallas. I was more than 12, I was ^{going on} ~~about~~ 13, I guess. We moved back into Dallas, ~~living at another place,~~ ^{into} a nice little post-war built ^{my Dad bought.} bungalow, ~~working out~~ ^{One day when I was helping Dad with some} in our pretty back yard, ~~I was helping him,~~ ^{a school,} and he said, "Son, there's a place called Annapolis, I want you to go to school. ^{It is quite difficult to enter, but if you do} ~~if you~~ go there, after four hard years you will be commissioned as an officer in the Navy, you will be well read, ^{you will have received a wonderful education and} ~~then~~ you will be socially acceptable everywhere. Everyone will respect you, and you will have a wonderful career ahead of you if you wish it. I knew two boys in Bonham," he said, "who went there. They were appointed by our ^{local} congressman, the ^{Buchanan} ~~Kammy~~ brothers. They're now lieutenant commanders in the Navy. I wish that I could have gone. I want you to go." He said, "I want you

to go and I want you to make history."

So I thought about that. I ~~got looking up some questions~~ ^{read about the Naval Academy} ~~in our~~ ^{And} ~~about it in the~~ Encyclopedia. I sent letters to ~~my~~ ^{our} congressman for information on the place, got the information, ^{and} became familiar with the requirements for entrance. And about that time when I was entering high school, I had some cousins there on my father's side who had preceded me ^{into this high school.} They were very, very smart girls. My dad had not been ^{able to go} to college, but ^{these girls} ~~they~~ were ~~very~~ definitely college bound. I asked one of them, "What should I take?" She sat down and she outlined a four-year program for me in high school, and ^{as it later turned out,} it was strictly college entrance and exactly what I needed for the Naval Academy, without ever having known that that would be the course that I would need. So I was placed on the correct track by my very sharp cousin, who was ^{about three} ~~a couple of~~ years ahead of me in high school.

Q: A girl.

Captain Biard: A girl. ^{a very sharp girl and quite a competent person} So I followed this ^{program} to a T. Well, I took ^{additional} some ~~other~~ courses, but I didn't delete any from it. I stayed right on that college entrance course. So I graduated in mid-term ^(January) of 1930 from high school, and I knew what I had to do. ~~and~~ I wanted to take ^{my congressman's competitive} ~~the~~ examinations for the Naval Academy the next year. I ^{told my Dad} ~~said~~ I'd work hard and really hit the mark, ^{but my} ~~my~~ dad didn't believe in waiting ^{that} ~~too~~ long. He told me ^{in late} ~~on~~ November, ^{of 1929,}

^{just}
 before I graduated, "I've written to your congressman and I've
 got his permission to take ^{for you the} competitive examination, and you will
 take it on December 7th [strangely enough], a Saturday, at the
 Dallas Courthouse." He said, "It's going to be given in a week.
 I have a letter here authorizing you to take it."

I said, "Dad, I can't take it. I haven't prepared for it."

He said, "You will go down there and you will take it."

So I went there and I did take it. In fact, he took me down
 and saw that I went there. He knew that if he told me to go, I
 would, but he ^{was going} went downtown to work, anyway. In those days,
 officers and banks usually worked at least half
 a day on Saturdays.

Q: He wanted you to know he was supporting you.

Captain Biard: Yes. So he took me down there and he left me
^{at the Courthouse}
~~there~~. There were 19 ^{boys} ~~people~~ ^{examination} in the room, most of whom had gone
 through preparatory school for this, ~~and it was~~ a competitive
 examination. All of them were bright-looking. I said, my
 goodness, here I haven't done any preparing at all, ~~and~~ this will
 just be a practice exam, ^{for me!} I'll have to try again next year. It
 was ^{an eight-hour} ~~a seven-hour~~ exam. It was one of the most awful things I
 have ever been through, not so much because it was terrifically
 long, ^{but because} it was thorough, ~~it was~~ ^{and quite} comprehensive, ~~but~~ you had to move
 fast, you had to write fast, you had to be fairly sure of what
 you were writing, and ^{there was} no time to goof off. It was pressure,
 pressure, pressure. And so I finished it, and when I finished, I

real
 had a headache. I said, oh, boy, this is it; now, next year I'll
 know what to do. It covered quite a few high school subjects and
 I had studied all of them. *I could review that all very thoroughly*
~~I thought no more of it.~~ *for the competitive exam the next year. I thought no more of*
 I had been carrying papers in high school for four years, *any*
 morning papers. One morning about two months later, I got home. *possible*
 I would get up about 4:30 to go on my paper route and would *of finish*
 usually get back about 6:30. I had a large route. I got home. *the*
 Right after I got home, one of the teachers *in my high school* called me and said, *exam*
 "Congratulations, Forrest." ~~One of my high school teachers.~~ *great*
 "You've just been appointed to the Naval Academy." The paper I *taken*
 had been delivering that morning had my picture and an article *Winn*
 about me on the front page and I had not seen it. I had won the
 competitive examination.

Q: Only one of you was selected?

Captain Biard: There were two.

Q: Two were selected.

Captain Biard: Two were selected. I was one of the two who had
 finished on top. Well, I was surprised. I was dead surprised.
 So my goodness, now I had six weeks to prepare for the
 substantiating exam, a much more difficult exam stressing math
 and English. By this time I *(which was some four miles from my home)*
~~started going to SMU~~ *had* I had been

given a scholarship for one year there as a result of my ~~class~~ standing in my class at high school. So ^{now} I really started working. I had copies of old exams that were provided by the Naval Academy to people requesting them, and so I just started working like everything on the math ^{required} and ~~the~~ English. The English in particular required ~~I won't say, particular, because both of them required~~ a tremendous amount of work. The math was much harder than ^{that I had taken,} ~~what I'd had in high school,~~ much more comprehensive, much more thorough. The English ^{literature} required much more reading than I had done, so I did it the easy way--not the easy way, ^{but} the only way I could ^{do it,} I got good summaries of many of the books I was supposed to have read, and I read those and mastered those thoroughly so I could write about them on the exams. I worked on the math like everything, and the math examples were hard; they were rough.

^{Ready or not, after six weeks of fantastic cramming,}
~~When the exam came, time came for it, well,~~ I went to take ~~the exam.~~

Q: Back to Dallas?

^{Back to the Dallas Courthouse}
 Captain Biard: Yes. ^{the other principal appointee} There I and ^{each of us} had three substitutes or alternates, one, two, and three, in case we failed either the ~~exam, the~~ mental or the physical exam. So I took it again and it was terribly rough, terribly, terribly rough. ~~and~~ And again ⁺ said, "I didn't make it."

beamingly boasted

My first alternate, "I passed it, I passed it." Well, it turned out that I and the other ^{appointee} ~~first alternate~~ were the only two who passed it. The others all failed the exam. I had passed the math just by a very, very little bit. It was a good thing I *had* worked hard. I did much better on the English. Strangely enough, I stood quite high in my class in math at the Naval Academy, I was one of the top men in the class in math, not at the very top, but top two or three. So that I made out all right there.

Again, I said, "Try again next year. I'm sure I didn't do it this time." Again, ^{a few weeks later} I came off my paper route and a teacher called me and said, "Congratulations. I see your picture and an article ^{about you on the} front page. You got the appointment ^{to} ~~at~~ the Naval Academy." And so I had. *Again I had delivered all my papers without seeing the article about me on the front page.* Then the big surprise came. I took ^{a preliminary} ~~the~~ physical exam ~~by~~ ~~authority of my congressman, authorization of the congressman,~~ at the naval recruiting station in Dallas, and there I found I was not qualified for entrance, that I was color-hesitant.

0000
3000

exam - "fog green"; it is called.

Q: Hesitant?

In the color tests I had difficulty with very, very light

Captain Biard: Yes. And ~~that~~ I had a crooked little toe. Those were my two deficiencies. The Navy sent me a letter saying, "You ~~are not physically qualified to enter the Naval Academy~~ ~~will be refused admission.~~"

Fortunately that ^{was not the exam of last resort.} ~~exam~~ ~~did not count.~~ ~~Bad said,~~ "You'll go up

The same letter said I still might take the physical exam at the Naval Academy that all would-be midshipmen are required to take. The results of the exam would determine whether or not I would be admitted.

again & was your cousin. ^{But with my} usual good sense and determination, my Dad said, "Go on to Annapolis. We won't give up until we have to. And you just may make it." ^{Biard #1, - 34}
~~there anyway and you'll take your exam there as you're authorized to do by your appointment."~~

On the way I went by Washington
And so I did go up there. ~~I took an examination at the Navy Department and went around to see~~ my congressman, good old Hatton W. Sumners. He said, "Why, they can't refuse to admit any of my boys just because they're too stupid to see those colors. You go down to the Navy Department here." He gave me the address. "You get another exam."

So I went down there. They said, "All right, okay."

Q: This was on Constitution Avenue?

Captain Biard: On Constitution Avenue, in ~~the wing there that~~ ^{a wing of} they had the old building on Constitution Avenue. So I went ^{after that,} over to the Naval Academy in a couple of days or so and sure enough, with little trouble, I got in. By this time I knew how to read the number or two in the color test book, the chart, that I hadn't been able to read before. It was in the fog green, in the last one in the book, where the very light ^{est} shades of green could trip you up on reading one of the numbers. ~~So I~~ ^{had been} ~~was~~ called color-hesitant because of that. But this time I made out all right, so I ^{passed the exam and was admitted,} ~~entered and got in.~~
Again, ^{my Dad was right.}

Well, to go back a bit, to go back to the earlier high school days, after Dad moved to ^{into Dallas proper and again went} ~~downtown and went with the gentleman who~~ to work for the man who had ~~had originally headed the group that~~ built the cotton mill, he

give me work as an office-boy and messenger during the summer
would ~~call me in for summers to work down there in the office~~
with them, because ~~the~~ summertime was ~~the~~ grain ^{harvesting} buying and grain
buying ~~and the J. Perry Burrus office was very busy~~
harvesting time ~~and the company would be buying all the grain~~
during the summer months.
~~harvest in that part of the country, and Dad would have to do the~~

^{Dad}
~~financing for it.~~ He would arrange the financing with the banks,
and he would have me help the bookkeeper, ^{I then was} as a youngster about
13 ^{or} 14 years old.

^{Burrus}
About this time ^{they} completed a grain elevator ^{in Dallas.} and I don't
know whether you know what a grain elevator is, ^{or whether you are} familiar with it
or not, but there's no dirtier thing in the world.

Q: I know what they look like from the outside.

^{This}
Captain Biard: ~~They finished a~~ grain elevator ^{was} ~~down~~ about two
miles from the office, and so I went down there quite a bit to
help them ^{with their office work, too.} ~~work there.~~ The employees were mostly negroes, some of
them ex-convicts. It wasn't hard to ^{get into trouble} ~~be~~ if you were a negro in
those days.

Q: I'm sure.

^{But}
Captain Biard: ~~And so~~ most of them ^{who worked for the elevator} were quite reliable.
Summertime work, unloading cars of wheat in the way it was done
in those days, was one of the dirtiest jobs and ^{also} one of the
^{sweatiest that} ~~dirtiest jobs for about 200 yards around the grain elevator that~~

you can imagine. *Only negroes did this work for us,*

Q: It was bad for their lungs, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes, very bad. All this dust and wheat chaff just absolutely covered the entire area *for several hundred yards.*

Q: I have been by them up in eastern Oregon, and you just see the whole air filled with whatever it's filled with.

Captain Biard: Yes. So I worked down there for the next couple of summers and there I really did hard work, very hard work. I had started lifting weights at that time and found out that I loved to lift weights. I was not a good athlete. I was ~~pretty~~ ^{not too well} coordinated, but I could lift weights, ~~and~~ weight-lifting requires ^{much} ~~an awful lot~~ more coordination than people realize. I was doing that, so I was pretty husky, and I worked along with these blacks— just right along with them— *on all except the dirtiest jobs.*

Again, they'd look at me, "Huh, a boy doing a man's job." It was hard work and it was dirty work, but I did it. I won't say I liked it, but I liked to be able to say, "Yes, I can do it. I can stay right in there with them." I wasn't too large, I was about ~~300~~ 150 pounds, but no matter how rough the going got, I could go right ⁱⁿ there ~~with them~~ and stay with them, these great big blacks that had lived with ^{that type of work} ~~this stuff~~ all their lives.

So when the time came, I ^{received my} ~~had my~~ appointment. I knew I ^{would be} ~~was~~ in for a rough time at the Naval Academy and I knew that the ^{academics} ~~courses~~ were ^{difficult} ~~rough~~ there, ^{and that} plebe year ^{would be} ~~was~~ rough, but I felt sure that I could ^{make} ~~do~~ it. ^{And} ~~Well~~ I did.

Q: Did you enjoy your years at the Academy?

Captain Biard: The answer is, the first year was hell. The plebe year was absolutely impossible. If it hadn't been for the family and just absolutely refusing to let them down, I would not have stuck it out.

Q: Tell me why. Was that the treatment of the other people, the personal treatment, or was it the intellectual studies?

Captain Biard: It was the hazing of the plebes.

Q: That's what I was wondering.

Captain Biard: Now, the hazing of the plebes varied tremendously with who your upperclassmen were. If you got thrown in with a group who really wanted to make your plebe year hell for you, it became unbearable. If you were in with a group of upperclassmen who were ^a pretty decent type of people, who said, "Well, we'll help him get along. We'll make him see that he's got to ^{toe} ~~to~~ the

line and be a man, but we'll help him get along in other matters," life was not too rough. I perhaps had the worst group, I and the group of plebes with me, maybe there were about ten or 12 of us, had perhaps the worst group of ^{first class} ~~any~~ in the entire Academy to endure, purely circumstance.

Q: I've never heard anyone say that before.

Captain Biard: ~~and the average person would not see it because they didn't have to endure what we had to endure.~~ ^{put up with anything like that which} We had a group of sadists ~~right~~ ^{us} around in the company that I was in, and ate at the same table or at the table next to ours, ^{they all in the mess hall.} ~~The people at your table and the people~~ ^{those} in your platoon and ^{your} company were the ones that were responsible for how you got along and ^{in your plebe year} what happened to you. ^{far}

Q: How many ^{plebes} were in your group?

Captain Biard: It depends on what you call a group.

Q: I mean, how many received this same treatment?

Captain Biard: I would say there were about ten or 12, ~~about ten~~ ^{about} ~~or 12~~. Let us say there were ^{about} ten plebes in my group.

Q: And then how many were the upperclassmen, or the ones who ...

Captain Biard: About the same number. At times I really don't think they realized just what they were doing or how inhuman it was.

Q: Give me a for instance.

did realize fully what they were doing, I ^{so}
 Captain Biard: A couple of them ~~did know~~ I knew. One of them
 was absolutely a mental case. You wouldn't appreciate it unless
 you would do it, had to do it. ^{For all of} ~~at~~ plebe year, at the table you
 always had to sit like this, ^{very} on the ^{with your back} edge of your chair, ^{absolu} straight, ^{ely}
 and you couldn't look to one side or the other unless you were
 spoken to by an upperclassman, ~~at questions asked of you~~. Then if
^{the questioner} ~~he~~ didn't like something you did, didn't like a reply you gave, or
 if you hadn't learned something that ^{he had told you} ~~you were supposed~~ to learn
~~that he told you to learn, learn~~ before the next meal, he'd have
 you ^{do we} ~~is~~ called "sit on infinity." That would be to set your
 chair back and continue eating like this - *maintaining a true sitting
 posture without a chair to support you.*

Q: Without any support.

Captain Biard: Yes. Now, I would suggest that if you don't think that that is torture, try doing it for more than just a short while. We would have to go ~~on like that and~~ on and on like

→ * At the table the first classmen were always asking questions. Then if the questioner didn't - - -

that for minutes after minutes, ~~and~~ ^{until} eventually you couldn't ~~do~~
^{do it any longer} it, and they'd stick ^{your rear-end} you with forks, and you ~~will~~ ^{had to} get back up.
^{then}

And if they didn't do that, they had other things they would do.

It got to where our legs would be so sore that right after, ~~that~~
^{say, the noon meal} ~~noon meal, our legs would be so sore that~~ when we would go to
^{which then was mechanical} what we called the steam class, ~~that's~~ drawing, where you had to
stand up to work on whatever sketches or other drawings that you
were making, that lots of times my legs would be so sore and I
hurt so, I couldn't stand up. I'd have to hang on the table and
attempt to do my drawing.

Q: What did you call this?

Captain Biard: Steam. *Steam engineering.*

Q: Oh, for the learning of the parts of the ship?

Captain Biard: Yes, mechanics. Mechanical engineering.
Midshipmen called the mechanical engineering course the steam
course. ~~And so~~ I really don't think that most of the upperclass
at our table ~~our table was the farthest away from the duty~~
~~officer, over in the far corner, and I don't think they really~~ ^{realized just}
~~knew~~ what torture they ^{sometimes} were putting us through, some of us. One
of the people who did this, ~~perhaps the one who was he and his~~
~~roommates were all very difficult, he later~~ was the

intercollegiate light weight boxing champion the year before I entered the Naval Academy. He ^{tried again my first year there} ~~didn't~~ win the championship ^{but fail to} ~~at that time~~ ^{first year there, but, as I say,} He was a little fellow, but he was a man, I'll say that for him. He was a man. He was captured ^{by the Japanese} when his submarine was sunk after attacking during the war. ~~He was the skipper of a submarine and the a convoy.~~ ^{and a number of his crew were} ~~submarine was sunk, and he~~ was captured by the Japanese and tortured ^{while in captivity. He was given} ~~by them, given~~ the Congressional Medal of Honor for the way he looked out for his men, or tried to. He did all he could, which wasn't too much ^{but he did look} ~~in those days, how he~~ looked out for the others ^{under} ~~around~~ him and how he stood up ^{manfully} to his Japanese captors. He was a man, ~~I'll say that for him.~~ ^{very brutal}

Q: Do you want to put his name in the record?

Captain Biard: His name was Fitzgerald. That was his last name. ~~He~~ He was a true man.

Q: And he was one of the men who did the hazing?

Captain Biard: Yes. One thing you didn't do was antagonize the upper class. That was suicide ^{for a plebe to do that.} ~~in those days.~~ You couldn't survive if you did. It was just like prison, ^{If} you ratted in prison, that ^{would be the} ~~the~~ end of you. You didn't antagonize the first class because they had so many ways they could get back at you that you'd get kicked out of the Academy. ~~You couldn't take it.~~

wouldn't be able to endure all the entire class then would thr
~~as~~ You just ~~couldn't think what they'd do to you.~~ But some of my ^a
classmates, one in particular, offered to take ^{this boxer} ~~him~~ or any of the
^{first classmen} others ^{at} the head of the table out and fight them anywhere, any
time. Now, for that to happen, it means that things ^{had} ~~have~~ been
pressed awfully far. ^{My classmate} ~~He~~ was a little fellow, smaller than any of
those, ^{he challenged} and he couldn't have possibly ^{won against} ~~fought with success~~ any of
them. But ~~I say~~ they actually pressed him that far, ^{I, too,} and ~~I~~ felt
like it many, many, many times. And there were others who shared
my feelings and hated the ^{very} guts out of ^{these ten or so} ~~the~~ first classmen. There
were others in the first class who didn't treat their ^{plebes anything} ~~this way~~.
like this roughly. ^{Ours} ~~This was really an exception.~~ was an exceptional case.

Q: I haven't found out from you what class ...

Captain Biard: 1934. I entered in 1930~~x~~ and graduated in 1934

Q: So your ^{first classmen were in} ~~upperclassmen~~ are the class of '31.

Captain Biard: 1931, yes. Now, ^{there were from two to four} ~~there was another classmate there~~
other first classmen who were extremely important in every plebe's
~~who, every night, you had to report around to a first classman's~~
life. These were the first classmen to whose room he always,
~~room, that's required of plebes, to do odd jobs for them, such~~
without fail, had to report immediately after the evening meal
~~odd jobs that they might assign, and then there would frequently~~
and remain there until the 7:00 pm study bell. Study-hour ended
~~be having of various types. This matter of so-called sitting on~~
at 9:30, and then he would have to double-time back to the
~~infinity would be extended to such occasions as that, too. All~~
same room and remain there until just before taps. This
~~the rooms had a green border about a foot and a half high, just~~
was six nights a week - every night except Saturday night.

0
First
classmen
were in
the class
of '31.

Continue this

In each room there was a green border about 20 inches high painted on the wall, and if they didn't like what you were doing, they might say, "All right, sit on the little green bench." There wasn't any green bench, which meant that you went over there and sat on infinity without your back up against the wall, the same way as you would at the table. So it could be just as bad there as it could be ~~before~~ at the table in the mess hall.

The first classman I reported to was not too friendly. He wasn't too bad, but his roommate, now dead, in fact, he was kicked out of the Navy for indebtedness, I believe, his roommate could be pretty bad. ~~In fact, when we would leave the room at just before taps at 10:00 p.m. to night to go to taps, go back to our own room to go to bed, we'd~~ have to report to his room at 9:30 and we'd leave at five minutes to 10:00 ^{just before} taps. ^{the end of study period at} when we left the room he frequently ^{and} grab our ankles, and then he would take the handle of a tennis racket, from which the loop holding the strings had been removed ^{take the strings off of and the loop off of,} and then he would ~~come back,~~ and wham!, he would practically ...

Q: Your rear end?

Captain Biard: Yes. And you'd land about three or four feet farther on out in the corridor.

Q: This is before you were to go back to taps.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: They did it to everybody?

Captain Biard: ^{No.} There were ^{only} two of us in there ^{regularly} ~~usually~~. There might be more than two sometimes, but usually two would report there regularly. ~~So that would be one thing.~~

Q: And you reported to the same ^{room} ~~man~~ every night?

Captain Biard: Yes. Then there was another ^{first classman} ~~there who was, as I say,~~ a mental case from another table ^{who roomed nearby, and} ~~but nevertheless,~~ he managed to get in on this. He was definitely a mental case. He added to the problem, ~~too~~. So, as I say, I would not have stuck out my plebe year if it hadn't been for my family ties and the fact that I knew my dad; it would break his heart if I didn't.

Q: I would say to you one thing, just observing, I observed in hearing you speak of your family, I guess maybe more your father, that he was a man who gave you, like they say in the movie, the right stuff.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: He really was wonderful, and he wanted you to see the whole of life, not just one-sided.

Captain Biard: He was a fine man. What you have just said I am sure was true.

Q: And I think that ^{you, like} many people, at least in my observation, that the motivation during the years they were away, at least until they became adults, was not to hurt your family.

Captain Biard: Yes. I would not have hurt my family. I was a Texan and in Texas in those days, in the schools, everybody was ^{was indoctrinated to be} proud of Texas; everybody was ^{taught to be} proud of the South. In those days and times, what we now have as Memorial Day was Decoration Day. Decoration Day was the time when everybody went out and decorated the graves of those who had fought in the Civil War and ^{were} buried in the local cemeteries. And ^{we} ~~they~~ went out there seriously, and practically everybody went out to ^{do} that from these small towns. We were all proud of ^{and we} ~~you knew about~~ the Alamo, ^{I was} ~~you~~ knew about Goliad, ^{I was} born in Bonham, Texas. Bonham was one of those who was killed at the Alamo. Bonham is in Fannin County, and Fannin was one of those in charge of the group that captured ~~and~~ Goliad, ^{when} ~~and~~ Santa Anna ^{later recaptured} had the ^{Goliad} entire group of 100 ^{or captured there were?} ~~and~~ so shot. We grew up ^{with} traditions like ^{that made us extremely proud of our} that ~~where you were proud of your~~ Texas ...

Q: I don't think I know that story. I don't want to put it here.

Captain Biard: Texas history. We were taught Texas history in

Texas schools, I can assure you. ^{Goliad} ~~This~~ happened after the Battle
 of the Alamo, ~~when they sent a force out~~ ^{when a force of Texans was sent} on an ill-fated
 expedition ^{to Goliad} and Santa Anna captured them, or at least the Mexicans
 captured them, and Santa Anna had them all shot. There's the
 Battle of San Jacinto where ^{Sam Houston's Texans} ~~they~~ fell upon the Mexicans and
 captured the Mexicans and Santa Anna while they were on their
 siesta. The Mexicans would holler, "Me no Alamo. Me no
 Goliad," to try to be spared as ^{Houston's 25 men} ~~the Sam Houston people~~ fell upon
 them. Goliad was ~~one of the places~~, one of the real horror
 stories of the Texas revolution.

At the Academy my plebe year, I was at somewhat of a
 disadvantage because I had not been to prep school. I didn't
 think that I could stand high in the class. I truly believed
 that I was incapable of doing so. My first semester, I didn't.
 The second semester, I started doing better, the second semester
 of plebe year, and I ended up standing 60th in my class of some
 550 that year, which was a great surprise to me. My youngster
 year, ^{which} ~~this~~ is the third class year or sophomore year, I started
 hitting the math very hard, and math was the subject of greatest
 importance, given the greatest weight in the academic standing.
 And that year, much to my surprise, I stood number 21, as I
 remember. And the next year, my second class or third year, I
 stood number 20. My last year was a disaster. I was in love
 with a very beautiful girl whose ^{father and mother were} ~~mother was~~ good friends of a
 warrant officer in the medical department at the Naval Academy.

On the annual physical exam given in the early fall ~~she and her husband were good friends of this warrant officer.~~
 of this, my last year, my trouble with ~~At this time my~~ color perception caught up with me. They changed
 and again I had trouble the color tests. ~~So they told me that I was not going to be~~
~~allowed to graduate.~~ I had to sign my resignation, ~~about~~ ^{about} three
 months into first class year. The resignation was postdated to ^{That would let me finish my}
 the date of graduation. ~~They let you finish your~~ last year, but
~~it~~ you would not be commissioned. This pretty little girl that I ^{had}
 started going with ^{was} very vivacious, ^{and} she and I were having lots of
 fun, so I just didn't bother to study. The first class year
 counted 40% towards the final standing. Plebe year counted 10%,
 youngster year 20%, second class year 30%, and ^{the} last year 40%. So
 I just slacked off, really slacked off this most important year
 of all because I was not ^{to be} ~~being~~ commissioned. I just took it
 easy, didn't study, didn't study, didn't study, and played and
 played and played, until heaven knows, somebody called me down to
 the battalion office and made me sign up to report back up to the
 sick bay for a physical re-examination, which I ^{took} ~~did~~, and I failed
 it. So that meant that I surely would not be commissioned.

Q: That was the eye exam?

It was a color perception test, only.

Captain Biard: Yes. [^] After a while, I was called up again for another examination, and this time, after much deliberation, they decided to let me pass. I didn't know it, but my girlfriend's mother had got to this chief warrant officer and had him pull my

name out and submit it to the board both of these times for re-examination, ^{even after the medical authorities} ~~when they~~ had said they weren't going to re-examine me. So I owe it to her mother, my having been commissioned in the Navy, to her mother, who was a very fine lady ^{that} ~~and~~ I liked ~~her~~ very much.

Q: See, you didn't know that at the time, did you?

Captain Biard: No. I didn't know.

Q: When did you find out about that?

Captain Biard: I found out about ^{her mother's efforts on my behalf} ~~it a couple of~~ months later. ^{This very attractive} ~~The~~ little girl and I were very much in love, but at this time ^{the Navy had just resurrected the two-year rule, meaning} ~~they had the two-year rule~~ that you could not marry for two years ^{after graduation.} They brought that rule in during the Depression. It had been ⁱⁿ effect years and years ago, and with the class of 1934 they brought it in again because they figured that we would stay in whether we were married or not because of the Depression. It was pretty rough ^{in those days on the U.S. OUTSIDE.} ~~outside~~ ~~so she~~ and her family went to the Philippines. ^{Three months after I graduated she} She swore and swore and swore that she would return, and be that as it may, I believed her, or at least I tried to believe her. But I was commissioned, ~~but~~ I was commissioned after I had not studied ^{with any great effort} my first class year, and even so, I ended up standing 24th in my class, which isn't ^{at all} bad.

I was commissioned 17th. in my class in the Navy. Biard #1 - 51 with that last year counting ~~with~~ as heavily as → it did, I'm sure I would have stood quite a few numbers higher. I regret it, but later on in the competitive exams we had to take after ^{both} two and three years out of the Academy, I was advanced from number 17 in the class ~~then~~ to number 11. I ^{studied for those exams} ~~worked at that~~ and I did do much better.

Q: That was for how long a period? For almost all of your year that you thought you weren't going to graduate?

Captain Biard: Yes. So ^{during almost all of my last year} I just wasn't working at all. The things I was interested in I would read, go to class, recite. The recitation then was largely a test every hour, a one-hour test in every class. But I did fairly well, but I only stood 44th in the class ^{that last year} because I had really, really eased off. I ^{did study} ~~studied~~ too much, and that ^{last year I hardly studied} ~~year I didn't study~~ at all.

Q: This year was 1933-34.

Captain Biard: 1933-34.

Q: Two classes graduated together in that year?

Captain Biard: No. The first class year spanned the winter and ^{the spring of} spring. In 1933 they commissioned only ^{the upper} half ^{of the graduating} ~~the~~ class. Then

they brought the ^{lower}~~second~~ half of '33 ^{into} back ~~to~~ the service ^{at} the same time they commissioned us, and they received their commissions ahead of our ^{class} ~~of~~ which was the only fair thing to do.

Q: But I take it this lovely thing didn't ever come back?

Captain Biard: Didn't.

Q: Did not.

Captain Biard: Did not.

Q: You can't trust women, you know.

Captain Biard: I know you can't. In fact, everything that happened to me in the Navy happened because of her, then and later on, as you'll find out.

Well, when I was commissioned, the first ship I went to was the USS New Orleans, a heavy cruiser, CA-32, ^{was} ~~is~~ the numerical designation. It had just been commissioned. It had a new crew, largely farm boys ^{as} ~~and~~ enlisted men, ^{who had enlisted at the bottom of} ~~but~~ we had a wonderful crew ^{also} of officers. Of the original crew of officers from that ship, around 32 or so, I know of at least 12 who made flag rank later, either during the war or after the war, and that ^{was} ~~is~~ a very unusual number. Two of the outstanding officers on ^{the ship} ~~there~~ were

They developed into a most excellent crew. The Great Depression.

the damage control officer, ^{or DCO,} and his assistant, ^{The DCO,} Commander Reeves, who was later head of ~~the~~ ^{the} NATS, Naval Air Transport System, and his assistant, who, ^{although} ~~was~~ not a Naval Academy graduate, ^{was} an outstanding officer, I think his name was Merrill S. Fernald. They were hard men to work for, demanding. On the other hand, if you did a good job for them, they saw that you were adequately rewarded for it. They organized the ^{newly commissioned} ship; they organized it wonderfully. They used the junior officers to help them, as they well should have done, and the ^{detailed and excellent} training I received there was to hold me in good stead when I finally got back to sea after the war.

boats

was a very competent old salt

Within a short time I ended up as the ~~I was a turret officer, first of all, first division junior officer, and in first division we had an old boatswain who had~~ ^{and the officer in charge of turret number one.} ~~The chief boatswain of the ship, Chief Boatswain Cregan,~~ He had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor at Vera Cruz. He

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was a good man, he knew his seamanship--how he knew it! ~~Under~~ working with him on the forecandle when anchoring, mooring, getting underway, ^{him} I learned seamanship. I learned seamanship as seamanship should be practiced. ~~His name was Chief Boatswain Cregan.~~ That was a real learning experience ^{up} there on the forecandle, anchoring detail, and paravanes, and all such.

and manoeuvring drills - and that was very frequently -

After the experience on the forecandle, ^{and} in turret number one, I went on to other assignments, ⁱⁿ engineering, ^{and} communications, and in my last year I was selected by the captain of the ship to be the tactical officer of the ship, which was a blessing and a ^{whenever Commander Cruisers, Scouting Force, would hold tactical} curse, because ^{he} would place me over the officer of the deck.

0000

I, an ensign, would be over a senior lieutenant when the

Thus, in many cases, I, an ensign, - - -

(i.e., was the officer of the deck).
Biard #1 - 54

lieutenant had the deck in ~~many cases~~. If I were not actually
over him at the time, he might tell the officer of the deck, "You
take your orders from him as though I were ^{on the bridge} giving them ~~on the~~
~~bridge."~~ That didn't sit well. That didn't sit well with the
senior officers, I can assure you, but the captain told me to do
it, and I did it.

Q: And they knew he had told them.

Captain Biard: And they knew it. So that brought on a little
friction. On the other hand, whenever anything special was
happening, like in battle practice or in special maneuvers, I was
always on the bridge directing what should be done and how it
should be done, right there under the captain or acting for him
in his absence.

Q: You're a fresh ensign.

Captain Biard: Yes. I had two years' experience.

Q: I understand. You said the last year of your two on there.
But you're still a very fresh ensign.

Captain Biard: Yes. It was an unusual situation, and, I say,
one that caused a few misunderstandings. I regretted it, but I

had to take my orders, too. But on the other hand, the captain looked up on me as being the one he wanted to trust, and so he placed his confidence in me and told me to do the job. Tremendously wonderful training. It had its problems, it had its problems. I learned how to maneuver a ship, how to do it properly.

All considered, my first three years out of the Naval Academy, which I spent ~~About this time when I had been out of the Academy for three years, the~~ ^{were} ~~crucial~~ ^{that} on the New Orleans, ~~had been~~ a very, very

delightful experience. We spent quite a bit of time in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. That was our home yard. I got to know New York City perfectly ^{and to} have many friends there. We made cruises to

South America, Alaska, the West Indies, two cruises to Hawaii, and all in all, ^{these three years provided} about as pleasant and excellent an experience as

I could hope for. And the overall training I received was tops, and totally unexpected.

~~Our~~ ^{My} first experience was unusual. The day I reported aboard, or at least ^{that} ~~the~~ night, ^{which was on} ~~that I reported aboard,~~ on the 30th of June, 1934, the ship was ^{at anchor off} ~~in~~ Staten Island waiting to go in to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, ^{when space would become available,} That evening right after I'd reported aboard, we got

orders ~~the next day~~ to take on all necessary stores and fuel ~~and~~ ^{the next day and then proceed at highest} ~~proceed at high~~ sustainable speed to the Panama Canal. There we would join Houston with President Roosevelt aboard and proceed to

Hawaii. He was making the first trip of any President to the Hawaiian Islands. So we ^{got underway from} ~~pushed out of~~ our anchorage at Staten Island, ^{as soon as possible the next day, Monday, and as soon as} ~~at very high speed, high sustainable speed to the Panama~~ we reached the open sea we put on speed for the Panama Canal, ~~transited the canal, which is a beautiful and wonderful~~

It was early on a tropical morning when we arrived at the Atlantic entrance to the canal. Transiting the canal was a

Biard #1 - 56
magnificent I remained on the bridge for the entire seven hours
experience. ~~I just thought that was absolutely magnificent how~~
so I might see ~~not only the beautiful and unusual scenery but also how the ship~~
~~the canal was set up to do business.~~ Then we got to the far side
Pacific

where we joined the Houston and stayed there a day or so and had
a ~~good~~ ^{great} experience looking over the old city of Panama before we
got under way, ~~which was,~~ ^{to accompany the President's ship to Hawaii} for a young officer, ^{this was} a real experience,
~~in itself.~~ ~~Then~~ On the trip west, we went by Cocos Island and
~~then~~ Clipperton Island before going to Hawaii. Cocos is one of the
most unusual islands I have ever seen. It rises straight up out
of the water 2,700 feet on one side, and from this 2,700 feet
there is a waterfall, because there are clouds there around the
peak all the time and rain is falling or has fallen, and this
waterfall just falls a straight 2,700 feet right down to the sea.
The island is green, green, green, beautiful. We anchored off a
place called Walfish Bay. Cocos Island is famous for a treasure
that is supposed to have been buried there by pirates, and many
treasure-hunting expeditions have gone there. One had just been
there slightly before we visited the place. I believe that the
Cocos Island belongs to Costa Rica; I'll have to check that, but
it's not a U.S. possession. We anchored so that the President
might do some fishing.

Q: Was he aboard the Houston?

Captain Biard: He was aboard the Houston. As I said, as we all
said, the Houston carried the President and ~~we~~ "carried the bait."

New Orleans

↑
bait

We had the White House reporters, the four senior White House reporters on our ship. And the senior one of those was Freddie Storm, of the Associated Press, and I'll have more to say about him in a minute, quite a bit more. But when we got to Cocos Island, he went fishing. I had the watch. We had a battle with frigate and boatswain birds there who were just all over the ship, droppings all over the ship, and they were picking at anything and pecking at anything that they could grab, thousands of them just flying everywhere, just made the ship absolutely filthy.

Q: What kind of birds?

Captain Biard: Boatswain and frigate birds. They look alike, except one of them has just a spike tail, the other one has a V tail. Both have wingspan of almost 8 feet! The frigate bird has the V-tail, the boatswain bird, a spike tail.

Q: You're saying frigate.

Captain Biard: Frigate and boatswain. They are large and black, and they don't look large flying up there, but get close to one, they're quite large, very, very large.

Well, the President went fishing and one party went ashore at the Walfish Bay, and I had the duty. I couldn't go. The President, after he did his fishing, went over to Walfish Bay and

sat in a chair there. Of course, he had to be assisted, as we all know, but he was very sensitive about it. But there were sailors all around taking pictures everywhere, and talking to the President, and he enjoyed it. After they got back to the ship, he sent out an order that any pictures taken were to be submitted to him or at least to his staff for censorship. He didn't want any pictures to leave there that made it appear that he was really physically incapacitated. So all pictures were censored, and quite a few of them ^{were confiscated.} ~~went out.~~ We had our own darkroom on board ship and the ships' service ^{photo shop} would develop them. There was quite a bit of censoring ^{these} pictures there.

I didn't get to go ashore that day, I got to go ashore the next day. One experience I do remember. We were going ashore in a whale boat, and one of the other junior officers towed a baited spinner 30 or 40 yards astern, and while on the way in, he got a big strike. The fish really hit. All of a sudden it stopped just like that, no more action. When he pulled ^{his line} ~~it~~ in, there was only a head on the hook, the head of a mackerel. So there were denizens of the deep out there. We got ashore on Walfish Bay. There there were rocks all around the sides, well water-worn, and there were gaily-colored crabs, purple, orange, that would jump from one rock to another, birds everywhere, luxurious vegetation, tropical vegetation. The island was indescribably beautiful. We had quite a pleasant experience there. I only wish I could have seen the President. I never did get to meet him.

So we had his White House reporters on board our ship, and that in itself was quite an experience. Freddie Storm was the real boy there. He was about 6'4" and weighed something like 250 pounds, and he was solid, he was big and broad. He had a round face, and he just beamed, beamed his personality. He had been in the Navy during World War I. He was Roosevelt's favorite correspondent. I saw his name in the press many times later on, always referred to as Roosevelt's favorite. And when Jimmy Roosevelt left the White House to go into business for himself, he took Freddie Storm with him. Well, I ate at the table with Freddie Storm in the wardroom mess, and Freddie got to like me. Freddie just couldn't do enough for us. Freddie was an operator from way back.

When we hit port, first of all in the Hawaiian Islands, we stopped by Clipperton, too, but Clipperton is so low you can hardly see it, the President went fishing off Clipperton but nobody approached it. Then when we reached Hawaii, our first stop was Kona, on the Kona coast, which then had very, very little life to it. I mean, there was life but very little population. Freddie Storm then really showed what he was. He went ashore immediately, and before the junior officers could get their jobs done and be ready to go ashore, he came back and said, "Boys, I've got some girls for you." And he had girls for himself, he had a real girl for himself, and he had girls for the rest of us. Oh, boy, how he operated! And how the women loved

him!

Q: Were these Hawaiian girls?

ranchers
and ranchers

They were wives and daughters of wealthy planters

Captain Biard: No. We were really treated royally there. He was treated very, very royally. We saw all the nearby sights of interest. One of the songs of the day was "My ^{Grass} Little ~~Grass~~ Shack in Kealakekua, Hawaii." "I want to go back to my little ^{grass} ~~grass~~ shack in Kealakekua, Hawaii." Well, I saw ^{(the quaint little} Kealakekua post office there and took a picture of it, sent it to my folks. Then we saw other things like where Captain Cook was killed, the City of Refuge, and we saw other beautiful sights around there.

After we had done that, we weighed anchor and took a very slow, beautiful moonlight one-night steaming to Hilo. That was our next stop. I've never seen anything more beautiful in all my life. In those days and times we dressed up for watch. In fact, we dressed up on board ship in white service or blue service, and we had white service on, and the moon was full, the sea was perfectly calm, the beautiful, ^{rugged island of} Hawaiian ~~islands~~ on one side, the moon up there, full moon in all its splendor, and there we were dressed up properly on board ship, you know, two ships sailing slowly to get to Hilo the next morning to drop anchor again and put Roosevelt ashore. It was one of the ~~most~~ loveliest bits of cruising I have ever, ever done, that evening off the Hawaiian shores, perfectly calm sea, beautiful moon, and the lovely island

rugged

over on our right-hand side. ~~I think it was the right hand side,~~
~~as I remember it now. I'll say it's the right hand side anyway.~~

Hilo, also on the island of
 We got to Hawaii, and I had the watch that day, again, and
at first
 could not get ashore with the group. But Freddie Storm did his
 usual; he went ashore first and he came back with a boat load of
 gals for the junior officers. Well, that was too bad. We were
 there only one day, I think. Yes, only one day. But I did see a
 little of Hilo, not much. Then we got under way for Honolulu.

The entry into Honolulu was beautiful. Honolulu knocked
 itself out. They had every war canoe, every outrigger that they
 could get, everything putting on the show of shows for the
 President, the first time a President had ever visited the
 islands. The Army-Air Force had all their planes up and flying
 in review while we steamed in and tied up alongside the piers
 there at the Aloha Tower. Again, Freddie Storm was the first off
 the ship. Freddie Storm came back with a whole group of gals
 again, and again he did very well for himself. Oh, how he did
 what he did for us! It was a real, real event. Now, this I do
 not want to be circulated. The President stayed ashore in the
 Royal Hawaiian ^{Hotel} the three days we were there. Two of my
 classmates went ashore at this time and they went to the Royal
 Hawaiian, and on the deck--how they ever got away with it, I
 don't know--on the deck where the President was, and his
 wheelchair was outside his room. One of the classmates got in
 the wheelchair and the other started pushing him up and down the

corridor at high speed, saying all sorts and kinds of things, somewhat sexually explicit about what he wanted to do. My one friend, who was quite a lad and ^{had} quite a dry sense of humor, ^{would, when} my other friend would be so explicit shouting out, he'd say, "I didn't get your name. I don't know you. What did you say your name is?" And this went on, and they got away with it, no trouble. But I wasn't there. The ^{se} stories were related to me by quite a few who were there, ^{and are} ~~being~~ very factual.

The next night I ^{so} did ashore, and Freddie Storm had a girl for me, too. This time he had a Hawaiian girl for me. She was a pretty person. That was quite an experience.

When we left Honolulu the next morning, ^{who} we steamed out, everybody had a hangover. Everybody also had tears in his eyes because as they played and sang, "Aloha Oe" when ^{we} ~~they~~ left, we were just weeping. There wasn't a dry eye ^{on the ship,} ~~in the place,~~ not one. They had really put on a show for us and made us feel at home.

Q: And Roosevelt was in evidence, of course.

Captain Biard: Yes. He was on the other ship. I saw him from a distance quite a number of times but never made contact.

Q: But the people of Hawaii were able to see him?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes. On the New Orleans we had the press and

the Secret Service. When we'd get to port, the Secret Service would immediately go over to join the President. He did not have the Secret Service on board Houston with him. He had James Roosevelt, his eldest son, and quite a few other assistants.

One thing that I do remember quite well is that when we were going from Cocos to Clipperton, Roosevelt was not telling the press anything. Well, they had to get dispatches off. And so they would say something about like this, "The President studied the reports from Germany, Hitler and what not." Such as that. "And he's also preparing his fishing tackle for the next ^{stop} ~~trip~~," and whatnot such as that.

He sent a message to the press from the Houston, and I believe these are the exact words. ^{"with tears in my eyes"} "I beg of you not to make of this a fishing trip." He gave them no news, but he didn't want the public to think he only went out there to fish. He was quite interested in fishing, but even so, he wanted to see Hawaii, and I think his appearance there was a good thing, too.

We then brought him back to Astoria, ^{Oregon,} where he left the ship, and after that New Orleans proceeded from Astoria to San Francisco, briefly, then down to San Pedro. The captain made an awful mistake. He, as a young officer, remembered San Pedro as a wonderful liberty port, and so he chose San Pedro as a liberty port for the ship instead of San Francisco. We got down here and San Pedro had changed, and was just as dull and boring as could be.

Q: Was it his prerogative to make the choice?

Captain Biard: Yes. He did it with all good intentions in the world, but he admitted later on that that was an awful mistake, and things had just changed, they just weren't like they had been. So we spent about 11 days here just isolated, almost. We didn't have cars, it was difficult to get to Los Angeles, we didn't know our way around. We were not even in Long Beach, which was much better. So that was a little bit disastrous.

On our way back to the Panama Canal, we had to hug the Mexican coast slowly, 15 knots, we didn't stop during the night, ~~but~~ ^{but} all during the day we were supposed to search the coast of Mexico and Central America for a fishing trawler that was missing. That was our mission. We didn't find it, but that was what we had to do. Then we went ~~back to the~~ ^{through} Panama Canal and into the Brooklyn Navy Yard for our post-shakedown repairs, alterations and repairs, and were there for six months. It was then that I really got to know New York City quite well.

When we left the Brooklyn Navy Yard, we went to Guantanamo Bay for post-shakedown trials, ~~post-~~ ^{post-}repair trials. It was there I was injured while making some tests in the engine room, I ran afoul of a fast-turning propeller shaft with the lugs on it, and injured my right knee badly and was in the hospital for six weeks when I got back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. But the executive officer, who was a pretty tough nut to get along with

and was very demanding, came over to see me and he asked me how I was getting along before we left. I said, "Well, I hope I'll be able to come with you."

He said, "You will. We'll bring you back and take you on board ship if you have to come back on a stretcher." So he saw to it that I got back.

^{It} ~~This~~ ^{now} is about February of 1935, ^{and New Orleans} started on a trip to the West Coast. This trip took us first of all to Dry Tortugas, one of the islands of Key West, which is famous for the old pre-Civil War fort where Dr. Mudd was incarcerated after Lincoln was assassinated. He was involved in helping John Wilkes Booth, not knowing that Booth had assassinated Lincoln. They sent him down there, and we saw this tremendous old fortification of brick with lead-lined walls, this tremendous thing. We saw the dungeon where Mudd was incarcerated. While he was there, there was an outbreak of yellow fever, and he was instrumental in pulling the people through a lot of that. He had them moved to the up-wind side of the fort, which kept the mosquitoes somewhat away from them because they were blown down to the down side. While we were there, they had a bunch of drunks manning the place. They had been sent there to dry out, and this fort had a large moat around it, water-filled like in the old medieval days, as an impediment, an obstacle for anyone trying to storm it, and these drying out drunks had captured a lot of sharks, a number of sharks, and put them in the moat. Well, our job at Dry Tortugas

was to repaint the ship. The ship in the New York Navy Yard at that time, in the wintertime, had come out absolutely filthy, coal dust all over it from the ^{very large} Brooklyn ^{Edison generating} ~~medicine~~ plant nearby, and paint in bad shape, because you can't paint a ship in the wintertime. So our job was to clean up and paint the ship to make it look pretty, not only ^{to} join the fleet, but ^{for the} ^{to} visit our patron city, New Orleans. We had the son of the ^{former} Assistant Secretary of the Navy on board, the son's name being Ernest Lee ^{Jahncke} ~~Jahncke~~, Jr., and he always told us what a wonderful time his home city of New Orleans ^{would} ~~could~~ show us, what a wonderful time he'd show us when we got down there.

Well, we went there after we got our ship prettied up. We spent, I think, five days. The city of New Orleans did nothing for us. Zero. Almost nothing. Ernest Lee ^{Jahncke} ~~Jahncke~~ threw a party for the wardroom officers, but it was the Lenten season. They had had their Mardi Gras and everybody was buttoned down until after the Lenten season. It was one of the most boring and awful five days I have ever spent in my life. *Our Patron City ignored us.*

Q: New Orleans is a beautiful city.

Captain Biard: It may be, but I hated it, and I hate it with a passion today.

Q: Still do?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: You still do?

Captain Biard: I still do, because I had looked forward so much to seeing our patron city on the cruiser New Orleans, this will really be something, but it turned out to be absolutely zéro, completely zero.

thinking

thinking that

Q: Too bad.

Captain Biard: After New Orleans, we went back to Guantanamo Bay. That in itself was quite an experience. I may omit that because the stories there would be chopped up and would not be consistent with the other tales here. But from there on to the Panama Canal, where again we had a wonderful experience going through. We enjoyed the old town. In fact, this time we stopped on the Atlantic side as well and became quite familiar with Mamie Kelly's Ritz. Have you ever heard of Mamie Kelly's Ritz? That was a nightclub, and she had one on each side, I believe, certainly the famous one was on the Atlantic side, where she had some very good-looking hostesses who supposedly were almost society girls that she recruited for the job. They had to live there on her place and she tolerated no misconduct of any kind. She was very, very strict. But the girls played hostess, and in

those days and times they charged 35 cents a drink, which was outlandish. The girls, of course, ^{were} ~~they~~ served tea instead of liquor, but it was a nice nightclub, and for Panama, really something.

Q: The city there is Coco Solo, I believe, on the Atlantic side.

Captain Biard: That's the Navy base.

Q: What city were you in?

Captain Biard: We were in Colon. The shore patrol for a junior officer there, in those days, I don't know, I haven't been through the Panama Canal since 1936, but in those days it was something. Outside the canal zone things sought their own level, which was pretty low. The bazaars and the shops were largely run by East Indians, by Hindus. There, bargaining was the order of the day. If you paid the initial price, you were sure to be stung. If you paid a third of the initial price, you never knew whether you were being stung or not. Usually you could get them down to no more of a third of the asking price. And so I bought a lot of things for family, my mother and sisters. Shore patrol was something else. There you really got into the lower element where things sought their own level. You had to supervise the red light district and the ^{the} Red and Green movies. The ^{Red} Red and the

↑
Red

Red

Green movies were the precursors of our present day X-rated films. They were usually just one-act films of the lowest possible type. The ^{Red} ~~Red~~ and ^{the} ~~Green~~ theaters, two of them in Panama City, one had a ^{very cheap} red front, the other a ^{very cheap} green front, ^{dirt} ~~brick~~ floor, and just ^{the cheapest of} wooden benches, and the price--I don't know what, the shore patrol didn't pay anything to go in to check things. They were horrible, ^{none} ~~not~~ of the attempt ^{at} ~~of~~ artistry that is thrown in sometimes in the X-rated films, ^{of today} so I hear. I haven't been to see the X-rated films and we don't have an X-rated channel on our TV, so I don't know, but I hear. They were awful and the surroundings were awful. The red ^{light} ~~district~~ was awful beyond belief. We still had to patrol it. There were times we had to go down there, other times we had to be there just to make sure things were staying under control. But most people just have no idea how low things can sink. We had already seen much of the same type of thing in Guantanamo City--not so much in Guantanamo City ^{as} ~~than~~ in Caimanera, a little establishment outside of Guantanamo, Bay.

On my own time I went to slightly more elevated recreation. I went to see the old cathedral, some of the old Spanish buildings, went out in the country a bit, and went to see Jimmy Dean's Saloon, which has many ~~of the~~ relics there, and Jimmy Dean himself was an old-timer, a real old-timer. There he had a skeleton of the famous snake, the bushmaster, one of the most feared snakes there, one of the things I wanted to see. It had

fangs that were unbelievably long. It's a member of the rattlesnake family, ^{but has no rattles.} And many other worthwhile souvenirs to see, relics. They had a few souvenirs for sale as well. It was a bar, but he had all these things there also. We were ^{in Panama} ~~there~~ for a couple of days.

Then we steamed up the West Coast to Long Beach. In Long Beach we took on supplies and got ready for the fleet problem, I think it was ^{Number} 14, the first big fleet problem in which we were supposedly fighting the Japanese. The opponents were not named as Japanese, but everyone knew that that was the case. Our ships, the ships of the Scouting Force, the cruisers, this was April, had to leave Long Beach and stand condition two watches all the way to Dutch Harbor. My watch was in Sky Forward, which ^{was an} ~~is~~ upper open air antiaircraft director. We got so cold up there that we absolutely froze, particularly at night.

Q: How long were your watches?

Captain Biard: Four hours, ^{In Condition of Readiness Two, it was} four on and four off. We put on every bit of clothing that we could possibly put on, and still we couldn't "take it" up there, ^{high in the open air.} We just absolutely froze. We ended up putting on 75-pound aviator bear suits, and with that we could barely climb through the opening into Sky Forward, but we could survive the four hours on the watch. It took us, I don't know, maybe it was a week, maybe ten days to get to Dutch Harbor, which is

↳ in the Aleutian Islands,

was our first stop.

Q: Did you have that duty all the way up?

Captain Biard: All the way up. Dutch Harbor was something, bleak, a few barren buildings, five trees placed there by missionaries some time or other, the only trees on the island, overcast, cold, windy. I went chasing off over the hills there, the hills that were covered with a bit of the grass and vegetation of that part of the world, and came back after that, the afternoon that I spent doing that, I came back to the town of Dutch Harbor, went into the local post office where on one side they had another open space where they had a lot of open beer kegs ~~on the other~~, cases of beer, and though I was in civilian clothes, one of the sailors came up to me with a big smile on his face, in his cups, "Sir, do you know this town is awful?"

"It is?"

"Yes. Do you know what they've done?"

"No."

"They've locked up the only woman and put her in the jail."

Now, shall I go ahead and tell this?

Q: Sure, if you want to tell it. I don't know what you're going to say.

Captain Biard: Be prepared. It's not too rough. He said, "You know, they won't let us get near her. I want some of that Eskimo stuff. I told the cop I'd pay ^{her bail} if he'd let her out. The bail, \$15. No, he wouldn't let me pay it. Don't you think that's mean, sir? Isn't that awful? Why, wouldn't you pay \$15 for some of that Eskimo stuff?"

Well, as it turns out, this is the sequel to the story that Layton has told in Air Raid: Pearl Harbor. He was sent up there on an anti-espionage case and this girl was one, she was not an Eskimo as this sailor believed, but she was in cahoots with a Japanese there who was a spy, and Layton had arranged with the marshall to throw her into--this is Eddy Layton, ^{later Rear-} Admiral Layton-- to throw her into jail. He tells this story in Air Raid: Pearl Harbor. You've got this before. And she and the spy were thrown in the jug, and this was the same girl, and they were kept there. The charges, of course, why, was not told to the sailors. But after I read Air Raid: Pearl Harbor, I wrote this story and sent it to Layton as a sequel to his story in the book. I have a letter from him here in which he comments on it, how much he enjoyed it. I'll give you a copy of it when I find it.

Well, after that, we went on the Fleet Problem ¹⁴ on down to Midway and Pearl Harbor. There at Pearl Harbor we had another very, very fine time. I enjoyed seeing the islands again. I had not seen them too well the first time with the President, in too ^{big} a hurry to visit. By this time the Hawaiian girl that I had met

with Freddie Storm, had married and moved to another island, so she wasn't there. That was just my luck.

So we came on back to Long Beach, but then we went up to San Francisco, and following that, up the Inland Passage to Sitka, Juneau, and one or two other places ^{in Alaska} where we could see quite a few nice sights and scenery, ~~and enjoy the local sights.~~

Then we came back to Long Beach and we started the long, grueling winter training operations, battle practices, maneuvers, all those things. That carried us through until 1936. As I say, we were training all the time. By 1936 I had been appointed tactical officer ^{of New Orleans} and was doing that type of work.

On the next fleet problem we went to southern waters off the Panama Canal, and from there on to Callao, Peru, which is the port for Lima. In Lima I saw some very, very beautiful, extremely beautiful sights up in the Andes, some very dry sights, some very beautiful sights, and became ^{quite} ~~very~~ enamored of them. One trip I took up there took me up to the 11,500 foot level on the railroad line that goes back to the mountains high in the hills there. If I had been able to go the next day, I would have gone to 14,000 feet, but I saw it at 11,500 feet. The sights en route there, that slow climb ^{by railway train up to high in} ~~up to~~ the mountains is very, very memorable.

One of the things that you could see and notice was these high, barren mountains had been terraced by the Inca Indians, and somehow they got water up to the top to irrigate from this little

bitty stream down there, the Rimac River. Nobody has ever figured it out. The Spaniards did not leave the records of how it was done. Those mountains would be as dry as everything, but you can see them terraced all the way to the top, some of them, selected mountains. We saw llamas; the native Indians still dressed as they did in the old days; bought trinkets and such as that. We were given a party at ~~the~~ Miraflores, which is the fashionable section of Lima, and there I saw one of the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen in my life. Her name was Iola Glidden, her mother was Spanish, her father was, I believe, Irish, he was a mining engineer. She was a true beauty, young, not tall but one never to be forgotten. I'm sure that I was much beneath her socially. The high-class Spaniards are very, very select in their choices for their daughters, but I would have liked to have been the choice, I can tell you now.

After that we went back to the Panama Canal and the ship went to Newport, Rhode Island, for a long and lengthy summer where we operated off of Newport, coming in and out of Narragansett Bay. Some very good friends of mine were there, Captain H.M. Jenson, Mrs. Jenson, and their daughter Marianna. I had met Marianna while at the Naval Academy and they were extremely nice to me. Every Sunday they would take me somewhere new on Sunday, to Cape Cod, up to Boston, sometimes somewhere else in Massachusetts. We just found out wherever we could go. It was a wonderful summer, I enjoyed it very much. Operating off of Newport in

itself was pleasant, and as I have said before, the officers and men on the ship were topnotch. By this time several of the senior officers, the ^{really} ~~near~~ senior officers, were cooperating quite well in the ^{tactical officer's} job that I was assigned to do, and I was getting along very well.

From there we went on up to Bar Harbor, Maine, for the so-called tennis festival, where officers from our ship played officers of a British cruiser in tennis while the older ladies of the ~~and~~ Bar Harbor crowd watched. This, as I found out, was almost a yearly event, and the U.S. Navy was supposed to provide tennis players to compete with the British for the entertainment of the elderly social group at Bar Harbor.

Q: And wealthy.

Captain Biard: Yes, very wealthy. We met quite a few of the very wealthy ones there. Some of the noted people on that were Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and John Roosevelt. They were there. I met the heiress to the ^{Campbell Soup} ~~Camel~~ fortune, the heiress to the Lydia Pinkham fortune, and others now that I forget. There were many, many nice parties thrown for us, and we enjoyed them very, very much.

After that we went to Boston. At Boston we had more very nice parties. I met many people there who showed me around that part of New England quite nicely, quite well.

Then it was back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard again for overhaul. Brooklyn Navy Yard was our home port. By that time I knew the Brooklyn Navy Yard well. I knew New York quite well. I got around it well and enjoyed our three or four months there tremendously.

Having left then, some friends of mine that I had met in Newport were in New York at the time and I saw them, went out to their place ^{on Long Island}. He was later to be the captain of the Arizona and was killed on the Arizona during Pearl Harbor. I'll have more to say about him later. I enjoyed quite a bit visiting him and his family out on Long Island. ^{He was Captain Franklin Van Valkenburgh}

Then, as I say, we went ^{through} ~~around~~ the Panama Canal again to the West Coast, then to another fleet problem, Fleet Problem 16, I believe was the number on this one, again to the Hawaiian Islands. All this time I had not been running around too much. I had been saving my money, hoping my girlfriend ^{in the Philippines} would come back. She was supposed to have come back at the end of two years when I could marry. She didn't. Her letters were not too comforting. And the mystery that I will never understand, although I think I know the answer to it, after we had been at sea ten days, before we received mail, an hour or two before we entered the port at Pearl Harbor, there was a letter on my desk from her, a "Dear John" letter. How it got there ^{after} ~~for ten days, while~~ we'd been at sea for ten days without receiving mail, I don't know. But it was there, and a "Dear John" letter. Well, with that, I cut ^{it was.}

loose.

Q: How do you think it ever got there? Did you ever figure it out?

Captain Biard: I think so, yes. My roommate knew that I would get mad every time I'd get a letter from her. I believe he'd held this one out, and he just decided he couldn't hold it out any more, he'd better let me have it. He didn't know it was a "Dear John" letter, but it just happened to be. And so with that, I more or less cut loose. I enjoyed our ten days there in Pearl Harbor.

Then we came back to the West Coast again. This time I was three years out of the Academy, had finished my three-year examinations, had moved up quite high, relatively speaking, in my class. Now we started our summer West Coast cruise again. This time instead of going to San Pedro or something like that, we went to Portland, Oregon. Portland, Oregon, and Sydney, Australia, were well known in those days as the two best Navy ports in the world. Portland, Oregon, really was. We had a wonderful time there, a wonderful time.

Q: Was the Rose Festival going on?

Captain Biard: No, it wasn't. But my host was the editor of one

of the local papers.

Q: Palmer Hoyt?

Captain Biard: I don't remember.

Q: I was living in Portland then.

Captain Biard: He introduced me to his niece, very pleasant, and we went to quite a few places, but unfortunately right at the very last I stopped dating her. One evening there, there was a very spirited crowd in the wardroom at dinner, and one of the most highly spirited there was a young lady, very, very attractive, and she was with my roommate, the one I just talked about, my cabin mate there on board ship, a friend of his. She wanted to meet some Navy, wanted to see the ship, so this Army colonel, whom she knew and who brought her down there, introduced her to my roommate. He didn't want to date her, so he called me over and said, "Would you like to take this girl out?"

I said, "Yes, I would." So he introduced me to her, and it was Kay St. Germaine. Now, Kay St. Germaine may not mean anything to you. It didn't mean much to me except when I saw her, I said, "I saw your picture two months ago. It was in the room of the brother of a shipmate. In fact, he's right over here. It was in Lapeer, Michigan. I asked him who that was, and

he said that was Kay St. Germaine. He said, 'She sings for Anson Weeks ^{and his orchestra.} We had her at our senior prom here at the university.'

She said, "Yes, I am Kay St. Germaine. I've sung with Anson Weeks and his band for three years. I've just left him." Her home was in Portland. She was very vivacious, ^a very lovely girl. So she asked me and my friend, "Well, there is a Jose Iturbi concert, an open air stadium concert. Would you like to go with me tomorrow night?"

I said, "Yes." By this time I was recovering from the "Dear John" letter. I wasn't responsible. I'd do anything. "Yes, I'd like to go." So she took me and my friend, and we enjoyed it very much.

She said, "Tomorrow would you like to go on the Columbia River Highway? Would you like to take a look at that with me?"

I said, "Well, I don't know anything about the Columbia River Highway. I know we're on the Columbia River here."

She said, "It's lovely." And so, sure enough, we made the big tour way up the Columbia River Highway and back. So by this time Kay and I were getting quite--we liked each other very much. She was a very, very nice girl, extremely nice, very personable. She could carry a party with her. She was that type of person. So by the time we left Portland, she decided, "Well, you're going to San Francisco. Maybe San Francisco would be a good place for me to go to." She brought her mother and came on down to San Francisco. She knew San Francisco like the back of her hand.

She had been there singing with Anson Weeks' orchestra.

Then after San Francisco, ^{the ship} had to go to Long Beach, and just before we left San Francisco, I got orders to leave New Orleans and go to Manley on the East Coast, ^{→ a very small WWI} Manley, ~~the~~ destroyer. She decided that she should come on down to Los Angeles, where she had been before and was well known, so she came down here. So we, again, in her car, we did all the sights and really looked things over. By this time we were getting pretty serious, a lovely and very fine girl. I can't praise her too ^{much} ~~highly~~ or speak highly of her ^{enough} ~~enough~~. She was a very fine person. But now she was making more show business contacts, was getting back in the show world, and it was touch and go whether or not we would be married. She might debate that now, but she would not have at the time we were talking about it. ^{soon} I knew Manley was going to Europe to join the Mediterranean squadron, so I asked, said, "Come on, let's go over." It was touch and go for a while, but I left ^{Long Beach} ~~here~~ without her, went to the East Coast, joined Manley in Annapolis, and very soon after joining the Manley at the Naval Academy, we set out for the Charleston Navy Yard, where we were to be overhauled before setting out for the Mediterranean Squadron, the Squadron 40T, T meaning temporary. Squadron 40T had been organized at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War ^{in 1936} so that ^{its ships} ~~they~~ could move into ports in Spain to pick up American citizens, usually Filipinos, who had gone over to Spain, retired from the Navy, ^{and had} ~~something like that~~, gone to Spain to ^{live.} ~~eat~~.

such
 Squadron 407 was called upon
 to rescue ^{such} U.S. citizens who might be threatened by the fighting
 that changed ^{from here to there} ~~around~~ in the Spanish Civil War. The two destroyers
^{in 407} ~~there~~ before us had done quite a bit of evacuation work. The two
 destroyers before us were the Hatfield and the Kane. There was a ^{USS Raleigh}
 light cruiser, the flagship, ^{with these} ~~and~~ two destroyers. ²⁵⁰

Before setting out, we were sent, as I said, to the
 Charleston Navy Yard, where we were allotted the tremendous sum of
 \$35,000 for a Navy yard overhaul. These were Depression days,
 but even in those days \$35,000 didn't get you much of an
 overhaul. The Navy was doing not too much for us before we set
 out on this work. The ships, ^{in Squadron 407} ~~of course~~, had been bombed
 on several occasions, ^{at} bombed at, so they put extra machine guns ^{platforms}
 on board us, and they had to put more ballast ⁱⁿ the ^{keel} ~~ship~~ to
 counteract ^{this added} ~~the extra~~ weight topside.

Well, after the month in the Charleston Navy Yard, where we
 used up our ^{\$35,000} \$35,000 without getting too much for it, because you
 can't get much for \$35,000 in a Navy yard, even in Depression
 days. ^{made for a stop at Norfolk, Virginia prior to setting out on} We ~~set out on a~~ Mercator course, ~~steaming due east from~~
^{a great circle course} ~~Charleston~~, headed for the Azores, where we were to refuel before
 going on to Gibraltar. We had a new captain. Manley had
 previously been in the Special Service Squadron down in the Canal
 Zone. That ^{Squadron was} ~~called~~ the Banana Boats, ^{at} the Banana Squadron. We
 had quite an operator for a captain, who was still on board when
 I reported. He had improvised an air-conditioner and had placed
 it in the wardroom without authority from the Bureau of Ships.

official

He had made quite a few other changes in the ship without ~~the~~ authorization ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~skipper~~. One of the people in the commandant's office in the canal zone that helped him do this was a Lieutenant Commander Joe Talbert, who got to know the officers on ^{Manley} ~~the ship~~, ^{and got to} ~~he~~ liked the ship, and he requested ^{so} ~~that~~ ^{Manley} as his next command. He knew it had been fixed up in a special way. He had helped do it, while the cost had been charged up to other things down there in the Canal Zone, I know. So he obtained that as his next command, and he relieved the old skipper there in Charleston. I was a new destroyer sailor. I didn't know destroyers much.

One of the officers on board was an officer two years senior to me at the Naval Academy that had been very unpopular both with his own classmates and with all the junior classes, very unpopular. But I soon found out that on the ship he was extremely competent, a very competent officer. He knew the ship and he knew how to handle things and how to get things done. Somehow or other he took a liking to me. I was afraid of him. He'd been awfully nasty while I was under him at the Academy and on cruises. He was generally detested. But he took a liking to me and he stood in very good with the skipper. ^{departing} The skipper was quite an operator, quite an operator. I wish I could tell you about some of that. ^{This previously very nasty person} ~~he~~ had nothing but praise of me ^{for} the skipper, and getting the job done there at the yard, getting the ship fixed up for the European cruise, did require a bit of doing, some hard work, but my training ^{and experience} on the New Orleans stood

✓ extremely In New Orleans
 me in good stead. Commander Reeves and Lieutenant Commander
 Fernald taught me how to do those things and how to get them done
 well, how to get them done well and properly, how to supervise
 the men. So I was not at a loss with what had to be done at the
 Navy yard. I helped to get the ship fixed up far better than the
 captain felt was possible. So when the first skipper was
 transferred, he called me up, signed my fitness report and gave
 me top marks in everything, and he said, "Tex, you have served me
 well." That floored me, because I thought I was just a green
 horn in destroyers and didn't know how to carry my own weight,
 and here's a tough skipper who really passed it out. At this
 time, as I say, this other officer, Larry ^{Smythe}~~Smith~~, and I were
 getting along quite well. I was learning a lot from him. He had
 this ship right under his thumb. He knew everything about it,
 could do anything on it, take care of anything that came up. I
 was learning from him tremendously. He knew the skipper. He
 dealt with the skipper ^{by} getting things done on the ship down in
 the Canal Zone, and he and the new skipper got along wonderfully
 well.

✓ The new skipper was a very, very, very, very personable man,
 very likeable. To back up a bit, the Navy was giving us
 unquestionable crewmen, men whose medical records were okay, who
 had at least a year to serve so that their enlistments would not
 expire while ~~they~~ ^{we} were on the other side ^{of the Atlantic} and who had had no
 serious disciplinary problems. We had really a topnotch crew on

the Manley. It was to remain topnotch, with the exception of two people transferred ^{from the flagship} to our ship because of general court-martials, the whole time we were over there. We had a wonderful crew. The skipper was one who could get along well with the crew and the crew just loved him. Not only that, but living was easy on the ship, we didn't have much to do, and he saw to it that we enjoyed it, really enjoyed it.

Anyway, the new skipper came on board and we struck out for the Azores, setting ^{out on an easterly} ~~and due east~~ course. We had only been out a couple of days when all of a sudden, well, you could see the sky was clear, clear as could be, quiet, it was humid, the golden sunset in the west, completely clear sky. The next morning it was rough, overcast, choppy, and soon it got awfully ^{choppy:} ~~choppy;~~ bang, bang, bang, you'd think the ship was going to break apart. We were plowing into the heavy seas at 15 knots. The officer-- and he's dead now, or I would not say this about him, because he's one of my best friends and I owe as much to him as I owe to almost anybody, the things he did for me then and later on--this officer told the skipper, "The Manley never slows down. It always makes its schedule." So we kept on pounding into this very heavy sea, ^{which} kept getting worse and worse and worse, and I swore it would break the ship in two, the way we were pounding into it.

^{the weather} Then ~~it~~ picked up, it really picked up. The waves weren't just ~~chop~~; they were big waves. We still kept plowing into them. ^{choppy;} ^{tremendous}

shake

It was up and down, up and down, straight into them, all that night. By this time the skipper was only letting three officers stand watch, the three he trusted most. Things were rough. By the next morning, when it was time for me to go on watch, the ship was pitching, I do not know how much. It wasn't really pitching, it was riding up at an angle and then hitting the top of a wave, ^{would shake terribly} shake, and then ^{slide} sliding down the other side of it. By the time I got on the bridge, all lifeboats had been carried away and ^{their davits flattened and} they ~~must have been~~ broken, and life lines in general around the ship ^{had been carried away.} There just were none. The waves were at least 120 feet high. They were unbelievable.

Q: Had you had no forewarning of this?

Captain Biard: No. We had reports of a hurricane far south of us. In these days and times, we didn't have the weather watch, ^{we have now} we should have missed ^{this storm by the forecast we received.} The warnings were there the ^{physical} day before, but nobody read them properly. The storm was several hundred miles south of us, ^{we} would miss it. We were believing the weather reports, and that was a fatal mistake. So now by this time the waves were at least 120 feet high, and they were not waves; they were mountains ^{chains} of water. It was just as though you were out here at a mountain ^{chain} and that whole mountain ^{chain} came at you, just moved at you sideways. I have never seen any movie or any picture of a wave ^{was anything to compare with} that ~~shows that~~ these waves. One of the ^{was} waves.

awful things that was happening was that we were losing ports ~~forward~~ in the ~~crow forward~~ ^{forward} crews' quarters, port holes, large ones. And so we would have to stop, dead in the water, we would fall off sideways to these waves, and then we would roll ^{far} over. We had an inclinometer on the ship, and we would roll ^{to} over 60 degrees while the wave moved under us. Then we'd get to the top where the wave was no thicker than the ship, the whole rest of the wave, a great mountain of water, would just fall all over the bridge and topside of the ship. It would seem every time as though the ship just had to roll over, ^{to capsize,} ~~like that.~~

Q: How far can a ship go over until it does?

Captain Biard: Well, it can go over quite a distance in calm water, level water, but in water like this, sloping like this, I do not see how we rode it out, ^{for we frequently were sideways to the steeply sloping waves.}

Q: Why did you say you had to stop in order to ...

Captain Biard: The forward crews' compartment, we had large port holes knocked out there, ^{by battery head on into the mountains} Well, if we didn't repair those and replace them, the crews' quarters would be flooded, and that would cause the ship to break and sink. They had to be repaired, or we'd lose our watertight integrity and we would be lost. I was Damage Control Officer, and I had to take men ^{down} there, ~~and~~ ^{and replace those carried away ports.} ~~and replace those carried away ports.~~

And while we were riding out this with no power, we could do that, and we did replace them. We scavenged every battle port that we had ~~seaside~~ of that size that we could ^{topside} ~~replace it~~, ^{use as replacements} because we knocked ~~them~~ ^{port after port} out in succession. We would hit these awful waves. ^{ports} And finally there came a time when we did not have any more, and I knew it, and I told the captain, and I'd been telling the captain before then, I said, "Captain, we've got to come around. We can't fight this."

This other officer, "Captain, the Manley never, never turns back. It always makes its schedule on time."

I told the captain, "You've got to turn back. It's the only thing you can do. If you take one more of these waves, you're going to lose another port, and when we do, the ship will sink. There's no way to keep it from sinking." I said, "I remember my seamanship lessons from the Naval Academy, and I can tell you that it will be scary, but if we do turn around successfully, and we have to turn around, we can't do anything else. This is the only ^{possibility} ~~possible ability~~ we have ~~of getting around~~ of saving the ship, is coming around and running with the wind and not hitting these waves."

Q: To be running with the waves.

Captain Biard: Yes. "It will be scary." I said, "I remember my seamanship lesson." And I looked it up just before you came

here, I have the pages in ~~night~~ ^{Knights} Seamanship that I remembered, to look right here and it tells how to do this. I was the only one on the ship that remembered it. I said, "You let me take the ship and let me bring it about, and we will run with the sea." I said, "We will make out all right. If we don't, ^{do that,} I assure you the ship is lost."

And he said, "All right, Tex. I'm sure there is nothing else we can do now."

Q: You're still an ensign?

Captain Biard: I had just made lieutenant (junior grade). He said, "Tex, all right, take it." And that's not the last time he told me to take the ship, either.

So I brought it about, and as we were coming about, we couldn't help it, we took another one of these big waves ^{sideways} and we rolled over 62 degrees while we were going up this wave, ^{sideways} ~~this~~ ^{Our} → inclinometer ~~weighed over there and then it would stop at the registered a dozen on that roll.~~ maximum of 62, ~~fell there.~~ I have a picture of it somewhere. I was thrown clear to the other side of the ship, and ^{the Captain} ~~he~~ was thrown down on top of me. When that happened, I thought, this is it, we're going to roll over and be lost with all hands, and the Navy will never know what happened to us. The world would never know. I used to visit ^{the Captain} ~~him~~ while he was still alive ^{and living} down in Coronado, after I started teaching ~~school~~ here at Long Beach City ^{college} ~~college~~ California,

College, started to teach college here, and one of the times ...

Q: You haven't told me what happened!

Captain Biard: All right, I'm going to tell you.

Q: You're down, and he's on top of you.

Captain Biard: Wait a minute. All right. This is it. One of the last times I visited him, he looked at me and said, "Tex, remember the time the Manley rolled over that 62 degrees and I fell on top of you from the other side of the bridge and then water just came all over the bridge and everything?"

I said, "Yes, Captain, I remember all too well."

"What did you think of when that happened?"

I said, "That we were going to roll over and this would be it, we'd be lost, and nobody will ever know what happened to us."

He said, "I was thinking exactly the same thing." ~~I told that before I go on,~~ But this was years later.

Q: I guess you didn't, because here you are.

Captain Biard: Yes. But I got the ship around successfully.

Q: Did it eventually ~~right~~ ^{right} itself after the terrible ...

Captain Biard: After the crest passed under us, yes. Then it went over the other way. But over the other way, we had a chance to spin around again. The other side was not as steep as the leeward side. So now we headed with the wind.

Q: That would have been west?

Captain Biard: No, the winds in a hurricane shift around, so now we were heading up toward Canada.

Q: So you can't tell.

Captain Biard: Now we're heading up toward Canada.

Q: Well, you're out in the Pacific, aren't you?

Captain Biard: No, in the Atlantic.

Q: I mean in the Atlantic. Sure. You're going toward Canada.

Captain Biard: Toward Newfoundland.

Q: Sure. I see, okay.

Captain Biard: Nova Scotia, actually.

Q: I get the picture.

Captain Biard: All right. So now ^{after we had} ~~when we~~ come about, we would fishtail something awful. The gyro could stand a 30 degree pitch up and down, which is a fantastic pitch. The gyro went out because of the ^{excessive} pitch. We were pitching more than 30 degrees as a wave would come under us like this, surfboarding this way. Finally ~~we~~ ^{we} would get ^{to} the top and slide back down the other side of it. We rode this for about a half a day in this fashion. The ship was swinging back and forth, but the topside, just like the seamanship books said, stayed as dry as a bone.

Q: What were your crew doing? Weren't they just wild?

Captain Biard: They were. They were. I'm going to get to that in a minute.

Q: I'm sorry.

Captain Biard: As I say, we lost our lifeboats. Now we had to shift our steering to steering aft because the steering cables of this old type destroyer were on the deck, the main deck, and when the boat davits were pulled over on top of them, it cut the steering cables and ^{the steering had to be done} ~~we had to steer~~ from aft. During one of these real bad spells, before we came around to follow the wind

instead of going into it, the general alarm grounded out. General alarm, that means, "Emergency, emergency, everybody get to your emergency ^{station.}" That is an all hands ^{evolution} station. General alarm, abandon ship or prepare to abandon ship would probably be it, but just a general alarm means go to your general quarters, yes, in time of war. But in something like this, it would not be general quarters, it would be, "Man your seamanship stations and your emergency drill stations." And so that went out. I myself was down in my bunk trying to hold ^{myself in} ~~on to~~ it. I didn't even bother to get out of my bunk. I said, "If the ship is going down, I might as well go down here."

Q: When did you leave the bridge? You have brought the ship around.

Captain Biard: I'm going back now, this is before I brought the ship around.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: And this was the watch before. I said, "Heck, what's the use?" I just stayed in the bunk. I said, "There's nothing I can do that somebody else isn't already doing." Aft, there's only one way for crews to get out of crews' quarters aft, that's out of the after deck house, and there's one door that

opens ~~to~~ ^{from} the after deck house. The wave that had caused all this trouble had thrown the spoon, the lips, ~~towards~~ ^{or} the spoon of the torpedo tubes, ~~had pulled back~~ ^{forward} like this. When you fire torpedoes, you have to roll ~~them~~ ^{the spoons on the tubes} out this way, like this, to shoot the torpedoes. Those ^{spoons} had fallen against the door of the after deck house, blocking the crew. The crew could not get out of the after deck house, and they all thought the ship was sinking and they couldn't get out. They were just wild back there. There was a large port hole they were trying to get out. It was probably a good thing they couldn't, because the way things were at that time, they'd probably have been washed overboard with no lifelines. They'd have been in bad shape.

Q: They were really trying to get out, though.

Captain Biard: They were. And rightfully so. They had been told to go to your emergency stations.

Q: I see. And they were trying to get ^{at} ~~out~~ of that.

Captain Biard: Yes. The alarm was supposedly telling them to go to your emergency stations, but they couldn't get out. Well, I did get up soon and went up to the bridge, then saw what was going on and how, and I stayed up on the bridge from then on for the next 12 hours. It was ~~seen~~ ^{I went to the bridge} after ~~that~~ that I had to bring

~~two~~ ^{two} hours or so

the ship around, got the captain's permission to bring the ship around. When we ^{did} ~~had~~ a fantastic ^{fish tail,} ~~fish tail~~, all these big waves, but we did ride with them, and the storm passed out from under us.

There are two sides to a hurricane. One is called the dangerous semicircle, the other the navigable semicircle. We were in the dangerous side of it very near the center. The dangerous side is the side the hurricane is travelling its own direction, ~~let's say~~ north in this case. The winds are looped around ^{the eye, or the center,} ~~it~~ somewhat like the blades of a fan, and counterclockwise with the wind moving in ^{this} ~~a~~ counterclockwise direction. So in the North Atlantic, if you are on the eastern side of the hurricane, then the hurricane is moving at you and the winds of the hurricane are moving at you, too, so the two speeds combined to make it far worse than ^{being} ~~on~~ the other side ^{of the eye of} the hurricane.

Q: Why didn't you get on the other side?

Captain Biard: We did. But it took ^{much time,} and the damage was done before we ^{got} ~~got~~ there.

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: If we had known all about it, we might have been able to ~~be~~, but it hit us at a time ...

Q: You just didn't get the weather information.

Captain Biard: And we didn't read the weather symbols too well, ^{earlier} although I don't think we could have done ~~it~~ ^{much} anyway. So we rode with it, the waves started slacking up, the hurricane started passing us by now. We were both going in the same direction but it was moving ahead, and the waves slacked off. By the following morning, things were not too unpleasant. There was only one person on the ship I know of who said he wasn't scared. I don't believe him because I saw him get frantically scared under far, far less frightening situations.

Q: You know, they always say that people who don't get scared are the ones that don't understand the situation.

Captain Biard: Yes. There was something to be scared of. We were very near the center of the storm, *and on the wrong side of it.*

One very amusing thing that happened, this was on a Saturday, and it was the Saturday of the first Naval Academy football game of the season. We were taking two young ensigns, newly graduated from the Academy, to join the cruiser that was already in the Squadron 40T. They were riding Manley for transportation. Right at the worst of the storm, one of these little young-looking ensigns, and he was especially young-looking even for a young ^{blue} ensign, great big round eyes, went to the radio shack where the

radio operators were trying like everything to raise Washington, they couldn't get them, not knowing whether we would be ^{still afloat} ~~there~~ five minutes late ^{or} not, and he opened the door, "Is there any report on the Navy-William and Mary football game?" They damn near kicked him out of that place. That was one of the top stories.

Q: It's a wonderful story, poor little fellow. He was pretty brave, you know. He had really been indoctrinated, go-Navy, right?

Captain Biard: Yes. But the crew, man, they had no use for football games or anything ^{else at that time:} it was just keep this ship afloat. Can we? Can we? Can we keep it going? "But is there any news on the Navy-William and Mary football game?"

Q: It's a sweet story.

Captain Biard: It is, and one I love to tell, and it's true. So we did get out of it.

Q: How many days did that last? Two days, would you say?

Captain Biard: We were in it for ^{two} ~~three~~ days, I think it was, from the time we hit the chop, stayed in it, got into it, and got

out. ^{Rather,} ~~Maybe~~ it was two and a half. By the time we got out of it and finally figured we could turn around safely, we were near the coast of Nova Scotia. While we were steaming about four knots with the hurricane, we were actually making about 20 knots. We had the water shoving us that fast. I believe it was 20 knots, ~~but we~~ were close to ^{that} ~~there~~. In fact, we were wondering, we had to watch out, look out, not run aground on ^{Sable} ~~Sable~~ Island. We were well to ^{the east of} ~~up~~ ~~near~~ Boston. We sent the report in about all of our damage, what we had lost, all of the damage, and fortunately no casualties, no one even seriously hurt. We had another ship along with us, ~~we~~ had lost contact with them, they had equally bad problems.

Q: I thought you said two of you went together.

Captain Biard: Yes. Claxton was the other. ^{But we became} ~~separated~~ in the hurricane.

Q: Did they have the same experience you did?

Captain Biard: Yes, approximately the same experience and they had to go back to the Boston Navy Yard, too.

Q: They had someone on their ship that knew to turn around as well?

Captain Biard: I don't know their ^{detailed} experience, but someone knew to do it, knew to do the right thing, apparently. Because we would not have survived had we not turned around.

Q: Did your skipper appreciate it?

Captain Biard: He appreciated it more than you can imagine.

Q: He's the gentleman of whom you spoke not too long ago, down in Coronado?

Captain Biard: Before he died. This was quite a number of years ago, maybe ten, 12, 15 years ago, just before he died. He appreciated it, and from then on he could not do too much for me.

Now, in the Coral Sea, as we'll come across this, I did a fantastically good job for the admiral that could have really, really worked to his well-being, the well-being of the Navy. But he didn't take my advice.

Q: We'll get to that.

Captain Biard: We will get to that. So he ended up hating me because I knew something on him.

Q: I've known of that in other cases.

Captain Biard: Whereas this skipper was a big man. He said, "My junior officer saved me, thank God." And he couldn't do enough for me from then on.

Q: Do you want to put his name in the record?

Captain Biard: I did. Joseph T. Talbert, a wonderful man, and we had a wonderful cruise. Well, the Navy Department said proceed to Boston for repairs before proceeding on to Squadron 40T. Well, ^{on the way to Boston} we listed everything that was wrong, ^{all of the damage,} ~~on the way,~~ everything. The damage was terrific. ^{we not} ~~Not~~ only listed the damage, but we listed the things that the ship needed that had not been done in Charleston.

Q: Good thinking.

Captain Biard: So we had this long, long list. The naval constructor who was to be in charge of our job ^{in Boston} ~~there~~ came aboard, a commander, nice gent with a serious face, and he listened to all this, all these things. The first thing you do is have an arrival conference and go over item by item the things that you need. We had really spelled it out, of course, everything, whether damaged by the storm or not. He came to this. "Well, how about this item?"

"Yes. Well, we haven't really put everything down there. We

need some more."

"Well, you'd better put it down." And he'd come to another one. "How about this item?"

0000
"Well, we really need that. We can get ~~away~~^{by} with this, but we need more than that."

"If you need it, you'd better put it down." So he ended up giving us everything we wanted, that we hadn't got at the other Navy Yard, repairing our storm damage, too.

Q: Good, good.

Captain Biard: So he ended up, "Are you sure that's all you need?"

"Yes, sir." There we were thinking, my gosh, he'll nail us to the cross for having lost this or something, not knowing the circumstances. And the captain had not done properly--he should have prepared some things he had not prepared for, and we lost some things unnecessarily *in the storm.*

Q: During the storm, you mean?

Captain Biard: Yes. When the storm hit us, it was too late to do anything about it. He had not prepared for sea properly.

Q: He had not prepared for sea properly?

Awnings
Captain Biard: In some things. For example, we went to sea with our awnings still rigged. The awnings keep the decks from getting so hot. But also at sea, if you have a heavy wind, ~~you~~ ^{they} ~~these~~ can darn well get carried away, and ~~these~~ are one of the first things we lost. We lost every bit of the awning we had. That cost the Navy quite a few thousand dollars right there.

Q: It could have picked the ship up like sails.

Captain Biard: But there were other things that could have been secured to sea somewhat better and were not because this is the way you sailed, [^] we always did it ^{this way} in the Banana Squadron. So this is the way you did it, so we'll do it now, too. And so the skipper listened to that and it turned out to be poor advice.

Q: Who was this, again?

Captain Biard: Larry ^{Smythe} ~~Smith~~. And don't let me belittle him here, because he saved the ship on another occasion.

Q: The same ship?

Captain Biard: The same ship. And he was a good seaman ordinarily, but he hadn't got over his Banana Boat Squadron days where they steamed around in sort of luxurious fashion ^{in the} *southern Caribbean area.*

Q: Are we going to get to him now or later?

Captain Biard: We'll get to him later. So the Boston Navy Yard turned out to be quite something, again. I knew a girl there who had come down to New York to see me before. I had met her when the cruiser was ^{in Boston} ~~there~~ over a year ^{before.} ~~ago~~. I called her and she came down to see us. She and her mother had a place down on the Cape, *Cape Cod,* so that I always went down to see them on weekends. As I say, I was still recovering from the "Dear John" letter and was moving around quite high and fancy. So we ^{were} ~~went on~~ there for about 30 days and the Boston Navy Yard knocked itself out to get us in good shape and put us in good ^{Condition} ~~shape~~ before we got under way ^{from there} ~~here~~.

One of the people we met there was a fire hose salesman who had known our previous skipper. He wanted to come aboard ship to see him. We learned from him the art of selling fire hose. You know how to break the ^{old} hose by turning on the water from the fire plug a certain way. And so you can break the ^{old} hose, ^{even then} it's still good, and ^{so} sell a new hose. The fire chief in those days commonly got ten cents a foot. These are all from the fire hose sales. *This encounter with the fire-hose salesman was to lead to a wonderful friendship with an upper class English ~~on~~ ^{George} person who had gone on our first trip with us, was the mayor of Annapolis, a gentleman by the name of Haley, good-natured, a naval reserve. When we got ready to get under way again, who should show up again but Haley with his orders to accompany us on a practice cruise to the Mediterranean. All the*

crew saw him and said, "My God! You here, and you don't have to go?" Oh, they were shaking when we steamed out of port that second time. They remembered that ~~first big one~~ ^{near} disastrous first attempt.

~~I'm sorry, I have made one error in the past.~~ The skipper ^{on our first departure} did not follow a due east course; he took a great circle course that took us up ^{slightly northward} ~~toward Canada~~ ^{somewhat} before turning south again. This time he said, "To hell with that great circle course." "I'm staying south." We got down on the parallel of latitude of Gibraltar and then headed ^{east, which would take us to the} ~~about the same as that of the~~ Azores, ^{then} and he headed due east. No, the ~~first one~~ ^{previous attempt} was the great circle course. He says, "I won't take the great circle. I'll go the longer way." And ~~so~~ we had a very pleasant cruise to the Azores.

In the Azores, an old pilot came aboard, not speaking English, but he introduced us for the first time to what we later would call a Mediterranean moor. He dropped one anchor out here, then he dropped a second anchor here while backing the stern into the sea wall, and then ^{tied} ~~he~~ the stern up to the sea wall with the ship at right angles to it ^{with} ~~right at~~ two anchors ^{dropped forward} ~~held out~~ like ~~this~~ a letter Y.

At the Azores, we saw what the State Department does with its less favored sons and daughters. The consul and his wife came aboard. They were an old pair, obviously not the socialite type, obviously rough, obviously placed in a station where the ^{need for} manners ^{and} ~~of~~ polish would be practically zero. They were there to expire. They were the first of several consuls that we met here and ^{with their families}

there, the others in more socially demanding stations. The comparisons, we assumed, would all be quite contrasted.

I don't remember too much about the Azores. We refueled and set out again for Gibraltar. Gibraltar was two or three days away. The Spanish Civil War was on. There had been some naval fighting ^{at times.} ~~going on.~~ Ships of the ^{France} insurgents were patrolling, we knew that they were patrolling off Spain and patrolling the straits of Gibraltar, intercepting ships that might be going ^{to} ~~through~~ Loyalist ports, and there had been some torpedo firings and some ships had been hit by gunfire.

One officer on ^{our} ~~the~~ ship in the hurricane had said, "I wasn't scared." But as we approached the Straits of Gibraltar early in the morning, there were, it turned out, many ~~of them turned out to be~~ dolphins, commonly called porpoise, playing around. He was on watch that early morning, and he saw a dolphin leap out of the water, and he screamed, "Torpedoes! Torpedoes! My God, torpedes! My God, torpedoes!" and sounded ^{the} general alarm. Well, this was the officer who said he didn't get scared, didn't become scared during the hurricane. Now, ^{during the hurricane} the skipper said he was petrified; I was, everybody else I knew, except this one officer, ~~said~~ ^{said he} was. Here was a fish that jumped out of ^{the} water, ^{and} he was sure somebody was shooting a torpedo at ^{us} ~~him~~. Well, maybe he wasn't scared ^{before} but ~~he was~~ this time ^{he damn well was}.

So we put in to Gibraltar, checked in, met some of the British, met the consul general, Consul General Williams. He and

his wife were a very fine couple, had a large, spacious consulate. We refueled and provisioned and then moved on to Villefranche-sur-Mer, the lovely little place about six kilometers from Nice toward ^{the east, toward the} Monaco or Monte Carlo side.

It was now about the 11th of November, within a day or two. ^{1937,}
~~I think it was November.~~ The ship that we relieved, I believe it was the Hatfield, the Hatfield, ^{not the Kane,} ~~that came,~~ They had a good crew on board. We met the officers who had the jobs that we would be performing there, and we also received a doctor and a paymaster from them. The individual destroyer commonly does not have either a doctor nor a paymaster, but since we would be operating alone quite a bit of the ^{time} ~~time~~, the Navy ^{gave us a doctor and} ~~had the doctrine to have~~ a paymaster, they ^{were then onto} ~~sent each one of those destroyers and~~ ^{now were} ~~had them~~ transferred to our ships, in Villefranche, ^{when} ~~we were~~ ^{relieved} ~~leaving~~ them. The whole incident took the better part of a day. One of the things that the skipper ^{did} ~~had done~~ was assemble our crew, ^{and have the} ~~he had two of the~~ officers who were going to stay with us, ~~and~~ address the crew and tell them about what they might expect ashore. The executive officer of the ^{Hatfield} ~~ship~~ was a dry gentleman, a man of dry humor. He looked like Buster Keaton, ^{Keaton, a famous comedian} of the movies. In fact, he had been a duty officer at the Naval Academy while I was there and our nickname for him was "Buster Keaton." ^{Keaton} But he was the executive officer. He was the first one to tell our crew about what they might expect during their stay in the area.

He told the officers, "You do not now know the Hotel Ruhl,

but you will soon know it. In fact, you will know it this afternoon because that is the first place you will go, ^{to the} Hotel Ruhl in Nice. They have a "~~the~~ ^{te} dansant" every afternoon, and there you will find gigolos and gigolettes, and the gigolettes are pretty, too." Well, I'll have more to say about that later on.

Then the paymaster we were ^{acquiring} ~~requiring~~ started telling the crew, giving them some of his words of--I won't say wisdom, but experience, he wasn't preaching down to them. His initial remarks were, "This afternoon you will set foot on the quai ^{here} at ~~the~~ Villefranche, and there you'll be met by the ladies of negotiable affections."

Q: That's cute.

Captain Biard: I thought both opening remarks were excellent.

Q: Very good. Negotiable affections. Nice.

Captain Biard: And so it went on from there. All of us learned what we could from our counterparts ^{before they} ~~and~~ set out for home, to retrace the steps we had just taken. So it was Villefranche. One of the first things I did was to send home for my camera, which I had not brought with me, ^{It was} ~~and I had~~ a \$20 Kodak that I'd used in high school.

The skipper's family ^{soon} came over on one of the American Express

line ships. It was the Exchampion or the Excalibur, I do not ^{remember} ~~know~~ which. But the skipper on the ship, a Captain Groves, turned out to be an unusual person, as far as a man was concerned. In those days and times, any Americans travelling ^{at} ~~under~~ government expense had if at all possible to use American transportation. ^{They} ~~So~~ could ^{not} use foreign transportation ^{only} if American transportation was ^{not} available. That would be, if an American plane could take you, you had to go on ^{the} American plane. There weren't many American planes in those days. American ships, you had to go on American ships. If ^{an} American ship couldn't, then you ^{could} start shopping around for other foreign bottoms. But she was on this Exchampion or Excalibur, I don't know which it was, and the practice in those days was the better cabins, if not occupied, then they would give those cabins to the wives and/or families of the senior military ^{or} naval officers travelling on the ship. Ann Talbert, a very gracious lady, very kind, was the senior military/naval wife, family member on the ship, ^{and her two children} so she got the number one cabin. She ate at the captain's table. The captain got to like her very much. Captain Groves, a very personable man, we later were to find out that Prince Albert ^(canned pipe tobacco) was using him, holding his pipe, happily smoking, as their model for Prince Albert, much as the Marlboro man you've seen for years and years and years, ^{cigarettes} was used by Marlboro. He was a very personable seaman. It turned out that he had a friend who came over on the ship to Italy about every year named Geronimo, who

lived in New York City. He ^{later} got to ^{know and like} Lt. Comdr. Admiral Talbert. Anybody would like him. And so the friendship did not end there, ^{I will} ~~to be~~ ^{add to this} ~~taken up~~ later on.

Anyway, Ann and the family soon arrived and they settled, a young boy, a young girl, the girl about ^{seven} ~~nine, about eight~~, and maybe the boy about five, they settled in a "pension," which is a French boarding house, at Beaulieu, just two or three kilometers from Villefranche. Villefranche is a lovely little place. The harbor there is open to the Mediterranean. On one side ^{of} the village of Villefranche is an old fort with the hills and the mountains of the Alps Maritime, the Maritime Alps, rising almost from the sea, beautiful. La Côte d'Azur, "le ^{pais} ~~pays~~ la plus belle du monde," as the French would say, the most beautiful country in the world, lovely, ^{picturesque} ~~pittoresque~~. There we were tied to buoys bow and stern, about 300 yards from the shore, very ^{picturesque} ~~pittoresque~~.

So that afternoon, yes, we did go to the Hotel Ruhl pour le the dansant. The French have excellent bus transportation along the Lower Corniche, the lower highway leading from Nice to Monaco, Monte Carlo, really topnotch. We caught ^{that} ~~the~~ bus into Nice and went to the Hotel Ruhl, very lovely, very ^{able} ~~fashioned~~, and Victorian and stately, with a nice, very nice--it isn't a ballroom, but it's a "the dansant" parlor where there were a few people, ladies and gentlemen. Yes, there were gigolos and gigolettes. Contrary to the statement of the executive officer of the ship we relieved, the gigolos were not pretty; they were

usually pretty rugged and rough-looking men. They were not rough in their manners, but they were not the gigolo type that we would think of at all. Gigolettes, now, that's something else. We saw the gigolos and the gigolettes, though we didn't dance with them. The executive officer and I that evening heard there was a bar, Le Sousmarin, the submarine, somewhere that we decided we wanted to find. We spent all evening and the early part of the morning trying to find the bar and never did, but we found many bars in the meantime. They were quite nice, we enjoyed them all. It was a terrific evening, a really terrific evening.

It was not long before the skipper's wife was there. The skipper invited us to Beaulieu, and one of the people that the skipper's wife met was a Mr. Stanley. Mr. Stanley was the owner of Stanley Tool Works of Bridgeport, Connecticut. They are the Stanley tools that one sees in the hardware stores and sees advertised everywhere. Mr. Stanley was not too well. His doctor had ordered him to exercise, and the exercise he ordered was dancing, so Mr. Stanley had his private gigolette at the "thé dansant" every afternoon. He and his wife would go to the "thé dansant." His wife did not dance, so he would dance with the gigolette ~~for~~ for medicinal exercise.

Q: Sounds like a lovely arrangement.

Captain Biard: He got to know the skipper and Ann, They are both

very friendly people, easy to know, everyone loved them. And so he told them, "I don't dance with my gigolette too often. When your officers go to the Ruhl, please have them feel free to dance with her any time they want to." So I tried to, one time, asking her to dance with me. ^{She} ~~which he~~ didn't know that Mr. Stanley had told my skipper that she could dance with ^{us} ~~me~~, and so she turned me down very, very politely but very firmly, so I never did dance with a gigolette. I really think I should have later on. I should have explained; ^{but} that was the only time I tried.

Before long, I had my camera, the Kodak that I had used in high school, took good pictures, started taking pictures here, there, and everywhere. The first picture I took with it, I took as I stepped ashore at the Welcome Bar, the lovely little bar ^{at Villefranche} where all our sailors started their trips ashore, where there were two lovely bar maids, two bar maids the boys couldn't touch at all. They were truly lovely and pleasant. One of them later married one of the sailors on the cruiser and moved to San Diego. I've often wondered what happened to her. She was really a nice person. But it was fun to go over and talk to them. They enjoyed the little playful words and such, but we would go to Nice and enjoy the lovely Promenade des Anglais. That's the English word promenade. I have a picture of that, I'll show you a picture, on Easter. That's something. Or l'avenue de la Victoire. It was while exploring l'avenue de la Victoire that I found the photo shop that was owned by who was to become my good

friend Dognibene, Monsieur Dognibene. Well, my Kodak soon did not answer my photographic needs. I put out feelers ashore for somebody with a black market Contax camera for me to buy. It's a ^{German} 35-millimeter. I wanted more versatility in my photographs. Soon some man came out to the ship with one which I bought for a price in those days, it was not too bad, it was hard to beat the price, I bought it for \$200. It had what we call an F-2 lens, ~~or~~ a Contax 35-millimeter camera, so I soon started using it everywhere, as well as the other camera. The Contax has a whole set of lenses from short to very long ^{focal length} for different types of photographic work, so I soon found myself wanting those, in visiting other photographic shops in Nice.

By this time I was taking bus trips back into the Alps Maritime, lovely country, ^{picturesque} ~~picturesque~~, taking pictures everywhere. Before long, people on the ship were asking me to sell pictures to them. Well, I couldn't do this at a profit to shipmates, it just isn't done. The skipper would look at it askance anyway. I turned all this business over to Dognibene, and he took my pictures and would process them, 100 of ^{each} ~~this~~ picture for the crew, and they would be sold at the ^{ship's} ~~ship's~~ service. Altogether Dognibene sold about 15,000 ^{copies of} pictures that I had taken to members of the crew, sold them to ^{ship's} ~~ship's~~ service. But I had much fun doing all of this black and white photography in this terrifically beautiful country.

It wasn't long until I travelled down the opposite direction

from Nice, to Monte Carlo. I ~~went in~~ and tried to get ~~in~~ ^{into the famous} casino ^{first} and found out that I had to be admitted by the secretary. The secretary, a very formal gentleman, ^{in a} stately office, asked for my passport, wanted to know where I was, I told him, so he permitted me to join the club. I did a little gambling, roulette. I've always liked mathematics and I enjoyed doing calculations in the mathematics of probability. I decided that I wanted to do a little serious gambling and maybe make some money, which is always a bad thing to do. But there is a way that you ordinarily can make money for a while. But if you stay with it long enough, it's going to hit you and wipe you out. Usually you'll not get wiped out if you don't stay with it too long.

So after that little experience at Monte Carlo, I decided to ask ~~one of~~ the paymaster~~s~~ on the ship, who also did gambling there, and it's bad for paymasters to gamble, but he was a paymaster who kept his gambling and his pay duties separate, fortunately. It's bad for paymasters to indulge themselves in horse races, stock market ^{trading,} ~~exchange,~~ and crap games and roulette, any other kind of gambling. But he was experienced there, and he liked to go, so we went ^{with me} ~~over~~ a couple of times. One time I told him what I was going to do, I drew out all the money I had on the books, and decided ^{before} I went over prepared to make some money or, at an outside chance, lose it all.

The system I was going to use is this. It's a simple one. It's doubling your bets on red or black, ~~red or black,~~ or odd ~~or~~ ^{low} high or low,

^{which,}
 even, on a roulette table, are even-moneyed bets. If you play one franc and win, you get your franc and one more back, two for one, ~~or~~ ^{than you bet} ~~and only one more~~. The European roulette has only one zero on the table instead of two. Las Vegas ~~gamblers~~ ^{gambling houses} are greedy. They have zero and double-zero. European roulette has only one zero and they even soften that for you on the even money bets. If zero comes up, instead of taking your money as they would do at Las Vegas, if ^{zero or} a double zero would come up, they take the money from everyone, there can be no winners. Anyone who is on an even money bet gets his money placed on the line. He may take half his money back or he can leave his money on the line, and ^{then} if he wins next time, then he can take all his money back. So the chances of ^{losing} ~~loss~~ are less than at Las Vegas, although they are still there. ^{European odds against the even-money} ~~better are only~~ 1.35%. ^{At Las Vegas they are about 5.3%}
 Anyway, I had it figured out by elementary procedures that it should be several thousand plays before I would have a run of at least ten straight blacks or ten straight reds come up against me. ~~In other words, the wheel had to be spun about ten times to where you get 1,000 or so.~~ On the other hand, it doesn't have to be that. It can come against you the first ^{time you try.} ~~spin~~. But that was a system that I tried, and the paymaster was over somewhere else. He had a lot of money in his pockets, too. I had ^{over a thousand} ~~several hundred~~ dollars in mine. I started ^{playing} ~~paying~~ one franc, and so on. I won a few times, maybe I won 20 or 50 francs, and then I played another time, starting a new string with one chip on the table, one

franc. A franc was worth around 23 cents then, as I remember. And I put one chip down, then I lost. Then I doubled, I put two down, so that I would win two, it and one more if I won that time. I lost that time. Then I had to put four down, and if I won that time I would get back my previous winnings and one more. I lost then. I had to put eight down. If I could win then, I could get all my previous winnings and one more. I lost. Then I put 16 down, and the same rule holds good. Playing this way if you do win, then I get all the previous losses back and one more. This went on, ~~ten~~ ^{ten} times, and I was running close to running out of money. Eleven times, and I had to call the paymaster. I said, "Walt ..." Delete that name, Walt, will you?

Q: That's all right.

Captain Biard: He's dead now. I said, "Lend me some money. Pull out everything you've got." I was pulling out not \$100 bills, but \$20 bills and putting them on the table that time because I didn't have enough francs. And so he started putting out his money and putting it on the table. Lost again, I said, "Walt, pull out everything you've got," and I put out everything I had and put it on the table, ^{a total of some 1,400 dollars} ~~and we had several hundred~~ dollars, which was a lot for ^{a junior grade lieutenant} ~~an ensign~~ drawing \$175 a month in those days. Between us we had ^{about \$1400} ~~several hundred~~ dollars on the table. This time, which was the ^{13th} ~~14th~~ time, I won. I don't know

how much I won or lost because I didn't have time to count my money. I had a lot of money on the table to cover previous losses. But the way I reconstructed the evening, I did come out somewhat ahead. I started playing again, but a little more conservatively, won a little bit, and then finally left.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: I had ¹²~~18~~ runs of red come up against me when I was playing black, and something like that is not supposed to happen except on the average 11,000 plays after you have started playing. And, of course, there hadn't been more than 50 or ⁵⁰~~100~~ spins of the wheel, not 11,000.

Q: Don't tell me that. I know people who gamble, and I just don't have any use for it. It's fun, I presume.

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, and you can usually win a bit before you ~~lose~~ lose.

Q: Did you learn anything from that?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, I learned a lesson, very much so.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: There's more to come on that later on. So we finally got all my losses back and then a little bit more. I paid him back.

Q: How long were you around Villefranche and Nice and Monaco?

Captain Biard: Our routine turned out to be this. We spent three months in Gibraltar, which was hell. One ship would spend three months in Gibraltar, then three months in Villefranche. While we were in Gibraltar, the other ship would be in Villefranche, and vice versa, Gibraltar being awful, as I will tell you soon, and Villefranche just being absolutely wonderful. So we were there ^{in the Mediterranean} for a year.

In that time we made one cruise to Italy and ^{then spent} three weeks in Algiers, and recently looking back upon it, I consider the three weeks in Algiers one of the most memorable of all the three weeks I've ever spent in my life. Things happened and I did things there. It turned out just very memorable, not wonderful but memorable.

Q: Things that would have helped you in interpreting political situations?

Captain Biard: No, just memorable because of what they were. I'll tell you later on. We'll get to them here later on.

Q: You stayed here.

Captain Biard: We stayed three months.

Q: Out of the total of the year, three months ^{twice} ~~off~~ at Gibraltar and three months ^{twice} in Villefranche.

Captain Biard: Yes, so we had a total of ^{about} six months in Villefranche.

Q: You were operating independently?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And then you returned?

Captain Biard: The cruiser would go somewhere by itself. It might stay in Villefranche for a while.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: But it would go off to more esoteric ports somewhere else and leave us to the dirty work. It would never go down to Gibraltar and stay there. The flagship didn't like that. However, I got along with the flag, and that did me very, very,

very well, between Joe Talbert and Larry ^{Smythe}~~Smith~~ and the people on the flag that were friends of theirs that I got to know quite well, it set up my life ^{for} all the rest of my life.

Q: Can you tell me what you mean?

Captain Biard: It set up my life, everything that's happened to me since resulted from knowing those people.

Q: The relationships you had with those people.

Captain Biard: Yes, without those, about four people or five people. So everything that has happened to me.

Q: Does that mean good or bad?

Captain Biard: Everything good. Then some bad came along, always bad along with the good anywhere, but the things that were positive, that brought some bad things along with the good, all came from there.

Q: I don't understand exactly what you're saying.

Captain Biard: In other words, when I wanted to go to Japan, the flag secretary, who was a Japanese language man, got to know me,

and he was a good friend of ...

Q: You mean the assignments that you received along through the Navy career was the result of the friendships of these four people.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: I see. You're talking about the assignments you had in the Navy.

Captain Biard: Anything of any consequence I got later on, *both in and outside the Navy -*

Q: I see. I didn't understand what you meant.

Captain Biard: Resulted directly or indirectly from these wonderful people.

Q: The friendship that you had with these people. I didn't understand that.

Captain Biard: They were fine people.

Q: I didn't understand that you meant your assignments.

Captain Biard: Assignments and things that happened to me resulted from those things.

Q: Okay. I just wanted to clarify that.

Captain Biard: Yes. If that's clear, I'll go on.

Q: It is now.

Captain Biard: And so I did travelling. My other junior counterpart was chasing the French gals, and I have to admit I was not. At that time I had acquired my cameras, and I was just off on the most wonderful picture-taking binge that you can imagine. I've shown you pictures, you've seen just a few. There are five pictures of them here around the walls, and you'll see them later on. I have many more. I've had one-man shows. Eastman-Kodak in Australia borrowed my pictures, and I've had quite a few one-man shows.

So I was out taking pictures. Maybe you can say I was just recovering from the "Dear John" letter, but I was enjoying taking pictures of sightseeing so much that I didn't really go chasing around in ~~French~~^{France} anything like as much as I should have, but I was enjoying Nice, Cannes, Juan les Pins, of course, Monaco and all the nice little towns in the Alps Maritime so much that whenever I could get off the ship I usually went travelling, just

didn't let him down. So he made life pleasant for us, just pleasant as he could.

Larry had just been divorced, a nasty divorce, not his fault, and Larry did not go ashore with me. He didn't. The exec and I went ashore quite frequently, he was a very nice little gent. When we got to Gibraltar, there was very little to do. There were a few beer halls there, but the British do not give their men much recreation ashore in a place like that. They keep them occupied with strenuous athletics. The athletic competition between ships and such there was terrific, the Army units, soccer going on all the time. Boy, how they could play soccer! They just played rings around our people. Well, Gibraltar was a free port, cameras were imported there without duty. I needed more lenses and equipment for my Contax. I knew what I wanted and I started buying it there. I found a place where I could buy them. There was a Spanish Jew that had a large photographic ^{store} ~~house~~. I would go in there and bargain with him, and sometimes we'd bargain all afternoon. We'd finally come to a price. But I came away from there with some more cameras. I knew then what I wanted. I had some wonderful equipment for my Contax, and I ended up having two of them instead of one, had a lens of one length on one, another lens over here, so I'd be doing different types of photography with different cameras without going to the trouble of shifting lenses. I had another camera. I looked like a professional photographer there. I practically was.

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We learned a lot of things there. The Spanish Civil War was going on. ^{Our Navy} ~~They~~ wouldn't let us go ^{into Spain} ~~back~~. The Navy would not let us leave Gibraltar itself. La Linea was the nearest ^{Spanish} town beyond the Gibraltar peninsula. The Navy would not let us step foot off of British soil. But most of the people working in Gibraltar were Spaniards living in La Linea, who would commute to and from the little town several kilometers away to Gibraltar each day. The Spanish Civil War was nasty. It was dirty. It was fratricide. We would hear firings going on on the other side and we would hear from the merchants, "Oh, yes, there were executions." This happened all the time.

Well, I went into a shoe store there and bought some shoes one time, and they wrapped them up in a Spanish paper. The Spanish papers were printed there on Gibraltar. There was a paper for one side, was for the rebels, and one for the loyalists. The rebels were the Franco side; the loyalists were the communist side. Girls--I got to know the girls there in the shoe ^{store} ~~store~~ ^{where} I bought a couple of pairs of shoes. I got to know them, but I'd speak to them, say hello. And one night after we heard firings on the ^{rather} side, I went ashore and I learned that these two girls had been shot. They had taken some things across the border with them and they had wrapped them in newspapers of the opposite side, printed there in Gibraltar where anything could be printed. They stopped them at the gate, found these newspapers that they had wrapped these things in, and the immediate sentence

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was they were shot.

Q: They were innocent.

Captain Biard: Certainly they were not, by all that I heard, not guilty of any major crime.

Q: They got shot for being a spy?

Captain Biard: For introducing the seditious literature, seditious papers into the ^{France-held} country. So it was tuned that high. So ^{with} a few things like that, you realized there was a nasty, ^{vicious} ~~nasty~~ war going on over there. Nothing happened to make us evacuate any people. We didn't have any trouble. We were just swinging around a buoy there at Gibraltar for about three months ^{at a time.} The consul general there was quite nice. He invited a few of the young ^{local} girls over to parties at his very spacious place, ~~and one~~ a ^{historic} place of long-standing. It had been built a long time before he was Consul General Williams, he and his wife, old, very, very nice, and we liked them a lot. They were extremely pleasant people, ^{They'd} do anything for us. I went up into the old 1715 gun galleries, as far as they'd let tourists go, and took pictures on every rock I could, and endured the awful, awful, awful nights. During the season of the levanter, that is, the wintry winds that whip around the ~~rock~~, the wind would come from ^{Rock of Gibraltar,}

of the "Rock"
 first one side and then the other. It would hit the ship from
 one side and then swing ^{it} around, heeling over, and swing so
 quickly that it would heel over actually as it swung. Then the
 wind would shift to the other side of the rock, hit the ship ^{from} the
 other side, and ^{cause it to} swing just as violently ^{that way} as it did the other. So
 the duty officer very frequently had to spend the night on the
 bridge with the engines warmed up, ready to get under way ^{immediately} in case
 the anchor chains ^{with which the ship was tied up} should carry away ^{to the buoy}.

Q: You have mentioned the name of ...

Captain Biard: Squadron 40T, T being for temporary.

Q: Yes, you did answer that.

Captain Biard: We are telling some of my recollections and
 remembrances of that year in Europe.

Q: Did you explain why it was temporary?

Captain Biard: Because it was sent over there to evacuate U.S.
 citizens from Spain, during the Spanish Civil War, which
 was expected to be a temporary affair.

Q: Oh, yes.



Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: I wanted to remind myself of that.

Captain Biard: One unusual event that happened while we were in Gibraltar was one evening toward the La Linea side, we saw a large, large red, brilliant red light in the sky, lighting up the whole sky. It didn't look like a fire, but that's what everyone thought it was until a couple of hours later the British sent a signal to us that they received word from the Admiralty that there was being an unusual aurora ~~here~~ ^{flame (Northern Lights)} this evening, unusual in that it was so bright and red, which is an unusual aurora color. We thought that La Linea or some place like it must have been burning.

One thing I'll remember forever about Gibraltar is the number of Britishers I met in the most unusual way, most amusing way. Ships of the Home Fleet would come in at one time from exercises, ships of the Mediterranean Fleet after other exercises, and occasionally they would have combined exercises with ships of the Home and the Mediterranean Fleet ^{and ships of both fleets} all would come in. Now, the British are not allowed to drink on their own ships, the wardrooms are not allowed to drink until after working hours, unless they have foreign dignitaries or foreign officers on board ^{as guests}. Then they can have wardroom parties in the morning, 11:00 o'clock or so. We had eight officers on our ship. At times we

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would have 30 or 40 or more ^{British} men of war, (the British Navy) ~~would~~ come in at one time, and if they'd been out at sea a while, all of them would want to start drinking at 11:00 o'clock, not at 4:00 o'clock. So they would send a signal to our ship, "Send wardroom officer for ^{forenoon} party." ~~So the first person to accept this signal, to accept the invitation, and we~~ would get signals from quite a few ships. We'd have to send several officers, each one to a different set of ships. But the skipper accepted the first invitation to the flagship, I don't know which one it was, one of the British battleships. And from there he had to go on to another one, then to another one, so he was making his rounds.

He found out that the British are awfully hard on the visiting guest. You have a drink, then you say, "I'm sorry, I must go."

"Oh, you must have one for the road." And so that would be another one. He'd try to get away then, and they'd gang up on you. "Now you ~~might~~ ^{must} have the ABF." "What's the ABF?" "That's the ^{final} "absolutely bloody ~~fine~~." Then you finish that one. Now what? "Now you have to have the ABBF." They wouldn't let you leave.

Q: What was the ABBF?

Captain Biard: The "absolutely bloody, bloody ^{final} ~~fine~~." And with that they might let you go, but then you had ^{to go to} another ship where the same thing happened again. And occasionally you had to visit

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both the senior wardroom and the junior officers' wardroom. ~~So~~
~~the~~ ^{Our} skipper was a rather portly man, he was not a light weight,
and the first time that he finished one of these awful, awful
ordeals where he had visited about eight ships and had had who
knows how many drinks poured down him, when he got back to the
ship, he couldn't even walk. He had to be helped up the gangway.
We were eating ~~dinner~~ ^{lunch}, and ~~when~~ we saw him be brought in and put
~~him~~ on his bunk. You can't help it, that's what happens when the
British get ahold of you.

Q: You didn't know it until then, though?


Captain Biard: No. So after that, no more for the skipper. He
sent his junior officers, and I was one of those so sent. I
found out what it meant to be treated like that. The British
would pour those ^{drinks} down you.

Q: How would you stand it physically?

Captain Biard: Whew! It just happened one day, and they
probably had two or three weeks off before the next one.

Q: I don't see how a body could consume that much liquor.

Captain Biard: Oh, it was awful.



Q: It was straight liquor?

Captain Biard: No, it was cocktails. Usually it would be something like a gimlet or a horse's neck.

Q: Or wine?

Captain Biard: It could be, but in those days and times I didn't know what wine to ask for. I was not acquainted with wine. So the next time, I was one of those ^{victims}. The skipper said, "You go." And there were two of us that had to make the rounds. When I came back, I was in as sorry shape as the skipper was ~~from~~ the time before.

Q: It wasn't possible to be otherwise.

Captain Biard: So boy, when I came to the wardroom, he was there, all relaxed, just laughing like everything. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! Tex, Tex, what they've done to you!" That was just something we had to endure. He knew it and we did, too. He wouldn't go again. I got to know a lot of other British officers, then I got to go aboard even other ships because every time a foreign man of war comes into port, the other men of war, other nations are supposed to send aboard ^a ~~the~~ boarding officers who interview the commanding officer and ask him about his trip

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and the niceties and what not, if he has any special remarks, also to look at the ship as well as you can, to report any interesting things he may be able to see while he's aboard. And the British admirals and captains were always most cordial and most pleasant, very polished gentlemen almost always. So they would be very gracious, and they would also serve drinks while we were there, but not in the quantity that would be ^{serve} in the wardroom.

I remember one time I went aboard a British carrier, and the admiral greeted me, received me very cordially, and I asked him about his trip. He said, "Well, we came through the Bay of Biscay, it was unusually rough, we had to slow down a bit this time, but after that we did what I believe you Americans say, we ~~tried~~ ^{trod} on the gas."

Q: We ~~tried~~ ^{trod} on the gas.

He meant, "We stepped on the gas."
Captain Biard: Yes. [^] But altogether, I went aboard almost every ship in the British Navy before I was through with my six months in Gibraltar. I ~~was~~ ^{have} been aboard many more ships of the British Navy than I have ^{of} my own American Navy because of the cocktail parties in the wardroom and the boarding officer duties, going aboard all the ships that came in while we were ~~there~~ ^{at Gibraltar}.

Q: That's really an awful hard job to do. It sounds maybe



great, but I should think it would be extremely difficult. You were lucky to have ended with a decent stomach.

Captain Biard: Yes. One time we were there, the German pocket battleships, accompanied by several destroyers, came in. They were the most beautiful ships, best cared for, and smartest ships I have ever seen. There is no comparison with any others in the world. We were invited aboard. I went aboard the pocket battleships, was invited aboard there, but some of the destroyer wardroom officers invited our wardroom officers aboard for a party. The Germans couldn't spend their money ashore. Hitler didn't allow them to have the foreign exchange necessary for that. So they invited us aboard to do some drinking on board their ship, and they threw a most wonderful party, songs with an accordian playing, songs, excellent beer, and finally the wardroom, senior officer of the group, told us most apologetically, "I'm very, very sorry, but we are running out of beer. The squadron commander is having a party on board tomorrow night and he has to have all the rest of the beer for that. But we can do one thing. There is one thing we can do. We have so much champagne on board that the ship is down by the stern. Help us get the stern out of the water, will you?"

Q: Was he serious?



Captain Biard: Yes. By then we shifted over to champagne for the rest of the night.

Q: That's a good choice anyway.

Captain Biard: Yes. So we had a most pleasant time with the German officers. The Dutch ^{would} ~~can~~ come through occasionally, too, and they were wonderful hosts as well. So not all was bad about Gibraltar, but most of it *was not too good.*

Q: Why is it? This is strictly academic and not related to your tape, actually. I'm just curious, why is it, in our world today, every time people get together they think they have to drink?

Captain Biard: I do not know.

Q: Okay. Continue on.

Captain Biard: It relaxes the nerves.

Q: Okay. Proceed.

Captain Biard: But that's the custom and that's the way things go.

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Q: I know it is. I was just curious.

Captain Biard: In one of our stays in Gibraltar, we went to Tangiers, Morocco, and while we were there we were invited to the consul's residence, which turned out to be one of the most unusual places I've ever seen. It was built shortly after 1790. There are paintings in there that are unbelievable, murals and other decorations. The consul himself, as I learned later, was an alcoholic who seldom ever saw people, but his wife did the entertaining, and she was a very ^{pretty but} rotund Spanish lady, Rosita was her name. She had ^a ~~her~~ sister, so Rosita and her sister took us and the captain and the other officers out to the night spots in Tangiers. At one of them they started playing Viennese waltzes. Now, I can't waltz, the captain couldn't waltz, but this very, very rotund Spanish woman, the consul's wife, took the captain out on the floor and started spinning him around ⁱⁿ the Viennese waltz. Oh, she was light on her feet. She may have been big around the middle, but she was light on her feet like everything. She spun him and spun him and spun him. When the music ended, she turned him loose and he just fell down right on the floor, he was so dizzy. We just laughed like everything. We went out and got him, brought him back to the table. So ^{when} the next one came along, she picked me. She did the same thing to me. I didn't fall down on the floor. There was a column over there somewhere, and I managed to grab hold of it. If it hadn't been for that, I

would have fallen on the floor just like the skipper. But that was the most memorable event in Tangiers. I'd been there before on midshipmen's cruise and knew something about the place, but that is the outstanding event there, Rosita and the way she danced us around the floor.

Q: Rosita and the Viennese waltz.

Captain Biard: Yes. Oh, how she loved it! Ooh, it was funny. It was almost as bad as sending officers to wardroom parties.

Then we went back to Villefranche, more of the ~~same~~ ^{usual} thing there, then we took an Italian cruise, to Genoa, to Naples. There from Naples, I went to Rome and Florence and to Venice. I have wonderful pictures from there and wonderful memories.

Q: Beautiful places.

Captain Biard: Twice I went to the top of Mt. Vesuvius. It was having a minor eruption at the time, ^{but} you could get close to it. Each time I started out it was clear. Each time I got up there, it was completely overcast. But at the top of Vesuvius, I did get a picture of two little thin streams of lava flowing down from a cone about 15 feet high, and the cone, before you could get to see it while it was still in the fog, close but not close enough to see it, you could hear it going, "Whump!" And about



half a minute later, "Whump! Whump!" It was having a minor eruption about ever 30 seconds.

Q: Did you go clear up to the top?

Captain Biard: Yes, this was at the top.

Q: I'd be scared.


Captain Biard: Pompeii, I went to see Pompeii, enjoyed that. Spent some time in Rome, Florence, Venice, got lovely pictures from them, and remember them all.

Q: Were you interested in the music of the country at any time?

Captain Biard: No, I didn't have a chance to hear much of it. I was sightseeing rather than going to operas.

Q: But Italy is so full of music.

Captain Biard: It is so full. And even the newsboys^{who} are crying out the headlines, almost sing. And when you hear an educated Italian talking, it is almost like beautiful music, the pronunciation is so musical.



Q: I love Italy.

Captain Biard: I love good music, but at that time photography and sightseeing ...

Q: You were quite young, actually, to have developed your musical tastes, I guess.


Captain Biard: That really came later. There will be more on that to come, too. After about three weeks in Italy rather than Algiers, that was a welcome relief.

Q: Did you make arrangements for your men to go ashore and to find things of interest?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes.

Q: To educate them.

Captain Biard: Yes, we did. Most of them didn't want to be educated too much; they wanted fun instead. But I went to Venice and some men went to Venice with me. We went on the same train, and when we were there, why, we went sightseeing together on quite a few occasions, and the same thing in North Africa. Yes, we had chances to do that. Some of them very definitely



wanted to. Others didn't. Some of them very definitely wanted to, and they enjoyed it, they enjoyed it very much.

Then after we left Italy, we went to Algiers. At that time the picture of "The Casbah" with Hedy Lamar and ...

Q: Humphrey Bogart.

Captain Biard: Charles Boyer.

Q: Oh, Charles Boyer.

Captain Biard: Yes. It had just made its rounds, and so it was all the rage. So I wanted to see the Casbah. There were people who told me to stay out of there, but I decided I was going to anyway. We met the consul general there, Mr. Murphy, a very nice gent, he and his wife, who were extremely nice to us. He was a most competent gent, and later on he made great contributions to our war effort. They were doubly nice to us all the time. We went out to their beach house 20 miles from Algiers, got a picture produced there that I can show you. They sent us around places in their chauffeured car, they had a black, who wore a fez, he was a Mohammadan, a good-natured ex-boxer, and I got a lot of information from him, and ^{Consul General Murphy} ~~he~~ introduced me to some of the French people that they knew, and the French people took me many places, so that I was able to see a lot of sights, the old ^{Roman} ruins.

North Africa was one of the mainstays of the Roman Empire. They showed us many of the old Roman ruins there, some beautiful sights in Algiers, then the Casbah. Well, the casbah turned out to be something that I had no idea what it would be like. This is X-rated now. I had the watch the first night there. The ship was tied up stern to the pier, as I showed you. The ship was small, 110 men, eight officers, and all the men knew me, I knew them. They knew that I could be tough on some things but understanding on others. When they came back, the first men started coming back. "Oh, Mr. Biard, Mr. Biard, you've got to go to the Sphinx."

"The Sphinx? What's the Sphinx?"

"That's a house of ill repute. You've got to go there. You've never seen anything like it."

Well, I didn't know. And so I did go ^{ashore} ~~to the show~~ the next day. I went over and found where the Sphinx was. And so ^{I asked} the first pretty lass, "I would like to see the Madame."

She took me there, very agreeable, very pleasant. I said, "I'm an officer from the ship visiting here. Some of my men have been visiting here and they say it's a very beautiful place, and they said that I really should see it." I had my camera with me.

"Why, of course." So she took me on a conducted tour of all the bar, the spaces. They had some of the unoccupied girls' rooms, lovely rooms artistically done, all in good taste. The girls were in the bar, and I just took pictures of it all. She

was delighted that I would take pictures. She was fascinated and flattered that I would. I have some pictures here that I took.

Q: That's different.

Captain Biard: And so after I saw this, I thanked her very much and I went back to the ship and I told the skipper and some of the other officers, and the skipper says, "I want to go, too." So I took him back, called the Madame, and she was delighted the captain was there. So she showed us around on the tour again. There were other establishments, some of them even more elaborate. They were unbelievably elaborate, you have no idea.

Q: Was that the recreation of the people of that city?

Captain Biard: Oh, the French are always very sexy, you know.

Q: Were there other cabarets, cafes, where they didn't have ...

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: What was that word you said where you could negotiate for affection?

Captain Biard: Negotiable affections.



Q: Negotiable affections.

Captain Biard: But I saw places that were even more elaborate than that. I didn't spend much time at them, looking them over or anything, but just saw how elaborate they were and that's about all. They all had bars, you could go to the bars and have drinks. The girls were usually quite attractive. You could be at the bar and talk to them, usually quite attractive, and most of them would tell you they were from Belgium.


There were other places and other more or less nightclubs, and the entertainers that made the circuit around the Mediterranean at various nightclubs were usually from Spain, were Spanish or Hungarian. Why Hungarian, I don't know, but that was true in Gibraltar, that was true in Algiers, that was true in Morocco, and so I assume it's true there because they would tell me, "Oh, yes, we're going on to such and such a place from here." Then I saw that.

I wanted to go down to the desert, and so Mrs. Murphy told me of this place, Bou Saada, down here. You can get there by bus. It's quite something. So Rankin, my classmate, and I got on the bus and took a very memorable trip down to the desert to the oasis of Bou Saada. In fact, the population there was not at all--the population was greater than I thought it would be. En route we saw all kinds of Arabs as we stopped out there in the desert for no reason at all, it seemed, gathered around a wagon,

would come into a wide spot in the desert, did some selling as we crossed the mountains. Finally we got to this little desert town of Bou Saada. In Bou Saada there was one nightclub where there were some of the Legionnaires and French men. We didn't have much to do with them, but there were two French girls dancing alone, obviously not paying any attention to the other men, and obviously the men knew that they weren't going to pay any attention to them. But Ronnie Rankin and I went up to them and tried to break in on them. Fine. We were strangers, we weren't part of the town. It turned out that one of them spoke French, the other was French and ^{but also} spoke Spanish. I spoke Spanish from the Naval Academy, so I teamed up with her. They turned out to be schoolteachers at the local school for Arab children. They didn't have too many children in the school, but they had a two-room structure, very nice, at the edge of town near the desert. From there you were looking at the wide open desert. It was night, the moon was full, and they had an open-air place where they had their ...

Q: Classroom?

Captain Biard: No, their classrooms were down below and these were not open-air. These were their living quarters. They were more or less open-air living quarters. Their bedrooms were more or less open-air, a nice kitchen. And so it was very nice. We



asked them, "We'd like to join you again tomorrow night." So we went up to their place the next evening, and then they asked would we like to go out on the sand dunes. We said, "Yes, we would like to." They had big sand dunes, the moon full, still full and shining brightly, early in the evening, and so we headed out toward the sand dunes. As we went out through this town, the town with palms everywhere, dogs would be barking, barking, barking, barking. They'd smell strange foreigners there, and they were really raising hell. There were a lot of Arabs everywhere, just everywhere, and nothing. ^{They} ~~we~~ were just there ^{lying on} ~~in~~

the sand as we went by. We went clear on out to some dunes, up and over the dunes and so on. *The glorious ^{low} full moon shining on these tremendous and golden sand dunes was indescribably beautiful.*

Q: What transportation?

Captain Biard: Foot.

Q: Oh, on foot.

Captain Biard: Walking. ^{asked} So we went out there and ^{enjoyed} ~~joined~~ the atmosphere and so on. ^{I asked,} "Well, this is very pleasant. I guess you come out here often, don't you?"

"No, we've never been out here before."

Q: Oh, really? I thought you were going to say, "Well, what do

we do now?"


Captain Biard: Well, I don't think I had to tell them that, but they were very sociable, very sociable.

Q: They'd never been there either?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: That's funny.

Captain Biard: And so we chose opposite sides of the sand dunes and became better acquainted. My girl told me, "^{Watch}~~Walk~~ out for the rock scorpions." I found out later that rock scorpions are very, very deadly and quite a threat out there. I didn't know. So we enjoyed the moonlight and the evening and finally came back in town another way. As we came back, it was then about 11:00 or 11:30, the sandy road had Arabs sleeping in the sand, nothing underneath them, just their bernooses only, but as we'd go by making noise, they'd say, "Ehhh." Just Arabs lining the ^{roadway}~~street~~, just sleeping. That was the only place they had to stay. They might have come in from somewhere else, I don't know. But that was it. I asked the girls about it. "We don't know." But we went back to their school place there, quite a very, very pleasant evening.



Another time, one of the places we went was a native cabaret where they had belly dancers. These belly dancers ^{were} ~~was~~ about the sorriest-looking things I have ever seen in my life to look at them first. But once they got into action, it was indescribable. What they did ^{with their belly muscles} was indescribable and unbelievable. They could contort and control the muscles of their abdomen in a way that does not seem humanly or inhumanly possible.

Q: They ought to go into the Olympics.

Captain Biard: Yes. I have seen belly dancers on TV, good-looking ones that couldn't do a tenth of what these girls could do.

Q: I've seen them in Egypt. I wonder if it would be comparable.

Captain Biard: Might be. I don't know. I've only seen them in this one place. They were a scroungy-looking bunch, but what they could do was just beyond belief.

Q: I wonder how much they got paid for that.

Captain Biard: I don't know.

Q: They were the entertainment.

Captain Biard: Yes. The average Frenchman, when he goes to a nightclub, orders one drink, maybe Coca-Cola, puts it on the table and ^{stays} stays there all night. And that's it. He's paid his cover charge and admission fee, and he just doesn't spend money. The French Foreign Legion, who were the big cabaret patrons there, don't make that kind of money. So they didn't get much, I can assure you.

I have pictures there of the Arabs being called to prayer and other sights around the place, most unusual sight, one that I will long, long remember.

We went back to Algiers, and the girls came up to Algiers to see us there.

Q: What would be their future? Who would they meet? How would they marry, or would they? Or would they go back home?

Captain Biard: This girl that I met went back to her home in Oran after school was over.

Q: In Iran?

a Foreign Captain Biard: Oran in the colony of Algiers. She met a German, Legionnaire ~~there~~ there and married him. The other girl married some French boy. They both married. But I used to correspond with ~~her~~ ^{my girl} until the war started, and what has happened since then, I

don't know.

But the Casbah was a very interesting place. I traveled around, and my French acquaintances took me to the better places, so I saw them, too.

On entering Algiers when we made our Mediterranean moor there, the captain tried to take the ship over from the pilot, which was bad. I'll take that back, take it back.

We were coming in and the captain saw he was going to make a Mediterranean moor. The pilot dropped the first anchor and then he gave the engines back full, and we were very close to the wharf, very close to the wharf. The engines on an ordinary freighter that he would handle this way would be very sluggish in responding, and would respond with very little power, relatively speaking. He'd have to use full power astern. With a destroyer engines, full power astern, you're getting power and you're getting it in a hurry. And so he immediately sent a wave of water all over the pier, the stern. Our ship started going "woop!" like that. I was on the bow, handling the anchor chain, and I did not know what was going on, but this other officer, Larry ^{Smythe} ~~Smith~~--as I said, one of the two that the skipper really trusted--was in the engine room and when he got this signal "full speed astern," knowing we were in close-in waters there, said, "Something is wrong as hell." He dashed out of the engine room and up onto the bridge and saw what was happening. We were about to ram the pier full strength astern. So he grabbed--without

saying anything to the captain, he grabbed the engine room telegraph and rang up ~~to~~ full speed ahead, emergency ahead. He stopped the ship. We were trying to hold the ship with the anchor chain, which we couldn't do. We were holding as well as we could, and he got it stopped soon enough by giving it "emergency ahead."

The skipper was, ^{thinking} "What's this pilot going to do?" and had not really reacted to it. But Larry came up out of the engine room and got there in time and took charge.

Q: That was super.

Captain Biard: It was super. As I say, I learned a lot from that. He might have been hated at the Naval Academy, but he was a damn good officer, and he liked me, and I got along well with him on the ship. We ran it well together.

So on the forecastle I didn't have the signals he had. I knew something was wrong, and I was trying to hold it with the anchor, but he had the signal and knew that in close waters we should never be using that kind of power, so he dashed up on the bridge, and he saved the ship that time or we'd have been in very bad trouble. We would have ruined the rudder, we would have ruined the stern, we would have ruined the screws. We'd have just been in very, very bad shape.

Q: Bad trouble.

Captain Biard: Bad trouble. Well, we flooded the pier and everything, but nobody said too much about that. That happened as we were entering port. So the team of Biard and ^{Smythe} ~~Smith~~ reigned forever strong from then on. We already were pretty strong. We ^{were n't} ~~hadn't~~ been able to do anything wrong from then on.

Q: But it was a sense of satisfaction, I know.

Captain Biard: And the skipper was appreciative. He knew that he'd dropped the ball with his junior officers, I in one case, and Larry in another.

Q: Wonderful.

Captain Biard: We did the job for him, and he was a big enough man to say, "You did it." There are a lot of people who are not that big.

Q: That's true.

Captain Biard: "You shouldn't have done that. I had control." They would have said, "You shouldn't have done that. I had control."

Q: I'd have done that.

Captain Biard: Yes. So we were a good family, a good family. Well, after Algiers, we went to Gibraltar. I don't need to say anything more about it.

Q: A repetition of before.

Captain Biard: Yes. Then we went back to Villefranche for our final stay. This turned out to be quite memorable. Our fire hose salesman ^{in Boston} told us of an English lady who had a villa in Villefranche. Her name was Lady Ann Purvis. He said, "Call her. Go see her."

Well, we could tell by the pictures where her villa was, at the very foot of the bay, the harbor. She was there when we returned from Gibraltar this time in the summer. This time we had some extra yachts in there, wealthy Europeans' yachts, they with their playgirls. But Ann Purvis was at her villa, and so Larry and I called on her. Ann and I got along just fine from then on. She was a very regal English lady, very regal. She was crippled, had been in an automobile accident, had the Achilles tendon ^{in her left leg} severed, so she walked with a cane. She was the type of person who wasn't going to let that detract. She was going to make that add to herself, and she was more regal than ever with the cane. She had a house guest, a young lady who was somewhat

tarnished, had been ⁱⁿ a love affair or something that had been very unhappy, you could tell. Larry and I went around ^{a while} ~~a whole~~. Ann had a chauffeur, a nice car and a chauffeur, an Englishman, and she would take us around the countryside. Finally Larry stopped coming over there, I didn't know why at the time. Then Ann and I would go all over the French Riviera in her car, chauffeured. She loved to take pictures. She was not good at it, but she loved to take them. I was pretty good at it, and she loved to see what I could do and get my pictures. So that lasted for about a month until she had to go back to England. We really had a big time seeing the Riviera.

Q: A wonderful way to see it.

Captain Biard: The places that I couldn't see on the bus tours. She was a wonderful person, a wonderful hostess, and some of the best meals I've ever eaten were eaten at her villa. She had an Italian girl who was her maid and cook. She could turn out Italian food the likes of which I have never seen anywhere else, and I've seen the best in New York City. I had Sunday afternoon dinners there that were absolutely out of this world. Only one place I've ever eaten better food, and that's Australia. That's a story coming up, a better story yet.

Q: Why did Larry stop coming?

Captain Biard: I'll tell you. I didn't know at the time. I know now. Ronnie Rankin, the boy who had said, "Torpedoes!" had found a girl there, a very beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Italian girl in Villefranche, of a well-to-do family. I won't say well-to-do, but an aristocratic family. Her father had been treasurer of the Suez Canal, ^{had} ~~he~~ passed away, died. Her mother had lost the family money at ^{Monaco} ~~Monaco~~, at Monte Carlo, but they had a villa there at ^{Nice} ~~Villefranche~~, slightly on the other side of town. One of the officers that had been going with this girl didn't get along at all, so somehow or other, Larry started going with her. This girl was polished, beautiful, one of the loveliest people I've ever known, had more friends, most people loved her, one of the most loved people I've ever known, and wonderful, nice, nice only as Europeans can be. You know, ^{had} European women are either very nice or out of it altogether, ^{whose mother had} usually. She was a very, very nice aristocratic woman, ^{all of} ~~who~~ lost her money, or almost lost it.. So he started going with her.

Q: Lost her what?

Captain Biard: Money. Her mother had lost it.

Q: I thought that's what you said. Her mother had lost it for her.

Captain Biard: Her father had been treasurer of the Suez Canal. So finally when my English countess lady left, Larry said, "Here I've been going with Wanda. Nobody knows that much." Everybody knew Wanda, but didn't know that Larry was going with her because she'd been going with another officer there on board ship. Everybody loved her, a lovely person, beautiful, beautiful, charming accent. He said, "Wanda has a young sister I'd like to introduce you to." So he took me out and introduced me to this 18-year-old sister of Wanda's, who had just come out of a convent, who was nice only as a nice Catholic girl can be, lovely, extremely well educated, could speak Latin fluently. All of them were brilliant, the mother was aristocratic. She had an older sister married to ^{the} ~~an~~ ^{motion picture} MGM distributor of Italy, was also equally lovely, equally beautiful, equally polished. So I started going with this little girl, the 18-year-old, Gaby. We would go to some of the French places, the better nightclubs, enjoyed the music, eats and so on. This went on for about four weeks until the ship was just getting ready to leave. All of a sudden I found out that I was head over heels in love with this little girl. Oh, she was lovely. All three of them, you just couldn't believe it. They were dreams. So I finally told her, I said, "I'd like to marry you." I wasn't Catholic, she was young, I was the first person she had ever known, and she seemed, I know now, she was very much in love with me, but her parents set her against it, and rightfully so, perhaps. I would certainly go

along with their caution, her mother and her older sister. Now I know they regret it because she had to go through the war and awful things happened to her during the war. So they regretted very much but they said they didn't think it was the thing to do. But her older sister, Wanda, did come over to the States when she finally got permission and everything squared away, and married Larry.

By this time something else very noteworthy in my life happened. Ann Talbert ...

Q: Excuse me. What happened to this girl after the war? Did she die, kill herself, or do you know?

Captain Biard: I don't know what awful happened to her. Something did. For one thing, she saw fighting in the streets and people being blown up in the streets just outside the house. That I do know. They had a nice home, but fighting can occur anywhere. Some very horrible things happened and it affected her quite badly. I have an idea that some other things happened, too. I have a pretty good idea, but nobody ever told me that for sure. Just a wonderful, little, beautiful, innocent girl. About her fate during the war I'd like not to be transcribed.

Q: When you get it back, you can excerpt it.

Captain Biard: But they wanted to bring her over to the States, wanted me to sponsor her, but at that time I wasn't free to do so.

Q: After the war, you mean.

Captain Biard: Yes. I wasn't free to do so. But Wanda married Larry. Now, something had happened before this. Captain Talbert's wife had come back to the States and she had come back purposefully on Captain Groves' ship. When they got back, Captain Groves immediately called one of his friends in New York City and said, "I want you to meet him. His name is Jerry Geronimo." That's Geronimo, like the Indian. I didn't know until I started teaching acoustics that Geronimo is truly a valid Italian name.

Q: Oh, it is a valid Italian name?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: I always thought it was Indian.

Captain Biard: The Indian chief was named Geronimo, same spelling, but it was a valid Italian name.

Q: I'll be darn.

Captain Biard: Somebody famous, a famous violin-maker, Geronimo.

Q: Well, go ahead. Into New York.

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Captain Biard: Then Captain Groves' ship came into New York, and so Ann Talbert, invit^{ed}~~ing~~ him and a friend of his down to the Manley for dinner. The captain told me and Larry, "I want you to be there." So Captain Groves, a very fine-looking gentleman, truly the man in the Prince Albert ad, was there. He brought with him a very, very nondescript, thuggy, villainous gangster-looking, short, dumpy, hatched-nosed Italian, about 5'2" tall. You could tell he was sharp, he had a hatchet look to his face. I looked at him and I said, "I don't want anything to do with this man ever." I didn't know he was one of Captain Groves' best friends, but I was just ignoring him to the utmost of my ability. He was forcing himself on me, wanted to talk, and so on.

After dinner was over, he invited all of us to come out to his place in Greenwich Village for drinks, and the captain said, "Come on, Tex, come on." Well, we were on a first name basis, and he never called me anything except Tex, and he said, "Come on, you've got to go." And so I went to this Greenwich Villege basement apartment, one of the most unusual places I've ever seen in my life. He called it the Freelance Yacht Club. More on that

later. You got into first of all a sort of living room where he had all sorts of pictures and murals just thrown there, but you felt that they came from somewhere for good reason. He had a Murphy bed that would fold down ^{onto} ~~into~~ the living room ^{floor} and accommodate guests there. He had his own bedroom, small bedroom off to one side, and then off to the side of the living room he had a bar, true bar and all, with a slot machine. So then the nature of this hatchet-looking thug appearing man started to come out. He was the executive assistant to the county clerk of Manhattan. He was a political power in New York City. If you wanted anything done, you only had to tell him, "Jerry, I would like this." It was done for you. If he liked you, you were wonderful. If he didn't, he'd find a way to cut your throat in ten seconds flat. And he loved the Navy. He had been in sort of offshore patrol duty on the tug Freelance during World War I, and he never got over that bit of seagoing and he wanted to go to sea from then on, so he named this place the Freelance Yacht Club, ^{after} the old tug he had been on in World War I. He had come to New York City when he was seven years old with his mother from Naples. He never did mention his father. His mother had been told that he should wear a ^{Little Fauntleroy} Lord Fauntleroy suit in the U.S., so she brought him over, and he came ashore in a ^{Little Lord Fauntleroy} Lord Fauntleroy suit to the East Side, a seven-year-old Italian lad. You can imagine a seven-year-old, undersized Italian lad in a ^{Little Fauntleroy} Lord Fauntleroy suit in ^{the} East Side. He had to start living by his wits, he had to. By

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after

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the time he was 19, he was a qualified court stenographer. By
the time he was 21, he was secretary to ^{Governor} Al Smith. And from then
on he had free access to the White House and to ^(President) Wilson. I don't
know what he did or how during the Depression days, but he told
me he was in the construction business. I have an idea it was
not construction. I'm pretty sure it was graft, because he told
me one time, he said, "When the crash of '29 came on, I went to
my safety deposit box, pulled out ~~\$50,000~~ ^{\$ 450,000} and paid my debts and
then I settled down because I was broke. I had been in the
construction business." Later on he told one of my friends about
this construction business. It required \$10,000 for a would-be
filling station ^{builder} ~~operator~~, to get a license to cut the curb, and
so I'm sure that that's what he was doing. I just tied the two
together.

Q: Makes sense.

Captain Biard: But after that, after the crash, he stopped that
and went into honest politics. He never did tell me he was in
it, but I just put two and two together. I was very glad he
never did, or at least if he did catch on, he didn't let me know
it, but he never did know that I was trying to ignore him to
every extent possible that first evening, because he turned out
to be one of the best friends I've ever had to both the Talberts
and me and Larry ^{Smythe} ~~Smith~~. He did things for me in New York that I

can never repay.

Q: Very good.

Captain Biard: Nothing except, "You're a good naval officer, be a good naval officer, I'm your friend." But after he paid his debts, then he settled down to ordinary jobs. He later told us that he was the ward healer. At one time when he was given charge of a political ward, he went to the Ward House and found out that they had slot machines in a bar room, and he said, "My first move was, after taking charge of it, get the bar out and get the slot machines out because my boys are going to take their pay checks home to their wives on pay day, they're not going to drop them in the ward."

Q: Good man.

Captain Biard: He was a straight thinker like that. He could see through anything, almost, right straight to the heart of it. He didn't look over here and get confused. He saw what was to be taken care of, and he did it. He was an excellent administrator. He ran the office and logged in all returning servicemen and service records and kept them in New York City. He also had charge of those that were incarcerated for mental reasons, and that caused him a lot of trouble. He organized it so that he

could take time off and nobody would ever miss him. That's the mark of a good executive, to get your staff trained so they do the work for you. He had a wonderful secretary in a topnotch office. He could get anything done around New York, just anything. He told me about the corruption that was going on, and some that was going on at the time. When the corruption he was telling me about did make the papers and they started cleaning it up, they offered him the job. He was offered the job of cleaning the city up, taking the number one job under the mayor, the new mayor going in.

Q: Do you know who this was?

Captain Biard: This was O'Dwyer that was kicked out.

Q: La Guardia. Who was kicked out?

Captain Biard: O'Dwyer. This was ^{before} ~~after~~ La Guardia. I forget who. But they said, "You'll have a car, chauffeur, everything."

He said, "No thanks. I have lots of friends, I sleep well at night, ^{and} I want to ^(continue) sleep well at night and I want to have lots of friends. I'll just stay the way I am." Of course, he was capable of doing it.

Well, the World's Fair came on at a later time just before I left the Manley, just before I left to go to ^{Japan} ~~Spain~~. Kay St.

Germaine sent me a telgram saying, "I'm arriving in New York," at
 such and such a time. "Call ~~Burt~~^{Bert} Parks at such and such a place
 and he'll tell you where I am." This is the ~~Burt~~^{Bert} Parks of the
 Miss America Pageant. She was singing on the Eddie Cantor Show.
 So I saw her on the Eddie Cantor Show and I went there for her
 first rehearsal. She was rehearsing and couldn't see me then,
 but as soon as rehearsal was over, I found her. I met Eddie
 Cantor and all of them. Then we started doing the city. Well,
 Ann Purvis had come over to New York at that time, and I
 introduced Ann Purvis to Jerry Geronimo, tall, stately, regal
~~Italian~~^{English} lady, dumpy hatchet-faced, mug-looking Italian. You
 should have seen that pair. Of course, this was a little tough
 for her at first, but she finally got used to it. It was really
 something. Both she and Kay got to like him very much.

Q: I hope there's a happy ending.

Captain Biard: No, there isn't. Jerry lived to about 83 and
 finally passed away, but the rest of it did not have a happy
 ending. One time when Kay and Ann and Jerry and I were talking,
 Ann was talking about this girl that had been staying at her
 place in Villefranche, and she very quickly said one time, oh,
 she had several things wrong with her, one thing, she had bad
 eyes. She meant, of course, that she wasn't careful about the
 men she went with. Well, Jerry wasn't accustomed to exactly that

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type of ^{sophisticated} language, so he took it as an insult. So he snapped back like that, "I have bad eyes. My feet are bad, too." Ann just brushed that off. No one could have done it ^{more} smoothly. It went on.

Now I'll go back to something I should have said about the Ruhl Hotel ^{in Nice.} I used to take my cameras there. One of the gigolos there, rugged, rugged he-man-looking type, came over to see me one time, wanted to talk about cameras. He was a photographer.

Q: How did you know he was a gigolo?

Captain Biard: Oh, it was obvious. When I started talking to him, I asked him. He said yes. He was always there waiting for women to ask him to dance or to go out with him. You could tell who the gigolos were.

Q: Were they necessarily gay?

Captain Biard: Oh, he was a rugged man.

Q: I heard you say that.

Captain Biard: I'm telling you. You know Richard Boone, the TV actor? Comparable looks. He wasn't the sissy, gay-looking type, but you can't always tell who's gay and who isn't.

Q: True.

Captain Biard: He wasn't the type you would think ^{a gigolo} to be at all. You wouldn't think he'd be a gigolo, and most of the others were pretty rugged, too. But he was about like Richard Boone. He and I got to be quite pals, talking about photography and what I'd done taking pictures. He loved them. All right. That's the end of the addition I wanted to tell about the Hotel Ruhl. The Hotel Ruhl has since been torn down, unfortunately.

So anyway, I was going to Japan and I knew it. Kay tried to talk me out of it. "Don't go, don't go, don't go."

I said, "Kay, what's in it for us, I don't know."

"I don't know. Don't go, don't go, don't go."

I said, "Too bad."

So I went on anyway, went back to Manley, got detached, went to ONI. Kay went back to Hollywood, started going with Edgar Bergen, almost married him, didn't, and married Jack Carson, great, big burly.

Q: Oh, that Jack Carson.

Captain Biard: Yes. She married Jack Carson. Well, I saw Kay again after she was divorced, and Kay has been out to the home here, still very lovely, very social, a fine person. But Jerry Geronimo, I remained in touch with him from then on until 1962,

about, when he died at the age of 83. He had lost his power in New York City, had lost his place, lost his place when he lost his power, his wonderful place there in Greenwich Village, very, very picturesque, extremely picturesque.

Q: How long were you in ONI?

Captain Biard: I was in ONI from 1939, associated with ONI from July of 1939 to June of 1948.

Q: But you were only in ONI in preparation for going to Japan.

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Captain Biard: Yes. I went back to the Manley. We had taken it down to the ~~East~~^{West} Indies. I have pictures I've showed you of the ~~East~~^{West} Indies here, San Juan, and there are others I will show you. We'd been down there. The Manley had been converted to a fast troop transport with special landing craft. It was a test. We only had two boats, three boats, I guess, two power boats and one oared light boat. They put six power boats of very special heavy kind on us when we came back from Europe. We took those down to the West Indies to test them ~~on the~~^{at} Surf Bay, on the ~~Culebra~~^{Island of} ~~Islands~~. The job was given to me to test the boats. Talbert was still in command.

Q: This was after you had been in ONI?

Culebra

Captain Biard: No, this is before ONI. This is before I went back to New York and saw Kay St. Germaine.

Q: Oh, before that.

Captain Biard: I am jumping back now.

Q: Okay.

in late November of 1938, and soon
Captain Biard: We got back from Europe, went into the New York Navy Yard, ~~we~~ were converted, put special davits and this boat handling equipment on the ship, extra ballast, put us another couple of feet deeper in the water. We had these special boats on board, six different types, to test to see which ones we might want to use for landing craft in future ^{amphibious} operations if such should ~~come~~ *become necessary.*

Q: And you went down to the West Indies to do that.

Captain Biard: We went to the West Indies ^{to the Virgin Islands} to do this. There we worked with the Marines. In doing this, I tested all boats, and I was able to take all of them through the surf. The surf can be awfully tricky, getting a boat in and out safely, except one, which was underpowered, too heavy, and not properly designed and was not maneuverable at all. So I told the skipper in writing,

before I took that boat in, that I expected serious trouble, very serious trouble, and I did not expect that it would be able to leave the beach. Others I'd been able to take in and get off the beach and get out again through the surf, this heavy surf. They had ~~to send~~ ^{sent} us ~~to~~ to where the surf was heavy, purposefully. So I took this one in. Larry ~~Smith~~ ^{Smith} was standing by in another boat that was surf-manageable. I took it in. Taking it in is no job at all, but when I tried to take it out, we broached sideways, too, and could not swing around so that we could head into the surf bow on, so it would be rough riding but we could get through. And it tossed the boat over ~~on its side~~ ^{upside down}. Everybody was thrown clear except me. I was caught underneath. I was down by the engine compartment, and I was caught there right by the engine with the boat turned upside down, and I was completely immersed in water. The surf was coming in, and as it would come in, a wave would come in, the boat would come up on the side like this on the seaward side and then come down again, so it would be resting squarely on the sand with its bottom in the air.

Q: And you're securely underneath it.

Captain Biard: I was trapped underneath it. Well, I remembered one thing that my mother had told me when we lived in Midland. She read me an article about Houdini, articles about Houdini. At one time in the middle of winter he had been tossed, at his own

(when I was 9 years old.

invitation, handcuffed and in a straight jacket into the North River through a hole in the ice, with the New York Police standing by. He was going to get out of that icy water, out of the handcuffs, out of the straight jacket and up through the hole again before he would freeze to death or would drown. He got out all right, but he couldn't find the hole, and he survived by putting his nose up against the ice and finding a place where there was a pocket in the ice and some air in there between the water and the ice. He breathed that air, and then the people on the ice realized something was wrong, so they dropped a rope down through the hole in the ice, and he could see where the hole was, and he swam over there and got out. But it was by finding this little bitty pocket of air there that he could breathe, instead of water, and manage to stay alive until he got that rope.

Q: And so?

Captain Biard: And so I put my nose right up to the top.

Q: Right up to the top of the bottom of the boat.

Captain Biard: And yes, there was air there. I played Houdini and survived.

Q: Did someone come and get you up?

Captain Biard: All right. I saw the boat doing this every time the surf would come by, and falling down again. So I said, okay, I can't stay here forever, I've got to get out. The next time it does this, here I go, and I'm going to try to get out before it crushes me. So the next one came, there I was. And guess what? The next one was big enough to turn the boat completely over, right side up, filled with water, and I was on the seaward side of it in the clear.

Larry ~~Smith~~^{Smythe}, seeing what the situation was, in this other boat, had come in and was doing everything he could to ram the boat to knock it over. Well, what would have happened to me if he had done it, I don't know, but he knew I was dead if I didn't get out. He was coming to my rescue. Really, Larry was like that. He could take action in a hurry, and he would take good action. But I got out. I survived only because my mother had told me this story about Houdini.

Q: Isn't that wonderful? But I have known that's true, there is always an air pocket. Like people who get their cars in water, that there is a little air. I think I've read that because of someone being trapped. If you can somehow get clear up to the top of the car, there's a little bit of air.

Captain Biard: Yes, if there's any air, it'll be there. And there was about that much, just about that much space.

Q: I would like to just mention a comment that your mother, I hope, hasn't been neglected. I know she hasn't, but you mentioned your father rather often and impressed the importance he had in your life. You may want to make a comment about your mother as well.

Captain Biard: Yes, I surely do. My mother was a wonderful lady. She had to take care of five children in Midland, a very difficult job, a very difficult job because hard times had just hit upon the ranching industry and nobody was paying their drugstore bills at the time. So we had no money, nothing to spend. My dad found a little money somewhere. Two of his friends lent him money so that the family could survive and do things, very loyal friends, wonderful people. But my mother, from the time I was seven or so on, would ordinarily read the paper, or if I, being unable to read it, she would read the paper, and she would find interesting news items and she would always talk them over with me and explain them to me, as she did the Houdini.

Q: Were you the oldest of the five?

Captain Biard: No, I was next to oldest. I have an older sister. I was next to oldest. ^{My mother} ~~She~~ read the Houdini article, and she would always explain these things to me, and so she got me interested in reading. By the time I was in second grade I was reading them for myself. There's a story I could tell you about this. We lived in Sherman, Texas, after we moved from Bonham, lived in Sherman a year before moving to Midland. I was supposed to enter the first grade there in Sherman, which I did. My sister was in the second grade, my older sister, in the second grade. About the time, a month or so after we entered school, my sister caught diptheria. I was in the first grade. We had not yet started reading. I was quarantined at home for three weeks, and during those three weeks the class had started reading at school, so the night before I was to be taken out of quarantine and allowed to return, my folks told me, "Well, you will find when you return that you can't do what the rest of the class is doing. They're reading. They've started reading. But you'll catch up." So with that, they said, "The teacher may keep you after school to teach you. She may hold you in to teach you, but that's all right."

With that, I kicked and screamed and I said, "I don't want to stay in. I don't want to have to stay in. I don't want to have to stay in."

So they got a book from the teacher. That night they showed it to me, and said, "Now, here's how you read. This word says

such and such. This word says such and such." I looked at it. My mother had, all during my life, I had begged her to let me read. They would read stories to me out of Brownie books, popular in those times, and adventure stories.

I said, "Let me. Teach me how to do that. Let me do it."

"Oh, no, no, no. You'll go to school and the teachers will teach you to do it correctly. We'll teach you incorrectly." - So they wouldn't let me read at all or give me any encouragement, they kept me from doing it.

So here that one night my dad and mom sat down and showed me this primer ^{my class} ~~we~~ were using, a Baby Ray primer. Whether or not you ever saw them, I don't know.

Q: What were they called?

Captain Biard: Baby Ray was the name of it. Baby Ray was the action character in the first one. He did this, that, and the other thing. And so they sat down and said, "This says this. When you come across this, these letters are put together this way so you read it like this." Yes, I read it.

I went to school the next day. My name is B, I was right at the head of the list. The teacher had her reading test, as my family said she would have the next day. They found that out. And so she called me first and said, "I want you to take your reading test. All right, you come up and read to me."

And so yes, I opened it up, I read it to her. Fine. She said, "I'll take half the class over here on this side. You take the other half over in the cloak room and you test them. You tell me how they do."

Q: I'll be darn.

Captain Biard: And so after one night's instruction, here my family had told me my teacher would teach me how to read correctly, the teacher told me to take the other half of the class and test them.

Q: It's incredible, though, with those five children that they had time to do this individual instruction. Haven't you many times thought this was remarkable?

Captain Biard: Well, at first we only had three. Two were born when we were out there, ^{in Midland.} My dad didn't pay too much attention to my sister while he was there. He was paying attention to me. He couldn't take her out with him on these--he would go on these ranching expeditions with me and fishing and hunting, he could, but he couldn't take her. But he would take the entire family out on Sunday afternoons to the ranches, and we would do things together like that.

Q: You had a wonderful growing up life.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: So now let's get you out from under that boat and go on from there.

Captain Biard: All right. Anyway, I learned to read without the aid of a teacher and learned it in one night, in spite of the fact my folks said the teacher should teach me correctly.

Q: But you had been learning all along, probably, without being conscious of it. I accept that. But you must have been a good child.

Captain Biard: I wasn't stupid.

Q: But you weren't stupid, that's for sure.

Captain Biard: I remember many things, and many times in the classroom when I'd been teaching, I've had occasion to bring up these things that my mother told me and read to me out of the papers. When I was teaching astronomy, I told about the time she told me, "Oh, Mars is going to come extremely close to the earth, the closest it will come in 35 years." And everybody was

interested. Can we send a radio signal to Mars? We're going to do that, try, try, try. Are there people on Mars? We want to find out. And so I told them about Mars again when I was teaching, this was coming close, so I was able to tell them about this. There are many times I've brought up these stories that she's read to me out of the paper. By the time I was nine, I was reading anything out of the paper myself and she didn't have to read to me. But she was definitely interested.

Q: Here we continue on now.

Captain Biard: My father would take the family out on Sunday afternoons out to the ranches and we would have lots of fun out there, out to the uncles' ranches, so that the rest of them were not left out, but it was just easier to take his son.

Q: I see. Okay.

Captain Biard: Much easier to take his son.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: My mother saw that I was interested, that I was informed, kept informed, and she did much to stimulate my intellectual curiosity, which I have had all my life.

About the boat and Houdini experience, I did get out, and the first thing I knew, I had Marines on the shore eating me out and telling me what to do and what I shouldn't do, the senior Marine officers really cussing me out. I finally just had to tell them, "I'm in charge out here. I'm doing this my way." We salvaged the boat and got it back out to the ship, and it was quite a job. I had people much senior to me interfering, but we got it done in spite of ~~the~~ them.

I got out to the ship and the skipper acknowledged, "Yes, they told me about it. We were just lucky somebody wasn't killed," and particularly that I wasn't killed.

So we went back to the New York Navy Yard and this was the time I went to New York to see Jerry Geronimo and Kay St. Germaine and Ann Purvis.

Then ^{Manley} I went down to Quantico, and from Quantico, worked with the Marines for a while. Then I went to ONI, spent three weeks there.

Q: Didn't you go to ONI at this point?

Captain Biard: Yes, at this point, yes. I went to ONI. This is July 1939.

Q: Which one happened first, Quantico or ONI?

Captain Biard: Quantico. The ship was in Quantico when I went to ...

Q: You were detached?

Captain Biard: I was detached at Quantico and went to ONI.

Q: For a three-week indoctrination.

Captain Biard: For a three-week indoctrination.

Q: Did you learn anything in three weeks? Well, if they had to teach you, I know you did learn it, but did they have anything to teach you?

Captain Biard: They didn't have much to teach me, and that which they did have to teach me, they were ~~not~~^{not} allowed to teach me. They were not allowed to even let us have any idea that they were doing codebreaking operations, which they were doing to a limited extent.

Q: Why did they tell you you were going to Japan, to learn the language?

Captain Biard: To learn the language, and that was it, purely,

purely, purely. They wanted us to go learn the language, learn the language, become proficient in the language, get to know the people, don't do anything else that will interfere with that. You are not being sent out as spies, you are not being sent out as agents, you are not being sent out as saboteurs, you are being sent out there to learn that language in three years' time. Then you come back and you will use it here.

Q: You spent three years there.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: So you should have learned it in three years, shouldn't you?

Captain Biard: In three years you can learn no Japanese unless you really worked like hell at it.

Q: Really?

Captain Biard: Yes. ^{If} you worked three years haphazardly, you can't even ask for a cup of coffee, intelligently.

Q: You can say good morning and goodbye.

Captain Biard: Yes, you can say that, but that's about all. But

the one thing I did find there of greatest interest and of most help was the 1937 issue of Fortune magazine which was entirely on Japan. That was the best source of information that I had.

Q: Interesting.

Captain Biard: They had some other things that I read, and I learned some other things, and I talked to people.

Q: They gave this magazine to you?

Captain Biard: They let us read it there. I've never been able to get another copy.

Q: But I meant, they furnished it for you?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: It wasn't anything that you picked up yourself.

Captain Biard: No. I've never been able to get one anywhere else, and I know all the secondhand dealers in the country.

Q: What month and year is it?

Captain Biard: September 1937. It's in very great demand. But the main thing that was helpful there, I met the families that had come back, and the wives that had just come back from Japan recently, and they told me what was in short supply out there, what to get before we went out, what to take with us so that we would have what we needed when we got there. By the time I got out there, that was outdated, but it was still up to date enough that it did help tremendously.

Q: Toothpaste?

Captain Biard: Shoes, sheets, all clothes, don't depend on getting any clothes of any kind, all toilet articles, such as that, all personal articles and clothes that you were going to need, a lot of household equipment.

Q: Where were you going to live when you went out there?

Captain Biard: Tokyo.

Q: I mean, in an apartment or the embassy?

Captain Biard: That was yet to be decided. No, not in the embassy. At that time almost everyone had his own house, rented a house, and we had servants to take care of. So I spent a lot
U.S.

of time buying things, getting ready in my spare time, also found one of my old loves there, one of my real early loves at the Naval Academy, who was just as charming as she ever was, a very lovely girl, whose brother-in-law was a congressman, and she was the secretary for him at the time.

Q: She wasn't the one that got you into the Navy, was she?
Okay.

Captain Biard: She was the one that was in South Carolina and wasn't paying too much attention to me when I started going with this other girl at the Naval Academy, but she was a lovely person and very, very, very lovely, just as lovely and as charming as could be in Charleston, South Carolina, true ^{Southern} ~~South~~ charm. So the three weeks there were very pleasant.

Then I went home. My oldest sister and younger brother and I, I told them I would take them out to the West Coast and they could get home on their own. We drove out in my car, which I had bought, took a trip to the Grand Canyon and other places, had quite an experience, and came to Long Beach and up to Yosemite and the redwoods, Yosemite and Sequoia. By the time we got to San Francisco, World War II was about two or three days ~~old~~ ^{in Europe} old.

Q: Where were you when the Japs dropped the bomb?

Captain Biard: No, this was in Europe. Hitler invaded ^{Poland.} ~~Poland.~~
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 Poland.

Q: Oh, that war. When Hitler invaded Poland. Yes.

Captain Biard: That wasn't something we had counted on. I'll have to back trap next time on something I did in Europe, as it ties in with this. But while we were in Yosemite, we got word that Hitler had invaded Poland and that the war was on. We got to San Francisco and found that the ship was about three days late. It was supposed to leave on the seventh of September. It had been dry docked and would not leave until the tenth. It was the ^{S.S.} President Taft. So we spent three days looking around San Francisco again. I had much fun there, then my brother came down to Long Beach. He wanted to see a Navy man of war. While we were in Long Beach, he and my sister and I had gone aboard the Indianapolis cruiser where Joe Talbert was now Damage Control Officer. He wanted to come back to Long Beach and wanted Joe Talbert to show him all over the Indianapolis, which Joe Talbert gladly did. Joe Talbert ^{had been} ~~was~~ the skipper of Manley.

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: And so my sister went her own way back to our home in Dallas.

Q: What happened to your car?

Captain Biard: I sold it out there, ^{in San Francisco.} I traded it in, and luckily I drew up a good contract on it. I traded it in to a Pontiac dealer, it was a Pontiac, to a Pontiac dealer in San Francisco, that I would have the privilege of a new car at any time that one might be in stock of the type I wanted at list price, and he gave me a nice trade-in price on mine. And so here I was with the contract that if one was in stock, I could take it, just before the war started.

Q: It was a wonderful contract.

Captain Biard: It was a wonderful contract. So I may not dwell on that deal. I had to pay the list price. That was all right, too. People were paying way over it. So the ship got under way on the tenth of September.

Q: Is this 1939?

Captain Biard: 1939, for Honolulu and then for Yokohama. The five days out to Honolulu are well described. In fact, the five days to Honolulu and the ten days to Yokohama are well described in an appendix I will give to you, written about those, very carefully. *There is a real missionary horror story in that appendix.*

Q: But you went as a passenger.

Captain Biard: As a passenger, yes.

Q: I'd like to have you then indicate on here that you are going to append--this is a first appendix that we've just spoken of, that you will append Appendix One.

Captain Biard: Appendix One will be the narrative of the trip from San Francisco to Yokohama and a little bit about the first few days in Japan.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: There were five of us on this trip, at least four of us that spent the three weeks together in ONI. I knew one of them, I'd been shipmates with him on the New Orleans, John Bromley. The others I did not know, Gilven Slonim, class of '36, a very fine gent I got to like very much, close friends.

Q: Were you all single?

Captain Biard: Yes, the Navy sent only bachelors. Joe Rochefort was married when he went out there, but he was already a codebreaker and wanted to learn the language.

Q: You said that was before this?

Captain Biard: Yes, well before this, ten years before.

Q: All right. Bromley, Slomin, and who else?

Captain Biard: Bromley, Gilven M. Slonim, Bankson T. Holcomb, and Ferdinand Bishop. Ferdinand was not a Naval Academy man, the rest of them were. Bromley and I, class of '34, Slonim, class of '36, and Holcomb, class of '31. Holcomb was also a Marine, a very personable, sociable person, who immediately made friends with anyone he wished to be friends with.

Q: That's nice.

Captain Biard: I wish I were like that.

Q: Well, aren't you?

Captain Biard: I'm too reserved.

Q: I'll have to wait and reserve judgment on that.

Captain Biard: So the outward trip had several interesting occurrences that are described in the appendix I have just

mentioned. We arrived in Tokyo after 15 days at sea.

Q: You went into Yokasuka, didn't you?

Captain Biard: Yokohama. We went to the landing at Yokohama, where we were met by two language officers who had been there, one who had been there two years and the other one year. They helped see us through customs and the immigration and all such as that. I came with many, many cameras, lots of camera equipment, and, of course, the Japanese are very sensitive to that. They didn't pay any attention to me and to my cameras, but they paid an awful lot of attention to a pound of tobacco, pipe tobacco I had with me.

Q: Really?

Captain Biard: They went through that with a fine-toothed comb.

Q: What did they think you had?

Captain Biard: I don't know.

Q: Those weren't the days of cocaine and opium.

Captain Biard: No.

Q: I don't know what they thought.

Captain Biard: And I'm pretty sure they knew that U.S. naval officers were not addicted to things such as that in those days, anyway. And most of them surely are not today, either.

Q: I think probably not. Most, no. I know it's a problem today.

Captain Biard: It is a problem, sure, but we didn't have that problem in those days.

Q: With all people in society, including Navy officers, enlisted.

Captain Biard: There are troubles, I'm sure. So the landing at Yokohama was something, Japanese houses so crowded, the foreign atmosphere, and, of course, the language, the signs, the Chinese characters, the ideograms in which the language is written. Oh, they were a puzzle, and I did so want to be able to read them. I did so want to know how to talk the language, how to get around on my own.

Q: That's what you wanted.

Captain Biard: I'm not a linguist, I've never pretended to be a linguist, but my strong points are science, math, subjects in engineering, where reason can be applied.

Q: Why did they select you, do you know?

Captain Biard: Because I got to know people.

Q: Oh, you told me. Who was the one you knew?

Captain Biard: ^{Wells} ~~Wills~~ Roberts, on the staff. ^{of Command Squadron 40T.} He was a very fine language man, he got to like me, he liked the way I operated, he liked the intelligence work I did for him on the staff.

Q: Of what?

Captain Biard: I took a few pictures I wasn't supposed to take.

Q: On the staff of what?

Captain Biard: Squadron 40T.

Q: Oh, the one in the Med.

Captain Biard: I took a few pictures that were interesting, that

I wasn't supposed to take.

Q: And it was through that gentleman, of whom you said all of your Navy from then on was affected. This is one of them.

Captain Biard: This is one of them. Because then he sent a strong recommendation to ONI for me, and when I sent in my letter of application for the language course, Joe Talbert knew I was doing it, we talked about it. When I wrote the letter, I said, "Captain, I have a letter here. I need an endorsement. Will you endorse it?"

He said, "Tex, you write your own endorsement."

Q: I like that.

Captain Biard: And so I wrote my own endorsement, and it was one hell of a good one.

Q: That doesn't surprise me.

Captain Biard: Which is exactly what he wanted me to do.

Q: Surely.

Captain Biard: Exactly what he wanted me to do. Well, while in

France, the six months I was there, I had studied French informally, formally, and informally again. There was a second rate bar, not the Welcome Bar, which was very well known, but one close to it, Bar des Palmiers, bar of the palm trees, with palm trees right by, where they had some waitresses, some of which were of negotiable affections, but one was not. The one that was not of negotiable affections came from Paris, and the people that knew French, the Frenchman that I took over there told me that she speaks perfect Parisien French. She had lost two fingers in the candy factory. I would buy her a Coca-Cola, and I'd have a Coca-Cola, and when she wasn't serving, yes, she would sit down, we would talk French, read French, study French, and I did that night after night, evenings, ^{night} ~~not~~ after night, evenings until midnight or so.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: With her. Then I would practice my French whenever I could. One time--and this is going back, this is the one I wanted to refer to, just before we returned, after I had met Gaby, I took a ten-day trip, the only leave that I took, except for the three-day leave we took to go to Bou Saada in Algiers. Ronnie Rankin and I took that leave ⁱⁿ ~~to go to~~ Algiers. I took ten days to take a swing up through Central Europe. All others had gone to Paris. In my own way of thinking, I said,

"Paris may survive the next decade, but there are many places in Central Europe that may not. I'm going to the places that may not survive." I set out, I went from Villefranche, I went up through Italy, Milan, Venice, Trieste, through the Brenner Pass, into Hungary. I had a beautiful, magnificent, magnificent stay in Hungary. I fell in love with the place, the cabarets on the Danube with their gypsy music, it was just haunting me there in the moonlight on the Danube. Oh, I loved it. The situation was tight. The Munich crisis was going then, and Chamberlain was flying back and forth between Berchtesgaden and London. When I got to Budapest, the hotel said, "You can have the best room in the hotel." There were no tourists. He put me in the royal bridal suite. You have never seen such ornate fixings.

Q: I'm sure I haven't.

Captain Biard: And there I was by myself. But that was for something maybe \$7 a night, something like that. Then from Budapest, I went out into the open spaces, the plains of Hungary, and on the farthest point of the tour, I saw the famed Orient Express run by the crossing where we were waiting for it. You've heard of the Orient Express. There are others. I'll show you some pictures of things there. I've got some excellent pictures of Budapest. Then from Budapest I went to Prague. In Prague, oh, I fell in love with the Czechs. It was a wonderful place.

In Algiers I had met the Czech consul, who had two 11-year-old boy twins born in the United States. He says, "They can live in the United States no matter what happens." He had told me where to go, and he had arranged things for me. He was a wonderful gent. I didn't have too long to stay there, but I saw Prague and some of the outlying country.

Then the next place I went was to Vienna. That was unfortunate.

Q: My city. It was what?

Captain Biard: Unfortunate.

Q: Unfortunate?

Captain Biard: Yes. There was nobody on the train who spoke English. We came into the station, and on the station on all sides, we came in through corn fields, no city, no signs of a city. When the train stopped at the station, I didn't know where we were. I saw on the sign "Wien" and I said, "Well, I thought this was Vienna, maybe this is it." And I started asking. No, don't understand, don't understand." I tried French and they didn't even understand French. So finally I got off and somebody said, "Yes, this is Wien." So I found a hotel right next to the station. When I got to the hotel, the lights were dim, there

were no lights in the city, no lights showing anywhere. Everything was completely blacked out. They were having a very serious air raid practice, air raid drill, and so they blacked out everything. They gave me a room, the boy came up, the windows were sealed, he checked them and said, "Don't you dare open anything that will show light. If so, then it will be my neck and they will shoot me."

Q: Had the invasion of Austria happened?

Captain Biard: Yes. This was the first Munich crisis, 1938. The Anschluss, ^{when} ~~where~~ they took over Austria, ~~it~~ had happened several months before. So the Nazis were in control.

Q: Oh, you were in Nazi country, really.

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, the only person I found who was sociable was an Egyptian student who was going to school there, so he and I went out. We went out to a beer hall, and when we got to the beer hall, instead of being pleasant, this is a basement beer hall we went to, an open type, when we got there, we started drinking and talking very loudly. Everybody else was quiet, listening to some harangue coming over the radio. We didn't know it was Hitler. They soon started, "Shh. Shh." Boy, they were just about to jump on us and we decided we'd better

keep quiet. This was one of Hitler's tirades against the British and French. Of course, I couldn't understand it. I wish I could have, because, as I say, he was absolutely magnetic.

↳ to all Germans

Q: I understand that to be true.

Captain Biard: He was magnetic, and I'll verify this later'on. I have very, very strong verification. So after that I went back to the hotel. The next day I went out sightseeing, which we could do on buses, and I took those nice pictures.

Q: Austria had already been ...

Captain Biard: Several months, and so the brown shirts were there and they were out drilling like everything like mad.

Q: I'd have been scared to be there, even.

Captain Biard: The consul general in Prague told me, he said, "You should get out of here as fast as you can. Hitler is threatening to eradicate this place, and you're crazy. Anybody who is here who doesn't have to be here is crazy." And so I told him, all right, and I left not too long after that.

I got on a train. I have things mixed up here out of order, but even so, I can put this in here. Out of Prague I really went

to Innsbruck, but I'll finish Prague and Vienna. The exact order I don't remember now. But the next day I went out of the hotel to a tobacco stand where they also sell postcards and the like, ^{cut little open air} and there was a very, very pleasant Austrian lady there running it. It was in a little park. While I was there buying postcards and stamps, in came a brown shirt who clicked his heels, saluted, "Heil Hitler."

She came back in the most musical voice, "Heil Hitler." Oh, that was so pleasant and so cheering to hear somebody come back at one of these real stuffed shirts in such an offhand way, and she got away with it. "Heil Hitler." — a truly charming "Heil Hitler."

So Vienna was unpleasant. I didn't get to do anything pleasant there, and I knew that there was some pleasant sightseeing, yes.

Q: I'm sure you've seen it since.

Captain Biard: No.

Q: Oh, it's a shame, because it's a gorgeous, beautiful, wonderful romantic city. You know that.

Captain Biard: I saw it when I was there, but on the trip with me was an English lady on the sightseeing bus. We went up to ...

Q: Cherbourg palace?

Captain Biard: What was her name?

Q: Maria Teresa.

Captain Biard: Maria Teresa. The guide told us, "This is Maria Teresa. She was very jealous of her husband. She had 16 children by him," I think it was, some terrific number.

The English lady on the bus said, "My, the air out here must be very invigorating." She was very pleasant. I got to know the British and French on that.

Q: Was it a real sightseeing tour on a bus?

Captain Biard: Yes, that was.

Q: Could whoever it was, the guide, was it a man or woman?

Captain Biard: A man.

Q: Could he speak English?

Captain Biard: Yes, spoke English quite well. We were well toured, well conducted. As I say, I remember the two pleasant

incidents.

Interview Number 2 with Captain Forrest R. Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California

Date: 17 August 1984

Subject: Biography

Interviewer: Commander Etta-Belle Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Captain Biard: We're in Vienna. It was the fall of 1938. The Nazis had taken Austria over some six months before. The troops were drilling everywhere, there was military preparation in evidence, Nazis and Nazi symbols, Nazi armbands, anti-Jewish posters, and all other types of public propaganda in evidence. The Egyptian boy that I had met and with whom I had gone to this beer hall the first night was staying at the home of a Jewish family, and he said that was very good, that they had almost no income, he could live there for a very little bit because they were glad to get anything that he could pay them. He was going to the university there. He said that he was doing quite well. He said, "Why don't you come back and do that?"

I said, "No, thank you, I think I'll stay in the Navy."

Then as I've already said, we went sightseeing the next day on an organized tour. The guide spoke English very well. He saw many of the castles, several there, saw the opera house, the cathedral, the Danube, of course, and the Viennese woods, and the Strauss statue, so that I saw all the tourist sights, but I

didn't see the Viennese life, the Viennese night life, the open-air beer parks that I would have liked to have visited, because I know it would have been very pleasant, but these were all shut down because of the air raid drill that was very, very strictly taking place. There was no play about that at all. This was at the time of the Munich crisis, while Chamberlain was flying back and forth from London to Berchtesgaden to see Hitler, and things were really tense, very, very tense.

After I left Vienna, I went to Prague. I've already mentioned a bit about Prague, but while I was there I saw the Czechs equally mobilizing. There were boarding train check officers, check troops, were boarding all trains, going here, there, where I don't know, but I'm sure toward the Sudetenland because the crisis at that time concerned the Germans in the Sudetenland that bordered Germany. Hitler was demanding that he be given the Sudetenland where they had this Germany minority. But the Czechs were a good-looking bunch, their officers were sharp-looking. I tried to communicate with a few of them and tell them I wished them luck, but none of them could understand English, so I would put my hands together and shake them like this, and I think they understood that I meant, "I hope you win."

Q: Who were you telling you hoped would win?

Captain Biard: The Czechs.

Q: Oh, the Czechs.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: This is in Czechoslovakia.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: I liked Prague. Prague had wonderful soda fountains, the first that I had been able to find since leaving the United States.

Q: Prague is an interesting city.

Captain Biard: The old medieval buildings everywhere and ornaments were absolutely fascinating to me. Well, from Prague I took a "wagon lit," that's a pullman, to Innsbruck. I turned in without any special fanfare of any kind. When I got up the next morning, we were in the Tyrolean Alps, some of the most beautiful, fascinating scenery I have ever seen anywhere. I got up, started down toward the end of the car, and when I got to the end of the car there was the most beautiful blonde I have ever seen in all of my life, waiting at the end of the car.

Q: For you?

Captain Biard: I think she was. She said to me in English--I never having seen her before--no reason why she should know she should speak to me in English, "Good morning. Won't you join me?"

Q: You were wearing ...

Captain Biard: Civilian clothes. I said, "Why, yes." And so I started talking to her. "Are you coming from Prague also?"

"Yes."

I said, "Are you Czechoslovakian?"

"No! I'm German. Yes, I have been in Prague, I have been studying."

So we talked for a while, all this standing up at the end of the car. Then I asked her where she lived. "I live down the way here in Salzburg. We'll be arriving there very soon." The first thing you know, she said, "Why don't you come and stop at Salzburg? You could stay with me if you do."

And I said, "Excuse me." I was planning to go to Innsbruck, and I had some particular reasons, sentimental reasons for wanting to go there. But by this time I thought, and I still think that she was an agent placed on my trail. But she had all sorts and kinds of derogatory things to say about the Czechs, and

she was very insistent that I stay in Salzburg, she would show me a wonderful time, we could really see things, and I'm sure we might. We passed through Salzburg, and I was fascinated by what I saw there.

Q: Beautiful city.

Captain Biard: Yes. I regret very much not having stopped, but I just didn't know what I might be in for.

Q: At the time did you think of her as being an agent, or was in reflection that you thought?

Captain Biard: At the time. It is one of the two times in my life that I think I've had--this time I think I might have had a female agent placed on my trail. In Tokyo, yes, I know very definitely one time. The Japanese did not use female agents; they didn't trust their women with foreigners. But this later on I'll say much about, they imported two Russian women and tried to get them to associate with the American foreign language officers. This one I'm not sure about. The one in Tokyo I am sure about. But I somewhat regrettfully passed on through Salzburg, and the blonde got off the train.

I went on up to Innsbruck. I enjoyed the scenery of the Austrian Tyrolean valley, out of this world. No other place I've

ever seen to compare with it. When I reached Innsbruck, I didn't know what I was going to do, I just got off the train as usual and went to a hotel and did some inquiring there, "I would like to see the scenery around here, that's why I'm here."

"Why don't you go to the little town of Igls? It's up here in the hills. It's very pretty, very quaint, you'll enjoy it very much. You can stay there. You'll really enjoy the atmosphere."

Well, the Munich crisis, the ¹⁹³⁸~~1939~~ Munich crisis was still on, so things were hot. There were no tourists around. I was about the only tourist in the place. I went out several miles in a taxi or bus, something, out to Igls, and there was a very nice guest hotel there for tourists run by an Austrian lady and her very pretty daughter. I thought, yes, that's a fine place for me to stay, and so I did. They didn't have anybody else to pay attention to, so I got all the attention possible, everything. It was wonderful. They treated me like a king, like they treated me in Budapest because they had no other tourists there. I was "it" in this hotel. Everybody was scared because of the Munich crisis. So they thought maybe I would stay there for a week or so, but I was only going to be there two days. Again, they said, "Oh, stay, stay, stay."

The next day, early, I got up to go take some pictures, and I did take some of the loveliest pictures I've ever taken in my life around that area. All these little chalets around the

countryside have biblical scenes painted on their outer walls. The chalets themselves are very pretty. The surroundings are beautiful, green, ^{luscious} ~~lucious~~ green. The chalets, I just couldn't get enough of them. Unfortunately, I didn't have color film. Color film was scarce in those days, it was just coming in, color film, for 35-millimeter cameras. But I took many, many black and white pictures of these, which I still treasure, showing these usually biblical scenes on the sides of these very picturesque chalets. I took some pictures of the mountains and the site where later on the 1976, ~~Innsbruck~~, Winter Olympics were held. They were held at Igls, and I could see the same mountains and the same pictures, the same scenery taken from the same angle that I had taken some of my pictures that I now have hanging here in the home. I could tell that this winter sports scene was right there in this farm field across which I had taken this picture of the mountain. It was very easy to identify that.

So after about two days of this wonderful, easy, picturesque sightseeing, I again got on the train and this time went to Switzerland. My Switzerland stay was not good. I had not arranged it properly. I didn't know what I wanted to see. I stopped one night in Zurich, and then I stopped in Geneva, but in Geneva I decided that, while there, I would go back to Lucerne because a girl in Lucerne that I had met on the French Riviera invited me to come by their place. So I went there and she wasn't home. Her family took quite good care of me, I enjoyed

the stay in the city very much, but I didn't see the Swiss Alps, the Matterhorn, Jungfrau, those very lovely things that I would have liked to have seen.

After that, it was on the train and back to Villefranche. When I arrived at Villefranche, I immediately wrote a report on my entire trip, sent it to the flag secretary for the admiral, and he sent it on to the Chief of Naval Operations. The Chief of Naval Operations sent me a very, very nice letter complimenting me on the excellent report I had made, the observations I had made of Hitler's mobilizing in Austria, and the Czechs' response in Czechoslovakia. I still have a copy of that somewhere, and I'll try to dig it out and give it to you.

At that time we were getting ready ^{to} ~~to go home~~ ^{for MANLEY's return to the U.S.A.}. We had only a month or so more there. This was the time I met my very, very pretty little Gaby Pacho d'Orzac. This was the younger sister of the very lovely Wanda, with whom Larry ^{Smythe} ~~Smith~~, my very good friend on the Manley, was now going with and soon would marry.

The evenings for the next month I have already described a bit. They were largely spent going to nice, cheap little eating places, very nice, quite cheap, quite reasonable but excellent, and then usually to some very nice nightclub where we would each buy a Coca-Cola, leave it on the table in front of us, as the French always did. One drink, that paid for the evening. We would listen to the accordian music. The Europeans are very fond of accordian music, always have a good accordianist, and they

usually specialized in tangos. I loved the tangos that they would play. I couldn't dance, I never have been a good dancer. *And my lovely*
~~my~~ little girlfriend who had just come out of a convent, she couldn't dance either, but we did enjoy the same things, and the lovely lights and the coastline there at Nice on ^{the} Promenade des Anglais. So this went on for a month until we were scheduled to go home. I've already referred to her and the fact that I later tried to get her to come to the States to marry me, but I failed in that.

As we left Villefranche, we left at night, we got under way at night, pulled out of Villefranche, we steamed by Nice and the lovely Côte d'Azur, with all its lights shining up the hills and the mountains, the loveliest scenes I have ever seen in my life. There were tears in my eyes, there were tears in many of our eyes, because everyone loved the place. We'd just look at it and say, "Why did it have to end?" It had been a marvelous summer there. The summer had been absolutely magnificent, all sorts and kinds of rich people coming and going in their yachts. They had many, many girls with them on their yachts, and we had several sailors who were pretty good ladies' men. They ended up with many of the millionaires' best gals there for a while. The millionaires were the wealthy men that owned the yacht, would be going somewhere else and didn't want their women friends. We had a couple of sailors who had always managed to get the number one girl and go out with her. So, as I say, we were a tight crew.

We had been together a year under very pleasant circumstances. The skipper had been magnificent. We had a very happy ship. So we knew what they ^{the crew} were doing, ^{and} they knew what ^{the officers} we were doing, mostly, but we knew all about what they were doing. They liked to talk about it, and we had a lot of fun. Two of the biggest ladies' men were the chief pharmacist's mate and the chief quartermaster. The chief pharmacist's mate, later on I found out, had a lovely, lovely, lovely wife in Washington, but she didn't seem to mind. At least it didn't affect their marriage, and he loved her, he loved her dearly. But he also loved all the girls in France, and he really was a card, a tremendous card. But we had the most wonderful cruise.

So we went to Gibraltar and headed east again, this time to good weather, excellent weather, except it did get a little rough part of the way. After having been through the Big winds, just a little bit of roughness didn't phase us.

Q: Headed east? You mean headed west?

Captain Biard: Headed west. I should have said headed west. Thank you very much. Again we stopped at the Azores to refuel.

Q: You were coming back to the States.

Captain Biard: Yes. There were a few unusual things we saw. We

passed many turtles. One time I saw a turtle on a log and a seagull ^{on the} ~~in~~ back of the turtle, very perfectly calm sea. This is one thing that I do remember. Distance, 400 yards, maybe.

Q: Right out at sea?

Captain Biard: Yes. One early morning watch, while the sun was not yet up but dawn had already broken, I looked up ^{high} in the sky and saw a ^{very long,} tremendous trail of smoke, and right at that time, at the end of the trail of smoke, a big explosion. Strangely enough, the sound of it came to me almost immediately. By the laws of physics, it should have been expected quite a number of seconds, perhaps several minutes later. But this was a meteorite, a respectable one, and I have learned since in my studies of astronomy that sometimes we do have that phenomenon of the sound reaching the observer much sooner than the laws of physics ordinarily would say that it should. I was the only one who saw it, but it was a very spectacular sight. I don't know whether there were any other ships around to see it or not, but it must have been, I would say, at least several hundred pounds. It exploded high in the atmosphere.

The rest of the trip was more or less routine, the two ships together, the Claxton and Manley. We held gun pointing drills and the like and other types of exercises, but they were easy and pleasant. The weather was good ^{and} enjoyable all the way across.

I've already described our stay at the New York Navy Yard, about our meeting Captain Groves, of the American President Line ship and Jerry Geronimo--I'll have more to say about him later on--and visiting his very famous--I won't say famous, but ^{uniquely} ~~certainly~~ attractive and well known basement apartment. He owned the building, one of ^{those} ~~these~~ narrow buildings three stories high. He owned all the apartments in it. One of the most famous guests in his apartment ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ bygone years had been ~~Enrico~~ Enrico Caruso. He was one of ~~Enrico~~ Caruso's very best friends, and ~~Enrico~~ Caruso would spend much of his time when he was in New York in Jerry's apartment. Jerry was an unbelievable person, almost. One who hasn't known him can hardly appreciate the person that he was, this little immigrant Italian, who looked so rough, 5'2", but who was so sharp, extremely sharp, and well connected.

I've already described our stay in the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, ^{and} the conversion of Manley to a fast troop transport. Manley was the oldest of the old four-stack destroyers still in service. It was DD-74, not exactly like the other ships of the four-stack class, World War I type. Manley had another thing about her that was quite different also. In 1918 Manley was one of the destroyers that went to Europe on convoy duty and joined the British shortly after arrival in Europe. In early 1918, April of 1918, if I remember correctly, she was on convoy duty and ^{was} ~~ordered~~ ^{was} ordered to go alongside a British ship to deliver mail. But while they were alongside, Manley was alongside the British ship, the two

ships' sterns swung together. That's easy to happen. It can happen very easily when you are alongside, under way, alongside another ship. This is the Bernoulli Effect that causes sterns to swing together. When this happened, it knocked off the depth charges of the stern of the Manley and they were set, they were armed, and they immediately detonated and blew off, as people like to say, the last 74 feet of the Manley, and that was just about correct, about the last 74 feet of the Manley were blown off. And so it killed many, many people, it killed a large number of the crew, and many more were wounded. It was a horrible night after that, all the wounded on board, very little way that they could be taken care of. Manley had to be taken in tow and finally was towed to the Camell Laird shipyards in Birkenhead--Birkenhead is near Glasgow, near Liverpool--and spent the rest of the war there. But the stern was rebuilt and it was rebuilt in the form of the stern on British destroyers, not on American destroyers. American destroyers had a sharp pointed stern. The stern the British put on it was blunt, so that long before I joined the Manley, when I was operating on the East Coast a year or so before, one of my sailors, as a destroyer passed us, pointed out, said, "Look at that ship over there. That's the only ship like it in the U.S. Navy."

I said, "It is?"

"Yes, it has a British stern. It's entirely different from any American destroyer stern." And sure enough, it was. It had

this blunt stern instead of the sharp stern of the other four-stackers. So the Manley was very famous for that. It also still had holes in some of the iron work topside and dents from the bomb fragments, the fragments from the explosion, where they had hit the iron topside, iron and steel structures topside. They were still there. You could see them. And while we were in the Navy yard this time, we had about three different people come aboard and look all over the ship, visitors' day in the Navy yard, and I had the duty on the weekend concerned. I met at least three people who fell in this category. I'd see the person looking around with tears in his eyes. I would go up to him and say, "Is there anything I can tell you, show you?"

He said, "No, I served in Manley when she had her stern blown off." He wanted to come back and see the old ship. I had met three people like that in the New York Navy Yard, they were all tremendously attached to the ship, and every one of them would look around and have tears streaming down his eyes. One of them turned out to be a wealthy beer distributor who lived along the Hudson River far north, and he came down to the ship quite frequently and invited us up to his lovely home, where Scarsdale is. I remember the Scarsdale diet. It's the same town.

Q: And the lady shot the man, too.

Captain Biard: Yes, the lady shot the man. But he invited us up

there. He, too, had been a lad of about 19 at the time. To all of us they told their stories about this. In fact, a copy of the log of that date was still on board Manley, kept there for relic purposes, and so we could refer to it and read the official account of what had happened. So Manley had its own folklore, and it was well known. The Navy has asked me for my pictures of the Manley because they want to turn a book out on it, 'the historical section. I sent them my pictures, but they said, no, they couldn't use those, they wanted the negatives. I told them that one of these days I would get my negatives out and send them, and I'm going to. But they have a project out and say they'll have it continuing.

Q: Is that in the Institute?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: The historical ...

Captain Biard: The historical section, yes. So I am going to do that when I do have time. But it was very interesting meeting these old-timers and hearing them tell about this awful experience. In those days and times, ^{the year was 1939.} World Almanac still had a list of ^{great} maritime disasters, ^{and in 1939} ~~but in those days and times~~ the Manley was still one of those ^{listed} in the World Almanac. It's no

longerⁱⁿ there. I've looked and I haven't seen it in the World Almanac for a long time. But Manley was unique, slightly different from the other destroyers, cost only \$750,000 to build. Now it would cost many, many, many millions even to replace that old type of destroyer. It was well built, it was a well built ship.

I have already talked about leaving Manley,^{and} my three weeks[^] in ONI. I didn't talk about that too long. One of the persons in ONI was Alwin D. Kramer. He was the one responsible for our three weeks' indoctrination tour. He later was to be greatly involved in what should have been the Pearl Harbor warnings and the messages taken to Roosevelt just prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor. He was in the codebreaking section later.

Q: In 1941?

Captain Biard: Yes. I'm talking now about July of 1939. In 1941 he was in the codebreaking section, he had moved into it, and he was responsible for interpreting the messages and taking them around to the various places, he and some of his Army counterparts were responsible for that.

Q: Was he a naval officer?

Captain Biard: Yes, lieutenant commander, and he was a Japanese

language officer, as I was soon to become also. And he was responsible for our indoctrination in ONI, and he did all that he could, for sure. Unfortunately, ONI did not know enough about Japan at the time. We had some good people. The Japanese language group I admire fantastically. I can't say enough in praise of them. They did so much with so little. We were given so little before the war. He and a few others like him kept a lost cause going, a lost cause because I mean that was professional suicide to go into Japanese intelligence work. You knew you had no future. Nobody wanted it, almost no one, but there were a few who did and who did everything possible to have a nucleus around which we could expand when time was necessary, if an emergency should come. And Kramer, although he's a controversial figure, was one of those who served well to establish this nucleus.

I met a few people there who had been missionaries in Japan, working in ONI or had been educators in Japan. They were all very nice, very cordial to us, helped us all they could. The three weeks there were well worthwhile, very well worthwhile, even though, as I've already said, the best thing that I got my hands on, the best information that became available to me while I was there, was the September 1937 issue of Fortune magazine, which was devoted entirely to Japan. It was excellent. I still wish I could get a copy of it.

Q: I would think the Library of Congress would have it.

Captain Biard: Yes, but they won't let me have it.

Q: But you could go there and read it.

Captain Biard: Yes. One of these days I will get my hands on a copy; I'm sure I probably will. But after that, it was home to see my parents, then my sister and my brother joined me for a trip to the West.

Q: You told us about that.

Captain Biard: Yes. I'm getting back aboard ship. Then to San Francisco. One thing I remember about San Francisco is that it was rather cool at the time. Of course, I knew San Francisco fairly well. I had been there several times before. Kay St. Germaine and I had really done the town one year earlier, or two years earlier. But one evening I found myself in a part of town I didn't know too much about, with my sister and my brother. We just dropped into a little bar there, not a high-class bar, but on the other hand it was all right. The evening was cool. I said I wanted a warm drink. They said, "What would you like? What kind of warm drink? Would a Tom and Jerry be all right?"

"Well, what is a Tom and Jerry? How do you make it?"

He told me. "Yes, I'll have a Tom and Jerry. Thank you."

And so he served me a Tom and Jerry, a delicious drink, really well made, for the fantastic sum of 15 cents. That is one of my outstanding memories of San Francisco before I got on the President Taft on the tenth of September to go to Japan.

I have already given you an appendix that tells the story of the trip to Japan fairly well. I believe that's Appendix One. I've already recounted the slight experience at the customs, the open-air shed along the pier, open-air shed, tables, and such, and the Japanese being more interested in the pound of tobacco, and sifted through it very carefully with his fingers, didn't pay any attention to the thousands and thousands of dollars worth of camera equipment I had with me, and binoculars.

Q: I wonder if the Japanese were as interested in that type of thing then as they have become to be.

Captain Biard: Oh, they were fantastically security conscious.

Q: No, I meant about cameras.

Captain Biard: No. Their cameras--they practically had no Japanese cameras in those days, some small number, very ungood. All of that has come about since the war. I might add here that we knew then what the average American didn't know. The average

American would see these cheap Japanese toys and the likes of which, they were rough, unpolished, cheap. Everyone thought the Japanese workmanship was sloppy. Those of us in the Navy who knew Japan knew very well that when the Japanese really wanted to build something, even in those days, they could build it and build it correctly, excellently. They had to want to, had to have somebody standing over the worker saying, "Do this right," give them the blueprint, say, "Do this right," and if they did that, then it would come out in excellent form. We already knew that. Most of the high command in the Navy really didn't know. We in the Japanese detail knew it very well. That which they wanted to do well, they produced excellently, not as we did, but their ships were masterpieces of rugged construction, absolute construction. And their torpedoes, ooh, what they did to us. Of course, our torpedoes were just absolutely nothing, completely unreliable. They almost won the war with their long lance torpedoes. That is the name, the correct translation of the name that they gave them. They were ^{the} long lance torpedo, which almost won the war for them.

On arrival at Tokyo, we took a 20-mile drive by car to Tokyo. On arrival there, I saw the American Embassy for the first time, a white building, white wall around it, white personnel quarters, the ambassador had his own quarters there, all white, sloping hill from front to back where there was a hill, and his quarters were on the hill. The naval attache's office was on the lower

floor of the embassy. We were escorted into the office of the naval attache, and there for the first time met the already famous Henri H. Smith-Hutton.

Q: Why was he famous?

Captain Biard: He was a damn competent Japanese language man. He was about the most competent of all of them. Lieutenant Commander Henri H. Smith-Hutton, everyone respected him. He had really, really worked hard at it, and in the time since he had left the country, he had studied and studied and studied and truly become an outstanding expert on the Japanese ^{and} Japan. So he greeted us, was always calm, he never was perturbed or never did act perturbed. He was calm, pleasant, red-headed, always had a nice smile on his face, easy smile, not a forced smile, just an easy one, and he started telling us something about that which we might expect and what was expected of us. One of the first things he told us was that the Germans had six experts in the Japanese Home Office, the Home Office ran the interior of Japan, and that one of their purposes of being there was to try to create trouble with England and the United States.

Q: That was the Japanese Home Office.

Captain Biard: Yes. That was one of their primary missions, and

one of the ways they would do that would be to turn out very derogatory stories on U.S. Embassy and particularly Navy personnel, Navy language personnel, naval officers to the local jingo press, who needed no encouragement. They'd turn out stories about these officers, about the Navy officers corrupting the Japanese women and these papers would make tremendously negative copy of it. He said, "We can't have that. We can't have any unnecessary discord. Ambassador Grew's mission here is to try to get along with the Japanese. We must cooperate." Joseph E. Grew. "We must cooperate. He is a fine gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Grew are very fine, but we cannot make his mission any more difficult than it already is. It's difficult enough now. So gentlemen, if you have need for female company, you must associate with the geisha, not with the Japanese girls that you might meet elsewhere."

As I was to find later, geisha is composed of two characters. Gei means "talented" and sha means "person." A geisha is a talented person. And truly that is correct. Later on I was to formulate my own definition of a geisha, which I soon will give, and I formulated my own definition of the three different classes of geisha. There are three different types of geisha, the geisha of the first class, the second class, and the third class. That's easy. The geisha of the first class are ordinarily bought from their parents at the age of about seven and they're taken into a geisha house. Now, a geisha house is not what the

ordinary American thinks it is. That is where these talented entertainers stay and live. No men in the house. There may be the geisha house owner, yes, he is there, he and his wife, but other men are not allowed inside this house at all. This is where the young girls that are bought are trained by these older girls who have had years and years and years of geisha training, and they are there to associate with them, learn the language, they learn the skills, they learn how to dance, how to sing, how to play the samisen, and how to engage in pleasant conversation, skillful conversation, and intelligent conversation. In fact, the geisha house owners would usually buy their young girls only from families that they knew were intelligent, had intelligent parents, hard up for money, because they wanted to have girls who would be able to entertain the very best and highest in Japan, the highest in the government and the highest in the military, the highest in commerce, or businessmen. And so these girls would be trained there in the geisha house and would associate with the geisha and learn all the arts and the tricks and whatnot until they're maybe 16 or 17. Then they would be made geisha.

If someone wished to have the company of a geisha, what he would have to do would be something like this. He would go to a place called a machiai. That is a house in the geisha district where the parties are held. If you wanted to have a party, you would tell the owner of the machiai, "I'm going to have a party

for so many people, I want such and such to eat. I want geisha skilled in this, either signing or playing musical instruments like the samisen, a three-stringed instrument, or the koto." In fact, I have a model of one right here. This is a samisen. I paid 59 cents for that. Or the koto, which is the harp that is placed on the floor, a big instrument, and can be very beautiful. They are frequently skilled at playing that. And they've learned the other skills of dancing, conversation, and the like. So when a girl becomes a geisha, ordinarily before too long, first of all, she's not a tramp. She's not a prostitute. These are the geishas of the first class I'm talking about. She soon may take on a patron, a wealthy patron. He, perhaps, comes to see her more than once a month. She would be able to go out on other parties with other guests but ordinarily she will have no ~~tryst~~^{tryst} with them at all. Make advances, no. But her wealthy patron usually doesn't pay too much attention to her, although he provides her well with money. She usually takes on a young man as well. It was the usual thing for the geisha to have a young boyfriend and a wealthy old patron, and then she'd have many other people who would call for her to sing or dance or play for them. Many geisha became wives, later, of very famous people, and confidants to the high-ups in government, some of them very skilled ~~and~~ⁱⁿ diplomatic ~~in~~^{and} government ~~affairs~~ and international affairs, and many of them are noted as advisors to some government officials. They were extremely, extremely skilled.

Q: Were they ever used as spies?

Captain Biard: I do not know if they ever were. As I have already said, the Japanese didn't trust their own women as spies because they would usually end up falling in love with the ~~Western~~ ^{Westerner} because the ~~Western~~ ^{Westerner} would treat them so much better than their own people. They figured that they would be double-crossed. I do not think that they did. They might have, but certainly not as far as any of our group were concerned. Now, these were geisha of the first class, the high-class geisha. Their period of training was long and arduous and they were truly talented persons by the time they completed this successfully. Now, the parties at the machiai could be of any type. If the host could talk the geisha into staying with him, they could spend the night there at the machiai after ~~his~~ ^{the} guests leave. That's possible, but not always possible. But the first time, the first date, ordinarily the host would just have to make it clear that money was of no importance of all, the sky was the limit, in other words, I am a big spender, the last of the big spenders, and establish himself that way, and maybe two or three more times, and then he might make a pass at the geisha and see if he could get somewhere, and he might. You can't say that he would or not. They're not women of completely easy virtue, as the average American usually thinks. And the first-class geisha were always in the same geisha district. There were no

second-class geisha, no third-class geisha houses in the district that had the first-class geisha and the first-class geisha machiais.

The second-class geisha now, they were bought from families of lesser intelligence, could be farm families. They would try to get good-looking girls, and they would teach them the samisen, a little bit. They might be bought when they were 15 or 16, rather than six or seven, might be trained for six months, a bit of dancing, a bit of singing, a bit of music-playing, and such. But if you wanted comfort for the evening, then comfort was almost always there for you. This would be in the second-class geisha district, never mix with the first-class geisha. So if you wanted that type, you'd go to the second-class geisha district. So the second-class geisha would come with a samisen and dancing shoes, and you'd have the machiai there.

The third-class geisha was something else. The third-class geisha was bought right off the farms, and they enter into the geisha trade as soon as they're bought. They don't even bother to learn samisen. You get what I mean.

Q: Well, you mean they were brought there as prostitutes.

Captain Biard: Yes. Completely as prostitutes. I say completely, almost completely. So that there was no sham there at all. They went into the so-called third-class geisha trade

almost as soon as they were acquired by the geisha house owner. So you had the first, second, and third-class geisha.

Q: And when you were told that if you wanted to associate with women, that you would associate with geisha, were all three of these categories acceptable?

Captain Biard: Smith-Hutton did not say. He just said geisha. I think he was talking about the first-class geisha, I really do.

Q: But you were not to associate with women who were not of that category because it would bring disrepute on the Navy and you.

Captain Biard: On us and the country, and the Germans would be the ones that would see that it happened. So that was one of the first things he told us. In the past, we had heard that many of the officers sent out there did shack up with Japanese girls and learn the language from them or have them assist them in learning the language. While I was there, there was only one officer shacked up. There were 11 of us, 12 maybe, while I was there, altogether. Only one really shacked up, the one who was leaving, had been shacked up, but I can say for sure that none of the rest of us were. I'm putting this on the line. I'm telling you what it was like. You want the details, I'm giving them to you.

Q: You know it, you tell it.

Captain Biard: As I say, ^{my improper remarks} ~~that~~ can always be deleted. So he just told us frankly that if there had been such a custom in the past, that it no longer was to be allowed. He also told us that the matter of money would be important, that you're supposed to get your money exchanged, your dollars exchanged at a bank, officially, so you have the official rate of exchange, and the Japanese would thereby get the U.S. dollars needed for the foreign exchange to carry on, they were hard-strapped at the time. He said, "I do not know where people get their money, but I suspect that many do not get their money at the bank. In fact, I can say that no one ^{gets} ~~got~~ his money from the bank." There were American businessmen and others there who had yen that they wanted to get out of the country, so they would sell their money at a slightly better rate than we could get at a bank, and it was cheaper, it was easier for us to get our money that way. I originally started getting my money from one of the language officers that had been there two years, a classmate, John Roenigk, who is now one of my very, very good friends, remained one of my best friends ever since the Japanese days, John G. Roenigk, classmate, class of '34. The rate was not too good, but it was better than I could get at the bank. But there was one thing that we all, we all observed carefully. No one, but no one talked about where he got his money, just so that the Japanese

officials would not unnecessarily hear about it. If I would tell somebody else, he might tell somebody else. It was like Abraham Lincoln said, if somebody told him, "Mr. President, you can tell me that. It may be a secret, but you know that I can keep a secret."

And Abraham Lincoln is supposed to have told him, "Yes, I can keep a secret and you can keep a secret, but the person you'll tell it to may not be able to keep a secret." So that was one of the other laws laid down.

He told us generally how the course was laid out, how we would be studying, that we should look for homes and houses, places to live were hard to find, that there were others there who would help us, some who had already found places for others, and in the meantime they would see that we were bedded down at least at homes of the other language students. Well, the other language students at the time were not there ^{in Tokyo.} In the summertime the language students usually went to Karuizawa up in the mountains where it was cooler and where the monsoon was blowing a cool, fresh, afternoon rain almost every afternoon. Karuizawa was an old missionary resort where families of the missionaries would live and the missionaries themselves would spent far too much time, so I've been told. They would not like to hear this, perhaps, but many of them did not spend anything like enough time at the missions. They found more pleasant things to do. Now, there are exceptions to it, but there were

others that were not exceptions. ^{The other language officers} ~~They~~ were up in their mountain homes or seashore homes where they had their tutors with them, their official tutors, and they would be there until a week or two later when they would come back down for their regular every six months' examination.

The person who said he would like to take care of me and see that I got on to things as well as possible was not there, ^{was} John G. Roenigk, ^{whom} ~~who~~ I just told you about. I did not know him too well. He was a classmate, but I did not know him too well at the Academy. He said, "I will look after "Tex" Biard." He had found me a house right across from his little place, a Japanese style house, and he found servants to go along with it. The house would not be available for some three weeks. So for the first three weeks, I spent my time in the very front room of the Imperial Hotel, the old Imperial Hotel designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, and which was famous for having withstood the 1923 earthquake. Now, many buildings withstood the 1923 earthquake, but they didn't withstand the fire that followed. The Imperial Hotel, the fire missed it, so it became doubly famous. It withstood the earthquake and the fire. So I spent my first three weeks there looking across at the Emperor's--not the Emperor's palace, you couldn't see it, but the moat and the ^{stone} massive wall ~~back of~~ ^{back of} ~~beyond~~ which the Emperor's palace would be, if I ^{have seen} could see it. So that is where I spent my first three weeks, and the tutors came around to see me there.

stone
massive wall

We had three tutors a day, one hour each. The head tutor was named Naganuma. Naganuma was a son of a man who had been a samurai. He was a nice-looking Japanese, very nice-looking, very personable. He was sharp, he was quick, and he was an excellent teacher. He was an excellent, excellent teacher. The whole trouble was, he had stopped teaching. He had hired others to do the teaching for him, and he was working for the Japanese Ministry of Education. He had become famous enough teaching Americans that his fame had spread, and the Japanese Ministry of Education had him working for them preparing and aiding in Japanese courses to be given to Chinese in the mainland of China occupied by the ~~invading~~ Japanese forces that ^{had} invaded China. He was engaged in that. He came around to see us very seldom, but when he did, it was like a fresh breeze. He could clear up in five minutes everything that had been plaguing us for two or three weeks that we didn't understand. He was a genius in understanding and teaching. He was married to an American missionary. I never did meet her. They say she was very plain, very unattractive. They had a daughter. He never did invite me to their home. "Nag" and I had arguments. We all called him "Nag," ^{but} not to his face. "Nag" is pronounced "Nag", ^{to rhyme} with "cog".
 ↑
 pronounced

Q: Did he have a first name?

Captain Biard: Naoe Naganuma. By this time Naganuma had written

seven tokuhons. Japanese words have no plural. We would call them tokuhons, they would say seven tokuhon. In fact, the Japanese would say tokuhon seven book~~s~~. The Japanese language uses classifiers, like you say "two to three head of cattle," or a rancher would say, "three head of cattle," cars, vehicles, or pieces of paper, three flats, or matches, three sticks, or people, three men. People, ten men, people, 100 men. They used classifiers after almost everything. If I were to say, "Give me three books," they wouldn't understand it. I would have to say, "Give me book~~s~~, three volume~~s~~." Then they would understand it, the volume~~s~~ being classifier~~s~~ for the book. So he had already published seven tokohun, lessons of graduated difficulty, and introduced the kana, those are the phonetic symbols of the language, the katakana and the hiragana, first, and then gradually he would introduce the most common of the Chinese ideographs, that is, the characters, which we called kanji. The Chinese ideographs are kanji because the main symbols in the language were borrowed from the Chinese ^{starting} ~~started~~ with the year about ^{450 A.D. or so,} ~~600 or 700~~, and ending perhaps about 900 A.D. And the characters that are used for most Japanese writing are ^{mostly} ~~the same~~ characters that are used by the Chinese, *except for a few characters originated in Japan.*

Q: Even today?

Captain Biard: Even today. The Chinese now use far more

characters than the Japanese use. The Japanese use fewer of them, but they are the same characters. *Recently some 300 or so of the most commonly used ideographs have been somewhat simplified.*

Q: I see those books that you're showing me, to me it's an unintelligible, impossible feat to accomplish, but I know you did, so I give you all marks for that.

Captain Biard: To learn it the way we did, you had to be dedicated. To win the war, you didn't win it, but to help win the war the way we did. We had to be dedicated.

Q: Tell me how you had lessons every day.

Captain Biard: Every day, three tutors one hour a day. We took one lesson in the tokuhon a day.

Q: And then you studied the rest of the day?

Captain Biard: Yes. We studied.

Q: You were studying or lessoning constantly?

Captain Biard: Constantly. Nothing else. That was our job, to learn the language and learn it well.

Q: From 8:00 in the morning til 8:00 at night?

Captain Biard: 8:00 in the morning until 4:00 in the afternoon, maybe, then we'd do a little recreation. But then after dinner, why, we might get together and go to the beer halls. Well, the beer out there was not good in those days. They were exporting the good beer for foreign exchange, so that we would, however, talk to the girls in the beer hall and we'd buy them a few drinks, why, all is forgiven, that's what they were there for, and we could learn. That was practice with the language, that was experience talking it. We needed experience talking it. Before too long, I even hired a university student to come around in the evening, most of the evenings, at least three or four evenings a week, so that I wouldn't have to go to the beer halls all of the time for extra language practice. He helped me. But we spent our whole time at ~~this~~ learning the spoken and written Japanese.

After our arrival, people were coming back to Tokyo from Karuizawa and from the beach resorts, and the initial round of parties started. They were fun. We had lots of good people out there. The commercial group were good men. They knew how to get along with the Japanese and they were not the types that were big shots, "Look at all the money we've got to spend." No, they lived the proper life and got along well and didn't spoil the Japanese, and the Japanese respected them. The embassy group usually got along quite well, the embassy personnel, State

Department. They knew not to spoil the Japanese also. The best at this were the British. The British never did spoil anything except the British, and they kept their standard of living as it should be and never did give the others a chance to get the idea that they should enjoy the same privileges that the British did. They were good at that. They were old Far Eastern hands for sure. Well, our people started, as I say, to throw the usual parties. We were all invited. We were made to feel at home immediately.

One of the first things I remember is that the poetry contest--the Japanese love poetry, and they had a poetry contest that's an annual affair, and in the poetry contest, the Emperor always won first prize, ~~Then~~ there were second and third prizes. So that was interesting. Moon viewing, it was beautiful, the moon was full and beautiful and the Japanese were having moon viewing.

Q: That's a sweet idea.

Captain Biard: Yes. But we talked to people who had been there a long time and started learning a lot of things. They were helpful to us, but all the time we were studying. Don't get the idea we were playing. Yes, we would play, but at night on weekends, maybe. We spent a full, full, full week's studying. We really did get down to the nitty-gritty because that was our

job and we knew we were going to need that some time. How quickly, we didn't know, but we knew when it would come time, we'd darn well would have to use it. So work and pleasure, both, got off immediately. Some of the embassy people had Chinese cooks, and the embassy people would throw parties for the higher-ups in the embassy, and they would throw parties in which the Chinese cooks, theirs and others, would cook up a feast that would completely fill a table 15 feet long, dishes the likes of which you have never seen anywhere else. Chinese food, you can't even find a single one of those things, hardly find a single one in a Chinese food place here. They were just far, far and above any of that type of cuisine, so far above, it's just out of this world. But many of these embassy people threw these tremendously big Chinese dinner parties, after which we would play cards and have fun, and we soon got to know the entire ^{non-Axis} foreign group immediately. It was several hundred people, but we got to know them all and fit in without any delay whatsoever. They were very hospitable.

About three weeks of life at the Imperial Hotel was enough. When my house finally became available, when John Roenigk came to town, I was extremely anxious to get out to live ^{in my house.} It was a small Japanese type house, one large room below and one large room above, small room above where I could sleep, and I had more or less a wash basin and a small space in which I could study. But the cook and her husband, who had been farmers, lived down below.

The toilet, such as it is, was down below. We'll describe that a little later. ^{Toilet} Toilet down below and the bath down below. The Japanese in a house like this, a very modest house, I'll show you pictures of it soon, a house like this and those who would live in a house of that type would ordinarily not have their own bath. They would go ^{daily} to the public baths, and the Japanese love the public baths. That's part of their social life. They love the hot baths, love to go there and socialize with their neighbors, and they would do so in the afternoon. Well, I didn't want to do that and none of the rest of us did, so they had to rent a wooden tub for me, a standard type for a place like this, rent it and buy the charcoal with which to heat the little bitty oven, metal oven, that ~~is~~ protrudes into the water itself, and so when this little metal oven gets hot, it heats the water. It's shielded so when I would get in the tub, why, it wouldn't burn me. But that was my bath.

Q: Was that outdoors?

Captain Biard: No. It was ^{in a small room} inside. So I had my own bath, but the cook and her husband did not use it. First of all, I would lose face if they did. Second of all, they'd rather go to the public baths. Then the toilet was on the lower floor, and the toilet was strictly Japanese type, nothing like that which we have. There's a crockery piece around a hole in the floor, a

long hole in the floor, and beneath it there is a bucket, and everything goes in the bucket. The servants would put disinfectant in it, but every so often the benjo, the toilet, the impolite word for it, the polite word is hand-washing place, ^{tearaijo} ~~teyorigo~~, but the impolite word for it is benjo. I have a joke about that. *Benjo* means, literally, "convenient place." *tearaijo*

Q: Well, there's no place to sit.

Captain Biard: No.

Q: Just a hole in the floor.

Captain Biard: Yes. *But I put a wooden box with a hole in it over mine so I could sit on it.*

Q: Even today, unless you're in a fine hotel, *there is just this hole in the floor?*

Captain Biard: Yes. But once every three weeks or so, the man who would collect all of these benjo pots would come around and he would get them and put them in a big stack in the little alley, off which the houses had their entrances, and when he did that, the smell was ^{so} overpowering and awful, that I always dismissed my tutor and ^{would} say, "Go on. Come back tomorrow." And I would leave and go somewhere away until I was sure he had already moved all of the benjo pots out. But this is important. The

Japanese take ~~that~~ ^{the toilet wastes out} out to their farms, their rice paddies, and fertilize the rice paddies. They couldn't get along without it. So it could not be wasted, it had to be used. That was another feature. *Their rice paddies required the fertilizer.*

I had them cook foreign meals for me, only foreign meals. They had to have my special permission to give me Japanese food. They'd tell me what it was and get my permission to give it to me. I didn't want to be eating Japanese food all the time because I didn't like most Japanese food. Some of it was good, very good, but a lot of it I didn't like too much, and I wanted to have only that which I did like, and I didn't want to have it too often. So I made them do that for me, get my permission for that.

I had to furnish the ~~place~~ ^{house}, and some of the things, Jane Smith-Hutton, the wife of the the naval attache, immediately started helping me go to places to buy bedcovers and such. I had brought sheets ^{from the U.S.} and ~~also~~ had bought a single bed. I had to buy a ^{heating} stove. The Japanese ~~don't~~ ^{sometimes} use ^{this} these kind of stoves; it's ^a ~~the~~ ¹² type of charcoal stoves, and it burns a charcoal brick about ~~12~~ inches in diameter, maybe ¹⁵ inches high, and it has long cylindrical holes through ^{the charcoal brick} ~~it~~ so that it will burn ~~just~~ on these ^{too} ~~outside~~ surfaces, But put into this small stove and lighted, it would burn for about eight hours or so, enough ^{so} that ^{we} ~~you~~ could start it in the morning and at least get me through the study hours. It didn't turn out much heat, but enough that I could get

by. This was purely a Japanese home with sliding paper doors and paper windows and all such as that. I had to buy ~~that~~ ^{many things.} I brought blankets with me, in fact, my Naval Academy blankets. But other various items, I had to get, ~~and~~ such as a desk.

Q: This you put upstairs.

Captain Biard: Yes, I put it upstairs, ^{had} my own little study there, and I put my trunks in the alcove and used that for a special purpose I will mention later on, almost got me in trouble. I got set up where the instructor would have a chair, he'd sit over here next to my desk and talk to me, and I'd be at the desk writing when necessary, look at my tokuhon, and ^{we} got along pretty well. The instructors that "Nag" had were not too good. He just had to pick them up here and there. One was quite good, another one was pretty fair, but the third one, although he tried to be very pleasant, was quite awful. He was quite awful in more than one way. The Japanese eat a pickled radish, a radish that is about two feet long and extremely, extremely smelly, and they pickle it, and after they pickle it, the odor carries for blocks ~~and blocks and blocks.~~ It used to be that I would walk along the streets near my house, and I would know where all of the food stores were. They would be open, and they would have this stuff out on the sidewalk, and they'd have this pickled radish, buckets of it out on the ^{sidewalk.} ~~street.~~ When I knew

that I was coming to one of these stores, I would hold my breath ~~for~~ about 50 feet before I got there, and hold it until about 50 feet past the store because the smell was so overpowering. Well, this instructor loved this pickled radish, and he would come to my place right after he ate his noon meal. Whew! Oh, I was hanging on the ropes. But John Roenigk was going with a very, very wonderful Chinese girl.

Q: Chinese?

Captain Biard: Yes. ^{Half-} Chinese girl, ^{whom} ~~who~~ everybody loved, everyone. Before I went to ^{Japan,} ~~China~~ and before I left Washington, all the wives that had been out there, ^{said,} "Oh, you'll meet Tony Wong. You'll meet Tony Wong. She is so wonderful." And she was wonderful, one of the most wonderful people I've ever met, just absolutely magnificent, not necessarily beautiful, but a magnificent person. Tony Wong was the ward of a wealthy American family, a very wealthy American family, the Andrews, who had a fantastic home about five miles from where John and I lived. John was going with her. She had automobiles, she had chauffeurs, and she had gasoline, she and the Andrews did have. The Andrews then were in the States and she was minding things for them. She ran the office for them. Andrews and George was the ^{company,} ~~office,~~ and they were machinery importers, wealthy, very wealthy, big, big, big, fine people. They had a lovely four-

story home later used for the American Army area headquarters after we occupied Japan. More about that. Many, many parties at Tony Wong's place. Tony was just a delightful hostess, a wonderful person. But Tony also went around, she knew places, and she and Jane Smith-Hutton went with me and saw that I got things for my home. So I ended up able to exist pretty well.

Q: You had a bed. You didn't use the ^{tatami?} ~~tatami~~.

Captain Biard: No, I didn't use ^{the tatami, I had a bed.} ~~it~~, not a bit. First thing you know, I was going along in pretty good shape, bought a bicycle, that was the means of transportation. ^{when} I couldn't ride the streetcar, ^I ~~and~~ had to ride a bicycle. John had his place fixed up very well. He was just right across ^{the alley and} to the left of me. Down below my place there was a little native temple, Buddhist temple, where the people would come all hours of the day and beat the gong, their little sticks, and chant hymns to their ancestors and so on. That went on all the time, it was really colorful, and there was a wall right here and then 20 or 30 feet below, the lower level where the little temple was located, was placed. But John and I were there right next to this wall. John had his place fixed up very artistically. Tony had done a good job for him with local trimmings and things from China. He had a servant girl, Yamadasan, who was not bad-looking, and probably had been shackled up with an officer, a language student, in earlier days,

probably had been. But ~~the~~ Yamadasan was young and quite good-looking, very pleasant, and she liked me. Whenever she could--my servants were old, old, a woman and man, both unattractive, the woman was just as unattractive as the man, He was just an old Japanese farmer. ^{Yamadasan} ~~she~~ was quite pretty and she was very pleasant, she could speak well, and sometimes if John wasn't there, maybe he was out visiting Tony or something in her lovely place, I might just go over and visit with ~~the~~ Yamadasan, there solely for the purpose of just talking, and she'd know it. So she helped me learn the language, too. All straight and above, living by the rules of Smith-Hutton, no funny stuff at all. She was just pleasant, she liked me, and she liked to talk to me as I liked to talk to her. I could learn a lot about her and about the Japanese from her. Any Japanese I talked to ^{taught} ~~told~~ me something about the Japanese. *Yamadasan was very pleasant and helpful.*

So things went on well, and John saw that I got around lots of places, and Tony immediately started inviting me out to all of her parties on weekends at the lovely, lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and their family, taking me places in her car with the gasoline. Gasoline was hard to get. So I started off doing quite well, a few hardships, but it turned out that my total expenses ran ^{quite low,} ~~ordinarily,~~ I would give about one party a month for maybe ^{six} ~~ten~~ people, and my total expenses ^{for the month} would be between ~~\$21 and~~ \$25 and \$30.

Q: Where would you give the parties?

Captain Biard: In ~~the~~ ^{my little} house, in the small dining room ~~on~~ the ground floor.

Q: In your own home.

Captain Biard: Yes. Nothing too fancy because my cooks were unable to cook ~~too well that~~ first year.

Q: But your household was spacious enough to have a party of ~~six or so?~~ ^{ten?}

Captain Biard: Yes, a ^{fairly} large room, and sit on the floor if necessary. By this time I had bought a phonograph and some good records, and very soon I would have some good liquor. So this went on until about Christmastime. At Christmastime, ~~this~~ ^{the} naval attache encouraged us to go to Shanghai, the reason being we were well supervised by the Japanese there in Tokyo. In Tokyo we weren't supervised on the street so much, but the ^{Kempei} ~~Kempei~~, those are the plainclothes secret military police, would come around to see our servants about every two weeks and they would demand a complete report on all that they knew that we were doing. The servants, ~~whether they usually, most~~ of the embassy crowd, ^{and} the language officer crowd servants stayed with those ^{people,} that type of person. If a consul relieved a consul here, the other consul

would move ^{into} ~~in~~ the house this consul had and take over his servants, because the servants would be loyal and they would be excellent servants, he knew what he was getting, and they could handle the place for him. Likewise, the language officers who were leaving would turn their homes and their servants over to the incoming language officers. ^{But} ~~By~~ this time we had far more language officers coming in than ^{were leaving.} ~~left~~. There were none leaving. So all of us had to find new places. We didn't have enough ^{houses} ~~of~~ servants to inherit. But when the servants were inheritable, we got excellent servants who really loved their masters and were anxious to serve them, because we were an awful lot better, ^{and} serving us was an awful lot better than serving some of the Japanese. So they were as loyal as could be, but they couldn't be loyal to the extent of not telling the secret police what we were doing, because the secret police would take them down to the jail and torture them if they didn't. So we knew they did it, there was no doubt about that, that it was being done. And you would see the secret police, see them talking to your servants.

Well, John Roenigk turned out to be a man of great initiative and ingenuity. He ^{was} ~~is~~ responsible for much of my success in Japan later on. John told me, one of the first things, he said, "Now the secret police is going to come around to see your servants. I tell you the same one will probably come around to see you as sees me because we live next door to each other. His name is ~~such and such.~~ ^{→ Omura-san.} And I told ~~him~~ ^{→ Omura-san} this, 'Look, you don't have to

talk to my servants. Come up to see me. I don't study on Sunday mornings. If you'd come around on Sunday mornings, we can sit down and we can have some beer together. Just talk to me all you want to, and I'll tell you anything you want to know that you could get from my servants." And sure enough, the ^{Kempei} ~~Kempei~~ did just that. He said, "I suggest you do the same thing." He said, "Furthermore, when you're in Tokyo, they won't follow you. There's not much around here unless you go to a sensitive area where there are factories, but the minute you get on a train and get past Yokohama, you'll be trailed by at least two plainclothes police. They won't tell you who they are, but they'll be so obvious that you can't miss ^{them.} ~~them.~~ They'll stick out just like a sore thumb." He said, "What I do is just like my secret police that comes around here, I ^{and} I see them, ^{and} I always see them, so I go back to them and say, 'Well, I'm Lieutenant (junior grade) John G. Roenigk, U.S. Navy. I'm attached to the American Embassy. I know you're following me. Why don't you just let me sit down here and we'll talk things over, and we'll have fun, have a lot of conversation? I'll get some practice speaking the language."

"No, no, no." And all of a sudden, "Well, yes we are." And they'd produce cards showing it. John would give them his card and they'll sit down and have fun. John was a great bluffer, a tremendously great bluffer.

Q: It was very, very wonderful and personal relationships,

besides being smart.

Captain Biard: Yes. So the first thing you know, ^{these plain clothes men} they were just talking like everything and relaxing. I'm getting my practice in the language.

Q: They weren't afraid of him and he wasn't afraid of them.

Captain Biard: No. They were trying to be so inconspicuous but just standing out like sore thumbs. Well, that always happened. They were always with you. We'll come across much of this later on. So he said, "I suggest you do the same thing."

"Okay, sounds good to me." So I called my man in, ^{when} and I saw him coming around. I told ^{my servants,} him, "Send him up here. I want to meet him." He did. He smiled. He was already accustomed to treating Roenigk that way, told me who he was. I showed him everything I had, almost, one thing he didn't see. And I explained the work, I had a good phonograph, played some records for him, he loved that, broke out some beer, he loved that even better yet. And so we just had a great time swapping yarns.

Q: You were able to speak enough Japanese at this point?

Captain Biard: He could speak a little English, and I could speak a little, ^{Japanese} This is particularly true later on when I could

really, really speak the language. I could speak enough to get along. We didn't speak enough at first. After a month or so, we could get a meal here, go to a beer hall[?] there, and so on. He would want to know the beer halls we had gone to. He would go down there and talk to those girls and find out what they knew about us, what we'd said. They'd tell him. I wasn't telling the girls anything I didn't want ^{them} to tell, nor would the others. . .

Q: I'd hope you wouldn't.

Captain Biard: We were smart and extremely loyal, I can assure you of that. We had a wonderful gang. So we got off well from the very start. After about three months came Christmastime. We arrived there just at the very end of September, and so October, November, December. The naval attache encouraged us to go to Shanghai to get away from this oppressive atmosphere.

Q: And it was.

Captain Biard: It was. It became more oppressive all the time, extremely oppressive at the last, but we didn't feel free there at the beginning, because the China incident ~~that~~ was going on and the military were very, very strict, and they were really putting the screws on the populace, ~~and~~ they were hampering our

freedom, too. The people before us, like Layton and Rosie Mason,
^{Eddie}
^{AI} ~~Hal~~ Kramer, ^{Ellis} Zacharias and ^{such} ~~there~~ knew ~~many~~, many, many ^{Japanese} naval
officers and associated with them, went places with them.

Q: Japanese naval officers.

Captain Biard: Yes. I didn't get to know a single Japanese
naval officer in my whole time there. I met ~~two~~ ^{five} or ~~three~~ ^{six} at a
cocktail party, and that was about all. They would not associate
with us under any conditions.

Q: As time passed.

Captain Biard: Well, our entire time there.

Q: All the time you were there.

Captain Biard: Whereas those who had been there years before the
situation between the U.S. and Japan became intense, they knew
officers all over the place, they knew all of the famous naval
officers, Yamamoto, Nomura, all of those, had met them, gone on
parties with them, had them to their home for dinner. They had
been to their homes for dinner, but nothing of that for our
group, not a bit.

So we got on an American President Lines ship in Yokohama
Lines

about December 20th, and took the day and a half trip to Shanghai. At Shanghai, we stayed at the Park Hotel, which was German-owned, so I understand, in the International Settlement. Someone who has not been to the International Settlement in Shanghai before the war can't understand or appreciate what it was or what it was like. The British ran it for the British. The Americans then came in. The French were there, they had their sector. The British and Americans, they pooled theirs. The Italians were in ~~the~~ ^{their} International Settlement, and the Japanese had their own International Settlement, too. ~~They~~ ^{All} had the rights of extraterritoriality. I'm sure that you, as a lawyer, know what the rights of extraterritoriality are. There we were perfectly free. It might be dirty, an awful lot of dirt everywhere, and you couldn't trust the food except at places that you knew for sure were clean and okay, but we didn't have to worry about secret police, didn't have to worry about the kind of company we kept or what we did, as long as it would not get us in trouble with the Navy. So there even though the war in Europe had started, they still had plenty of liquor, had plenty of materials, plenty of clothes, plenty of bed linens, toilet articles, everything we needed to live, so I just made a list of everything that I found out I needed and took it to Shanghai with me. At the Park Hotel, for \$3.50 a day, I could get a room, excellent, excellent meals, and service the likes of which you just can't imagine. Early in the morning you'd find your door

opening and a pair of Chinese eyes peeking in through the crack.

Q: You say Chinese so much.

Captain Biard: International settlement, China.

Q: I meant, even before. The help was Chinese.

Captain Biard: In Tokyo.

Q: And you were in Shanghai, of course, obviously they'd be Chinese.

Captain Biard: The language students had almost all Japanese help, but the embassy, ^{personnel} who lived outside of the embassy compound, had almost entirely Chinese cooks. Chinese cooked so much better.

Q: And they had inherited them.

Captain Biard: Yes, had inherited them. They knew what they were getting. So you'd see these eyes peek in, then when he thought you'd stirred just enough, he would bring in some tea and the continental breakfast for you. This would be the floor boy. He was just watching all the time. He had already polished your

shoes. You left your shoes outside the room. He had already polished those and put those inside. But the minute he saw you stirring, why, he'd bring in tea and your continental breakfast, then he'd take any other order that you might want. When you left, of course, why, he'd immediately fix up the room and fix up all your clothes. You were just waited on hand and foot. Go down to the rickshaw driver, and you'd argue about the price, of where you wanted to go. So I was warned that one thing you should never do was to pay a rickshaw driver too much for the trip, because he'd think then that you didn't know the ways of the Far East, that you were a stranger, and he could get some more money out of you, and he would threaten you and he might even beat you up for more money. But if you paid him just the right amount, he would know that you knew the Far East and he couldn't get away with anything. He would scowl at you and turn away. Well, I had my little way for doing that and still being a good guy. I quickly hit upon the idea that I would give him the right amount for the trip, only that specified by the police, the International Settlement police. I'd say, "See, this is it. This right." He scowled. Then I'd pull off a generous tip and hand it to him, "Cumshaw." Then his face would light up, and he would bow. Because he knew I knew what I should do, and he couldn't put anything over on me. So during the winter with ice on the ground, on the streets, you'd have these rickshaw pullers, rickshaw boys, bare feet, running over this ice and snow, and

that just hurt me, so I was overly generous with my tips, and oh, the smiles that I got, they were really something. But they also knew they were dealing with a man who knew what he was doing.

Q: An old China hand.

Captain Biard: An old China hand. I hesitated to say it right then, old China, because I wasn't yet, but I was getting there. But we had excellent, excellent, excellent food, excellent nightclubs, excellent soda fountains.

Q: All within the settlement?

Captain Biard: Yes. Wonderful stores, Chinese stores.

Q: How large was this?

Captain Biard: Tremendous. Millions of people, a couple of million people.

Q: In the international settlement.

Captain Biard: Yes, almost all of them Chinese. A tremendous commercial place, the Bund, that's by the waterfront where the British had all their commercial buildings, a fantastic place.

Q: One would have to have seen that.

Captain Biard: One would have to have seen it to appreciate it. I have seen Shanghai in travelogs since the war, and the Shanghai I see doesn't even start to be the Shanghai that I knew.

Q: Understandable, I think.

Captain Biard: Of course, across the Soochou Creek, the Whangpoo, we had the Japanese settlement that was still pretty badly torn up from the war of 1937-38 when the Japanese bombarded the area, and the Japanese were very, very mean. Of course, the Japanese military are always nasty. Over there the rickshaws were different. In the International Settlement, the British had rickshaws fixed up properly. They had a preventer on the rear of them. If when you're sitting in the rickshaw and you didn't have these rear extensions, sort of sleds or runners out, if the coolie let go of the bars that he pulled, you would be thrown over backwards and bang your head ^{on the street,} be knocked out, and he could rob you. So the British had ~~to have~~ these runners on the backs of the rickshaws, ^{but} ~~and~~ on the Japanese side, ^{there were} no runners on the rickshaws. I'm sure, though, that no coolie ever did rob a Japanese officer, ^{for} ~~but~~ if he did, why, he'd have ⁵⁰⁰ ~~50,000~~ coolies taken out and shot. So I suppose they didn't need the runners. But in the International Settlement they were properly fixed.

And if the coolie misbehaved or got in trouble with the law, and the Sikhs were the police there ...

Q: Oh, they were?

Captain Biard: The great big Indian Sikhs. Man, they would put up with no nonsense from the coolies at all. If they got in trouble with the police, the policeman would just take the pad, the seat cushion from the rickshaw, and without the seat cushion, the rickshaw ^{puller} couldn't get a customer. Nobody wanted to ride in a rickshaw without a seat cushion.

Q: These were British who employed the ^{Sikhs?} ~~seats?~~

Captain Biard: Yes. This is one way of keeping the rickshaw boys under control. They'd be waiting there at the hotel, and boy, they wouldn't cross one of these ^{Sikhs} ~~seats~~ at all. They ran ~~it~~ ^{thing} properly. The British didn't let things get out of line.

At that time we had the Fourth Marine Regiment ^{in Shanghai} ~~there to~~ to protect our part of the International Settlement. They lived the life of Riley. Gin was 80 cents a bottle, bourbon, about \$1 a quart. They didn't have fifths in those days. Scotch, the best Scotch, about \$1.20 a bottle. Benedictine, about \$3 a bottle, maybe \$2.80. Cointreau, a little bit less. So we just filled up case after case after case of this wonderful liquor to take back

with us because there wasn't any in Japan; many cases. We worried about getting it into the country when we got there, when we got back. Then there was an old Chinaman--well, there were many Chinese tailors. One of the best and one of the best established was known to Bromley, who was one of the group that I was with, and he took me around to see him. I wanted some more clothes. His name was Tom. Tom had a little loft somewhere, just a small window or two, dingy place, no fittings, no nothing, just the shabbiest sort of tables with wonderful tweeds and woolens, all the Scotch tweeds and ~~woolens~~^{woollens} all over them, nothing but the very best, and this most unattractive--it wasn't a shop, it was almost a manger, a second-story manger. But here was Tom, and he had letters of recommendation from all the admirals that ever commanded the Asiatic Fleet^s for the last 20 years ^{of} ~~in~~ both Britain and America, testifying to his honesty and his integrity and his ability. And sure enough, the price of this wonderful material there, how much would it be in a suit of this wonderful Irish tweed, this excellent Irish tweed, \$17.50.

"When will it be ready?"

"In three days from tomorrow. Come back in two days for a try-on."

"Well, what if I buy the material and take it back to Tokyo with me?"

"\$17.50."

"What? You won't give me a reduction for ^{no} labor?"

"No. I pay my boys \$3 a year. Labor doesn't cost me enough that I can give you a reduction."

It was \$17.50 for the most wonderful Irish tweed in the world. You couldn't beat that.

Q: All made up.

Captain Biard: All made up, yes, excellent, by an expert tailor. So I got several suits of various types, summer, winter, everything.

Q: You were still wearing civilian clothes all the time?

Captain Biard: Yes, all the time. I also got some uniforms, too, for emergencies, and we did need uniforms for some occasions, official occasions, but we seldom had them, and I knew I'd need them when I went back to the fleet. I got my uniforms mostly the next year. So we visited Tom quite a bit. He was very reliable; he did exactly what he said he would do.

Q: Where did he get this material?

Captain Biard: Oh, the International Settlement was a free port. He got it from England.

↑ duty free

Q: He would buy it when they brought it off the ship.

0600
0700
0300

Captain Biard: Yes. Just like the Fourth Marines would buy their liquor, their Scotch. There would be wholesalers there in Shanghai, they'd probably get it from the wholesalers in Shanghai, but it was without duty, and dirt cheap. So we filled up on everything, just everything that we needed for the next year, enjoyed it, enjoyed it tremendously, wonderful eats. I went to some real Chinese restaurants where I got my first bird's nest soup and shark ^{fin soup.} ~~meat~~. I did get those. They didn't have that in Japan itself. Those were some of the dishes we didn't find at the embassy parties. Wonderful Russian food. I was already familiar with Russian cooking from Washington. I used to go to Washington occasionally when they'd let me, when I was a midshipman, and eat at ^{two} ~~a few~~ Russian restaurants there, both of them near the Mayflower Hotel. So I knew what I wanted.

I am going into considerable detail in the narrative of my stay in Japan because the details surrounding the lives and experiences and the work of the language officers on the language detail at the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo, these items have never been presented either to historians, to the Navy, or to the public. I think that a fairly detailed record of this experience is appropriate at this time.

I was in Shanghai and had prepared to return to Tokyo after the ten days or so of vacation. There we had our physical exams.

Before we went to Shanghai, we had to receive cholera shots, typhoid shots, quite a number of other shots because of the hazards of life in the Orient, within China. We had our physical exams given to us by the Navy doctors at the Fourth Marines. And then before returning, I decided I wanted a short wave, just an ordinary, good U.S. radio, with short wave attachment, not a broadcasting radio, but just a receiver, ^{radio receiver} ~~which~~ ^{but even this} was entirely outlawed for us in Tokyo. We did not have diplomatic passports. The diplomatic passports had been given to our language officers up until about 1936, when an alleged Japanese language officer in the United States was picked up on an espionage charge and the U.S. cancelled all diplomatic passports for the so-called Japanese language officers who really were espionage agents, not language officers, because they came over here ^{already} knowing the language, and they were sent, say, one to Chicago, one to San Francisco, one to Seattle, one to New Orleans, some to Washington, in other words, the major industrial centers, to pick up what they could pick up, and also to arrange skullduggery when they could. But they were still allegedly language officers, but we were truly language officers. We were told, "Your job is to study the language and get good at it and not to get into trouble." They were supposed to do things ^{that would} ~~to~~ get them into trouble, that could get them into trouble. Well, this one had got in trouble and the diplomatic passports of the entire outfit, of all their language officers from then on were disallowed and

English

after that they were just given ordinary passports. So we entered Japan with so-called special passports; "Special" means ^{very} little. The Japanese didn't know exactly what to make of it, but we got along fairly well on them because the Japanese foreign office gave us a little identification card with a picture, and whenever we would show this on our travels, people would look at it, had never seen it before, and wouldn't know what to think of it, but it was official, so they didn't know just how to treat us. So we almost got diplomatic privileges in our travels around the country, but we did not have the privilege to have short wave receivers or to import liquor or to import food or any other necessities. Those with diplomatic passports could do that with suppliers from San Francisco from whom they'd order everything that they wished. The last thing that remained for me to get in Shanghai was a short wave receiver, so I got the very best ~~one~~ overseas receiver I could find in all of Shanghai, and took it to my hotel room, and from ^{there} ~~then~~ on to the American President Lines ship that would be going back to Yokohama. Lines ship

We went back to Yokohama. The American President Lines ship was met by the American Embassy van, as always, because it would bring down the diplomatic mail pouches and other mail, and then pick up diplomatic mail and other items ~~as~~ consigned to the U.S. Embassy ^{in Tokyo,} and meet whatever official people ^{were} on official trips, too, to Japan. The people on the truck that came there were State Department people who knew me quite well, so when they came

aboard, I told them, "I've got all this stuff, liquor, I've even got a short wave radio ^{receiver} here that I want to get ashore. I know I can't get it past the Japanese if I try to take it. How about you?"

"Well, well, well, yes, we've got some extra mail bags." So we just put everything in some mail bags and here they went back ^{as} ~~in~~ diplomatic mail. ~~You can't stop it, put it on a truck, it went.~~ So I got everything in. Other people got things, too, but I was the only one who brought a short wave radio back, which turned out to be a wonderful thing, ^{but} almost got me into some very serious trouble. More about that later. But it was a great comfort, and I used to have Americans come from all over Tokyo to hear war news after the war ^{in Europe got hot} ~~broke out~~, because I had the short wave receiver.

Q: How far could you get?

Captain Biard: Anywhere. Europe, U.S., short wave, get that overseas easily.

Q: You heard from Europe and the United States both on that.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Did you have to plug it in?

Captain Biard: Just a short wave antenna was all I needed. You put that up in the room temporarily, that's when I'd pull out my radio and then I could take it down when I put ^{the receiver} ~~it~~ away.

Q: But you didn't plug it in to the floor, to a connection?

Captain Biard: Yes, yes, I'd plug it in, just a regular--they had 240 volts there, and I had been warned, and I brought my own 240-volt ...

Q: Transceiver.

Captain Biard: *I had brought a 240V/110V transformer*
~~I take that back. I don't know whether they had~~
from the United States
~~240 now or not, or 110.~~ Anyway, I knew what they had and I came prepared. It was ready to plug in. *It was 240 volts.*

Q: That was wonderful to be able to get all that information, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes. I had many people come around, when things really got hot and got interesting, come around to my place. I'd say, "Shh," and we'd bring it out and tune it in very low and listen to all the latest war news.

Q: Was there any way the Japanese could pick up what you were

getting?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, they could pick it up if they had a receiver, but they didn't allow them to have this type of set. It's only the AM, that is the type of thing you get your local-- not even FM. But FM wouldn't carry overseas anyway. I think they only had AM receivers and ~~did not carry~~ ^{they could not receive from} overseas. ...

Q: But I mean the officials. Could they tell what you were doing?

Captain Biard: No. Not with the equipment they had then.

Q: I see. Okay.

Captain Biard: Nowadays they would be able to. See, I wasn't transmitting, I wasn't sending secret stuff out of the country. I was just getting my own news, overseas news for my own personal curiosity.

Q: I just wondered if they picked you up and threw you in the jail.

Captain Biard: They would have and darn near did.

Q: Okay. Well, you'll tell me that in a minute.

Captain Biard: We'll get to that story in a minute. Anyway, we put these in extra mail bags and we got them back to the embassy, and the first thing you know, on a dark night, I took the ~~set~~ set to my house, and I put it in ^a ~~the~~ trunk, a steamer type trunk that I put in the Japanese alcove in my living room, so-called living room.

Q: Second floor?

Captain Biard: Second floor. Never, never, never on the first floor. It had a good lock on it. Of course, locks can always be picked, but I was on pretty good ...

Q: I just wanted to get the picture.

Captain Biard: I was on pretty good terms with my secret police, and more on that later, much more later. So I got back and things started again, much better now, I had a good liquor supply, a very good liquor supply, by this time I had even had my dad send me some cases of Gebhardt's Chile^{Chili} Con Carne from Texas. Dad had influence with the Lykes Bros. Steamship Lines, and they would take things over to me free of charge. They'd be unloaded somewhere and shipped up to ^{Tokyo} ~~Japan~~. But Gebhardt's ^{Chili} ~~Chile~~ Con

Carne in those days was just about as good as ~~chile~~^{chili} you could get at the best of the ~~chile~~^{chili} parlors in Texas. Nowadays it isn't, but then it was tremendously good. I had him send me over several cases of that. As I told you, I was a weight lifter. I also had him send me over my Olympic weights. My American friends soon knew that I had Texas ~~chile~~^{chili}. Every Friday evening, I might find all of a sudden I had some guests, and I would serve them drinks, ^{and} that should be enough, they'd just come by to say hello and have a drink with me. But then they wouldn't leave, they wouldn't leave, they wouldn't leave, they wouldn't leave. Finally I'd say, "Well, can I spare a can or two of ~~chile~~^{chili}?" to myself. And the first time or two, it only took me so that I could recognize the signal, but the first time this happened, I finally said, "Well, it's about time for dinner. The only thing I have that could possibly go all the way around for us would be some of my Gebhardt's ~~Chile~~^{Chili} Con Carne. Would you like some?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes." That's exactly what they were waiting for. They hadn't told me, but they were forcing my hand. And so we'd have Gebhardt's ~~Chile~~^{Chili} Con Carne. Well, that was the standard routine from then on. When war news got bad, boy, we'd go over, "We want to hear the war news, but if we stay long enough, we'll get some ~~chile~~^{chili} con carne." So my dad kept sending me ~~chile~~^{chili} con carne, sent me my Olympic weights. I had made the friendship of Bob Hoffman, the Olympic ^{weight-lifting} trainer in the U.S., the man who sponsored the Olympic ^{lifting} team, and I had introduced weight

lifting at the Naval Academy, I had broken all of their strength records, ^{but} ~~which~~ was given no credit because I only weighed 160 pounds. You had to be a great big man on the football team to break one of their official weight records, but I ^{could} ~~can~~-break any of them and broke all of them that they had. But I missed my weights and had my dad send them over by Lykes Bros. Steamship. They were impounded in customs at Kobe. Someone, a Japanese, ^{who} knew English fairly well, sent me a reasonably good letter. I'd like to be able to write an equally good letter in Japanese, not perfect, but good, saying, "We have these things down here for you. We want to know what they are before we send them. What are they? Why do you want them?"

And so just prior to that time, I had seen ^{that} some Japanese ^{had set} ~~with~~ some weight lifting records, so I put together a letter. "These are weights. I'm sure you've read in the papers that so and so and so and so ^{of Japan} just recently set excellent records, phenomenal records for their body weight class in weight lifting. They are to be commended." I went on to praise the Japanese very highly. I said, "These weights are for exactly that purpose. I do the same thing. There will be some Japanese using them with me." That was all it took. Bang, bang, bang, here they came right up to my house, this little place ^{there} by the temple.

Well, there's a small entrance ^{on my house} ~~out~~ there, a very small entrance with a little porch. Just outside that space was about five feet between there and the ^{front} alley where I could take my

weights in the afternoon, go out there and do my lifting. I'm not large, but I'm larger than most Japanese ^{were} in those days. Japanese in the present day are ^{a bit} ~~much~~ larger. The Japanese in those days were not too large usually, and even in America I was a pretty powerful man, even though I only weighed about 165 pounds, perhaps. So I would lift my weights out there, and the Japanese children and Japanese service men, like the tofu men and fish men, bringing stuff around, they'd stop, look at me and say, "Oh, my goodness, he's powerful, isn't he?" Well, they would try to lift the weights. Of course, they couldn't even get them off the ground. I'd take them and toss them overhead. So they'd all come around in the afternoon and watch me train with weights. So I became quite well-known in the area because I was the powerful gaijin, the powerful foreigner. I was the powerful, strong gaijin. So that was one of my afternoon recreations if it wasn't raining, I would almost always go out for an hour or so with the weights. Studying as hard as we did, we needed to get out and get some exercise. Besides, I loved weight lifting. It's very popular now. It wasn't popular then, but it's extremely popular now. So I enjoyed that, ^{and} that helped a lot. The parties at Tony Wong's, at the other places, all that, they went on all the time on weekends, and the weekends were usually pretty gay.

One weekend Jane Smith-Hutton threw a big party for all of us. This was quite towards the beginning of my stay there. She invited two or three girls, one of whom had on a white--it was

still a very hot autumn day--had on a white embroidered dress of some sort, she was very nice-looking, ^{Japanese girl who} spoke English with a British accent, spoke it perfectly, and Jane, I think, by design placed her next to me. Her name was ^{Shinae} Shinae Ozaki. One thing I remember about the dinner is that she spilled some red wine on her dress, the white dress, and I was very discomfited by that, ~~and~~ she was, too. I don't think I spilled it, I think she spilled it, but she wasn't blaming me, of course. But she was a perfect--she turned out to be a very, very well-educated young lady, Japanese. I now know that she was a quarter English. But she was the daughter of one of the most famous people in Japan, ~~she~~ she was the daughter of Yukio Ozaki, who now is revered as the father of democracy in Japan. Yukio Ozaki, who was elected to Parliament when Parliament was first established, was a member of Parliament until he died at the age of about 94. He was mayor of Tokyo, and as mayor of Tokyo, he gave the cherry trees to Washington, D.C., the cherry trees around the Tidal Basin. His wife was half-English, and ^{Shinae} Shinae had been brought up by her mother, who spoke English perfectly, and her father, who was a true, true conservative liberal. I don't mean liberal in the United States, that would be pink. But this would be a conservative in their country. A liberal over there ^{in those days} would be ~~called a~~ ^{now, in the U.S.} conservative ~~in those days~~. Oh, yes, with the military the way they were, ooh. And he had been mayor of Tokyo, he was the senior member of the Diet, had a lovely home in the ^{hills} ~~hills~~ down on

the Izu Peninsula, beyond Tokyo, beyond Yokohama.

Q: I've been there, the peninsula. Didn't you go out by ferry?

Captain Biard: No, we didn't have to. We went by train. You can see the water from the place, a lovely house. So Shina soon had us, had me and quite a few other members of the embassy group, the foreign language group, down to her home there on the Izu Peninsula, a lovely afternoon. We enjoyed it very, very much and saw that they really had something. There she showed me a picture of her father where he was orating somewhere, and she said, "I am so proud of my father." I didn't know then who he was or really what he was. It was later that I was to find out. I can only say if he had been my father, I would have been equally proud of him, too. He was a wonderful man, yet he was the only man in all of Japan who stood up to the military consistently and was not assassinated. He had so much stature with these Japanese people that not even the military would have the nerve to try to assassinate him, because they knew the people loved him too much. I used to talk to my tutors about him, and they would then whisper to me. They'd say, "Oh, we think he is the most wonderful man in the world. He is just outstanding. What he does try to do for the people. Why, one time in the Diet when they were trying to pass, going to pass and did pass an absolutely, almost confiscatory tax for the military, he stood up

and said, 'Why do you insist on fattening the watch dog when the people inside the house are starving?' You didn't say that ~~to~~ ^{about} the military in Japan, You'd be dead the next morning. I have a book by him, and I have others, and in this book, written in English, he says, "I expect to die with my shoes on. I expect to die a violent death. I expect to be assassinated." And any other Japanese of lesser stature who had done something like that would have been assassinated, but he was that tremendous. He had sufficient stature that not even the military would go after him, and something like this would ^{have} ~~be~~ brought down ~~assassins~~ on anyone else. He sent his daughter to the Peers' School for girls. Now, the crown ~~prince~~ prince went to the boys' Peers' School, and ~~then~~ the equivalent for girls was the ~~other~~ girls' Peers' School. He sent her there. Because of the daughter of the Navy minister and the Army minister and people like that were going there, the daughters there, ~~they just~~ gave her a terribly rough time because of the way her father was opposing the military, ~~and~~ made it impossible for her there. Shina ~~was~~ was a brilliant girl. She said, "I will not tolerate this." So, ^{her father} ~~he~~ sent her to Mount Holyoke. So her education was at Mount Holyoke. Beautiful English, oh, it was just a pleasure to listen to her.

So after that, after the first trip to her place, she avoided us. Her father said, "We can't afford any longer to be seen with foreigners. It's too dangerous because the military police, the secret police are following me. It's too dangerous for you. Now

U.S. Navy

that will change." So I didn't see her anymore that year. She had, I found out later on, been quite in love earlier with a language student there, but because of the racial barriers, they had not married. Too bad, she never did marry. Her father brought her up in the English tradition, England and the U.S., and any girl brought up like that, Japanese girl who had to live in Japan after she was of a marriageable age, could never find a husband. The Japanese just would not marry a girl of that type because she would not be submissive as a Japanese wife must be. Shina~~2~~ was lovely and she was extremely intelligent, and one of the best friends I've ever had. More about her later. More about her.

Q: And more about him, about her father?

Captain Biard: A little bit. I never did really get to ~~know~~ ^{know} him.

Q: Well, how long did he last?

Captain Biard: He lasted until the 1950s.

Q: So after the war he was still alive.

Captain Biard: Yes. He was still trying to do what he could for

Japan. He did everything he could to keep the war from occurring. That's coming up also. There will be more on him later. So I didn't see Shina~~e~~ for another almost two years, so we will get to that later on. But I had met her down there, got to know her at her home, and then Jane Smith-Hutton told me just who she was. When I learned who she was, I was tremendously impressed. I had been impressed before, but then when I really found out and I understood why she was so proud of her father, I was truly impressed, fantastically.

So things went on. By the spring I was able to read most of the signs ^{on shops} in the neighborhood. That was one of my really great obsessions, was to be able to read the signs so I'd know what was being said everywhere when I went around the streets. So I would take my student, my university student, and we'd go down the streets. I'd say, "What does that sign say? All right, what does that character say? What is this character? I know this character. I don't know that one." He would help me out with that. It was all part of learning the language, of course. Anyway. So there was very much of that, making after hours language work a pleasure and a passtime. So I was able to read signs meaningfully; I could usually get what I wanted and make myself understood, I could understand the returning conversation and reply. I could read a bit, a little bit, not too much, some of the simpler magazines.

Then came summertime. Summertime approached. John Roenigk

was always right there with me and always guiding me, ~~right across~~
~~the street,~~ and ^{he} was a wonderful pal. I was going with him, with
 Tony Wong, and one of the places Tony took us was to a local
 Sumo_{contest,} the championship in the Kodokan, the big ^{Sumo palace} place there. That
 was my first Sumo, first witnessing the Sumo matches. Even
 though I didn't particularly like Sumo, I was tremendously
 impressed. She took us to other interesting places, never
 outside of Tokyo but always inside ~~Tokyo,~~ that city.

That summer was to be John's last summer in Tokyo, the end of
 his third year. He suggested that we both go up to Karuizawa, a
 place where most of the students would go, and one of the places
 where "Nag" would send the tutors to accompany them. He said, "I
 know some missionaries who are here, but ^{who will not be using} ~~I know people are having~~
 their houses up there, so let's go up to Karuizawa and see if we
 want to rent their houses." And so we caught a local train that
 went up the mountainous track to Karuizawa. Karuizawa is about
 100 kilometers from Tokyo. It's something like 4,000 feet high,
 and it's very pleasant in the summertime, very pleasant for the
 following reason. Starting about the beginning of June, the
 monsoon wind comes in in the morning toward land and brings with
 it a lot of moisture from the Pacific. Karuizawa is already in
 the mountains, and right next to Karuizawa there is a big, active
 volcano, Asamayama, so when the moisture-laden winds reach
^{about noon-time daily,} Karuizawa, they drop a lot of their moisture there usually every
 afternoon. But that isn't unpleasant because the ground around,

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out of place

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or at least the land of Karuizawa is composed entirely of ^{porous} cinders that have been spewed forth from this volcano about six kilometers away, one of the most active volcanoes in the world. The rain, when it falls, just goes right into ^{these small} ~~this~~ porous cinders and does not stay on the ground. It's pleasant, You can wear a raincoat, go walk out in it, and do anything you want to. So Tokyo in the summertime is extremely, extremely oppressive; it's hot and it's humid. So that all the families, the Westerners who can, get away from Tokyo in the summertime, and Karuizawa is one of the favorite retreats, in particular, ^{for} the missionaries who built their homes up there. So the Japanese, too, had followed them, and many Japanese had quite nice ^{summer} homes there. So we went there, my first trip, got off at the railroad station, we had to go up to the little town, not much there, Machi is the ^{word for} town. We went up to ^{the} Machi, saw it, and then we found out where to get to these two houses that were quite high, overlooking Karuizawa. They were up by themselves on Atagoyama. Atago, that's "eagle," and yama is mountain. So that the one that John ended up renting was well-covered by trees down below, my higher house was probably 50 yards back of it ^{higher} up on this Atagoyama overlooking all the elevated valley, the valley about 4,000 feet high, down to the front, and Asamayama to the right, this volcano. So we saw the houses had a tennis court, which we used ^{just} once. His ^{house} was perhaps a little better than the one I got, but I was happy with mine. Both of them were very minimum, ^{They} were not made for

we do now?"

Captain Biard: Well, I don't think I had to tell them that, but they were very sociable, very sociable.

Q: They'd never been there either?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: That's funny.

Captain Biard: And so we chose opposite sides of the sand dunes and became better acquainted. My girl told me, "^{watch}~~Walk~~ out for the rock scorpions." I found out later that rock scorpions are very, very deadly and quite a threat out there. I didn't know. So we enjoyed the moonlight and the evening and finally came back in town another way. As we came back, it was then about 11:00 or 11:30, the sandy road had Arabs sleeping in the sand, nothing underneath them, just their bernooses only, but as we'd go by making noise, they'd say, "Ehhh." Just Arabs lining the ^{roadway}~~street~~, just sleeping. That was the only place they had to stay. They might have come in from somewhere else, I don't know. But that was it. I asked the girls about it. "We don't know." But we went back to their school place there, quite a very, very pleasant evening.

winter life at all, ^{with large} ~~the~~ cracks in all the walls, just minimum lathe work, ^{lathe} ~~laid~~ boards, ^{no paint anywhere} and no screens of any kind, unfortunately. But I said yes, I took the higher one, John took the lower one, so that was it. We went back to ^{Tokyo} ~~town~~ for a few more months.

About this time the first six months' exam was coming on. We took exams every six months; they lasted all day. They were given by Iwamotosan. Iwamoto was a very, very nice Japanese gentleman. Never in my life have I known a Japanese any nicer ^{than} ~~that~~ he was. He was married to an American wife, had a daughter who was quite skillful, a 12-year-old daughter, quite skillful on the violin. ^{Iwamotosan} ~~Iwamotosan~~ knew where we were in the books, he was well acquainted with the course, he was a true gentleman, and he gave an honest exam but a good and thorough one. So I passed the six months' exam fairly well, in fact, quite well. We had to take ^{an} ~~an~~ exam even in dictation, that is, dictation using the Japanese as far as we had learned it.

Q: Really? You mean like shorthand?

Captain Biard: No. We had to write the characters down. He would dictate the language to us. Even ^{with} ~~that~~, there were about six different items ^{the exam.} ~~on it~~. I made out quite well, was very happy with it. And after the exam, we ordinarily took about ten days' off for a sightseeing ~~trip~~ and familiarization trip around

Japan, a little rest. The naval attache wanted us to do this to get to know the country, ^{and to} relax a bit after the strenuous studying for the exam. This time I went on about two trips, one of them was out to the famous island of Oshima, which is south of Tokyo Bay. Oshima is a famous volcanic island, it's famous for its suicide leap. Japanese boys and girls who cannot get permission of their parents to marry, and that's many in Japan, the marriages are usually arranged by the families, quite frequently would go to Oshima and jump into the crater. So this was my first stop along with a friend, who was a code clerk in the embassy, Ted Hockaday. Ted Hockaday was from Texas. I had not known him before he came to Tokyo, but he and I used to run around a bit together there. He wanted to go to Oshima with me, so we went. We had to catch a steamer from the main island, a small excursion steamer. When we got to Oshima, a boat came out to take us ashore, and this was one of the most hair-raising experiences I've ever suffered, ^{and} I ~~suffered~~. We got in the boat with some other Japanese, more Japanese continued to get in the boat, more continued, until we had about six inches of freeboard. Just a little bit of imbalance and all of us would have been in the water. The Japanese didn't pay any attention to this at all. They were happy and nonchalant and carefree, and I was there, a Navy man, knowing that we were right on the verge of losing all of us, losing our lives, a disaster, was in this thing, couldn't get out to get back on board ship, and had to

just cross my fingers and sweat out the trip to the landing where we got off to go to the town of Ōshima.

Q: How was the weather?

Captain Biard: It was calm, fortunately. *It was springtime and pleasant.*

Q: I thought you were going to say and then you had a hurricane.

Captain Biard: No, this ^{*small boat ride*} was just a little half-mile trip, but I was sweating, sweating, sweating ~~the~~ ^{*the*} whole time. All the Japanese were just as nonchalant as could be, never realizing that this thing was about ten times overloaded. So we did get there, we got there and we got lodgings for the night at one of the inns. Ōshima is famous for its beautiful girls, and frankly, I'll say they were beautiful. They had some very lovely girls there. But another thing they were famous for was that they wear a headdress, just an ordinary towel they put on their hair a special way. I have a picture over here I will show you. You'd see these girls everywhere, and they were very attractive. Japanese girls can be very pleasant; the young girls are always quite pleasant. So we saw them, we got the hotel, got rooms and so on. By this time the weather was steaming, even though it was in the early spring. "Would you like a bath?" That's the first thing when you get to a Japanese inn, is a bath. So here it

wasn't mixed bathing. The ladies' bathing was on one side and there was a division about six feet high, and the men's bathing on the other side, just a small pool. It was hot, the pool itself was very hot. Here I was, a gaijin, a foreigner, and a lot of people had not seen foreigners very much, but the pool was so hot, the Japanese wouldn't get into it. Well, the foreigner wasn't going to be a complete chicken in front of the Japanese, so when they said, "Oh, it's too hot," and didn't get in, I got in the pool. I stayed, though I sure as hell wanted to get out. Oh, I was just frying in there, but the Japanese looking at me, "Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my." Well, as I told you, I was a weight lifter and in pretty good condition and quite husky in those days. Some of them would come up to me and feel my arms. "~~My~~" "Mui tsuyoi!" That means "strong." While I was there, they would come up to me. Tsuyoi, that's the adjective meaning strong. They would marvel over this tremendously husky, as they thought it, as they saw me, foreigner. "Mui tsuyoi" ... "very strong."

Well, my red-headed friend was having other things to watch. He was higher than the partition between us and the women's side. I wasn't.

Q: You mean he was that tall?

Captain Biard: Yes. *The partition was not extremely high.*

Q: Really?

Captain Biard: Yes. So he was saying, "Oh, Tex, you ought to see what I'm seeing. Oh, you ought to see. You ought to see." I mean, mixed bathing is ^{not done} ~~nothing~~ in Tokyo, in the cities. There's no more mixed bathing. But out in the resort areas, frequently there is, very frequently there is. So I stayed in the bath long enough to let the Japanese know I wasn't--it was hot, I got out, I stayed long enough that they could really say, "Ah, he's brave, isn't he?" The foreigner really showed them something. "He is so strong, too."

Q: You were just showing off.

Captain Biard: I was showing off, very definitely so. I wasn't going to show the Japanese that I might be a weakling in any way whatsoever. I definitely was showing off. They were impressed. Of course, all the time I'm smiling and bantering various things back and forth with them.

Then we went back to the hotel, and when we got to the hotel, the proprietor came around ^{to our room} ~~the hotel~~. A hotel of that type in Japan is called a ryokan. He said, "Wouldn't you like a geisha tonight?"

"No, geisha expensive."

"Oh, well, these really aren't geisha."

And I said, "No, I don't think so." So he tried awfully hard to get some geisha for us, but without success. He tried hard. We spent the night there pleasant enough.

The next day we went out to see the island. The island consisted of a road to the top of the volcano. We went to the top of it, saw the leap, and it's like the Empire State Building. The people who jumped off the Empire State Building ^{in earlier days} ~~the other~~ ~~day~~, before they had a guardrail that usually prevented their jumping off, seldom ever missed the first ledge. They usually hit the ledge and didn't hit the street, the first ledge about 50 or 60 feet below the jumping off spot. The crater of the volcano was the same way; there was a ledge at this time, there was a ledge that usually caught the lovers when they were committing suicide, but they still committed suicide even so. We saw that. Then on the way down, there was a camel, a Siberian camel, not an Arabian camel, ^{not} a North African camel, but a Siberian camel which you could ride for a fee. We rode them, and we got to a very dinky something they called the Trans-Siberian Railway. That was a little roller coaster affair on some very rickety tracks, and these roller coasters had perhaps the least upkeep of any roller coasters anywhere in the world. Even so, we rode them down there. They did have brakes of a sort. We rode them down the slope and back down to the town. So by this time we had seen most of Ōshima, took a look around here and there, and then caught another steamer back to the mainland, We thought we were

to the main island
of Honshū

smart this time. We found a Japanese who had his own boat. We said, "We'll pay you to take us out there." I don't know how many were in the boat that would have brought us otherwise, but I didn't want that trip again. I'd had it. So we went back. We toured some more of Japan, nothing of any great importance, as I remember now, and finally after a few days I went back to Tokyo a bit rested.

But here I wish to backtrack a bit. After ~~we~~ → all of us, the five of us, had been in Tokyo for about three months or two months, let's say two months, in three months we went to Shanghai, at the end of two months, we knew enough Japanese that we could ask for a ticket to here or there, we could ask for a meal, we could ask for a cup of coffee, and we could ask, "How much is this?" The absolute minimum ^{now} we could handle. So we went down to the nearest resort to Tokyo, which is ^{Atami, a seaside} ~~Asami~~ hot springs resort. ^{Atami} ~~Asami~~ is famous for all sorts and kinds of recreation. One of the first things you do when you go to a resort hotel ~~of that type~~, in a resort town of that type, you go to your hotel, you take off your clothes and put on the kimono that has the name of the hotel. The maid helps you. After all, nakedness is nothing in Japan. The maid would help you, and then you would use the geta, those are the wooden clogs that the Japanese wear in place of shoes. You'd put those things and they are the things also that Japanese men and boys, university boys and high school boys use in fights, if they get in fights, they

pull off a geta and hit you over the head with it. It's a big piece of wood with cross pieces on it, pretty good for fighting.

Q: Effective.

Captain Biard: Effective. So we started moving around. You can always tell which hotel a certain person is staying ^{at} by the kimono he's wearing because it has the name of the hotel on it. There are many, many resort hotels there. So we moved around a bit and got lost slightly, maybe. Soon it was evening, ^{and we} bumped into a very nice-looking gent, who was wearing a ritzy kimono, you could tell, and he introduced himself, asked who we were, and we told him, language officers, studying the Japanese language. "Well, come along with me. Let's have a party." So he took us to his hotel and he called for a geisha, and the geisha that came was a real knock-out. He had money and knew what he wanted. She had her ^{samisen} ~~samisen~~, and she had all sorts and kinds of things there, trinkets that were interesting she would talk about. ^{Our host} ~~I~~ found out as much about us as he could. Of course, we didn't tell him any secrets, but he was just genuinely interested. He had far too much to be a naval officer agent. A Japanese agent would not be that rich. They wouldn't give him that much money. But we enjoyed it, enjoyed her, asked her what her name was. Her name was Ram Maru, a real knock-out. So after we had singing and music playing, he tried to talk her into spending the night with

us, one of us. She wouldn't. I didn't say anything about it, because she was saying no all the time, so I had no further comments. But she took out a handkerchief there and we all signed our names on it, a silken handkerchief, one for each of us. I enjoyed this. This was my first real session with a geisha, a true first-class geisha, a real knock-out, perhaps the most beautiful geisha I saw the whole time I was there.

So when I went back to Tokyo after the weekend and saw my instructors. "This is the name of the young lady we met there."

"Hmm. Hmm. Yes, what is it?"

"Ram Maru."

"Yes, that's what you said."

And so Naganuma came by about then, one of his ~~frequent~~ ^{infrequent} visits. I told him about it, he looked at it, and he had the same quizzical look on his face. He said, "Who is she?"

"Ram Maru."

"Hmm. Sounds like geisha to me." Well, geisha have special names. They take names from the past, very famous names frequently. *I then did not know that, unfortunately*

I said, "Well, a special name? What's special about it?"

"Well, he was a boy hero of such and such an age, such and such a ^{Daimyo} ~~kyo~~, that's such and such a lord, he's very famous. He became famous ^{when} about 12 years old. No ordinary Japanese ^{girl} would take that name, only a geisha would take that."

So it was out. Then I told him all about our party. We had

a wonderful party, a very good time. I enjoyed it. Then I learned then that the geisha had special names and at that time I was not prepared to recognize it. That was in the fall, after I'd been there two months.

This other story I'm telling ^{about} ~~in~~ Ōshima is when we ^{had been in Japan} ~~were there~~ a little over six months. So we came back, studied some more, and after that went up to Karuizawa ^{to} ~~for~~ our summer homes. ~~Some~~ we got ready for them, got ready for our summer homes up there, to get things all together.

At this time I was having arguments with my cook and her husband. I told them I wanted to go with me, they wouldn't do it. I said, "Well, I have to have servants up there."

"We'll stay here and look after things, but we won't go up there."

I didn't know it, but they had found a Russian who would pay them more than I would. I would have paid them more, but I wouldn't have paid them any more than I had to. Well, he was buying his way into the house. So they really wanted to get rid of me. Somebody else found a very pleasant Japanese cook for me who did take care of me up there in the summertime. He thought I liked his food, but I didn't. He thought he could cook Italian food, ^{but} ~~and~~ he couldn't. He served me an awful lot of Italian food, but unlike my previous instructions to the other cooks, I let him serve me Japanese food because his Japanese food was better than his Italian food. But he did work hard for me. The

experience up there on the hill, the three months that John and I were up there--don't get up there just yet, but I did find another cook, he turned out to be a big help. But first of all, this is one of the lessons in the ~~book~~^{Tokuhan} just before this time came along, a lesson in the ~~book~~^{Tokuhan} said, "At the beginning of June, the monsoons start coming in from the Pacific. This is monsoon weather. They bring moisture to Tokyo and they have a season called the nyubai, and it lasts ten days or two weeks. The weather is so sultry and so humid, that everything, all the clothes, shoes, clothes in the closets mildew, and everything steams. The rain just drenches everywhere." We had had cherry blossoms before this time that I didn't mention. Things are steamy, steamy, steamy. Well, after the nyubai, which lasts anywhere from two to three weeks, then comes the hot, sultry weather. That is the time that people go up to Karuizawa. And that's exactly the schedule that we followed. John and I got our things together. He had other cooks that he took up there and Yamada-san ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~master~~ stayed down to look after his house. So we all went up there and set up shop in Karuizawa, took enough bed clothes and other clothes to last the summer out, and enough liquor to be able to serve our friends, ~~we drank not~~^{we did not drink} too much. Of course, we took our books and we took our tutors, who didn't stay with us. They had to find their own places to stay, and the naval attache paid the necessary fees for that. We went right ahead with our studies just as before.

Karuizawa was a very heavily wooded place, damp, rained many times in the afternoon, almost every afternoon, frequently in the evening. There were other foreigners up there. We had quite a few parties on weekends. John and I were isolated pretty well by ourselves. We took our bicycles up; ~~we~~ we had to go a long ascending trail to get up to our places, ^{and} it was pretty hard to ride bicycles up there on the cinder ash of a volcano, very well by ourselves, but our cooks took care of us, and we studied religiously. I put my study on the outer porch. A corner of the porch was without screens. Too many bugs, so I sent an emergency telegram back to my folks and told them to get mosquito netting or cheesecloth, so many yards, so wide, so many yards, so on, enough to fence in this upstairs porch that was ~~40-foot wide, 30 feet wide, and~~ maybe 30 feet long and eight feet wide. I didn't have a good table for it, so I asked Tony Wong. Tony Wong's family had a house up there that was cared for by the caretaker whose name was Ken. Tony had given John and ^{me} access to anything he could do for us, and he was happy to work for us, Kensan. So I asked him, "Can you get some daikusan [the honorific ending for ^{Carpenter} ~~Master~~] and have them build me a desk for this porch?" Well, this cost me no small amount, ^{but it was} a pleasure to watch this being done. Yes, Ken got his ^{daikusan} ~~daikusan~~ friends, they came up, saw what I wanted, went out and got the lumber to do the job, and they put one side of the desk over on the boundary of the porch, the other against the rear wall, and then another leg out here, and

↳ daikusan

then they put two planks, each on the outside of the long side of the desk. They put those on first, put them a certain length. They knew what they were doing. I didn't know why, but they put them a certain length. To do this they used their saws to cut them properly, and the saws worked the opposite way from the Americans' saw. They cut on the up stroke instead of the down stroke, and so I made that comment. "Yes, yes, yes, that is true. That's right. Japanese and Americans, they always do things the opposite way, don't they?" So they were having fun with me, too. But when they got ready to finish the top of the desk, they got two boards, which, laid horizontally, overlapped tremendously the space that they were to fill up. So they made a V out of them, and I could see soon that they did that purposefully. They put them up against these outer restraining boards in such a fashion that they made a V like this. And having made this V, the two Japanese got up on top of these things and jumped up and down on the V until finally they had compressed these boards enough that they fit into this space that was too small for them. They ^{then} put the ^{rough} finishes on the desk, and the desk was completed. I thanked them very much, and wondered what in the heck ^{was} ~~is~~ all that about. Why didn't they just make that wide enough in the first place? It wasn't long until I found out why they had done this. This was green lumber, and in a week or ten days, even with the forcing they had done, the lumber had shrunk enough that there were ^{large} open cracks in the between the planks

desk, and they were minimizing the amount of cracks to all possible extent because they knew the lumber was green, *and would shrink tremendously.*

Q: Interesting.

Captain Biard: But we had a great time building that desk. Then the cheesecloth that I ordered for the bugs, to keep the bugs out of the porch, came and we put that up. The porch was quite comfortable. Rain and all, I could just do all the studying I wanted to out there; let the rain fall as heavily as it wished.

Well, Asamayama was on one of its quiet spells at this time, but it would ^{always} have a column of steam, a small column of steam. I could look over there when it wasn't raining and see this steam; it would be very pretty. And there was a small and very narrow ^{gauge} ~~gate~~, small railway, dinky cars that went around Asamayama to a town ~~at~~ a slight distance away. I could hear this train creaking around this bend every morning and every afternoon, and I did my studying to the creaks of this train around the bends. It would take it a long time to negotiate ^{the short distance} ~~it~~ because the tracks were very poor, just like the tracks on the so-called Trans-Siberian Railway on Ōshima. But things went pleasantly. Every day after work hours, why, I would go down to John's, ^{or} he would come to my place and we would have a drink or two. We never did drink to excess, but just to relax. Studies were ~~time-consuming~~, and we did put a terrific amount of work into it. That's why we were

able to do what we did during the war. But John and I liked each other's company. John had a very dry sense of humor. You'd never know what he was coming up with next. He could just surprise you with almost anything. In fact, his first day in Japan he almost drove the ^{assistant} naval attache crazy. The assistant naval attache for air was Ralph Ofstie.

Q: Who became Admiral Ofstie?

Captain Biard: Yes, that is correct.

Q: I know his wife.

Captain Biard: He got the group together, got ~~to~~ ^{them} together when ~~we~~ ^{they} first reported, and he gave them their indoctrination talk. One of the things he told us, "Well, gentlemen, you're going to have to meet the ambassador this afternoon and call on him officially. There is a strange custom here, and in doing this, you've got to wear one of these short swords such as the Japanese police carry. I do not know any place you can get it. The only place I've ever seen them is on Japanese police. And, of course, ^{of the Emperor} the Japanese police are the actual representatives ^{in these} kobans, ^{or} ^{stations} watch ^{at} the end of the streets. They're all over the city. The Japanese click their heels and bow respectfully, and when you go up to them, ^{they have to} treat them as if they were Gods

themselves." He said, "I don't know how you can get ~~some~~, but you've got to have ~~these~~ ^{them}. You must have one to call on the ambassador this afternoon. All right, gentlemen, come back to see me at 3:00 o'clock." Of course, Ofstie knew they could ~~not~~ ^{not} obtain ~~these~~ ^{them} swords. He was having fun, so he intended.

Q: He didn't give ~~you~~ ^{them} much time.

Captain Biard: ~~We~~ ^{They} were to call on the ambassador, and so, of course, everybody else came back. "I couldn't get one," and here was Roenigk with his long straight face. He was wearing a Japanese policeman's sword. Well, Ofstie could see the damndest international event that ever happened coming up right there. He said, "My God, my God, my God. Where did you get that? ~~What~~ ^{where} did you get that? How? Where?"

And Roenigk, with his usual straight face, said, "Well, sir, you told me I had to have one. He did ~~strip~~ ^{resist} a little bit."

And Ofstie, "Give it to me. Give it to me. Maybe I can keep this from developing into something just absolutely horrible." Of course, somehow or other, John has never told me, he managed to get one. John was quite resourceful, and he just thought he would really let Ofstie have it right back, and he did. Ofstie almost had a fit.

Q: You never knew the rest of the story?

Captain Biard: No, and I've asked John as recently as the 50 year reunion in Annapolis in May.

Q: He never told you?

Captain Biard: He didn't tell me the full story, wouldn't tell me the full story.

Q: What did you do?

Captain Biard: Ofstie wasn't there, and we didn't have to get the Japanese swords." That was two years before I arrived. Roenigk, see, was already there. He had been there two years. Ofstie had been there and had come and gone.

Q: So you didn't have to face that.

Captain Biard: I didn't have to "get a Japanese sword." Nobody got one except Roenigk. ^{pol. ce man's}

Q: He must be quite a guy.

Captain Biard: He is. As I say, he'd pull these things with a straight face, too, the most outlandish things, and his face was just absolutely straight the whole time. I received a letter

from him yesterday, in which we were exchanging some comments, and he was telling me, I sent him a book on Japanese kamikazes, which he read and found to be fascinating, and so he mentioned that as naval attache there after the war, he had Japanese naval officers and one Air Corps officer, anyway, there, and they were all able to talk about such and such, and this General ~~Singa~~ ^{Genda} of the ^{post-war} Japanese Air Force, would end up over somewhere with the Navy. "How can you ever win a war with people who play dirty pool?" He was talking about the codebreaking. "If they read your codes, how can you win the war?" He was always saying that. John said he carefully avoided all talk like that, that had not been ~~classified~~ ^{declassified} at the time, but this is his most recent letter. He said, "When I listened to it, I tried to stay clear of it, but I always had some off answer to give them, offhand, quickly, in case they asked me about it. I was never called on to do so, but I was always ready." Just like with that officer, he'd have something to say to throw them completely off guard. So that was John Roenigk. John and I would spend, after the day's studies, after the tutors ^{had} come and gone, all the tutors ^{gone}, we'd get together and have a pleasant drink. Then in the evenings, a weekend evening, we might have a party. If not, we'd always be found studying. We were tired, long hours. We had some play, but only in very, very appropriate amounts, because we were working ferociously hard. We wanted to, the entire group. There was one exception, a marine, who was not a graduate of the Naval Academy. He was frequently out of step with our group.

So Karuizawa went on like this, rains, some of the commercial people would entertain us, the husbands would come up for the weekends in particular and ask us over for bridge or drinks, ~~this~~ ~~appeared~~ to be social. So we got to know quite a few of the people, the commercial group in particular, we hadn't got to know well in Tokyo. It was a very eventful place. And for the first time, I drank my drinks with ice from ~~the~~ ^a swimming pool. Tony Wong's place had a swimming pool. Ken, their caretaker, had harvested the ice from the wintertime, sawed it, put it in the shed under sawdust as ~~you~~ ^{they} used to ship ice from New England to Japan ~~in the old days~~, ^{and to China} to India ^{in the old days}. He kept it there in the shed under sawdust, and we had ice for our drinks all summer.

Q: How nice.

Captain Biard: Yes. Tony Wong would come up occasionally and she would throw a party for us, a very gracious ^{hostess} ~~host~~, a lovely, wonderful person. I don't mean beautiful, but just a lovely person. So Karuizawa went on like this until time to go back down. I had lost my ^{Tokyo} home, I had moved my things to a storeroom in the embassy, and John's servant, Yamadasan, previously mentioned, was looking around trying to find another place for me, and so we found, yes, that there would be one for me, but it wouldn't be ready until about two weeks after I had returned to

Tokyo. So I came back to Tokyo to take my six months' exams again, not having a place to stay. Well, this time I managed to get a room in the Dai Ichi Hotel. This was the hotel that was built as quarters for the Olympic athletes who were to have participated in the Olympics ^{scheduled} to be held there in Tokyo in 1940. The rooms were large enough to hold a cot with about a foot and a half on one side and space enough for the door to open at the other end of the cot.

Q: And that was it?

Captain Biard: That was it. I had to stay there about two or three weeks while my tutors would come there, a rigorous schedule. It was very uncomfortable living.

Q: You are describing the size of one room?

Captain Biard: Yes. The athletes, that was to be their hotel.

Q: For the athletes.

Captain Biard: For the athletes, and for tourists later on. But it was just absolutely, fantastically small. You have no idea how small ~~it was~~ the rooms were.

Q: Sounds miserable.

Captain Biard: Yes, they were miserable. And so at the end of that time, ^{well,} ~~the~~ the place Yamadasan found for me became available. This arrangement turned out to be most pleasant. It was about a good five blocks from my previous house near the important section of Roppongi, both of them near Roppongi, farther away from the embassy than the other one, and on an important cross street. In fact, it is near what was called Nogi-zaka, a very revered spot in Tokyo. In a nice little compound, as we called ^{it} ~~it~~, these are off-streets ^{or} winding little alleys, on to which the houses open very close to them. They'd only be set back seven or eight feet from the alley, perhaps. But this was a nice one with a ^{nearly} Koban. The new place was some five or six blocks from my former place and farther away from the embassy. The former place had been off a small street, ^{this} one was off one of the main streets of this part of Tokyo, and it was very near Nogi-zaka. Nogi-zaka is Nogi slope. Nogi was the ~~famous~~ ^{the} Japanese general who was famous for fighting ^{the} Russians in the Russo-Japanese War, and who ~~committed suicide, hara-kira,~~ ^{suicide by} and who, along with his wife, committed hara-kira when his beloved emperor, Meiji, died. Nogi was already famous. He had lost two sons in ^{that same} ~~the~~ Russo-Japanese War, he was beloved as a general, and when he committed suicide in this very, very noble way, according to Japanese thinking, when his beloved Emperor died, that truly

made him a figure to be remembered and held in awe. So Nogi-zaka, ^{near} his home, was practically a temple in itself, and that was very near my place. The streetcar went by this street, there was a Koban at the end of it, ^{and} there were some very nice wealthy homes off the same little compound. In general it was a pleasant region.

But before we get there, I had to take another six months' exam. Iwamoto again gave a good exam, and I did all right. John Roenigk took his last exam, his three-year exam. John was getting ready to leave. John and A.L. Benedict, Al Benedict, Arthur Benedict, "Al" for his initials, both classmates of mine, both of whom had arrived in Japan to study two years prior to my arrival, so I was with them there only for one year. So John's departure, in particular, was a great loss, because he had seen me over the rough spots, had been a tremendous help in my becoming acclimated to Japan and things Japanese, and had made my first year much more pleasant, much easier, and I knew that I would regret John's departure very much. John had been a tremendous help and a wonderful friend. He still is a wonderful friend. So that was coming up. John was having to say goodbye to Tony, and I am convinced that he would have married Tony ~~they~~ ~~many~~ if it had not been for the race problem.

Q: Her family?

Captain Biard: No, Tony's thinking herself. She wouldn't marry him. Tony told me, she said, "I will never marry until I'm too old to have children." And she is married now to a person who was out there with us at that time.

Q: Really? At this time?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Have you used his name?

Captain Biard: Not yet. He was there all this time, and I may use it soon. No particular reason to use it. So when John was preparing to leave, he was turning over to me the information that he thought would be of benefit to me, and I had been buying all my yen through him, not at a wonderful price, but better than buying it at the bank. I had imagined that he was getting it from Tony. And so he told me just before he left, he said, "Well, I'm going to tell you now that I have been getting our yen from Tony, and that she will continue to let you have yen if you wish." I told him, yes, I did not know of any other source, some other people were buying it more cheaply, but I was not inquiring around as to where they got their money. They weren't talking about it in general. I was living on about \$21 to \$25 a month, including throwing parties, so I couldn't complain.

Q: What was your pay at that time?

Captain Biard: ^{#175} ~~\$105~~ a month, plus \$18, ~~\$149, \$18~~ for subsistence. So I knew where I would be able to get yen, and so Tony, now the Andrews in particular were in the States, she was by herself running this large house, running the office. When she did have a party, why, I was always invited, and very frequently she would say, "Tex, would you like to go here?" or, "Would you like to go there?" But I didn't escort her as did John, but we were always good friends, and their home was something wonderful, something wonderful, as I've said before. We did maintain close contact when John left, as always, and when John left, we had the usual type of going away party. The routine was this. We would place the departee on the ship, on an American President Lines ship, and all of the language group, perhaps some of the other embassy crowd, ^{too,} would go down to see him off with at least a case of Scotch. Then we would all sit around the bulkheads of the cabin, drinking Scotch straight. And he had to match, drink for drink, with everyone in the stateroom, which meant that we poured him into his bunk when we left the ship. This was standard and it had to be done.

Q: No comment.

Captain Biard: But it was sad to tell Benedict, a very, very

likeable fellow, everyone loved him, and John Roenigk, there's only one John Roenigk in this world, and I truly hated to see him go, but the time had come.

Q: Did you cry?

Captain Biard: No, no.

Q: Nothing wrong with crying, you know.

Captain Biard: No, but I was very, very sad, extremely sad. We told them goodbye and waved farewell from the pier at Yokohama. So about this time I was ready to move ^{into} ~~in~~ my new house. I don't remember that anyone helped me furnish it because I had all my old furnishings from the other place. I knew my way around Tokyo pretty well. Pretty soon I had a house-warming party, of course, with my Gebhardt's ^{Chili} ~~Chile~~ Con Carne. But my new cook was a most unusual person. She was, I guess, 65 or 70 years old. She had a funny-looking face, wore glasses, wore ^{foreign} ~~farm~~ style clothes of a very quaint type, spoke excellent Japanese, had been well-educated.

Q: Was she Japanese?

Captain Biard: Yes. Most respectful, and you could tell there

^{to be}
 was no play of any kind in this house. There wouldn't have been
 anyway; we had the naval attache's orders, ^{But} ~~but~~ it would have not
 been tolerated if I had tried to introduce it. But she was
 otherwise a very good cook and, of course, always honest to the
 nth degree, ^{and very} polite. Our friends got along wonderfully with her
 and so did the tutors, but she had a little country girl there,
 truly, truly, truly, truly country, right out of the rice
 paddies, working for her. And between the two of them, they took
 care of me, excellent care. The cook had the lower large room
 down below, ^{and} the little girl had the little small side room, ~~and~~
 The cook's room was fixed up in fine style. She had things that
 showed of memories of much, much better days. She never would
 tell me too much about it. There was a picture of Vladivostok.
 Yes, she had a husband who lived in Vladivostok. She had a small
 Japanese chin, that is, a Japanese toy spaniel.

Q: Little doggy?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Chin?

Captain Biard: Chin, that geisha commonly have, the little bitty
 things, and this little dog was just as spunky as it could be.
 She loved it. My introduction to this dog was unusual. I went

into the genkan, the genkan is the entrance to the house. You always entered the genkan, that's where you take off your shoes before you step on the tatami. ^{As I passed,} ~~I had~~ the paper sliding door to her room was open, and in there was a little wicker basket of some kind with ^a ~~the~~ cushion, ~~as though~~ ~~the~~ ~~cushion~~ ~~was~~ filling the ^{top} ~~to~~ part of it. As I looked at this just out of the corner of my eye, the cushion moved. I said, well. And it continued to move a little bit. I watched it, and the first thing I knew, there were two little eyes peering out from under the cushion, and the two little eyes that could peer out from under the cushion without a nose showing, the nose was that far back in its face, this little black and white chin. I have a picture of it over here, and I'll show it to you. This chin's name was ^{Binkasama} ~~Ginkasama~~, ^B ~~B~~inkasama being "the very honorific ^B ~~B~~inka." I asked the cook. That was ^B ~~B~~inkasama, her dog. She took great care of it, and Ginka was ^{really} ~~just~~ the boss of the house.

Q: Do you think she had ever been a geisha?

Captain Biard: More to come.

Q: Sorry.

Captain Biard: Don't pull the punch line.

Q: Sorry, I stepped on your line.

Captain Biard: We got along very well. When I would go off for a couple of nights on a tour somewhere else to another part of the country, I would never let her know. I never let my servants know where I was going, in other words, let the police find out for themselves; they can follow me if they want to, but don't tell them. I knew quite well that they'd be asking them. I might leave and not even tell her ^{when} I was coming back, but I could leave, come back two or three days later, and when I'd get back, why, within 20 minutes there would be a hot bath for me, everything fine, no questions asked. We got along excellently, and all my instructors liked her, all the language officers liked her. As I say, I don't know that Yamadasan knew her, but the house had been found through Yamadasan. And so I got to know the neighbors as well. But it's customary to put your name in Japanese characters or at least for Japanese in the characters of the name, and for a foreigner in katakana, the symbolic. The first is characters in kanji for Japanese, and in katakana for the foreigner. I had long had mine on a piece of board that I had put in front of the other home; in Japanese I was called Biaadosama, really honorary. The Biaado was supplied to me by Naganuma, the head tutor. I asked him what is the most nearly proper way to say my name in Japanese, so he came up with that.

Q: I don't know who that is.

Captain Biard: Naganuma, he's the one who wrote the ^{Tokuhons,} ~~tokuhons~~.
He was our head instructor.

Q: I have the name here of Yamadasan.

Captain Biard: Iwamoto, he was the one in the embassy, he was not the teacher. Yamadasan was John Roenigk's pretty ~~and~~ young-house-keeper.

Q: Can you do that for me? Naganuma?

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Captain Biard: Naganuma, he wrote the ^{Tokuhons.} ~~tokuhons~~. He was ^{our} ~~the~~ head instructor.

Q: Yes, I know I have it on another tape.

Captain Biard: Perfectly fine. He had rendered my name as Biaadosama. As a little side remark here, my wife one Christmas decided she would surprise me with my name written in Japanese. She saw a sign in one of the Sunday papers saying your name would be placed in Japanese for you for so much. She didn't tell me, but she's always pulling surprises like that on me, nice, very pleasant, and so she had my name ^{home in Japanese.} Here I open this up, and surely enough, here's my name in katakana and spelled exactly as Naganuma had spelled it for me. If you look to your left ...

Q: That's it? This is a plaque on his wall in his room. You were going to tell me what Biaado means.

Captain Biard: Biard.

Q: Oh, it's your name Biard.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Sorry.

Captain Biard: That's the nearest that the Japanese could come, *up with,*

Q: That's pretty good, I think.

Captain Biard: He said that's the nearest the Japanese could come to it. So he said, "You'd be doing best by that." So that's been my Japanese name all the time.

Q: Biaadosama.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Very good.

Captain Biard: So my sign was out there, my name was out there and hers was, too. My tutors started coming around to the house as they always would, as soon as I moved in, so they looked at this sign, and I noticed that every time they looked at it, they looked and they looked and they looked. So I always asked them, but they never did tell me. But my cook's name was Suharuinsan, written in Japanese, of course, and these ~~was~~^{were} the characters out there on the gate, telling she lived in the house, and then my slab there, too, tells that I lived there. The tutors would look at that name and look at it long and hard. They'd all say the same. "That's a very strange name, very strange name." I am fairly sure that that was as unusual as Ram Maru, although they would never say it. I'm fairly sure that that was a geisha name and that she had been a geisha in her younger years, that one of her patrons had taken her away from geisha life, and around ~~to~~ Asia with him. She had seen better days; that's where all the things came from, and she had the art and the tact and the knowledge and the skill and finesse of a geisha with the experience of foreign travel.

Q: A geisha grown old.

Captain Biard: Yes, ~~I would be anything,~~^{too, thought so, but} and I know that my instructors, they'd never say it because they didn't want, possibly, to defame her. They didn't want to make her lose face.

Q: Probably some of your fame rubbed off on them, you know.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so this went on quite well, quite well, but at this time things were getting bad, truly bad in Tokyo. This was 1941. In my previous house in the spring, I had my short wave set and I kept it hidden in this trunk. I would open the trunk and would listen to it for overseas news broadcasts at various hours, the hours I knew the servants would not be coming up topside. I'd keep it turned low. Besides, they wouldn't know what it was. It was just something, a noise. But I had mistakenly, because I was advised by someone at the embassy to do so, registered the fact at the post office, as I was supposed to, that I had a radio set. My radio set was this one, so you have to register it. If you don't register it, they think you have one not registered. Along here in the spring came an official to John Roenigk's house, and the numbers on the houses just don't exist, and I had put down the description for mine which was actually the description by which he gets his mail. He got his mail in the other house. So they went over to see John Roenigk to examine for my radio, to see if it was unauthorized. So John came over to see me this afternoon, and there was horror all over his face. He says, "Oh, they've just been over here inspecting my house for your radio." He said, "Get it out of here. Get it out of here fast. Get it down to the embassy."

I said, "My God." And so we only had bicycles in those days.

The set was large. We put a blanket all around it, put it on the luggage rack on the bicycle, and John got on his bicycle and I peddled it down to the embassy, and I put it in a big embassy storeroom, the secret storeroom where we kept our diplomatic mail and such as that that was waiting to be sent, taken down to Yokohama to the President line ship. I didn't take it back to my house before I went to Karuizawa. *Lines*

Well, in another couple of weeks or so, the man who inspected Roenigk's house, in checking his records, evidently had found out that things didn't ~~give~~^{give} just correctly, so he came around inspecting my house. Of course, there was no set there.

Q: Were you gone? Had you come back?

Captain Biard: This is about two weeks later.

Q: So you were back from Karuizawa.

Captain Biard: No, this is all before I went to Karuizawa.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: This is the first house ^{the one I had} before I went to Karuizawa.

Q: Oh, your first house.

Captain Biard: I'm going back now. I'm going back.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: So if I had not erroneously labeled the address of my house, the address was written in very strange fashion, and given the wrong address for the house across the street as the mailman reads it, I would have been caught first and then there would have been real trouble. So that instant, we got by that, but I was without my radio.

Now, when we moved up to Karuizawa, this is backtracking again, many things happened. There are flashbacks.

Q: I understand. It's very difficult. Your recall is fabulous.

Captain Biard: We moved to Karuizawa and then as soon as we moved up there, by this time Germany had attacked France. This was the still war at first, and in May of 1940, and this is the spring, summer, and fall of 1940 I'm talking about, Germany had attacked France, France had fallen, the Battle of Britain was under way, and we were just wondering whether or not Britain would hang on, whether Britain was going to be invaded. So I said, "By golly, I don't care what's what, I'm going down to

Tokyo and I'm getting that big short wave set. I'm going to get on the train with it and come back here and bring it up to Karuizawa. I'm going to hear the news." And so I did exactly that.

I went back to the embassy and I got there at night. I went below, it was in the basement where this stuff is kept. The night caretaker, Japanese citizen, not obligated to the U.S., not protected by U.S. citizenship or anything, was there. I told him I wanted in this room over here, pointing to the secret mail room. I didn't ^{know} ~~tell him I knew~~ it was a secret mail room, or I wouldn't have asked him that. I thought I could get in there. He looked at me funny, funny, funny, surprised, astounded. But in a minute, he did pull out his keys and the keys that would unlock this door. I pulled my radio off the shelf and took it away, but not before I saw in that room several bags of secret mail, diplomatic mail, highly, highly secret, waiting to be loaded on an American President line ship the next day. Here was a Japanese that had a key to that room and knew that ^{secret material} ~~it~~ was in there.

Q: I was going to ask you, how could that possibly happen that he'd let you in?

Captain Biard: Well, I stayed in town that night. I had my radio, so that I could see the naval attache the next morning and

tell him what had happened. When I did tell him, of course, things just flew everywhere. Oh, my God. The Japanese all the time had had access to all of the secret stuff.

Q: Whose fault was that? It was the consul, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: I can't say whose fault it was.

Q: You do, too, know.

Captain Biard: No, I don't. I don't really.

Q: Well, who was in charge? Who had the con? That person was responsible.

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, how high up, just where the prime responsibility should be placed, I don't know. But that may have been responsible for quite a few leaks we did not want out, because they had access to it any time at night when we did not know it.

Q: I wonder how long that had been going on.

Captain Biard: I wonder, too.

Q: You never knew.

Captain Biard: It must have been going on for a long time. I never did know, but there was consternation when I told them the next morning what had happened.

So anyway, I took my short wave radio. I didn't tell him what it was, I just wrapped it up and took it away.

Q: That's another incident, a thing in life that happens that you wouldn't believe or not planned or anything, like the other incidents you tell about showing how the Japanese torpedoes functioned and how their planes took on and off and nobody ever would believe you, or at least paid no attention to you. I want to refer to that later, so I'll delete that now.

Captain Biard: Yes. So I took my radio up to Karuizawa, and John and I listened to all that was going on in Europe, the very awful Battle of Britain, and other people would come up to listen to it also. I was the official newscaster for Karuizawa. Strangely enough, I never was caught. I kept it well concealed. I think Ken-san, my cook, I believe, was loyal to me, as loyal as a Japanese cook could be. But even he had to do anything that the secret police told him to do.

Q: Of course. You never did register it?

Captain Biard: It was registered the other time when I got rid of it.

Q: When you went back from Karuizawa?

Captain Biard: No, after the inspector came to John Roenigk's place looking for my radio, he came back to my place about two weeks later. Then I told him I had given that to an employee in the embassy, I don't have it now, I haven't had it for a long time. That was the end of it. I never did hear any more about it.

Q: But in the meantime you had taken it up to Karuizawa.

Captain Biard: Yes, I took it up to Karuizawa. Of course, I had to get it back down to Tokyo, take it myself. I couldn't send it. I had to take it back on the train when I went back down there. This time I could put it in the secret room again with the naval attache's key. The caretaker no longer had it.

Q: Was the mail still there?

Captain Biard: No, the mail wasn't still there because that had left the next morning. They just put that down there.

Q: It happened to be just an overnight, ~~thing?~~ or a few days' thing.

Captain Biard: Yes, but that had been going on for a long time.

Q: Of course.

Captain Biard: And one bag might have been placed there a week before, a second one, of course, to accumulate.

Q: Of course, of course, of course.

Captain Biard: And there were other secret items in there, too.

Q: I'm sure.

Captain Biard: Many. So I and my radio got along quite well from then on, no more trouble. As I say, I kept it stowed in this foot locker that had a good lock, and I had a way, I think, of telling whether or not the Japanese went in there. I got just a little postage stamp and put it between the top and the bottom on the outside, in a very inconspicuous way such that it would come off and be torn if the lid were opened at all. I would always leave a stamp like that on there when I would go on a trip. When I would come back, it would always be--and I'd put a little mark on it in a certain way that was not too obvious,

to make sure it was the same stamp, and when I got back, it was never torn, never damaged in any way. Now, my kampei, ^{Kempei} the military policeman, and I got along quite well. And it wasn't just maneuvering on his part. He really got to like me. For example, he would tell me, as I told you, ^a the Russians took over ^{former} my place and he even told me before then, he said, "You American naval officers, you have honor. The Russians, nothing is below them." He said, "We don't have to distrust you too much. We know that you are honorable people. The Russians, we've got to watch them every second, every second, every second." I agreed. One time he had come by on Sunday morning, I told him to come by on Sunday morning, he came around on Sunday morning when I was listening to my short wave radio and I didn't have time to hide it. Well, I couldn't tell him I didn't see him. I said, "Come on up." He came up. I said, "I have something wonderful to show you here. Look at it." I said, "I have a phonograph turntable here. I can send it into this and then it will send it over to my phonograph over here and play it." And I did this. This thing had all sorts and kinds of fancy glass, green light, green displays on it that no Japanese had ever seen. He had never seen anything like it before, so I said, "Look how it will change the tone when I do this," and so on, and I would do that. And so then I cranked up my electric phonograph over here as a way to receive it from this little turntable transmitter that I had, and I played just an awful lot of good records for him. "See how

excellently this performs?"

"Oh, that is wonderful indeed." Believe it or not, I got away with it. Now, he might have liked me, but if it had come to a matter of his having to put the bee on me, he would have done it, undoubtedly, I know.

Q: If he understood it.

Captain Biard: Yes. But I'm sure I got away with it. We parted good friends. After I had done it, why, I said, "Let's go down to the beer hall and have a drink." So we did, and we had our usual very fine chat. Nothing ever came of it. It was never in my police record, as I can tell you later on.

Q: Oh, if he had put it in your police record, he would have had to turn you in.

Captain Biard: Yes. My police record became unofficially known two times. This will come up later. But that ^{radio incident} had happened while I was still at the old house. When I moved to the new house, he still came around over there, still with me. So I had my usual friend. We got along well. But something new came about at the same time as the new house. The Japanese lost all of their vehicles. They couldn't get gasoline for them. Somebody found motorcycles here and there, and so our gang got motorcycles. The

language officers, since they lost the diplomatic passports, had never had any kind of mechanical transportation other than bicycles.

Q: I thought you had motorcycles. Oh, you said bicycles. Yes, yes. Sorry.

Captain Biard: Manpower.

Q: I understood.

Captain Biard: Our own manpower.

Q: Yes. Your legs.

Captain Biard: Well, our chief instructor had a British motorcycle he could no longer get gas for, so the others bought these little Asahi motorcycles, had an engine about the size of a wristwatch, wee tiny, would not go very fast. But he had this big British BSA motorcycle, and he offered to rent it to me since he couldn't get gas for it. Well, somebody in the embassy had found a way to get gas without explaining things to the Japanese. There were five or six filling stations in Tokyo. There was one place right near my place where they didn't ask any questions. "Oh, you're a member of the embassy?" I put Beikoku Taishikan,

that is the American Embassy, on a tag on my motorcycle and put the number eight on it.

Q: What was that?

Captain Biard: Beikoku. That is the name for the United States. And the Taishikan ^{or Embassy} after it, ^{Beikoku,} that's rice country or beautiful country, that's the Japanese ~~and Chinese name~~. Number eight. *name for the United States.*

Q: And that was U.S. Embassy.

Beikoku Taishikan means U.S. Embassy.
Captain Biard: Yes. And fortunately, a little bit of the paint on the eight got knocked off so that it looked like a six. I didn't plan it that way, but that's the way it worked out.

Q: So you're here to tell.

Captain Biard: So when I rode my motorcycle around Tokyo, somebody else who had ^{American Embassy} motorcycle number six, was always getting blamed for anything that I did that was out of line. That is, on the police record, the police reports, because it looked like Beikoku Taishikan number six. It wasn't, it was number eight. Well, so I had this ^{motorcycle,} and this opened up all sorts and kinds of new opportunities and new doings. Taxis were not allowed to run after 12:00 at night, ^{and} streetcars stopped at 12:00. Tony Wong

threw the most wonderful parties in town, five or six miles from where I lived. Getting back and forth, if somebody in the embassy had a car there, you might be able to come back and forth with him, and you might not. But after I got a motorcycle, I could make it on my own. And so when there was a party out there someplace, on the motorcycle I would go. I was by myself almost always. But when the party would break up at 2:00 or 3:00 o'clock in the morning, there was no way to get home except on your own motorcycle. She might have international ^{correspondents} ~~correspondence~~ out there, ^{or} she might have passing diplomatic dignitaries with no way to get home. Almost always the dignitaries would be stopping at the embassy, be stopping there; other; would be at the Imperial Hotel, and so many times in the middle of winter, cold as anything could be, 3:00 o'clock in the morning, I have taken a U.S. dignitary or an international correspondent on the rear of my motorcycle from Tony's place to the Imperial Hotel or to the embassy, great names that you would recognize.

Q: I'm listening.

Captain Biard: All right. People like Francis B. Sayre, commissioner to the Philippines, Raymond Moran, the number one reporter in Japan at the time, Jimmy Young, who was a correspondent. He was the son-in-law of Hearst, a correspondent. Other ambassadors, but many of them, and women diplomats,

secretaries, clerks galore, always, riding on the back end of my motorcycle.

Q: So that was another life for you.

Captain Biard: Yes. Tony's place was always delightful.

Q: How did she travel?

Captain Biard: She lived there.

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: She had her own car.

Q: Well, she got gas, then, I guess.

Captain Biard: She had several cars, kept two of them in the garage, three cars, kept two of them in the garage, drew gasoline for all of them and put it in one car. They had a little bit, Andrews and George. The Japanese didn't like them, but they had a bit of influence, a very powerful outfit. So parties went on, although they were getting fewer and fewer because now the U.S. was telling people, families and even the dependents of the embassy, "Get out of the country. Things are bad." Things we'd

been able to get in Japan that helped us live, but we didn't need to get ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ Shanghai, now disappeared. ~~The~~ ^A British newspaper correspondent was taken in to the police headquarters for spying and we all believed was tortured. He jumped out of a third story window ^{onto the pavement} down below; he committed suicide by doing that while he was in the police building. So, of course, then the Japanese had to give the body back, and when they got the body back they found all sorts and kinds of needle marks on it and other strange marks. They said, "Oh, of course, we were just trying to save his life. We didn't abuse him at all." But everyone thinks he was tortured. That put a little bit of the fear of God into us. We knew that they would come after us any time they wanted us. More about that later, too.

About the same time, Jimmy Young, this Hearst son-in-law, I think he was, anyway, he was high up in the Hearst family by marriage, had come back from Chung King, and that's the enemy. He insisted on going to all public places where he could be heard by Japanese and raving about the war in China, and how the Japanese were losing it, telling all the things the Japanese didn't want their people to hear, and forcing the issue, forcing the Japanese to get him and lock him up, too. I believe and everyone else believes that he did this purposefully, as you'll find out. And so they did, they came to get him, and they locked him up also. The Hearsts raised hell, our ambassador raised hell about that because of Hearst influence and power over here, so

they got him out of jail. When they did that, then Jimmy Young was a headline name in the United States, so Jimmy Young immediately came back to the United States and went on a tremendous lecture tour. That was why he did it, he wanted to become famous, and he figured out that he had something that would be sellable, and if he would get the headlines, why, he would make even more. He was a tremendous success on his lectures. "I was in Chung King. I was arrested by the Japanese." All such as that. In fact, a girlfriend of mine *in the U.S.* managed part of his tour. Her picture is over there, the colored picture. Remember the colored one, the red-headed girl?

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: She managed part of it. She worked for somebody in the bureau, entertainment bureau, performers and artists and lecturers. *W. Colston Leigh Bureau.*

Q: A circuit.

Captain Biard: Yes, she worked in ~~that~~ ^{their Chicago} office. She managed part of his tour, but this happened also. We think that he forced the Japanese. We don't think the Japanese really wanted to get him. I think they picked up the Britisher, fine, they had something on him, that's fine. But we all knew that the Japanese, if they

wanted to, would come get us any time. They wouldn't come get us until they really wanted to create an incident. They wanted to stay on good terms with the United States until it was to their advantage to have a bad break with us, and if they wanted that bad break, there's nothing we could have done to have kept them from come getting us on some trumped up pretense or all the little pretenses, all the real reasons, little real reasons ~~they~~ we were giving them all the time. You couldn't live in Japan at that time without giving them reasons to arrest you.

Q: Are we in 1941 now, towards the fall?

Captain Biard: We're in 1940 now. We're not at 1941 yet, just the end of 1940. Britain has not fallen.

Q: But I was wondering. France had, but not Britain.

Captain Biard: That was in the spring, May of 1940 when it fell.

Q: And so we're just following on in 1940.

Captain Biard: Following on, yes. The Bismarck, I followed the Bismarck on my short wave, and all the rest of the community did, too. "What's happening with Bismarck?" Remember the German battleship?

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: But all this was happening about that time. We knew that the Japanese would get us at any time they wanted to, and they would leave us alone, wouldn't bother us for anything ~~else~~ we did unless it was so blatant and open that we could force ^{their} ~~the~~ hands on it completely. They had to get us to save face, to save official face. Nobody told us that, ~~We~~ all had it figured out; we were smart. We knew that they were waiting until it was so bad as to make the big break, and when that time had come, heaven help us. But even so, I always slept with a baseball bat by my bed, not that it would do any good, but if they would come and get me, I was going to ...

Q: Take somebody with you.

Captain Biard: Try to take somebody with me, because I knew it would not be a pleasant experience if they got me. They never did come to get me. But this matter of dealing in yen, they knew we were dealing in yen, they weren't going to arrest us and try to find out because that would have been too small. They probably knew we smuggled stuff in from China, too, and they didn't know about my short wave radio. Why, I don't know, but I convinced them. My kempei, the military police, didn't recognize that that was a short wave radio, I'm sure of that, because he

and I kept on good terms and did many things later on, and finally we started getting a little bit high together, except that he would get high much quicker than I would, and when he would get high, he'd start telling me things. It would go the other direction. I would start getting things out of ~~them~~^{him}, and they were not plants. They were just things that he liked to talk about to somebody who was sharp, and he didn't have to worry about ...

Q: Telling his boss.

Captain Biard: Yes. He liked me, he did.

Q: I'm sure he did.

Captain Biard: He was pleasant.

Q: I'm sure he ~~did~~ was.

Captain Biard: So things went on, as I say, in that fashion. War was getting worse, but Britain was holding out. We were wondering, can it hold out, can it hold out? At this time Japan was putting pressure on France in Indochina to let ~~them~~ move into the island of Hainan, to take over all the rice exports ~~for~~^{from} French Indochina; they needed the rice; and also to give them

airports and other facilities so that they could bomb the Burma Road. ~~Chung~~ King Road. What was it called? Yes, I should remember.

Q: That's where they flew.

Captain Biard: They flew the hump, but that's the road that went on the ground.

Q: Burma Road, I think.

Captain Biard: Burma Road. So they could bomb it and pretty well mess up its Burma terminal. They were getting in there and putting the pressure on France. France couldn't resist, they had to say, "Okay, go ahead." They were taking over other ports and other stations that ^{would later} enable them to move south. The propaganda in the papers started picking up, picking up, picking up. They were glorifying what was in the Dutch East Indies. Of course, that's what they wanted, to get the oil, the tin, and the rubber, resources and the minerals of the Dutch East Indies and Malaya so that they would have everything they wanted in the empire. Japan is pitifully poor in raw materials, food stuffs and raw materials. Only 17% of the country has a slope of less than 17 degrees. A slope of 17 degrees is about as much as they can terrace for rice paddies, and only 17% of the country has that,

the entire Japanese home islands are
and ~~that is~~ smaller than the state of California. They had a
population of 90 million in those days.

Q: At what point were the two British ships sunk?

Captain Biard: This is much later at the start of the war. We have a year and a half to go yet, or at least a year to go from here. So they started putting tremendous pressure on the French, more pressure, and also great pressure on the Dutch because Holland had fallen, and great pressure on the British because the British were completely tied down in England and the Mediterranean and North Africa, completely tied down, so that things were looking awfully bad. You may read the history books and a person who is interested should read the history books for this era, and particularly one like The Pacific War by James Costello. James Costello is working with Roger Pineau, and I'm doing a little work for them at the present time.

Q: Will you tell me about that later?

Captain Biard: Yes. James Costello has an excellent summary of the situation as it developed in Japan, China, and Southeast Asia along with the developments in the European war. It's well worth reading. He has a few names incorrectly spelled in there, but generally speaking, his information is quite good, quite good.

Q: And what's it called?

Captain Biard: The Pacific War. It's fairly recent, about four or five years ago, by James Costello. He is a Cambridge student.

But the Japanese were taking all possible advantage, putting all possible pressure on the British and the Dutch in ways that they thought the British and the Dutch could not resist ~~it~~ because of the extreme trouble they were in in Europe, and they were getting some results, but the British were remarkably resistant. They just weren't about to give up completely just because they were in hot water. We were far more, far more submissive than the British were, and we were in much less trouble. Roosevelt was afraid of our own public opinion and didn't want to start ^{le} any more of the "American First-ers" or isolationists at home. So we were just doing everything we could, like not going with Japanese girls. The British said, "To hell with you. We'll go with ~~who~~ ^{whom} we want to. Put it in your stinking papers." But that was not the case for us.

As I say, things got worse and worse. The people that we knew and associated with and partied with were being sent home. We were more and more on our own, we could get less, fewer and fewer things, supervision was worse and worse, and things were really, really getting bad, *were unpleasant.*

About this time, I needed to go back up to Karuizawa to get my home for the next summer. The two that John and I had

occupied had been sold, I think, no longer available. I found a most, most pleasant place right next to the little bitty one-street main street of Karuizawa, just a one-street affair with little bitty shops, ^{My home had} with tall trees, a pleasant yard, and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~summer house~~ constructed most pleasantly. It didn't have the mountain view my other one had, but its own surroundings, the yard and so on, were just as pleasant as could be. So I found this place and I leased it. Then the next six months' examination was coming up.

Q: Is this the third one?

Captain Biard: Yes. So I took it. I made out, excuse me for saying it, quite, quite well.

Q: How long did it take you? One day to write and one day to be interviewed?

Captain Biard: No, it was all the same day.

Q: All ⁱⁿ one day.

Captain Biard: We had to do several things. Now we were able to read the newspapers. The newspaper language is quite different from the ~~usual~~ ^{language}, particularly the editorials. We were able ^{usual}

↓
from the usual language,

to read newspapers quite a bit, so that entered the examination.

Q: That would be essential if you were trying to get intelligence on the Japanese.

Captain Biard: Of course. But we had to build up to it.

Q: Yes, I'm sure. I say that. It must have been incredibly difficult.

Captain Biard: It was difficult, but we had a dedicated group, all except for one, and he was not a Naval Academy man.

Q: Is that showing bigotry?

Captain Biard: Old school tie. He was brave, there was nothing wrong with his intestinal fortitude, but he didn't do the work he should have, and he did not show well on the examinations. He could have done quite well in the course, but he was following the step of a different drummer and not trying too hard.

Q: Did he finish?

Captain Biard: He finished as much as we did, but more on that later.

So the third examination came around. I was living in my Tokyo place there, the second place, getting along fine, liking it extremely well, but life was degenerating. The quality of life was degenerating very, very badly.

Q: You must have been emotionally disturbed constantly.

Captain Biard: You always knew that there were potential fireworks in the air, you always knew. But this time after the exam, I waited about ten days, why, I don't know, before I decided to go on my post-exam holiday. Once before I had gone to Nagasaki. I don't remember ^{when} ~~where~~. That's why I haven't said it here. It must have been one ^{of the} other post-exam times, but I have not tied it in here. But another student who had taken his post-exam ^{trip immediately} ~~leave right after our tour~~, right after the exam, came back from Nagasaki. Nagasaki ^{was} ~~is~~ one of the largest shipyards in Japan, the Mitsubishi Shipyards, where, after World War ~~II~~ ^I, the Japanese were building two of their super battle cruisers, as long as the Lexington and Saratoga, the carriers, ^{originally} super battle cruisers.

World War I

Q: When were they building them?

Captain Biard: In the 1920s, 1921, 1922.

Q: Oh, the Twenties. ~~I thought you said after World War II.~~
You mean after World War I.

After World War I.

Captain Biard: Yes. ^{building} These ways, these tremendously large ways -
were still there on the far side of the harbor, away from the
American consuls ^{to}. The American consuls ^{to} faced the harbor. As we
knew, one of these big ways had been fenced in completely with
black canvas so it was impossible to see anything going on inside
this way, this building ^{way}. The way, we knew, had been lengthened
by about 200 feet, ^{way} beyond that ~~was~~ required for the super
battle cruisers in post-World War I era. They ^{se ships} were later
scrapped. One was damaged in an earthquake, I think another one
was scrapped as the result of the Washington Conference. Then
in 1937 construction work started, and the people there at the consulate
welding could see welding going on at night all over the place, the
lights would shine up above the high canvas screen built around
the way, ^{and} ^{at night} would show through cracks and so on.

Q: This is the consulate at Nagasaki.

Captain Biard: The consulate at Nagasaki, consul ^{to} general, a step
above a consuls ^{to}.

Q: Oh, a consul general.

Captain Biard: Yes. Consul general in Nagasaki. We had been there and we had known, got the report.

Let me backtrack a minute now. I have skipped my second trip to Shanghai. We are now about the time of Christmas 1940. My first trip to Shanghai was Christmas 1939. Christmas 1940 I went over there again to Shanghai. We went over on a German ship captured in World War I and converted into a liner. It was a liner but converted to their own Japanese use. We came back, we sailed from Kobe, Inland Sea, just a day's trip by train to Tokyo. On the way back, and this is December of 1940, on the way back from Shanghai, we had to come back through Nagasaki. Well, in Shanghai, we went through the usual routine, liquor, I even bought a second short wave radio, clothes, more clothes ^{from Tom,} ~~see town,~~ more parties at Russian restaurants, more books, the books we couldn't get in Japan that could not be imported in Japan, and things in general, again staying at the Park Hotel. This time we were met, when we landed from this Japanese ship on the Japanese side, not the International Settlement, we were met by the chauffeured car of Fritz von Behring, who was the Far Eastern representative for the I.G. Farben Company, I.G. Farben, one of the biggest industrial complexes in Germany. Of course, anyone who is that high up was automatically an agent for the Nazi interests. He was by reputation, he was reputed to be the number one Nazi agent in the Far East, but his wife was a lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely Swedish girl whose two sisters were still

living in Tokyo. And one of our people I have not mentioned yet, who later was to be Deputy Chief of CIA, Central Intelligence Agency, vice admiral in charge of U.S. intelligence, Armed Services Intelligence Agency, "Ruf" Taylor, class of 1933, a year ahead of me, Rufus L. Taylor, class of '33, a very polished gent, ~~in the class ahead of me~~, was going with one of the sisters of the three. This beautiful, lovely, charming, and very sweet Swedish girl was married to ^{this representative for} I.G. Farben, sour, wealthy, powerful beyond all descriptions, German, not old, but he was with the in group, and he represented I.G. Farben. Well, when Karen Goetz, the Swedish girl, knowing that we and her fiance and our group were going over to China, told her sister, "Why don't you have ^{your} ~~the~~ car pick them up?" And so Fritz von Behring's car picked us up. Here we were riding in perhaps the car of the number one Nazi agent in the Far East. All right, we weren't telling anybody anything. More later. This is one of the real rides I've had in my lifetime. The chauffeur was Chinese and protected by German ^{extra-}territoriality because he was working for this very powerful German. So the favorite game he would play would be just to go up at very high speed, very near somebody, a Chinese coolie, or somebody else who didn't show him the proper respect and get the hell out of his way in a hurry, and then all of a sudden, throw on the brakes and stop just about two inches short of them. And he was an expert at it. We did this all the way back from the Japanese side to our hotel in Shanghai. I ~~was just~~ didn't enjoy

going like this because I didn't want to be in a car that hit even a Chinese coolie. And the ^{Shanghai} ~~Chinese~~ streets ^{were} ~~are~~ crowded, and the crossings ~~are~~ ^{were} crowded, I can assure you, they ~~are~~ very, very, very, very, very crowded.

Q: Where did he pick you up?

Captain Biard: On the Japanese side of Shanghai, the side held by the Japanese military, not the International Settlement. The Japanese Settlement, where their Army were kings.

Q: And he took you back to the International Settlement in Shanghai.

Captain Biard: Yes. And this was one of the most hair-raising automobile rides I have had. I have ridden in quite a few very ^{hair-raising} ~~hair-raising~~ rides, I can assure you.

Q: How many were in the car? The chauffeur ...

Captain Biard: It was filled with us and our baggage. It was a big Mercedes-Benz, but this was just his favorite game. He was mean, he would throw on the brakes, and he would miss somebody by just a couple of inches. He was an expert.

Q: He scared everybody to death.

Captain Biard: Yes, including his passengers. But anyway, we got this much out of I.G. Farben and Fritz von Behring. So it was much the same as the Christmas 1939, nothing unusual about this, so it isn't necessary to go into great detail, except that we went back not to Kobe, but to Nagasaki, and so this was ^{one of} ~~the~~ ^{my} previous trips to Nagasaki. I've now filled in how I got there before. On the way into Nagasaki, we passed within 200 yards of this big place, ^{ship} big building place that was all blocked off, where they were building. You could see welding going on inside, even in the daytime. "Ruf" Taylor was standing beside me, grabbed my binoculars, and started looking with the binoculars at it. I didn't use binoculars to try to look at it because you can't see anything through black painted heavy canvas. Nothing to be seen. The only thing you can do is just get in bad with the ^{Kempfer} ~~Kempfer~~. Although I played ^{drinksmanship} ~~drinksmanship~~ a lot, I didn't play it in ways just to make them mad. There had to be some reason for it before I would go all the way out to say, "I wonder if they'll come get me this time because I've pushed them too far?" He did this. I said, "Rufus, you're crazy." But they didn't, ^{He} ~~they~~ couldn't see anything. I was there with all my cameras, but I wasn't using them. It would have been fatal to have used a camera.

So we landed and we went to the consulate, and it was there

that I ^{again} met Consul General Tower. The consulate was on the Nagasaki harbor and looked toward the Mitsubishi building way on the far side. You would have had a good view of the way if in the space between there was a ...

TAPE FOUR

Q: We are going to continue with his experiences in Japan.

Captain Biard: So we steamed up to the harbor of Nagasaki toward the northern end of the harbor, passed very near what was happening on the ^{extra-large} building ways, and learned absolutely nothing.

Q: But you hadn't intended the trip to learn anything. It was just coincidence.

Captain Biard: Coincidence, yes. It just happened to be that the only ship we could get ^{back on} at the right time took us to Nagasaki. It was a fairly small ship, actually, about 2,000 or 3,000 tons, whereas we had gone over on a 20,000-ton ship.

I'm going to backtrack now a bit to tell something that happened on the trip from Kobe to Shanghai. We left the Inland Sea by the eastern entrance and went around the island of Kyushu. We did not go through the western entrance ^{to the Inland Sea} through the straits of ^{Shimonoseki,} ~~Nagasaki~~. This took us past the waters off Kagoshima Bay and

Shimonoseki

Ariake Bay, off the southern tip of the island of Kyushu, which is the southernmost of the four main islands of Japan. These are the waters in which the Japanese Navy ordinarily trains. I was playing bridge in the lounge when someone came in and said, "There's a Japanese carrier ^{with} ~~and~~ some other ships out here. Come take a look. Come take a look."

So we all went out to take a look. Well, I did not have my binoculars handy. I could not get them at the time, and it probably would have been fatal to get them, I do not know, but they were not easily available. ^{would have} I had to go to the cabin for them and we might have been out of range of things then. But I looked. I could see of all the group ^{my} eyesight was the only one that could see that planes were actually landing on the carrier deck.

Q: How far were you?

Captain Biard: So far that the plane looked like a gnat. We were at least six or seven miles distant - perhaps more.

Q: Oh.

Captain Biard: The others could not even see the planes. I could only see them as they made their slow approach toward the stern of the carrier. I could not see them flying their landing pattern above the carrier. I could see them individually as they

approached the carrier, never did I see more than one or two at a time as they approached, made their approach. Well, I immediately did the first thing that any naval officer should have done, I think, I started timing the landings. They were landing at about 25- or 30-second intervals, right about 30 seconds.

Q: That's awful fast.

Captain Biard: That is as well as we were doing or better.

Q: Tell me now, let's place this in years. 1940?

Captain Biard: This is December 1940. This is one year before the attack on Pearl Harbor. So I was the only one who could see these gnat-like things approaching the stern of and landing on the carrier, and they did this at 25- to 30-second intervals. The newspapers and other things that I was getting from the States, I was getting Life magazine by diplomatic pouch and the like, newspapers, Time magazine, not that it's tremendously accurate, but some of them had carried stories only recently that the Japanese were very poor aviators who couldn't handle their carriers and their carrier operations.

Q: How did they know?

Captain Biard: They didn't. They could not land their planes on the carriers faster than two minutes between, two-minute intervals, approximately, but their carrier training was such that they could not do better than that. ^{But} ~~And~~ here they were doing as well as we could, or maybe better. I don't know that this was their best carrier group, I don't know which one it was.

Q: What distresses me is something's right there to see and none is so blind as he who refuses to see.

Captain Biard: Yes. So, of course, when I got back to the embassy, I wrote out a full report on this. No one else could see them. My eyes were very, very good, very sharp in those days. Now I am 71 and can't do so well.

Q: And you had trouble at the Academy about your eyesight, didn't you?

Captain Biard: Just color.

Q: Oh, just color. Yes.

Captain Biard: Sharp. I had ^{20/10} ~~10/20~~ vision any time.

Q: Okay, okay. Sorry.

Captain Biard: And so I made the report to the naval attache and I can only assume that he sent it in, because I am sure he would do that. I made a full report, how, when, where, and circumstances under which I saw it. It's quite obvious that this report did not influence anyone on high. Whether it got on high, I do not know. It was quite obvious that no one believed it if it did get there.

Q: Who was on high then?

Captain Biard: A lot of people.

Q: I mean, besides God, it wasn't Nimitz, so it was Stark for the Pacific.

Captain Biard: It was Stark, overall then, and let's see, Richardson for the Pacific, perhaps, Richardson. It would have had to have got out of Washington for Richardson to get it. Richardson might have believed it. Richardson was good.

Q: You mean it would have had to go to Washington and back to him?

Captain Biard: Yes, because the naval attache would send it to ONI, and then ONI, if they sent it out, would send it on high to

other people who would believe it or not, as they wished, and ONI could send it out, perhaps, in minor ways but not directly ^{to} high commands.

Q: Could you ever go back to ONI and see if it's in their files? .

Captain Biard: I would have no idea. It would be in Mechanicsburg.

Q: You mean where their files are stored.

Captain Biard: Yes. I'd have no idea. I don't know where it went, so I really wouldn't know where to start looking. So that was one thing that I did report, and it certainly was not in line with general thinking.

Commander Kitchen, my gracious interviewer here, has also requested that I talk about the torpedoes I saw ^{dropped} ~~drop~~ when we were entering Tokyo Bay on the President Taft on our first day in Japan. I was on deck looking at the scenery as we approached it, and we were passing off Yokosuka and somehow or other I knew it was Yokosuka. I knew that we passed Yokosuka, going through Uraga channel, that's the entrance to Tokyo Bay, and that we were off Yokosuka. I was looking over the distance, couldn't tell anything about it, yes, Yokosuka's over there. This is one of their three big naval bases, three really main naval bases. And so as we were doing that, a Japanese ^{biplane} ~~by plane~~ came by flying at a

height of 150 feet or more, and dropped a torpedo at that height toward a target raft, and the torpedo, after dropping, came back to the appropriate level, for surely we could see the wake of it, and it ran straight toward the raft. Another similar ~~plane~~ plane came by with another torpedo, right near ^{our} the ship, ~~we~~ we could see it completely, at a height of 150 feet or even more, and dropped a torpedo, and it ran straight. By this time I ^{knew} noticed there was a naval aviator on board going to the Philippines. I forget his name now, but he was a lieutenant commander, so I ^{sent for} called him, ^{to come join me.} "I've got something here I want you to see." And another plane came by and dropped another torpedo, and it ran straight after this drop from this height.

He said, "My God. They're dropping at speeds which we cannot drop a torpedo. We can't drop one faster than 90 knots, they're going at least 150." And he said, "They're dropping them ~~at~~ from heights we can't drop them. If we dropped them from anything like that height, the gyro would tumble and it wouldn't run ^{straight} at all. It would go wild. They are far, far ahead of us." Furthermore, as we found out later on, their torpedoes were already, they were dropping them with sufficient control that they probably would have worked in Pearl Harbor. This is fairly shallow water. We saw several dropped under similar circumstances at heights where this naval aviator said we can't do it, and we can't drop them at those speeds, and we can't drop them in this depth of water, shallow water, and have them run

true. That was the first report I made to the naval attache. Where it went, I do not know.

Q: To ONI.

Captain Biard: Yes. *surely to ONI.*

Q: Didn't you say further that it was mentioned to the people in charge in Pearl Harbor, and they said ...

Captain Biard: No, this was not mentioned to the people in Pearl Harbor, but I found out later that a conference was held about three days before the attack, in which they were discussing should we put torpedo nets around the ships. It was voted down, not that it's a democratic type of vote, the senior officer has to make the decision, but those that were there voiced the opinion that it wasn't necessary because torpedoes could not be dropped in that shallow water without hitting the bottom, and that would cause them to run wild and they would be ineffective.

Q: Of course, our ships were hit by dive bombers from airplanes.

Captain Biard: ~~Yes.~~ ^{True.} But the torpedoes were the ones that got the Oklahoma and several of the others; they were hit by dive bombers and high level bombers, too. The high level bombing was

far more effective than anything we could do, yes. But the nets were not placed around the ships because they said that no torpedoes could be launched and run effectively in those ^{shallow} waters. The Japanese had even improved their torpedoes then so that they would be sure to run properly at such depths, and they were even better than the ones we saw dropped, that I and the ~~other~~ aviator~~s~~ saw dropped off Yokosuka.

Q: One doesn't want to remember the problems that the fleet had with torpedoes.

Captain Biard: But the Japanese did not have that trouble. Their torpedoes were magnificent, and they were far larger, far more powerful than ours, could travel much faster, and ^{some} had at least four times the range.

Q: This bears out your comment that when the Japanese want to do something, they do it accurately.

Captain Biard: When they want to, and particularly in those days when the military said, "Come to blueprint. Do it as it's shown here," they could do it as well as anybody else in the world.

Q: They've shown that since the war, of course, with all their developments.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Well, okay, thank you.

Captain Biard: Now we go back to Nagasaki. We called on Consul General Tower, and there we found out more about what we did not know that was going on at Mitsubishi Works. Consul General Tower, Mrs. Tower was there at that time, told us that we had 36 chief petty officers retired from U.S. Navy living there with Japanese women, living there because it was cheap and pleasant, and that they had to come to the consulate for passports and such as that, official business, but never once had they been able to get a single bit of information from any of them. The women they were living with had brothers, brothers-in-law, fathers working in the ^{Mitsubishi Ship} yard, and never was a single word said about what was going on there. The secrecy was complete, and the consulate could not tell us a thing. Now, when they started closing off this way across from the consulate, the Japanese started construction on the street between the consulate and the water. There was a street on which a streetcar track runs. More on that later, very interesting, too. And then there was a slight open space before you got to the water, with nothing on it. Materials and everything in Japan were very scarce in those days. The China incident had drained their supplies tremendously. But as they blanked off this building way, they ^{also} erected a storehouse in

this space between the water and the streetcar tracks adjacent to the ~~embassy~~ ^{consulate} so that ~~that~~ ^{they} cut off completely the view ^{even} from the upper story of the consulate general and the British consulate, which was next door, so that no one could see anything that might happen there if they did lift the ^{canvas} screen. And particular, as we will find out later, some other circumstances.

Q: That was done for that purpose?

Captain Biard: I'm going to ^{that} right now.

Q: Yes, yes.

Captain Biard: Then, having built this ^{storehouse, warehouse,} even though they were short of materials of all kinds, housing was short, building was short, they then put nothing in the warehouse and let it stay empty, and it remained empty ^{at least} until wartime. It was there purely as a screen, an expensive screen, to keep the consulate from seeing something later on, or to keep perhaps me from seeing something later on, as it turned out.

We caught the train from ^{Nagasaki} ~~there~~, about a 24-hour trip across the straits of Shimonoseki up through Hiroshima and such, Inland Sea to Tokyo. Now I came back to my pleasant little house ~~in~~ near Nogizaka. By this time ^{the little dog} Binka and I were getting along very well, this little dog. My folks had sent me some pecans from

Binka

Texas. Texas is famous for pecans. I always cracked pecans by taking two ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ my hands and squeezing them together. One day I gave ^BGinkasama some pecan, and she saw and heard what I did and what happened after she heard that cracking sound. Now, ^BGinkasama had been stepped on in her earlier days, and one of her legs was crippled. She couldn't get up ^{the stairs.} She was very small and ^{being crippled} could not get up the steps to my second story quarters.

Q: Is this your ...

Captain Biard: My little dog.

Q: The little puppy.

^BGinkasama
^BGinkasama, little bitty thing. She couldn't get up there; one of her rear legs was badly damaged.

Q: Poor little thing.

Captain Biard: But every time while I was studying there, if I would take pecans and crack them that way, ^BGinkasama would immediately run to the stairs, the foot of the stairs and wait there, looking up at the stairs. Well, I only had to see that once, and then every time I cracked pecans, of course, ^BGinkasama got some, too. This one time I tossed the pecan to her, and she

grabbed it and put her arms around it, her ^{front} legs around it, and just protected it like everything. I reached out and started to get it, and she went, "Grrrr." I tossed another pecan out over here. She went out, grabbed it protectively, and did the same thing. I tossed another one. Then she would just ...

Q: It's terrible to have to decide between three of them.

Captain Biard: That would just absolutely tear her up. "What do I do now?" But the cook got a big kick out of this, and I did, too. I teased little ^B Sinkasama quite a bit with my pecans, but I also figured that she would like to have a rubber ball to play with, so I had my folks send me three little rubber balls. I had them send me three little rubber balls, so I would play with her the same way, throw her one, and she would immediately pounce on it and protect it with her very life, wouldn't let me take it away from her for anything. Throw out a second one, and she wouldn't know what to do, she'd race from one to the other. "What do I do in this case?"

Q: You were mean.

Captain Biard: Yes. So that was ^B Sinkasama. As I say, after I came back from Karuizawa, I went on studying and getting ready to go. By this time almost all of the people we knew who could be

evacuated, the civilians, non-embassy employees who could be evacuated had been evacuated, and so our playmates and socializing friends were scarce indeed. We were thrown back on ourselves only. Somehow, and I do not know how, but I met a very, very, very personable young Japanese girl who had lived in the United States almost all her life. Her father was a businessman in the U.S. She had been brought up in U.S. schools, she could handle herself around any crowd, anywhere, any time, she was nice-looking, and she had a wealthy Japanese boy, just fatally in love with ^{her} in spite of the fact that she had been brought up in America. And much, much, much to the great consternation of his parents, who were wealthy and influential, he insisted on being permitted to marry her. The boy was not in good health, and any time they would tell him no, he would get sick and tell them, "I'm going to die. I'm going to die." And that would frighten them, He was the son of a ^{very wealthy} family, ~~they~~ had to keep him alive, and so finally they agreed to let him marry this girl. Well, she used to come over to my place on parties, no funny stuff of any kind, but she was just the life of the party always when she was there. She was very, very personable. She got to like me quite well, that I know.

Q: Was she an American?

Captain Biard: No, she was Japanese. But she was truly Americanized, language and all.

Q: She was born in Japan ^{but} ~~and~~ lived and ^{was} raised in the U.S., then went back ^{to Japan.}

0000
 Captain Biard: Yes, and went back. In fact, her mother came back ^{to Japan with her and} ~~with~~ two other daughters. ^{younger} Although Japanese women in general are not as shapely as American women or European women, some of them are extremely shapely. Generally their legs are very stocky and bent. This is supposed to be caused by the way they are carried on the backs of the older children and mother. They are carried in a way that's called "ombu," which has them strapped on the back, and their legs are bent around the waist. They're carried that way for quite some time. Then after that, they sit on the legs on the tatami, folded underneath them, not tailor fashion, but straight back under them, a most painful way, but they would sit on them that way for hours. That in itself could ruin anybody's legs, I mean the shape of them, and that and the ombu and the sitting in this style, was supposed to be the cause of Japanese legs ^{being} ~~to be~~ so unshapely.

Q: Seems reasonable.

Captain Biard: But she hadn't been brought up that way.

Q: We always speak of the men with bandy legs.

Captain Biard: Yes. The girls, we don't speak of bandy legs because of kimonos, you don't see them, usually. But Japanese women's legs usually are very unshapely. In some cases they could be quite shapely, and Japanese women can be extremely shapely, and this girl was one who could be extremely, extremely shapely. As I say, she was delightful to be with, and I'm quite sure that she really did like me, I ~~don't~~^{know} that quite well, quite well. But she didn't want to marry this lad, but her father was a drinker, a gambler, he was heavily in debt, he had to send the family back to Japan so they could live on what little money he could send them, and they had a home just about a block from me, a home that was right in front of the famous First Regiment's quarters, barracks. The First Regiment's barracks were between my former place and the place where I lived now, and theirs ^{was} right in front of this. She had two very beautiful ^{sisters} daughters, of which ^{she} ~~this~~ was the ^{eldest} ~~elder~~, and she had a younger one that was coming along, and she was going to be all right, too, I can tell you. But these first two were extremely shapely, the younger one about 14 or 15, this one about 18. The one that was 18 was in tears because she had to marry this Japanese boy; she didn't love him, but they needed the money to get her father, to get the family out of debt, and this was a wealthy family, and money would come with the marriage. While I knew her, ^{the future groom's} ~~his~~ father was appointed to the Cabinet position of Minister of Agriculture, which shows that he was up there. I went to ^{her} ~~their~~ home frequently, The mother

liked me and the girl liked me. I'm sure she liked me very, very, very, very much. In fact, she didn't want to marry the other lad at all. She would have no chance with me, I wasn't leading her on, but to tell you, they went to their honeymoon to one of the excellent hotels down on the Izu Peninsula, and she begged me to come along to the hotel and be there on their honeymoon. So I'm telling you that it was not--I'm sure that she thought more than a little of me.

Well, anyway, they didn't have any photographers. People sent this family wedding gifts, and this was an eye-opener to me. Wedding gifts for the bride consist of ^{exquisite material} ~~garments~~ to be made into underclothing, white lining and usually red material for the outer material, and the cost of the gift is not ^{so much} in the cost of ^{the} material; it is in the cost of the pattern and the shape of the whole item. They knew a great many American nisei students ^{who} had been sent back to Japan to go to Japanese universities, and they didn't want to be there ^{in Japan}. Oh, they hated it, but they would come around to this home in their Japanese schoolboy clothes, every ^{boy} ~~body~~ had to wear schoolboy clothes, even in the university, and they would hang around these girls with their tongues hanging out. Oh, they could just think of hamburgers and malted milks and milkshakes and cars, and everything they were missing, but here was an atmosphere and two beautiful Japanese girls who knew how to act like American girls. Oh, you could just see, "Oh, why can't everything in Japan be like this?" They were just there

all the time, all the time, these poor little nisei boys, who later on, I know, had to serve in Japanese intelligence, and I know how. They had dual citizenship, Japanese claim, had to fight for Japan, and if they didn't, they'd have had their necks cut off, their heads cut off. So they were there all the time, too, and they gave this girl some wedding presents. I want to show you. Let's stop now and take a look at them.

Q: They're very interesting.

Captain Biard: I wish we could show them on tape.

Q: Yes, I wish we could.

Captain Biard: I took the pictures, ^{of the wedding.} Of course, the mother wanted to send them to the husband, who was still in the States, and did so. She was very, very grateful. And now a surprise. She sent me gifts, Japanese give gifts on all sorts and kinds of occasions. To show her appreciation, she sent me gifts, she knew I liked jasmine tea, she sent me some jasmine tea. She sent me some flowers, and then she sent me the most unusual gift I have ever received, I it was a bamboo cage, small bamboo cage about 18 inches by 12 inches by 10 inches, perhaps, with a very fine bamboo cage inside it, much greenery, and inside a little small tightly woven bamboo cage, but still open, with plenty of air,

were two crickets. They were green crickets, and the instructions that came with them said feed the crickets a slice of cucumber a day. So I called my cook, Su-Haru-In san, and said, "Oh, just look at what I have received here. This is unusual. What are these?"

"Oh, those are singing crickets. They sing a very, very wonderful song." And yes, they did, come about 4:00 o'clock in the morning, there would be a wonderful cricket song coming out of this cage.

Q: Charming, unusual, creative gift.

Captain Biard: It wasn't too bad.

Q: That's a very creative idea.

Captain Biard: I wish I had taken pictures of it, I do wish I had.

Q: How big were they, the crickets?

Captain Biard: Standard size crickets, but they weren't the dirty black-looking type we have in this country.

Q: I don't know what a standard size cricket is.

Captain Biard: An inch and a half long, inch and a quarter long.

Q: And green?

Captain Biard: Light green, pale green. So the girl told me goodbye somewhat tearfully.

Q: At the wedding?

Captain Biard: At the wedding. I had almost nothing to do with the groom, nothing to do with his father. His father, of course, was an aristocratic Japanese. I'd been taking pictures, I was the picture-taker, had nothing to do with the groom's side, but I saw the mother and, of course, thanked her for the gift and the younger sisters, but the younger sisters were always much too young for me to associate with, although the university boys would come around, still come around and listen to the records and wish that they were back in America. They were very fond of her.

Q: Why had they had to go home?

Captain Biard: Because their parents sent them ^{to Japan} ~~home~~ to study in Japanese universities.

Q: Their parents were still in the U.S?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And they had sent them back ~~to~~ ^{to} Japan?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Why? To go in the Army?

Captain Biard: No, just because they wanted them to know Japanese, understand Japanese culture, perhaps ^{later to} come back to Japan as businessmen, out of loyalty to the Emperor for some of them, perhaps. Who knows?

Q: Who knows?

Captain Biard: But this was all next to this Ichi Rentai Mae.

Q: What does that mean?

Captain Biard: Ichi means first, number one. Rentai is regiment, and Mae means in front of.

Q: In front of the First Regiment.

Captain Biard: On the grounds, right next to their home was just in front of the First Regiment, and that was known as Ichi Rentai Mae.

Q: You mentioned that.

Captain Biard: Here every morning about 5:00 o'clock, the Japanese recruits would be mustered up on the very top of the barracks and dormitory buildings, and they would be made to give out their most blood-curdling yells at the top of their voices. Oh, they were blood-curdling, practicing for battle, of course.

Q: Practicing for kamikaze.

Captain Biard: Well, some of them well could be kamikazes later, I'm sure.

Q: Did they scream going into battle?

Captain Biard: Yes. They did everything they could to try to strike terror into the hearts and minds of the enemy. This was part of their practice. Living around here, I would see them being drilled on the streets and being sent at double time, you know, double time, running through the streets, full packs, and I have seen the poor lads who couldn't keep up with the others, the

weaklings in the crowd falling behind, out of ranks, and the petty officers behind these men were hitting them with the broad side of their swords, bang, bang, bang, across the back, almost with every step.

Q: The back or the buttocks?

Captain Biard: The back. They would just hit them and hit them and hit them and hit them. In other words, you damn well do keep up, you never fall behind in anything. It was hard training, extremely hard training. Going back to my home on occasions, I'd find a petty officer who was maybe drunk, and a recruit who wasn't drunk, and the drunk petty officer might not like something about the recruit and he would just absolutely chew him out, strike him, slap him, anything else. Of course, anything like that went on in the Japanese Army any time. So the minute I saw what the Army was like, I could get a little bit of an idea of what the Japanese Army was like and what they were training their men to do and how to do it. They made them tough and they made them absolutely hate the enemy, which is all right, it's a good thing in war, but they did it more effectively than we did generally.

I have just now recalled what I did after one of the six months' exams that previously I said I don't know what I did. I went to Ôshima. I did something else, too. Gil Slonim and I

took the tour down ~~from~~^{to} Nagasaki. I went to Nagasaki several times, and on the way, we took the railroad down to Kobe. From Kobe we went to Kyoto, the great cultural center in Japan, beautiful city.

Q: Beautiful city.

Captain Biard: Then back to Kobe, and we caught a steamer across to Kyushu, to Beppu on the northern shore of Kyushu. This is through the Inland Sea. Beppu turned out to be one of the most delightful spots I have ever seen. I have learned since that it ~~is~~^{was} a favorite liberty port for the Japanese Navy, but ⁱⁿ my two times in Beppu I did not see any Japanese Navy there. This was my first time. There is a tramway up a height above, which you go up and overlook the surrounding country, and down near the coast there are hot springs and hot mud baths that people come from far and wide to enjoy, their hot springs and their baths and resort hotels, and it was at one of these hotels that I engaged in my first mixed bathing, quite nice, quite nice bath. A Japanese gentleman came with his wife and children, and Gil Slonim and I were there. Then we enjoyed the sights, spent a night there.

Coming to Beppu on the boat, the overnight boat, the evening before we turned in, I saw a ^{young} gentleman ~~on deck~~ seated at one of the tables on deck, who looked very aristocratic, ⁱⁿ an aristocratic

Kimono,
 type ~~koman~~, wearing glasses and apparently having trouble with his eyes, but you could tell he was a well-educated young Japanese, thoroughly aristocratic and proud. Somehow or another, I said hello to him or spoke to him, "May I sit here by you, at the table with you?" The table free-space was at a premium.

"Yes." So we started talking.

Q: You are speaking conversational Japanese now?

Captain Biard: Yes. He soon told me, "I am just back from Nomonhan." And Nomonhan is where the Japanese Army had tangled with the Russians in 1939 on the Mongolian border. The Japanese wanted to show the Russians that they were better than they were, and the tables were turned on them, and the Russians just absolutely chewed them to pieces. They lost something like ^{20,000} ~~80,000~~ ^{killed} men in an incident that didn't even make the papers, went on for about two weeks, and it was against all sorts and kinds of laws to tell anything about this. Not against laws, but against kempei regulations. But he told me, he said, "Oh, the Russians, they are very, very intelligent people. Oh, they're intelligent." He said, "They put poison in wells, they poisoned our wells. They use special bombs to kick up sand in our faces. That's what got me, it went in my eyes. I'm here. It's awful what they did to us over there."

Q: He was in that battle?

Captain Biard: Yes. He said, "They are truly people to be feared." He was telling this to me and other people could hear it. He told me, he didn't tell me his name, he said, "I'm a member of the Imperial Family." That's why he could come out with this and the kempei dared not touch him. He described the battle to me, something that no other Japanese would ever think of doing, and he just told me it was awful, that they shouldn't fight the Russians, they should stop right now. And for a Japanese to say that was treason, and we had plenty of kempei there. There were two following me at the time, following me and Gil. So that was unsolicited, and I'm sure that he didn't intend to have any ^{later} ~~more~~ contacts with me. In other words, he wasn't baiting me so that they could reach out and grab me, but he was saying many things that would have got any ordinary Japanese into fatal trouble.

Q: How long was that battle? Had he come from that battle?

Captain Biard: That battle had occurred about a year and a half before, but he had been over in Manchuria and had just come back from there. He was back, trying to recuperate in Japan, trying to get treatment. He said, "I am a member of the Imperial Family." He went ahead and just told me anything he wanted to,

and nobody, the kempei following me didn't dare touch him.

The kempei had followed us on the train, as John Roenigk had said, on the way down. I told Gil Slonim that I was going to follow the tactics that John always followed and that I had followed. I pulled the same stunt on the two. "You're kempei, aren't you?"

"No, no, no, no, no."

I kept insisting, very politely. Why, yes, they broke out their cards, they were kempei. We exchanged cards, and then we had a bit of polite conversation, something to pass the time, a ten-hour or so trip from Tokyo to Kobe. And then in Kobe, as I say, we went to Kyoto.

Now let's get into another X-rated situation. When I would go to a bar and find a pretty bar maid, a bar girl, just as a matter of conversation, "Won't you come to my place?" knowing she wouldn't, and dropping ^{that from} the conversation immediately after. ~~Then I'd drop the conversation immediately after that.~~ That was just to see the reaction, just a conversation piece was all it was. Because the kempei absolutely, and the regular police ran very, very strict supervision over the morals of the girls at the bars, and particularly as far as they would not let them associate with any of the customers, go out with them ^{on} dates or ^{to} their homes, such as that, although some of them did come to my home, maybe two or three at a time, but never singly.

So here at ^{kyoto} ~~Kobe~~ now, we were at a very nice hotel, and had

gone to a bar near the hotel next to a very pretty little stream that came through the city, was nicely decorated. The bar was very attractive and called the American Bar. There was only one ^{young} ~~little~~ girl in there. The inside was much, much ^{nicer} ~~nice~~ than any Japanese bar I'd ever been in before. I went in and then saw the one little girl in there, saw a lady running the bar, an older lady, but the young girl there, who was very, very pretty, kimono-clad. I talked to her for a while. I said, "I'm staying at the hotel over here. Why don't you come to my room tonight?" That was just absolutely out of bounds and never, never, never done. *The question was just a conversation piece.*

So she said, "All right, what's your room number?" So I told her.

Okay. Now, the fun. We got back to the hotel from the bar, when we left there, she said, "I'll be up there when the bar closes." When we got to the hotel, obviously there were kempei, at least a dozen of them all over our hotel floor, all over.

Q: The floor on which you had your room.

Captain Biard: Yes. Everywhere. And so I said, "My God, Gil, I've really got myself in trouble here, haven't I?"

He said, "I don't know." Well, Gil is a man of courage, and he has quite a bit of *savoir faire*, too. He said, "Wait a minute. Let me step out here and see what I can find out." He said, "They can't be here just for you." And so he stepped up to

one of them and said, "What are you here for? You're kempei, we can tell that for sure. What's the special situation?"

"The railway minister is staying here in the room over here and we're guarding him tonight." Political assassinations were rampant in Japan, and so they were protecting him.

So Gil let the cat out of the bag and said, "A friend of mine wants to have a girl come up to his room tonight. Any rule against that?"

"No, no, that's perfectly all right." A dozen kempei there now, saying okay. So she came up without any trouble.

Now, one year later in Karuizawa my second summer, Smith-Hutton came up, all perturbed and hot under the collar. This is the summer that John Roenigk was not there, just before we came home. He called each of us over individually, and he said, "There is much trouble, much trouble. The police are complaining to the ambassador, he's having an awful lot of trouble keeping this out of the newspapers. I'm having trouble." He didn't tell us how he was having trouble or who was handling it for him, but he said, "They have the police records of all of you^{and} are being made public to the extent and fact of who you have been associating with and seducing Japanese women." Now he said, "I have these complaints against you," in talking to the first one there, and so on. And so he got all of his out of the way. When he came out, he came over to see me and said, "Old Smith-Hutton." He gave me the lowdown on why Smith-Hutton was

there, what he was trying to accomplish, generally ^{to} keep this out of the press, big threats of exposing all this, American naval officers corrupting the girls, the morals of Japanese young girls. And so my time came.

I went over to the Smith-Hutton summer home, where his wife and her stepdaughter were living, Jane Smith-Hutton, who was always very, very nice to us, extremely brilliant and gracious lady. And so he had sent her off to another part of the house where she couldn't hear what he was saying. So he ^{set} ~~put~~ me down. He said, "I have some complaints against you." So he says, "I have from the police of such and such girls that you seduced these girls in your home at such and such a time."

I said, "You do? Sir, I can tell you very, very frankly and ^{honestly} ~~honestly~~ that that is not so. Yes, those girls came to my home, but there were three of them and everything was very, very proper."

"I have ~~the~~ ^{some} others, where ^{other} ~~those~~ girls came to your home."

"Yes, the same thing."

"You seduced them, I have that." The more and more, every time that I had sent a girl to come to my home, or girls--I never had ^{just} ~~one~~ come to my home--purposefully, they had it from my ^{first} ~~first~~ cooks, undoubtedly telling kempei who I was associating with. And they were trying to get all this in the papers, and Smith-Hutton was trying to get the ammunition to say it isn't correct, it isn't correct, it isn't correct. So he came up with every situation. In all cases there had been at least two girls and never did anything inappropriate take place.

Now, he didn't come up with this situation of the girl who married the son of the Minister of Agriculture because she was always there with a large crowd, and I'm sure that this ^{was from the} first cook that I had, and ~~the~~ second one, I'm sure, would have told kempei, "Look, everything is absolutely on the up and up, there's a large crowd, she's nice, he likes her, but she's never there by herself." I'm sure they had it, and she told them the straight story of it. I'm also sure that the other ^{first year} cook told them very crooked stories to get in good with the police or to do me harm, one or the other, because we ended up on not too good of terms.

So Smith-Hutton went through all of this, all the charges they had against me. I listened to them and I finally said, "All right, sir, do you have any more?"

"That's it."

I said, "Do I have to answer for anything else other than that which you've told me?"

"I only want answers to that, and if you can tell me that strictly is not so, I would be very happy, and that will be fine."

I said, "I can tell you frankly and honestly that at no times did I have any Japanese girl to my house for any immoral purposes as they are alleging there. I tell you that, and that is true."

He said, "If you say that, I surely believe you."

Some of the others couldn't say things exactly as well, so I don't know how they stopped that, but that was the end of it ^{for me.}

Now, the time that we had the 12 kempei outside my room, the only time they could have got me, it didn't get on the police record.

Q: And you're glad he didn't ask you about that.

Captain Biard: I asked him, "Are those the only? Do you have any more? Is that all I have to answer to?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "If anything else has happened and you don't have it, do I have to answer to that?"

He said, "No." He said, "This is all I want answers to, and if you can say no honestly to that, I will be very pleased and very happy."

Q: Why wasn't it on the record from Kyoto, was it?

Captain Biard: ^{Kyoto} ~~Kobe~~. The kempei there didn't give a damn. That wasn't their job.

Q: Oh, that wasn't their job, so they didn't care.

Captain Biard: Yes, I suppose.

Q: Well, I won't pursue the subject then. I don't think it's my

place. This is your biography.

Captain Biard: But this is an interesting story.

Q: It's an interesting story, but I'm not going to ask you what happened when she came to your room.

Captain Biard: The only time ~~he~~^{they} could have got me, the kempei had the chance to really nail me, and they didn't do a thing about it. My friend had asked them, "Is it all right?"

They said, "Yes." I don't know that they wouldn't have double crossed me. It didn't occur to them.

Q: Well, it's a funny thing.

Captain Biard: They were not the kempei assigned to us, and they were not ...

Q: They weren't the men who followed you down.

Captain Biard: That's right.

Q: And their job was to do this, and that's what they were doing, and it didn't occur to them to be smart enough, or whatever other words you want to say, to say, "Aha! This is

something we can ..." They were just doing their job.

Captain Biard: The time I was really called on the carpet, the naval attache got just the answer he wanted, an honest answer, and that was all he wanted, and he knew there was more.

Q: Now is that all the story that you're going to tell me?

Captain Biard: Isn't that enough?

Q: I don't know. I thought you were going to say she came in, you had dinner, and you said, "Goodnight, honey, go home."

Captain Biard: I haven't said anything about the rest of the story.

Q: I know that. So I guess that's all for tonight, huh? That's what they say, 30 for tonight.

Captain Biard: Yes. So it was after that we caught the boat to Beppu, where I saw the member of the Imperial family, but he didn't tell me who he was, and the kempei very obviously were not interfering with him. We caught a train. We didn't know where we were going ...

Q: Time to go home.

Captain Biard: Pardon?

Q: Can we stop here?

Captain Biard: We can. And the next story is going to be about Kumamoto.

Q: Say the name. Not Yamamoto.

Captain Biard: Kumamoto.

Q: What is that?

Captain Biard: That's a town.

Q: Oh, it's a town. Okay. Then we're going to leave it right here.

Captain Biard: Okay.

Interview Number 3 with Captain Forrest Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California

Date: 21 August 1984

Subject: Biography

Interviewer: Commander Etta-Belle Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Captain Biard: We got off the train at Kumamoto. Let me back up just a little bit. Before we got to the station, we took a look through the window to the right and we saw a tremendous cloud of dust. The cause of the dust was a large number of trucks following each other at fairly high speed around an oval course much as a track and field racing track for foot races, but in this oval were just these trucks, Japanese Army trucks being driven and kicking up a large cloud of dust. Quite obviously they were training Japanese to drive trucks. Most Japanese men in those days and times could not drive automobiles, so they had to teach them to do this driving. One of the things they did for their pilots, first of all, was to teach them to drive an automobile, so these may have been pilots in training, we don't know. But I learned later on that Kumamoto was the home of the famous First Division of the Japanese Army, a rather ruthless, mean, and cruel division that was notorious for what they had done in China in the China incident. This was it, and we saw this going on there as we passed by.

We got to Kumamoto and got off the train. We had the kempei
~~got~~ ^{get} off with us, of course, ^{They} reported to the local policemen.

Q: The same ones that followed you down?

Captain Biard: Oh, they turned over at various places, yes, and one of them let go at four hours or six hours or something.

Q: Relieve the watch.

Captain Biard: Relieve the watch. He turned his responsibilities over to the local police there at the station. We could see that going on. But we went up and found a hotel, left our baggage. It was nighttime, and then we decided we'd go out and see a bit of the town.

Q: Excuse me, but I'd like to place where Kumamoto is.

Captain Biard: Kumamoto is on the island of Kyushu, somewhat on the western part, and Kyushu is the southernmost and the warmest and the hottest of the four main Japanese islands.

Q: Thank you.

Captain Biard: The northernmost island is ^{Hokkaido} ~~Hawadai~~. The main

island is Honshu, it is the largest, that's where most of the industry and most of the people are. It occupies most of the map when you look at the Japanese main islands. The smallest and least important of the islands is Shikoku, it borders on the Inland Sea to the south~~east~~ of Honshu, and Kyushu is the southernmost, ^{western and} bordering on the Inland Sea, and it's also fairly important industrially. They have many main industries there, heavy industries, steel, shipbuilding, and the like, armaments industries. It also borders on the Inland Sea. It and Shikoku form the southern side of the Inland Sea. Honshu is ^{to} the north ^{of} the very beautiful, beautiful Inland Sea. So Kumamoto is somewhat to the west and southwest, but inland, west and southwest ^{on} of the island of Kyushu. I had never been to Kumamoto before.

We got a hotel room and we noticed that they had large, very large mosquito nets over our beds, which were on the floor, as always in a Japanese style hotel. Well, we went out to see a bit of the town, and we didn't see anybody following us. Maybe we were not being followed, I don't know, but I can't imagine that. But very strangely, I have just the last day or two thought of something that I had never really investigated in my own thinking before. We didn't see any troops or any troops on liberty in the town. Here's a big division out here, headquarters, nobody on liberty in the town. Having just thought about that, I kept thinking about the Ichi Rentai, the regiment number one that was

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quartered in barracks there just about a few hundred yards from my second home. Seldom did I ever see any soldiers out on the town there, and there were many bars nearby. I could go to the local bars and never see a soldier at a bar. Somehow or other, as an intelligence officer, I should have been thinking about this, but it didn't give me any reason, there was nothing to report, except that I believe that they kept most of their ~~troops~~^{troops} inside. First of all, they didn't have much money. Second of all, they were being very strict with them, and I think they were toughening them up. Let me tell you, they toughened their troops up. The Japanese were inhuman with their troops. That's one of the reasons they acted as they did when they got in the field of battle. They were absolutely inhuman with them. But there was not a soldier in the town. Before that, why, we found a tall, good-natured, good-looking cop, very tall, and so as usual I went up to him and said, "We want to see part of the town. Where are some good bars? Where can we talk to some bar maids? We want to practice our Japanese conversation."

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"Oh, you're smart. You know to come to the police when you want a good, honest answer, don't you?" He was as good-natured as could be, a big man, tall, and fairly husky. "Why, sure, I'll be glad to show you." So he took us there and pointed out a couple of bars; the little places were fine. "Always when you need some information, come to a policeman. He can always help you." Well, he was one of the few Japanese policemen who would

ever^{have} reacted in that fashion. Most of them would have been very, very mean, very, very surly, and that would have been well below their dignity.

Anyway, we took a look around the town a bit, then went back to the hotel and had one of the most miserable nights I've ever had. I was not too particular with the mosquito netting, and I let it open up a bit so mosquitos could get in. Thousands of mosquitos^{were} swarming all over me when I woke up. That was about 11:00 o'clock, So I spent the next two or three hours trying to get them all out of the mosquito net so I could anchor it firmly around me again and get back to sleep. My friend, Gil Slonim, was having exactly the same trouble. But we did get the mosquitos out, get back to sleep, and the night was ...

Q: Weren't you bitten badly?

Captain Biard: Yes, and I was worried because there had been an awful lot of these troops around over in China picking up all sorts and kinds of malaria and other diseases.

Q: Yes, that would have worried me, too.

Captain Biard: I was quite worried, but I had no ill effects from it, fortunately. It's the only time in Japan that I have ever had to sleep under a mosquito net, but this time I really

had to. It was awful. Then we went on to the hot springs resort of Unzen, a pretty little place still in the mountains, small, quite picturesque, and from Unzen we went on down to Nagasaki. At Nagasaki we saw Consul General Tower at the U.S. consulate, and the empty warehouses in front of it that kept anyone in the consulate from seeing the building ways across. However, you could go up on the hills and see the building ways, but we found out later on that the empty warehouses they had built would finally serve their purpose, which will be described here very soon. From Nagasaki, we returned back by a very pretty little place called Miyajima. That is near the Japanese Naval Academy ^{at} ~~of~~ Etajima, on the Inland Sea. At Miyajima we saw the tourist sights, the very, very large torii, a marker for a Shinto shrine that is in the sea. It is large, it is red, and it's frequently shown on tourist brochures for Japan. It is one of the sights in Japan, famous sights. While looking around there, we saw several pulling boats come up, and these pulling boats were manned by Japanese midshipmen from the Naval Academy. That's as close as I ever got to the Naval Academy, ever could get to it, and as close as I ever got to Japanese midshipmen. They were being bossed around by petty officers who were giving them seamanship drills in these boats, nothing important, just one of the things we saw.

After that, we went back to Tokyo and went on with our studies, resumed our usual duties. We had had about a ten-day

trip, very pleasant, enjoyed it very much, didn't see anything in particular. The only thing was this talk with the member of the Imperial Family, who told me about the horrors of the Nomonhan incident. Of course, I reported that. We knew about it; it was just confirmation of what we had already known had gone on. We had learned by the grapevine, and the Japanese were not talking about it at all *in the newspapers*.

We go back to the other trip to Nagasaki that I left when I recalled of this earlier trip. The last trip I made to Nagasaki was in April of 1941. The situation was really getting hot at that time. England would probably fall, so the Japanese thought. The French had already fallen. The U.S. was applying trade restrictions to Japan, was limiting what the Japanese could buy from us ^{and import} ~~in post~~ from the United States, the newspapers were screaming, the radio was screaming against the United States. Our own people, the dependents of the people there, the commercial and embassy personnel, had been sent home by U.S. orders, so that our social life was very severely restricted. Well, after our six months' exams in April, I spent about ten days, for some reason I do not know now, in Tokyo, around Tokyo, before departing on the usual ^{post-exam} tour. By this time one of the members of our group had gone to Nagasaki and had come back with the report that whatever had been in this large screened off way had been launched, that he had seen it, and so the naval attache asked him to describe it. "Oh, I don't know, it was just large,

that's all I can say." Well, this word got to me and I was amazed. So when I went down to see the naval attache, and this was customary before we'd go on a trip, I told him that I thought I would like to go to Nagasaki, that I understood there was an interesting sight down there.

He said, "I understand there is, too."

I said, "We would like to make a few other stops here and there, try to make it look like a regular sightseeing trip. It will be, but I would also like to see if I can't get some information that I understand was not furnished you by someone who did go down there recently."

He said, "Yes. Of course, I never did tell you where to go."

I said, "Yes, sir. I understand that." The naval attache would never tell us to go down somewhere and get a report on something, or at least almost never, and he never did tell me that, for sure. I do not know of anyone else he ever told to do anything like that. Those were against our standing orders. Our orders were to learn the Japanese language, learn the country, and to become thoroughly acquainted with the people so we'd be able to use that knowledge later on, not to get in trouble while we were there. So I told him this, I said, "I would like to go by Kobe, catch the boat for Beppu, go over to Kyushu, and then we will do some sightseeing in the southern part of Kyushu." I said, "I understand there is a place called Kirishima I would like to see. I would like to see Kagoshima in the very southern

tip of Kyushu. I would like to see Unzen again, and then I would always like to go see my good friend Consul General Tower in Nagasaki."

And, of course, he said, "I think that would be a most excellent idea." He didn't tell me to go down there and see what I could find out about this ship that had been launched, but he knew darn well that that was number one on my list. So with his approval, I got John Bromley to go along with me. He became interested in the trip, so we went to the Japan Tourist Bureau and got tickets for at least the first part of the trip to Nagasaki. The reason for getting ^{tickets} ~~them~~ there was ^{that the kempei} ~~they~~ were going to follow us anyway. We couldn't go anywhere that they would not have people on our trail who would stay with us. The white man when you got down there, always when he'd get out of Tokyo, always stands out like a sore thumb. They can follow you far too easily. We couldn't lose our followers, so let them have all their fun. Let them arrange what they want to do, which this time I was very, very--it turned out to be I was very sorry I did, very sorry. I don't know, they probably might have guessed it anyway, but they very definitely did something that we will describe here later on, that set us back on this trip, kept us from achieving ^{that which} ~~and~~ we wanted to achieve.

So we went to the Japan Tourist Bureau in the Imperial Hotel, got our tickets, and started out. As usual, we had the kempei on the train with us. Kobe is about a ten-hour ride from Tokyo on

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the old, slow trains they had in those days. They didn't have the bullet train then. So I approached the kempel and said my usual story. "You're kempel, aren't you?"

"No." Never would they break down and sit down finally and say, "We will talk." They stayed aloof the whole time. This was something new. It should have been a tip-off, not that a tip-off would have done any good, it wouldn't have helped us in the least. But they went on with us. No conversing with them.

Then we stopped at Kobe, and from Kobe we did a little sightseeing, then we caught the boat to Beppu, and this time about the only person that I took up with, of course, the kempel were right along with us, following us, this time about the only person I talked to was a man who was worried, worried, because the boat was late and he had to catch a train down somewhere from someplace, and if he didn't, he'd get in trouble with his company. He was with his wife and children, two children. You could tell he was just as worried as everything. He was not doing his job. I told him, "Well, I'm going down there, too. I will get a taxi and you can ride along with us." He didn't have enough money to get a taxi. You could see him worrying. He'd look at the kempel and he'd look at me, look at the kempel, look at me. Here he was, he didn't know, he knew he'd get in trouble with the police if he did this, also he'd get in trouble with his company if he didn't do it because he wouldn't be there at the time he had to be there. So he got in

the taxi with us and you could just see him worrying. He was just sweating, sweating, sweating, sweating all the way down there, horror all over his face because he knew darn well the kempei were going to be on top of him like everything. I don't know the follow-up to this, but I can tell you for sure that ~~they~~ ^{the kempei} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~was, to~~ find out what we had said, what we had tried to do, and to find out whether or not he had given us ^{any} ~~the~~ information. ~~he~~ ~~but~~ But after we did this, why, we stayed there a while and then went on to Beppu, where we wanted to go anyway. We spent the night there, a very pleasant night. I liked Beppu, a pleasant tourist spot, hot springs where you could go and take a mud bath in the hot springs there on the beach. And Japanese love to do that, love the hot springs, and these are fairly unique because they have these pools. They have the pool of blood, red-hot springs, a hot spring pool there, ^TThey call it the pool of blood, and they have several others quite famous. So we enjoyed that.

The next day we got on the train to go along the eastern coast of Kyushu around and then into the lower southern part, up into the mountains, onto the mountain of Kirishima. I had no idea what we'd find when we got to Kirishima, but it was late in the afternoon, very late in the afternoon. When we got off at the railroad station to get to a resort, we had to take a taxi. The taxi was a charcoal-burner, and there were ^{very many} ~~quite a number of~~ charcoal-burners ^{all} around Japan. ^{These} ~~The~~ cars were fitted with a

charcoal-burner in the rear, a big, monstrous thing ~~in~~ which ~~they~~
 would ^{hold} ~~hide~~ the charcoal or wooden chips, ~~spray water~~, light them
 off, get them burning, and then spray water over them, not enough
 to put out the fire, but enough to make water gas, that is
 somewhat similar to what ^{was} ~~is~~ done in some of the eastern cities
 with coal in the old ^{coal-} ~~pour~~-gas they used to have before the war,
 World War ^I ~~II~~, but frequently this type of water gas ~~which~~ they
 generated in the car itself, and then use ^{propa} ~~that~~ to ~~drive~~ the
 automobile. It was not a very good way of doing things and the
 car would not run too well, particularly on a mountain. So we
 had a driver, his assistant, and John Bromley and I, He and I had
 our baggage. They started on this winding trip up this mountain
 of Kirishima, having lots of trouble, and finally about 300 yards
 from our destination, the thing played out and just wouldn't
 start up at all, they couldn't get it started again at all. ~~It~~
~~was almost night, it was quite dark, so~~ John and I picked up our
 luggage and carried it the rest of the way up to the resort, hot
 springs resort, that foreigners almost never went to. Quite
 obviously you will be able to tell ^{that} by what I will soon ^{relate.} ~~tell you.~~
 We carried our baggage the rest of the way, and when we got
 there, we found a sidewalk leading up to several hotels on the
 side of this high volcano, Kirishima, perhaps dormant. It is one
 of the national parks of Japan, famous, and they had a battleship
 named Kirishima, named for it. Of course, we knew the names of
 every important ship in the Japanese Navy. We already knew that.

But as we went up toward one of the ^{ryokans} ~~riocens~~, one of the Japanese style inns where we hoped to stay and did stay, we passed open-air bathing pools, open-air hot baths rather than bathing pools. Each one of them would have an iron fence around it, just two iron rails, the rest of it open, and as we would pass by, the men and women would get out of the hot bath and line themselves up alongside the iron rail in their complete birthday suits, watching the foreigners, people the likes of which they had never seen before. And this, here we were feeling so indecent, having all these perfectly naked men and women draping themselves over these rails, gaping at us, fully clothed, as we carried our luggage up to the hotel. That's the most indecent I've ever felt in my whole life. *I was fully clothed.*

Q: That's funny.

Captain Biard: But we got there and we logged in, and we found that the hotel was very, very Japanese style, and it was built alongside this creek that ran along the side of the mountain. The hotel itself had a lower floor. The lower floor was in front and then the second floor would extend farther back so that it ended against the mountain, too. The third floor extended yet farther back so that it ended against the mountain, and the fourth floor extended father back so that it, too, ended against the mountain, and that's the way these Japanese inns, hot spring

resort inns, were built here at Kirishima. There wasn't much else besides the inn. That was about all. So we spent the night there. We took a hot bath in some of the places, mostly men, very few women in this hot bath, but again, the men were very friendly and they would see me and they'd feel my arms. "My, he's strong. My, he's powerful." The baths were not as hot as they had been on Oshima, so I didn't have to torture myself to show that I could take what they could or take more than they could. I was very happy about that.

The next morning we left by the same path, went back down by the open-air hot spring pools, and the same thing happened. The men and women there in their natural ~~bathing~~^{birthday} suits lined the rails to watch us.

Let me back up a little bit here. As we were approaching the hotel that night, carrying our baggage, while these people were looking at us, a lady came down in her birthday suit, just walking along the sidewalk there to take her bath in the hot pools, she just passed us and looked at us, turned around and looked at us, even. Of course, that means that we turned around to look at her also. She was as surprised to see us that way as we were to see her walking in that state down toward the pool.

To go back to Kumamoto just a minute, while we were walking around with this policeman, when he was pointing out the bars and such, where they were, where we might go, we passed a little Japanese girl playing something like jacks there in the narrow

street with some other friends. She looked up to see who was passing, and a look of horror came to her face, and she shouted out in her highest possible voice, as loud as possible, "Oni da yo!" Oni, that isn't like the Office of Naval Intelligence, that means "devil." Da means "is" or "are." And yo is a matter of making it emphatic. That lends emphasis to her statement. In other words, ^{"Here are some real,} ~~"You are devils!"~~ Well, the Japanese frequently considered foreigners to be devils in the old days, and so she saw us, and she thought, man, we were truly devils who had come there to get her, so she just ran away as fast as she could go. That's a point that I forgot to tell about Kumamoto. That was one of the interesting points. The good-natured policeman who was with us just laughed. He laughed and laughed. Oh, that was big fun. It was fun for us, too. So this shows how seldom people there in that part of the country would see white people.

There in Kirishima it was quite obvious that we were an extreme oddity, by the way the people behaved as we passed these open-air hot pools, open-air hot baths.

Well, the next morning we got in the same taxi as had brought us up, and so we had to push it for about a quarter of a mile down the hill, the passengers, to get it started. That was all right. Pushing it down a hill isn't bad, we could do that, so we did. We got to the railroad station, and from there we caught the train to Kagoshima. Kagoshima is on the large and well-protected Kagoshima Bay, the very southern tip of Kyushu.

Across the bay from the city is the famous Sakurajima, an active volcano. The Japanese Navy frequently ~~visit~~^{visited} Kagoshima and anchored in the harbor and operated out of there. We had kempei with us from Kirishima to Kagoshima, as always, and when we got to Kagoshima, it was getting toward later on in the evening. It was a bit dark. The railroad station there was fairly large, a large crowd, and the unsociable kempei who had followed us to there was, as we could soon tell, and this was routine, was supposed to turn his surveillance over to the local police. So he started out, looking back at us, and rushing around the crowd trying to find the policeman he was supposed to meet there. He couldn't see him; it was obvious by the look of horror on his face; and so he started rushing around madly in the crowd. We kept our eyes on him because he was our point of interest, just for fun. We were getting a big kick out of watching him running around like a chicken with his head cut off, because he was horrified he might let us get away, and that would be something awful. As we could soon see, they definitely did not want us to get away, very definitely. So we watched. From where we were, we could see the man coming up, we could spot him even in the crowd ~~that~~^{and} we knew ^{that} this other bird was supposed to ~~have~~ relieve him. But he hadn't. He'd gone over here. So finally, just to be devils, we went up to this bird that was running around like a chicken with his head cut off and said, "Look, the man who's going to relieve you is over here. We'll take you over to him."

Of course, he had lost face then.

Q: You spoke to him in Japanese?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, absolutely.

Q: So he understood you.

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, we always spoke to them in Japanese because they wouldn't understand English. So he had lost face, of course, but he turned the relief over to the new policeman. So we introduced ourselves to him, told him who we were, and we'd come there to see his city. So the first thing he said was, "You don't want to stop here."

I said, "Oh, yes, we do."

He said, "There are no hotel rooms available anywhere."

I said, "I'm sorry. We'll go out and try to find some."

He said, "There aren't any. I can assure you there's none."

So I said, "Well, you are influential. I'm sure you could find some for us."

"No. There's just none available."

I said, "All right, I've got a solution. I'm sure you have at least one empty cell in your police station. Take us down there and we'll spend the night in your jail house. How about that?"

The Japanese called ~~the~~ jails the "buta bako," the pig box. Buta is "pig," bako is "box." I told him, "We'll just take one of the empty rooms in your buta bako."

With that, a look of horror came over his face. "Oh, no, it would be far too dirty."

Well, I can agree with him on that, but didn't say so. I knew quite well it would be. With that, he knew that he had somebody who wasn't just going to take no for an answer. So I said, "All right, let's get in a taxi and go around to some of your hotels here. ~~Younger with us.~~ We'll see if we can't find one." I didn't tell him to go with us. I said, "We'll get in a taxi and go."

He said, "Oh, I'll come along with you. I'll help you."

And so we got in a taxi and we went to a large hotel, and sure enough, they had a room, they all had rooms then. They just didn't want us to stop in Kagoshima, that's all. The policeman talked to the manager first. He wouldn't let us talk to him. The manager immediately after that came over to us, "Yes, we'd be delighted if you'd stay here. We have a room here this evening. Let's go to your room." And we did, and he brought in a girl, brought in a couple, first one girl and then two. They're to help you off with your clothes so you can have a bath and become comfortable. So all right, that was routine in Japanese inns. So we had a hot bath, became comfortable, and then went back and put our clothes on again. He said, "Oh, you don't want to put

your clothes on again. Here we have the kimono of the hotel. Just get in those. Here you have girls to entertain you and you can have your meal here in the room, and you'll stay right here. You don't even have to go out." We wouldn't have to go out looking for entertainment at all.

"Oh, but we want to go out."

"Oh, no, we have these girls here for you." They expected us to spend the night with the girls and not look around the city.

We told them, "No, we're going out."

The policeman, again, "Oh, I will go with you. I will help you." So we did go out, we went around the town some, but we had the policeman with us the entire time.

When we got back to the hotel, oh, boy. The manager ran up to the policeman, horror all over his face, absolute horror. You've never seen anything like it. The policeman looked at him, horror on his face. His face dropped six feet. His jaw dropped six feet. He turned around to us, "Sorry, I must be going. I must be going. Goodbye. Sorry, sorry. Bye." So he ran back to the taxi and was gone. He didn't want to stay. It wasn't quite obvious why he didn't want to stay.

We went to our room. When we went to our room, the girls showed us to our room first, and we could tell our bags had been gone through. There were two reasons, as you'll soon see. It was quite obvious. One of John Bromley's bags was a bag with a zipper on it, and the zipper was hard to open. You had to know

just how to open it or you couldn't do it. They had broken the zipper on it opening his bag. So the manager just about that time came in and holding a little boy by the scruff of his kimono, he actually had his feet off the floor, dragging him in, holding him this way, and as soon as he got him in the room, he turned him loose and let him fall on the tatami. He said, "This stupid young lad, he was trying to lift your bags, and instead of lifting this big bag by the big handle, he tried to lift it by the little handle and it broke. Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid." He gave him a cuff across the face like this. Well, that was it. They had searched our bags, it was quite obvious. My bag had two locks on it, I had not locked them, but one of them was hard to close, even to the unlocked closed position. They had not been able to do it, and it was open. I had left it closed. The things inside had definitely been gone through, and John Bromley's stuff had been gone through, too, as he found out. They'd gone through his zipper bag, had broken the zipper on it opening it, and this was the excuse they offered. "Oh, this is so awful, so awful, so awful." Well, all right, of course, nothing we could do about it. So then they had lost face, they left. They didn't try to force the girls on us again, there was no use to because we had come back for the night, ~~we~~ would not be going out, *again.*

The next morning, we wanted to do some sightseeing. There are some very famous historical places in Kagoshima, so the

policeman, when we started to leave the hotel, the policeman was there waiting for us to help us.

Q: Same one?

Captain Biard: Same one. So he got in the taxi with us, we told him where we wanted to go and we went there, saw the famous sights, saw some ^{statues of} very famous Japanese of the restoration era, of the post-~~Edo~~ ^{Commodore Perry era} who had come from there, and the Satsuma clan, which ^{had its} ~~was~~ home there in Kagoshima, became the founders of the modern Japanese Navy, and their early famous naval officers all came from there.

Q: What about China? Is Satsuma China also?

^{yes, Satsuma China ^{were} come from that area.}
 Captain Biard: [^]Yes, yes. They were the clique that ran the Navy, that ^tbuilt up the Navy, they were a very powerful clique and ran the Navy, and they had some very competent men, too, very competent. Their Navy was all right. They'd done a good job on it. So we saw the homes of some of these ^{men} and other places, and finally we wanted to go downtown, and did go downtown, and there is a department store in Kagoshima, Kagoshima is a pretty fair sized city, a large department store about five or six stories high, the highest building in the town then, it was a Yamagataya Department Store, so we went in there, took a look around, and

even went up to the top story, which was about the fifth or sixth story. Why the policeman ever let us get up there, I don't know, because it was against the law to take a picture from any place more than 20 feet above the ground. I didn't have cameras, but we were going far above that, where we could get a good view of the surrounding country. It didn't offer us the sight of anything we should not see, but the Japanese were still suspicious, they thought the foreigners would find something that they didn't know about, and their eyes would see things that ~~we~~^{they} didn't see, and we would get information we shouldn't have. But up there on this fifth or sixth floor, there were two Japanese aircraft, new, and other war equipment.

Q: Which you saw.

Captain Biard: That we did see.

Q: From this fifth floor.

Captain Biard: No, right there on the floor, a display of them. There was a military display on the floor, and they were there. These planes were right there on the fifth floor. Well, they were new, and there was a sign on one of them, this plane had been donated by the Women's Club of some city in Japan, I forget now, by ^a ~~the~~ Women's Club. In other words, they had collected

the money and paid for it.

Q: They were models.

Captain Biard: Oh, no, they were the full planes. They were ^{Zero} ~~the~~ fighter planes, *actual fighters.*

0000 model

Q: A complete plane?

Captain Biard: A complete airplane, yes.

Q: Well, I don't know why they let you get up there either.

Captain Biard: I don't either, except it didn't do any good. He wouldn't let us see the name plates on it. I ^{then had} ~~have~~ no idea what plane I had seen. I didn't get any idea of the performance of it, I couldn't tell anything about performance just by seeing it.

Q: You said something else was on the fifth floor besides the planes?

Captain Biard: Yes, they had displays of Army equipment, field equipment, like guns, mortars, grenades, all such as that. They had these two planes there, and I am pretty sure that one of them

must have been a Zero fighter, the Zero fighter that we were later to find was such an excellent fighting machine.

Q: Well, you could tell the difference between whether they were a fighter or a bomber or a ...

Captain Biard: Yes. They were very definitely single-engine planes, carrier-based planes, and probably a Zero fighter. We couldn't see the name plate on them, and I'd never seen even a picture of a Zero fighter, so I couldn't ^{then} match it up with anything else. But we did see this, and we did get a good view of the surrounding country.

Q: Was the policeman upset?

Captain Biard: He was very upset. He was called away from us, and when he came back, you could tell that he was far more upset when he came back than he was before he was called away. You could tell that he had really, really goofed by letting us get up there. It really didn't tell us much, we didn't get a hell of a lot of information because we couldn't even identify the planes, had never seen any pictures of anything like them before. We couldn't see any name plate date on them. They were just Japanese aircraft, the performance of which we couldn't tell, how many cylinders were in the engines, they had the ^{Cowlings} on

↳ Cowlings

them, but we didn't get close enough for that. We could tell that one of them probably was a fighter, and the other one, we really didn't know. So we left Kagoshima.

Q: But did you find out ever why the man was so upset and scared the night before? Because they had searched your bag?

Captain Biard: It would be quite obvious to us when we got back that they had searched our bags.

Q: And you would know.

Captain Biard: And we would know that they had done it. They had broken one of them, that was a dead give-away.

Q: I just wondered if that was what scared him, or if there was something else.

Captain Biard: No. That was what scared him then. ^{They had lost face.} We were sure at the time, and I'm still sure, that that was it. So we went back to the hotel and then we went ~~to the hotel~~ by bus, ~~I do not remember now,~~ to Unzen, to ^{the} ~~our~~ very pretty little resort up in the hills, very wide open, a building here, a building there, just a few buildings, a few hotels, not hotels, but inns, Japanese style inns, in the very nice surroundings. We stayed there for one

night, and the Japanese ^{hotel} man always wanted to know where we were going next. I don't think he needed to know, he had perfectly good information from the police, I'm sure. But we enjoyed the night there, and ^{the} afternoon and evening. ~~there~~.

The next morning ~~when~~ we got ready to leave, ~~catch the bus to go down to Nagasaki~~ ^{to} go down the mountains by charcoal-burning bus to Nagasaki. As soon as we checked out of the hotel, the manager himself went straight to the police station, which was just across from the hotel. It was one of the ^{few} ~~several~~ buildings there, ^{in Unzen,} the police station. I saw him go right from there over to the police station. Okay, they've leaving, get busy. We rode this charcoal-burning bus down the mountain side all the way down to Nagasaki, which is on the western side of Kyushu, the southwestern part of Kyushu. Nagasaki is on a very good harbor.

Q: We will continue with the biography. However, I would like to relate back to Tape One, Side One, to the first portion of that tape. The following should be typed separately and made an addendum at the proper place on Tape One, Side One, as relating to Captain Biard's background. So, Captain, we'll start with this separate addendum, and then when we get to the end of that, we'll make an appropriate indication.

Captain Biard: Comamnder Kitchen has asked me to be immodest, and I'll have to admit that in telling this I will be very

immodest, but I will proceed, responding to the request. As for my background, my father was a very, very brilliant man. His father stood one in his class at the university that soon was to become Texas Christian University. We still have his valedictorian speech from that school. He could speak Latin as fluently as he could speak English, and though I did not understand him, and I'm sure my father never did understand him, after my father's mother died when he was about seven years old, slightly after that, he practically kicked my father out of the house. It was a small town, Bonham was a small town of about 7,000 people. Everyone knew everyone else. He had some relatives there. They took him in for a while, but they would feel pinched; after a while he would not want to stay there, so he would find some friend whose home he could move into. He proceeded on this way til the time that he was through high school. In the meantime, his father married again, had another daughter, and when he died, he gave all of his estate to my father's older sister and this younger half-sister, left him nothing. My dad told me this just before he died, told me with tears in his eyes, he said, "I was a good boy. I never did get into trouble. He had no reason to be ashamed of me, yet he disowned me. I did not get a cent from my father." The others, his sisters, inherited money also from my father's mother's side, but he got none from his father's side, absolutely zero. He had to just shift for himself all this time he was in school. Well,

he had a lot of friends around town, and people thought very much of him. He would work, he would help them, he would do anything.

As I said in the earlier tape, in my older years I have gone back to Bonham and when people would hear that I was the son of Jack Biard, they'd say, "Oh, your father was so wonderful. He was such a marvelous boy." And they all said things they didn't have to say, just to indicate that they thought there was nobody more wonderful than he was. "Oh, he stayed with us, and he was so good around the house. Our boy liked him and they played so well together, and he would do anything. He was very, very agreeable, no trouble with him at all. We all just thought he was wonderful." People after people after people have told me this. My relatives still live there. There was no need that they should say that. They always volunteered, so that I know that Dad was that way. But he said, "I wasn't a good athlete, but I was a spunky athlete and I was on all the teams. On the last football game I played with our arch rival, I tackled the runner on the kickoff three times, every time ^{they} ~~he~~ kicked off. I got him on the kickoff. I was not large, I was the pitcher on the baseball team. I was never in any trouble, I was good, and there was no reason that I know of that he should kick me out as he did. It hurt me. It's hurt me. I have always, always been deeply hurt by that."

Q: That's sad.

Captain Biard: It is.

Q: Did you know this was as you were growing up?

Captain Biard: No. I did not know it. It was not til it was just before my dad died.

Q: You say he told you this, this whole story.

Captain Biard: Yes, while he was dying of lung cancer in his bed. He told me this with tears in his eyes. I'm sure that Dad was telling the truth because I've been able to check it pretty well by what people told me about while he lived with them all around town. All of them told me that. *And my Dad always was honest.*

His older sister became a very, very unusually accomplished pianist, just by studying with local teachers there in the town of several thousand. A very prominent conductor in New York wanted ~~to~~ her to come to New York with him. He heard of her, came down to see her, because she could look at any piece of music, and no matter what key it was written in, she could accompany a singer, she could transpose it into another key just by sight and play it perfectly.

Q: He came down from New York to see her?

Captain Biard: Yes, he had heard about her and wanted her to come to New York, but she would not leave this town. But he said he had never known another person who could accompany a singer as well as she, that her ability to transpose on sight, take anything and play it immediately in a different key to accommodate this singer's range when he could not sing it in the key in which it was written, he said he had never known anyone else who could even approximate her ability to do that. This was a famous conductor in New York. I do not remember his name now. My other aunt could tell me. But I do know this to be a fact, and my father told me. My dad was a good musician, too, a very good musician, and he told me this time and again, and I found it from other sources, too, independent of what my dad had said. She was a most unusual person, but she would not leave Bonham. She said, "Bonham is my town. I'm going to stay here." But she had unusual talent, was a good composer as well. She was a brilliant woman, fast, a good sense of humor, and a pleasure to be around. I enjoyed her, visiting her all the time.

Q: What's her name?

Captain Biard: Belle Biard Gober, married to Joe Gober.

Q: Belle? Like my name.

Captain Biard: Like your name, yes. My grandfather bought this old Victorian home that is now designated a state historical landmark, and so inscribed by metal placards on the front. He bought it. It was built, I think, in 1856, the date is on the front there. The lumber was hauled 146 miles by ox teams.

Q: It says built 1857.

Captain Biard: 1857. The house was built with lumber hauled by ox team from Marshall, Texas, I believe, 146 miles away, a Victorian home. I've seen the floors, the lumber of the floors. It's at least four inches thick and it is a house the likes of which I have hardly seen anywhere, a two-story home, and my aunt, who is very poor, lives in it, spends every penny she has keeping it up in very minimal fashion because she can't afford to keep it otherwise.

Q: That's another aunt?

Captain Biard: Yes. That is his half-sister born after my grandfather married again. She has spent all her life, everything she has. She also is a music teacher, not as talented as her half-sister, a piano teacher, and now in her 80th year, and still teaching music.

Q: Wonderful.

Captain Biard: Her place is something to see. People come there all the time to look at this historical landmark.

Q: And she lives in it?

Captain Biard: Yes, but she has had to refuse admission here in recent years because so many of them have stolen the many old things she has. She can no longer let people come in the house. She had many, many, really, really magnificent jewels in there, not that they were originally expensive, but they're old as antiques, they're almost priceless, and most of those are gone because people have stolen them. But I go see her every time I go home, and she also is an unusual person, quite interesting.

My dad was out of high school for two years because they feared that he would catch tuberculosis. His mother died of tuberculosis when he was, I think, seven years old. He was out of high school for two years, his health was not good. The people that he stayed with, my relatives at that time, kept him out of school for two years. But he did graduate, but that was all the formal school he had. But in his later years, he was a senior accountant with Arthur Young, a man of only high school education became a senior accountant with Arthur Young after he had left his job as treasurer with a large corporation. He had

been with that corporation for about 25 years before he left and joined Arthur Young as a senior accountant, and that with only a high school education. My dad was a very sharp man, extremely sharp. His assistants have told me, I have gone with him on his trips down to the mills where he was doing his accounting work in earlier years, and the assistants would tell me, "He is the most original man that we have ever worked for. He could find ways to get information and think of doing things like nobody else we've ever encountered and come across in this profession. He is fantastically, fantastically original and blessed with initiative."

Q: Did your mother have this equally fine background?

Captain Biard: My mother was a very insecure person, very insecure. She was the seventh child and the second child by the second wife of her father, who finished only the third grade. He came from a long line of ministers in Kentucky and Tennessee, and that family came to Texas, as I said in the first tape, with his older brothers, who had volunteered in Tennessee to fight the Mexican war, had to march, had walked all the way back through Mexico to Kentucky and Tennessee, and there they got their families and brought them back to Collin County. My grandfather fought briefly in the Civil War. He was quite young, so he did not see service until later on in the war. He finished only

three years of school, but he was a very, very well-read man and in particular his knowledge of the Bible was almost complete. He knew everything in the Bible, was very religious. My mother was also extremely, very, very religious. She just idolized her father and it was because of him that she, I am sure, was as religious as she was.

But in this small town of Midland, where I lived from the time I was six until I was 11, my other uncles lived there, and they had many children, all older than I. These cousins of mine, or half-cousins, were all schoolteachers, almost all of them were schoolteachers in the local schools, and they were good. The school system itself was good, and I know now that they were quite, ^{quite} ~~quite~~ sharp, quite brilliant, all of them. Yes, her older brothers were quite sharp. They were good businessmen, good ranchers, made and lost several fortunes, as the tides came and went in the ranching business and later the oil business, but they were brilliant. My grandfather was a brilliant man, and my mother was blessed with a wonderful mind that she never did realize was as sharp as it was. She had very little self-confidence, that was her weak point, but she was in the same ball park of intelligence as my dad. I don't know which was sharper. I've described my brother before and his rather unusual IQ.

Q: Have you ever had an IQ?

Captain Biard: Yes, and there was a commercial IQ test that I took, and I sent it on to my brother without telling him the score I made on it. It's a self-scoring thing. When he told me his score, I didn't tell him what mine was, I haven't told him yet. We made within one point of each other.

Q: Isn't that interesting.

Captain Biard: Now, that was happenstance. We might take another one and be several points apart.

Q: Oh, no, I think it would probably indicate you both have the same level of intellectual ability.

Captain Biard: I am an astrophysicist, I have studied astrophysics at Cal Tech, and he is interested in all things of that type, although he's never studied it. I can tell him, "Well, here, there latest research in this is this, this, and this is happening."

And so he can hear that, and say, "Well, if that is so, then this should be so, and this should be so, and this should be so." He'd be leaping on out into the realms of current research in that field without being familiar with the field. Amazing. He can look at a puzzle in that field, he can look at it, and then all of a sudden you'll see him go like this, and he will just

take all the pieces and put it together like that in one move.

Q: Scary.

Captain Biard: When he's decided how things should go.

Q: Isn't that a genius type?

Captain Biard: Well, I believe he is.

Q: And you, as observation, you have total recall.

Captain Biard: No, I do not have.

Q: It seems to me it is.

Captain Biard: I have good recall.

Q: You can take practically every day you lived and describe it.

Captain Biard: The important events I do recall, yes. As I say, my brother is the one who really put the pressure on me to write my history for the family. So he became a lawyer when he should have become a physicist or an engineer. He's been unhappy in law.

Q: He's retired now, you say.

Captain Biard: Very unhappy, he didn't like it, but ^{he was} extremely, extremely competent. My older sister, a very talented person, also quite sharp, my two younger sisters were ^{students} ~~teachers~~ at the high school where my sister and I went to high school in Dallas, all knew us, and they would tell them, "My, you're not like your older brother and sister. You just don't get this math, do you?" They got it, but not as well. On the other hand, they got the other subjects exceptionally well, and they both became quite, quite competent at running not just offices but office organizations, both of them very good at it.

Q: Good administrators, I would think.

Captain Biard: Good administrators, yes, and also they were well-liked. My next-to-youngest sister died tragically with cancer about eight years ago. She was a magnificent person, absolutely out of this world, and loved by so many people. She did so much, generous to a fault, ~~her~~ husband was the same way.

But I grew up in Bonham when I was young, ~~My~~ dad was a scout master. He was one of the first scout masters in that part of the country. He wanted to help other boys grow up, help be a father to them, I am sure because he had been so neglected in his boyhood. I used to go with him on the scout trips. I remember

them going out into the ~~the~~ willow and bois d'arc country, lots of trees in that part of Texas, and the boys all liked to do anything, and Dad was a good scout master, I can tell now. I know by the way I remember what he did, the unusual things we did, and how he took care of these other lads.

One thing I remember, one time we went to a lake, this was not a scout trip, this was with the family. We went to a lake with my sister and my aunt, the good pianist, the excellent pianist, and the younger ^{aunt} ~~one~~ who, by that time, then was still in her teens. This country club out there was on a lake, didn't have any golf courses in the town in those days, but it was on the lake near Red River, and we went out on the lake, my older aunt, my mother, my younger aunt, and my sister, and while we were on the lake, rowing in this rowboat, a three-pound bass--and bass is a local form of trout--jumped up out of the water and into the boat. It almost scared us to death. We didn't know what had happened til we got it flopping around in the boat there and captured it and took it in, that I remember.

Another very tragic thing that almost happened, my sister and I and younger aunt and older aunt went swimming there in the lake and my sister stepped off a ledge we didn't know about in the water and she was drowning. My younger aunt grabbed her and pulled her to safety. We almost lost my older sister at that time.

But as I've said, when we came ~~back~~ to school in Dallas from

the country schools, they wanted to put us ahead in class.

Q: You mentioned that.

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Dallas then had
Captain Biard: ~~The~~ very good schools ~~in Dallas~~. So we weren't bad students at all, and my younger brother ^{later} was put up a full year in his school also in Dallas, ^{and} my younger sisters were put up also. We all skipped grades. So they were doing all right, even though they did not like math like Jack and I. Jack and I love it. Jack is my younger brother.

So my dad was unable to look out for my younger brother as he did for me in Midland because my younger brother was just too young in those days. He couldn't go out on these trips.

Q: You described that.

Captain Biard: It wasn't that he didn't want to look out for him, but he just wasn't ready for it, he was too young. So that tells more about my parents.

On my mother's side, of the cousins that I know and don't know, that is, the first or second cousins in the family, there were seven of us who worked on the Manhattan Engineer or Los Alamos Project. There were seven in the immediate family, my cousins and second cousins.

Q: That's interesting.

Captain Biard: In the scientific and engineering capacities, which means that the family ...

Q: Paid their dues.

Captain Biard: Yes, and were fairly sharp, some of them quite sharp. So I was fortunate. I did inherit a bit of ...

Q: Intellectual ability.

Captain Biard: Well, intelligence, intellectual ability.

Q: I think this forms a picture of your background that had been missing, so I'm glad we did this. Now we will consider this the end of that special period, and will go on and pick up what you told me was going to be the most interesting experience that you had in Japan.

Captain Biard: This is April of 1941, the situation in Japan was very, very hot. That means the tension between the U.S. and Japan was mounting day by day almost. And the story I'm telling now has my friend and the narrator leaving Unzen, the hot springs resort up in the hills of Kyushu, leaving Unzen by charcoal-

burning bus to go to Nagasaki, down the mountains to Nagasaki. The trip down the mountains in the charcoal-burning bus was not eventful. I had to hang on to a strap all the way down, no seats, sharp turns in the gravel roads and the mountains, but all went well.

Q: No seats?

Captain Biard: Not enough seats to go around. The seats were occupied when I got in the bus.

Q: I get you.

Captain Biard: So I knew Nagasaki, knew it fairly well, had been there several times before, and if I had known the situation I was soon to face, I could have outsmarted the Japs. Unfortunately, I didn't know it. We were taken to the bus station, which was not too large, a wooden building, up toward the northern part of the harbor in the town, and not too far from the American Consulate, which was also on the water, ^{somewhat} ~~just~~ south of the bus station. When we got off the bus and got our baggage, I called a taxi, and the driver asked, "Where do you want to go?"

"I want to go to the American Consulate."

Without saying a word, he just stepped on the gas and pulled out, he would have nothing to do with us. Well, that didn't

amaze me too much. I didn't know why he did that, but I called in another taxi, and when he came up and asked where I wanted to go, I said, "To the American Consulate." He did exactly the same thing. He stepped on the gas and just shot away from the place. That did sort of surprise me, so I called a third taxi. When I told him I wanted to go to the American Consulate, he did exactly the same thing. So I looked around at John, I was somewhat the leader on this trip, and said, "John, I guess we can't get a taxi. It's not too far. Let's just pick up our baggage and walk down there." See, I knew Nagasaki fairly well by that time, I had been there several times before. So we walked the few hundred yards with our baggage. Excuse me, no, we didn't walk it. We got on the streetcar which came by there. Excuse me, my memory is coming back now. We got on the streetcar. It took us on the streetcar tracks between the consulate and this shed that had been built in front of the consulate to act as a screen. And so everything was normal on the streetcar, nobody was doing anything untoward in any way whatsoever.

But we got off at the consulate with our baggage, and then went in to see Consul General Tower, whom I knew quite well by this time, and his assistant. I don't know his last name, but his assistant's first name was Bruce. I do not recall his last name. We went in to see him. It was now something like 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, perhaps 2:30. I went in to see him, told him we

were there, and also told him we had instructions from the naval attache not to violate his wishes in any way whatsoever, that we were not to make things in Nagasaki difficult for him, that we had certain things that we would like to do, but that if he thought they were inappropriate, we would respect his wishes. Those were our instructions. He knew that to be the case, but we just wanted to assure him. So I told him what we wanted to do, we knew that this ship that had been on the ways, that they had been building on the screened-off ways, had been launched, and that this other person who visited Nagasaki had failed to make any kind of sense out of what he had seen. He had been down there and he had seen it, he had seen it from the opposite side. It was tied up along the pier so that he got a broadside view of it, an excellent view of this place. The harbor, I believe, is about 500 yards wide. I have a chart of the harbor, and I will check it on that before long. It may be 700, perhaps 1,000, but you can get a mighty good view of this tremendous ship from where he was able to see it. I told him that we would just like to see all that's available, where we could travel on the consulate side of the harbor. By no means did we have any way that we could get over on the other side, that was impossible. So I told him.

He said, "Well, Bruce here has a home up on the hill overlooking all of this, and if we could go up there, we could get a wonderful view of it and, in fact, the best view possible."

I said, "All right, fine. Let's go." By this time it was

3:30. I remember it because I looked at my watch, and this is one of the things that I very definitely noted.

He said, "No, I think that that would be inappropriate. I don't think we should leave before the end of working hours. It would be too obvious if we would leave right now. We ordinarily close at 5:00 o'clock, so let's wait until 5:00 and then we will go up to Bruce's home and you can see all you want to from there."

So at that time, I said, "All right, we'll have a drink or two here," which we did. Then I looked through the window of the consulate toward the north. The harbor was toward the west. The screening warehouse and the harbor to the west, and I looked to the building that was a steamship office, a wooden frame steamship office with venetian blinds in the windows. I looked in that direction, and lo and behold, I saw people with binoculars standing behind the venetian blinds, opened so that they were parallel to the ground, and they could see through them with binoculars, searching the windows of the consulate. This went on and on and on. I stayed there.

Q: Do you think they were looking for you?

Captain Biard: I know they were, seeing everything that went on in there. They were trying to get everything they could on us. I said, "Ah-oh, they're really on us, aren't they?" Remember

that we've just had this experience at the bus station.

Q: With the taxis.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so I said, "Well, by the way, we have to leave in the morning, so I would like to call the railway station and ask for pullman reservations from here to Tokyo."

So I called, in my best Japanese, which was pretty good by that time, told them I wanted reservations for two, and I did not tell them who I was because they immediately told me, "There are no reservations. You can't have them because we don't have them." I didn't tell them I was in the American Consulate, and I didn't tell them my name. They could obviously tell I was a foreigner, no doubt about that. This will come up later on, so I want to emphasize this fact.

So I said, "Well, I guess we ..."

Q: Because of the way you spoke the language, they knew you were a foreigner.

Captain Biard: Yes. Accent and everything, just as if a native Japanese spoke English.

Q: Okay. Got it.

Captain Biard: So I told the consul, "Well, we'll be leaving tomorrow, but I guess we'll have to go chair car, not pullman." So then by this time it was 5:00 o'clock, and we left the consulate. Bruce, the consul, Bromley, and I went out the front door, went along the tracks that were screened by the screening warehouse, and then as soon as we got to a place where if we had been able to continue on this street, we would have been able to see the ship. There was a Japanese special landing force officer standing there blocking the way, held out his arms, and pointed ~~east~~ ^{east} ~~west~~ ^{east}. You go ~~west~~ ^{east}. This was at a river that comes down off of one of the hills that's parallel to the bay, about, let us say, maybe a half-mile, starts rising about a half-mile to the east of the bay. The flat side is a half-mile or so before you get to the water, and that is where the town is built up. There was a stream along here, in fact, there were several streams or stream beds that would run when rains would be falling on the hills and they had a series of four bridges across ^{each of these} ~~this~~ stream, the bridges running south, toward the south. We had approached them from the northern side. One side of the town, ^{was to} the north of ^{this stream} ~~it~~, another big ^{part} ~~side~~ to the south. And so he sent us up to the first bridge. When we got to the first bridge, there was another landing force officer there. This is naval landing force, they would be the same as our Marines, except that they're naval officers that play the part of Marines in the Japanese service. And he blocked that route, he blocked that. I looked up at the remaining bridges

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above and saw that traffic was going over them, that there were other people ^{going across} ~~standing by~~ on those bridges as well. And so I asked the man, I said, "Well, why is it we can't go to the other side?"

He said, "Oh, they're have military maneuvers over there. You can't go over."

"We can't? We can't? Why not?"

"Well, they're maneuvers. You won't be able to go until they're over."

"When are they going to be over?"

"Well, I don't know. Not until it's dark, anyway."

And so I said, "Well, they're letting people go on the other bridges up here, going back and forth. Nothing is stopped there. They're going back and forth to this other part of the town down below. If they can do that, why didn't you stop them?"

Then he got a messenger, and he sent word ~~for us~~ to stop traffic on all bridges. *This cut Nagasaki into two parts*

So with that, we just pulled ourselves up against a building that was nearby the bridge, and stopped there. He looked at me and said, "Oh, you're going back to the consulate, aren't you? You're not going to wait here until maneuvers are over."

I said, "^{No,} ~~Yes~~, we're going to stay right here. We'll just wait here. We can wait."

"Oh, no."

I said, "Yes."

By this time, because I had forced the issue on the other bridges, I had shut off all traffic between the two parts of the town. Now, it happens to be that a shift that had been working at the Mitsubishi ~~dock~~ ^{Ship} yards on this and other ships being built over there, ~~they were~~ ^{had to be} brought by boat over to the part of town south of ~~the~~ ^{these} bridges and ~~they~~ ^{then} returned home over these same bridges where we had blocked traffic. Well, they couldn't get home, and the people going there for the next shift now were blocked and they were kept from going over there. And ~~then~~ ^{so the} normal traffic between the two parts of the town ^{was} completely shut off, because there was no way for them to carry on normal traffic up on these rugged hills that had not been developed with ^{any} streets or roads for that purpose. We had just absolutely cut the town in two. Of course, they wanted us to go back to the consulate and they would have opened up the bridges and everything would have been all right. We could have come back when it was dark and maybe go on, or something. I am ^{not} sure they would have stopped us then, as you will soon find out.

So we ~~went~~ ^{waited and did not go} back to the consulate, ~~and~~ I just remembered then that the streetcar went on farther past the buildings, the screening buildings. If ^{earlier} I had only stayed on the streetcar, I would have been able to see from the streetcar that which was forbidden and had been screened off by these landing ^{force} officers and their troops. ~~with a few extra troops there.~~ Well, we waited, and when it was dark, finally, about 7:30, ^{after} we had shut off all traffic between

the two ends of the town for two ^{and a half} hours, and there were buses, streetcars, trucks backed up as far as we could see for blocks and blocks and blocks in the streets behind us, the streets going north of us. On the other side of town we could see all sorts and kinds of thousands of people waiting ^{at} ~~on~~ the bridge^s, wanting to get across, trucks, streetcars, everything else. We had absolutely paralyzed Nagasaki completely.

Well, when it became completely dark, yes, they let us go across the bridge. We went up to Bruce's house.

Q: And everybody else, of course.

Captain Biard: Yes, and everybody else. We had some drinks up there and we talked a while. So Consul General Tower asked, "Well, what do you think you should do now?"

I said, "Well, I would like to stay here. We got here."

He said, "I don't think it would be wise for you to do so."

He said, "I would far prefer that you come down to the consulate and stay there tonight."

I said, "That is against my wishes. I respect your wishes, and I have instructions to follow them if that is what you truly desire that we do."

He said, "I do."

And so we went back to the consulate and stayed there that night. Bruce ^{did not} join ~~ed~~ us, ^{When} Bruce came down to work the next

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morning, he said that outside of every window of his house there were two uniformed police at every window, standing there facing the window, facing inside toward his house.

Q: Good thing you didn't stay.

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Captain Biard: With that, I told the consul, "Well, I suppose we better be going; ^{we should} get ready to go."

But about that time the telephone rang, and they gave the person, the Japanese who answered the phone, one of the Japanese clerks in the consulate, said, "Tell Lieutenant Biaado ..." Now, I had not left my name with them. I did not tell them I was at the American Consulate. "Tell Lieutenant Biaado that his reservations are here and we have them here at the railroad office." In other words, they had been told to let him get out of town in a hurry. I hadn't told them who I was or ^{from} where I was calling.

Q: But they knew.

Captain Biard: They returned it by name, and they didn't say Bromley, they said Biaado. And you will find out why some time in the future. So John Bromley and I left the consulate, and now we had to walk in the opposite direction alongside the streets which would lead to the water, just like one by the side of this

big warehouse they built. It would have led down there, and if we could have turned to the left, we could have gone down there and could have seen what was tied up, that which we wanted to see. But as we got to each of these streets, there were two enlisted Japanese special landing force, they wear Navy uniforms and they are Marines, but they are still naval personnel. This time they held maneuvers only on each street and only long enough for us to pass the street. As we would approach it, they would stretch a line along the street, ^{standing at} rigid attention, no play of any kind, and ^{by that} ^{us} would tell ^{us} that we were not to go down that street. As soon as we would pass by, they would drop the line, then ^{allowing} normal access to the water. This happened on every street until we got to the railroad station. We picked up our tickets and went back, and when we came back, the same thing happened, of course, in reverse. They had ^{prior to our arrival in Nagasaki} pulled an entire company of Marines ~~by this time~~ to Nagasaki to keep Biard and Bromley from seeing what there was there that they knew we wanted to see, an entire company of Marines. If I had only stayed on that streetcar ^{the day before}. And the streetcars that passed us as we left the consulate at 5:00 o'clock then had all these screens, all the shades on the water side pulled down. They had not been pulled down when we rode the streetcar to the consulate. *I wish I might have known.*

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Q: It's a real story, isn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes. And so a few hours later, completely defeated, we had to walk back with our luggage to the railroad station, which was farther than the bus station, and catch the train out of Nagasaki. They had set this up, they knew we were coming down there, and they had to have set this up several days in advance. The hotel manager in Unzen, who ran to the police station as soon as we left there to go to Nagasaki, undoubtedly was telling the police, "They're on their way." This is it. Of course, in Kagoshima they had the word, too. They knew all the time we were going there, and this had been planned, and they were careless, we had caught them without adequate plans. We actually went over to Bruce's place. They couldn't stop us from going over there after they had told us the maneuvers would be over at night, but having done that, they were trying to do everything they could in case somebody was there trying to look, ^{at Bruce's hill-top home to} they had police ~~there to~~ see that we did not do so.

Q: You weren't aware the police were there while you were there?

Captain Biard: They were not there, *as far as we could tell, but it was very dark.*

Q: You couldn't see a thing.

Captain Biard: Not a thing, ^{the night was} pitch black. ^{there were no lights on the ship.} So we were completely defeated. We took the long train trip back to Tokyo and, of

course, I reported all this, that it wasn't ^{possible to see} what we wanted to see. The person who had been there ten days earlier had seen all we wanted to see ^{but} ~~and~~ got no worthwhile information of any kind from it. He just was zero. He had a wonderful reputation. I am sure you know that I do not admire him. *He was a wonderful b--- s--- artist.*

Q: You were at least exasperated.

Captain Biard: I was ~~not~~ ~~not~~ exasperated, for sure. Of course, the naval attache thought the tale was very good, He was pleased with how we tried, but we were not successful. And that's is one of the major events of my stay in Japan.

Q: I query whether or not, or why the man Bruce, who lived there, of course, had observed the construction from the beginning, I assume.

Captain Biard: Well, they only saw the screen at the beginning, but he saw everything going on after it was launched and tied up along the way alongside.

Q: Could he not have passed that information on?

Captain Biard: I asked Bruce, "What does it look like? What can you tell?"

He said, "I really can't tell you. I don't know." Now, Bruce, I don't know why a civilian could not do better than that, I really don't. I asked him how large it was. "Well, I don't know." We knew it had to be large because of the special way on which it was built, but he could give no details of any kind. ~~Now,~~ ^{Remember} there was another person, a Naval Academy graduate, who had seen it, and he gave no more information than Bruce did.

Q: I would think that Bruce, though, seeing it every day, could say it's as long as a city block, or compared to any common bit of information that anyone could know.

Captain Biard: Well, a city block, something like that, would be a very offhand estimate. What he needed to have done would have been to get bearings on the bow and stern and then corrolate it with a map of the harbor, which they had. Then they could have done that. If I had been there, that's what I would have done. And then from that, knowing the distance where it was, I could have got the true length at least, and then I could have also said, there are barbettes in the ship, those are the things that support the turrets, rather than a ~~flag~~ ^{flight} deck, high deck, which would have been an aircraft carrier. If I had seen it, I could have gotten it.

Q: Well, anyone really could tell the difference between an

aircraft carrier or ...

Captain Biard: That's what I would think, but ^{here} ~~he~~ was a Naval Academy man that could not and did not.

Q: Well ...

Captain Biard: And so I won't blame the consul's assistant for something that he couldn't do that a Naval Academy man definitely should have done, *but did not.*

Q: Was Bruce a Naval Academy man, too?

Captain Biard: No, he was not.

Q: But the purpose of the consul is to observe and pass the word on anything they see.

Captain Biard: It is, and he had been passing the word on this, that it had been launched, but they just did not know how to analyze the uncompleted ship over there that they were observing.

Q: Or its configuration.

Captain Biard: Yes. Zero. They couldn't give us anything.

Q: Did they ever?

Captain Biard: No. They did not. We found out later on that this was one of the super battleships that they built that were commissioned after the war began, ~~and~~ the Musashi, which they call^{ed} the number two, this was the Musashi, 62,000 tons, 18.1-inch guns, much, much larger than any other guns ever placed on any other ships, and other very fantastic features. This was one of ~~the~~ ^{such} two ships that were commissioned during the war. Yamato was number one, it was built at Kure.

Q: Did this one ever see action?

Captain Biard: The Musashi? It was sunk by Halsey ^{while} trying to come through San Bernardino Straits in the Battle of Leyte Gulf ~~on October 24, 1944.~~
 It never did really see action, except against our carrier aircraft that sank it in their first attempt to come through San Bernardino Straits on 24 October, 1944. We later on found that to be the case. Yamato, which was built in Kure, was sunk ^{by carrier aircraft} off Okinawa ^{in April, 1945,} as a result of our codebreaking, and the third ship, Shinano, built at Yokosuka, which is in Tokyo Bay, was converted, while being built, into an aircraft carrier. It was launched ~~several~~ ^{two} years later and sunk by one of our submarines on its first trip to sea. It was in a very incomplete state with the yard crew, ~~without anybody aboard,~~ ^{without a trained crew,} with incomplete watertight ^{still working on board,}

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integrity, and a completely untrained crew, so just ^{four} torpedoes that would have had little effect on the Yamato or the Musashi resulted in this ship being sunk on its maiden trip to sea. So we now know that we were trying to see Musashi, and if I had seen it, I am sure that I would have been able to tell that it was one of the super battleships that we were fairly confident the Japanese were building at this time.

Q: I'm sorry. It makes me feel bad.

Captain Biard: You think I didn't feel frustrated?

Q: Sorry. I'm sure. Yes, to say the least.

Captain Biard: The interviewer has requested that I state here that this is an example of the concept of brinksmanship that I more or less followed the entire time in Japan. I would do anything that they might not like, as long as I felt reasonably sure that I would not be pushing them so far that they would be forced to arrest me, even though they did not wish to do so. ^{If} they wished to arrest me at a time when it was their pleasure to do so, no matter whether there was cause or not, not just me but the others as well, ^{they would have done so.} And if I had forced them by crashing through one of these blocked off streets, as I went to the railroad station to get my ticket, then that would have been an incident

that would have forced their hand, and that would have been beyond the brinkmanship. I would have stepped over the brink, and that would have been it.

Q: No telling what the repercussions would have been then.

Captain Biard: They would have been serious, very, very serious. Of course, at that time we were not ready to fight a war. Ambassador Grew's instructions were to try to maintain the best possible relationships, no serious breaks of any kind if at all avoidable.

Q: Were any of the language officers there ^{ever arrested} when you were ^{there} ~~arrested~~, or did any of them have bad incidents?

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Captain Biard: None arrested while I was there, and I do not know of any ^{others} who encountered such a situation as that I have just described at Nagasaki. They were all followed, and excuse me for saying so, as you will find out in just a minute, I perhaps was the ^{true} brinksman of the group.

Q: Because you're from Texas.

Captain Biard: Long live the Alamo! Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Yes. This ^{Nagasaki incident was at} ~~was~~ the end of April of 1941. The

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situation with Britain was serious, ^{then was} the Battle of the Atlantic, ^{for} very bad. We still weren't sure that Britain would not be invaded and conquered. About this time the embassy in Moscow sent over 50% of its staff by the Trans-Siberian Railway--not the one on Oshima, but the real Trans-Siberian Railway--to Tokyo ^{to obtain} ~~to~~ transportation to the States. They were there in great numbers. I didn't pay too much attention to them because I had my job cut out for me, learning the language, and that was my job. Each of us had that job, and each of us worked hard at it. We were dedicated, we wanted to do it. We meant business. But the Navy had sent out a radioman with a receiving set who listened in on certain broadcasts, supposedly news broadcasts, for the ambassador, and copied the overseas news broadcasts for him. I had a pretty good imagination that he was there to copy other things, too, in case of necessity and just wasn't saying so.

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Q: I've forgotten. Did you still have your radio at this time? It had been turned in, hadn't it?

Captain Biard: No, I still had it. This was my own personal property. The one I had was my personal property.

Q: But were you using it?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: You were still using it.

Captain Biard: Yes. But the radioman who was doing the copying of the news for the embassy, his name was ~~Rustedt~~ ^{Runstedt}, was a sharp enlisted man. He had lived with the code clerks, and I would see him quite frequently when I'd go down to see my friend Ted Hockaday. He saw these people from the embassy in Russia, and he immediately said, from his experience as a seagoing sailor, he said, "They are queer as ^{hell,} all of them, queer as \$3 bills."

Q: Did he mean homosexual?

Captain Biard: He meant homosexual.

Q: You know, some people could be queer without ...

Captain Biard: And so I just looked at them from a distance, and I couldn't say yes or no, but he was there living with them, and that was his verdict. And he was a pretty sound thinker, he was all right. I liked ~~Rustedt~~ ^{Runstedt}.

One person who came ^{from Moscow} with them was not. He was one of the most fantastic people I've ever met, Charles Bohlen.

Q: A Russian?

Captain Biard: No, American.

Q: But he came with the Russian group?

Captain Biard: No, ^{these are} ~~this is~~ the people from our embassy in Moscow, they're not Russians.

Q: Oh, you said they came from Russia.

Captain Biard: They came from Moscow, our embassy in Moscow. I said that. I believe I told you that.

Q: They were Americans?

Captain Biard: They were Americans, yes. *All of them.*

Q: They were from the American Embassy in Moscow.

Captain Biard: Yes. The thing is that our country and our embassy knew, our embassy had been told that Germany was going to attack Russia. We knew it, ^{but} ~~and~~ we could not convince Stalin that such was to be the case. So they were getting rid of every unnecessary person in the embassy because they knew that hard

days were ahead, and, in fact, they might have to evacuate the embassy in a hurry. So this initial increment had been sent via the only possible route, Trans-Siberian Railway ^{and on} to Tokyo, where they awaited transportation to the United States.

Well, the leader of the group was one of the high officials in our embassy in Moscow, Charles Bohlen, or "Chip."

Q: He's well-known.

Captain Biard: He is very well-known, and I have utmost admiration. He's dead now, but I soon was to acquire utmost admiration for that man. He was a tremendously competent and capable person, and a man of action, which many of them weren't. He was a man of real action. So he was there and I got to know him, too. You asked about famous people who have ridden on the back end of my motorcyle, Tony Wong, well, "Chip" Bohlen was one. I never did call him Charles, always "Chip," that's the only thing we knew him as, "Chip" Bohlen. We had this group.

Matsuoka, who grew up in his teenage years in the United States, Matsuoka was ^{the} foreign minister in a new, more aggressive cabinet that had been formed by Prince ^{Konoye} ~~Konoye~~, was the foreign minister, and he was shouting all sorts and kinds of derogatory things ^{about the United States} to the press, but the press was building him up as the ideal of the Japanese youth. Here was a man that they ^{supposedly} could respect the most. He loved it, he ate it up, you saw his ~~ugly~~ ^{repulsive}

picture, and his picture was fantastically ugly, in every newspaper, long, haranguing articles about him in every newspaper. He loved the Axis; he soon was to get more treaties with the Axis countries, and a neutrality treaty with Russia, the ~~the~~ neutrality treaty with Russia, that would loose their hands for moves southward, ^{free from} the threat ^{of a conflict with} ~~from~~ Russia. Matsuoka was very repulsive, and the naval attache at this time was in very, very close contact with Ambassador Grew.

Prior to this time, the most influential person in the embassy was a U.S. citizen of Persian blood named Eugene Dooman. He was the counselor. He was the number two, and he had the most influence with Ambassador Grew. Most of us ^{now} know, blame him for much of the trouble we had, much of the unnecessary trouble we had in Japan because he had been brought up in Japan, in Japanese schools, and although there is no doubt that he was a very, very loyal American, he thought ^{much} as a Japanese and he saw Japanese problems through Japanese eyes. He was a brilliant man, a very, very competent man, but he had been brought up in Japan, saturated with Japanese schooling and Japanese culture.

Q: I should have thought that would have been helpful in interpretation.

Captain Biard: It would have been had he not been seeing ~~the~~ things through Japanese ^{rather than} ~~eyes and never~~ through American eyes. Gene Dooman was not a traitor, he was far from it, but his idea of

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what loyalty was was not what our idea of what loyalty ^{should be.} ~~was~~. For example, it was said by many people that if he went to the Japanese foreign office with a problem, and I cannot say that this is true, this is merely what was said, it's said that he would take the protest to them, if he went instead of Ambassador Grew, he would tell them, "Now, here, if you would look at it this way and put it this way, now, the Americans cannot object too much to this type of reaction on your part." This is what people said about him. Now, whether it's true, I do not know. I got to know Gene Dooman fairly well and he got to know me the last year, and I have to admit I liked him. I have no doubt whatsoever that he was a very loyal American. Everybody knew that he saw things as Japanese saw them, not as Americans saw them. He had been brought up in Japan.

Q: I still think ...

Captain Biard: He spoke and read Japanese like a native, brought up in Japanese schools, tremendously competent.

Q: I would think, though, as being an American and a loyal American, by interpreting a Japanese concept, that it could have avoided misunderstandings on both sides.

Captain Biard: It could have, but he did not see it your way.

Now, as this became more evident, that is, Gene Dooman's natural partiality, not his disloyalty to the United States, because he was not disloyal to the United States. I will always believe he was completely loyal and no one could ever convince me that he wasn't. But as the ambassador began to appreciate this more and more, and as he began to realize that Henri Smith-Hutton was the solid person on the staff, he started depending on Smith-Hutton more and more, and Smith-Hutton's advice was taken instead of Gene Dooman's. Then it was too late. The advice then that ~~Brue~~^{Grew} sent back, that Grew was able to get, was far better than he'd been able to get in the past, that is, from the American point of view, but it was too late.

Q: Do you have a for instance?

Captain Biard: Just everything. I will say here, in one of my math courses, we came across a math function one time. This is a high level course. And I asked the prof. He said, "You will come across this in physics."

I asked the prof, "Can you give me an example?"

"No, but you'll meet it everywhere." So you ask me for an example, I can't tell you, except that in everything it was just that way everywhere. I'll have to give you the same answer.

Q: I'll accept it.

Captain Biard: And so Smith-Hutton was extremely competent and level-headed, and, of course, he saw things from strictly the American side, but he could appreciate the Japanese side, understand the American viewpoint. By then things had gone too far. Grew did at least get better advice.

Q: Could any difficulties between the two countries have been resolved had it been Smith-Hutton's advice all along instead of his?

Captain Biard: ^{If} ~~It~~ Grew had taken his.

Q: This is a supposition.

Captain Biard: Very difficult to say. Very difficult to say, because the Japanese Army was very much in control of everything in Japan, government, Emperor, everything. So they could not have. They would have gone their way and they would have attempted to do this, but at the end, there toward the end, we put the pressure on the Japanese that forced them to attack us. Possibly, but I would not say probably, possibly if someone as sound as Smith-Hutton had been giving the advice instead of someone who saw it through different eyes, such as Gene Dooman, we might have avoided some of the problems; there would have been major problems, yet, war might have been avoided, yet I do not

know that it would have been. We are going to come across more that I have to say, not about Smith-Hutton later on, but about our shoving the Japanese into war against us.

Q: I think we ought to hear that.

Captain Biard: But Smith-Hutton still had some contacts somewhere, as evidenced by the time he came up to Karuizawa to ask us about our association with Japanese girls. Somebody had come to him and told him, "Our government is trying to nail your people to the cross to create bad feelings here at home."

And Smith-Hutton was able to get information that could stop it, say that, "What you have is true to this extent, or is not true." In my case, the information that he did have on me was not true. He didn't have all the information, *fortunately.*

Q: Well, you ~~made~~ ^{denied} the information he had on ~~me~~ ^{you}, that's clear.

Captain Biard: And that's all he wanted to know. He said, "Yes, that's all I want to know. If you can tell me no to that, I'll be very, very happy. That's all I want to know." See, I had nothing but absolute respect for Smith-Hutton. He was tremendously fair, very, very competent. So at this time we were having very bad relations. Matsuoka was screaming, he was an extremely repulsive-looking Japanese, but being held up as the

ideal. The military was telling such things as who is the ideal woman, the ideal Japanese woman. They picked out the ideal Japanese woman and publicized her in the newspaper. She was a farmer's wife who had had ten children. Of course, a lot of children were ^{needed for} soldiers. Yes, she ^{had} ~~had~~ a broad pelvis; that means she can be a mother many times without trouble. Things like that. They were coming out with all sorts and kinds of things of that type. This is just one example. Lesser things had been happening all the time, but they were really, really ^{preparing for} ~~springing~~ the march toward the South Seas, the idea of it, the fact that ~~we~~ ^{they} ~~will~~ ^{would} need ^{many} more soldiers. Any time you start seeing a country start becoming extremely spy-conscious, you know that they are going soon to be on the military move. Germany, Russia, and Japan, extremely spy-conscious the whole time I was there, extremely. And when they start hollering, "More population! More population! More population!" that means they intend to have wars, kill off some of their people, and they've got to have replacements. Japan, just like Italy and Germany at the time, were requiring population, population, population, multiply, multiply, multiply. This was going on all the time in the papers, and so Matsuoka was their hero, and here this is the ideal woman, the farmer's wife who had ten children, broad pelvis, could have children easily, yes, yes, that's the type of women we want. In other words, one to go out and have children, cannon fodder.

At about this time, some ^{U.S.} Army officers, ~~in~~ the Army had several, about ~~five~~ ^{four} or ~~six~~ ^{five} language officers there studying as well, except they had their families there, as a result, they didn't learn the language as well as we did. I won't say they were less competent, because they had some extremely competent ~~people~~ ^{officers} there, but their time was spent with their ~~family~~ ^{families} lots of times when we were out cavorting around and learning the language, knocking around Japan, getting to know the Japanese people better. But the people they had were competent, I had nothing but respect for them. But this was just before my second trip to Shanghai. I was talking about April following my second trip to Shanghai, ⁱⁿ December of 1940.

Just before this time, the ^{U.S.} Army had promoted a lot of people. They had been enlarging, calling in a lot of troops, they had been promoting a lot of people, and everybody at the embassy, all the Army officers at the embassy were promoted at one time, one rank. They were good boys, very personable, and I liked them a lot. So they all got together to give a promotion party, and they gave a promotion party that was very, very clever, extremely clever, in which they told stories on each other, the situation on the Army ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ the States, captains are ^{so} plentiful in the Pentagon now that there are no lieutenants to salute captains, so captains are saluting each other. They went on in a ~~hilarious~~ ^{hilarious} manner. Everybody got rip roaring tight. They were excellent hosts.

Well, just the day before, or that day, I had gone to the local doctor, the foreigners' doctor, Dr. Wittenberg, who was a Jewish ~~refugee~~^{refugee} from Germany, a man we liked very much, he and his wife both very pleasant, they took care of us and we found them to be very fine people to have around. Dr. Wittenberg had given me my shots for Shangahi, cholera, typhoid, typhus, and what have you, and he told me, "Be sure you don't drink any alcohol for 24 hours." Well, this tremendous bash was that night. I forgot completely about his instructions, and so I got properly lubricated along with everybody else.

The next day I finally went down to a dentist's office, a Japanese dentist's office, because a year before I had been told in my physical examination in Shanghai, get rid of this bad wisdom tooth before you come back for your next exam. I knew that was on my record, so I decided maybe I'd better have that done. I went down to a dentist's office, a Japanese dentist's office in one of the few high rise buildings near the Emperor's palace and near the Imperial Hotel, and had him work on this wisdom tooth. It was an upper wisdom tooth, and it was a very difficult one, but it turned out to be one very, very difficult to extract. He gave me some pain killer, and while he was really prying in there like almost with a crowbar to try to get this out, I passed out, the result of my hangover from the night before and the novocaine and everything else. The doctor had told me, "Don't drink anything for 24 hours." And so I passed

out, and when I awakened, came out of it, he was slapping me on both cheeks, and you could see a look of horror on his face. "Here's an American who died in my dental chair. Oh, this would be an international incident of the worst sort. They'll say that I killed him." He was horrified that I wouldn't come out of it.

Q: I imagine so.

Captain Biard: So after that, he went to work, he got it out, it was an awful job, and I rode my ^{motorcycle} ~~bicycle~~ back home after it was all over with. That came just before my second trip to Shanghai, and this was all in preparation for it. Well, these Army officers had given this earlier party that I've just described, a real bash, which they had very cleverly written all this stuff where they described all these hilarious things as they were supposedly occurring ^{among} ~~in~~ the newly over-promoted officers in the States. So we enjoyed it in a big way. Several of them were extremely, extremely pleasant party-throwers, competent men, too. Then about this time now that they threw another bash, this same group. It was a concentration camp party.

Q: This is 1941, isn't it?

Captain Biard: April of 1941. A concentration camp party in which they sent out phony passports through the Japanese mail

with concentration camp written on the outside of them. Talk about brinksmanship, this was brinksmanship, too, because the Japanese didn't like things like that. Inviting us to a concentration camp at such and such a time, such and such a place, which ^{was} ~~is~~ the house of Frank Merrill, later of Merrill's Marauders, and so we all at the appointed time went. When we went there, they were all dressed up as concentration camp guards, and they had their torture chambers and their torture units, and we had to go start out and give our data. Then they'd have a phony piece of hose, it didn't hurt, but it looked like a piece of hose, you know, ^{and} ~~that~~ they'd beat ^{us} ~~somebody~~ with, ^{its} and they'd start whacking us with the phony piece of hose. All this was in good humor, no pain at all. Of course, the Japanese servants had seen it. The servants are loyal, mind you, but loyal only to the extent that if the kempei say, "Tell us," they tell it. They have to. And so we went through the check-off line, being tortured in this way, but heaven knows it wasn't torture at all, just play, good fun, but they ^{acted} ~~were just~~ as serious as though they were guards, almost.

Q: Were all men there?

Captain Biard: Wives, too. They had their wives; we didn't have wives.

Q: Did the wives have to go through the concentration camp?

Captain Biard: No. They were part of it.

Q: They were part of the staff.

Captain Biard: It was cleverly done, very cleverly done. And so at the final table, the last one, "All right, shell out all your jewelry, all your money." Then he'd pull out a coin. "I'll match you for it." And that was the end of it. Then we started drinking.

Q: Cleverly done, even though ...

Captain Biard: It was very cleverly done, but we had to take our *phony* passports and get them stamped at various ^{tables} ~~places~~ and so on. It was an extremely cleverly done party. As I say, the Army group was capable of that. They did it routinely. One of the wives, I'll say here, it's not unusual to walk along the streets in Japan, or at least particularly the lesser streets, and see a man relieving himself along a telephone pole, alongside a telephone pole, in dog fashion. But the wives of one of these Army officers ^{who} were talking about ^{this remarked that} it was a 25 sen fine if the police ^{at} found him doing this, 25 sen, that was four yen to the dollar, ~~25~~ ^{about six cents in U.S. money.} ~~sen, and 100 sen to the yen.~~ But a 25 sen fine if he was found

hostesses, and I saw one there that looked, all of them in Western type clothes, who looked quite pretty, pleasant, and so I *cut* → ~~cut~~ in on her after the dance stopped, asked if I might have the dance. And when we started dancing, I told her that I was an American naval officer, a language student attached to the embassy, studying the language, and then she looked at me in a most pleasant manner and came out with the most unusually *clever* statement, "Please, just a little bit of scrap iron."

Q: I'll be darn.

Captain Biard: So I decided she was ~~fairly~~ clever, and she was. I went back a number of times. I say, the public morals laws kept her from associating off the dance floor with us, but it was very pleasant talking to her and her pal, her friend, and I do not remember the name of the girl I danced with, but I do remember the other girl's name, she was Mogisan, both very pleasant, very pretty, very intelligent.

Some of the code clerks then started going to the Florida Dance Hall, too, and dancing with the same girls. Well, these girls very, very, very unfortunately chose that time, right now, to visit some of the code clerks in the embassy. Of course, the Japanese police could not come in there after them, but ^{these girls} ~~they~~ came through the embassy gate, ^{and} went into the code clerks' dormitories with them. That was not forbidden, ^{by the Ambassador, for} there were women in there, _{U.S. Embassy}

too, living in the same dormitories. ~~They weren't dormitories,~~
 They were ~~the~~ housing, dormitory type housing. There were women
 there, too. But it was very definitely against the rules of the
 Japanese ^{these girls} police for ~~them~~ ^{to} associate with foreigners, even with their own
 Japanese customers on the dance hall, ^{against} public morals. And while
 they were there, why, some of us went on the top of the building,
 it was easy to do, and we could see Japanese police lined up
 outside. When these girls left, they nabbed them like that.
 They just nabbed them, and they took them and they interrogated
 them, but they did let them go. But one of them--I didn't go
 back to see them because I was really afraid for them, but one of
 the other code clerks did, and the one told me, he said, "You
 tell your friend Biaadosan to be very careful. They really are
 hot on him. He is the one they're really hot on."

About the same time, my kempeisan, the one who called on me
 regularly, came around to see me, and I took him on my
 motorcycle, on the rear end of my motorcycle down to the bars,
 and I bought him a lot of beers. Remember that I had already
 been to Nagasaki by this time, and so he told me--and here I'm
 going to be very immodest again--I got a few beers into him and
 he became well lubricated, he said, "You know, we consider you to
 be the most important military officer that your country has sent
 to Japan. We consider you to be the most dangerous, the one who
 has the most initiative, the one that we will have to look out
 for most." I didn't solicit that from him, that just came like

that. Well, there are some officers later on from the American Navy who didn't agree with that.

About the same time, a friend of mine, another code clerk in the embassy, a very nice young gent, had been going with a girl who was half-Japanese and half-American. She had lived in the United States as well as Japan. They picked her up and told her, "Stop. Don't go with him anymore." Ted Hockaday, my good friend, had been going with the wife of a Japanese overseas correspondent, the correspondent had died, and the police picked her up to question her, and when they found--and she got this word back to him later on--when they found that she was a friend of a good friend of mine, then they really put the thumbscrews to her. I don't mean they did actually, they really put the pressure on her, and they interrogated her about me, about me, about me. They broke out my file there and had it there to go through, to ask me about this, about this, and they read from the file, asking questions. She said she saw the number on the page near the end of my file, it was page 137. She told my friend, she said, "Tell him to get out of Japan. They are really after him, really after him." And she had to stop seeing ~~him~~ ^{Ted, but she was} ~~able~~ able to get that word back to him.

In those days it used to be that if you were lucky, you could get to Peking once during your stay in Tokyo. About once a quarter we'd send a courier mission from Tokyo to Peking. We couldn't go through the normal way through China because that was

occupied by Japanese troops. We had to go from Japan to Korea and up through Korea into northern China where no fighting was going on, and then cross over to Peking, and several people would be sent with the pouches, at least two ^{persons, with} diplomatic pouches from the embassy in Tokyo to Peking, and then they would bring the pouches back from Peking to Tokyo, and the pouches ~~from Tokyo to Peking~~ would then be sent by U.S. ship to the States.

Q: A terribly long trip, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes. On this trip, my friend Ted Hockaday met ³⁰⁰⁰ the daughter of ^{Nazi General Ernst Udet} ~~Udet, German pilot~~. Udet was the number two ace after Richtofen in World War I. At that time, ^{1941,} he was ^{very} ~~pretty~~ high up in the Nazi party, and my friend started sleeping with this gal whenever possible, even though she was attached to the German Embassy. Well, I was afraid. Ted was a code clerk, he encrypted and decrypted the messages for the embassy, one of them who did, and he was just too exposed, particularly to be sleeping with a gal who well could have been a Nazi agent. A Japanese girl you can trust pretty well, ^{police} The Japanese [^] don't trust them. But she could have well have been a Nazi agent, and he was really, really getting head over heels with her, he just couldn't do without her. So I finally told Ted, I said, "Ted, this just can't be. You can't go on doing this. For heaven sake, go to the ¹⁰⁰⁰ First Secretary, tell him about it, and ask him his advice on

the situation." Well, I don't say I regret having done this, but I've always regretted the consequences of this.

He told the First Secretary, but the First Secretary sent the word back to Washington about him, instead of telling him it was not wise, just stop. And Washington sent out, of course, a highly restricted ^{despatch in} such a way that this code clerk couldn't get it and another one would, that he was to be sent to Baghdad, a hell of a place. I didn't know it at the time; he was just transferred, and we all told him goodbye. But I had been responsible for more or less ruining his whole ~~career~~ career with the State Department. I did it hoping to protect the interests of the country.

Q: Well, it accomplished that purpose, didn't it?

Captain Biard: It did, but on the other hand, I don't think he was treated fairly in the deal.

Q: Kind of like a star chamber.

Captain Biard: Yes. So that happened. Other things were going on. We were getting more and more familiar with "Chip" Bohlen all the time. As I say, I was admiring him more and more, found him to be a competent, very intelligent, and very likeable man, very personable man.

Another thing happened right here that was of benefit. One of our officers in the group found someone who would sell him a car. He got it, put an embassy tag on it. Putting an embassy tag on it, really, you got a piece of license plate-shaped metal, painted ^{it} black, and put American Embassy on it in Japanese and a number. You didn't have to go through the foreign office or anything, we just did that all on our own. So in addition to a motorcycle, ~~he~~ ^{he} now had a car. Well, I started looking around. Somebody found a missionary, whom I never met, but whose car I got, and he sold me his car for about \$100, a Model A Ford sedan. We could get a limited amount of gasoline at a filling station right near my second home. So this was really, really a boon. Now I had a car to ride around in.

But just before this time, I'm sorry, it's hard to get all these in exact chronological order ...

Q: Of course.

Captain Biard: But just before this time, I had received a message from Tony Wong. We would go down to the embassy, the naval attache's office, every two or three days on our motorcycles to check our mailbox, see if anything was there, if the attache wanted us for anything. We had no telephones. To see if any mail had come in by pouch. We usually knew when the American ships were coming in. We would check the day that they

had come to see if we'd gotten any mail, anyway. We'd go every two or three days just to see if there was anything else down there in the mailbox for us. Well, this time there was a note from Tony Wong that she got to me, saying, "Tex, come out and see me, please, as soon as you can. I will be home almost any time you come out."

So I got on my motorcycle and went out to see her. All this time I had been getting yen for myself from her at a much reduced rate. She said, "Tex, I'm leaving. My family thinks it's no longer advisable that I stay here, that even I stay here and run the office."

And so I got on my motorcycle. It was springtime, the weather was good, and I went ^{the} ~~up~~ four or five miles or so to Tony's very beautiful home, a four-story home. She told me, "Tex, I am leaving. My folks think that not even I should stay here any longer to run the office. I have some ^{yen} ~~money~~ here that I can't get ~~it~~ out of the country, but can you take it and maybe perhaps get rid of it for me for dollars and send it to the United States?"

I told her, I said, "Yes, Tony, I will try if you trust me." I said, "How much is it?"

She said, "It's about 80,000 yen." At the official exchange rate, that was around \$18,000. \$18,000 in those days was something. I was making \$175 a month plus \$40 or so for quarters.

I said, "Yes, Tony, but it will have to be under these conditions, and you'll have to trust me completely." I said, "I will do the best I can. I will have to get rid of it bit by bit with the people I can trust. I will buy some of it myself, of course, I'll use it for myself, and then I will get rid of it from time to time with others whom I can trust. But if I leave here and tell you I had to just burn some of your money, you'll just have to remember, we remain friends, you'll have to trust me. That will be it."

She said, "Yes, Tex, I'll always trust you."

So I went on selling some of her money to other people, and I would get the money ^{in dollar} out of the country, ^{by Embassy pouch,} I would tell my dad to send money from my account to Tony. My dad in the States, he was always cosigner of my account, and so without any explanations, I would send back by pouch to tell him, "Send so much money to Tony Wong at such and such an address in the States." And he kept doing that from time to time. Not too much time went on. As I say, she did this in early spring of 1941. So this went on until we were ready to leave Japan. I kept getting rid of more and more of Tony's money. Then there was to come a final event here that I'll come to shortly.

Now the rainy season was approaching. That meant the early part of June.

Q: Will you talk about the money later?

Captain Biard: I'll talk about the money later. There will be more on the money later. We're coming to the rainy season, and after the rainy season we would go to our summer homes. The rainy season ^{was} the first part of June, we'd go to the summer homes the latter part of June. Now came the time when I was paying a lot of attention to the little girl whose mother gave me the singing crickets after she married. I know quite well that she liked me. I have absolutely no doubt about that. But that was to be of no consequence. I had my car, I was moving around, and now when it came time to go to Karuizawa, this little girl had married, I was not running around with her anymore--we didn't run around, she would come to my place well-supervised. I remember things all along here that I either didn't recall or I had not been able to think of, and so I'll tell another thing here.

I gave my parties not in my upper story, one living room, but actually in the cook's quarters, the lady who ran the house. She would get her things over to one side out of the way. She had a table there that could be expanded, and so I and my guests would have our parties down there at her place. I didn't have a table, a large table, a table that large in my living room. But these were all in her place, not that it's important here, but it's just something that I did remember. In fact, that's where my singing crickets were kept, with her. Suharuin, who was my second cook in this second house, was always a most gracious elderly lady, but that was where this little girl, who was soon *to be*

married, came to my parties, always down there on the level where my cook was well supervising. There was never any trouble with the kempei about her.

So the time came to go to Karuizawa for the second time. Then all of a sudden, a thunderbolt. Ah! They're ^{calling up} ~~pulling out~~ ^{Armed Forces} all the reserves, they're being called up. All the farmers' horses are being taken away for the military. People are being sent on ships, being sent over to Manchuria. The Army is really being beefed up over there. Everything is going to Manchuria.

Russia attacked Germany by surprise on the ^{22nd} ~~23rd~~ of June, 1941. This was the time that the Japanese started mobilizing and by everything that we saw in Japan, they were mobilizing so as to attack Russia, which had been attacked by Germany. They felt that Russia would fall and that they wanted to get their Japanese Army, which always considered Russia to be their number ^{one} ~~two~~ enemy, wanted to grab the eastern part of Siberia or more. And so they were sending troops over to Manchuria, where they would be ready to move into Siberia. This is not the way they finally moved. They finally moved south, so there had to be a rearrangement of things, but this is the way many things went at first, anyway. We did not receive any word from instructors and people like that about mobilization for a move south at this time, only toward mobilization ^{for} ~~toward~~ a move in the direction of Manchuria and Siberia.

I used to get my hair cut at a barber shop near my first

residence, where I would get a haircut, shoe shine, a hair wash and shave for one-fourth of 25 cents at the official rate of exchange, or about six cents. By the time I had bought my yen on the black market, all that cost me was about five cents. Sometimes I would go to other barber shops, and at some of these barber shops, the barbers would tell me, whisper military information to me while I was in the chair. Not everyone would do it, I did not routinely go back to the same barber necessarily, because there's always the case that the kempei were trying to work up a case against me as a spy, to get me working with one of these other people as a planted agent. I do not think they were. A little bit of worthwhile information came this way, and one or two times I had people come up to me on the street and just walk by me for a short while, tell some things of military interest, and then go on. This was unusual, it was not the usual happening, but not all Japanese were in sympathy at all with what was going on in those days. I say occasionally, a few of the barbers would occasionally talk, I was there two years, and I got my hair cut more than once a month, so I went to the barber shop a number of times during that interval. But again, here at this time I got the same information from them. Now, the kempei would not know which barber I was going to or which shop I was going to, although I went to one more than others. But that wasn't the only shop where I got information. So they couldn't have set this person up ahead of time to tell me this

information, try to ^{give} ~~get~~ me bad information, ^{for} it was good information, or try to catch me as a spy dealing with one of their people. I have no follo^w-up on that. I'm just really making a comment here, that there were Japanese who did like to tell what was going on, and liked to tell on their own military.

We soon went up to Karuizawa, where I had my very, very pleasant little place that was, as I say, six kilometers from Asamayama, the very active volcano that had not erupted during my previous ^{summer} ~~stay~~ there. There were big trees in the yard. This time I had the servants, the man and his wife, who had been the servants of ^{Allyn} ~~Alan~~ Cole, who had been called to the Philippines for a few months just before he finished his third year. His servants were available, and so I took them. They were very good servants, and I took them to Karuizawa and left my elderly cook and her little girl, little farm girl, there in Tokyo, which was all right with me. I wanted them there to look after my things. I packed my things in my Ford, put my motorcycle on a train, the ^{flat} ~~flat~~ car on the train, and shipped it up to Karuizawa and drove my Ford, with everything that I needed for my living, ^{during the summer,} in it. I made a couple of return trips in the Ford during the summer to the embassy, and I made one final trip that was to get me out of the country.

Here I double back, in fact, this extends over the entire stay in Toyko. I have mentioned that we used to go to big Chinese dinner parties at the homes of particularly the embassy

personnel, not the language officers, but embassy personnel. They would throw big Chinese dinners, their cooks and so on, that the cooks would prepare. One very--well, I won't say unusual thing, but somewhat amusing thing that did occur all the time was that I would tell my servants, "I will not be home for dinner," at such and such an evening. I would not tell them where I was going, but I would be going, say, ^{on} ~~in~~ an occasion where I was going to one of these big parties, if I had gone somewhere else between the time I left home and then got to the party an hour or two later, when I would get there, I would be met by my servants at the door in their dress kimonos, bowing, bowing, "Good evening, danna san, good evening danna san." And so then the other servants, who all knew me, too, they knew all the language officers and embassy personnel, would also greet me, as they would everyone else. But my servants would be there, they knew I was going to this party, they had already been told.

Q: By whom?

Captain Biard: By the cooks.

Q: The other cooks.

Captain Biard: The other cooks, who would say, "He's coming out here tonight, so you come out and help me."

Q: Oh, that was cute.

Captain Biard: They would do this, and then the cooks would just beam like everything.

Q: They thought they played a good joke on you.

Captain Biard: And not only that, but when you sat down to eat, you'd find your china and your silverware on the table, too.

Q: A very good idea.

Captain Biard: Yes. The host would not have enough for anything like this many people.

Q: All the people there, I presume, had the same experience.

Captain Biard: Almost all of them all the time. It was a routine happening. That was just good, clean fun after you saw it for the first time, and the first time you saw it, why, you knew that everything was all right. My first cooks the first year did not do that. They were not part of the group. But the cooks of the other students would do it, and so I had already become accustomed to it. But this is just an interesting aside that I thought of.

Q: It's interesting.

Captain Biard: It was always pleasant to see your own cooks there, so happy. Then after we'd had our dinner and started playing cards, they would have their dinner with the food that was left, and they would have their dinner and their party, and it would be a big one, too. So there were two parties going on.

Q: I think that's charming.

Captain Biard: Our party and the cooks'.

Q: I mean, that's nice.

Captain Biard: As I say, they liked us.

Q: Did they eat at the same table?

Captain Biard: No, no, they'd be out in the kitchen.

Q: They had gone on to another room. I would have expected that.

Captain Biard: But you could hear them out there having fun.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: Oh, no, not in the same room. Never, never, never.

Q: Never, never, never.

Captain Biard: But there is a little something here that I intended to add but didn't. I wanted to get that in before ...

Q: Before you left.

Captain Biard: So I moved up to Karuizawa and I try to remember now, well, there was only one road going up there. There was one railroad and the road pretty well followed it, not exactly, but we had to drive through all these little farming towns and rice paddy towns and such. So I had my motorcycle and my car there. They both came in handy. There was a golf course nearby and I didn't play golf, but Gil Slonim did. But now things were really getting tight. The Home Office put out the rule that if anyone made a long distance call, they would have to speak in Japanese or German, there could be no other language used on a long distance call. In other words, they were anti-spy, anti-spy. They were mobilizing, and so they were keeping track of everything. If you sent a letter by Japanese mail, you had to

take the letter without the stamp affixed down to the post office ~~without sealing it and~~ ^{without sealing it and} ~~and then unseal it~~, then affix the stamp down there after they had seen there was no writing underneath the stamp. This started in this last summer, after the Germans attacked Russia. *Of course the unsealed letter would be read:*

Q: No writing on the back of the stamp or under the stamp.

Captain Biard: Under the stamp, yes. Things were that tight. In other words, things were bad.

Q: Of course, your material went through the pouch.

Captain Biard: No, not all of it, because I ~~may~~ ^{might} want to send a letter down to Tokyo, *by ordinary mail. There was no diplomatic pouch for that purpose.*

Q: Oh, inter-city.

Captain Biard: And the telephone ^{call} had to be either in Japanese or German. Jane Smith-Hutton, who always did her best to see that her language officers, in other words, the Navy language officers, who did not have diplomatic privileges and could not import stuff on their own, she did everything she could to see that we were making out as well as possible and did what she could to help. I have nothing but absolute praise for Jane Smith-Hutton and the way she tried to look out for us as well as

she could. There were limitations, naturally, but she did everything possible. Well, one week while we were there, she called up by telephone, long distance. My cook got word from the post office, and that's an official communication, they had a pay telephone down there, for me to come down there and make a call to Jane Smith-Hutton, who wanted to talk to me. Of course, we could only speak Japanese to each other. We didn't know German. I knew Japanese and she didn't. She wanted to tell me that she was coming up to Karuizawa at such and such a time, and that she was organizing a bridge party, and she wanted me to be one of her guests at the bridge party, and she had to say all this in her pidgin Japanese. So it was quite something, to talk to Jane Smith-Hutton in Japanese over the telephone long distance.

0 0 0 0
 Tony Wong ^{had gone to Canada, but} ~~came up there that summer and~~ Shina & Ozaki came back on the scene. Her father, Yukio Ozaki, had finally told her, "We can't live our lives in seclusion all the time. You may go ahead and see your ^{American} friends. We'll just have to risk it." And they had a nice, ~~and~~ older home, ~~but~~ a very large older home over some distance from my very nice place. Gil Slonim and I at least every weekend, ^{or} more frequently, would go see Shina, and it turned out to be a most pleasant relationship and experience. Of course, she knew Japanese perfectly. The situation was hot and we knew it. War was about to crack, and everybody knew that bad things were coming on.

One thing ^{that} happened was this. As you remember, they were

mobilizing in Manchuria. Shina~~E~~ had a younger sister that had been brought up as a Japanese, not as an American. Shina~~E~~'s father saw the mistake he had made with her. She could never marry a Japanese, could possibly never marry an American, and so he brought up his younger daughter as a Japanese, and she had married someone who was an officer in the Japanese Army. She had been in Manchuria with him. Shina~~E~~'s home was on--everything is a hill there when you get out of the lower town of Karuizawa, the

commercial part where nobody lived, and her home was right near a steep, rocky, wooded ^a mountain trail, ~~the~~ ^{that} mountain trail just took right off ^{from} ~~at~~ her place there, a steep mountain trail. And so one of the days when I went over, ^I got on my motorcycle and ^{rode} ~~drove~~ over to see Shina~~E~~, I found living in a detached house, like over a garage house here, her younger sister with her two children, who had just come back from Manchuria. ^{The Japanese} ~~They~~ were getting families ^{out} from Manchuria just as we were getting our families out of Japan. She didn't speak English as well as Shina~~E~~, she was not as pretty as Shina~~E~~, and I somewhat overlooked her. But she saw my motorcycle, and she said, "Oh, that's a pretty good machine, a BSA, isn't it?"

I said, "Yes, it is."

She said, "May I get on it and ride it around?"

I knew quite well that Japanese girls were far too dainty to get on a motorcycle to ride anywhere. So I just said, jokingly, "Why, sure, go ahead."

By golly, she got on it, kicked it, started it, and ^{went} right up [^]

rugged
 the mountain trail. I almost went crazy. I said, "Here is the daughter of one of the greatest Japanese of the century, ^{and} she's going to kill herself here on a mountain trail on my motorcycle. ~~and~~ This would be awful."

She got back, got down off it, said, "That's a pretty good machine. Thank you." She had done that many times before. She was a real tomboy, a real tomboy. Shina~~e~~ was not like that. This daughter's name was Yukie, and I found out that she was a real person on her own, a tremendously real person, but she didn't look like it. She looked like one of these demure Japanese girls, and I thought she was just pulling my leg in a big way when she said, "May I get on your motorcycle and ride it up the hill here?" Oh, it caused me some anxious moments. But ~~then~~ ^{when} she came back, I saw she was handling it perfectly, and she was very competent on it, no problem at all.

Shina~~e~~ and Gil and I had many--we didn't see too much of her sister, we left her pretty well out of things because she had her family to look after, her children, ^{her} ~~and~~ two. She was the wife of a Japanese Army officer, ^{an aviator,} so that probably kept her from seeing us very much. We talked to Shina~~e~~ a lot. And finally when we knew that things were really getting bad, our instructors kept telling us that more and more things were being sent over to Manchuria, everything, everything, everything, and, of course, we were telling the naval attache ^{when he came} ~~to come~~ up, we would tell him that, too, no big secret, that they were mobilizing like everything.

They weren't mobilizing to move south, from any information we were receiving, but we didn't get the information ^{on} ~~in~~ the Navy. This was all ~~on~~ the Army because we were only getting it from people who were going ^{into} ~~to~~ the Army. But Shina~~2~~ once told me, near the end of the stay there, she said, "Now, Tex, there's something I want." Remember her father was well-connected in the "liberal" conservative movement. Here it would be the conservative, there it was very liberal. He was quite old. She told me, "Tex, there's something I want you to take back to the embassy and tell them. You tell them that they're pushing these people awfully far, awfully far. And you can only push them so far. After that, they will strike back, they will do something. They won't take it anymore. Now you take that back to your embassy and you tell them."

Q: Is that what you were saying a little while back, that we did push them into World War II?

Captain Biard: This is just part of it. Yes, we pushed them into it.

Q: What did she mean by that, like a for instance?

Captain Biard: Like the embargo on aviation gasoline, the embargo on scrap iron before. We had frozen their assets in the

United States, had \$100 million or \$200 million or something, had frozen those and denied access to them. We had also denied--we stopped eventually, but by this time we had cut off all ~~exported~~ ^{exporting of} oil to them. They only had a two-years' supply of oil stored in Japan at normal rates of use, which meant that their Navy would be out of oil very soon, and in case of war, would be extremely soon unless they found new sources, which meant going to the Dutch East Indies. They were hollering all the time about the resources in the Dutch East Indies. You felt that was where the Navy really wanted to go. We'd known that for a very, very long time. The Army wanted to move north, the Navy wanted to move south because the Navy had to have the supplies from the south if it was to fight a war, or ^{even to} function without fighting a war, just call a bluff. And this is what she was telling us. Shina~~e~~ would not elaborate. I always felt that her father had told her, had said, "Now, you get this word to the Americans." More ^{about} the reason on that later. Shina~~e~~ told me that, and she told me very sternly ^{that} this was not just chit chat. She told me with a very, very stern look on her face, and she emphasized it. She said, "Your country is pushing these people awfully far, and you can only push them so far, and then they will react, and they will really react."

At the same time, her father, who was then 83 years old, called in quite a few of his elderly friends, who were against the war, against Japan involving itself in a war with the West as strongly as he was. We saw many of them at his home up there in

Karuizawa, they were coming and going all the time. It was a brief time, we didn't have too much time left. We saw them and I talked to Shina~~e~~ about this, and she said, "Oh, those are his friends who are opposed to the war. They are trying, if they can, to prevent a war with the West."

Q: No hesitation in disclosing that?

Captain Biard: No. Then he had his daughter Yukie come with him while he made a trip around all of Japan, around all of Japan, to see people that he knew, that he could perhaps influence, try to prevent a war with the West. This is the 83-year-old Yukio Ozaki. That is something that ordinarily would have got anybody assassinated by the military. He survived it. He had tremendous prestige. He was the man who gave the cherry ~~blossoms~~^{trees} as mayor of Tokyo, gave the cherry ~~blossoms~~^{trees} to Washington. ~~I have~~ I have the utmost respect for him, a tremendous respect for Shina~~e~~, too. Now I have the ^{same} respect ^{for} of Yukie, I know she's a real person, a real person. ^{She and her father} ~~They~~ made this trip there right towards the end of our last ~~stay that~~ summer in Karuizawa, in August, 1941.

Other things were happening. One weekend night there was a big rain, so big that I did not even go out to one of the usual parties. I turned in early, and I was sleeping. I had been in bed about an hour in the second story of my home, when the home started shaking like everything. Man, it shook, it shook, it

shook, and there was a noise, roar, roar, roar, roar, roar, roar.

Q: Volcano.

Captain Biard: Asamayama was really kicking off. I couldn't see a thing. I always wanted to see a good volcanic eruption, but I couldn't see a thing. It was shaking the place something awful. Man, it was shaking. Well, it stopped after a while and I went back to bed.

On another Sunday, Tommy Thompson, who was one of the code clerks, came up to Karuizawa for the weekend, so we got in my car and we went over to Asamayama. We were going to climb it up to the top. It was about ^{8,000} 8,000 feet high, maybe a ^{3,500} ~~2,000~~-foot climb or so, or more, from the level ^{where} ~~which~~ we would start. But it was cloudy on top. We wouldn't be able to see any of the surrounding countryside if we could get there, so we didn't climb it. Well, it was a bit of a drive back toward Karuizawa, ^{and} we went a round about way to get back, and when we got back, we learned that Asamayama had erupted again, a big eruption, while we were driving back. In the paper the next day, we found out there had been a party at the top, and that several of them, there were only about six in the party, all at least had been hurt and one had been killed, and his shirt had been found in a town 20 miles away. So it was a pretty good thing we didn't climb the mountain right at that time.

Q: Again your luck held.

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, Asamayama kicked its top again one more time while I was there. Again, it was raining, so I didn't see it. I always wanted to see a good eruption, never did.

Q: You haven't spoken about Fujiyama.

Captain Biard: Oh, I would see it sometimes from my home, pass by it many times on the train, and my last year I intended to climb it. All Japanese climb the Fujiyama, and a few foreigners did, too. *But Fujiyama is dormant - has not erupted now for more than 250 years.*

Q: I've seen it a few times. I mean, I haven't seen it a few times. I've been there, but it's always been foggy.

Captain Biard: Sometimes on a clear day you could see it from my home in Tokyo, my first house in Tokyo. But Fujiyama is not called Fujiyama. Fujiyama is called Fujisan. The Americans call it Fujiyama; the Japanese call it Fujisan. That's just by way of comment here.

As I say, the association with Shina² was very, very pleasant that summer, a wonderful person. I admire her tremendously.

Q: Didn't you call her by another name on some cases when she'd

give parties at her house?

Captain Biard: No, that was Tony Wong.

Q: Oh, Tony Wong. Okay. Tony Wong is the one that gave you the yen.

Captain Biard: Yes, or let me have them. She didn't give them to me.

Q: And trusted you.

Captain Biard: Yes. So one evening, weekend evening, Gil Slonim and I, with nothing else to do, we went to see Shinae. Shinae said, "I have a good friend here. Tex, why don't we go over to your place and I'll have her come over?" And so she did.

Gil and I went there, we had a few drinks, we sat down near the fire. It's rather cool in Karuizawa in the evening^{even} by the open fire. Things were going very nicely with Shinae and the ^{Japanese} other girl, who was quite pretty, tall but very pretty. She sat by and she listened, and finally I just said^{to myself} "Well, she's pretty, but she's a dummy." But it's always pleasant being with Shinae.

Gil and Shinae and I were having a lot of fun talking until at a certain moment this other girl ~~said~~, "Ah, I have them all
probably said to herself

sized up. I'm ready to join the parade now." And she did. She ~~came~~^{joined} in, and ~~she~~ she was the life of the party from then on, just as pleasant and as nice and as personable as she could be, and she just kept things going in a really fun way. She had been, the previous year, Miss Japan at the Seattle World's Fair. Her father was a merchant in the U.S. from Japan. When she did come in and enter in on the party, it became a real party. She did know how to handle Westerners, and she was a very nice girl, as pretty as could be, and just had all sorts and kinds of fun. She came over on one more party and we had a lot of fun, too. I don't remember her name. A lot of these Japanese names I don't remember because I had no particular reason to remember ^{them.} But I did ask Shina~~e~~, after the war when I saw Shina~~e~~ again in Yokosuka and Tokyo, and in Fushi, where she lived, about her, and she said that she had married and her husband had gone away to the war and not come back. She married into a very wealthy family, so that she was well off. Well, if she had been free and if I had been free, if she had wanted to come after me, I would have had a hard time saying no.

Q: This is Shina~~e~~?

Captain Biard: No. Well, Shinai, too, yes. I mean the other girl, the girlfriend she brought over.

Q: The movie star.

Captain Biard: Not a movie star, *but Miss Japan.*

Q: I know she's not a movie star, she's a beauty queen.

Captain Biard: Miss Japan. But she was really a lovely girl. As I say, Shinae was always full of nice surprises. I can't remember anything else of great import here. Smith-Hutton came up one time to interrogate us about our relationships with Japanese girls. I've already related that story.

Q: I wonder how long it took you to get Shinae's message to the embassy.

Captain Biard: Well, I don't know how close that was to a weekend, but that weekend I saw Smith-Hutton, and, of course, he was my contact, for anything I gave to the embassy had to go to Smith-Hutton.

Q: So you did transmit it?

Captain Biard: I did transmit it, yes. I didn't take it as seriously as Shinae did. Shinae had the real information. I was not as alarmed as she was, ^{but} ~~and~~ I should have been.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: But I transmitted the message to Smith-Hutton. As I say, he got it on the weekend. How long that was to the weekend, I do not know, but it was within a day or two.

Then one day while my instructor was there, I received a telegram from Smith-Hutton. They delivered telegrams by messenger as Western Union used to do here. And it said, "Deliver the word to all of the language group to return to Tokyo with all of your possessions. You will be leaving Japan." This was the message.

Q: When was this, do you remember?

Captain Biard: This was between the 15th and 20th of August, 1941. Now, this is two months after Germany attacked Russia. Gil Slonim was playing golf on the golf course, so I got on my motorcycle and rode up to the golf course and got him off of the golf green. I delivered the message to everyone else. I immediately packed up my things in the car, told my cook and his wife to close up the house, to go back to their home that they had in Tokyo, and the others did the same thing. I put my motorcycle again on the train, sent it down to the embassy, and drove to my home, where my cook and her maid were waiting for us. It was the hot, sultry Tokyo weather, miserable, it was killing.

When we got there, of course, Smith-Hutton told us what he had done. It was right clever. He knew at this time the same thing we knew, that the Japanese were mobilizing. He knew that the situation was going to explode. He knew that he should get us out so that we could use what we had learned for the Navy and for the country, rather than to be kept as war prisoners in Japan. So he had already made up his mind that we should get out of the country.

Q: It was his own decision? I'll be quiet. I can't wait.

Captain Biard: So he sent a message to the Chief of Naval Operations recommending that he be given authority to send the language officers ~~back~~ out of Japan and to appropriate future duty stations at any time as he thought that the situation there warranted our being evacuated, and the situation was clearly at a point that we should no longer stay there. But it's a rule in the Navy that the officer on the spot should be given the authority to act as appropriate when necessary, so the Chief of Naval Operations came right back at him and said, "^{Your} ~~hear~~ Such and such ^{despatch,} permission granted." Well, what Smith-Hutton ^{hadn't told} ~~didn't~~ tell ^{the Chief of Naval Operations} ~~him~~ was, he had already made up his mind that we should leave.
~~The Chief of Naval Operations~~

Q: He had already told you.

Captain Biard: He hadn't told us, no, but he had told himself. So as soon as he got this message back from the Chief of Naval Operations, then the telegram ^{was sent} ~~came up~~ to me in Karuizawa. We came on down to Tokyo. When we got to Tokyo, we found out exactly what the situation was. The embassy wanted to evacuate all Americans except the necessary embassy personnel. The Japanese said, "Oh, no, we can't permit that. That would scare your country. That would ^{give} ~~leave~~ the wrong impression to the American public. So ~~that~~ we will ^{not} let an American ship come in here." ^{We} ~~They~~ wanted an American ship to come in and pick us all up. American ships had not been coming to Japan because of the boycott and all such as that, the American President ~~lines~~ ships. They said, "We will let a ship come in to remove embassy personnel, ^{only,} but the others we will not let go. That would alarm the U.S., alarm your country."

But Ambassador Grew and the U.S. would not agree to that. "No, it has to be all of them." So we would have to leave, if possible, leave Japan by Japanese ships and go to Shanghai. American ships were still coming there and there in Shanghai we could wait for an American ship to get us out, if we could get out before things got so bad that there would be no more ships.

So with that, Smith-Hutton and "Chip" Bohlen and the commercial attache, Mr. Williams, all three of ^{them} ~~these~~ turned out to be our best friends. I have great admiration for all of them, particularly--well, Williams was not as involved as Smith-Hutton,

that wasn't his business, and "Chip" Bohlen was taking over pretty well in Gene Dooman's job, although he hadn't completely taken it over. He was a recognized power in the embassy at that time because of the confidence he ~~put in~~^{inspired} there. People trusted him, and rightfully so.

So we found out that we would have to get all of our things packed and ready to go as soon as we could get transportation, but no transportation was available. The Japanese would not give us transportation. They didn't want to alarm the country. We went around to the various official offices to get the permits necessary for us to leave with our possessions, and we found out that they were going to put an awful lot of red tape in our way to make leaving just absolute hell for us. As I say, it was hot weather, hot, sultry, just completely, completely debilitating. So we found out we were going to have to organize a task force. There were ten of us, ~~each~~. We had to give ^{each} of the 10 a specific job to do to meet the requirements of the various Japanese bureaucracy^{'s} and the roadblocks they were putting in our way. "Ruf" Taylor had to get in his car and go down to Yokahama to find out how we would get our gear down to the customs office to go through outgoing customs and take care of that. My job was to try to get transportation by steamship ^{passage} out from Japan ^{to Shanghai}. Somebody else's job was to get permission for us to get money out of Japan so we could at least have something to get home on, all this type of thing. Everyone went on his own job; I went on mine, "Ruf"

Taylor on his, and I remember this in particular. "Ruf" Taylor came back with the information that we had to have a complete listing of everything, everything that we were taking out of the country. Well, we had a lot of things we had acquired, we didn't want to lose, so we started making up a list. We had to have a list in 24 hours. That was a 24-hour job itself, and so we had to get the list and have the things down to Yokahama in 24 hours. So I started making mine up, and "Ruf", sure enough, got transportation and got them down there. When he got them down there, they said, "This is all wrong," and tore it up, "Go do it again." Okay, we did it again.

In the meantime, I was going down to the local steamship office down near the dentist's office where I had had my tooth pulled, passed out, near the Imperial Hotel. I was standing in line with the Japanese, trying to get tickets. I ^{would} go up to the window. "No tickets, no tickets." Go away, get in line again, trying to get tickets for so many people, ~~leaving~~ ^{on} Tatsuta Maru, leaving Kobe at such and such at time. "No tickets, no tickets." Well, then I would come back, do some more, come back, try again. "No tickets, no tickets." This went on for several days. Again they were giving "Ruf" Taylor the run-around. He would get our stuff together, take it down, they'd say, "This is wrong," tear it up and send it back. They were just giving us a psychological beating is all they were doing. The weather was awful, and they were putting us under deadlines.

Horrible

Q: What were you wearing? Could you wear shorts and a shirt?

Captain Biard: Well, just wearing a shirt, for sure, or underwear there in my little house, and going downtown I would wear only a shirt, not a suit.

Q: Shorts?

Captain Biard: Shorts, no shorts. U.S. foreigners did not wear shorts in Japan.

Q: Just a shirt?

Captain Biard: Yes, shirt and trousers.

Q: Oh, okay.

Captain Biard: And trousers.

Q: I thought you said just a shirt.

Captain Biard: No, a shirt and trousers. You didn't wear shorts in Japan. That would be losing face.

Q: But you wore pants? Trousers?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: I thought you meant just a shirt.

Captain Biard: No, no. We weren't playing rickshaw coolies.

Q: I was trying to picture that.

Captain Biard: But this went on, and every time we'd do something, they'd say, "This isn't right, do it again," and give us a deadline that would keep us up all night doing it to beat the next deadline. We were afraid not to because we had to get out.

Q: Of course. Of course.

Captain Biard: And so I kept going back and forth in this line. Others kept doing other things, others kept trying to get permits.

Q: You wouldn't come back the next day. You'd just continue?

Captain Biard: Come back that afternoon, yes.

Q: Continuously.

Captain Biard: Until one time I happened to be right behind the very beautiful Inga von Behring, of Fritz von Behring. He was the German from Shanghai, ^{the beautiful Swedish wife} the head Nazi agent in the Far East, and representative for I. G. Farben Corp.
Q: I.G. ~~Ferben.~~^{Fahrben}

Captain Biard: I.G. ~~Ferben.~~^{Fahrben} Inga was certainly not pro-Axis. By this time, her sister was married to one of our group, and they had already produced a baby boy, and so she said, "What are you here for, Tex?" I told her. She said, "Oh, you're in luck. I have a nice suite here ^{on Tatsuta Maru} that I'm turning in. I will tell the man at the ticket office here to let you have it."

I said, "Well, I need far more than that, but that will be a start."

And so when she got up to the window, just ahead of me, she said, "I am turning my tickets in." Of course, she had all sorts and kinds of pull in ^{this local} the world. She had German citizenship, and she was the wife of this big Nazi. "I'm turning my tickets in, and I want them to go to Lieutenant Biard here, who is right here with me." And this, of course, threw the ticket seller, the man, into complete consternation.

Q: He hadn't pictured anything like that.

Captain Biard: No. "My, my, my, my, my." ^{the seller's} He closed ~~his~~ window and ^{he} went back to his

back office and he stayed a long time." He closed the entire ticket office before he left for the rear office.

Q: Did she stay with you?

she remained with me.

Captain Biard: Yes. He stayed a long time back there, and when he came back, he said, "Yes, Lieutenant Biardo, we will have reservations for you and your entire group."

Q: Entire group.

Captain Biard: And here I had been fighting and fighting and fighting, and beating my brains out to try to get these ^{for ~~the~~ 3 days} Just being there with Inga did it.

Q: Well, I'm sure that was the end of a sad tale but a happy ending.

Captain Biard: Except for Inga. But her unhappy ending and later happy ending was the result not of this, but of something else.

So I immediately went home and started contacting all the other people, and said, "Okay, we're leaving from ^{Kobe on} the Tatsuta Maru at such and such a time."

By this time, Mr. Williams, the Commercial Attache, had used his influence to permit each of us to take \$2,100 worth of yen

out of the country at the official rate, not the black market rate, which would have been \$1,200 worth, but \$2,100. We could buy the yen on the black market, if we could find it, and then take it out at the official rate, which was far more to our advantage. The only trouble was, nobody had \$2,000 worth of yen except F.R. Biard, and I had lots of yen.

Q: You had gotten them from ...

Captain Biard: From Tony Wong. So the only thing I had to do was go to the naval attache's office and get it out of the safe and then I made some money for me, and I made some money for Tony in the deal, because they were making money on it. I let them make quite a bit, I made a little bit, and Tony made a little bit.

Q: You had enough, though.

Captain Biard: Had enough to go around.

Q: That was neat.

Captain Biard: Or just about to go around. In fact, ^{with this} I had gotten rid of all of her yen, all of it. So I had left Tokyo not only with my \$2,100 ^{but also had much extra} ~~that I had~~ money that I sent by diplomatic

pouch to my dad, had a \$2,100 draft and then the other was ...

Q: In dollar or yen?

Captain Biard: Dollar. All the others had their \$2,100 in drafts, too, from the Bank of Japan, or the official bank, Sumitomo or something like that, but it was negotiable, and so we got out with this. We accomplished that ~~for~~^{by} the good auspices of Smith-Hutton, "Chip" Bohlen, and Mr. Williams. "Chip" was just fighting like everything. Every time we'd come back with a bad problem, give it to him, and he'd go fight, fight, fight, fight the bureaucracy ~~with~~^{for} us. He put an awful lot of pressure on them. See, he was on our side and he would take action.

Q: How about "Ruf"? Was he able to get your ...

Captain Biard: Yes, finally just before the last deadline, took it down there, "Okay." Then they didn't even examine it, after we had all these lists. We made them up plenty of times. They just said, "Okay."

Q: They couldn't have known this ahead of time.

Captain Biard: Yes, they knew.

Q: They didn't know that you were going to get out on that ship, did they?

Captain Biard: ^{No.} ~~Yes~~, they did, ^{not. These things had to} ~~we had to~~ be sent from Yokahama. ~~down there by ship.~~

Q: But even though she hadn't come along, do you think that you would have gotten passage on that ship anyway?

Captain Biard: I do not know. I can't say. But as far as I could tell, we wouldn't. I can make no statement there, because I just have no information.

Q: I was wondering if they spent so much time giving you a hassle, and yet at the last minute they ...

Captain Biard: Everywhere else, this is what happened. Everywhere else, this is what happened. So it might have been that this was in store for us there, too.

Q: I just wondered.

Captain Biard: Well, it could have been, but Inga being there made my job ^{easier}, if that is the case, ^{for} ~~then~~ she hastened the moment of decision.

Q: Infinitely easier.

Captain Biard: Yes, infinitely easier. I can't say that they would have given us ~~passes~~ ^{passage} because I wasn't faced with that final problem, and that's beyond me to say.

Q: Sure, but it was interesting that it all fell in place on the last possible moment, that it hadn't been all planned.

Captain Biard: And this is not the last time that everything fell in place at the last possible minute, as you'll see in a minute.

Q: I am waiting.

Captain Biard: So now we had to get rid of ^{much personal} ~~the~~ stuff. I had brought out things like high-laced, heavy logger's boots. I'd used these in my newspaper routes in the wintertime down in Dallas.

Q: Why did you take those out there?

Captain Biard: Oh, might use them.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: And I had a leather jacket, not the Hell's Angels type, a much more respectable type. I had a lot of other--blankets ...

Q: Oh, things you'd brought from home that you wanted to bring back.

Captain Biard: All from home, ^{or had} ~~and~~ brought from Shanghai that I didn't want to take back. I wanted other items to take back, I wouldn't need these when I got back to the United States. I wanted to take things back from Japan that I would need there and the clothes I had bought at Shanghai, books, I had bought many books. I had two big sets of Japanese Encyclopedia. I had spent my time and my money--not all my time and money, but a lot of time and money buying materials that I knew would be of use ^{for} intelligence purposes when I got back. I hate to say it, again I'm being very immodest.

Q: I wish you'd quit using that phrase, "I hate to say it, I'm immodest." It's not true.

Captain Biard: But most of the other people were buying Japanese silver at a very cheap price, and they went back with Chinese rugs and Japanese silver, silver utensilware, and I didn't have any of that.

Q: And you came back with things in your brain.

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Captain Biard: I came back with two ^{very large} sets of Encyclopedia, and an atlas of Japan that we had to use in our war effort.

Q: The one that that man gave you just before you left?

Captain Biard: Yes. We used it, it was the best we had in Pearl Harbor for a long time. They had much better stuff in Washington and we didn't know it. We had to use this ^{one of mine} for a long time, and when we had to refer to Truk, this is the thing that gave us our best map of Truk at the time. You know where Truk is?

Q: Yes, I do.

Captain Biard: And so Layton borrowed it and many of the others did. They borrowed two of my atlases. In fact, they took one apart and copied it.

Q: Are some of the things which I see around your home now, which are definitely Japanese, some of the things which you brought out there?

Captain Biard: No, I had too many other things, like ^{these} these encyclopedias, large encyclopedias I was telling you about, and

other things of that type. There are one or two small items here, the Kakemono, that is the "hanging thing," that's what Kakemono means. Here is the picture of the original, supposedly, the original first Emperor of Japan. That I brought out on that trip. The encyclopedia set you see in the distance, leather bound, gold, I brought that with me. That's one of them. I brought another much larger, much more comprehensive set also, and it filled up practically all of my luggage.

Q: How many pounds did they permit you to take?

Captain Biard: I don't know how many pounds. This was as large or larger than the Encyclopedia Britannica, the volumes were thicker, and there were 32 volumes to it. Many of the books up there, the dictionaries, I brought out, and those have been used. The Naval Academy wishes several of those for their museum because I used those in ^{breaking Japanese codes} Japan at Pearl Harbor, under Joe Rochefort, in the Coral Sea, in Australia, in New Guinea, and in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. They went with me everywhere. They are very, very well-worn. I've contacted them on my recent trip to Annapolis, and the Naval Academy Museum says, yes, they want them, and I put the conditions on it. I said, "I don't want them put in some corner of a warehouse. I want them to be displayed and used for display purposes. If you have no use for them in that respect, then I don't want to ^{give} ~~loan~~ them to you."

Q: Yes. And you're not going to give them to them until you're through with them.

Captain Biard: No, that's it, but I said, "I will ^{give} loan them to you, and I will see that my family does send them to you, provided I do have the assurances that they will be ^{displayed} ~~used~~ and not thrown in a warehouse."

They said, "We assure you, they will be ^{displayed} ~~used~~." Because they are historic relics, they really are. They were used in code breaking and fighting. They have been through an awful lot. They've been through Japan and the war and the second trip out to Japan.

Q: See, it's indicative of you and your brain, that those are the things you brought out instead of ^{other types of} ~~possessions~~.

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, yes, that is true. So I got all these out, and I did have a bundle of letters from a young girl written me from Dallas. Shina~~e~~ Ozaki came down to Tokyo, and she brought a friend of hers around to my home while I was packing up things, and she said, "Oh, Tex, I'm sure you have some things that you're not taking with you. I have a friend here, a young lady, a young Japanese housewife, who ^{lives} ~~lives~~ Western style, I'm sure you might have some things she would like." She couldn't get Western things in Tokyo then, they were just all gone.

I said, "Well, yes, here they are." I pulled out my high boots, the logger's boots, the shoes, sheets, blankets, everything around the house, and I said, "I can hardly take these with me. I don't have enough room. I don't know that your friend would be interested."

"I don't care what it is, I want it."

And so Shina~~e~~ said, "Well, Tex, what is the price on this item here?"

And I told her my boots, which I had bought from Sears-Roebuck for \$12.50, I said, "Oh, I suppose they're worth around \$12.50. They've been used a lot but they're still good."

Shina~~e~~ just looked at me very sternly. "Tex, that is outrageous." ~~I should have said \$7.~~ "They're worth far more than that. Raise it to a reasonable price." She knew she had a wealthy friend, I didn't. Then she said, "There's no reason for you to give your stuff away. She might as well pay for it." So we went through everything like this, except my short wave radios and my liquor. Something else happened to them. So this girl left with my stuff, having paid a high price for it in yen equivalent.

Q: How did she carry it? How did she transport them, I mean?

Captain Biard: Well, in those days and times, the Japanese would put everything on a cart behind a bicycle and move it along the

street, and you'd have somebody else ^{like that} come along and carry it home.

Then somebody else told us of another very--what turned out to be a worthwhile experience. Of course, she paid me in yen, and the rate at which she paid me the yen, I could convert it at the official rate, so I was able to get twice as much. I say I was able to get twice as much for these boots as I had paid for them 15 years before..

Q: A Yankee trader, like we say.

Captain Biard: Exactly, I was a Yankee trader. Shina~~E~~ was marvelous. Then somebody else in the group said, "Oh, I've found a Japanese who looks like a gangster. He'll buy almost anything you have, liquor and so on. He'll pay a fantastic price for it. Do you want him to come around ^{to} your house?"

I said, "Yes, I do. I have some things I would maybe like to get rid of." So it was again either the same day that Shina~~E~~ came by or the day after.

There were several ^{more} days ~~there~~ before we had to get on the train to go to Kobe and catch our ship. But this not too big Japanese, ^{who} ~~but~~ you could tell ~~he~~ was quick-thinking, ~~he~~ had a sparkle to his face and keen eyes, and he ^{wore} ~~had on~~ a beret, which is unusual for ^a Japanese, and he was dressed in ~~just~~ rough clothing, Western style, rough. He came in a very, very

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 impressive automobile, and a man ^{was with him} who was Japanese, ^{and} you could tell it was just wealth and prestige and importance, just radiating from him. Who it was, I do not know, never will know, but he came up to my second-story floor there in my second home and he said, "We'd like to see what you have." So I broke out all the liquor I'd brought over from Shanghai that was still there, all ^{my} ~~by~~ Gebhardt's Chile Con Carne that my dad had sent me.

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Q: That hurts.

Captain Biard: Yes. It was mostly that, and I really took my finger off my number ^{then} ~~than~~. Of course, he could have been setting me up to turn me in to the police, but the other people had dealt with him, and this impressive person that came to see us was not the type of person that would have been in the Japanese police. He was just radiating personality, importance, and wealth, and good nature, and the Japanese police just were never like that. So yes, I lived dangerously quite often over there, and ~~so~~ I really took my finger off my number this time, as we say in the Navy, and I pulled out this liquor and I offered it to him at a fantastic price, and this entrepreneur who was doing the in-between work, he said, "Oh, you can't charge prices like that. You have to leave me ^{some} ~~a little~~ room to make a little money. I have to make something out of this." And so I ~~was ready to come down a bit, so~~ I came down a bit. "Yes, that's all right. Now I

can make some money out of this. I can collect my fee from the gentleman ^{with me.} ~~over here.~~ And we finally settled for an exorbitant price for my good Scotch, Benedictine, Cointreau, gin, bourbon, and he got about two or three cases from me at a rather exorbitant price.

Q: High or low?

Captain Biard: High. Then he said, "Do you have anything else?"

I said, "Well, do I trust you?"

"Sure, you can trust me. Can't you tell it?"

I said, "No. I'll try anyway. Would the gentleman like a short wave radio, short wave receiving set?"

"Oh, wait! Yes, yes, yes."

I said, "I have an excellent one, a German short wave receiving set, an ordinary home type overseas receiving set, but a very excellent one." I said, "In fact, I have a lesser one that's mostly a piece of junk made in Shanghai. I'm willing to sell both."

"I'll take both of them." And so he bought my short wave radio, ^{two} ~~two~~, short wave receivers. It did ^{also} receive normal bands and weather, ships, all such as that. It had wide range receiving capabilities. He paid me a rather fantastic price for those, too. Now, if he had been police, I would really have been in trouble. I was sizing him up, and he was not the police.

Q: How much did he pay you?

Captain Biard: I don't remember now, but ^{I had} paid maybe \$75 for the good receiver, and I probably sold it for around \$175.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: Something in that order of magnitude. So with this, we just had everything about fixed up, I got my baggage together, and on the same afternoon, we ^{all} got on the same train and headed for Kobe.

Q: Didn't you tell your servants a loving goodbye?

Captain Biard: I did, very much so. I told my servants I was very sad to leave them. I gave my servants in Karuizawa extra money, I gave my servants in Tokyo extra money, and I told them, I said, "I'm very sorry. I wish that things had not come to this pass. I hope that things will be better soon. If not so, I'll always have fond memories of you because you have served me well. You could have done no better than you did."

Q: What about the little doggy?

Captain Biard: I had a tearful farewell for the little doggy and

left all the balls there for her to play with. The cook came back to me and said, "I respect you. You're a true gentleman. Our countries may not be getting along well, but I will always like to think that we are true friends."

Q: A nice tribute.

Captain Biard: Yes. As I say, she was a cultured lady. She was a true first-class geisha, you know, one who really knew how to get along with the ruling powers.

Q: And what would happen to her? Could she stay in that house?

Captain Biard: She was renting it. She would have to find somebody else or get a Russian or somebody to live there, somebody else to rent it. The Japanese would not rent it under similar circumstances. It would have to be a foreigner. She was renting it and then rerenting it to me.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: As this had been done any other place. I say truthfully that I regretted to leave my servants, knowing that they were in for hard times, I regretted it very much because they had been nice, very considerate, and completely trustworthy

and loyal. The bills, after all, I was leaving, throwing parties and all, liquor and all, making \$25 a month and an expensive party ^{would} maybe cost me ^{a total of} \$30 a month, but after all, could you ask for better than that? Two servants in the house, liquor, food. And so we left, all of us.

One of the sons of the Andrews, who had a large home next to the Andrews, had in the one year gone by, come over to Tony's while she was throwing a birthday party for me on December 21, just before we went to Shanghai, the language officers. I told him, I said, "Well, this is my birthday."

He said, "It is? Come over to my place, which is just next door." He had a one-level house, but a very nice, very, very, very nice large frame house, much of it Japanese style, and he pulled out a bottle of Irish Whiskey, Sheriff's Irish Whiskey, and gave it to me. "Here is your birthday present."

And so I took it home. I hadn't opened it, and I took it on the train with me. I said, "We'll have a drink or two down at Kobe." We were busy on the way, getting passports all fixed up or checking out things and seeing that we had our stuff on board. There were a number of details we had to check out with each other on the train, and I left my seat for a while. We had one of our members, that I knew quite well, I knew all of them quite well, but I knew him very, very well, who was quite a drinker. In saying that, I will not quote his name, quite a drinker. I had pulled this bottle out and left it on my seat while I went to

square away some affairs with some other people. He was a true connoisseur of liquor, a true connoisseur of liquor. When I came back, about three-fourths of this bottle of Irish Whiskey was gone. He just looked at me and said, "Tex, this is really good whiskey."

Q: No apology.

Captain Biard: No apology at all. I said, "Oh, my God." I tasted it and it was, it was topnotch. I've tasted Irish Whiskey and many different brands since, Jamison and ^{Bushmills}~~Bush Mills~~, and it's fair, but this was excellent. I've never been able to approximate that.

Q: What was the name? Sheriff's? Like Sheriff?

Captain Biard: Yes. Almost all of it went to a true connoisseur. I was not a true connoisseur, but I would have liked to have more than I got. So we retired by this time; all of us were dead tired. We had been extended beyond our reasonable limits, far beyond our reasonable limits, because every time we were given a deadline, it was too close, and ^{then were told that} no, that doesn't do it.

Q: Well, the emotional strain was terrible as well as physical.

Captain Biard: It was. And the military, the diplomatic and military situation was getting worse and worse and worse by the minute. We got on the train, we got down to Kobe, and we all went to the same hotel, and some of us went out that night for a little farewell, but we couldn't stay out too long because we were just too tired. We went back.

The next day, we went back down to the customs shed to see if our baggage had got there from Yokahama. It had.

Q: Surprise.

Captain Biard: So we went back to the hotel, very happy, okay. In fact, not only had it got there, but the people that went down to check on it saw that it got on the barge to go to the ship. The ship was anchored off the port and ^{our baggage had to be sent to the ship} ~~had to send off barges to~~ ^{on barges,} ~~it to carry the baggage.~~ So we said that's fine, we saw it go out to the ship. Then ^{later} somebody came running back, "Oh, we've just received word, the baggage is back on the pier. They wouldn't accept it on board. They didn't let it go on board the ship."

So we went down again. There it was on the pier. We raised hell with the officials. They put it on the barge again, we saw the barge go out toward the ship. We went back to the hotel again to get ready to board the ship later on, so we sent somebody out there to check on it. They had brought it back and

put it on the pier again.

Q: Don't those people make you tired?

Captain Biard: They almost broke us, as you'll find out very soon. Then it was time we had to go back to the deadline for catching the ship. It was still there. And I still have nightmares about deadlines on catching this ship or one like it. They had made it so horrible getting there. Many, many times yet I still have not nightmares, but bad dreams. "You haven't got your stuff there, you're not going to make it. Maybe it's on a Japanese ship, maybe it's not." I'm always missing my ship, I can't get my baggage there on time. It hasn't got there. Oh, you've only got 30 minutes to get down here to the ship. Well, not bad dreams, but the unpleasant dreams that I have. That is still a recurring dream. They had put us through--I don't have nightmares, almost, almost never, maybe once or twice, but that's all, and I don't ordinarily have bad dreams. I do have some sometimes, how am I going to get out of this mess, and I always get out of it. But this one, I do have recurring dreams of the type of situation similar to this, exactly similar to this many, many times. They had pushed us so near our limits that they almost broke us.

Q: Financially or physically?

Captain Biard: Psychologically. Well, maybe I wasn't going to break, but they had us where we'd say, "Oh, to hell with it. Just to hell with it," you know.

Q: But you couldn't.

Captain Biard: Couldn't.

Q: You had to get on that ship.

Captain Biard: The time came when we had to go and take ourselves down there with our hand baggage that we needed in our staterooms. And when we got back there that time, what did we find on the pier again?

Q: Your baggage.

Captain Biard: Our baggage that had been on the lighter that we had seen go out to the ship the other times. So we put in ^{on} again, raised what hell we could, and got it on the lighter, and then we couldn't see it go to the ship; we couldn't make a check again. We really had to just go on the ship. Well, they checked everything that we carried on board. Now they let our baggage go and didn't check it, made us miss all these things time and time again, and then finally, ^{said} "Okay, go." They went through

everything I had, and even went through ~~this~~^a package of letters from this little girl in Dallas, who I really wasn't interested in too much. Somehow or other, she had written to me, she was interested in me. She was much too young for me, so I thought, a friend of my younger sister's, but she had her eyes set on me very definitely, as I later found out. But we went through all this, he went through all that, and went through ^{it} very carefully.

We finally got on board ship, and when we did, why, they had ^{all} the men ^{in our group} in one large compartment, and Karen and somebody else, the women in another large dormitory type compartment.

Q: Not a lounge. You don't mean a lounge.

Captain Biard: No, no, these were very, very minimum type with stacked bunks, many of them. There were quite a number of us, men in this one. So "Ruf" was all put out that his wife was there with the baby, a young baby, and he couldn't see them, be with them, and the Japanese, ordinarily you think of Japanese giving nice, pleasant service on board their ships. Well, this time they were mean and very surly. Of course, we had been through the ~~ringer~~^{wringers}, really been through the ^wringer.

Q: I want to know if your ^{baggage was} ~~bags~~ were there.

Captain Biard: We didn't know. We didn't know.

Q: Oh, you didn't know?

Captain Biard: No. We didn't know if ~~it was~~ ^{they were} there or not. We just had to shove off and hope.

Q: The ship left, and you had to hope they were ~~down there~~ ^{on board}.

Captain Biard: That's correct.

Q: Oh, boy.

Captain Biard: But the trip across was not too pleasant, the food was not good, the service was not good. In fact, the service was very, very surly. We landed on the Japanese side, ^{at Shanghai and} we had to report to the Commander of the Yangtze Patrol, Admiral Glassford, on board the USS Luzon. USS Luzon, then anchored off Shanghai. So we reported to Admiral Glassford in his flagship, the gunboat, USS Luzon. He signed our orders and assigned us staterooms on Luzon. We were tired, we were dead tired, not even the trip across on the Tatsuta Maru, very large, one of their best, had been as unpleasant as the psychological beating we had been given in getting out of Tokyo. It was hot. Admiral Glassford and his staff were in white shorts and short-sleeve white shirts. We liked that very much, ^{but} we didn't have them. We got our staterooms assigned in Luzon.

He said, "I'm sorry, I can't give you quarters ashore. I can't let you go to the hotel here and pay ^{for} your hotel room. This is not much, but this is all I can offer you. I can't offer you any quarters allowance ashore." Well, one night on Luzon was enough. We were all sick. By that time most of us were running temperatures. I had a fever of about 103. But we knew that the time was short, that war was coming on. We knew it, ^{but} the other people would not believe it. We knew that we had maybe only a short time to enjoy even Shanghai, that ^{the Japanese} ~~they~~ might come in the ^{to} International Settlement and take us ^{from} there; the war might start just any time. The local Japanese radio was screaming at us. They were putting a buzzer on all local English news broadcasts so that we couldn't even get radio news of what was happening because the English news carried news that the Japanese did not want their people to hear or the Chinese who could understand English to hear, and, well, they didn't even want the English and Americans there to hear it, so they jammed all of our local Settlement news broadcasts. The local news broadcaster was Carroll Alcott, whose nerves were fully as bad as ours were or worse. It is alleged that he was banned from U.S. broadcasting because he was the one who at one time was reading children's tales to the children over the radio, and then thinking he was off the air, said, "Well, I guess that'll hold the little bastards for a while." And he was not off the air.

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Q: That's attributed to him?

Captain Biard: Yes. Everybody believes that he was the one that said that, though I cannot say for sure that that was the case. But the Japanese were out to get him because he had been violently anti-Japanese in all his news broadcasts. He wore a bullet-proof vest. I got to know him well very soon, so I never did ask him, though, if he did actually--I wish I had now, but I didn't ask him if the story was true. I can't say that it is, but that is the alleged truth, anyway. But they would always block him, jam him on the air.

Again, we decided that we would go ashore. It was too much to have our last possible few nights of freedom on a ship at anchor in the river. We wanted to be ashore, trying to live it up a little bit, the best way we could, even though we all were sick, tired, and just about ready to collapse. We went ashore, and I went back to my usual place, ~~the~~ the Park Hotel. *The Navy did ~~not~~ pay my room expenses, even though Admiral Glassford said he would not approve them.*

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Q: Excuse me. How many were there of you in this group?

Captain Biard: There were ten of us in this group of Navy, there were five of Army, and there were a few State Department people. The State Department had some language people there. *The Army officers had wives and children.*

Q: And some women?

Captain Biard: Some women, too. Only we, the Navy, all bachelors, had to go Luzon. All others went to hotels on shore

Q: Around 20 or so, counting others?

At least 25.

Captain Biard: There would be at least 20, yes. So we went ashore so we could live things up better. We were going to relax. We had been unable to relax in Japan, well, for the whole time we were there, with the exception of the times in Shanghai. This time we decided we were going to relax again. So we went ashore. I stayed in the Park Hotel again. All of us, Army, Navy, started kicking our heels in the highest cotton we could find, going to the best restaurants, best bars. We would not go to a bar unless it was at a restaurant. They were all good, all that we went to. We just enjoyed life, rested in the Park Hotel, would go out in the afternoon, go out again in the evening, good Russian food, good Chinese food, good American food, good liquor. One time before too long, I was running a fever all this time, and I decided I was still going to live it up because the way things were going, the way the Japanese were tearing at us, I could understand the Japanese, the way they were making their threats, I knew that things were awfully bad.

I went now to the Japanese side. I really stuck my neck out. Brinksmanship, here I am, brinksmanship again. I stuck my neck out and went over to the Japanese ^{Army} controlled portion of Shanghai just outside of the International Settlement to a dance hall

there.

Q: By yourself?

Captain Biard: By myself, and danced with a not bad-looking at all Japanese girl, curvaceous, and so we sat down and had a few drinks, and I started talking to her, and she was pleasant enough. I said, "Well, where do you live?"

"I live in the International Settlement."

I said, "Why is that?"

"I don't want to be restricted like I would be if I lived here. I live where there's freedom. I live on Carter Road, in an apartment off Carter Road. Carter Road is just off Bubbling Well Road." Carter, alias Jimmy Carter. I'm saying that facetiously; he wasn't known then.

Q: They didn't have it named after him there then.

Captain Biard: No. And Bubbling Well Road was a well-known ~~road~~ ^{main} street there, well-known street, and so we got along quite well, and so routine like, we would always say this in Japan, never anything happened except ~~one~~ ^{once,} "Well, how about letting me just go to your place after we leave here?"

"Oh, no, no." She said, "No, I'll go home. You come see me tomorrow afternoon." And she told me how to get there. I didn't

believe it.

And so I went to see her that next afternoon, found her place. Considering what the Japanese had, a fairly nice place, even had a Chinese maid. And so the apartment had a bedroom, living room, kitchen, and the maid came in while we were there.

Q: What section of the International Settlement?

Captain Biard: The American-British, the good part.

Q: What was she doing over in the Japanese section?

Captain Biard: She was a dance hall hostess in a Japanese dance hall where there were an awful lot of Japanese Army. So I was right there with the Japanese Army. That was a little touchy, but I was there. And so I stayed there the afternoon. Then she said, "I have to get ready to go back to the dance hall. Are you coming out tonight?"

I said, "Yes, I'll come out." And so I came out again, and I thought then she'd surely say, "Come on home with me." She said, "No, come back the next afternoon."

Q: How did you get there? Did you walk?

Captain Biard: By a rickshaw, yes. That's the means of

transportation.

Q: I meant there was a long surface street. You didn't have to go any other ...

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Captain Biard: No. And so I think it was ^{about ten or twelve} ~~five~~ days that I did this. Of course, in the mornings and ~~maybe~~ the evenings I'd be ^{free}, ~~going out to the dance hall where she was and~~ ^{but} in the afternoon I would ^{go to} ~~come to~~ her place. The last afternoon there, our ship had come in, the President Harrison. We'd been told not to tell anybody when ^{we were} ~~you're~~ leaving, when the ship is coming in to get you. And so I didn't. I had not even mentioned to her what I was, or where I was going, or what was going to happen to me.

Q: She didn't know you were an American naval officer?

Captain Biard: I think I told her that, that was no secret.

Q: But you didn't tell her of being a language student.

Captain Biard: No, but she could tell by my Japanese.

Q: Of course. So go ahead. I interrupted you.

Captain Biard: Of course, I got her name and address in Japan.

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Her name was Teruya Yukiko. The Yukiko is not the usual Japanese Yukiko, but that will not make any difference to you. Teruya Yukiko. And while looking up information for you, I found the back of the cablegram blank where she had written her name, and I had spelled it out to make sure that I had it correctly. She put her name in Japanese characters. I still have it.

Q: I'll be darn.

Captain Biard: But she had been very pleasant. She had never asked me anything about my background, she had just been ~~a~~ wonderfully good company, very good company. So this last afternoon I told her, I said, "I'm leaving, I'm not coming back. This is it." *She had been so very, very sweet.*

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And with that, she started crying. She didn't cry like a baby, but just tears kept running down her cheek, and she sobbed a little bit, kept sobbing. She said, "If I had known that, I would have told you to come home with me last night and stay here through the day." There was nothing hard or rough about her. All Japanese women, when they're young, in particular, are just as nice and sweet as can be, nice and sweet, even the third-class geisha who fall upon hard times of that sort, do not become part of the ...

Q: Well, many American boys married Japanese girls because they

found them sweet and affectionate.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so I have now, since I've been writing my story again, I haven't written anything about her, but I've thought of her, and I have nothing but just absolutely wonderful thoughts. She was all right.

Now, I am going to go back here, and I have told you once before that a member of the embassy, the American men out there on their own sometimes would buy girls out of the geisha establishments or even out of the houses of prostitution, have them checked by doctors or cleaned up, made healthy, if necessary, and would shack up with them. This was not permitted ^{for the Navy} in my day, but one of the interesting^{ed} people who could not get all the details on ~~this~~ girl, this third-class geisha's ~~wife~~, I told you before, asked me to go with him and do some translating and to find out everything about her. And so while there, I talked to her and quite a few of her friends, and I found what was true there was what other girls told me about girls they knew who had been sold, what bar girls had told me about friends of theirs that they had known who had been sold like this. Most every time, the girl would tell this. Maybe this is a good story, so they all borrowed it, but I'm sure that it's true in some of their cases, in almost every case. And in this case, this young girl, who was quite pretty and very likeable, ^{and} she told me, said, "My brother was going in the Army. He had to have a

samurai sword, as they must. It is a great honor to have the samurai sword made by an old master, and they are extremely expensive. So my father had to sell me here so that he could buy this sword of great reputation, the swords do have their own reputations that go with them, for my brother, who was entering the Army as an officer."

And other bar girls would tell me, "My friend was sold into a house of prostitution because they needed money for her brother to go to university." Buying a sword for a brother who was becoming an officer in the Army was a standard story that I heard from these girls, that their friends were sold for that purpose.

Q: The common, standard story is probably true, a standard story.

Captain Biard: It's probably true in many of the cases. Now, there could be times that if you'd see a girl and she didn't want to tell you the whole story, that would be a good story to tell. But it happened enough from girls that I knew well enough to know they were honest, so I know quite well that that frequently happened. Now, they would sell them also to get out of debt. That was another very, very prominent reason, very frequent reason for it. All too frequently it would be to buy a sword for my brother, who was going in the Army.

Q: And this was the girl that ^{a Commercial America} ~~the embassy~~ person wanted to be able to marry?

Captain Biard: No, shack up with, shack up with safely.

Q: Oh, okay. It was a physical ...

Captain Biard: Yes. He liked her, and I can assure you, if he had been able to go through with it, that he would have fallen very much in love with her because she was an extremely likeable, extremely, extremely likeable girl and very, very pretty.

Q: How old was she, 18, 16?

Captain Biard: Oh, she might be 20. She had already been there for three years.

Q: So what happened then?

Captain Biard: Nothing. He didn't go through with it.

Q: Of course he could have, if she was well, physically well.

Captain Biard: Well, you don't know, but he would have taken her to a doctor to make sure.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: Dr. Wittenberg.

Q: This, you went with him just simply to see.

Captain Biard: To find out the facts of her life and what would be necessary, how they could make arrangements for this.

Q: For her to be purchased from this prostitution house.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: But he didn't ever pursue it?

Captain Biard: No. At least not to go completely through with the deal. As I say, we paid the management for the girl's time, for the four hours we spent there in the lounge with her and two or three of her friends.

Q: That's very sad.

Captain Biard: We paid for all of them so we could stay there and talk to them for four hours and then we wanted to go back to Tokyo. Their eyes told quite plainly they were telling the

truth, they were not making it up.

Q: A very sad story.

Captain Biard: The three or four that we were talking to were all very pretty girls. In fact, this place was known for having nothing but very pretty girls. So I don't know how this girl got any dance hall work, maybe it was because of something like this, I can't say, but it was quite obvious that no Japanese officer had her under control because he couldn't come into the International Settlement.

Q: When you say "this girl" now, you mean the one ...

Captain Biard: The one that was in Shanghai.

Q: That had been over in the dance hall on the Japanese side.

Captain Biard: Yes. That was quite obvious. So, I say, by this time I had more or less recovered, but I had been running a high fever, 103, 104 all the time.

Q: What did you have? Or did you ever know?

Captain Biard: We don't know. It was just fatigue, but there is

something else that's going to come in the story in a minute. So we got on board ship. By this time we had rescued our baggage from the Japanese side.

Q: You got it!

Captain Biard: It had got on the ship. Maybe again that was just their last time, "We'll just keep them ^{worried} and we'll make their lives hell over it, and they can have it at the last minute. We'll make it hell for them in the meantime." So you may be quite right. It might be that at the very last possible moment, they ^{would have} told me at the steamship office, "Here are your tickets," but it would not have been until that was the very last moment that it would have been possible for us to make contact with the ship. You may be right in your guess there, I can't say. Everything else worked that way.

Q: It sounds like James Bond.

Captain Biard: Everything else went that way.

Q: That's why it made me wonder.

Captain Biard: I told you there would be more to this later on, and I've told you the story now.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: And you wanted to know about the money, and I've told you the story of the money. So the first thing I did when we got to Shanghai, though, was to send my draft of \$2,100 cable to the United States so in case we were interned there, I would still have the money.

Q: Good thinking.

Captain Biard: Well, I tried to do it. I'll phrase it that way. And so I got that money out, and Tony Wong got her money ^{that I} sent to my dad, too, and she got all of her money. I did not have to ~~burn any;~~ ~~bring any in,~~ she knew she got it all, so she didn't have to trust my honesty anymore.

Q: But that pleased you to be able to do it.

Captain Biard: It pleased me tremendously. So we are now on board ship, steaming back toward Hawaii. Part of our group boarded the President Taft, another ^{part} boarded a liner going down to Manila, where they, we now know, were to join the codebreaking unit on Corregidor. Two ~~were~~ were to join the surface forces. ^{Ike} ~~Hank~~ Wilson, who was very good in the language, did not go to the codebreaking unit, and we did not know why. Ted Hilger, who had yes, I do know why. He drank too much and could not hold his liquor - dangerous for a codebreaker. He had commandeered my bottle of Irish whiskey.

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been there only a year. Only one student was sent out the summer following the arrival of the five in our group; he had not progressed enough in the language. That is normal, and ^{even} when you're trying, you can't learn enough of it *in one year. And he was a mediocre student.*

Q: You didn't tell me if you took a final exam there.

Captain Biard: I have my record here. I wanted to show it to you. In fact, I have the record, what I copied down of the record of the exam, because I thought it might be of interest to you.

You have asked me while the recorder was not recording, how we got our orders to our final destination, where we should go. Well, the Commander Asiatic Fleet gives orders to everyone in the Asiatic Fleet. Going to Japan, we were ordered to report to the Commander in Chief of the Asiatic Fleet, knowing that when we crossed the 180th meridian, he would order us to report to Tokyo, and that is what he did. When he knew that our ship was on his side of the 180th meridian, he sent a dispatch to the President Taft, telling us to report to the naval attache in Tokyo.

Then when we left, we were operating under his orders to proceed to Shanghai. He did not have the full story, but he did have the story from Smith-Hutton, that Smith-Hutton wanted six of us to go to Hawaii, and two to go to the fleet down in the Philippines. I may have my numbers wrong, I'll have to revise

those later on. But that distribution was ordered by Commander in Chief Asiatic Fleet, who was telling us what to do. BuPers did not ordinarily tell Asiatic Fleet what to do. He would get his key from BuPers, but the final orders would come from the Commander in Chief Asiatic Fleet himself, who handled everything on the western side of the 180th meridian. So our orders were to leave Shanghai by President Harrison, to report to Honolulu, came from the Commander in Chief Asiatic Fleet.

Q: What interests me is it says, "And carry out basic orders," and Commander Yangtze Patrol says, "I don't have any information as to what the basic orders are."

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: But he said, "Go ahead and go."

Captain Biard: We knew what we were supposed to do. It was a little bit indefinite, but we made out all right.

Q: Let's continue on with these, because then you arrived in the 14th Naval District, *at Honolulu.*

Captain Biard: Let me spend some time on board ship.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: The time on President Harrison passed pleasantly enough with certain exceptions. One exception for me was that I left Shanghai with a terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible cough. There is a type of cough one frequently gets in the Far East that's called Shanghai TB, and I suppose that mine was Shanghai TB. I got to Shanghai, completely worn out, exhausted, and had not ceased going, because we didn't think that we would ever perhaps get out of Shanghai, and we were going to live up our last few days. We did get out. We even got past Japan on the Harrison, but I was sick. I was in my bunk a lot, and I just coughed and coughed and coughed and coughed and coughed. That's the main thing I remember about the entire trip. I coughed, I coughed almost the entire trip. It was exasperating, I just almost gave up. "Why can't I get rid of this awful hacking cough?"

I was near the fantail, standing up on one of the higher passenger decks overlooking the well deck down below, and I was coughing, coughing, coughing, and this time out in the open, not in my stateroom, and some tough old engine room hand, it looked like, in a teeshirt down below, ^{yelled to me,} "Hey, son, come down here."

~~I~~ I didn't know what it was all about. Well, I'll go down and see what he has to say.

Q: What were you wearing?

Captain Biard: I was wearing ordinary civilian clothes. So I went down there. He said, "You've got a hell of a cough."

I said, "I certainly do have."

"Had it ever since you left Shanghai?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got something that will cure it. It's the strongest thing you can get without a prescription. I get it in Shanghai from my doctor there. It'll cure your cough."

I said, "I at this point am ready to do anything. This cough is driving me crazy. I've never had anything like it before ~~or~~ ~~since~~." And everybody knew I had it, I could hardly eat, didn't even want to go to the table.

Q: Sounds dreadful.

Captain Biard: And he said, "All right, here. I'll give you a bottle of it. You take this, so much so often, and by the time you're finished with it, you'll no longer have your cough."

I would have done anything. He said, "It isn't dope. It's the closest thing to dope you can ever get that isn't." I was just taking his word for it. I took it. Believe you me, that cough vanished and never did come back.

Q: How long did it take for you to recover?

Captain Biard: It took me about a day.

Q: A day? Was it codeine?

Captain Biard: I don't know what it was.

Q: You really didn't care.

Captain Biard: I didn't care at that point.

Q: But it cured you in a day.

Captain Biard: Yes. And let me tell you, I breathed a tremendous sigh of relief because I was about to go crazy with it.

Q: I am, too, just hearing about it.

Captain Biard: So then I started to pick up. We approached Midway. Our track took us south of Midway, and I said, "Oh, surely, somebody standing on deck here will see a scout plane, patrol plane from Midway. They're watching out for the Japanese, surely." Of course, we passed Midway and didn't see any patrol

planes. We didn't have patrol planes to patrol with, but we ^{on the ship} thought we would. We are not quite in Oahu yet.

One interesting thing occurred. We had Joe Goltz with us. Joe Goltz was the MGM importer in Tokyo during our stay there. Joe had been very nice to us in Tokyo, ^{several times} ~~when~~ he got a film he thought would be very good, that we would like. After they finished dubbing it with Japanese characters, ^{some} still spoke in English, but after it was ready for release, if he thought it was a good film, one we would enjoy, he would invite several of us he liked up to ^{his} ~~the~~ headquarters and they'd have a private showing of the film before they released it in Japan.

Q: Neat.

Captain Biard: We liked him. He was very cordial and, as I say, quite friendly. But Joe Goltz was on the ship with us, and Carroll Alcott was also. But there were two ladies, two very, very attractive young ladies, one with her husband and one without her husband, young, quite pretty, and very excellently dressed. Somebody in our group noticed that neither of these ladies had ever repeated the same outfit twice in coming to a meal three times a day. We had been out of Shanghai perhaps ten days at that time. So everybody got up a big pool to see, to bet how long it would be before one of them repeated a costume. Now, I would not have noticed this, but somebody did.

Q: I would never believe that men paid that much attention.

Captain Biard. No, it was some married ladies who did that.
~~Captain Biard:~~ And so from now on, of course, we ~~voted~~^{noted}. It was a secret, had to be kept a secret. We were just watching like everything to see if one of them came to the table with even one item of clothing that had been worn once before. And it was not until just about a day out of Honolulu that finally one of them did. It was the lady who had her husband with her. She came in an outfit that she had worn ^{previously}.

So we arrived in Honolulu and we were met by a young officer from the Office of the District Intelligence Office. I'm sorry, I'll take this back. We were ordered to report--let me see for sure. We arrived on the ~~25th~~^{27th of September, 1941}. I have many papers here. I see the 27th here, yes. We arrived in Honolulu on the 27th of September, ¹⁹⁴¹ that is correct. We reported to the Commandant of the 14th Naval District, that was Admiral Block, but in reality it was the ^{former} captain of New Orleans, under whom I had served as tactical officer, who had so much confidence and trust in me. Unfortunately, he blew things later on on December the seventh.

Then we were ordered to report to the District Intelligence Officer, who was Captain I.H. Mayfield. His office was in the Alexander Young Hotel in downtown Honolulu. We reported the same day. We were told to find some rooms and get ready to report to a certain place in Pearl Harbor after we had found places to live, got our baggage cleared away from the ship, got it ~~in~~^{through}

customs and all such as that. And we were then ready to report to Pearl Harbor to this other organization on the ~~29th~~^{29th, 30th} ~~30th~~ and then we reported in to Commander J.J. Rochefort. *When* We were told also for each to buy an automobile.

Q: Was it commander?

Captain Biard: Yes. A lot of people ^{have written about} ~~called~~ ^{as} him lieutenant commander, but ^{he was} ~~this is~~ definitely commander, and I am sure he was commander at that time, he had already become commander. We did report on the ~~30th~~^{30th} of September, after I had found a place to live, at least a room in the YMCA.

So we reported to a most unusual place. We entered it through an unmarked door, unguarded, down a dark passageway to a basement, turned right from the passageway into a somewhat lighter space, but still not too light, and still a little bit on the murky side. There we met Commander Rochefort. We also met quite a few other people, and we finally--no one had told us this was where we would be coming, but we were finally in an organization that I knew we were destined to join, sometime, somewhere, somehow, though I did not know where, how, or when.

Q: What was it called in your orders?

Captain Biard: "You will further report on or about September 30, 1941, to Commander J.J. Rochefort, USN, for duty."

Q: That's all?

Captain Biard: That's all. It wasn't called anything. And so when we reported, he then endorsed it Combat Intelligence Headquarters. When he endorsed it, it was endorsed Combat Intelligence Headquarters, 14th Naval District, 30 September 1941. "From officer in charge to Lieutenant (junior grade) Forrest R. Biard, U.S. Navy, reported for duty this date, J.J. Rochefort." So he was the officer in charge of Combat Intelligence Headquarters, 14th Naval District.

Q: I considered him a very wonderful friend.

Captain Biard: He was a most unusual and competent, capable man, and he was knifed. Oh, how he was knifed, and it's a disgrace to the Navy that it happened to him.

Q: Let's go on and try to ...

Captain Biard: We'll get up to there.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: So we found out that we were now in an unnamed, unmarked codebreaking organization. I could hear what I found

out later were International Business Machines whirring in the background. It didn't look anything like what I thought a codebreaking organization looked like. There were a few desks around, not lighted too well, the ventilation was very poor. More on that later. In fact, it was completely sealed off from the outside, the air wasn't getting through, we found that out later on. And everything was extremely informal down there, but we met several people, one of which was a Major ^{Alva B.} ~~Alva~~ Lasswell, U.S. Marine Corps, and Lieutenant Commander Ranson Fullinwider, U.S. Navy. Both of them were former Japanese language officers. Rochefort, of course, was a former Japanese language officer, ^{also,} We met Lieutenant Commander Thomas Huckins and Lieutenant Williams, both of them were radio traffic ^{analysts.} ~~analysts.~~ We met Jack Holtwick, Lieutenant Commander Jack Holtwick, a very sharp, interesting young fellow who ran, as I soon was to find out, the IBM machines, International Business Machines, that we used for much of the tabulation work that was being carried out in the codebreaking that was going on at the time. There were a few enlisted men around, and I found out that the enlisted men had been with the organization a long, long time and were good, not very many of these enlisted men. There was a Lieutenant Commander T.H. Dyer, one of the very sharp codebreakers, ^{and another codebreaker, Lieutenant Commander Wesley A. Wright.} Rochefort himself was a very sharp codebreaker, and that was as well as I can remember it, about all we had except the few enlisted men whose names I do not remember. Five us us joined

the organization. There were six of us ^{who} came to Honolulu. One of them, Ferdinand Bishop, a Marine, was sent to Marine units elsewhere. Five of us joined Rochefort in the codebreaking business.

Q: Did he want you?

Captain Biard: I'm not sure he did. In fact, he acted as though he didn't. Maybe I'm wrong.

Q: I can picture him. He's not a very outgoing, warm personality at first, on the surface.

Captain Biard: In fact, when we got there, he practically threw us down. "All right, find a seat and get to work." There was no indoctrination in how, there was very little indoctrination in what they were doing at the time. In fact, we just were on our own to try to find something to do except, "Well, here's a system we're working on; it comes from the ~~M~~ Mandated Islands down here. They're making reports on engineering projects. We're trying to get some information from it."

Q: Again, what was your background in codebreaking at that time?

Captain Biard: Zero. Almost zero. I found out only a few

months ago in the Naval Institute Proceedings that this is exactly the way that he was thrown into codebreaking, that when he was told to report to then Lieutenant Safford, who was running the codebreaking section of ONI, that ^{Safford} ~~he~~ did the same thing to him.

Q: Back in Washington, you mean.

Captain Biard: Back in Washington ^{about 1925,} years and years and years ago. But in those days and times, they were actually reading some Japanese codes; they knew something about it. There were people to ask, "What are you doing, and how are you doing it?" And he could build up a knowledge of what the Japanese were saying, how they were saying it, what their messages were like, from messages that were being read. We did not have a single ^{Japanese language} message to read. He did not have any Japanese traffic to show us; we could not get any background on ^{the terminology with which} ~~how~~ they communicated between their ships, that is, the language they used or how they used it, so we had nothing, almost, to go on in attempting to figure out what to do with these codes.

Q: All your contribution was that you understood Japanese.

Captain Biard: Japanese, yes. Now I'm being rough on Joe Rochefort. I have tremendous respect for him, but there are a

few things about my association with him that were negative rather than positive, and the negative side came first. Later on I was to have tremendous admiration for the man because he made fantastic contributions to our country and to our success, our belated and delayed success in the war effort. No one made a greater contribution than he did.

Q: I have the same experience in that my first contact with him was relating to an interview, and he was very cool, to say the least, but when I understood him and why he was that way, I again had the same respect for him that you've described.

Captain Biard: I have tremendous respect for his memory. But as I say, there were some negative aspects to it, and I'm telling the negative as well as what will be the very positive.

Q: I think that's the only thing that can be important in this, is to tell it as it was.

Captain Biard: I am being honest. I've been brutally honest here in quite a few things I've said. But I'm going back now to our arrival in Honolulu because I did forget one thing. Nobody, but nobody paid any attention to us, asking us, trying to get our opinions of what was going on in Japan, what we thought, what it was like out there, what did we think the Japanese were going to

do. Here we had come from the closest contact with our best expert, a truly competent man who knew more than anybody else, Smith-Hutton, and Ambassador Grew. Nobody, but nobody, ever, ever, ever interviewed us or asked our opinions on the state of affairs in Japan and just what might come up.

Q: At any time?

Captain Biard: At any time.

Q: Sooner or later?

Captain Biard: Sooner or later. At no time. But there was a very, very obnoxious Jewish girl on board--well, I won't say obnoxious, but just hard to like her, she was enthusiastic and wanted to be liked, but it was just not any fun liking her, so why like her? But she got there, and the reporters heard that she was the last white woman to leave Japan, and so they mobbed her, and she came out with these--I don't know, stories, inconsequential, unimportant. She knew nothing except that she was interested in having her picture taken as the last white woman to leave Japan. She had come over ^{to Shanghai} on the Tatsuta Maru with us. Of course, there was Karen Taylor there, she had left Japan, too, at the same time, but that didn't count. But the official Navy didn't treat us the same way. Nobody, not even Joe

Rochefort, asked us what we felt. Captain Mayfield and the others in the District Intelligence Office did not ask any particular questions of us. Allyn Cole, ~~was~~ was met by his fiancée; she lived in Hawaii, lovely, very, very sweet and lovely now Helen Cole, then Helen Heiserman.

So we will go back to the dungeon, as I call it, the downstairs space, basement, in which we were to work. I started out by getting a commercial code book that was in the codebreaking room, not a commercial code book, but an International Merchant Marine Signal Book, whereby merchant ships of different nationalities, different languages, could hoist a signal that would be written in their book in English, and then the other side over here that got it could look it up and find it in his native tongue, so that commercial ships could signal back and forth by means of flag hoist.

Q: Japanese?

Captain Biard: Yes, Japanese on one side and English on the other.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: So I tried to figure out what some of their seagoing language would be like, but it didn't help much because

it wasn't Navy language. It wasn't what the Navy was doing, but it was the only thing I had, so I worked on that, and I worked on this code, most of which was coming from the Mandated Islands that had been turned over to the Japanese, the Japanese had taken them from the Germans in World War ^I, and the League of Nations had had to leave ^{the islands} with them at the end of the war. These were now ^{Arming them} ~~Army men~~ like everything, and one of the codes that they were using was reporting to Tokyo the percentage of completion of these various projects. The projects were labeled by A, E, I, O, U, Japanese kana, and they would report on ~~row row~~ ^{ro ro} row, ~~row~~ ^{ro ro} row, E, ~~row~~ ^{ro ro} row, six, five. That meant that Project E was 65% complete. And so we were breaking this code, trying to get everything we could out of it, and it always occurred in this fashion, ~~row~~ ^{ro ro} row, and then the Japanese kana, and then ~~row row~~ ^{ro ro} row, ending, then the percentage completion. We wondered what the ~~row~~ ^{ro ro} row" stood for. I finally found out. ~~row row~~ ^{ro ro} row" meant rokkatsu, I believe. It's not rokketsu, I'm pretty sure it's rokkatsu, and that means "parenthesis." That was the way they abbreviated the word "parenthesis." (E) 65. But this type of thing appeared throughout the ^{coded messages} code, so we just had an awful lot of that. It was ^{not} very interesting, and we could not tell what Project E was, or Project A was, or any other project. We just got the label. But you could tell they were working like mad getting ready for war. Well, some people might say, "Well, how could you tell it's war?" ^{They} ~~we~~ wouldn't be working that madly on
 RU was an abbreviation for RAKKO, "parenthesis"

anything unless they were preparing for war right away. So that was what I worked on at the beginning.

Q: But of your own making?

Captain Biard: No, that was thrown at me. He said, "Here's one." No explanation about it.

Q: Rochefort said, "Here's one"?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: So that's when you went to get the code book.

Captain Biard: Well, I got that to try to learn something about their seagoing language they might use, but that was of no help. That was the only thing they had. We didn't have any back traffic to see how they talked, what words they used, which command talked, this, that, and the other.

Q: No experience.

Captain Biard: At that time we ^{at Pearl Harbor} were in an almost zero state of reading any of their traffic, almost zero, and we had no back traffic to ~~get back and~~ use as background for our work. No back

traffic in how they made up their codes and their ciphers. Everything we had was new. So this went on for some time. In fact, it was largely this until December the seventh. Now, I bought an old wreck ^{of a car} and joined in a car pool with Rochefort and Allyn Cole, and one day while we were en route to Pearl Harbor, this was only ^{two} weeks ^{so} for ^{two, three} ~~two~~ weeks, maybe, after I had arrived, on the way out ^{to Pearl Harbor}, I tried to tell Rochefort something that I wanted to tell him right after I had arrived, but he was not the type of person that could be approached right away by a junior officer. He was rather aloof. He was opinionated. Now, he was an extremely brilliant man, but he was also very, very opinionated. And so after I thought I had become somewhat acquainted with him, riding out one morning, I said, "Commander, don't you think perhaps that one of the most likely moves by the Japanese, if they do it at all, the first move will be a strike here in Pearl Harbor, an attack on Pearl Harbor?"

"Anybody who would say that is crazy. They wouldn't even think of it. Why, they'd be ^{annihilated.} ~~slaughtered.~~ Anybody who would say that is crazy!!"

All right, he ^{had} just called me crazy, so I shut up. I had not been able to tell this to anybody because nobody was interested in seeing me. Here I thought maybe I could start a conversation with Rochefort, and tell him that I think this is going to happen, and there's evidence pointing this way, and people had been saying things like that in Tokyo. That was it, I was crazy.

I didn't want to be crazier, so I shut up. I didn't know for sure they were going to attack.

Q: Of course not.

Captain Biard: But there were indications that surely that might be the route they would take. Maybe guesses, maybe educated guesses, but we broke our codes on educated guesses. So that didn't get anywhere with him. We went on and the first thing we knew, by this time I had moved out from the YMCA to an old, old, old termite-ridden MacDonald Hotel that had been used by some of the Hawaiian royal family, supposedly, in years gone by. It was run by a local Japanese family, a man and wife. The wife was playing around on the husband. The man was pretty good; he seemed to be at least ^{that} ~~the~~ type of Japanese, the wife was pretty, but she was playing around with another Japanese gambler there. So they were breaking up. She ended up running the hotel. She had a very, very pretty nisei girl working in the office whose name was Alice. She was extremely pretty, a student at the University of Hawaii. I didn't know it, but well, we had all come all the way from Tokyo, we had been cloistered, and there is a saying in Hawaii that anyone who comes to Hawaii, a man at least, will see a pretty girl on the street or walking somewhere, and say, "Hmm, a pretty girl." After he's been there three months, he will see an ordinary-looking girl walking around the

street, look at her and say, "Hmm, pretty girl." And after he's been there six months, he'd see any girl walking around the streets or anywhere, "Ah, pretty girl." In other words, there were not enough women in Hawaii to go around. There were many, many defense workers at that time. The place was just absolutely running over completely with them, about ten men to every ^{unmarried} woman. I didn't know at the time, but John Bromley ^{had} started going with this pretty little Japanese girl, Alice. Before long, John asked me, "Well, I've been going with her, she's good company, and she has a Korean friend, a student at the university. I think she might like to meet you. Would you like to double date with us?"

We had all bought cars by that time, they were frightfully high, the defense workers had all bought them, the prices ^{were} out of sight, none of them any good, and I had an old broken-down Packard at this time. I said, "Yes." So I met this young lady and she turned out to be very likeable, very nice, just as sweet as could be. So we stayed low, out of white people's sight, because this wasn't done for whites to be going with yellow girls out there, particularly naval officers. But she was very considerate, didn't demand any exposure or anything, and I was just sort of relaxing from Japan, and it was just nice to be able to talk to a girl pleasantly. She turned out to be extremely, extremely pleasant company. Her father was a supervisor of a cane plantation, and he'd given her a car, let her go to the University of Hawaii. He was a supervisor of laborers on the

plantation, the cutters and so forth. They were Koreans. So we just met a couple of times a week, ^{and} particularly on weekends we'd get together in inconspicuous ways, and I would just enjoy her company, and she was nice, very pleasant, and that was all it was.

So we kept on working in the dungeon without any success, almost no success. We did meet Eddie Layton, He threw a party for us, He was very nice. We met him and his wife Dagnie.

Q: What was his job at that time?

Captain Biard: He was Admiral Kimmel's intelligence officer. Bob Hudson, who had left Tokyo just after I arrived, was his assistant. Layton was very pleasant to us and we learned more in a little while ~~from~~ ^{with} him than we learned from Rochefort, being around him all the time. But Layton, for one thing, said that the situation at Pearl Harbor was unnatural because ^{Admiral} Bloch had been earlier a commander in chief of the U.S. Fleet in Pacific waters, and Kimmel was now later promoted to the same position, the same command, that Bloch ^{had held} ~~was retired~~ ^{was} and there on shore and was really, by seniority, even though rear admiral, was senior to the fleet commander, and that brought on a lack of normal relationships between the two commands that worked to the detriment of the fleet.

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: And we learned quite a few things from him as I got to know him. He would come down to the dungeon once in a while and talk to Rochefort and the other people, and I knew him and could speak to him, could hear what he was saying, so that he knew me. When something came up later, why, it was not as a stranger that our contact continued.

All this time, all this went on until one week before December the seventh, a Saturday, or eight days before December the seventh, 1941, Pearl Harbor day. I was out dating my little Korean girl, and she told me this time, "I know a very pretty place down here, maybe you'd like to go." She said, "It's Hanauma Bay." And so we went out to Hanauma Bay and enjoyed the scenery, the comfort out there, just a nice, relaxful atmosphere. As I say, that's all there was to this relationship, just nice and friendly, and while we were there, a tremendous number of Army trucks moved into the place all around, so we moved out.

I went back to the hotel, and when I got there, I found Bromley and Cole and a couple of others waiting for me. "We've got a special mission." Well, that's ^{related to} why the trucks were down there. "We've got to go out to our intercept station here on the other side of the island." Allyn Cole then was married; we had got him married off. We were all at his wedding, ^{He married} ~~he's~~ a very wonderful person, Helen Heiserman. He said, "We have to go out

to listen for a message they're calling the 'winds message.'

"What is it?"

"Things are getting very bad. The Japanese are going to strike, but they don't know which way it will be. It will be either north or south, or it will be west. If it's ^{west} ~~north~~, it will be Russia, if it's south, it'll be the Dutch East Indies, and if it's east, it will be the U.S. ~~and Britain~~. They have set up a code that will be broadcast over the regular commercial short wave broadcast ^{to} outlying Japanese ^{citizens and} ~~coasts and~~ interests in foreign countries." So that they can tell that if they stop the local overseas news broadcasts and say, "This is a special weather report. This is a special weather report," and then they would say, "East wind rain." If it was "East wind rain," it was to mean that there was ^{probable ahead} trouble with the United States and the various stations ^{west} ~~was~~ to take action accordingly. If it's ^{west} ~~North~~ wind ^{cloudy} ~~cold~~, ~~or maybe it was cloudy. I forget now,~~ then it would be Russia, and they were to take action accordingly, and the appropriate stations should take action. Or if it was ^{clear} ~~warm~~, ~~or maybe it was cloudy, but~~ some other meteorological term here and there, then it would be the ^{British} ~~Dutch East Indies~~ with which there would be military trouble. All this came ^{in code} ~~out decoded~~ and had been decoded in Washington. We were not allowed to work on that system.

Q: What did they call that?

Captain Biard: That was the "winds message."

Q: No, wasn't there a ...

Captain Biard: That was the "purple" machine.

Q: The "purple" machine. And it had come ...

Captain Biard: It had ^{not} come in ~~in~~ that, but I think it had come in a consular code. It had gone in consular code to the consuls, consular offices, too.

Q: Also.

Captain Biard: Yes. Now, we had got that in Honolulu. Let me go on with a bit more of this yet. We'll talk about getting that consular ^{traffic.} But our warning had come from Washington, about the only Washington warning that really did ^{give} ~~come~~, telling us that the Japanese were setting up this warning system that could be sent out, that would be, when it was sent out, would be sent out over short wave commercial regular overseas ^{voice} news broadcast. They would say, "This is a special weather report. This is a special weather report." It was to be repeated twice, and it would be "Higashi no kaze ame," ~~repeated~~ ^{to} repeated twice. That, too, was the message they were delivering, ^{to} be repeated twice, and then they

would end it by, "This has been a special weather report. This has been a special ~~overseas~~ weather report," or something like that, but they would repeat the initial lead-in also twice, ^{at the end.}

So warned with that, we, the four of us, John Bromley, Allyn Cole, Gil Slonim, and Forrest Biard were to go on an around-the-clock watch at our intercept station on the far side, the northern side of the island. I'd never been ^{to that station.} ~~there.~~ This is where ^{our radiomen} ~~we~~ intercepted ^{the} ~~our~~ Japanese traffic ^{that} we worked on, the Japanese traffic that we worked on and tried to make sense out of. So Allyn Cole and Helen were then living on that side of the island, so he said, "Instead of having to fight your way over the Pali ^{Pali} and ~~out to the Navy yard and~~ back and forth for watches, just stay at our place and you can eat there and sleep. We'll bed you down and you can come and go. It's only about three miles to the station at Heeia, ^{Heeia.}" which was right next to Kaneohe ^{Kaneohe} Bay. ~~Kaneohe~~ Naval Air Station was across the bay on the other side. So we started standing watch on ^{some of} the receivers that the men commonly copied ^{Japanese Naval} traffic on.

Q: What was it? It wasn't a meadow. Was it a building, a tower?

^{very}
 Captain Biard: It was in a small building, completely by itself, right off the two-lane around the island highway. There was a bare patch on one side, more or less a bare patch on another

side, before a turn-off road, and a big banana patch on the other side of it. There were a few antennas and there was something, it was a radio direction finder, everybody knew it, a radio direction finder, which is just a small specially-shaped antenna only just a few feet off the ground, that could be trained around to different bearings of the compass, but a few antennas and then this little building with no special name on it, no warning of any kind, no "Stay out" sign. ^{No guard was posted,} ~~Nobody was allowed in there,~~ it was just that everybody who was there knew everybody else who would come in and no one else could enter the place. It was there that we had our special typewriters, the men had their special typewriters, they were fixed up so they could copy kana or numbers or letters on them, or English roman type letters. These were top secret typewriters. We didn't want other people to know we had them. They could copy anything with these that the Japanese ~~company~~ put on the air. So we had around four or five men usually standing ^{watch} there, watching there on the main Japanese ^{Naval} circuits all the time around the clock, so they just gave us, each one of us standing watch, one of their regular receivers to tune in on Japanese overseas ^{new} broadcasts, whose times of being on the air we knew. At least those we did know, we listened to. That went around the clock. I forget now whether we worked four hours ~~at a time~~ or eight hours at a time, but it became very boring listening to these news broadcasts because they were all screaming against the United States, how horrible

we were, and how wonderful Japan was, that type of jingoistic patriotic broadcast. So this went on and on for about eight days. While I was there, the senior petty officer, a white-haired, nice gentleman, all of our men were extremely loyal, they knew what they were doing, and they did not breathe a word of it to anybody, just as we did not breathe a word to anybody what we were doing down in the basement. We didn't even tell them where we were. My little Korean girl never did ask me. Later on ~~after Okinawa was really working on the coast~~, I one time asked her, "Don't you want to know what I'm doing?" I wouldn't have told her. "Aren't you interested?"

"Yes, I'm interested. I'm interested. I know if it's proper for you to tell me, you will."

And so none of us--I think ^{most of} the wives knew. In fact, I had been approached by Lieutenant Commander Safford a year or two before I went to Japan, at least a year before, I was sent some encrypted stuff and said, "Here, try your hand at breaking these." He said, "Because of your high standing and your excellent record in mathematics at the Naval Academy, you might be interested in joining a group that works on codes in the Navy, that works on codes and ciphers." With that, he sent some materials. "Try your hand at this and send it back." Well, I tried my hand on some of them and sent it back to him.

I told him, I said, "I don't know that I am interested in joining you because I ^{hope} to go out to Japan to study Japanese. I

hope I'll be selected for that. I'm going to apply for it. And possibly after I've done that you may be even more interested in accepting me in your organization, and I hope you will be." That ended that. This happened ^{just before I went to} ~~while I was in Europe.~~ ^{Europe in} the destroyer Manley.

Q: Do you think you were selected to go to--did that have anything to do with your selection for Pearl Harbor?

Captain Biard: I do not know. I don't think so, no.

Q: I wouldn't have thought so.

Captain Biard: They sent those ^{of} ~~with~~ us who had not completed the three years ^{to} ~~at~~ Pearl Harbor. Those that had completed three years, they sent to Corregidor. You see, we were cut short one year, but we were good enough then to be of use to the Navy in the language, *anyway*.

Q: So then you started seeing a white-haired chief.

only at Heeia.

Captain Biard: The white-haired chief, I talked to him a bit there. ^{When} The Japanese were playing music or something and not talking over the air waves, and he said, "You know, we've lost contact with the carrier fleet entirely." He said, "Now for quite some time." These men could tell. They knew, they were

experts at telling, they had worked with us ^{a long time, and} ~~long~~, they knew what ^{naval} came from what station and how it came, and how the ^{naval} broadcasts were handled. They could tell just by what the traffic was like, which type of ships it came from, what command, what shore station it came from. They would use direction finders, too, to get the general area, the direction from which it was coming, and that would help also. But their knowledge and their savvy meant that they could tell a lot ^{more,} too. An individual operator, some of them had what they call ^{a distinctive} ~~their~~ fist. In other words, the way they make their dots and dashes on the air are just as plain and as individualistic as fingerprints, and so if somebody shifted from here to ~~there,~~ they could tell that he had shifted from here to there. If the ^{fist} ~~shift~~ had gone from here ^{to} ~~to~~ some other place, they could tell that this fellow was now down in this other area and the ship he was on was down there. There were many tricks, that if you're really skilled at this, you can use to find out an awful lot by just what traffic comes on the air on what circuits, and the characteristics of that traffic, even though you can't read it. The Japanese were sending everything in ciphers or code. You couldn't read a thing. But he said, "We haven't been able to locate the carriers now, the first air fleet, and there are six carriers in it. We haven't been able to locate those for days. We don't know where they are."

I said, "Ah-oh, ah-oh. I'll bet you they're coming here." And so I bet one of the people that was standing watch with us,

and I'll not name him here, I bet him a \$50 bet, which he did not pay off on, that they would hit Pearl Harbor within a week, and this was while we were standing these watches there one week before. I bet him. I said, "I'll bet you the first air fleet hits this place within a week. \$50, will you take me up?"

"Yes, I will." Well, he never did offer to pay his bet. I didn't press him. I won it, obviously.

But we were always more or less on pins and needles. ^{Then} ~~It~~ came Sunday morning, December the seventh.

Q: Well, did you report that, what he told you, to anybody else?

Captain Biard: No. He said that's already been reported, and as it turns out, he said, "That's already been reported. The people in the office know it." He said it had been reported.

Q: In the dungeon?

Captain Biard: In the dungeon, right, and they had known it, they did know it, and he told me. He said, "Oh, yes, we know it. We've been telling them that. They know it very much." And Layton in his book, it's referred to in everybody's book. Layton knew it, Rochefort knew it, and so I didn't have to report it. The chief, whom I respected completely, a very competent man, reliable, and just as loyal as any of us, he said, "Oh, no, we

have been reporting that every day. Every day. We have not found it. The first air fleet is just completely missing. It just isn't anywhere. We don't know where it is."

And yes, Layton, Rochefort, all of them say, "Yes, we were fully aware of that fact," in everything they've ever said about it.

So I assured myself that they did have it, and I could trust this person completely, would trust him with anything, no matter what. All of this gang were that reliable, wonderful men, wonderful men. And so when he told me this, I said, "Ah-oh, Ah-oh."

And you can read everywhere, one of the famous quotations is that Layton told Admiral Kimmel the same thing that he learned from our radio intelligence people, and when he told Admiral Kimmel, he said, "You mean to say that the carriers could be steaming around Diamond ^{Head} ~~Point~~ right now and you wouldn't know it?"

He said, "Yes, sir, Admiral, that's exactly so, but I certainly hope they're not."

Q: I remember hearing that quote.

Captain Biard: That's quoted everywhere. So no, we didn't have any way to report back easily to Pearl Harbor. The only way we could report was by sending the message back by--well, we sent

the traffic in twice a day from there by car, and the only phone in the place was a party line that had Japanese ^{parties} all over it. We didn't trust the Japanese at all in those days. In other words, there were a lot of Japanese on the party line. Besides, it was almost ^{impossible} ~~important~~ to get to the dungeon ^{by telephone} from there; the operators we had to go through just didn't seem to be able to put us through. So no. Maybe I was remiss there, but I was fully confident and I knew for sure that that had gone in with the reports that were going in frequently. He told me, "Yes, we've sent that in and they know it well." And history shows it's true. So you're right. You're right. It was hot information, for sure, hot as hell, and we now know that ^{our Commanders} ~~we~~ should have paid far more attention ^{to it}.

Q: Well, hindsight is always so good.

Captain Biard: Hindsight is 20/20. Now, when we were talking about the Japanese carriers off the southern part of Kyushu, I think I said my eyesight was 10/20. I believe it should have been described as 20/10. I can easily see at 20 feet, but a person could normally see only at ten. I had extremely good vision in those days.

Q: That was when you saw the planes taking off.

Captain Biard: No, landing. Nobody else could see them. They were about the size of a gnat, but I could see ~~them~~^{each} just as it approached the carrier. I couldn't see landing patterns, but I could see it, I knew where to look and exactly when to look, and I could see every one as it approached. My eyesight ^{at that time} was easily twice ~~that which is~~ better than that considered normal ~~at that time, it still was.~~

But that morning at 8:00 o'clock, I was due to go on watch at 8:00 o'clock Sunday morning, 8:00 o'clock Oahu time. Of course, in the Navy you always report for watch a bit early so that you can let your man off a few minutes early, He feels better about that, and you can also find out what may be going on, get all the news and all the orders, too. Gil Slonim was there, I was relieving him. He ^{had} had no orders, he heard nothing, and I was about to take over. So he told me goodbye and went on back toward the Cole's. It was a sunshiny, pleasant morning, and I sat down to a watch. ~~then~~ they were doing nothing but playing music at that time.

I'll take a break here. Not a break, but I'll go back to the Tokyo days. One thing I did was to sell my record collection, and I had many red seal records and others, pleasant tangos. I had some of the Lawrence Welk records; I had had my sisters send me out new good popular music from the States like Glenn Miller. I was extremely, extremely fond of Ray ^{Noble's} ~~Melbo's~~ music, and so I had many of these records. While I was selling things, my cook

in my second house told me, "Oh, I have a cousin who works for the Tokyo ^{radio} station here." The Tokyo station was JOAK. "He works for JOAK. He would like very much to get these records for JOAK." So it was innocently, there was nothing wrong with letting him have these records, so I sold them to the Japanese Broadcasting Company, this radio station there, someone who was their representative. So all during the war, I heard my records played back to me. ' .

Q: Did you know they were your records?

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Captain Biard: Well, I am pretty sure they were. There were enough of them. And several records had tell-tale scratches I could identify.

Q: You recognized them.

Captain Biard: I recognized mine, and most of these I had bought in Shanghai, you couldn't get them in Tokyo. My sisters had sent ^{others} ~~them~~ by mail from the States. So I heard my music played back to me quite frequently during the war.

Q: And was it played on December seventh?

Captain Biard: They were not played on December the seventh. But at five minutes of 8:00, I started hearing explosions. I was

inside our little radio shack, and I said, "Gee." They'd been dredging out at ^{Kaneohe} ~~Kaneo~~ Bay to build up more land, they build up all the land they can so they can sell it and to make better channels, and there had been dredges working out there. I said, "This is strange. They're working on Sunday. They're blasting out there ^{on} ~~to blast~~ the channel. This is unusual." Bang, bang.

And then Mrs. Holtwick, Jack Holtwick ran the IBM machines in the dungeon, Mrs. Holtwick called the station and said, "There are planes with red balls on their wings attacking Kaneohe Airport." This is what I was hearing. And so I went outside, and there they were, just strafing, bombing. Kaneohe and its planes were going up in flames, just wrecking the place. And so then I went back in the station and told the men. I did not pay too much attention to the radio broadcast then, because it was quite obvious that they were attacking the United States. If they were attacking the United States, that meant they would be attacking everything in the south, *in S.E. Asia and the Dutch East Indies.*

So by this time, radio Honolulu was on the air, "Air raid! Japanese planes are attacking Pearl Harbor." I knew there was no need to try to get ~~on the air~~ on the party line, to try to tell the dungeon that we were being attacked. I did try, but I couldn't get through.

Q: They came from north to south and came over you?

Captain Biard: Yes. But they were all supposed to attack at the same time. Some of them attacked a little bit early by a mistake that Fuchida tells about in his account of the attack on Pearl Harbor, an attack about five minutes early, some of them did. So these were one of those groups attacking five minutes early.

Q: But they flew over you, right where you were?

Captain Biard: Right where we were. And they were flying over us, and while I was standing out there watching this, some machine gun bullets from somewhere fell around me. It might have been Japanese or it might have been some from the other side, the trajectory that somebody had managed to fire, but there were machine gun bullets falling around me. With this, our people who were not in the station at the time started rushing back. One of the men, a very good man, came on the base. I told him, "Get in there. Grab a rifle. We may be taken over by Japs here any moment. The local population may rise up and take us over, and we don't want to be taken without a fight." That's what we thought they would do. We thought there would be an uprising in the islands, that the Japanese would be disloyal, and that's why the planes were ^{lined} ~~set~~ ^{easily} up, to prevent sabotage, because they thought there would be great disloyalty among the islanders. There wasn't, there wasn't a bit. In fact, they were more loyal than a hell of a lot of Americans. But that's what we thought. We

had Springfield rifles in there, ammunition. I grabbed a rifle and a pistol. I armed the men and said, "Come on out here with me." I said, "We're going to stop ~~around~~ ^{going around the} the traffic island, because the Army will be coming through here, and we don't want this road jammed. We want to get these people off. ~~These~~ ^{The Army} ~~is~~ ^{my men} going to be coming through here in trucks." So I took ~~them~~ out to the around the island road, there's only a two-lane road, and I started diverting all the traffic off the road into the ditches out there with my men.

One man came up to me, one of my sailors, "You're crazy! You're crazy! Those aren't Japanese planes."

"The hell they're not. Look what they're doing over there."

He said, "You're just pretending. This is a sham. I don't believe it. I don't believe it." That's how incredible people were and wouldn't believe that the Japanese could do something like this. Here is a sailor, completely loyal, but he just said, "You can't be. You're lying to me. This is a fake."

I said, "You grab a rifle or I'm going to shoot you for disobeying orders." He grabbed a rifle and we went out. I had two or three men out there with me. I stopped the traffic. And most of the people--I won't say most, but an awful lot of the people that came by that morning were beautifully dressed Japanese young men and young women who were in their Sunday best, ready to go to church. I stopped them, and when I did, I would query them. "Where are you going?"

"We're going out to see the sights."

"Why are you in your excellent clothes?"

"We were going to church when all this happened. We'd just go out and see what's happening." And so there were a tremendous number of these young ^{Japanese} people, dressed in their absolute finery, who came by. *They were Nisei, of course.*

I stopped them, I stopped all around the island traffic, unless somebody was an Army man, say, and said, "I'm going to my post at such and such." I could pretty well tell whether that was true, but no Army trucks came by, nothing came by, and I finally found out why. All their ammunition was locked up and they couldn't get any ammunition for their guns. But that's neither here nor there. They didn't start coming by for an awful long time. *They* ~~we~~ didn't start manning ^{their} ~~our~~ defenses because they couldn't get the ammunition for it. It was locked up for safekeeping. The same thing was true on a lot of our ships. That's widely known and widely publicized.

Finally one person came up, and he was Japanese, not old, but a middle-aged Japanese man, and he was just as haughty and contemptuous as he could be. I stopped him. I had a .45, was wearing a .45. I told him, "All right, get over."

"Why do I have to get over?"

"Because I told you to. This is war."

He said, "I don't have to," speaking English.

spoke in English.
"I ~~don't speak English.~~ "What do you do?"

"I teach Japanese at the local Japanese language schools." You know, they sent over their Japanese language instructors to hold special schools after the U.S. schools, to keep the Japanese ^{Nisei} ~~language~~ students in touch with Japan and to learn the language. They had their special Japanese government-run schools in Hawaii. They even had their special textbooks, I have some of them in here. "I teach Japanese language."

And so with that, I came back at him in the most impolite Japanese that I knew, and it's pretty impolite. I told him, "You get over there or I'll blow your brains all over this road." I pointed my .45 at him. With that, some of this stuff he was telling me in Japanese, you see, and thought I didn't understand. I understood every bit of it, of course. When I came back at him in pretty good doggone Japanese telling him what was going to happen to him if he darn well didn't get over there, he moved in a hurry.

About this time, one of the radiomen came to me and said, "We have seen some Japanese running off in the banana patch over here." There was a big banana field ^{a short} ~~quite some~~ distance from the radio shack there, ^{and} there was an old decrepit hut of some kind. "We've seen Japanese running off into there."

Well, I grabbed some men, I left some there as a roadblock, and then I took off into the banana patch. I didn't know what would happen, whether I'd meet a bullet on the way or what, but we finally found a little Japanese boy about 12 years old, who

got scared of all this, and decided he was going to go hide in the banana patch. So we fished him out and told him, "You'd better come over here and stay at the radio station and stay safe." He was just as scared as could be. He couldn't talk English, and so I talked to him in Japanese. We kept him with us so he would not get into harm's way there. He was the one who had run out of this hut and they'd seen him run off into the banana patch.

Q: In those days they were so scared that no matter what happened, you couldn't take a reasonable approach to it.

Captain Biard: Yes. So then the radio Honolulu started telling the wildest tales, that Japanese paratroopers in blue uniforms were landing on the northwest shore. Well, I didn't know how paratroopers could get there, because the ~~carrier~~^{carriers} planes could not carry troop-carrying planes, they don't have planes like that ~~in~~^{on} carriers, they didn't have helicopters in those days, but nevertheless, ~~they~~^{the radio} said they ~~had~~^{had} red balls on their left shoulders as their insignia. You have to have distinctive insignia or you're a spy. They reported over the radio that their distinctive insignia was a red ball on the left shoulder, ~~or maybe it was on the right shoulder, but on the shoulder.~~ Then there were other wild reports coming out from radio Honolulu, things that didn't happen. But we didn't know at the time they

weren't, so I kept my men armed and ready ^{while} ~~to~~ copying ^{radio} traffic, trying to get anything they could on what was sure to be a carrier task force off the coast, and we could not get a thing to tell us anything about where they were. Of course, there was some traffic back and forth between the planes, but it didn't mean an awful lot. We didn't give up their major circuits for that for more extensive work, because we wanted to try to find out, if we could, identify the forces there, identify any other forces that might be around communicating with each other. No luck.

Somebody came in and said there was a Japanese filling station--this was later on in the day--there was a Japanese filling station that was blacking out headlights according to the Civil Defense plan, headlights and taillights on cars, so you could still move around at night if you had to move. So I went over there, and the Japanese, the young fellow was very, very pleasant, and he happily blacked out my lights according to the approved Civil Defense pattern, and so I was able to move at night if necessary.

By this time I would have been unable to contact Pearl Harbor, but Gil Slonim had gone to Pearl Harbor and seen what was happening and came back out and told me of all the disaster there, the terrible disaster, the fires, burning fuel oil, ships sunk. So I said, "If that's the case, there's not much more I can do here. I'm completely useless here. I'll go on back to

Pearl." So I went back to Pearl and joined them in the dungeon again, after seeing the tragic, demoralizing sight there in Pearl Harbor.

Q: What did Mr. Rochefort say to you then?

Captain Biard: He never did say.

Q: He never made a comment.

Captain Biard: He never made a comment.

Q: I would expect that.

Captain Biard: He never made a comment. Of course, I made no comment to him either.

Q: He told me that he felt that he had been responsible for Pearl Harbor. Did I tell you that before?

Captain Biard: Yes, because he had not taken the cue from the absence of the first air fleet, the six carriers on their normal traffic.

Q: And he knew that.

Captain Biard: He knew that, but he just assumed, well, they were tied up to buoys in the Inland Sea so they'd get all their dispatches from cables.

Q: That isn't like him to assume anything, is it?

Captain Biard: No, it isn't. And so I say I had definitely told him earlier, "Don't you think this is one of the first things they'd do, to hit this place by air?" And you know his response to that. I don't know that that played on his conscience. I don't know that he even remembered it. He was a very conscientious man and I'm sure he loved the Navy, I know that. He loved his country.

Q: Oh, yes. His idea was that the machines that governed Pearl Harbor, or this type of--I'm not sure what I mean to say, but the machines in Washington were supposed to be tracking something, and that his responsibility was in another area.

Captain Biard: This is what you are intending to say. We were given certain codes to work on, and we were not reading them, we couldn't get into them, we couldn't break them. They had kept ^{important} the codes for themselves ^{to work on and} ~~that were being~~ read. They had a "purple" machine, yes, ^{on} ^{much of} which the diplomatic traffic was coming, and they were getting all these warnings that Nomura was to tell

^{Hull}
~~Hull~~, Nomura and ^{Kurusu} ~~Comiso~~ were to tell ^{Hull} ~~Hull~~ and all these special things that they even had the messages and ordering them to make special reports, more frequent reports on positions of ships in Pearl Harbor, giving the exact positions and berths in which they were located. They got the messages there that told them to burn their code books and destroy their code machines, and you only do that just before war. Now, Washington did not interpret it that way. The night before Pearl Harbor, one of my classmates took the dispatches, the dispatches that told the embassy in Washington, and perhaps the consulates around the world were being told this, too, Washington was reading that traffic, but this was not the traffic that we were assigned to cover at Pearl Harbor, and we were covering only that traffic we were assigned to cover because we didn't have enough ^{personnel} to work on the other ~~x~~ systems.

Q: I think that is what I was trying to say.

Captain Biard: Yes, that is what you were trying to say.

Q: You weren't assigned that.

Captain Biard: We were not assigned that.

Q: That responsibility.

Captain Biard: No. And so Washington had this information and we didn't have it, and it was not sent out to Kimmel. It was not sent out to us. But when my classmate took this to Roosevelt, he was seated by the fireside, you know, his fireside chats, and Harry Hopkins was with him. Roosevelt, when he read it, looked at Hopkins, so I've been told by the person who delivered the messages, and he said, "Harry, I guess this means war in ~~two~~^{three} or ~~three~~^{four} months." Well, it's unfortunate that he didn't realize that you don't destroy your code books, your code machines, your means of secret communications until the last thing, before the final break. In other words, they were telling their people ...

Q: This is it.

Captain Biard: This is it. We had other people in the Navy and the Army seeing the same thing; one or two of whom read it as very alarming things, but they didn't read it as being alarming enough. They had received many other messages sent to the consul in Honolulu, who had a Japanese officer on his consular staff, a spy. He was supposed to be a consular employee, ^{but} he was not, he was the one who was setting up the information, telling them the information ^{as to} where the ships were in Pearl Harbor. And he was sending the information, and they were reading all of this in Washington. They got it in Washington, but we were not allowed to get this traffic from the local cable station in

Honolulu. Rochefort had tried to get it, and Captain Mayfield, the ~~D~~istrict Intelligence Officer, had tried to get it from the local cable offices, but law prevents it. Our own law prevents these cable offices or the other communications offices from giving out any information on the communications entrusted to them. Communications are supposed to be private and confidential. It wasn't until just a few days before the attack on Pearl Harbor, while the four of us were standing watch on the "winds message" on the northern shore, ~~and~~ ^{that} Captain Mayfield finally convince^d the manager of some of these overseas cable offices to give him recent files of the Japanese consular messages. If we had seen ^{earlier} what we ^{later} got out of these messages, hindsight tells us that we would have taken it as war, war, war. Whether foresight would have or not, I don't know, but I believe it would have. It was so clear, so unmistakable.

Q: Say that again.

Captain Biard: The information we got out of these messages when we did break them was so clear to us, in hindsight, that we believe that even in foresight we would have said, "This means an attack on Pearl Harbor right away."

Q: I didn't get the word "foresight."

Captain Biard: Yes. But it was all hindsight by the time we got it.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: Now, the person that they turned these messages over to to break was Chief Warrant Officer Woodward, a very nice gent. All of our people were just as loyal and dedicated, and some of them extremely competent. Woodward had worked on this type of code before, and we had an old code book that we had "captured" in New York. I didn't know about it, but it was there in the place. I wish I had known about it.

Q: Captured in New York?

Captain Biard: Not captured, but stolen in New York.

Q: Oh. Obtained.

Captain Biard: Obtained, yes. Woodward had worked on this type of code before, and they usually sent it out in one of two ways. There were two ways to approach this code, and Woodward, not knowing either what was in it or its importance, approached it from the unproductive way. It could ~~have been that~~ just as well ~~as it could~~ have been the other. There was a 50-50 chance, and

he unfortunately chose the wrong way. Maybe Rochefort was instrumental in helping him decide that way, I don't know, but Woodward knew the way to go to try to break this thing and get into it, and if he could, then we could read it from the code that we had on hand.

Q: And you wouldn't have had to get it from Washington.

Captain Biard: No. If we had had all these dispatches beforehand, we would have been reading it all the time, and the traffic that alarmed us, it just looks by hindsight as though it couldn't have failed to tell us that they are going to attack Pearl Harbor right away, right now, right now, right now, that everybody would have been just absolutely waiting for it like that.

Q: Well, isn't that a terrible ^{condemnation} _e condemnation of the people in Washington?

Captain Biard: It is a terrible ^e condemnation of them. Many of them should be condemned.

Q: Who was in charge then in Washington?

Captain Biard: It is hard to say, really hard to say who was

responsible for the breakdown in Washington.

Q: Well, who was in charge of breaking the codes in Washington?

Captain Biard: Al Kramer was the man who was mostly in charge of it, Commander Safford, Lieutenant Commander Kramer, whom I knew, and Kramer was largely responsible for getting them translated and into the hands of the very few people who were allowed to see them.

Q: Who took it over to Roosevelt?

Captain Biard: I haven't said.

Q: I know it.

Captain Biard: The books say Kramer.

Q: The books say Kramer?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And you do not agree?

Captain Biard: I do not say that, and I know Kramer quite well.

I knew him. He's dead now.

Q: Well, was he the one that told you that he said, "That means war in several months"?

0200 Captain Biard: No, he's not the one. It was ^{Schulz} ~~Schultz~~, a classmate of mine, who showed the despatches to Roosevelt.

Q: He's not the one who told you that.

yes. three or four
Captain Biard: "In ~~two or three~~ months." But as soon as I got back to the dungeon, Woodward had finally started getting into these codes, these messages that had been brought there. We didn't know they were important, and we didn't know it was the other method that should have been tried on it instead of the first one. And I say here I think it was excellent luck that we didn't break--if we had known ahead of time, we would have had our fleet out trying to meet the Japanese and they would have sunk it in deep water, we would not have rescued all the people that we did rescue, that became the backbone of the fleet that we soon were to construct. We would have lost it. It would have been the worst disgrace in the world, and the Navy never would have recovered, according to my way of thinking, from the disastrous consequences of trying to stop that extremely well-trained and very competent, far better than we were, carrier task force that attacked Pearl Harbor. And then the reaction in

the United States, that united the country. It was divided like everything, but in a minute's time, the country was united.

Q: Of course, there was conversation that Roosevelt let it happen just for that reason.

Captain Biard: I do not believe it.

Q: I don't believe it.

Captain Biard: I have told you that you've never talked to anyone like me before, I believe.

Q: That's true.

Captain Biard: And I have plenty of information to ^{back} ~~bring~~ it up.

Q: I've talked to Joe Rochefort, but go ahead.

Captain Biard: Yes. He didn't see it from all the different sides that I saw it, and he was not with it as long as I was because they cut his throat and tossed him out of the organization. That was tragic. But I had far more experience than he did eventually.

Q: You're saying you don't believe this of Roosevelt. I want to be sure that you put that on the record.

Captain Biard: I know that Roosevelt wanted the Japanese to attack us.

Q: He did?

Captain Biard: But I also believe fully, fully, fully he did not have any idea that they were to attack Pearl Harbor. The signals were there, but I believe he was honest in the mistake he made. I'll give you plenty--not plenty of reason, but I'll show you that I have a much more adequate background from which to assess that judgment than you have learned so far.

Q: You continue to amaze me because you have so much more information than appears on the surface.

Captain Biard: And I regret that many times you can see that there should be more, I should tell you more, but I chronologically can't tell you more until later on.

Q: You can't tell it until it happens.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: So I started working with Woodward on this, and he started breaking things and others did. We all started translating these messages that had been coming into and out of the consulate. And when we did, it just petrified us. All the information pointed so much that there was going to be an attack, it's going to be now, it's going to be very soon, in the next few days, it's going to be Pearl Harbor, and that is it. This is for that attack. Now, they didn't say that, but that's the only way that you could interpret it, all of these very, very precise requests for information and precise information that went out in answer to those requests.

Q: I forget, though, did you ever get the "winds message"?

Captain Biard: Never did get the "winds message." It finally came after the attack.

Q: Okay. All right. Sorry.

Captain Biard: We never did. I didn't hear it. It was picked up at other stations. You have asked, so I will get on that later. I will get on that later. Anyway, I and others started working now when we got these messages and this code, we had the

code book there to read them out of, and so we'd just read them completely. These messages instructed the German spy there working for the Japanese, I think his name was Kuehn, but I'd have to check that, and he told them about all that he was going to do, about ads he was going to put in the newspapers to name this, that, and the other. One of the things he was going to do was to get arrows cut in cane fields pointing toward Pearl Harbor. Now, this was in the messages, and other things like that, pointing ^{to} the ships in their positions in Pearl Harbor. He had bought a special house easily viewed from the sea off the north shore, and he arranged signals and told them the signals he would give, indicating the fleet was in or the fleet was out at that time. It would be visible to submarines off the northern shore. He didn't do all this, but he got money for telling them he was going to do it. This was in the messages.

Q: That's part of the story they tell about, that there were spies there who did that.

Captain Biard: They were mostly German spies. This German spy, and there had been ^{Japanese} spies before, but they had all been evacuated on earlier Japanese ships calling in to ~~Pearl Harbor~~ Honolulu, prior to 7 December.

Q: They went back.

0000 Captain Biard: Yes, they were out of ~~the country~~ by that time, except for this one spy that ~~was thought~~ was a Japanese member of the consulate staff. We didn't know until later, was a real spy, and he was there, but he was there on a diplomatic passport. I don't know that they would have done anything to him, anyway, because of that reason. But the messages that we read just petrified us, like the arrows cut in cane fields pointed toward Pearl Harbor. I don't think they were ever cut because this German was a phony, he was collecting money for things he was not going to do, and about coded messages that other agents could read in ads in the Honolulu papers such as that. Everything, everything, that if Kimmel had had it, if Layton had had it, I think for sure if Layton had had it, Layton was sharp, I admired him tremendously, and he was not afraid to stick his neck out. I think if Layton had had it, he would have read those messages properly and said, "This means it." But we didn't get it until ^{three days} ~~the day~~ after Pearl Harbor was attacked. We didn't read those messages until then. If we had been getting that traffic all the time, we would have been reading it, but we couldn't talk to local commercial stations, and they were in their rights legally. If they had done it, they could have been hanged for it.

Q: Washington should have let you have it.

Captain Biard: They should have. Washington was getting it all

the time. We got these and, of course, we were just absolutely floored by it all, but I still say it's a good thing we didn't know they were going to hit us. If we had, it would have been disastrous. And there are an awful lot of people who agree with me, an awful lot of people.

Q: Do agree with that?

Captain Biard: Yes, particularly those of us in the codebreaking business. Almost all of us believe it. We were not ready.

Q: That's for sure.

Captain Biard: We were not ready. The fleet was not ready either materially or psychologically.

Q: And if the big aircraft carriers had been in, then they would have ...

Captain Biard: Oh, I hate to think of it. So we got the messages that should have been coming to us from Washington a days late after it had all happened. Chief Warrant Officer Woodward, then later perhaps a lieutenant or lieutenant commander while I was on duty in Washington after the war, committed suicide.

I don't know why. Woodward was a truly fine gentleman. I respected him very, very much.

Q: Oh?

Captain Biard: I had great respect for him, great, great respect.

Q: Why did he do that?

Captain Biard: He was a competent and very conscientious man. I do not know. I've always wondered, and it has long, long caused me much concern that a person of his--well, he was one of the old trustworthy gang, competent, loyalty, all their entire makeup.

Q: Was it related to this?

Captain Biard: I've often wondered. I've often wondered. It was after the war, right after the Japanese surrender. As I say, I had just returned to Washington at that time.

Now, the night after the attack on Pearl Harbor when everything was blacked out, and there were many of the local militia guarding the intersections. We expected local Japanese uprisings, we really did, we expected them to be disloyal. Of course, they never were, but ^{we} ~~they~~ had all sorts and kinds of untrained ^{local} troops around everywhere on the corners, and it was not unusual to hear on a corner somewhere, blacked out, you couldn't see the guard, but he'd holler, "Halt!" Bang! "Who goes there?"

He'd holler, "Halt!" and then shoot, and then, "Who goes there?" I lived near one such corner. But I stayed the first two nights or so down in the dungeon just in case more should come on. We didn't know where the task force was that had hit us.

But the second night, that Monday night, a call came to the dungeon from CinCPac headquarters, which were in the submarine base there in Pearl Harbor, to send two of our Japanese language people over to do some work for Layton. I don't know whether Bromley and I were told by Rochefort to go, or whether Bromley and I said we would go, but anyway, Bromley and I ended up going over in my car with the blacked-out lights. We crept over at a snail's pace because there were plenty of Marines with armed weapons waiting to shoot if you appeared to be the least bit suspicious. With my blacked-out headlights and so on, we crept over there and arrived safely.

When we got there, we found that Layton had come into possession of some documents recovered from a Japanese plane and from a Japanese aviator who had crashed his plane on the seaplane tender Curtiss, on one of the large ^{cranes with} ~~elevators~~ which they raise and lift the planes into and out of ~~it~~ into the water. He had these documents that had been taken from this plane, and he wanted to know what they said, see what we could find out. We didn't know then which way the task force had come from, ^{north or south,} ~~although~~ ^{but} the body of this aviator was heavily clothed, so it appeared that probably he came from the north. Everybody thought that, well,

he had most likely come from the Mandated Islands, that's the most likely approach. But some of our people thought, no, they came from the north. They had come from the cover of weather up there. So he gave these documents to us and ^{they} told us the names of the ships in the task force, the composition of the flights that attacked the various targets and the various places like Wheeler Field, Hickam Field, Scoffield Barracks, ^{Kaneohe,} ~~Baneoe,~~ and the names of the ships. There were six carriers in it, ~~of the missing~~ first air fleet that had been missing, the names of the carriers, the Akaqi, Soryu ...

Q: Wait a minute. If you're going to do that to me, I have to write them down.

~~Kaga~~, ~~Kaga~~
Captain Biard: Akaqi, Soryu, Hiryu, the Shokaku, Zuikaku, and those are the six. Then we had two battleships. I'll have to check the names.

Q: That's five.

Captain Biard: Kaga, that's a big one like the Akaqi.

Q: Okay. That makes six.

Captain Biard: They were there, the two ^{high-speed} battleships, the

cruisers, and the several destroyers. We translated all of those for them; they were names we knew well. And the ^{new} name that they gave this force was Kidō Butai. This is the overall name for the entire force. Now, Kidō means "mobile," and it's found with that meaning in Japanese dictionaries. Butai means "force," as in a military organization, military organizational force. So this, by a literal translation, would have been rendered as the mobile force, and sometimes it is so called in the various books and articles on the subject. But I had already seen the damage, the frightful damage down in Pearl Harbor and Kaneohe ^{he} and I knew what had happened at Hickam Field and Wheeler Field, and the other places, just how they had devastated our ability to conduct any type of defense. It now seemed to me that I could ^{not} possibly translate this as the "mobile force," so I went to see Mr. Layton and told him. I said, "Here I have something that should be translated "mobile force" but it has wrought all this devastation, this grief, this tragedy. I ^{just} can't call it a mobile force. I've got to call it something stronger than that, and I'd like to have your permission to do it. Anything that goes out will go out under your authorization. I'd like to call this a Striking Force rather than a mobile force. I think the Striking Force describes it more appropriately, more adequately."

He said, "I agree with you completely. Let it be a Striking Force." And so that type of force from then on became a Striking Force in almost all of the ^{U.S. histories} ~~language dispatches~~ of the war. But

originally the Japanese called it, then and always, called it a mobile force. In other words, all these ships were capable of making at least 28 knots, it was a very high speed task force. The two battleships assigned were assigned because they had been converted to ~~high~~ high speed, very high speed ships.

Q: They really got ready, didn't they?

Captain Biard: They did. So with that and a few other things, why, we went on back to the dungeon and spent an extra night there.

Q: Did you feel maybe for the first time that your real ability had been used, or do you remember?

Captain Biard: I thought they didn't use my real ability when Rochefort would not accept, at least listen to my case ^{for} ~~an~~ an attack by air on Pearl Harbor. Yes, they started using it then.

Soon I went back to my hotel in Honolulu. They hadn't heard from me. The little Japanese girl at the desk, a pretty little Japanese girl, had not heard from me and Bromley the entire time we were gone, and they were so worried because they felt for sure we were killed, she and the Korean girl. She said, "Oh, oh, oh, Maria will be so happy, so happy to hear from you."

Q: Maria?

Captain Biard: Yes. And so I had no way of contacting her, and I didn't tell her I'd contact her. Within two or three hours, Maria was there, and you could tell that she was really, really worried, terribly worried. She said, "We thought for sure you were killed. This has been so horrible." There had been a lot of damage even in the city of Honolulu. The Japs didn't attack, although the newspapers like to say they had. Those were just duds from guns fired in Pearl Harbor at the Jap that fell in Honolulu itself. The Japs didn't attack the city of Honolulu. They attacked Pearl Harbor, for sure. So with that, we worked on the consular's dispatches. There were dispatches coming in, we got them all out of the way to get the complete picture of how all this had come about.

Q: I'm surprised that the Japanese aviator had all that information. Somehow I would have thought they wouldn't let them take off with that.

Captain Biard: Well, I sort of wondered that, too, but they wanted him to be able to communicate. You've got to communicate with the other people that you are attacking, and it might be that maybe the carriers had sunk their carriers and they had to contact the battleships and say, "I've seen this," and so on. So

they just were prepared for various contingencies. And so their order of battle ~~of~~ listing the units and how they were organized were all there spelled out.

So Bromley and I did this, but the ~~S~~triking Force was mine, and Layton agreed, so that became ~~S~~triking Force. But while we were there, the wildest reports came in. They had a man on phones, this was all in a very big room, and they had a talker, enlisted man, on phones. This was at night about 10:00 or 11:00 o'clock. "The Japanese are landing here, are landing here, are landing there. Battleships five miles off the entrance to Pearl Harbor, Japanese battleships, two Japanese battleships." Wild reports of this type, completely erroneous, but that was the *Kind of* information we were getting.

Q: Had you broken enough of their code to know that they were on their way home?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: You didn't know that.

Captain Biard: No. We didn't have it. We didn't know. We were amazed that they had not come back for a second attack to get the repair facilities and the oil tanks and really knock Pearl Harbor out. That would have done it. That we could not understand, but

they were scared. They figured that their luck might run out, so ^{their} ~~they~~ ^{Commander} turned around and ran. They had been assigned to knock out the ships, and that they had done. *The rest was secondary, so he apparently assumed, and not worth the risk.*

Q: Again this was another situation, he had been told what to do and he did it without thinking, well, let's go on and do something else.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: It reminds me of the story you told in one city where the kempei had been told to protect the man but not to check you.

Captain Biard: Yes, and so they didn't make any reports on us. That wasn't their job. At least it appears to be that that was the case. It appears that must have been it.

Well, it's about 6:00 o'clock now, we have a little bit more. Do you have any questions you would like to ask me?

One of the immediate results of the dungeon was that the flagship of the Commander Battle Force, Battleships, had been sunk, that's the California. It was resting on the bottom, so it was ^{out of action and} ~~no use~~ ^{some of} for its crew. Two of our former language officers were on it getting their sea duty in. One was Art Benedict, A.L. Benedict, my classmate who had left Japan a year before me. Another was Joe Finnegan, the now famous Joe

Finnegan, with whom I had been shipmates before he went to Japan. He had been shipmates with me and "Ike" Wilson and John Bromley on the USS New Orleans in the summer of 1934 escorting the President to Hawaii. Joe had turned out to be a very, very delightful shipmate, a professional Irishman, spoke with an Irish brogue, and had a fantastic sense of humor. He was a delightful shipmate. This was the first time, it was while he was on this trip that he received orders to report to ONI to go to Japan, to come to ONI first and then come to Japan for Japanese language study. So this was the first time I heard about the Japanese language study, from him, this time on the New Orleans. And the others did, too. I don't know if he was responsible for "Ike" Wilson putting in for the language study and whether he was responsible for John Bromley putting in for it, I do not know. But there were four of us who were on New Orleans those three months during the summer of 1934 that ended up in the language group, and that in itself is unique. Well, after Bromley and I left the ship, Joe Rochefort reported to New Orleans. He had already been to Japan. But we had quite a New Orleans group in the codebreaking unit.

Q: You said now you have two ...

Captain Biard: No, two of them were on the California, so by the time I got back to Pearl Harbor from Heeia, where we were

watch for
 standing the "winds message," these two were already down in the
 dungeon and working. Finnegan turned out to be a very brilliant
 codebreaker, very brilliant codebreaker. Much more about him
 later. And Art Benedict was a welcome addition also. But one
 very valuable addition to our unit has been talked about here and
 there and is always mentioned in the books, one was the
California band. The Commander Battle Force had his own band, a
 band on his flagship. Their instruments had been sunk with the
 ship. They had no flag^{officer or flagship} now to play for, so somebody got the
 bright idea to have all of the musicians report to the dungeon.
 So we got them in the dungeon immediately, and they started to
 work learning to punch cards for IBM and to run the IBM machines,
 and to do all this other necessary work that had to be done
 before things were handed to us to try to break the codes. These
 band lads were extremely glad to get off the ~~combatant~~^{combatant} ship,
 and they were very, very happy to get into this kind of work, and
 they performed excellent service, yeoman service from then on
 out. They were a blessing to us. We just took the band over
 without any argument, without any investigation of any type, and
 said, "You are in the U.S. Navy, so we know you're loyal
 Americans." ^{Today} ~~we~~ we would not put a ^{man on} codebreaking work unless he
 was fully investigated to the nth degree, everything, from the
 background of his parents, possible relatives living overseas,
 everything police records, all his neighbors for the last 30
 years, all rumors, everything else. We wouldn't think of it. We

couldn't dare risk being compromised. But in those days and times, the average American was loyal. Now we have so many Americans that you can't trust for hell or high water. In those days and times, most of them damn well were loyal.

Q: Did you have blacks in that group, or do you remember?

Captain Biard: No, there were no blacks serving in that type of work at all then. I do not remember any blacks who ever had, because you may not remember it, but about the only place that blacks served in those days were as officers, mess stewards, and cooks. So they were not in positions where they would come ...

Q: Not for a long time after this.

Captain Biard: A long time after this. So no, there were no blacks in the band. If they had been there, I don't know that there would have been any discrimination against them, I can't say. It didn't come up. They might have just come on down there with the rest of them, they might well have.

Q: I thought that could have been a possibility.

Captain Biard: No, it was not. I am fairly confident there were no blacks in the group. Blacks weren't serving in that type of

work. I didn't see a black down there that I remember down there at all. But they were extremely, extremely competent help, and we were fortunate to have had them.

Q: I was wondering who did the actual--like I'd say the up and down lifting, and it was this group that you needed.

Captain Biard: Yes, they did much of the pitch and shovel work before it ~~got~~^{got} to us, ~~for~~ the people at the top. There was much collating and clerical work and IBM punching of cards so they could be listed, and tabulating so we could get informed, where this code group appeared in this message, such and such a date, so we could go to the various other messages where it had appeared before so we could try to find meanings for the individual, that particular code group.

Q: Gee, that was complicated.

Captain Biard: Yes. These people were extremely essential. We couldn't have done the work without people doing that type of work, and we ended up before the war was over with thousands of people doing this type of work.

Q: Oh, is that so?

Captain Biard: Thousands.

Q: How many did you say came from the band?

Captain Biard: Oh, maybe 75.

Q: Oh, that many?

Captain Biard: Maybe. *Perhaps 50.*

Q: I wouldn't have thought there would be that space for them in that room.

Captain Biard: They weren't all there at one time. There would be a third on there on watch, *eight hours per watch.*

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: And we had machine spaces and everything back there where they would work.

Q: Back there.

Captain Biard: Yes, back over there at the other end of things, away from the codebreakers' spaces. But that is one thing I very

definitely wanted to bring in here. You read it in all the books all the time. I wanted to reinforce what you have read. That is true. Whose idea it was to bring them there, I don't know, but they were there and in a hurry, and they were all loyal. We never did regret bringing any of them down there. Now, the rest of the people, those of us, the Japanese ~~language~~ language students, our backgrounds were never checked. We were Naval Academy men, we were Americans, we were naval officers, you could be trusted. Now it would make no difference if we were Naval Academy or ~~what~~ ^{not}. If we were doing that type of work, we'd have to have our backgrounds checked, our families' backgrounds checked, our families' families' checked, early before going into it.

Q: Well, your relationship with Rochefort continued all the time until, what, he left?

Captain Biard: Until he left.

Q: And you were there afterwards.

Captain Biard: Yes. I had the desk right next to him, no more than seven or eight feet away from him all the time.

Q: And there will be more about your relationship with him?

Captain Biard: Much more.

Q: Much more. I think, then, that we're practically out of tape on this one, and since it's getting to be after 6:00 o'clock, I think we should call this a day.

Captain Biard: Well, it has been a day. We have now covered two stories that I very much wanted to cover, I have never written about. I've hardly known how to write about them, they're so complicated. Those two are the departure from Japan, all we went through there, and the days in Shanghai.

Q: I'm exhausted from that.

Captain Biard: And then the other one was the final trip to Nagasaki where we had the Sasebo special landing force called there especially to keep F.R. Biard and John R. Bromley from seeing the HIJMS Musashi. We didn't know it was the HIJMS Musashi, but ^{later} we found out, *during the war.*

Q: I think that that is an advantage of oral history. I can listen, I can ask you, you can tell me as though you were simply telling a tale, without having to go through the travail of sitting down and writing something.

Captain Biard: That surely is.

Q: You feel it has merit.

Captain Biard: Two of these tales have defeated me. I have started them and I have always stopped because I didn't feel I was doing a proper job on them, an adequate job, but I've been able to talk about them orally here and get them on tape, and though they will not be smooth, at least the stories will have been told.

Q: I'm glad that you feel that way. Thank you. I think we'll call it quits for today.

Captain Biard: Thank you very much.

Interview Number 4 with Captain Forrest Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California

Date: 23 August 1984

Subject: Biography

Interviewer: Commander Etta-Bette Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Q: Good morning, again.

Captain Biard: Good morning, Etta-Belle. Nice to see you. I'm backtracking somewhat here. This story I'll tell here is about a cocktail party given by the British naval attache in Tokyo in the spring of 1941, when the tension was really mounting, and everybody knew that somewhat of a crisis would soon develop. His name ^{was} ~~is~~ Captain Tuffnell. Smith-Hutton, our naval attache, told all of his language officers to get in their uniforms for this event, which was given at Captain Tuffnell's yard. It was warm, it was outdoors, and we and the British naval staff, staff of the British naval attache's office, were at the party, and there were some Japanese naval officers present, all of them members of the American intelligence section of the Japanese Navy Department, the head of the department and several of his assistants. We had cocktails for an hour, hour and a half or so, and then finally Smith-Hutton said, "Well, we have a gift here for Captain Tuffnell." And he presented him with a silver cigarette box, the

likes of which I have over here and I will show you later, Etta-Belle, I will show it to you later, appropriately inscribed, and Smith-Hutton made a presentation speech.

Then Tuffnell replied, and with this, it was evident why the cocktail party was given the way it was. Captain Tuffnell was a very impressive man, smooth, good speaker, forceful. I had met him early in my stay in Tokyo, had gone sailing with him once, the only time I went sailing in Tokyo Bay off Yokahama, and it happened early in my stay there. I found him to be a much better sailor than I was. He really knew how to handle a small boat, I did not. I thought I did, but he taught me things. Captain Tuffnell was very impressive. After he was presented this cigarette case, he addressed the people present in his very forceful way and said, "I have come to love the Japanese countryside, the beauty, their picturesque cities." I hope they will stay this way. I truly hope they will stay this way. But unfortunately, the way things are going, I doubt very much that they will because they will be burned down. I hope that those in power in the Japanese Government will realize that that is the case, and will amend the directions that they are taking now, because if they do not, that is the only possible outcome. It is inevitable, and I do not wish to see this lovely country completely destroyed." With that, the Japanese very politely, the Japanese officers, the senior one was a captain, well-known, he had been in America, in the United States, as a naval attache

and before that another tour as assistant attache. Some of them had even been in trouble and had been expelled from the U.S. as spies, the ones who were there at the party. But with that, they bowed very coolly and immediately, abruptly departed.

Q: Of course, now, he said that knowing that they would take it to the proper people.

Captain Biard: Of course he did. Yes.

Q: I mean, that was his purpose.

Captain Biard: Yes. But he was very, very forceful, and he came right out with something I don't believe an American would have done, but the British had more guts that way than we had. We were supposed to appease them; the British were not appeasers. So that was the only time that I met a Japanese naval officer while I was in Tokyo. I read the tales of Zacharias and others and Layton, who were able to associate with the naval officers and become friends with them, and I envied them because that was forbidden to us, not by our people but by the Japanese themselves. They would not associate with us. This is the only time I met a Japanese naval officer while I was in Tokyo.

Q: They were impressive, I believe you said they were

impressive.

Captain Biard: They had only their best in the American intelligence section, that is correct. A Japanese naval officer who made it to the American intelligence section was on his way up. He was sure to be a winner. In the American Navy it was the kiss of death to get into intelligence. That was unfortunate, because we did have some very fine men, very fine. In fact, they were the ones who made it possible for us to have a nucleus of an organization to break codes that gave us the victories we achieved in the Pacific as we did.

Another tale that I wish to tell here is somewhat humorous, I think. My second house ^{in Japan} was on a little alley, I it was a little gravel pathway, maybe 15 feet wide, houses shielded by these unpainted, ^{thin, board} ~~pinboard~~ fences, maybe five and a half, six feet high. A gate ^{was in} ~~at~~ each one in the form of a V so ^{the gate itself} ~~it~~ was maybe five or six feet behind the alley way. One time I noticed that there was a sign on the first house off of the main thoroughfare on this little alley way, off the main thoroughfare, and I didn't know what it meant. It was on a wooden block, a wooden slab, just of the same sort as the nameplates that we ^{placed} ~~took~~ on the gateway. The next day I saw it on the next house, the gate of the next house, the following day on the gate of the third house, the following day the gate of the fourth house, and then the day after that, I saw it on my gate. So I said, "What is happening here that I

don't know about? So I called my cook and said, "Suharuin san, what is this I see outside?"

"Oh, that's the Rusuban."

I said, "Rusuban?"

"Yes. We have the watch. We have the duty."

"We do have? What is that?"

"Oh, if some peddlers or some other people come around here or somebody does something they shouldn't, or if there's somebody you think may be breaking in, why, it's the duty of the people in this house to ~~some~~^{go} tell the policeman down at the end of the alley here."

Q: Like the community watch.

Captain Biard: Yes. That is what it means. It's caretaker or supervisor, caretaker in particular. She said, "If there's a peddler comes around here, I turn him in if he knocks at the door."

I said, "Isn't it a bit strange that you put that sign on the door if you want to catch him? Why tell him that you'll report him if he comes here."

"Oh, well, yes, that's unusual, but sometimes they forget and they get caught." That's the end of that story.

The other backtrack tale here I wish to tell is that a shipmate of mine on the New Orleans, the cruiser New Orleans that

I was on for my first three years out of the Academy, a classmate and shipmate James C. Bentley, who was a very good friend, I drove with him back to Michigan the summer of 1937 for his wedding at La Peer. He lived in La Peer, but his wedding was in Jackson, Michigan. I drove back with him for his wedding in the summer of 1937. Bentley learned that I was in Pearl Harbor, returned from Japan, a few weeks after I arrived and about two weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor he gave an outdoor evening party for me, invited a few classmates and some other people that he thought would be interested in meeting me. One of these was William W. Outerbridge, class of 1927. Another was Lester J. Stone, class of 1934, classmate of mine that I had known, he lifted weights with me occasionally. Another one was Les~~o~~ Tharin, a Marine fighter pilot, also a classmate of mine and Bentley's. It was a very pleasant party. Of course, I knew Bentley's wife, I had been at their wedding, a lovely girl, very nice, everybody liked her. And so people hearing that I was fresh back from Japan asked me all sorts and kinds of questions. In fact, that was the purpose of the party, He thought that they would be interested in hearing what I might have to say. So I told them that I thought, yes, the Japanese were getting ready to attack us and it would be very soon. So Les Stone absorbed all this, he didn't say anything much at the time that I remember, but Outerbridge was soon to take command of the USS Ward, one of the four-stack destroyers, in the offshore patrol ~~at the entrance~~

at the entrance to Pearl Harbor. He was going to take charge of it in just a few days. So he asked me quite a few questions, and he particularly asked me, "I'm going to take command of a destroyer out here in the offshore patrol. If I should see a periscope or indications there was a submarine out there without any ^{declaration} ~~declaration~~ of war, what would you do? What would you suggest I do?"

I told him, "Just for myself, if you see one out there, that means they're going to pull a sneak attack just like they did at Port Arthur and they did ^{earlier} against the Chinese, they opened war with both of those people with sneak attacks first, destructive sneak attacks and then started the war in that fashion without it. That would probably ^{be} ~~that's~~ what they're doing here." I said, "I would attack it unhesitatingly." So he asked more questions and I stuck by my guns. With that, that's all I remember about the party.

Les Tharin was one of the Marines who was soon to go to Wake Island to be taken by carrier, by the Enterprise to Wake Island, was with the 12 fighter planes and their support groups, was taken to Wake Island and was there just before the attack on Pearl Harbor in time to do their bit in defense of Wake. Les Tharin was captured on Wake and spent the entire war in a prison camp. He later became a lieutenant general in the Marine Corps after he returned, a very fine man.

I saw Les Stone soon after the attack, and he told me, he

said, "You were responsible for something that you might be interested in knowing. When I asked you what you told us, I went back to my squadron, the patrol plane squadron based on Ford Island in Pearl Harbor, and I told my squadron commander what you had said. I specifically ordered an emergency generator for the squadron so that we would have it in case things went wrong on ^{attack} ~~attak~~." He said, "It was this generator that I got because of what you said that the signal, 'Air raid, Pearl Harbor, this is no drill,' went out to Washington and the other places. This emergency generator provided the power that first told the rest of the world that Pearl Harbor was being attacked."

I saw Les three months ago at my 50th class reunion, 50th anniversary of our graduation. I asked him, I said, "Les, I'd like you to repeat this story. Will you do so? Would you? What was it that you said you did because of what I told you at Jim Bentley's party?"

And so he repeated it again, just what I told you, and I said, "Will you put that in writing?"

He said, "I surely will."

I'm going to write to him and ask him to do that.

Q: Tell him now he doesn't need to.

Captain Biard: All right. But the first word of the attack on Pearl Harbor was sent out on a radio powered by the emergency

generator that had been procured because of what I had told Les Stone at this party, and he confirmed that again.

Q: It's a kind of sense of satisfaction.

Captain Biard: Yes. About 40 years later. Soon after ^{the attack} ~~that~~ I saw Outerbridge, and Outerbridge was the one whose ship sighted a periscope at about 3:55 ^{in the morning of 7 December outside Pearl} and went after it, and I believe attacked it, sent the message in that there was a periscope. Then again about ^{6:30} ~~7:00~~ o'clock, ~~after 7:00 o'clock~~, he saw a periscope following the supply ship Antares, an auxillary ship, ~~maybe not a supply ship~~, Antares, into the channel. Of course, the torpedo net or submarine net protecting the channel was open so that this ship could enter. He and another ^{guard} ship saw it, the Condor, a minesweeper, I believe it was, that was on patrol out there. And Condor flashed a signal to him, and Outerbridge's officer of the deck saw it, called to Outerbridge, Outerbridge came on the deck and he saw this periscope and he immediately charged it and attacked it and sank what we now know was one of their midget submarines that was attempting to get into the harbor as ^{two} ~~several~~ of them did, and one of them perhaps torpedoed ~~the~~ the Arizona.

Q: This was the second one he'd seen then?

Captain Biard: Yes. The first one didn't create too much of a

fuss, but this was the one he reported for the attack, and my old skipper, the one who had made me his tactical officer, told the man who brought it up to him, and he told Admiral Bloch, the Commandant of the 14th Naval District. We've had many things like this reported before, many, this was probably just another one. So he said, "I'll ask them to confirm it." And so he sent it back to them ^{to} ~~and~~ ^{it.} confirmed ~~this~~. Of course, it should have been acted on immediately, but there had been many similar reports before, but this time it really was so. ^{Outerbridge} ~~he~~ saw it and he got various flotsam from the midget submarine that he had sunk, and it was ~~really~~ a real thing. Unfortunately, it did not get to Admiral Kimmell in time. It would have helped. However, it would not have prevented too much of what happened later on, I'm sure.

Q: No, but at least if you knew, it would not be as horrible as being taken completely by surprise.

Captain Biard: That is correct, and knowing that somebody said, "Let's confirm this," rather than saying, "Go ahead now, get ready in a hurry. We'll get the people ready. Something's happening here. Get ready for it." And the idea that somebody just dropped the ball, that our side dropped the ball and did not take the warning.

Anyway, Outerbridge saw me two or three weeks later, or I saw

him, and he told me, "You know, the only reason that I had the resolution to attack that submarine was what you had told me. You had told me, I had asked you once if a situation like that should come up, what would you do and what would you suggest I do." And I told him to do exactly what he did. He said, "That gave me the resolution to do what I did, to attack it and not call somebody else and say, 'What should I do?'"

Now, this happened to me several times. I saw Outerbridge several years later, and I reminded him of this and what he had said. He said, "Oh, no, I didn't say anything like that to you." There are quite a few people who had done things or had told me, "You really put us on the track and on the ball when we weren't on it," at one time when the situation was hot. Then when they'd get a lot of publicity on it, the people say, "You did the right thing," such as that, and later on when I'd see them, "Oh, no, I never told you that."

For example, a story that I'm going to turn over to you here this morning, my story on the Coral Sea, one of the officers on the staff, while things were really hot, and Fletcher was not paying any attention to what I said and what I was begging him to do, one of the officers on the staff, hearing all this, told me, "If we get out of this safely, it'll be you and you alone that got us out." Now, I'm not saying that that's not an overstatement.

Q: But it's factual, I take it.

Captain Biard: I'm being factual on what he said, but I'm not saying that what he said is not an overstatement.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: But he told me, "If you get us safely to San ^{Diego} ~~Francisco~~." He didn't say the admiral. He said, "If you do," he said, "I'll give you a case of Scotch whiskey." Well, I didn't get them safely ~~to San Francisco~~ to San Diego. Later on when I saw him, I reminded him.

"Oh, no, I never did say anything like that."

"Don't worry. You wouldn't have to give me the case of Scotch whiskey anyway." *We were sent to Pearl Harbor! Not to San Diego.*

But there are quite a number of cases like that where people would say something. "You did the right thing. You really did it. You were on the ball." Then later on, if admitting that would make them look a little bit unimpressive, or less impressive ...

Q: The denial.

Captain Biard: They'd deny it.

Q: They denied it because if they said yes, you were responsible, it would have made them less prestigious?

Captain Biard: Yes. There are several cases like that, and these are two of them.

Q: Only one of the three gave you the credit.

Captain Biard: Les Stone said, "Absolutely."

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, after the first two days or so, the first two days there, we were working on this back traffic that we had got from the cable office and chief warrant officer, and the name that I gave before is slightly incorrect. I said it was Farnsworth, and it isn't Farnsworth; it's Farnsley.

Q: I think you said Woodward.

Captain Biard: Woodward is correct.

Q: I don't know that you ever gave the name Farnsley.

Captain Biard: I believe I did, but if I didn't, his correct name was Chief Warrant Officer Farnsley Woodward.

Q: I'm thinking of the man who committed suicide.

Captain Biard: He is the man who committed suicide.

Q: Which one?

Captain Biard: Woodward.

Q: Yes, that's the name you had.

Captain Biard: If I gave his first name, I gave it as Farnsworth.

Q: Oh, you were speaking of his first name.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Oh.

Captain Biard: It is not Farnsworth. I have checked it, and it is Farnsley.

Q: Oh, that's the first name. Farnsley Woodward.

Captain Biard: Yes, Farnsley C. Woodward, a very, very fine man. The work in the dungeon ^{prior to} ~~after~~ the attack on Pearl Harbor was not productive, we were not reading codes out there. Washington had

assigned us codes that when we could get into them were unproductive, that is, did not give us any important information. They assigned us one code in particular that we just couldn't get into, and that was the admiral's code.

But I was still living at the McDonald Hotel, the "Termite Tavern," in Honolulu. I had a large, very large overseas RCA radio. This is just a big radio receiver, a very good one, nothing extremely special but just about \$125 set in those days. \$125 was a lot more money than it is now. When I would spend the night at my place, I usually spent the night at the dungeon and then a night in town, a night at the dungeon, a night in town. When I would spend the night in town, I would always have my .45 by my bed because we did expect sabotage, we did expect people to maybe come and get us. One of the messages that we read, in fact, that I translated in these cablegrams that we got from the cable office, and we got a backlog of them, after we got into them we went back and got some more, one of them had been sent from the consulate to Tokyo just after President Harrison, with us aboard, had arrived. This dispatch reported to Tokyo that we, the five, six language officers, had arrived and they gave the addresses to which each one of us had gone to live. They had checked up on us where we were. This time they reported me as going to the YMCA, they did not say anything about me going to the McDonald Hotel, but with this, I figured that they darn well might have tracked me on into the McDonald Hotel, and somebody

might come along who would try to eradicate me. But even so, there could be other untoward things happening. We still believed there might be sabotage and disloyal acts. But as I say, I translated that dispatch and that sort of opened my eyes. There were other dispatches, one or two, but then no more.

So I continued to live there. It was right near a very prominent intersection, heavy traffic, the intersection of Punahou Street and Beretania Avenue, a highly travelled intersection. ^{Following Pearl Harbor} There was a guard there sometimes in civilian clothes, bare feet. The native men frequently went barefoot there. But there was always a guard there with a Springfield rifle, and during the night you could hear shots. They were not at all careful about what they did, *or shot at.*

Q: Everything was still blacked out?

Captain Biard: Yes. Remained blacked out for quite some time. The hotel was blacked out. I had two short wave radios, in fact, one was an overseas portable receiver, not too large, portable and not too large. I would frequently go down to the lounge of the hotel and other people there would come in to listen to my overseas broadcast receiver with information coming from the States. I didn't listen to Japan on it, but I could get the States on it. I listened to Japan on my large one up in my own room. All of the news was bad in those days. The Japanese

didn't have to put out any exaggerated reports. The only thing they had to do was tell the truth. Heaven knows, that was impressive, impressive, impressive. I listened to the Japanese language broadcasts to keep my ear in tune. I didn't have any other Japanese to talk to. That was just my way of staying in touch with the spoken language. I didn't want to lose it, so I listened to the Japanese language broadcasts for an hour or so at least every night that I was home.

At the hotel, there were two wives of naval officers who were commanding officers of submarines. One was the wife of William Leslie Wright, about the class of 1923 or 1924, I think, who was the skipper of the submarine Sturgeon. He was soon sent to the Western Pacific and back to Australia. His wife and his children were there, a very fine lady. Another was Lieutenant Commander ~~Mosley~~^{Moseley}, skipper of the USS Pollack. I had many more conversations with ~~Mosley~~^{Moseley} than with Wright, but ~~Mosley's~~^{Moseley's} wife was there, and she was a little more apprehensive, or at least her apprehension was more evident than that of Mrs. Wright. I don't say she was more apprehensive. But her husband made one of the first patrols off Japan. He left very soon after Pearl Harbor. I was still at the McDonald when he came back a couple of months later. For the first time, I, of course, was just aching to hear what he said, what he reported. He reported that he had sunk three ships, but that his torpedoes, he was sure, many of his torpedoes had misbehaved, had not run properly. This was the

report number one. He said, "I fired them point blank at a ship I could not miss, and I did not get any hits." Or, "I heard explosions and the ship did not sink." That was a premature torpedo. So he was saying very, very bad things about his torpedoes, one of the first ^{of very many} such reports.

"Bull" Wright took his submarine on out off the Philippines and later on down to the Southwest Pacific in Australia. The submariners would come in and sometimes contact Mrs. Wright, let her know that they had heard from him, that he was all right. Whenever he would make an attack, if he did report it, he would say, "Virgin Sturgeon did this." You may or may not be familiar with the somewhat bawdy poem, "Virgin Sturgeon needs no urging."

Q: "Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine dish." Isn't that it?

Captain Biard: I don't remember. But I know the "Virgin Sturgeon needs no urging," that's part of it. And so he would start all of his dispatches or somewhere in there would be "Virgin Sturgeon. Well, the first time that he thought he sank a Jap, he started out "Sturgeon." And from then on, it was Sturgeon reports. But anyway, we could tell her, and I would get some dispatches there, a lot of the submarine reports would come in to us in the dungeon. So I'd tell her, "We heard from "Bull." He's all right." Of course, she would appreciate that.

Things went on like this for a while until about the 14th of

February. Joe Rochefort called me and Gil Slonim over to talk with us, and that is the next 101 days are fully covered in Appendix 2.

Q: Can you describe what Appendix 2 is, please?

Captain Biard: Appendix 2 is the complete report, detailed report of my entire 101 days in USS Yorktown. Yorktown was the carrier in Task Force 17 that departed Pearl Harbor 15 February 1942, the day that Singapore fell, one of the black days in World War II, because everyone had considered Singapore to be the defense for half the world. Things had been disastrous up to then, ~~They~~ they were even more disastrous after that.

I was sent by Joe Rochefort, by Admiral Nimitz, who gave orders to Eddie Layton, from him to Joe Rochefort, to send an officer and two of our intercept operators with radios to accompany Rear Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, the task force commander of Task Force 17, flagship USS Yorktown, aircraft carrier, to do what we could to assist him or give him information on the operations that he might conduct while he was out. We were supposedly going out to conduct a raid, to raid Marcus Island. Marcus Island is about 1,000 miles from Tokyo, more or less east of Tokyo. Admiral Halsey in Enterprise was to raid Wake Island, which, of course, had fallen about two months before. Those raids were to be conducted and then I was to be

back in Pearl Harbor in some two weeks. But Singapore fell on that day. Rochefort told me, "Do not let anyone know that you're leaving. Do not give them any idea you're leaving." So I didn't tell anybody in my hotel I was leaving. I drove my car out to Pearl Harbor, got the things I needed, some things I left there that I knew I would need, then I drove back to the hotel and left it there, and without telling anybody that it would be parked where it was for the next two weeks, so I thought. It turned out to be more than three months.

We decided this by lot, who would go with whom, I made the unluckiest toss of my life at this time. Gil Slonim got Halsey in Enterprise, who was to raid Wake. I got Frank Jack Fletcher in Yorktown, ~~we~~ were to raid Marcus Island. We were to be the ones nearer to Tokyo, the more risky. But we all thought we would be back within two weeks, and Halsey more or less was. He was back before too long.

I had with me two excellent, very excellent radiomen, fine men. All of our intercept operators were good men. Our unit wouldn't accept them if they weren't good and loyal. They had to have very topnotch service records and be completely dependable. These two men knew their jobs and they were excellent. Their names were Seaman ...

Q: Are they in this report?

Captain Biard: No, they're not.

Q: Their names are what?

Captain Biard: I've put in the name of one of them since that report was written. The name of one of them was Seaman. The name of the other was Seward. I cannot speak of them too highly for what they were and what they did. So we joined Yorktown, I boarded it. It's unfortunate that I was not a selected member of Frank Jack Fletcher's staff. I was just some upstart youngster that had been thrown at him. I was not one of his hand-picked henchmen. *incompetent henchmen, generally.*

Q: I'm interrupting, I know, but I want to point out that this Appendix 2 is 58 pages, and anyone using the material for historical purposes should know what this 58 pages covers.

Captain Biard: What the 58 pages covers are departure from Pearl, opening our orders and finding out we were not to raid Marcus Island, that our orders had suddenly been changed. We had sealed orders when we left Pearl, and when we got outside Pearl after all the defense, the high speed destroyers guarding us on our departure from the channel and protecting us against submarines, our task force left. We opened our orders when we were told to, which was several hours after we got out, that the

orders to raid Marcus were cancelled. We were told to move south, get down near the Equator near Canton Island and wait there. Well, things were getting hot around Australia, and our defense chiefs of staff were, of course, very, very anxious to defend our lifeline to Samoa and Australia. Samoa is on the way, a protective point. And so we were soon told, we cut grooves in the equatorial regions for several days before we were told to proceed on to the Coral Sea and stand by there to defend Australia against any moves from the Japanese. That we did. We went on there. They had to, of course, send tankers down to us, and we were a big drain on their oil supply and on their tanker supply. We met up with the Lexington down there. On March 10, we raided Lae and Salamau on the New Guinea peninsula. This is described.

Q: And the names are in there?

Captain Biard: Yes, they're in there. This turned out to be, as I have learned from Admiral Layton in the last two years, and he learned from the Japanese reports, that this delayed their Port Moresby operation by about six weeks, this raid. I thought the raid was inconsequential. It was not. It sank three ships, damaged some others. It made the Japanese hesitant to conduct future operations in the direction of Australia for about six more weeks. That delayed their entire schedule down there. At

the time I did not think this raid was that important or had that effect, but I was able to tell Admiral Fletcher that I didn't know just all of the damage the aviators had done, but that certainly they had not sunk anything like the number of ships that they claimed, and they had not. The raid was interest^{ing} and is described in the report.

After that, Lexington went back to Pearl Harbor for provisions and needed repairs and such. We stayed and guarded the Coral Sea. After a time, my men were all the time becoming acquainted with the radio circuits in the area and listening to Japanese traffic, and I was ^{giving} ~~giving~~ reports to Fletcher. This is all described in the 58-page article. I was not too useful at this time. However, I had borrowed some very good radios from some of the officers on board Yorktown and was listening with them to overseas broadcasts, the Japanese short wave broadcasts. I was reporting to Admiral Fletcher what the Japanese were saying they had done, what had happened, and he got the information more quickly that way and more accurately than he got it from our own forces, my listening to Japanese language, Japanese broadcasts. In fact, the first information we got on Halsey's raid on April 18, 1942, raid of Tokyo, Doolittle's Raid, with Enterprise and Hornet, I gave to him that way. I was able to tell him also not before too long that the Japanese knew that the planes had come from our carriers.

Roosevelt, of course, was pulling this awful scam on the

American public of telling the public that the Japanese did not know from where the planes came, that he would not tell them, he'd keep it a secret from them.

Q: The Shangri La?

Captain Biard: That they came from Shangri La. Well, within a very few days they knew for sure. They had captured some of the the fliers on some of the planes that had not made it to China and had got the information from them, exactly where they came from, but all the time Roosevelt was pulling this, knowing quite well that the Japanese had the information fully, but this was just ~~#~~ grandstanding before the American public.

Here I might add that Freddie Storm and some of the other White House correspondents who were with us in New Orleans in 1934, when we took Roosevelt to Hawaii, at least we escorted him to Hawaii, he was in Houston, they described him as a man who would barbeque his mother on the White House lawn for three more votes. That is the way the White House correspondents spoke of him. I am quoting exactly the opinions, and all of them agreed when it was said, no argument. When one said it, I believe it was Freddie Storm, the one that Roosevelt liked best was the one who said this, and the others might disagree but more or less assented right there with him. This was while we were eating one day. We discussed Roosevelt tremendously, and I wanted to know

things. Freddie Storm seemed to like me. He was always doing things for me. When we got to port, he was always finding girlfriends for the junior officers and the prettiest one for me.

As I say, Roosevelt continued in this for a long time, but when he finally said that the planes came from a task force from the Hornet, there was a great outcry from the American public and in the press. "Why did he tell them that? Why did he tell them that secret information? He should never reveal that."

Well, he had been grandstanding before the American public for 18 months or so when he told them that. The Japanese knew it within three days. In fact, we can say surely they guessed it the first day, and in three days they had it from prisoners whom they executed.

After that, some of our planes developed troubles in gas tanks, and we had to go to Tongatabu, the Tonga Islands, or the Friendly Islands. We stayed there about ten days repairing planes. We had ^{lost}~~lost~~ too many planes because of gas ^{line blocks}~~tank leaks~~ and the like. All of this is in the paper. I tell of my very, very eventful stay there, very eventful stay in Tonga, interesting, and of the return to the Coral Sea, and of my worsening relations with Fletcher.

Fletcher at one time in here, as I've reported fully, had me into his cabin for lunch with the rest of his staff. The rest of his staff ordinarily ate with him, but I didn't. I was not worthy of it. After all, he had not invited me to join his

staff. I had just been thrown at him. While there, he started talking about the work I was doing, and he wanted to know about codebreaking and about the unit I came from and the other units that he was fairly sure existed. The mess attendants were there, Guamanians and Filipinos and colored, but it made no difference what their color was, if they had been white I still would not have told him the information he wanted to know.

I told him, I said, "Admiral, I have strict instructions from the Chief of Naval Operations that I'm not to discuss this with people outside those authorized to hear it." I said, "I've been instructed not to tell this on this operation, anything about the questions you've asked."

Of course, everybody else was looking at me down their noses and so on. I was the very junior man, absolutely the most junior and the one that was not one of his picked henchmen. He said, "Young man, you will tell me anything I want to know any time I ask the question."

I said, "I'm sorry, Sir, there are people here. If I really must answer your question, the people here, I'm sure, are not entitled to know if we are doing anything like that, whether we are or not. And if I'm to give the answer to your question, then I will have to do it in private."

"You will tell me here, right now in front of all these people, in front of anyone I want."

I said, "I'm very sorry, Admiral. I cannot do it. I will

have to decline." Well, I'm sure you know that an admiral doesn't like to be told by a lieutenant, a junior lieutenant, someone he hasn't picked for a henchman anyway, and his staff were largely just henchmen. Excuse me. They were henchmen largely. There was one exception very definitely, there was one man on the staff who certainly was a brave man, I'll tell you that.

Q: This is what is contained in here?

Captain Biard: The two people I'm referring to now I've said very little about. As I say, one man was a very brave man and the other was very competent.

Q: Are they named in here?

Captain Biard: One of them is named, yes. Charles Brooks, USNA 1931, he was communications officer. Charles Brooks and I got along very fine. Charles Brooks later on was to do something nice for me, much, much later in my naval career.

Another one was a Lieutenant Commander Schindler, who was the gunnery officer on the staff. I have not described him in this report. Schindler, when we got in operations with the Japanese twice, Schindler was a qualified radio operator, aircraft radio operator, and he could handle a machine gun. So twice he went up

in the battles in an SBD, that's a dive bomber, as radioman and gunner. He claims shooting down at least two Zeros, one each time, and he may have done so, I do not know. I can't say he didn't. He said he did, and I'm convinced that he thinks that he did, but there are many people that thought they shot down Zeros who did not shoot them down. But he was a brave man, and I am convinced I believe he was honest in his statement that he thinks he did, and possibly he did. As I say, he didn't have to do this; he asked to do this. He flew when we needed help from Australia, he flew to Australia in an SBD and carried the message and came back.

Q: The message about the Coral Sea?

Captain Biard: No, about our needing help, trying to get help from Australia while we were in the Coral Sea. The help arrived. It didn't do any good, but at least we saw the B-17s and said, "Ah, they look good." So anything derogatory that I may say here does not apply to Schindler because, although I cannot say more about him than I've said now, I had no associations with him in which he showed up early. And Charles Brooks, I have only high regard for. He was intelligent and a good officer.

Frank Jack Fletcher was, I will say personally, he was incompetent, lacking aggression, and he liked men ^{who were} the same way. He liked staff officers of the same type, who were not sharp,

because I am convinced the sharp people made him feel uncomfortable.

Q: You're saying he liked "yes men."

Captain Biard: Yes, he liked "yes men." In fact, he didn't ask for much information, but he didn't want anybody saying no and putting the pressure on him to do something.

Q: What happened when you told him you wouldn't give him information? Is that in the story?

Captain Biard: It's in the story. There is no follow-up now on that. There is no follow-up now on that because actually he let it drop. I stood my ground and I stood it very firmly, but I can assure you, I told him I would tell him in private, and he did not ask me to remain and give it to him in private, so I did not do so. But I had to stand my ground. In those days and times, we didn't want to let anybody know that we were even trying to break Japanese codes. We didn't want it talked about, because as one friend of mine said, "Everybody on board ship just waits for the ONI letter, ONI bulletin to come out." That's a not too high level magazine that was sent out to all ships every three or four weeks or so, and said, "They just wait til they can grab it and read it, and then go to their girlfriends and tell them

everything that was in it." And we knew that. We didn't want anyone to spread out any word that we were even trying to break Japanese codes because they might say, "Well, they are breaking them," so they would change them, and the last thing you want is for them to change a code you're reading. You want them to use it and use it forever. They don't, but if you're reading it or if you're working on it, your chances are much better if they keep using it. You can get much more traffic in it, you can find more messages in which they've made mistakes that will lead you to a break-in, and that is one of the best ways of getting into a code, is to find a very bad break they have made in using it. For example, sometimes they would send something out in code and it would be in the code groups, but the code groups, they might not put the cipher on the code groups after they had put the message into code. In putting the cipher on it is the thing that makes it really hard, really breaking that cipher, to get the cipher off of the group, so then you have the groups to work with and see if you can get their meanings. Well, occasionally a Japanese at the beginning of the use of a code would put the code groups, the message into the code group form and not put the cipher on it, but then he would discover his error and then send out the same message with the same identification groups without changing the way it had been encoded but put the cipher on top of it. That gave us right there, gave us a tremendous break-in to their cipher.

Q: Did that happen at this time?

Captain Biard: No. It did, yes, it did happen on the code that we were working on ~~the~~^{for} Coral Sea and Midway. Several different things like that. Because if they had not made breaks of that type, we just might not have got into it. But that's it. You have to be sharp to recognize them, and very frequently even our radiomen would recognize that somebody had made a mistake on it, and they would flag the message as it came in and say, "Here, look at this. This is one that you'll be very interested in."

We'd say, "Why?" We had a good group of radiomen. They knew their job and they had savvy.

Q: I'm terribly interested in hearing the rest of this, but I think I must read it on my own.

Captain Biard: So we went back, got in the Coral Sea, got into the action there, and that's where I tell the story of the Japanese transmissions that I've given here and the tale as I give it to Fletcher, at least the transmissions with the exact time and the exact meaning are as they were copied, or at least translated then from the copy and given to Frank Jack Fletcher in hopes of thinking, of course, that he would act on them. Those are not reconstructed from memory. I could not possibly have remembered all that. The paper with which that came is mixed up

in some papers that were in Layton's office that Layton sent to me when I left Pearl Harbor in August of 1943. I knew what these papers were because he had taken apart one of my atlases and had it photographed for their use there in CinCPac headquarters. My atlases were the ones that our people used for ^{the} Mandated Islands and such as that after the attack on Pearl Harbor, because I had the best there were. They were not good, but then nobody else had anything that good.

Q: You said that at one time a man said to you that if they got out of that, that he would get you a case of Scotch, but is that story in here?

Captain Biard: I don't think I put that in there. I originally did and then cut it out because I just figured I was stretching the readers' imagination, at least the credulity a little bit too much.

Q: Although you've referred to it earlier this morning.

Captain Biard: I've referred to it. This is one of the officers on the staff right there in the flag plot while I was arguing and begging the admiral to get off his tail and go out after the Japanese because I had told him where they were and what they were doing, basically ⁱⁿ which direction they were, and we could

find them, we could attack them before they could find us, and he wouldn't do it. The full story in great detail is in there.

Q: There is another thing, though, that you were going to tell about.

Captain Biard: Let me continue here. This paper was in this torn-up atlas that is the fifteenth volume of this golden embossed leather encyclopedia you see here. He tore it up, he had to photograph it for use there at CinCPacFt headquarters. I knew what it was. Since this was torn up, I just left it bound up. He gave me a copy of it and all this was in it. I took it with me and I always used the copy and never did open up the bound volume that he had dismembered. And so I didn't have a record of what had happened in the Coral Sea, but this went with me, all through my naval career, and finally when I retired and married and had my things sent to Dallas, or Waxahachie, where they had been sent by this time, to here, I eventually opened up this package that had come to me from Layton that I knew what it was, it was this bound volume, torn apart and copied. I used the copy. And I found ^{my} ~~this~~ record of the Coral Sea in it that I had made on the Yorktown. So it is exact. There is no guesswork in there at all. I'm glad I have it, because the story should be in historical records. Frank Jack Fletcher knew this at the time, and his report is entirely and completely ^{at} ~~in~~ variance with it.

You'll read in here, the reader will find in there the chief of staff coming to me and telling me what the admiral was putting in his report that he and I knew were wrong and completely incorrect. Frank Jack Fletcher submitted a report that was at great variance with the facts of the Coral Sea. This report can clear up much. There is no correct account yet in the hands of historians on what happened on the staff of Commander Task Force 17.

Q: You mean even with this?

Captain Biard: With this one it is.

Q: It is complete.

Captain Biard: It is, as far as my part in it, yes. I can't tell it all, but Frank Jack Fletcher was not a man who did much thinking, much planning, or looking sufficiently well into the future.

Q: You say, "I can't tell it all." Does that mean because you weren't privvy to everything?

Captain Biard: I was privvy to most of it, yes. But I can't say that my story is definitive, but what I have said here is quite

full and correct.

Q: Okay. So people who want to look into that part of history will have invaluable information.

Captain Biard: That is my opinion, and one or two historians working on it right now, Roger Pineau is one who says that it very definitely should be in the history books, very definitely. There are other people who say the same thing.

Q: I'm anxious to read it.

Captain Biard: My brother is as sharp as anyone I know, and he is the one who has just been beating me over the head to get this in the history books.

Q: Now, Mr. Layton has this?

Captain Biard: No, he saw it.

Q: Oh, he doesn't have a copy of it?

Captain Biard: He's dead now, of course, anyway.

Q: I don't mean Layton. I mean Stillwell.

Captain Biard: Yes, he has a copy of it.

Q: Stillwell has a copy.

Captain Biard: He has a copy of it identical to this one. So we came back to Pearl Harbor after this.

Q: Now, 101 days, that would have been when?

Captain Biard: The 27th of May. That is now the 27th of May, western longitude time. It would have been the 28th of May Coral Sea time. The story tells of the difficulty I had in getting me and my men off of Frank Jack Fletcher's staff. He wanted to force me to go with him, I knew the Battle of Midway was coming up, I did not want to be with Frank Jack Fletcher in any operation at any time. I had had it with Frank Jack Fletcher, and furthermore you will find in there Fullinwider. Another Japanese language officer with two other radiomen, had been on Lexington with Admiral Fitch, Task Force 16. As the account tells, Fletcher knew Fullinwider, had served in a battleship with him, I think Fletcher had been skipper of the battleship and Fullinwider was an officer on it. He liked Fullinwider. Fullinwider was a very likeable person. I have blacked out some references to Fullinwider in there, some others that are not too complimentary are still there, but some I have blacked out, and I

regret that I've had to black them out.

Q: Do you want to ...

Captain Biard: No, I don't want to.

Q: ... to take care of that?

Captain Biard: No, I do not. I think it best that I leave it, because I liked Fullinwider, Fullinwider and I got along fine. But he caused me trouble in the Coral Sea, as the account will tell. He didn't do it purposefully, but he was off the beam and he would send messages to the Yorktown saying, "Japanese have made this ^{transmission} ~~transmission~~," and whatnot, and he would be dead wrong, and I could prove it wrong just cold. The account tells it beyond any doubt whatsoever. I would show Frank Jack Fletcher.

For example, one thing, Fullinwider said, "Japanese report our course ^{as} ~~at~~ such and such, speed ^{as} ~~at~~ such and such." I had already reported the same dispatch because I'd got it, too, to Fletcher, and told him, "Japanese have said at 11:53 they ^{will} change course to 290 and speed 23." The figures are near here. I can't say that these are exact.

Whereas, Fullinwider ^{sent} ~~would send~~ over a dispatch on this, and we received this message at about maybe 12:15, and they're ^{were about to do,} ~~did in the past,~~ a course change and

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yet to make
a speed change they had ~~made~~ because they had started doing something that their absent air groups that were ^{then} attacking Neosho and Sims, this is described fully in the report, needed to know ~~this~~ so they could correct their return courses to meet up with the carrier and land on board again. That's always essential in carrier operations, absolutely essential. But Fullinwider sent over, and this is not the only time he did something like this, sent over, "Japanese report our course is 290, speed 23." Well, I told Frank Jack Fletcher, and by this time I was tearing my hair because it was obvious that he was just completely, completely not with it. I was really trying to get him to get with it.

I told him, "It's obvious, Admiral, this dispatch was originated by the Japanese at 11:53. It's now 12:15. They sent this dispatch to their planes at 12:15, telling them that at 11:53 we changed our course and speed to this, so they could correct their navigation to get back to the carriers. Their air groups were off attacking Neosho and Sims, thinking they were our main force, and we had already known that. We already knew that." And he would not believe me. I took him to the charts and showed him. "We have never been on course 290 or at least not for a length of time, and certainly ^{have} been making speeds seven or eight knots, waiting for our own air groups to return here, and no aviator would ever mistake a seven- or eight-knot speed for 23 knots. It couldn't be us."

Q: And this you told in here?

Captain Biard: Yes. That I've told in here. This was only part of the horror story of the Coral Sea.

Q: You mean this 58 pages is only part?

Captain Biard: No, horror.

Q: I know, but you say it's only part of the horror story? There's more even than told in your ...

Captain Biard: I mean the horror of Frank Jack Fletcher.

Q: It's only partially told in here?

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, I mean, there were so many. The horror story of the battle is told fully in there. But there were other things at the time, little things that went ^{on} ~~in~~ there. No use making 200 pages out of it.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: Everything that's really important.

Q: Is here.

Captain Biard: Is there to give the reader a full idea of the man, and to give the reader a full idea of what happened to F.R. Biard.

Q: What was that you said?

Captain Biard: And to give the reader a full idea of what happened to F.R. Biard.

Q: Oh, to you.

Captain Biard: Yes. I was not looking out for myself and my naval career. You'll find out I eventually was looking out for my neck. It looked as though we were going to lose the entire task force, and I darn well said, "My objective now is not my naval career, but to save the task force." Before it started out, here we can destroy the Japanese. Soon it became, "My God, I've got to see if I can't get ~~me~~^{us} out of here and save the task force."

And this is the time that this man told me, he said, "If we get out of here safely, it'll be only you. If you get us back safely to San Diego, I'll give you a case of Scotch."

Q: Is that in here?

Captain Biard: No, that is not.

Q: What was it you were doing or could have done?

Captain Biard: This whole thing I tell about in here.

Q: Oh.

Captain Biard: And he was hoping I would be able to persuade Frank Jack Fletcher to act intelligently and rationally as a capable task force commander.

Q: But we don't have his name.

Captain Biard: I don't even remember his name. I remember his face very well, and he was one of the better officers on the staff, although Frank Jack Fletcher only had one officer on his staff he really, really talked to, and that was his operations officer, who was nothing exceptional. An operations officer should be exceptional. *But he was hard-working and better than average.*

Q: Then we're back in Pearl on May 28th?

Captain Biard: We're back in Pearl on May ~~20th~~^{27th}. I finally got permission to leave the ship and go ashore, then I went straight as soon as I could. By this time, when I got permission to leave the ship, by that time Fullinwider and his crew had been promised to Frank Jack Fletcher. Well, of course, he would far rather have Fullinwider than F.R. Biard anyway, and I'll admit that Fullinwider was a much more pleasant shipmate. I couldn't be pleasant. I won't say pleasant, but I couldn't be charming and "yes, yes, yes," to somebody to whom I should always say, "No, no, no, Admiral, that can't be it." I just couldn't do it. I'm not that type of person, particularly when the well-being of my country was at stake, and finally, when the neck of F.R. Biard was at stake, too. It finally came down to the fact that it's not only my country that I'm trying to do something for; now it's, "If I don't do this, it makes no difference. He can court-martial me, do anything he wants to to me, if I survive, because if I don't get him to act intelligently, I won't have to worry about a court-martial because nobody will survive." It was that bad, and I've explained that in here.

Q: When you said "leave the ship," you meant be detached?

Captain Biard: Be detached, yes. I went back to the unit. Fullinwider had preceded me to the unit. He had left at Tongatabu, as I've explained there, I believe. He was there and

he had all the information on Midway, all of it, and so Fullinwider, and Fullinwider was a very pleasant person, I liked him personally. He just had not been sharp in the Coral Sea. He ^{very unintentionally} had got me in trouble with Fletcher. ^{a stupid Frank Jack} I might have been able to have more success with Fletcher if it hadn't been for Fullinwider's boo-boos. As I say, I liked Fullinwider, he's a nice gent. *But he pulled some awful boo-boos.*

Q: Then when you got back?

Captain Biard: He was already in the unit back in the dungeon.

Q: Of course, Rochefort was still in charge.

Captain Biard: Rochefort was still there.

Q: And they had broken the code for the Battle of Midway?

Captain Biard: Yes, both Coral Sea and Midway. They had ^{obtained} much information ^{for} ~~on~~ Coral Sea, but they had a fantastic amount of information on Midway that made it possible for the Battle of Midway to actually occur and by good luck and the very skin of our teeth, and the tremendous devotion to duty of the naval aviators, tremendous devotion to duty. That was a tragic, tragic battle for so many of them.

Q: Are you going to expand on that?

Captain Biard: Yes, I'm going to. This is already in all the historical records.

Q: Yes, I know. Maybe I should say, to phrase it differently, is there anything you have to add historically concerning the detachment under Rochefort?

Captain Biard: Yes, I'm going to.

Q: That has not been put in history books.

Captain Biard: That is what I'm going to say here. Fullinwider briefed me on everything that had occurred up to then, what we knew and what was happening, what was going to happen, at least where we were sending our forces. He got all of this. Of course, my jaw had dropped about two feet, and I was just listening in amazement because I knew we had this information, but getting the straight story and what was coming up and what might come up, and the absolute disaster that might befall us out there. We had to go out and try to come out ahead with the pitifully small forces we had. They had a force that could have crushed us and should have crushed us, but we had to do it. And Nimitz, thank God, had the guts to do it, and he also had the

guts to ^{trust} ~~crash~~ Rochefort, Layton, and Joe Finnegan, and "Red" Lasswell. ^{Lasswell} ~~Lasswell~~. They were the big ones. Joe Finnegan and "Red" Lasswell were the big ones in getting this thing straightened out. They made the Battle of Midway possible. Layton and Rochefort stuck their necks out 50,000 miles, and Layton and Rochefort sold it to Nimitz in time. If he'd bought it two days ^{later} ~~too late~~, ^{Midway} ~~it~~ wouldn't have ^{been possible} ~~made any difference~~. But they were able to sell it to him ^{immediately and} far enough in advance, ahead of time, that he did get his forces back and he got the meager forces we had out there and in the right place, and thank God Fletcher gave Spruance tactical command and Spruance won the battle, Spruance and those glorious carrier aviators. Our carrier aviators had not performed well in the Coral Sea, but at Midway they were glorious.

I tell the story of "Joe Joe" ^{Powers} ~~Powers~~ in there, in my article. "Joe Joe" Powers, J.J. Powers, lieutenant (junior grade), or maybe he was a lieutenant then. He was an unimpresssive person. The story I tell there will let the reader know that I will forever be tremendously impressed with "Joe Joe" Powers, the Battle of the Coral Sea, I worship at his shrine. So I have more to say about "Joe Joe" Powers, who did not survive the Battle of the Coral Sea. He died on the eighth. He died crashing a Japanese carrier or crashing into the water alongside it after he was sure his bomb ^{would} ~~had~~ hit. It was too late to pull ^{his plane} ~~himself~~ out ^{without crashing.} ~~if he did not crash~~. It explains what he said he was going to do, and he was going to do that. It tells in my story here, he

told in the wardroom the night before the battle, it tells in there that I was asked by some of ^{the aviators} ~~them~~ to address the air group. This was not the air group commander; this was just some of the fliers. I have been a little bit modest in there. I have not told all that I told. But "Joe Joe" Powers, the chaplain, also told them, he addressed them and said, "What Biard says, I believe is correct."

Q: Do you want to expand on that now, which is not in here?

Captain Biard: There's not much really in there. It does tell in there that "Joe Joe" Powers came forth and said, "You yellow-bellied bastards." And these are his actual words, and he was a rough Brooklyn boy, not rough but I mean he had no smooth social background. He said, "You yellow-bellied bastards." In our previous attacks, that was on the fourth of May at Tulagi and on the seventh of May in the first day of the Battle of the Coral Sea when the Carrier ^{SHÖNÖ} ~~Shōhō~~ was sunk, he said, "When you're diving and make your dives, somebody at 5,000 feet will ^{pull} ~~push~~ out ~~and~~ holler, 'Ack Ack, Ack Ack,' and all of you will pull out and run for home. You will drop your bombs too high. You know damn well you can't get hits that way." He actually called them, the whole group there. He said, "You yellow-bellied bastards." And he said, "Tomorrow if you watch me and you come down with me, you won't drop your bombs at 5,000 feet. You won't pull out that

high. You'll come down so far that you'll know damn well the bombs are going to land on the deck of that carrier." He said, "Follow me. Follow me. Follow me, and you will make a hit." He said, "I tell you, ^{you} will, and you watch me tomorrow, and you follow me and you'll get hits, too." That was "Joe Joe" Powers. He crashed ^{in the} ~~to~~ sea right alongside the carrier ^{SHOKAKU} after he had dropped his bomb, far too low for him to pull out. I will say here that I knew, I saw quite a few of the people from the Yorktown in Pearl Harbor after they returned there, after Yorktown sank in the Battle of Midway. They all knew me. These are the officers I'm talking about. They would tell me the stories. They told me who had been given medals and so on, and I knew that Powers had not been given a medal. That I could not understand. I didn't understand it until Labor Day.

Q: Of this year?

Captain Biard: No. Labor Day of 1942, when Roosevelt had Mr. and Mrs. Powers, "Joe Joe's" parents, come to the White House. His Labor Day address was largely about "Joe Joe" Powers.

Q: Do you want to stop a minute?

Captain Biard: Yes. So on Labor Day of 1942, as I learned from Life magazine, I saw the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Powers in Life

Magazine when we got our copy, maybe a week later at Pearl Harbor, Mr. and Mrs. Powers, "Joe Joe's" parents, were awarded or given his Medal of Honor posthumously. Roosevelt gave quite a lengthy speech about Powers and what he had done.

There were other medals given that were not warranted, and some were not given that were warranted. Some were not given that should have been given. There was a tendency to give a head of a department--I'll back off of that. But I saw people at Pearl Harbor from the Yorktown, and one of the people I saw was Captain Buckmaster, the captain of the Yorktown. He looked me up. On the way back to Pearl Harbor, ^{from the Coral Sea} Buckmaster didn't have too much to do. We were not in territory near the enemy, we were out of the battle, and he and I talked about the battle quite a bit. He had heard a bit about what I had tried to do with Fletcher, and he asked me about it. I told him, I gave him the full details of it. He said, "I could not agree with you more. That was exactly what I wanted to do, exactly what you were trying to get him to do." He said, "It should have been done." So we had quite a few serious conversations about the battle on the way back to Pearl Harbor.

After Captain Buckmaster arrived in Pearl Harbor, after the sinking of Yorktown at Midway, he got in touch with me and wanted to tell me some things about the battle, which he did, and he said, "My actions, I believe, were responsible for the sinking of the fourth carrier." He said, "The tactics I used there or at

least what I tried to do were much the same as you tried to get Fletcher to do in the Coral Sea. I honestly believe we got that fourth carrier, the one that sank us. We got that carrier in accordance with what you tried to get Fletcher to do in the Coral Sea, I really do. I think I was responsible for that." "I" meaning Buckmaster.

Q: But he looked you up to tell you that?

Captain Biard: Yes. He looked me up to tell me that, that and other things.

Q: A big man.

Captain Biard: Yes, he was a big man. And so he, of course, was being sent back to the States for duty. He had no ship, and where he was going to, I don't know. But very soon after that, very soon after that, someone in Dallas, Texas, called my father by telephone and told him, he said, "I can't tell you who I am. I am passing through here only briefly. But I know your son. I know him well. You should be proud of him. There are ^{at} few people in the Navy who are making tremendous contributions to what we are doing in the war." And so he told my father, he said, "I know your son. He is a member of a small group that is making fantastically great contributions to our war efforts in the

Pacific, contributing to successes." He said, "Be proud of him. I am sorry I can't tell you who I am."

Dad said, "Well, won't you come see me? I'm here downtown." He had an office in one of the large bank buildings.

He said, "No, I can't. I don't want you to know who I am, but I do want you to know that you should be proud of your son. He's making a tremendous contribution."

I've never known who it was, but I'm almost sure that it was Captain Buckmaster. The timing was right. He knew me, he knew that I lived in Dallas, and he had had many conversations with me, and he was well aware of what I had tried to do while I was in Yorktown with Fletcher. So that's the last time I ever saw Captain Buckmaster. He later rose to the rank of vice admiral. I remember him, he was a good man, and I have tremendous respect for him.

Q: Is the story told in here about why Fletcher turned over to Spruance, or why the command was given to Spruance?

Captain Biard: I don't tell anything about Midway in there, no.

Q: Well, do you know why? Tell me, is that story in the books?

Captain Biard: It's in the books. I would have to give you only what I've read in the books.

Q: Okay. So you couldn't add a personal ...

Captain Biard: I couldn't add anything worthwhile to it.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: I went back to the McDonald Hotel. This is before the Battle of Midway. This is between the time of arrival at Pearl and the Battle of Midway.

Q: What was that date?

Captain Biard: The ^{27th of May} ~~28th~~ I arrived, the fourth ^{of June} was the big battle.

Q: The fourth of ...

Captain Biard: The fourth of June, 1942. I tell this story in the account, but I will say something about it here. When I got back to McDonald, these reserve Army officers who were there and other people were all saying, "Midway, Midway, Midway." And the tales were fantastic. One Army officer told me, "There's been a great battle at Midway and we've lost. We've had a horrible defeat." This ^{was actually} ~~is~~ before the battle.

Another would say, "We're shipping everything, guns,

aircraft, supplies, everything to Midway. Everything is going out there. Something big is coming up."

And my answer would be, "It is? Hmm. Hard to believe that. I'm pretty well situated in intelligence, and that's news to me. I hardly think that could be so." And of course all the time I was quaking, "My God, the Japanese will get this. We're setting a trap for them out there."

Everybody in Honolulu, everybody on the islands ^{of Oahu} knew it. I was one of the few people living in Honolulu, that is, the codebreaking unit, that knew just what the situation was, but everybody had the word that in Midway something big was going to happen there. I heard this more and more and more of that thing all the time, just these few days. "Something big is coming up." "Something awful has happened and they won't tell about it, won't tell about the awful defeat that's already occurred. They're keeping it quiet." And, of course, I told this to Rochefort and the others. I don't know, Rochefort didn't have much use for me by this time. I was on Rochefort's list because, as you will read in something there, Rochefort thought that I had really let Frank Jack Fletcher down. Frank Jack Fletcher had complained about me to Nimitz, I was almost court-martialed. Layton saved me from a court-martial. So I was on Rochefort's black list.

Q: Is that in here?

Captain Biard: No, but it will be in something else I will give you. I am writing it. I have it in something else I will give to you. That will be Appendix 3. I don't have it here, but I'll soon get it.

Rocheport had no particular comment, but as I mentioned in there, the Japanese code that we had got all the information on Midway, from which we had obtained all the information on Midway, was changed on ~~June 1st or maybe May 31st~~, ^{27 May, 1942} the date, I don't care which, ~~it depends on which side of the Date Line you're on,~~ ^{on 1 April,} maybe. It had been due to be changed two months before, and that would have really, really set us back ^{at} ~~in~~ Midway. Then it was due to be changed one month before, ^{on 1 May.} They had not been able to complete distribution, but they finally did change it ^{one week} ~~four days~~ before the actual battle. So we knew all they were supposed to do, ^{by 27 May} but we did not know whether between ^{27 May} ~~the first of June~~ and the fourth of June they ^{might have} called everything off. If they'd called everything off, then, of course, the names of we, the codebreakers, would have been mud. "You put us on a wild goose chase. You called us back from here and laid us wide open to everything out there." For those ^{seven or so} ~~four~~ days, we were sitting on pins and needles just hoping beyond hope, praying to God that the Japanese wouldn't change, they would come on, because the only chance we had was ^{that} they would come and step into the trap we hoped we were successfully setting for them. So all of us were just chewing our nails. We couldn't tell anybody else, but hearing

all of this, these wild rumors around Honolulu, just almost drove me crazy.

When on the third of June a PBY, that's a two-engine patrol plane, out ^{at} the limit of ^{his} the patrol, looking where we had told Nimitz and he had told his patrol plane commanders, of course, at Midway to look, at the limit of his search found a unit that was supposed to be there at that time. ~~French Frigate Shoals, we had blocked it. No, it wasn't French Frigate Shoals. French Frigate Shoals was between Midway and Honolulu, so this wasn't the French Frigate Shoals. This is the opposite direction.~~

So when that report got back to us in the dungeon, tons and tons fell off our shoulders. Again, we smiled and we were cheerful. We were shouting, "Hurray!" We were just happy, happy as larks because they hadn't changed their plans after they'd changed their code. They were coming on.

Q: Because there was--say that again. There was what?

Captain Biard: One of the units ...

Q: A unit of the Japanese force.

Captain Biard: Of the Japanese invasion force was in the location it was supposed to be and at that time in accordance with the plans for the invasion of Midway. That meant the plan

was still in effect, that no changes had been made between the time they changed the code ~~about four days~~ ^{one week} before and 3 June, and if our plane found them there, that meant other units would be in their proper places, too, almost surely would have to be because that unit alone could not possibly have taken Midway.

Q: Is that in the history books?

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Not as I have told it here, but
Captain Biard: That's in the history books. Oh, yes, this is ~~fully~~ ^{report} covered. When we got that ⁱⁿ the basement, we were the happiest gang that you have ever, ever, ever thought of, that you could ever, ever imagine. Oh, we were just delirious with happiness almost. We were smiling, all smiles. We couldn't ~~yet~~ ^{near} break the code and we couldn't read anything, couldn't break it yet. We didn't have enough traffic, but we knew that the past work had not been in vain. Now, I didn't have ~~anything to do~~ ^{a major part} ~~in~~ setting up Midway, ~~not a thing~~. I was out on the Yorktown ~~at that~~ ^{at that} time. Of course, my pride in the unit was no less than that of anyone else there who was on pins and needles as well. But oh, we were a fantastically happy group. You have no idea the elation this caused us. So everything developed on schedule, everything developed on schedule, and ~~it's~~ ^{the rest is} all in the history books.

There is one thing that we did not know at the time. This is in the history books, too, and we found it out later on after we

got into their second code. In fact, we found it out best of all
 after we captured that code book, the first one we captured. Not
 only were the units that we knew in the places where they were
 supposed to be, exact places they were supposed to be, and we
 were able to go after their carriers, and we went after their
 carriers only because if we got their carriers that meant then we
 could take care of other things perhaps later on. The carriers
 were the things we had to get first and we had to get those. We went
 after them, but ^{Yamamoto} had the main Japanese fleet in backup with
 Yamamoto in the super battleship Yamato and the real heavy boys
 backing up in positions to really wipe out our fleet if we would
 dare step out in that part of ~~the ocean~~, the ocean. Of course,
 he was planning to come on in if they found us, and eradicate us.
 We got his carriers before he could do this. Now, our carrier
 forces were sufficiently decimated, that is, our planes, our
 aircraft ^{were} essentially decimated and the Yorktown at this time was
 out of the action. It had been very badly damaged. If Yamamoto
 had come on in with his surface forces, he could have taken
 Midway and he could have, if our forces had tried to challenge
 him, have absolutely slaughtered them. The battle was not lost
 at that time to the Japanese. He pulled ^{back} ~~away~~ anyway. He was to
 do this time and again. Now whether or not with the loss of his
 four best carriers ~~that~~ he would have dared keep Midway after
 taking it, ^{I can't say, but} he could have taken it easily enough; maybe some will
 disagree with me, but I can assure you that I am almost with no

doubt that I am correct. He could have taken it very easily, ~~not~~
 very easily ^{with} ~~not~~ no more than the price he had expected to pay,
except for the four lost carriers.

Q: Even after the loss of the carriers?

Captain Biard: Yes, because our air groups were too decimated, were running low on fuel, running low on ammunition, torpedoes, bombs, everything, and our air groups were tired, tired, tired. They had really had it. They had been chewed up beyond repair almost. We had lost all except one or two or three or four of our torpedo planes from about four torpedo squadrons, and the dive bombers were at least 50% gone, our fighter planes had not had much action, but many of them had been lost, too. And all the Marine squadrons were decimated, so that ^{Yamamoto} ~~he~~ could have come *on* in. He'd have taken losses but no more than he expected to take except for the loss of his carriers. That alone, I think, made him decide--I'm sure that's the only thing that made him decide to call off the operation, because he had not expected that to happen under any conditions.

But our forces, the Army B-17s and such came back to Honolulu to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, the rest area, and ^{they put out} the word immediately ~~got out~~ that the Army Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ had won the Battle of Midway, they sank all the carriers, that they had driven the Japanese off. And Time magazine, the overseas air mail copy of Time magazine ^{we soon received,} ~~got over there~~ carried the article, "Where was the

Navy? The Army Air Corps ^{alone} ~~only~~ did this. Why weren't the Navy there?" Well, the Army Air Corps had achieved exactly one hit on one tanker. This is in the history books. One hit in one tanker that slowed his speed down a couple of knots, one torpedo hit. That ^{one} attack was carried out with bravery for sure. But most of their attacks on the approaching forces, in fact, ⁱⁿ all the rest of them, bombs landed in the ocean and there was no damage caused by the Air Force or the Air Corps except for this one hit on one Japanese tanker. I believe that was the Akebono Maru. This is in all the history books, and this is nothing new.

But their fliers got back to the Royal Hawaiian, the rest area, and all the dispatches went out the Army Air Corps had won the Battle of Midway. And Time magazine came out with this awful article, "Where was the Navy? Why didn't the Navy do something? Why didn't it go on in? What's the matter with the Navy?" Well, the Army Air Corps had lost very little, and our carrier air groups had been chewed up unmercifully. The Japanese had really chewed them up. We had lost our torpedo planes, you know, one entire squadron shot down. Another, only two planes survived. The Marines, they had suffered awful losses. All of our carrier air groups decimated and our people had carried out marvelous, magnificent attacks. Our dive bombers had really "gone down," like "Joe Joe" Powers, which ^{they} had not been ^{doing} ~~done~~ earlier. This time they knew the cards were down. Whereas ^{unlike} "Joe Joe" Powers, I didn't know that the carrier air groups hadn't done their job as

he did when he called them "yellow-bellied bastards" to their faces, I didn't know that until after he told it, and nobody contradicted him at that time. But in the Battle of Midway, let me tell you, all of them were "Joe Joe" Powers. They really did their jobs. If not, it would have been disastrous for us. The dive bombers and the torpedo planes, as has been said, and I will re-emphasize here, if ^{the torpedo planes} ~~they~~ had not carried out there magnificent attacks that drew the Japanese fighters down to get them, they drew their attacks, they carried out their attacks without fighter support from our side. They had lost their fighter cover. The Japanese Zeros came down and chewed them up. But then the Japanese Zeros were down at sea level when they should have been up ^{at 20,000} ~~12,000~~ feet shooting down our SBDs, who were to come down in "Joe Joe" Powers' style and really, really tear up these three carriers, the Akagi, Kaga, and Soryu. So that the awful sacrifices of our torpedo planes, as has well been written, has well been described in all the history books, was not in vain. That kept the Japanese ^{fighters} away from our dive bombers that did the magnificent job on those three carriers. Later on they were to get the Hiryu, the one that was not with this group of three, that was ^{not} sunk in this first attack ^{by} our forces. And Buckmaster says that he was carrying out, that he was operating then the way that I had tried to get Fletcher to operate in the Coral Sea.

So, as I say, if I said anything derogatory about our aviators in the Coral Sea, I didn't say it; I'm quoting "Joe Joe"

Powers, because I didn't know it until he told me that, although certainly the paucities of good results in the Coral Sea bear him out tremendously, exactly what he said. It was a waste of ammunition, our attack upon Tulagi, as King later on described it, a disappointing waste of ammunition. The Coral Sea and especially at Midway, I have nothing but glorious praise for what happened there.

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 Naval at Midway
 Our air groups came back all chewed up and they got back several days after the Army Air Corps people, who already were at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel basking in glory. When that happened, the members of the Enterprise and Hornet air groups, arrived, they had to be separated, so I am told, and were not allowed to mingle with Air Force. They wanted to tear them up because of the stories the Air Force told about how they did it, when it wasn't that way at all. It was our carrier air boys who had taken this awful beating and had saved the day in this tremendous, very important battle. There was tremendous friction with the Air Force at this time. Our carrier air people just absolutely wanted to get them. "Let us get at them. Let us get at them." The Army Air Corps dropped over 300 bombs at Midway and achieved only one, only one, hit. Up in the Wild Blue Yonder - not down low where they could achieve hit
 Q: Has that been carried over to today, do you think?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, it has been. I have more horror stories to tell about the Air Force, horror, horror, horror stories to tell about.

Q: You will?

Captain Biard: Yes. Unfortunately, they're true. They didn't have the dedication usually, with some exceptions, they didn't have the dedication that our carrier people had, and they didn't have that old feeling that, "If I don't sink his floating air field he will have sunk mine, and I won't have a place to go when I return." In other words, ^{Navy fliers} ~~they~~ had an awful lot more incentive for carrying out a vicious ~~attack~~ and determined attack against the enemy than the Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ usually had, because they could come back maybe to their air field, ^{ground forces could} fill in a few bomb holes, and they could land again. But bomb holes that ~~got down to sink~~ ^{sank} a ship could not be filled in that easily, and ^{the carrier boys} ~~they~~ had no place to land. Our people knew it, and they had the pride of being shipmates. They knew what could happen to ships if the enemy got through to us, so that our people in general pressed home their attacks much better than the Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~.

Q: Have you fairly well covered through Midway?

Captain Biard: I have covered Midway.

Q: You are now going into another ...

Captain Biard: After Midway, we really didn't know ^{for sure all} ~~what~~ we had

done. It was several days before we found out for sure that we had sunk three carriers and almost surely ^{had sunk} the fourth carrier, ^{and other carriers} also. Several days after the battle, one of our patrol planes picked up some Japanese in a boat, life boat or a life raft, and these were some survivors from the fourth carrier that Yorktown fliers from Enterprise had sunk. I believe I'm correct in saying Yorktown fliers from Enterprise, also from Hornet.

Q: So these fliers came over to Enterprise?

Captain Biard: They had landed on Enterprise ^{and Hornet} when the Yorktown got in difficulties, just as some of the Lexington fliers came over to Yorktown, ^{when} ~~but~~ Lexington got in difficulty in the ~~South~~ Coral Sea. Anyway, the history books tell about that. So we didn't know. We knew that Ensign Gay, he was well-covered in all the history books, Ensign Gay of this ^{Hornet} Torpedo Squadron 8, the ^{sole} ~~sole~~ survivor, picked up by our fliers, saw the three Japanese carriers sink of this one group. The fourth, we didn't know, but when we picked up these Japanese ^{in a life boat} ~~out of this group~~, they were brought to Midway. Bob Hudson, from Layton's office, was sent out to interrogate them. This is in the history books, although few say ^{much} ~~anything~~ about it. Then they were ^{later} brought to Pearl Harbor, and I asked to be allowed to interrogate some of them, and did so. The ~~the~~ senior officer among them was the engineering officer of the Hiryu, and he and his men ^{in the engine room} had lost contact with

the bridge, and finally they realized that things were awfully hot down there, but they did survive, some of them did, a few of them, more than that, but these few ~~that~~ got to Pearl Harbor, ~~★~~ *These* few of them did get to Pearl Harbor. They had survived. They came up, eventually came up ^{to} topside, found the ship all burned up topside, ^{and} nobody on it, so they tried to signal. They'd make some signals ^{from} ~~to~~ the ship to some Japanese planes that they saw that were near it, I believe, as I remember it, and then they thought they'd get off the ship, that it might sink, and they did so in their life rafts, as I remember it now, and they were found ^{days later} and brought to Pearl Harbor. The engineering officer of the ship was the senior one of the group, and they were quite frank about things. They didn't know too much about what had happened to the other ships, but yes, they were from Hiryu. That was the fourth carrier and we were sure it was down. It did go down. We got quite a bit of information from them. They didn't know all because no Japanese ordinary sailor or officer on board ship in those days knew too much about anything that was happening off his own ship. Information was kept pretty well compartmentalized. They knew where they had been, all the operations they had been on, things like that, but we knew that, too. They didn't have to tell us. But it was interesting to hear it from them.

But it was some time before we really got the details of what had happened. We went on trying to break codes with a little

on 7 August, 1942.

success. Then came the landings on Guadalcanal. I have a sad story to tell here. I don't know that it would have made any difference if situations had been as I would have wished them, but I was working on a code, unciphered, should have been easy to break, ^{but} ~~and~~ neither I nor anybody else ever made any significant progress in it. There was not enough traffic, and the condensation effected in the code in general was too great. In other words, one code group would mean too much. If one code group stood for the numeral one, then we might find another place where it was pretty easy to pull out that it meant one, ^{But if} ~~because~~ the code group meant "a large enemy task force had been sighted, and we think that more scouting should be done." ^{entire sentence} That might be one code group. It's impossible to ^{recover the meaning of} ~~cover~~ that code group. Then others would have lesser, shorter meanings, but still too much condensation to enable you to make an easy recovery, as we called it, of the code group.

I was working on this at the time that our forces landed on Guadalcanal. I had no idea that our forces were down there, that they were going to land, that the operation was coming up. But I was working on this code, and shortly after they landed when I did hear it, when the announcement was made, and I did hear it, I got what few maps I could out of my atlases and looked ^{at} ~~in~~ that region. We had been ^{near} ~~in~~ Guadalcanal, ^{previously.} I had not paid too much attention to it in the Battle of the Coral Sea because our people had merely flown over it to get to Tulagi, where we attacked the

Japanese ships on the fourth of May, ^{1942.} Guadalcanal, I wondered
 what kind of canal was that, so I looked on the map and found the
 name of the island there, Guadalcanal, not a canal, only an
 island. And so when I heard that we were landing on Guadalcanal,
 this time I knew where Guadalcanal was. I was one of the few
 people in the Navy who did. I got some maps and started looking
 down there to see where it was, and so, yes, I checked it out a
 bit. I started working on an urgent message that had come from
 that area down there. I said, "Well, I ^{had} better start looking at
 the traffic. I've got a message or two from down in that area.
 I'll take a look at it." And these were earlier messages. I
 started working on one. ^{There} ~~It~~ was obviously a place name, ~~one~~
~~group~~, a couple of groups that had to spell the name of a place.
 I started working on it with very little material and background
 to go on, ^{out} ~~and~~ traffic to aid me in it. Finally I did, I was able
 to come up with the ^{two} code groups, one of which meant the letters
 SA, ~~that's~~ ~~or SA~~, and the other one, BO. I could
 tell from what they said there what it was apparent the code
 groups meant, a hazy idea of what they meant, that they were
 planning to carry out an attack near ^{Savo} Savo Island. Well, I looked
 on the chart and ^{on} it was a very small ^{Savo} island right off of
 Guadalcanal. So I took the information to Joe Rochefort, and I
 got the most devastating look and devastating reply from Joe
 Rochefort, I think, that I've ever received from any person.
 "Why in the hell didn't you tell me that 36 hours ago?" Well,

here ~~I thought~~ I had got for the first time some information from a dispatch in this code. It was not too hard to get SA and BO. These are short meanings, it's short, they are not condensed, they do not mean a whole sentence. And so I had been able to do that. "Why in the hell didn't you tell me this 36 hours ago?" Thirty-six hours ago I didn't even know that we were operating in the Guadalcanal area. ^{We in the lower-level had not been so informed} I didn't know that there was traffic from that area that I should be looking at. Anyway, our forces by this time had suffered the worst, the most awful defeat that any American naval force has ever suffered at the hands of the Japanese. ^{That was} in the night battle off Savo Island on 8 August, 1942. I think you have heard of that battle where we lost all kinds of cruisers, other damage, and they ^{Japanese} got away with just a few hits on their flagship. It was disastrous and just completely disgraceful. ^{Our commander just wasn't with it at all.}

I did not know we were going to land there. I did not know that our forces were in that part of the world. I knew the Southwest Pacific, but didn't know ^{that our forces} they were within 1,000 miles of Guadalcanal ^{or Savo Island.}

Well, Rochefort had heard by 'this time of the disastrous defeat, of course, which was not announced in the press. I got my information on Guadalcanal from the press, that is, the papers. He had heard from higher levels about this tremendously disastrous defeat we had suffered at the hands of the Japanese in the night battle. He didn't love me because of the Coral Sea and

my difficulties in the Coral Sea with Fletcher, and this ...

Q: Is that explained in here?

Captain Biard: Yes. It will be in something else I'll give you.

Q: Yes, you said that.

Captain Biard: So this just was something else. Again, he felt guilt, as others have said and have told about Pearl Harbor. Of course, he should have felt nothing except the most wonderful satisfaction from Midway, but again, a defeat like this at Savo Island makes everyone feel terrible. And he thought, "Well, if my unit had only done what it should or I'd done what I should, maybe this wouldn't have happened to us at Savo Island, undoubtedly." So he was feeling indescribably low, I know. I have no doubt about it, and that's the cause of his biting remarks to me. *His biting remarks were quite inappropriate.*

Q: Did you explain to him?

Captain Biard: No, there was no explaining to Joe Rochefort.

Q: He knew, though, that you didn't have the possibility of ...

Captain Biard: He didn't care.

Q: But he did know it, didn't he?

Captain Biard: He knew it. He knew it, but Joe Rochefort was *not* one to be--that's it. So there was never any apology for what he said. In fact, I felt rather pleased with myself, ^{that} I was able to take the information to him. I didn't know the action had already occurred. I said, "Here, look. Something's going to happen there." And only because of an awful lot of hard work I was able to give him that information. So I went on back and ~~did~~ ^{went to} my work *again*.

Q: How long had that message been in the dungeon, did you say?

Captain Biard: It had been there ^{about 36 hours} ~~at least a couple of days~~. I was the only one who picked it up to work on it. It was something I was working on. Other people weren't trying too much on it. I was trying other things. I said, "I'll see if I can't get ~~some work on it~~ some meaning out of ~~it~~." *this partially readable despatch.*

Q: You just happened to pick this one up?

yes, I just happened to pick it up
Captain Biard: I looked at the traffic from that area, my people who gave me this. So, of course, this was another biting, I had

my head chewed off by Joe Rochefort again, whom I admired. I knew he was a brilliant man and an extremely fast thinker. I knew what he'd done for Midway, and I admired him tremendously. I regretted that he felt this way about me. Excuse me, I'm not a slow thinker.

Q: Hm?

Captain Biard: I'm not a slow thinker, but I knew that Joe Rochefort could think as fast or faster than I did. I respected him for it. But I went back to my work again. There was nothing else I could get. It was unusual to have these very short-meaning code groups in this type thing, that I was able to get out, but these other tremendously condensed things were just impossible to get anything worthwhile out of them. But soon ~~the~~ *several* code books were captured on Guadalcanal. Word got to us and we said, "Send them to us. Get them to us. Get them to us. Get them to us." And they sent the ^{*Japanese Naval*} code books that had come into effect just before the Battle of Midway, and we had not been able to make any worthwhile entry into this system up to this time. So when we got these code books and we got the overlying cipher that went over the code groups to make it difficult for us to get at the code groups themselves, we got all of that, and we also got the code that had this Sabo in it that I was trying to work on. That one came through, *also*.

Q: It sounds like you're saying Sabo, but you're saying Savo, aren't you?

Captain Biard: I'm saying Sabo, because that's the way the Japanese render a V.

Q: Because we know it as Savo.

Captain Biard: ^{yes,} Savo. The Japanese render it as Sabo, the equivalent of ^{Savo,} ~~Sabo~~, so I have been calling it Sabo. This is the way it was given in those code groups. Those books got to us and they were a Godsend, not that they enabled us to read the new code to which they had shifted after we landed on Guadalcanal and they thought possibly we had captured code books, hence all codes should be changed, but because we could now go back and read old traffic completely. There was none of this pick and shovel, work like hell, try to get the meaning out, get the cipher off of these groups. Now you've got the cipher off of some of them, try to figure out what they mean. There were groups here now we didn't get the cipher off of, we had to skip this, go down to the next place where we did get the cipher off of them, and we could try to find out the meanings. There wasn't any of that. We had the whole thing, the whole messages ^{were} ~~announced~~ out there in ^{the} plain for us. We could see how the ^{code} book was organized and whether or ^{group} not these things we said, "Ah, this ^{group} means commander in chief,

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this group does. Does it mean commander in chief?" Well, I can tell you now the group that meant commander in chief, if we had rendered it as that, by this time we knew darn well it meant commander in chief. I'm giving this as an example. We could go ~~through~~^{t.} the code group and see what does it actually mean and translate it, recover it as commander in chief and it meant commander in chief. There were a lot of code groups like this.

In breaking the code, in getting the code groups, if we could get 7,000 code groups out of 50,000 in the book, we could read almost anything they said if we could get the cipher off of the underlying code groups because those were the ones that were repeatedly used, repeatedly used, repeatedly used, so there would be very few code groups that would appear in a message that were not in those 7,000 for which we had been able to obtain reliable meanings.

By this time, by the time we had finished with the book that was in effect just prior to Midway, we had at least 7,000 groups that we were pretty confident of, which were pretty common, very common. We had others we were less confident of, but we would always mark it on the messages, "This is a confirmed group." In other words, we were sure of this meaning. Others we would have questionable value. And always in the messages, as we would put the meaning beside the Japanese code group there would be this, "Confirmed meaning for this code group. Confirmed, confirmed." "Doubtful; doubtful." "Confirmed; doubtful." So that we would

know which code group, we would not go back and try to get the meaning of the group that was confirmed, and if one was doubtful, we would study it very carefully to see whether or not that doubtful meaning ^{could} ~~would~~ possibly be confirmed by its ^{new} use in this particular place. And if it wasn't, if it didn't appear to be a good meaning for that code group in the way that it appeared, in the place in which it appeared in ~~that~~ ^{this new} message, then we would go to back traffic that had been tabulated by our IBM machines and see where that code group was used again, see if now we could get a better meaning for it. Perhaps now we'd be able to ^{get a new idea} ~~place where~~ ~~we saw it here~~ ^{and} confirm, get a good meaning that we could say was confirmed. Do you follow me on this?

Q: Yes, I do. I was going to ask, once, though, that the code was changed, was that of any value?

Captain Biard: It was of tremendous value.

Q: I'm sure it was, but ...

Captain Biard: Because now we could look and see, yes, our code group, we were right here. We were right here. *We can do it*
We did do it.

Q: But now if they'd changed it?

Captain Biard: Wait a minute. We'll get to it. I'll grant you, a new code book would have been so, so much more valuable, but now we could find out what ships they really had lost, what their actual state at this time was. As of ~~June~~^{July} 31st, we knew exactly, almost, the state of their entire Navy by the time we had read this. We didn't know it before. We knew a lot of things about it, we knew some we thought were correct, and we knew a lot that were not correct. We got the names of ships from our radio work, we thought maybe this was a destroyer, maybe it would turn out to be a submarine chaser instead.

Q: But those were still good for the future.

Captain Biard: Yes, good for the future. *We now could definitely identify the ship and its place in the fleet organization.*

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: We could carry the ^{definite} identification of this unit over somewhere else, ~~we'd~~ know next time it would be a destroyer or another sub chaser.

Q: I see. Okay.

Captain Biard: And we also found out just what Yamamoto, how he had set the trap for us at Midway, and not daringly, but how

Spruance had dared risk people calling him yellow and unaggressive for not doing more at Midway, not going after their forces in night battles, not chasing them when they retired. We found out that ^{Spruance}~~he~~ was exactly right. He said, "I don't want to lose this battle. I don't want to lose these carriers. They can be out there waiting for me." He did not overly pursue them, overaudaciously pursue them. He held back so that he would not risk our pitifully small forces. If he had done what other people criticized him for not doing, we would have stepped into Yamamoto's trap and the disaster would have been overwhelming.

Q: By the battleships?

Captain Biard: Yes. We would have stepped into that. They would have found Spruance, and Yamamoto would have brought his battleships in and would have absolutely annihilated him. We did not have enough carrier planes, bombs, torpedoes, fighters, and we had no torpedo planes. We didn't have any of those left, didn't have anything like enough left to stop his battleships. He would have come right in and just annihilated our forces. So Spruance did exactly the right thing. Thank God for Spruance. As I say, this told us he was dead right, reading this back traffic. So that was good, too. I don't say it helped save Spruance, but it made an awful lot of people, including Admiral Nimitz, who already had a tremendous respect for him, it enabled

Admiral Nimitz to back him up and say he did exactly right to ^{the} higher commands. Getting these code books was a fantastic break even though it didn't tell us the future. It told us much about the past we needed to know.

Q: Even though it had already been ...

Captain Biard: Yes, and it told us about our work. We were able to evaluate our work and get confidence. We had confidence. We had achieved Coral Sea and Midway, but it gave us even more confidence, and it gave us more ^{of} an idea ^{about} how the Japanese fleet was organized. This enabled us to get that, and that was tremendously advantageous.

Q: I'm sorry I asked.

Captain Biard: Do you understand now? Please don't be sorry.

Q: I do, understand now.

Captain Biard: We got all of this background, a lot of which ^{had been} ~~was~~ a big question mark and we needed to know. Now we'd know it, and changes would be made ^{but} ~~that~~ we could follow those changes much more easily now.

Q: It's amazing that you were able to do as much with as little.

Captain Biard: I have letters from Layton saying exactly that. He got a letter from me telling about some of the things we had done, and he replied, he said, "I recall and think of what was done at Hypo [that was our station, Hypo] with so little to go on, and how, how incredibly accurate they were working on such shoestrings." He said it was just beyond belief. I have letters from Layton saying that written to me here just two years ago.

So we went on with all this. I then started to use this ^{other} code by looking at back traffic in this code that I had gotten, from which I had recovered the Sabo, and I saw that it was almost useless for me to try to do anything more with ^{the new version.} ~~it~~. I wouldn't be able to handle it. In other words, the condensation was too great. Then I started working on back traffic in the JN-25. This is ^{the} type code that gave us Midway, and the same type ^{of code} ~~that~~ replaced it, and the same type continued to replace all during the war. I started working on messages from there and got messages from the Mandated Islands in particular, went to them, and the first thing you ^{know,} knew, I found messages where one destroyer had been sunk, then another destroyer sunk by a submarine. Boy, I could go through here, and maybe we'd sink all the Japanese Navy in a hurry. I laboriously looked up code groups, filled them out and translated messages, and I went through in this very, very laborious fashion, maybe 150 messages,

and there was not another interesting message in the bunch. It was all, "Well, we have so many supplies here on this island." It really didn't contribute anything to our knowledge. Sometimes supplies, of course, were of tremendous importance, but we weren't going down there, we weren't going to threaten them. They could get additional supplies. That couldn't influence a single thing. None of their messages other than these two turned out to be important, so I soon gave that up and went back to studying the organization of the fleet and finding out what I could about its organization and how that could be applied.

Q: Did someone tell you what you should be doing, or did you make your own judgment?

Captain Biard: I made my own judgment. Rochefort never told us that we should do anything. That was Rochefort. As I told you, he said, "Here. All right, start breaking codes." I have both respect and tremendous criticism of Rochefort, great respect and tremendous criticism.

Q: Will we get to that?

Captain Biard: We'll get to some of it very soon. You've already heard some of it. So I went on with this. It was very valuable in later work, really finding out just how the Japanese

code book worked. Some of the code groups that we said were correct were technically incorrect in this way. We, Joe Finnegan or "Red" Laswell, they were the ones that recovered these groups, had recovered a group as "heavy bombing plane." When we looked up in the code book, it would not be a heavy bombing plane, it would be "land-based bomber." All right, the land-based bombers can be big bombers. And they recovered another group as a "light bomber." The light bomber was not a light bomber, it was a "shipboard bomber." Now, a shipboard bomber could operate from the shore or from ships, but they were always much smaller and much lighter than a double-engine land-based bomber, so though our recoveries were not exactly correct, they still gave us the same idea. ^{Such} ~~our~~ "recoveries" were usefully meaningful.

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Another group that was recovered incorrectly for a while, that is, we had recovered one group as "Gekichin." We applied the same meaning to another group. It wasn't unusual for them to have two or more groups for the same word. If the word was used frequently, they would have several groups for it, so that its use in the codes would be less, would not be repeated as often. That would make the code harder to 'break. And so when we looked up the two code groups here, we found out that it wasn't "Gekichin." One of them was "Gekichin" all right, which means "to sink," "attack and sink," but the other one was "Chimbotsu." I believe that Jaspas Holmes tells this in his Double-Edged Secrets. I didn't know it until I was looking at it again the

other day, but he knew the same thing that I did. I'm telling the same story that he told, too. "Gekichin," when they would say, "We have ^{sunk} two enemy cruisers," they would report it as, "Two enemy cruisers we have sunk." "Gekichin" means the word, "gloriously attacked and sunk." But now if they lost a cruiser or a destroyer or anything, makes no difference what they lost, the enemy never did gloriously attack and sink one of their ships; their ships merely "Chimbotsu," that means "two of our ships sank." That was much more toned down, very much lower key description of what happened. In other words, they gloriously attacked and really, really pounded and sank this enemy ship, but their ships, "We lost them." We had mixed up those two groups, confused them, but it didn't confuse the meaning of the messages that we translated at all because if a cruiser or their destroyer sank, it's just the same as if they ^{had} said the enemy gloriously attacked and sank it. They were out of the way, that's all we needed to know. And there were a few other code groups like that. Many of them were incorrect; those were the doubtful ~~ones~~ recoveries. Our confirmed recoveries were excellent!

Q: Wasn't this devastatingly dull day after day? How long did this go on?

Captain Biard: This went on for several weeks. Yes, devastatingly dull, you're correct. And when we couldn't get into the codes, when we had to wait a long time to get in, it was

a harrowing experience. We'd be pulling our hair. "Are these ^{new} codes beyond us? Have they made changes now ^{that} ~~and~~ are going to defeat us?" That's why we never did want them to change codes, that's why we were paranoid, as I said before about the idea of anybody getting the idea we were breaking codes, because if they did change the code, it might be into a new ^{much more difficult} system. It would be changed eventually for sure, but changing it to a new system would mean that we would be reading fewer messages ^{for a long while} and again it would be a long time or a longer time, appreciable time before we would get into the new system if we could get into it at all.

Q: How long did this go on?

Captain Biard: This went on for several weeks. We finally got into it again, the system.

Q: A new system.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And how long did you stay?

Captain Biard: ~~I~~ ^I stayed for another year.

Q: Right in the dungeon?

Captain Biard: Yes, in the dungeon and in the new offices we eventually moved to over by Nimitz's headquarters.

Q: You didn't go aboard ship?

Captain Biard: No. Rochefort wouldn't send me aboard any ship at all under any conditions. I disgraced him ^{so he thought,} with Frank Jack Fletcher, and he would not allow me to tell him anything that happened on board the ship. I could never make a report to him.

Q: I thought that was primary that one did.

Captain Biard: Yes, I did, too, and I had many suggestions that would have been helpful, but he just put me in the ...

Q: Dog house.

Captain Biard: Dog house, and kept me there. That was Rochefort.

Q: Was that only you?

Captain Biard: Yes, only I.

Q: Only you?

Captain Biard: Because I was in serious trouble with Fletcher, and he had heard about it before I got back to the unit. I tried to make a report--no, some other time.

Q: But you did go out with Buckmaster.

Captain Biard: No, Buckmaster was on the Yorktown and I was only with him up until the time I returned to Pearl Harbor and joined the dungeon again.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: So I never was able to make a report to Rochefort about any of this. So I kept on. We got some captured documents back from Guadalcanal, a few of those started coming back. Most of them ended up as souvenirs ^{and did not get to us,} but we got some marvelously informative captured documents. So I started working with some of those at the times I could not profitably be working on any codes. There might not be enough traffic to line up and try to start working on the cipher system covering the code use. That was the first job that had to be done. There might not be enough of that to get into. We might not have been able to get into it to line them up. So when there was nothing else I could be doing, I started working on these captured documents, and some of those turned out to be tremendously informative. Many of the

0000 Japanese there on Guadalcanal had been rushed in to try to retake it kept wonderful diaries telling of the units, who they were, where they'd come from, how many were there, what had gone on, and they drew beautiful pictures. Some of the artillery spotters drew tremendously artistic works from high points pointing out the places which they would use in spotting ^{their own} artillery fire. The stories they had, we'd send some of these stories to Admiral Nimitz, why, he was as fascinated with them as we were. He didn't know it, but I was, I was the one that was doing it largely, I was picking the fascinating stories, the interesting ones, and sending them to him. Well, when he started getting these, he immediately put out the order, no one in the fleet would henceforth keep a diary of any kind.

Q: I remember that.

Captain Biard: Keep a diary.

Q: I don't mean I remember that; I knew that people weren't supposed to keep diaries.

Captain Biard: Yes, and this did it, these reports I sent over to him. He just saw how extremely valuable they were. He said, "We cannot do that."

Q: Two play the same game.

Captain Biard: That backfired at me because I couldn't keep a diary then and I wanted a diary. I needed a diary. I needed to record some of this stuff. So a lot of this started coming in. We built new headquarters.

I don't think I've mentioned here that while I was gone in the Coral Sea, John Roenigk had joined our unit from the Atlantic Fleet.

Q: Oh, really?

Captain Biard: So John was back there, and I really did like that because, of course, having John there was real company. There were others I liked very much, but John was very special.

Q: He was special.

Captain Biard: Yes, John Roenigk was now back with us, as I say, when I got back to Pearl Harbor from Yorktown, and in fact, he was driving my old car. John Bromley had told him that my car, which was supposed to have been idle for about two weeks, had been idle for over two months, so John thought it was a good idea to drive it, so he was driving it and had it there at Pearl Harbor.

I'm jumping around here a bit. I'm coming back now to Rochefort. I was handling quite a few of the captured documents and finding them very interesting, and Admiral Nimitz was finding them interesting, ^{also.} I didn't have a chance to take them to Admiral Nimitz. I wish I had. I never did even get to ^{talk with} ~~meet~~ him. As I found out only a week ago, John Roenigk and Art Benedict were actually attached to Nimitz's staff, and they attended briefings quite frequently, staff briefings, and they knew many things I did not know. They knew ahead of time about the landings on Guadalcanal and Savo Island. I found this out by letter from John somewhat accidentally just last week. If I had had that information ahead of time about the landings on Guadalcanal, perhaps, perhaps, perhaps, no way to know, but perhaps I might have been able to get ^{that} ~~some~~ information on Savo Island that would have let us ^{taken different action} ~~look in on that~~ before it happened. I can't say for sure I would have been able to do it or that I would have--I just can't say. But I didn't even know that he and Benedict were attending the staff briefings over there. He never did tell me, although he did tell Joe Rochefort and Joe Finnegan, and quite frequently told them, but he was not supposed to carry information away, of course.

Q: But Rochefort knew it.

Captain Biard: Rochefort knew it.

Q: How could you not? Go ahead.

Captain Biard: Anyway, Rochefort was getting himself into trouble, at least it seems to me he was getting himself in trouble at this time, because the main unit, the senior unit in Washington where the power, the greatest power did lie, was screaming for us to get these code books that we had in our possession back to Washington.

Q: Give me the title of that. You said the unit.

Captain Biard: The Washington unit, st ~~the~~ Negat. We called it Negat, the Negat unit in Washington. We had three units, Negat in Washington, Hypo in Honolulu, and Cast, or Corregidor, in Melbourne.

Q: Was it called communications?

Captain Biard: The communications came later.

Q: This didn't have a name at that point, then?

Captain Biard: Some people say it was Combat Intelligence Unit, and perhaps it was, but I never did know it as that while I was there, although my orders were endorsed by the officer in charge,

Combat Intelligence Unit.

Q: But they were asking Rochefort to send these captured documents back.

Captain Biard: Yes, the captured code books. And he did not send them back. He kept them. He said, "I'll let them wait." And he eventually, though, did have some pictures made of them and ~~getting~~^{got} around to sending them back. But about this time, he was detached from the unit without explanation and ^{soon} sent to a floating dry dock, the position of officer in charge of a floating dry dock. This was the greatest waste of manpower, the greatest waste of ability, the greatest waste of assets, as far as I'm concerned, during the entire war effort. Also that wasn't just a slap in the face; it was the burial of a man who basically gave us Midway. There were others in there on it, but if it hadn't been for Rochefort, I do not think Midway would have occurred. At least we would have had no ships out there, and it would have only been a Japanese success. Then if we had sent our ships out, it would have been into the trap that Yamamoto had set for us.

Q: This was in the fall of 1942.

October, fall of 1942.

Captain Biard: This was in ~~the late fall, winter of 1942.~~

Q: Not many months after Midway.

Captain Biard: Not many months after Midway. It was while these code books we had captured on ~~Midway~~^{Guadalcanal} were still hot items and Washington was ...
↳ Midway

Q: On Midway?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: You said the code books we captured on Midway.

Captain Biard: On Guadalcanal. I'm sorry. On Guadalcanal, were still very hot items and Washington was just absolutely screaming for them. So Rochefort--and you've heard me say before that he was opinionated and could be very arbitrary, was not looking reality in the face, not realizing that we should pay due respect to the unit in Washington even though up to this time they sometimes had been off the beam and had been perhaps no help in Midway, or at least had been insufficient help in Midway.

Q: Had they been any help in Pearl Harbor?

Captain Biard: No, they didn't tell us anything about Pearl Harbor ^{even} when they had ~~all the~~ information.

↳ relevant information. This was withheld largely by Admiral Stark's Operations and Plans Officers, Captain Turner.

Q: I think it's worth saying for historians that there was no easy way to duplicate this material. They did not have Xerox and that sort of thing. It would have had to be an individual page-by-page picture-taking and developing.

Captain Biard: You're exactly correct. In those days we did not have the easy duplicating processes. To duplicate such as this, we would have had to have pictures taken, a negative for each page, and then that would have in turn to be ^{printed} ~~enlarged~~. That's another slow process.

Q: How many pages were there, 1,000, 500?

Captain Biard: Maybe 500.

Q: I only want to point out that when they asked him to send something, it isn't like you'd run it off today and put it in the mail.

Captain Biard: No. It would have been days, and it would have taken the services of a photographic shop days or even more than a week to do this. We had several code books. *Of course, they no longer were being used.*

Q: I think that's noteworthy.

Captain Biard: It is noteworthy. It wasn't something that Rochefort could just do like this, right away. So now ^{today} we could. We could do it very easily, but then ~~he~~ ^{we} could not. So they were fretting at this time, and it was while this was going on that he was detached and sent to command of a floating dry dock and had no more to do with codebreaking during the entire war. This was a disastrous waste of brain power. Joe Rochefort was brilliant, he was extremely competent, he was opinionated and he could be dogmatic, but he had so much that we needed, and he could have contributed so much for so long if they had only let him do it. And Joe Rochefort was an extremely, extremely patriotic and loyal American.

Q: Are you going to tell something that you told me while we were at lunch about the reason for not leaving him there, or that there were people in Washington who recognized that this was going to be a big empire and wanted to be in charge of it?

Captain Biard: This is the picture that we built up at Pearl Harbor, and I believe it is essentially correct. At the time before Pearl Harbor, we were not respected, we had no power. Of course, very few people knew about us, and the organization had been run by ONI with people for intercept work and for communications work, and we had to have communications between our own units, communications work supplied by the communicators.

We called them communicators in the Navy, ~~those~~ those were the
 communications specialists. They were a power group. The two
 big power groups were the Gun Club and the Communicators. The
 power in the Communicators at that time was the senior of two
 Redman brothers, Rear Admiral ^{Joseph} Redman and his younger brother,
 Captain ^{John} Redman. As soon as Midway was over with, anyone who knew
 anything about our units knew that they would be expanded like
 mad. Here was something that ~~we~~ we could do much more, we could get
 much more out of them, and it ^{would be} ~~was~~ a gold mine. It would be a
 gold mine for medals, it would be a gold mine for promotions, it
 would be gold mines for glory, because they would ^{get credit for} ~~not have our~~
~~our work.~~ ^{codebreaking} ~~own units.~~ People doing the ~~break~~ could not get the glory, but
^{these outsiders could get into} if ~~they could~~ get the front office to take the information to the
 commanders, then the commanders would associate them with all our
 successes and they would be getting the credit. We know that
 that is a large part of the reason for what happened.

Q: Am I asking you to repeat material?

Captain Biard: No, you're not. This is not in there. And it
 was just a foregone conclusion that with the success we'd had,
 they would do everything they could to make it possible for us to ^{to expand}
 do ~~that and~~ more and more as time went on, and that would ~~take~~ ^{and} require
 hundreds more and thousands more of personnel, and they had to be
 got ^{into our organization} ~~in there,~~ ~~organized~~ and trained immediately. The one

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and much of the equipment

organization that could give us many of the personnel we would have to have were the Communicators. We would have to have them. We would have to go out and get mathematicians and people like chess players and such as that ^{who} were supposedly good codebreakers, would make them part of our units, also.

Q: According to Rochefort, he said the two requirements, at least people with this capacity of doing crossword puzzles and playing bridge were characteristics that could be translated into this work.

Captain Biard: I don't know that that is completely so, but you had to be smart enough to be able to do crossword puzzles and play bridge, or you wouldn't be smart enough to do this.

Q: You had to be smart enough to remember, didn't you?

Captain Biard: You did, yes. *Very much so.*

Q: Regardless of the idea of machines.

Captain Biard: Yes. There was a tremendous amount of memory. You had to be able to say, "Now, this came back from way over here. I can go back there and get this."

Q: Drag it out of a pile.

Captain Biard: Yes. You had to have that, and you had to have it right at your fingertips. This will come forth in a minute. So the communicators saw the glorious possibilities here for promotions, medals, and honor.

Q: Empire.

Captain Biard: Empire. It may be they would have left Rochefort there, I do not know, if he had not pulled a stunt or two like he did on this not sending the code books back to ~~them~~ Washington.

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Well, at this time, as I say, the older ^{Joseph} Redman sent his younger brother, the younger ^{John} Redman, out to Nimitz's staff. Nimitz did not ask for him, and Nimitz for a while, so I hear, would not speak to him because of what happened to Rochefort. Now, I say hurriedly that ^{this} is hearsay information.

Q: Oh, he came out after Rochefort had been detached?

Captain Biard: No, before. He brought his own communication systems with him that Nimitz's staff did not have, so he could communicate back with his brother in the power structure at Washington to set up Rochefort's detachment and also to set up everything in Pearl Harbor for the communicators to really grab

complete control of everything.

Q: Without going through Nimitz.

Captain Biard: Without going through Nimitz at all. ^{The senior} Redman, of course, was on King's staff and he had King's ear.

Q: The younger one?

Captain Biard: The older one ^{was on King's staff.} The younger one had been sent to Nimitz's staff.

Q: I understood that King negated a citation for Rochefort.

Captain Biard: Yes, he negated a citation for quite a few people at this time and said there would be too much publicity attached to it if he did. There is reason to agree with him there. MacArthur ^{after} ~~at~~ the Coral Sea had wanted to throw medals all around our units and again that was quickly vetoed. There is some reason. But come the end of the war, they gave us pipsqueak medals, very little recognition, when ^{earlier in} ~~before~~ the war, while the war was ^{first} ~~being~~ fought, they were willing to give us anything. That hurts.

Q: Sure.

younger Redman
Captain Biard: But his brother set things up out there, as I'm reliably informed, and he did his part there, unknown to Nimitz, to facilitate this takeover of the entire organization by the communicators. As I say, the communicators had an organization, but the ONI people should not have been knifed in the back. That was not right. But that's what some power fights degenerate into. So Rochefort was knifed, and, as I say, I was with him and working by him all the time. When he got his orders and saw to what ^{inglorious} ~~glorious~~ duty he was being sent and how that meant the end of everything for him, I've never seen a more dejected man than Rochefort was when he heard this, when he got this information. Although Rochefort had very little patience with me at times when he should have had much patience and should have listened to me and should have heard what I had to say, although he would not, I still had tremendous respect for him and I liked the man.

Q: He had no forewarning of this?

Captain Biard: I do not know of any forewarning. I know of no forewarning, and I believe it's correct that he did not have. So the power structure was set up in Washington, they grabbed it and the whole organization was expanded fantastically. I must say that it was done effectively, too. It's quite possible they needed a more powerful superstructure than we were able to provide, but it should not have been at the expense of sending

our number one national hero, Joe Rochefort, in my eyes, to the command of a floating dry dock where he could do no more, where he could not be a major part of such things as were to come up in our work.

Q: When I saw him, I thought he was a broken man.

Captain Biard: Well, he was broken. I trust that this has added something to your understanding of that. Has it?

Q: Yes, although he was very forthright in telling me all of these things and they are on the tape, but getting them from your viewpoint, I think, is very important. He didn't tell me any of his bad characteristics, as you can imagine.

Captain Biard: So I repeat again, I had tremendous respect for the man, even when he was not too tolerant of me. As I say, it hurt me, it hurt me badly to see him treated this way, and it was responsible for my leaving the organization at the end of the war, what they had done to Joe Rochefort. I don't know if it was a loss to the organization because I was pretty well tired of the work by the time the war was over anyway. I wanted to go on to other things.

Q: That's kind of beside the point.

Captain Biard: So things went on. We had a new officer who had ^{Senior} ^{sent to us} been injured in the disaster to the ^{Marklehead} ~~Marble Head~~, the cruiser Marblehead, off Java in February of 1942, Captain Goggins. Though I will say some things about him that are not flattering, I could never say that he wasn't loyal and he wasn't supportive, that he didn't do his utmost to help us. He was not prepared to see who we were, what we were, or how we worked. He was not prepared to understand those things.

Q: This is the people in the dungeon?

Captain Biard: Yes. Of course, Rochefort understood every bit of it and knew it better than we did, and it was a big change to get somebody who knew nothing about us, didn't understand us, didn't know really how to do things the way they needed to be done, to replace somebody who knew everything about the whole organization and was the best man in it. So it wasn't soon until captured documents started increasing, the number coming in, and he saw the information I was getting from them in my spare time, so he soon put ^{me} on to a full-time work with captured documents, which hurt me. I didn't want to be taken off codebreaking. It hurt me badly.

About this time, this is the early spring of 1943, the graduates of the language school, Japanese language school that had been established in Boulder, Colorado, started coming out to

join our unit. We had our new large quarters in Makalapa right next to Nimitz's headquarters, Nimitz's bombproof shelters now outside the Navy yard. They gave me these people as they came out. They were not allowed to go into codebreaking. Two of them who had learned Japanese as sons of missionaries ^{in Japan} were taken in to help Laswell and Finnegan. I had ^{long} ~~Long~~ and ~~Long~~ wanted someone that I could use ^{in this manner} as a secretary to do the leg work for me while I could work on other things. Instead of having to do my own leg work, I'd say, "Here, go look this up at such and such a place for me. You'll find it over here. Take that off my hands." I had long wanted that and couldn't get it. Now with these people coming out, Laswell and Finnegan were able to--they were the top people in the group and they were of known ability, they had not had the disgrace in the Coral Sea heaped upon their heads, and they truly rated this, but some of the rest of us deserved it, too, people to help, lesser, ^{less} ~~less~~ experienced people.

Q: You got no help?

Captain Biard: I got no help there. In fact, I was then put fully over in captured documents, and my people were not allowed access to codebreaking or even supposed to know that's what was going on in the other section. Of course, I still had access to that section myself. But these people came from Boulder and though they were interested in the work they were doing, they had

so far to go before they could become useful. We had many captured documents. I turned some over to them and said, "Here, these need to be translated." The senior one of them was a very, very dedicated professor of linguistics, I think, from Berkeley, Professor Bingham. He was the senior member, the oldest member of the group, and most of the others were students of Chinese poetry and things of that type. *Someone had the mistaken idea that this type of person would be good in our Japanese intelligence work - Could learn Japanese quickly.*
Q: Chinese?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Chinese poetry?

Captain Biard: Yes, very few had studied Japanese *before going to Boulder*, but a lot of them had studied Chinese poetry and Chinese literature. Now, the study of poetry and the study of literature doesn't make you a hard and fast intelligence man. I can assure you very, very strongly that it does not tie in immediately with intelligence work. Most of these people were pitifully lacking in, shall we say, or temporarily at least pitifully lacking--I want to modify my words and soften them a bit here, were temporarily lacking in the necessary common sense and experience to be worth a damn. When the captured documents would come in, I would look them over and see what might be hot. If something was hot, I would get the

hottest of the hot stuff in it and take it to the head of the section or to Layton immediately. Then I would get the hot stuff, translate it myself or here I would turn it over to one of these people to translate. The stuff that wasn't hot just didn't get translated and would get ~~shove~~^{stowed} over on the shelf, and I had a pretty good idea, kept in my head everything we had over there. More and more stuff was getting on the shelf. Well, these people there, I'd say, "All right, translate this item for me."

The first thing you know, I would get the translation back, and I am not exaggerating here, ~~this~~^{it} will hurt some feelings and later on, I am sure, first of all, I knocked some heads together and showed them what had to be done, as you'll soon find out, but I would try and give them the Japanese account of a sea battle, we captured the accounts of that, perhaps, and say, "Translate this for me, please."

One example was a Japanese account of what happened in one of the night battles off Guadalcanal. "Please translate this."

When it came back to me, it started out like this. "The naval forces of Japan on the 18th month of the ^{year} 1980, of the 18th month, 54th day of the 18th month of the year 1980, met the forces of the U.S. Navy and gloriously defeated them."

Well, I would go no farther than that, and I would call the person over and say, "Now, let's take a look at this. You're saying here that the account that this action occurred in the 54th day of the 18th month of the year 1980." And I'm not

exaggerating. Things like this came back to me. I said, "I don't believe that can be correct."

"Oh, yes, that's what it said."

I said, "Now, let's just wait a minute. This is the year 1943. We haven't got to the year 1980 yet. This month only had 31 days in it, you said this is the 54th day of that month."

He said, "The 18th month. The year only has ¹²~~58~~ months in it."

I said, "I think you can take it back and ^{correct something} ~~do something~~."

"Well, how do you know it's not correct? You haven't seen the document."

I said, "I think you can take it back and do something."

"How do you know it's not correct? You haven't seen the document."

I said, "I don't have to see the document. The Japanese report things meaningfully, and if your translation comes up here and doesn't make sense, then that is the test right there. If it makes sense, you may find out I won't even call for the document. But when it doesn't make even the semblance of anything resembling sense, then it's bound to be wrong and I don't need the document. Go back."

Things this absolutely ridiculous happened time after time after time. And so I just had to knock their heads together, knock their heads on the desk. "Get with it. Make it make sense before you bring it up here."

Well, they learned. They were willing boys, yes. They had just never had the right kind of training to face reality and say, "Can this possibly make sense?"

Now, I have taught physics many, many years since leaving the Navy, and there is always one thing I always told my students, "When you work a problem and you get an answer that can't possibly make sense, for heaven's sake, don't hand it in if you *can* know it's wrong. That's the first test. Can it possibly make sense? And the next test is, 'Have I possibly or probably worked this correctly?' If you do think it makes sense. But if it doesn't make sense, then it means one thing. Start all over again." And these people had never learned that. They're not the only people. I've taught many would-be engineering students who are just as bad in engineering. These students of Chinese literature and Chinese poetry had so much to learn before they could be useful to us.

This went on for a while. I was not as patient as I might have been. I will knock myself and knock my knuckles here because I was still, first of all, very, very broken up about what had happened to me in the Coral Sea and the fact that I had not been given a chance to say a single thing about it to Rochefort. That was still very, very weighing on me heavily. Then when I was put into captured documents, that was even worse.

Q: Worse?

Captain Biard: Yes. I was doing a valuable service, but it rankled me that I had been taken out of codebreaking. And so I let this show too much, far too much. When ^{these boys} they didn't catch on quickly enough that what they handed to me had to make sense first, that they should never hand it in if it didn't make sense, it clearly did not make sense. There were lots of things they didn't know. They did not know about naval routine, about naval engineering, about gunnery, about operations, and there I could expect some errors which I ~~should~~ ^{would} not hold them responsible ^{for}, or lack of ability to put it in proper language. That didn't disappoint me at all because I knew that that was where I had to come in. But when it was things like this, where they'd make these absolutely asinine errors that any fool should plainly see was wrong--excuse me, I'm quoting L'il Abner, Al Capp's L'il Abner. I'm just using the expression that L'il Abner always used in Al Capp's comic strip. If they didn't catch on to that fast enough, I was ~~too~~ impatient with them, I will quickly admit.

Let me back up a minute here. Now, I don't need to back up either. It was about this time that Yamamoto was getting ready for his inspection trip of the Solomon Islands that was to result in his being ambushed. I did not know this when I, about the early part of April, requested ten days' leave. I was tired of this show I was running. It had not become too large then, not all the ^{Boulder} boys had come out, but I was tired of it. I just wanted to get away from it all, so I got ten days' leave to go over to

the town where my little Korean girlfriend was teaching school, she and the Japanese girl, a very, very lovely and nice Japanese girl. So I went over to the ^{big} island, caught a NATS, that's the Naval Air Transportation Service, plane over to Hilo, and from there I went down the coast ^{of the Big Island} and she and some of the people she knew met me and drove me to where she was teaching school at Pahala. So I stayed at Pahala ten days and just relaxed. That was all I did. I forgot about the war, forgot about everything else associated with it, disappointments, what had happened to Joe Rochefort, ^{had and} what ^{was} happening to me.

Then after ten days I came back. I was immediately greeted by "Red" Laswell and ^{Ranson} Ranson Fullinwider with a fantastic dispatch. "Here. Yamamoto is going to make a flying trip down to an air field here in the Solomons on Bougainville Island. We have the entire information on it, and we're getting ready. Nimitz is trying to get it arranged for him to be ambushed by our ^{Air Corps} Army ~~units~~ down there. We know exactly when he will approach the field, we know he's always extremely punctual, to the minute, and he ^{will} ~~was~~ be there on time." This is the time that Secretary Knox took the information to Roosevelt, got his permission, and I have read in books that they even consulted clergies, some of the leading clergy of the country. Would it be proper for us to shoot down a high-ranking commander of the opposing forces? I have read that in books. I do not know that that is true, but I cannot imagine why it would be any less proper for us to do that

than it would be to ambush a ^{convoy} ~~patrol~~ somewhere or ambush a destroyer or a submarine. Anyway, they just wanted to be sure there would be no repercussions on our side, that the clergy would back us up, I suppose, if the accounts that I have read in books are true.

So this was arranged, and we knew the day ^{and exact time} ~~which~~ ^{when} he was supposed to arrive, and our units did ambush the flight. Now, our code message said there would be one bomber plane, one twin-engine bomber carrying the admiral and those ~~one~~ with him, accompanied by six single ^{engine} fighters. The force that we ambushed had two bombers and six single ^{engine} fighters. Well, right after we shot him down, both of the twin-engine planes were shot down as well as some of the fighters, but the Japanese immediately changed their codes, immediately, immediately, so that we did not hear at all, we could not tell whether Yamamoto had really been killed. Of course, we made no mention of it. We didn't want them to have any idea we knew we were waylaying Yamamoto because that would mean they would know we were breaking their codes. There was far too much loose talk at Guadalcanal. Everybody knew that this came from codebreaking. The newspapers in particular caused us trouble later on. All the newspaper correspondents down there knew exactly where the information came from and how it was that we had waylaid him.

But that evening, though I was in Honolulu, that evening the group that had quarters, the married members of the group ^{whose wives were in the U.S} who had

quarters out right nearby the station at Makalapa, headquarters on Makalapa, so I am told by those that were there, spent the night toasting, drinking, and wildly toasting, and the toast they always gave was this. "Here's to Mrs. Y. Long may she be a widow." And that one would ~~go~~^{go} down. Then there would be yet another one. "Here's to Mrs. Y. Long may she be a widow." Mrs. Y., Mrs. Yamamoto. Hoping that they'd got him, not being sure. And, of course, it was our unit ~~who~~^{that} did it. I was not there to join and do part. Like Midway, I missed it. That hurt me. I had not been sent over entirely into this other outfit by this time, into captured documents.

Q: That was a codebreaking operation.

Captain Biard: That was a codebreaking operation. Of course, we didn't want it to get out, but it was all over Guadalcanal. The ^{correspondents} newspapers, and everybody had it.

Q: Who got credit for that individually, or was it individual?

Captain Biard: ^{Army Air Corps} The fliers got it.

Q: I meant for breaking that code. Was it any individual?

Captain Biard: All of us had broken it, just like the code that

gave us Midway. Everybody had broken that except Forrest Biard because I was absent with Fletcher, and so everybody had been in on that, but I was not there at the time the message arrived, and the message could be read at that time and was read, almost 100%. In fact, it came in a lesser system later on that I remember, and it was the message that came in the lesser system that I saw first and it's being debated now, people are saying, "No, this did not come in this way." It did come in this way, and it is not the message that is quoted verbatim in the books. It was a different message that I saw that came in by a different system, and it did come in by this lesser system, too, because where he was going was an exposed station, and it had lesser codes and ciphers to use, so they had to send it to them in a lesser cipher as well as to other stations in this more secure system, which we were also reading.

Q: You saw that after his assassination?

Captain Biard: No, I saw it just before.

Q: Just before. So you read that one, too?

Captain Biard: Yes. And there is much debate. Some people say, "No, no, it was only sent out in one." "No, it was sent out in the other system." It wasn't. It was sent out in two ^{different} systems.

Q: How were the words different? Did you put that in anything?

Captain Biard: I can't remember, but there's one thing I remember, that the start of the message said, "Chōkan." And this was spelled out in a cipher so that there was absolutely no mistaking it. Chōkan is an abbreviation for "Shirei chōkan."

Q: Which means what?

Captain Biard: Commander in chief, Chōkan. The commander in chief will visit such and such a place at such and such a time. It was a very abbreviated version of the other message, worded a bit differently. This was the one that I saw first and I remember most vividly in particular because it's chōkan. And I didn't get at first just what chōkan was, that it was the abbreviation for shirei chōkan. "Red" Laswell, who was showing me the message, with smiles all over his face and just beaming, said, "Chōkan, chōkan, you know, shirei chōkan."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes." I knew this was Yamamoto coming down. Whether he caught it that quickly or quicker than I did, I do not know, but of course by this time the whole station had figured out both messages and had everything going to Washington, everything. But anyway, this occurred. *The shutdown was on 18 April, 1943.*

For six weeks we had to wait to find out whether or not we had actually shot down Yamamoto. Finally, six weeks later, Radio

Tokyo, or at least the Japanese gave a news release and broadcast over the radios that Yamamoto had been killed while ~~leading his troops~~, leading his forces in the forward area in battle. Well, we were sure of it, but it was mighty good to hear this. Of course, we figured that as our own personal revenge against the man who had planned and carried out the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Well, soon after this, the captured documents and the Boulder students increased. The Boulder students were more in number, so I was told to spend my entire time working with them and getting the captured documents taken care of.

About this time our new officer in charge was sent back to Washington for information and the like.

Q: That was Goggins?

Captain Biard: Goggins, yes. When he came back from Washington, and I say this, I'm recording this now, doing this account because this shows you how out of contact with reality people who didn't understand what we were doing could be. He came back from Washington, and when he did, he called me into his office. He said, "Now, Tex, I've got something entirely new, something to be done. I've just returned from Washington where I've seen how they are doing the latest thing. We're going to set up something that we call a Combat Information Center. All the information that we develop here, no matter what, no matter how seemingly

insignificant, how much in detail, all of it will be sent into this one place where we have the people who get all the information and know the overall picture, and they can see if this is significant and ties into something else that you don't appreciate. So now every document that you get is to be translated, translated in the order in which it gets here, translated^{completely} and then sent in for them to see what is there and what can be done, what should be done with it, because they may see something that you don't even recognize is important."

I said, "Captain, do you really mean that?"

"Yes, that's the way. We just^{will} have everything go in there and they can see. They will be the ones who are really qualified to be apprised of everything, and they will know. You won't. You might miss something."

"Captain, the way I've been operating is this. If a document comes in, I skim it very hurriedly. If it's hot, I can tell it. If it's really hot, I go after the hottest bit of it myself so that that can get out immediately. And that which is merely hot I turn over to the boys here and try to get it out before too long. If it's a long something, maybe 40, 50 pages, 100, 200 pages, we may only translate a half-page or a page or two pages, maybe a few more. Seldom ever does any lengthy document get translated in its entirety. That which we do translate is translated only if I have identified it as being hot and worth translating. If things are to be done as you have said, I can

just by looking around the shelves here now estimate that we have enough material here now for 2,000 years, that if we start on it as you say and then just start on this shelf and go around the walls and translate it, and put something else up here as that comes in, we will be 2,000 years going through these documents that I have already scanned for hot material before we get around to looking at the new documents for hot material, that the people in CIC can't even start to understand one sentence of." I said, "Captain, it's like this. Do you really want me to have things translated the way you have said, to run things in the manner in which you have just told me?"

Q: You were the only person doing this scanning?

Captain Biard: Yes. The Boulder boys ^{were} ~~were~~ not capable of doing it.

Q: You didn't have an opposite number?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: You were it.

Captain Biard: I was it. So with this, his face fell. His jaw fell several feet. "Well, I guess it ^{will} ~~would~~ be all right for

you to continue operating as you have been."

On another occasion before I had been assigned the sole work in the very large number of captured documents that were coming in, the major code had been changed some only four or five weeks before. Ordinarily it took us about ten days or two weeks to make the initial entry, to get enough traffic that we could get the necessary entry into the cipher overlying the code so that we could start stripping the cipher off of the code groups and then getting the break into the code groups themselves. It would take ten days to two weeks if everything went beautifully.

Q: And if you got enough traffic.

Captain Biard: We always got enough traffic, a lot of traffic, maybe not enough to do it, but if we were lucky, by ten days or two weeks we'd have enough traffic, and we would have had enough luck to start making an entry into it. But by this time we'd been going about four weeks and it looked like the Japanese had made another one of their changes to make things more difficult to get into the overlying cipher. We had to get the overlying cipher off the code groups first, and that was a major job, *just* getting into it. So nothing was going right, ~~Every~~body was unhappy. When things like this would happen, our faces would be ten feet long, everybody was going around looking as if he'd lost his last friend and ^{was} just absolutely kicking himself in the tail

because he knew that people were dying because we damn well could not read those codes, the encoded messages, and everything was encoded or in cipher. And it was just demoralizing. We would be demoralized in periods like this, and there would always be that God-awful frightful fear, "Maybe they have been successful enough now in making a difficult change that will render it impossible for us to get into." There was always that haunting fear. Here we'd been going through four weeks, maybe, maybe five weeks, and that was an abnormally long time then for us not to get back into a new code of this type. This was our major code, from which we were getting our most information, JN-25, one of the JN-25 series.

Well, Captain Goggins--I wasn't going to name him--came in one day while, I think, it was over "Red" ^{Lasswell's} ~~Lasswell's~~ or Joe Finnegan's desk, looked over his shoulder. I would say it more likely ^{was Lasswell's} "Red" ~~Lasswell's~~. I was at the desk nearby. He said, "How are you doing?"

Long face. "Well, we're not having any luck. It just isn't yielding."

Well, the next day the Japanese changed that system. We had already had enough traffic in it. If we could get into it, we could start moving fairly fast. They changed the system the next day after he came in there. When he came back in, he saw that our faces weren't ^{just} long, they were just absolutely dragging the ground. So he said, "Oh, now, ah, maybe this is a good

opportunity after all. We weren't having much luck with the old one. Maybe we'll have much better luck with this one." Of course, if there was anything we didn't want to happen, it was for an old code to be changed, even if we weren't getting into it because the next one was probably harder, and we'd have to wait til traffic built up and that would mean at least several weeks before we'd even start trying to get into it. He almost had to be escorted out of that place. People were ready to tear him apart.

Q: Did he know that?

Captain Biard: No, he did not know it. But I'm telling you we just said, "Oh, my God, why isn't Rochefort here? Why isn't Rochefort?" Just to think that a good-meaning person, good-meaning though he was, he was willing to do everything he could to help us, there is no doubt about that.

Q: He was trying to cheer you up.

Captain Biard: Trying to cheer us up and did just the opposite, yes. Well, of course, we soon forgave him, but that had to be our immediate reaction.

Q: How long did it take, or do you recall?

Captain Biard: I don't recall. It was several weeks before we got into it. They were making it harder to get into the overlying cipher, making it much more difficult to do than to handle it after we got it. The code books remained much the same. I mean, we couldn't look up code group 01623 up in one book and then know it was the same thing in the other one. It wouldn't be. They would change the numbers on the code groups, of course, so that we couldn't use the old code group to read the new code. But they were making it so that it was much more difficult to get into the cipher so that the code groups would be revealed and then they were making the covering cipher groups much more numerous. They increased those from 50,000 to 500,000, so it meant we had to have much more traffic, much more traffic to make any break-in at all, and then it was far more difficult to recover enough of the cipher cover groups, that we called additive groups, in sequence, because we had to have several in sequence at least before we could get enough groups to make sense out of what the message was saying, to get an idea what the message was saying. We might read only 10% of the message. That 10% might tell us an awful lot. If we could get 25%, we thought it was wonderful. If we got 90%, oh, glory hallelujah! The other 10% you could forget about most of the time, but if it was really hot, of course, we had to go like everything after that for the remaining 10% to get the cipher off of those code groups, if that was the hold up, or to get the meaning of the code groups

if they had the cipher that enabled them to be recovered, that would enable them to appear as bare code groups, five-numeral code groups.

So after this, my little Korean girl came back for the summer. I was working like everything on the codes. There was no great information here. We were producing wonderful results. We were getting convoy daily positions, morning, noon, and night positions, points at which convoys would pass at certain times, and the submarines could go out and get them. We were sending submarines out all the time on these morning, noon, and night positions. I always thought, always thought, always thought that the submariners would put their submarines mid-point between these points so that the Japanese would not always have their contacts made at 8:00 o'clock, 12:00 o'clock, and 6:00 o'clock, which were the times they gave their positions. But I found out after the war that that was not the case. They just sent out the positions as they were and had the submarines contact them at the times, if they could get there, at the times the convoys would be in those positions as specified in the messages. And the Japanese never did during the war, and we were doing this all the time, the codebreakers and the submarines absolutely destroyed their shipping fleet, and that was one of the major factors in the defeat of the Japanese. We destroyed them by making contacts at these points that were given in ^{these}~~the leading~~ messages, and the Japanese never did catch on to it.

Q: Isn't that extraordinary.

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Captain Biard: This is what the submariners tell me, and so I'm only quoting what I have learned after the war. There are many other things. How could they have been so? Just like in Pearl Harbor, why didn't they make a second attack? Why were they so stupid they didn't do that? At Guadalcanal, why did they ^{not} send their forces in at once? At Midway, why ^{didn't} ~~did~~ Yamamoto come on in anyway?

Q: We should be thankful.

Captain Biard: At Leyte Gulf, why didn't they come in instead of turning around and running? Oh, I am thankful. I am so thankful. I wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for that.

Q: None of us might be. That's interesting. I, of course, would have no occasion to hear of that, but is that in the history books?

Captain Biard: About our putting submarines on to the convoys, oh, yes, that's in the history books.

Q: And the fact that they didn't adapt their plans?

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Captain Biard: The submarines didn't have to meet them in between the points, but if possible, ^{would} send them right to the points concerned, and they frequently made their initial attacks just about in those positions. Now, the submariners tell me that's true, and I'm quoting my classmates and those other submariners that I have talked to.

Q: We certainly destroyed the shipping.

Captain Biard: We did. And our codebreaking units were largely responsible for this, largely, for a major amount. Now, one thing that was happening up to this time, you remember that I said ~~Moseley~~ ^{Moseley} came back off his submarine patrol right after Pearl Harbor and said, "I am sure that the torpedoes didn't do what they were supposed to do." It's in the books, and the books are full of the fact that our torpedoes were just not performing right and they were a disaster. The submariners were demoralized.

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: Because they were risking their necks and the necks of their crews, and they were doing the best job they knew how, and then when they did get in position, they would get no results at all. They'd come back and have ~~people~~ ^{Washington} tell them,

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"You're no damn good. You weren't aggressive enough." And, of course, the Torpedo Factory along with the Gun Club would not let them test torpedoes. They said we didn't have enough. And it's true, torpedoes were in very short supply, but we should have tested them to see if maybe things were wrong.

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All this time, now, about this time, even ~~before~~^{after} I had gone to captured documents, of course, I was going back over to the codebreaking side all the time and seeing what was going on and sticking my finger ^{into} ~~in~~ a few things, even so, everywhere I could all the time, even so. Before I had gone, I had received many dispatches that, "Such and such a ship reported. Premature torpedoes. Fired four torpedoes at it, all of them premature." And worse yet, ships would report that they were attacked by submarines and they had two, maybe, torpedoes sticking through their sides, and they were proceeding to port with these torpedoes sticking through their sides. And this was not enough to convince those that needed to be convinced that the torpedoes were not working. There were several cases which we had like that, messages that the torpedoes were sticking through the sides of a ship.

Q: I've never heard that.

Captain Biard: Yes. We got them. At one time the ship was a large auxillary, maybe an ex-whaling ship, had been turned into a

large ~~auxiliary~~^{auxiliary}, and it was sent into dry dock at Yokosuka with ~~these~~ two torpedoes sticking through its side. All this came over by message read by ^{us, the} codebreakers.

Well, by this time, all of a sudden I got orders back to Washington, to go to Melbourne ^{via} ~~and to~~ Washington, first to Washington. This was about August 20th or so, and my little Korean girl was there, ^{in Honolulu.} I at least knew some feminine company, ^{unmarried} Most people did not. There were ten men to every woman in ~~Hawaii~~ ^{Oahu} at that time, unattached women. She was a comfort, a very great comfort. As I have said, she never did want to know what I did, didn't care. Of course, I couldn't tell her and wouldn't tell her. She was a very, very wonderful person.

I was ordered away and so I had to pack up my things rather quickly, ordered to six weeks in Washington, and then after that to proceed to Australia to join the unit at Melbourne.

At this time, something, one of the few things that really rankled us inside our own unit happened from someone who should have known better. There was a Marine major there for whom I had worked--I won't say I had worked, but I had done things for him in a way that I'm going to tell you in a minute. I had forgot about all this, a very important something, for whom I had done many favors. He had been promoted in rapid Marine Corps promotion over our heads, ~~we~~ had been promoted more slowly. He was junior to us originally and in the end he ended up being senior to us. We didn't know that when we got our orders, John

Bromley and I, the two of us were ordered to Washington and to Melbourne, when we got them, John Bromley sent a letter to Tom Mackie in Melbourne, asking him what we should bring out with us, try to bring with us from the States. John Bromley received a letter back from Tom Mackie. Of course, it went by air mail, so we got it back rather hurriedly. Tom Mackie told him, he said, "I received your letter but it didn't make any sense because so many of the words in the letter were deleted, that I couldn't tell what questions you were asking."

Well, John knew that this Major Hinkle, the Marine Corps major who had been our junior, we did not know it, I did not know it that he was playing censor, but he censored John's letter and cut out everything so that it meant nothing, and told John nothing about it. It was now too late to get another message to Tom Mackie before we would leave.

John Bromley was a man of hot temper. I'm telling you that this Marine Corps major may have been promoted over our heads, but what John Bromley told him should not be heard by most ears. The Marine Corps major then realized his gross error, and he was very apologetic. He was a nice gent, ^{but} he was just over-enthusiastic.

Q: Tell me who Tom Mackie was.

Captain Biard: Tom Mackie was a member of our Tokyo group who

had been evacuated with us but sent to Corregidor from Shanghai when the rest of us came to Honolulu. But he had finished the three years ^{in Tokyo,} whereas John Bromley and Gil Slonim, "Banks" Holcomb, and I had finished only the two years.

Q: But he's now in Melbourne.

Captain Biard: He's in Melbourne, yes. He was in Melbourne at this time, and John was trying to find out what we needed to bring with us, if possible, from Washington. So I say there was just this type of thing. It just made us fuming mad. But I was detached, we were detached and sent back to the States, to San Francisco by Pan American clipper from Pearl Harbor. That was my first time on a clipper. The clipper actually had bunks. We spent the night in bunks, but I got no sleep. I was right next to an engine. There was no soundproofing, and that engine just beat the devil out of my ears all night long.

There is something now I should say that I have not said here. I am out of order, but I'm going back now to the time that I was first getting captured documents from Guadalcanal. At this time we started getting reports of a few prisoners being taken. As everyone knows, very few Japanese were taken prisoners, but we did take a few. We would get reports on them. So Layton called me to his office one afternoon and said, "Tex, I've got a proposal to make to you." Now, this is Eddie Layton, the

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CinCPac~~t~~ intelligence officer. "I've got a proposal. We've got some prisoners down there, ^{at Guadalcanal.} Some of them look as though they may be interesting. What if I have them sent up here to Pearl?" "I" being Admiral Nimitz, of course, and I'm saying it that way. "What if I get Admiral Nimitz to send them up to Pearl where they can be interrogated. Will you be willing to spend some time on your own with them? I can't take you off the job you're doing. You'll have to do it on your own time. We'll put them in the Marine brig here and if you will on your own time go over there and interrogate these people, we'll see what information we can get out of them that may be useful." He said, "They come from different units and different parts of Japan, so they can be something like an encyclopedia where one can tell us about one subject, maybe, another about another one, and we'll just have a group of experts over here that we can interrogate any time we want to get information on this, that, and the other thing." He said, "Will you be willing to do that?"

I said, "I don't have much to occupy my free afternoons." I was usually working around the clock, usually from one afternoon to the next, 24 hours on, 24 off. And so I said, "Yes, I'll be very happy to do that."

So he called up several of these prisoners, the first one of which was a young Army officer, captured on Guadalcanal, who had served in Malaya and the island of Timor. He had been in those invasions of the Japanese forces. So, of course, the Marine

major, the Marines' liaison with ^{our} ~~the~~ place, Hinkle, ^{who} ~~that~~ later was to get such a bawling-out from John Bromley and get so badly on my list, thought this was a wonderful chance. And so after we let him know who was there, he came over and interrogated this young fellow. He didn't interrogate; he asked us to ask questions, and then when we'd give him the information, occasionally he'd ask. Usually the interrogation and the questions asked were mine, not his. So this young fellow was a Christian, he had been brought up in a Christian university, educated in a Christian university. He was not too much in sympathy with what was going on, that he saw the Japanese doing. He was very willing to talk. We liked him, he liked us, we treated him nicely, ^{and} we got a lot of worthwhile information out of him. One of the questions I put to him was--and this was in all the newspapers, even in the U.S. newspapers--their jungle operations, everybody was astounded how the Japanese could get through the jungles, just infiltrate everywhere through them and absolutely demoralize our troops by infiltrating through the lines and attacking from the rear and outflanking ^{U.S.} ~~them~~. The newspapers were saying they used bird calls, imitating calls of birds to signal ^{back and forth} ~~to them~~ as they were going with each other some distance away, going down in the jungles and through our lines, excellent, imitating calls of animals and birds, ^{and their} give signals to each other to coordinate their attacks and their operations. And so I asked this young fellow, I said, "Your troops are very, very

skillful in imitating calls of birds and sounds of animals to transmit messages to and from each other in the jungles and these places where you're not otherwise in contact. You've done a masterful job of that."

"Oh? You think so?"

I said, "Yes."

"We never do anything like that."

"You don't?"

"No, but your side certainly is good at it."

In other words, they heard the ^{3^e} sounds in the jungle and they thought they were the enemy, just as we heard ^{these} sounds in the jungle and thought they were our enemy, *signalling back and forth to each other.*

Q: They were just jungle sounds.

Captain Biard: They were just natural jungle sounds, yes.

Q: Interesting, isn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes, that is the one story that I really remember from this one.

Q: This is the second time you've interrogated Japanese prisoners.

Captain Biard: Yes. Now, this went on and on and on.

Q: I don't suppose that got in the newspapers.

Captain Biard: That did not get into the newspapers at all, I can assure you, but I took it back to Hinkle, I can assure you that, and to Layton. When anything significant came up, I always took it back to Layton. I did not take it back to Goggins. Goggins had no interest in this operation. It was between me and Layton. And Layton, I was not working for him, but I was working with him because he was not in the line of command. This was purely voluntary.

Q: He was your friend, too.

Captain Biard: Yes. He really was my friend. So we got more and more prisoners.

Q: I was just going to ask you if these prisoners were under your control or command, some such word?

Captain Biard: They were under my control to the extent that I could tell the Marines to feed them properly or clothe them this way, as long as they were confined, to confine them this way or that way. Yes, they were basically under my control. The

Marines could not do anything with them other than just routine every day living functions that were necessary in the Marine brig without my permission. And that means without Layton's permission, too, of course.

Q: Were they somewhat pleased that you didn't kill them and torture them, which they'd probably been told would happen?

Captain Biard: Well, they seemed to be somewhat appreciative but not always, as will appear here soon. As I said, I saw that they were fed well, the best American food. And my routine with them when I would go over to interrogate them, usually I would be by myself, but if someone was particularly interested in a certain subject, why, of course, I would ask him to go with me. And if Layton found somebody who wanted some information from prisoners and would like to see them and interview them, he would ask me to let them go with me, and this happened, as I will tell in a moment. So yes, I gave them the best of food, the very best, steaks, potatoes, good vegetables. And so when I would call them in for interrogation, the Marine would bring them in. I would have a room, a desk, chairs, and I would always leave things on the table that were heavy enough and large enough and wicked enough that if the prisoner wanted to, he could kill me. I wanted to show him I was not afraid of him. That was just part of the psychology of my treatment. I always, as long as

possible, treated the prisoner in a gentlemanly way, no screaming, no threats.

Q: No rubber hose.

Captain Biard: No rubber hose. I always talked to the prisoner as one professional man to another.

Q: Were they officers?

Captain Biard: Some of them were officers, some were not. My approach was always this. I knew they weren't going anywhere, I knew they couldn't get any information out, so if I told them something that was classified, it made no difference. They might be enemy, but they were not effective enemies. They couldn't get any information out. I wouldn't give them our plans two months ahead of time or even three days ahead of time, and maybe I wouldn't give our plans ahead at all, but something that had happened in the past that was still classified, the American public didn't know about, I didn't hesitate a minute to tell them about that because that was usually kept from the American public to make the American Navy look better or make Roosevelt, usually, look better. He didn't want the information out in some cases. In other cases, I thoroughly suspect that it was just the Navy not wanting to look bad. This time, as you're going to find out,

there was plenty for us to look bad about lots and lots of times.

So as I will recount here in a minute, any time that I thought it to my advantage to do so, I would tell them things that the Americans ^{public} did not know, still classified, because they weren't going anywhere, they couldn't tell anybody, and it was to my advantage to do it, so I would do so if I could profit by it.

First of all, I'd have the Marine guard stand outside. He had orders from the officer in charge of the brig, he said at the Marine quarters they were always to stay in the same room with the interrogator. I said, "I cannot permit that. I am going to be in there with this man alone. You may stand outside, armed, of course. Not in here." And I would tell them separately why. I said, "Psychologically I want him to know that we're just talking back here as equals, and I'm not afraid of him and there's no reason he should fear me."

Then I would have ice cream sodas. I liked ice cream sodas, at least ice cream sundaes brought in from the Marine brig, from the soda fountain, and cigarettes. I would always supply them with cigarettes. Of course, American cigarettes were highly prized all over the world. These people there that were smokers loved American cigarettes. So I saw that they had these little nice items. When I would come over, I didn't let them have newspapers. The only newspapers they could appreciate, most of them, would have been the local Japanese paper, which was, of course, well-^{Controlled}~~patrolled~~ by our Army at that time. It had been

shut down on December the seventh and then opened up again several weeks later when the Army had adequate censorship control over it so that the Japanese daily paper, Honolulu Japanese paper was being published and, of course, carried the news to the Japanese, those who wished to read it, in Japanese language or could only read it in Japanese language. I didn't even take those over there because I wanted to be their ^{only} source of news. I wanted to be the person ^{whom} ~~which~~ they were depending on ~~me~~ for their interest in the war. Never did I let them get any information anywhere else, so that anything I sprang on them that was recent was sure to be new to them, and that would excite their interest.

I would have an ice cream sundae and cigarettes and sit down and just talk. "Here's the latest on the war." So on and so on. I was always sure to tell them, "Boy, your forces really were good and they did this to us." And this may be something that our ^{American public} ~~people~~ didn't know, classified. It couldn't hurt. They couldn't talk to anybody and let any information out. It didn't make any difference about being classified anyway. So I would do this. Then I'd get back into past operations. "This is like you did at such and such an operation, over here. Do you think you did the same thing there? You really were clever."

"Oh, no, we didn't do exactly this. This is the way we did it." So I always had an objective, something I wanted to get from the prisoners, some information. I would start out with present-day happenings, excite his interest, get him terrifically

interested, and then we would talk, professional~~ly~~ man to professional man, war information, war information, just good clean fun of straightening each other out where the other was wrong. I'd tell him where his ideas were wrong, and I would head over in the direction of what I wanted to get and wanted to know. It would just come out like that without his ever knowing that he was being pumped. I practiced this and practiced this and practiced it, and I worked it to perfection on many, many, many, many prisoners, and almost never did I find one who would not cooperate fully when approached this way.

The Japanese ^{fighting men} were not told that they should not tell these things because they were not supposed to be taken prisoners. They were supposed to die rather than be taken prisoners, so we got ^{only} a few prisoners, but many of them we did get on Guadalcanal ended up ~~there~~ with us in Pearl Harbor.

About the time that the Boulder boys started coming to Pearl Harbor ...

Q: The what boys?

Captain Biard: Boulder boys, those Japanese language boys from the Boulder language school.

Q: Boulder, Colorado.

Captain Biard: Yes. This was the time that Yamamoto was ambushed. Just before he was ambushed, he had started or had put into effect plans to assemble the air units, four, and put into effect Operation I, which was a big air attack on Guadalcanal to be carried on several days. He called in carrier air units ^{from} ~~on~~ carriers, put them ashore at Rabaul, had them fly to Truk, from Truk to Rabaul. their big base off New Guinea, a fantastic ^{base} ~~thing~~ that plagued us all during so many years of the war, the first two originally. He brought in these many air groups of large air strength and really hit us ^{from} ~~at~~ Rabaul and hit the units ^{nearest} ~~around~~ there. We knew what was happening, we knew it was coming up. ^{we had read the messages.} Still they did a lot of damage. But we did get one prisoner from this attack. He was a Naval Academy graduate and a Zero fighter plane pilot. I have in my writings called him Koyama. That is not his name. I know his name, but I'll not repeat it here. He was a very heavy-set, round-faced, intelligent-looking ^{man,} and I'm quite sure he was ^{an} intelligent Naval Academy graduate, lieutenant (junior grade), who was a Zero fighter pilot in this large-scale attack delivered against Guadalcanal for several days. He was shot down in ^{this} ~~an~~ operation and captured. So I talked to him, too, and he talked like the rest of them. It was one professional man to another. He was a Judo expert at the Japanese Naval Academy, big and husky, a Judo expert. I left the blunt, sharp, other objects around the table with him just like anybody else. If he wanted to come at me he

could. I wasn't going to show fear to any of these prisoners. It was one professional man to another, neither person abusing the other. This is just my approach. I figured that was the way it was best to get the job done. He turned out to be ~~be~~ pretty good--we got respectable information from him.

About this time he told me, he said, "We have a very big complaint." He was talking about all the prisoners we had there.

I said, "Yes? What?"

He said, "You aren't feeding us well."

I said, "We aren't? The people in the United States would love to get the steaks you're getting, the eggs you're getting, all of this, sugar. You have everything, coffee, all that you want, the very best."

"Yes, we have that, but we don't have rice."

And so I said, "All right, we'll have them serve you rice." We arranged cooked rice for them.

He complained again and said, "The food is no good. The rice is no good."

"No?" So we arranged that they could cook their own rice. With that, they stopped complaining about the food.

Q: I would say they were treated handsomely.

Captain Biard: They were. People in the United States would have ~~liked~~ ^{loved} to have had their food, and I can tell you now that

the prisoners of ours they had, how they would have--if they could only have had that type of treatment.

Q: You were treating them well just for one purpose, of obtaining ...

Captain Biard: One purpose only. I was getting that information. Well, Jasper Holmes came over. We captured one little fellow from the submarine I-1, which had been sunk by a New Zealand Corvette off Guadalcanal. He was our only submariner. Jasper Holmes relates in his book, tells about our interrogation of this little fellow there in the Marine brig. Jasper came with me. I have the most utmost respect for Jasper Holmes. He is a wonderful man. Though he was not a codebreaker, he assisted us in ways that were invaluable. His skill, his intelligence, and his devotion were outstanding, outstanding. He came over, and in his book he credits himself with an awful lot that he should not credit himself, *with*.

Q: That he should not credit himself?

Captain Biard: Yes. He tells about how he sat down, how he established rapport with this little fellow.

Q: He stepped on your lines?

Captain Biard: Yes. And how he got this good feeling across and back. He didn't know it, I had already done that and I had this little fellow just eating out of my hand. That's exactly what I had done, and I was doing it, he wasn't. It was the person speaking the Japanese to this little fellow who was doing it, it wasn't Jasper Holmes. But Jasper thought he was doing it, and he saw the smiles on this little fellow's face, and the smiles were coming to me, not to Jasper.

Q: Did Jasper speak Japanese?

Captain Biard: No. As I say, it was Jasper's mistake in there, and I'm not criticizing Jasper. I love him. He is a wonderful person. But in his book he tells about all this, how he skillfully handled this little fellow. He wasn't handling him skillfully, although he did not step in and ruin anything that I was doing, he surely did not, but F.R. Biard had already done it and was just continuing on with what he was doing and Jasper Holmes didn't know, *that*.

Q: How many prisoners do you think you had?

Captain Biard: We had about eight at a time, eight there at ^{any} one time. *Eight to twelve.*

Q: I see. Then you'd send them back?

Captain Biard: All right. In a minute. That's coming up.

Q: Sorry.

Captain Biard: That's coming up. So we gave them their rice. Well, this little fellow, when I first got him, ~~his~~ one eye was blinded, ^{this} one eye had been shot out, and he had big bullet holes in his body, in his arms in particular, and so when I was first talking to him, he turned out to be a nice young fellow, a farm boy, intelligent farm boy. He was just as nice as could be. You could hardly ask for a more pleasant, nice little fellow. When he got to know me and know that I wasn't going to hurt him and that he had nothing to fear from me, I came back about my third session with him, he looked up at me with tears in his eyes, and he pointed to the bullet holes in him and to his blind eye and said, "Why did they do this to me? They machine gunned me while I was in the water. I couldn't hurt them. Why was it necessary to do this? Why did they do this to me?"

That was a question I couldn't answer. I knew, but I couldn't explain it well to him. I passed it off as something, "Well, you know, this is war. There is an awful lot of hatred out there."

Q: What else could you say?

Captain Biard: That's all I could say. But that was pitiful to see this little fellow, nice little fellow with tears in his eyes, "Why did they do this to me? I wasn't hurting them."

Q: How did you know? You couldn't pick out the good from the bad at that time. Could you?

Captain Biard: In the water, what can you do to somebody on a ship who's shooting people in the water?

Q: There are stories of ...

Captain Biard: I can give you lots of stories.

Q: ... of these Japanese people in the water being ...

Captain Biard: That's right. They would go by a lot of them and depth charge them in the water.

Q: No need for that?

Captain Biard: No. And the worst thing is, when they did that, they robbed us of intelligence. I don't care about the other. I

can't say too much about doing this to Japanese prisoners, heaven knows they did it to our people in the water, but the main thing was then we didn't get them to interrogate them, and how we needed them. We needed prisoners. Well, we would have on hand, we built up the number to about eight, *later to about twelve*

Then one day when I went back to my work at the center on Makalapa, Goggins came in to see me and said, "Well, Tex, you've got all these prisoners over there. You know you're not supposed to have them, don't you?"

I said, "Well, Captain, why?"

"Well, you have them in a brig with other prisoners and the international laws of war say that isn't to be the case. You'll have to get rid of them. Send them out here to a prison camp run by the Army."

And we had had these prisoners of different parts, different services, different branches of the Navy, and who were cooperating well, we were getting wonderful information from them, and he says, "You ^{had} better get rid of them." And ~~he~~ ^{we} did.

I went to see Layton, and Layton said, "Can't do anything about it." He let ^{Goggins} ~~them~~ send them off, and I didn't see them again ever. But Layton immediately ordered up more prisoners from Guadalcanal, and so I started getting more.

But before this, one of the people who came over, who heard that we had prisoners, asked Layton, he heard that we had this Japanese ex-Zero pilot, wanted to interrogate the Zero pilot. It

was John Crommelin, the executive officer of the ^{carrier} Enterprise, and in a book I have on the history of the Enterprise in the war, the man who wrote it said that John Crommelin left more influence and more of his mark and tremendous personality on the Enterprise than any one person who ever served there during the entire war. Layton arranged for John Crommelin and ~~me~~ ^{me} to get together and go over to the brig together, and we called for our prisoner. I think I've mentioned him, not Koyama, but Otani, and Otani means "large valley" ~~little mountain~~. He arranged for an interview with Otani, the Zero pilot, Naval Academy graduate. Crommelin was a fine man, I liked him immediately. Anyone would. He was just a darn competent officer and a likeable person.

So he started giving me questions. After we were going well, he said, "Well, you know, I've flown a Zero."

And Otani's face sort of dropped. "You have?"

And, of course, here Crommelin was using my tricks, exciting his interest so he would come forward with just any darn thing. So he told him about it. It was a Zero that was recovered at Dutch Harbor that had flipped over on the tundra there in the soggy tundra, in a forced landing from a Japanese carrier that attacked Dutch Harbor in a diversionary raid just before Midway. Of course, that was number one high priority. I remember the dispatch that came in on that. We saw that down in the dungeon, highest priority. That ^{the Zero} must be recovered in the best possible condition and sent to the United States, that is most important,

most important, because they needed to fly it and find what it could do and couldn't do, and how our pilots with their planes of different characteristics could best fight this extremely, extremely maneuverable and dangerous plane. So while that had been put back in flyable shape, and he was one who had flown it, so he, of course, told Otani all about it and about flying it. Then they got in that area, and he was pulling my stunt, excite his interest, and boy, they really went back and forth on this. He could ask him many questions I couldn't. Crommelin even wanted to take him back on board the Enterprise, let him see one of our carriers. He asked me about that and I said, "Sure. I'll go with you. We'll have to have a Marine guard with us, but that doesn't mean anything."

Otani, of course, really wanted to go. We had an awful job arranging that. The skipper of the Enterprise just didn't want his ship to be seen by any Japanese under any conditions. Finally Crommelin or Layton or somebody talked him into it, and we did get Otani on board to see the flight deck and one or two other very unimportant things. They wouldn't let him see much. This was just something that Crommelin and I wanted to do. ~~we~~ we would have liked to have taken him around ^{to} many more places and get his comments and compare ^{them with} some of the things on Japanese ships. That would have been very helpful and should have been done.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: But, "We can't let a Japanese see this." Hell, he wasn't going anywhere. *He couldn't tell anyone.*

Q: But you can understand both sides of that.

Captain Biard: Yes, but he wasn't going to go anywhere. He wasn't going to tell anybody anything. It was too late for him to tell it, by this time, what little he could get about our construction of carriers, anything he might get back through.

Q: You could learn from him.

Captain Biard: We could learn from him, but they couldn't learn from us. But they just couldn't understand that this man ~~isn't~~^{wasn't} going to hurt us, but we ~~can~~^{could} learn a hell of a lot from him. We got him aboard, and he essentially got aboard a carrier and that was all.

Q: This is the one that Crommelin was ...

Captain Biard: Yes, that Crommelin was interviewing through me.

Q: I know. Well, was he the skipper?

Captain Biard: Crommelin was the exec of the Enterprise. Of course, Crommelin agreed with me perfectly that you could show Otani damn near anything and it wouldn't hurt. But it was just the horror, the idea that a Japanese ^{would} see our ships.

So we got more prisoners. One of them decided he wasn't going to talk to me. He wouldn't talk. He told me that, and I said, "Well, I'm sorry. I'll call you up?"

"No. I won't eat. I'll go on a starvation diet. I won't let you talk to me."

Well, I knew that Goggins was very fearful of what the Red Cross might do about our having prisoners in the brig and about our not treating them according to the international law. They weren't abused. Heaven knows they were being mollycoddled. But nevertheless, they could complain if they wanted to. I knew that Goggins would be absolutely petrified if he knew that there was a Japanese over there on a hunger strike.

Q: Oh, yes.

Captain Biard: And he would order them out immediately. So, of course, I went to Layton with that and said, "Look, I've got myself in a jam here. What do we do about this?"

"Just tell him, 'If you don't eat, that's all right.' We'll be kind to you, we won't make you eat. We won't beat you with a hose and make you eat. Just don't eat anything you don't want to

eat, as long as you want to.'"

And so I just went back with that and I didn't tell Goggins. Finally the bird started eating and started talking again, though he wasn't happy. He was one of the few who didn't respond ^{graciously} to my treatment, one of the very few.

All of this paid off very much in the Battle of Leyte Gulf, right after the Battle of Leyte Gulf, which will come up in due time, of course.

Little else happened there at Pearl Harbor that I can recall now, anything that would be of interest here. Work went routinely, got out quite a few captured documents. One of the captured documents was very interesting to me. It was a critique by the Japanese forces of the fighting up to and through the capture of the Dutch East Indies, the land fighting. They had nothing but absolute contempt for British forces in Malaya, complete and absolute contempt. They had nothing but absolute contempt for British and Dutch forces in the Dutch East Indies. They had nothing but the greatest of praise for the Marines on Wake Island. They said, "They fought and they fought and they fought. They were really tremendous fighters." In other words, they just heaped praise all over them. They told of the two destroyers that were sunk by the Marines off Wake, and it was at this time that we discovered for the first time one of the secrets of their fantastically destructive torpedoes. This was their 24-inch long lance destroyer-launched torpedo. I have seen

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in other books people call aircraft torpedoes long lance. That is not true. The long lance torpedo was this very big one that was so big it could only be carried on a destroyer, ^{not on a cruiser} Submarines couldn't carry them, although the submarine torpedoes were also destructive and carried much more explosives than ours, much faster, a much longer range.

Q: More accurate.

Captain Biard: And more accurate. Far more reliable, at first at least, and still at the end of the war, longer range, faster, and perhaps more reliable.

Q: Even up til that time? Even after the end of the war?

Captain Biard: Yes. We could never match the Japanese torpedoes ^{even} at the end of the war for reasons which will come up here in a minute.

In this document they told of these two destroyers that they had lost, blown up almost like that, almost instantaneously off Wake. Of course, this really impressed them. So they carried out tests to try to find out just what was responsible for these destroyers ~~be~~ being blown out of the water so easily, they thought, by our forces. And there they talked about their torpedoes and about number one air and number two air. Torpedoes

have to have air to provide oxygen for the fuel they burn that runs their steam turbines or steam engines that will drive them through the water. The U.S. Navy used compressed air which, of course, is 29% oxygen and 71% nitrogen, so what you're putting in a torpedo, you're getting damn little of the oxygen that you need for combustion, the rest of it is nitrogen that is useless, rises up as bubbles, which you don't want, and reduces the power, speed, and the range of the torpedo over what it would be if it was all oxygen. So here they were talking about number one air and number two air. Well, by a little educated guesswork, I told myself, "This number two air must, must, must not be regular air, but it must be oxygen, pure oxygen." And so I approached this document with that in mind, or at least that approach. Is this number two air oxygen, not the ordinary air? And before I got through, I was satisfied that the number two air was oxygen, not compressed ordinary air such as we used in our submarines and our destroyers and our aircraft torpedoes.

Now, that's the way you break codes, is to make an assumption and then see if it makes sense in other places. If you use that in other places, does it make sense? And if it makes enough sense, then you can say that's the meaning of that code group. Well, nowhere did they call this oxygen, but as I went through, when I applied this test to it, pure oxygen, pure oxygen, it finally came to the point where I could say definitely that that is pure oxygen they're using in their torpedoes. Pure oxygen, of

course, would just be so fantastically more effective than the air we were using. The only thing is oxygen is hazardous. We had tried it in our torpedoes and had abandoned it, as I later learned, because of the fact that pure oxygen burns so fast when it does come in contact with combustible material ^{it becomes} ~~and is~~ almost an ^{explosive} explosion. As you know, if there's oxygen being administered to a patient in a hospital room, you're not allowed to smoke in there. The concentration of oxygen would be far, far less than it would be in pure oxygen, and for the torpedo.

Q: Do you think they used that?

Captain Biard: I know they did. That was the secret of their torpedoes, their tremendous range, their tremendous speeds, and, of course, they built them oversize. That meant that they could carry more fuel, carry more oxygen, and carry more explosives, and run faster.

Q: How did they handle the danger?

Captain Biard: I do not know how they handled the danger, but they had solved that, so they talked about their dai ni kuki and so forth. They ran tests to see if they knew that one of the destroyers had been sunk by one of our Marine fighter planes, of which we had ^{only} ~~about~~ ^{on Wake Island} four at that time, dropping small bombs on ~~it~~ ^{one of} the two ~~the~~ destroyers which blew up ~~it~~ during the first attempted invasion of Wake Island on 11 December, 1941.

And they had an idea that these small bombs had caused their torpedoes, including this very, very dangerous oxygen, which there was a lot of there ready to go, because when a torpedo is launched, there is a fantastic amount of air there at high pressure, and they had a fantastic amount of pure oxygen, far more than we had even of air. And so they tested that to see if dai ni kuki was the thing that did it. They made tests on shore, and they even put monkeys around the test to see what happened to the monkeys, and they said the monkeys were horribly mangled.

Q: That's how it sank so rapidly?

Captain Biard: That's what they think.

Q: Do you think so?

Captain Biard: I have no other explanation, and that's the only explanation they came up with. It was the large explosive in the torpedoes and the dai ni kuki, that means number two air. Dai ichi kuki would be number one air, and that would be ordinary air.

Q: And this is dai ni kuki, number two air, *or pure oxygen.*

Captain Biard: Yes. So they described these tests and wanted to find out why their destroyers had disintegrated so under the attacks of first of all a five-inch shell hit from the Marine shore batteries, and second, from the Marine fighters. Here I say was practical proof, that is, real proof that they were using oxygen, which would be so much more effective than just ordinary compressed air. And, of course, they had much more of it, much more fuel, much more explosives, greater range, and much more destructive power, and these torpedoes were big things.

Q: When did you come to this conclusion?

Captain Biard: I came to it ~~as soon~~ within 30 minutes after I had got my hands on that document.

Q: That was one of the captured documents.

Captain Biard: Yes, and this was in the spring of 1943. We had found out, after we raised the destroyer sunk ^{at Tulagi} ~~in Guadalcanal~~ by Yorktown on the fourth of May in the first of the three battles of Coral Sea, that first destroyer was the Kikutsuki, which was sunk or had been beached there and more or less sunk in shallow water. Our people, in raising it a bit and looking it over, found that the torpedoes were 24-inch torpedoes, giant things, and not 21-inch torpedoes as on our destroyers, 24 against 21.

Three extra inches mean a lot, because they had lengthened the torpedo even more, and they had--and this is in the records--they had a simple engine in the torpedo that we had long abandoned as too unsophisticated. Much more reliable and boy, what they could do. They had reciprocating engines, steam engine, rather than a steam turbine.

Q: In the torpedo?

Captain Biard: Right.

Q: You say that's in the ...

Captain Biard: Everybody knows it, yes. It's the old ^{Whitehead} torpedo, that's the principle of the first torpedoes that ^{were} ~~was~~ ~~built.~~ ~~driven.~~ But as I say, we had found that, and it shocked everybody to find that they had these big torpedoes on these ships. They didn't find out about the dai ni kuki, though, from what they found on Kikutsuki. This came later from the captured documents from Wake. Whether or not the people just weren't going after it, whether or not it wasn't evident, because by this time you couldn't tell what was what, and there was a lot of damage to the ship. I don't know that we had any good engineering experts, we probably had some pretty good naval constructors down there, but nobody in particular to go through

the Japanese language in great detail on anything. But everybody was shocked to learn that these were 24-inch torpedoes. Well, I had known before I went to Japan that the Japanese destroyers had 24-inch torpedoes on them. I had learned this in publications in ONI. We didn't have much information on them, but it did say that the Japanese did have 24-inch torpedoes, and 24-inch torpedoes were certainly a hell of a lot larger than 21-inch. And so this information did not reach the fleet, or had reached it ^{or} ~~and~~ nobody paid any attention to it.
in 1943

Q: BuOrd, they should have known it.

Captain Biard: But here we had the secret of the Japanese long ~~launched~~ ^{lance} torpedo was out. We never did do anything with it. Number two air, or oxygen was still ^{too} dangerous for our torpedoes, I do believe. I don't think anything was done on our side with oxygen from ^{even} then on. Of course, this was the secret of the disaster off Guadalcanal. *The disaster at Savo Island. These fantastic torpedoes.*

I will go back now. Many battles were fought off of Guadalcanal, most of them ^{night} ~~sea~~ battles. The Tokyo Express made it's frequent runs. Twice they sent carrier groups down and they sent surface forces down in major strength on November 12, about the 13th, 12th and 13th, and 13th and 14th, where we had major night sea engagements. Our codebreaking group was responsible for warning them that these were coming in, and they were able to

get ^{our} ~~their~~ forces there to fight the battle and to achieve a very costly victory, a very hard-won, justly-won victory, and here's where we were using our new battleships for the first time. The ^{new} battleships really helped us out in these night battles there in the middle of November, 1943.

It was on the night of November 30 that a big Tokyo Express run was coming down and we knew it. I ^{worked} ~~helped work~~ on this dispatch, and got the information that it would be landing. I think there were ~~six~~ ^{or ten} or eight Japanese destroyers, and Japanese destroyers were larger and more heavily armed than ours, and they had this fantastic long lance torpedo that we could not even start to approximate. But we found that they were going to land at Cape Tassafaronga, and we knew ^{their} ~~the~~ strength. So we sent largely a cruiser force to intercept this group that night. It was to get there at maybe 11:00, 12:00 o'clock, and offload supplies and other troops for the forces ashore. Our cruiser commander--and I am speaking my opinion now, this is my opinion--our cruiser commander had not learned the ^{very important} lesson from the previous battles of the deadliness of this torpedo, and that you could not ^{at you} fight torpedoes, give the Japs a chance to fire these torpedoes even if you had tremendous ranges that we thought were impossible for torpedoes. But he led his ships up in column parallel to the Japanese who didn't know he was there. We had radar and the Japanese didn't. But he was ^{at} ~~in~~ a range of about ^{13,000} ~~20,000~~ yards, which was four or five times the possible range of

our torpedoes, and he thought he was safe. He would lie off and pump shells into the Japanese destroyer, before they knew we were there and before they could do anything about it. We were completely outside their gun range and outside their torpedo range, ^{so he thought.} I believe this was his plan. I read that that was it, and this certainly sounds like it. But the Japanese fired these long lance torpedoes, and this is in all the books, I'm just bringing it up here, they fired these long lance torpedoes when they were surprised by us, at a range of about 20,000 yards. And all of a sudden these torpedoes started hitting our cruisers and blowing bows clear off of them, demolishing engine rooms and doing the most awful damage. This was something we could not afford. We had already lost so many cruisers at Savo Island earlier. We had lost other ships in the night battles of the 12, 13, 14 of November. We didn't have them to lose. And here we had other ships sunk, one ship sunk and about three or four others knocked out of the war for months and months and months, had to have complete new bows, turrets, everything else that had to be replaced. This hurt me extremely badly, extremely badly, because I was ^{the} one ~~of those~~ who had furnished this information that got our force into all this trouble. This happened. Our codebreaking ^{did} ~~was~~ not always ^{produce} glorious successful victories. Frequently in these days and times we would get the information and our forces would be sent to intercept Japanese units as a result of it, and either because of the Japs' very superior night

fighting capability, enhanced by their long lance torpedo, our forces, who were prewarned and setting the trap, would still come out not second best, but third ^{or} and fourth best. This didn't always happen. Yes, sometimes we would set the trap very effectively. But we also suffered tremendously ~~sometimes~~. *very many times.*

Q: You had also told him about the capabilities of the Japanese torpedoes, hadn't you?

Captain Biard: By this time, no. No. This number two air and all such came up in captured documents about this time and had not been disseminated. But they did know that it was a 24-inch torpedo and could do fantastic things.

Q: So they knew that much.

Captain Biard: They knew that much. But sometimes ^{our codebreaking} ~~we~~ sent our forces into absolute disaster, and when that happened, of course, it hurt us. It hurt us badly. Other times we sent them into very successful engagements, but things were touch and go at Guadalcanal for quite a few months, quite a few months. An awful lot of the battles resulted from information that we sent out. As I say, some of them ended in disaster, some ended favorably for us. Many ^{were} ~~was~~ the nights in the dungeon in this Guadalcanal period particularly, from September ¹⁹⁴², on, where those of us who spent the

night, would spend 24 hours on, 24 hours off, might lie down to catch a few hours' sleep, just wondering whether or not we would still be in possession of Guadalcanal in the next ^{twenty} four hours. It was that touch and go. We knew that our units down there were having such an awful time, that we were fighting that war with them. They didn't know it. There were not many others who knew what was going to happen. We knew because we were reading the Japanese codes and what was coming up, and how serious shape we were ⁱⁿ the beatings our own forces had taken. Very few people knew it because we didn't broadcast it. They had to be on the spot to know it, what awful beatings we had taken in some of these cases, like the Battle of Tassafaronga, the Battle of Savo Island. But we ^{in codebreaking} knew it, and we would just sit there and hold our heads, and we'd just wonder, "My God, my God, please, please, may we still be in control of Guadalcanal and Henderson Field tomorrow morning." I wasn't alone in that; it was everybody there.

Q: I'm asking a question in ignorance. Would that have been disastrous for us had we lost Henderson Field?

Captain Biard: If we had lost Henderson Field and Guadalcanal, it would have also have meant we'd have lost tremendous naval forces, and we would have had to pull everything back to Hawaii. We'd have lost communications with Australia, we'd have lost New

Zealand. And then after we could have rebuilt, that would have been a couple of years or so, we would have had to start fighting our way back, this time through Samoa, Fiji, and the Solomons, back to Australia, and we would have had to fight perhaps for Australia itself. This would have taken a tremendously long time.

Q: I think you've answered my question.

Captain Biard: It would have been extremely difficult and costly in lives and material, and who knows, just as if the Japanese had not been defeated at Midway and we had been, they might have been able to hold us off long enough that the American public would finally have said, "Let's come to terms with them and see if we can't settle this thing somewhat reasonably for our side," which would mean tremendously advantageous for the Japanese. And if the Japanese could have brought that about, that would have been exactly what they wanted. They had no idea how they were going to win this war when it started. And there's one thing that nobody should ever, ever do: start a war he doesn't know how he's going to end, because the other side just damn well may end it for you and then you've had it. The Japanese didn't have any idea how they were going to win this war. They were hoping Germany would defeat Russia and obliterate England, and then they could do what they wanted to, but they could not be sure of it.

And if the United States then found itself so occupied in the Atlantic and the Pacific, then they'd say, "We'll settle with the Japanese because we just have too much else that we have to look out for elsewhere." This was all they hoped for. They had no idea how they were going to win the war, and this is what Yamamoto told them before they started. Yamamoto did not want the war, we know now. In fact, we knew while I was in Tokyo ¹⁹³⁹⁻¹⁹⁴¹ that Yamamoto did not want to fight us.

Q: I think you mentioned that.

Captain Biard: Smith-Hutton, that's one of the things that he told us. "We know that the Commander in Chief of the Japanese Combined Fleet, Yamamoto, does not want to fight the United States. We know that."

Q: Well, you've answered my question.

Captain Biard: All right. A lot of this is in the history books, but I'm glad to make the story complete if it will aid at all.

Q: I think you've mentioned before going back to the United States along with Bromley.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And we haven't pursued that.

Captain Biard: It is now time to come back to the United States. Bromley and I caught a Pan American clipper out of Pearl City in Pearl Harbor.

Q: Yes, you said it had bunks.

Captain Biard: Yes. We landed in San Francisco. I landed in San Francisco and went to the port operations office and tried to get an air flight back home to stop off in Dallas, to get a few extra days so I could see my parents there. I told the people I'd been away from the U.S. for over four years, had not seen my folks, that I had been in action, and that I was in Japanese intelligence performing a very essential mission, I needed time, would they please give me air transportation. No, they would not. I'd have to go by train. I will say this, they didn't kick me out. I stayed there and argued, talking to and arguing with the captain of the port for an entire hour, him and his chief of staff. At no time was he impolite, and at no time did they tell me, "Get the hell out of here, you're wasting our time." Evidently they ^{respected} ~~expected~~ me, but they still insisted on saying, "No, you can't have air transportation."

So they put me a on a train. They didn't put me on a train, that was the only transportation I could get. So I started out.

Q: On your own?

Captain Biard: Navy orders.

Q: But you had to get your own reservations?

Captain Biard: Yes, on a pullman, of course. And so I got on a train and soon night fell, and I was horrified. There were lights shining and it was night. Of course, I immediately thought, "This is California, not Hawaii." But I was petrified that people would show lights at night. And soon there were some young women in uniform that boarded the train. I won't say soon. I think it was in Arizona, maybe it was the next day. The train wasn't moving too fast. They were interesting-looking, and one of them is as pretty a young girl as I have ever seen in my life, a blonde. And so I immediately introduced myself.

Q: Were you in uniform?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, I had to be in uniform in those days. I introduced myself and found out that they were WASPs. You know Jacqueline Cochran's Women's ...

Q: Women's Auxillary Flying Service.

Captain Biard: Something like that, yes. They had flown some dive bombers from here to there to deliver them to some Navy fields, and now they were going back for whatever else they needed to fly. Of course, they weren't doing dive bombing work, but they were flying military planes. One of them was this extremely beautiful and very pleasant young blonde.

Q: I don't think you've ever met any women that weren't beautiful.

Captain Biard: Yes, I have. I am just going to tell about one.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: There was another one who was definitely Italian, brunette. First of all I wouldn't talk to them if they weren't beautiful and interesting-looking.

Q: Oh, I see. Well, that's a good explanation.

Captain Biard: Unless somehow or other I found out that she was interesting.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: And excuse me, but I was loaded.

Q: I imagine you were noted around whatever it was you frequented that your taste was for pretty girls.

Captain Biard: It was, very definitely. And so I started talking with them, there were several, and one of them was an Italian, dark, she was all right. But there was only this one that was really good-looking. This answers your question, too. I've seen girls that weren't good-looking, but this one was a real knock-out. So I started talking about things and finding out about them. The girl said, "I have a brother who ^{is} ~~was~~ a flier in the service, and I wanted to serve, too, but I couldn't go overseas, so I joined here. At least I'm doing something." And so they told me all about what they were doing. The Italian girl, who was not the most attractive in the group, was in charge of them, and she told me more. I talked to all of them. Of course, that went on for a few hours, but then it was time to say goodnight and turn in.

Q: This is the first time you had seen women in uniform?

Captain Biard: Yes, the very first time, except maybe for an

Army nurse or two and Civil Defense women that wore uniforms. So as I say, that was a bit of a--not a shock, a pleasant shock to have them to talk to.

Q: I went out from New York in 1942, and I was the first Navy officer female that had been seen west of New York, and no one knew what I was.

Captain Biard: I imagine that was an experience for you, too.

Q: Fun.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so we went on. There were some other incidents ^{that} happened on the train, but of no interest here. So I couldn't send word to my folks from Honolulu that I was leaving, but when I got to San Francisco, I sent them a telegram. I told them when I'd be arriving, what train I'd be on when I arrived in Dallas. I don't need to tell you they were there to meet me.

Q: Did they have a big sign saying, "Welcome"?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: Just their loving arms.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: How many were there?

Captain Biard: All of the family that could get there, and my brother was at the time away in the service. My older sister couldn't get there because of gasoline rationing, and one of my younger sisters was there.

Q: Mother and father?

Captain Biard: Mother and father.

Q: How long were you able to stay?

Captain Biard: Four days, that's the allowed time, ordinary proceed. So I used all my four days there. Well, I don't need to tell you that my dad was extremely proud of his son.

Q: I am sure that he was, and I don't blame you for being emotional about it.

Captain Biard: And my mother idolized me. I told you my dad knew I was codebreaking. He had already figured that out. If he hadn't had other reasons, I had tried to get my younger brother

in the unit. Safford had sent him some material, codebreaking, ciphers to work on and such, as he had sent me. But the Army drafted him. My brother tried to enlist in the Navy first, but he had trouble with color perception as I had, and they wouldn't accept him. Then he tried to enlist in the Marines, and they wouldn't accept him. He tried to enlist in the Navy and the Air Corps, I don't know, but he tried in that order. He didn't try the Army because the Army told him, "No, wait, we'll draft you." And so they did, and he was gone by the time I got to Dallas. But Safford had sent him this code material, and, of course, my dad knew I had gone to Japan, and like my brother, you only had to give him just a couple of hints that ordinary people couldn't catch, and he would have that and be way out in front and be correct. My dad was that sharp. Of course, Buckmaster, I think, somebody had called him, and that hadn't destroyed or prevented him either from figuring out that I was breaking codes. You remember the message.

Q: Yes. But so few people in those days knew there even was such a thing.

Captain Biard: Yes. Dad didn't know it, but he put it together. He knew that I would be used for these purposes. So he never did ask me, but later on after the war he said, "That had to be what you were doing." I couldn't tell him that I was codebreaking, I

wouldn't dare tell him. He might let it slip. And I don't think he would have, but as I say, he might let it slip. But my family idolized me.

Q: I don't know why. You know I'm teasing you, because I can understand that.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And your wife, I think, will agree with me on that.

Captain Biard: I'd been gone for four years. Of course, I kept in close contact, always sent them at least a letter a week, telling them everything I could. There was much I couldn't tell, but what I could tell, I did. I always told who my friends were and what I was doing with them, so that my mother would always in later life come in and ask me about this friend and that friend that I had mentioned in all the letters. She said, "It made me feel as though I was there with you." My wife will know that. She ^{knew} ~~knows~~ my mother.

Q: Your mother was with you.

Captain Biard: Yes, even just before she died, she was still asking about friends that I had written about in Naval Academy

days, New Orleans days, Japan days, war days, and college professor days. She said I always made her feel as though she was with me, and my dad would, too. He said, "You should be an author. You make your travels so interesting."

Q: So now you are.

Captain Biard: Maybe I am. And so I spent four days there. Dad had bought a farm about 40 miles from Dallas, and in his spare time was trying to run it with some very insufficient help. All the sufficient help in these days and times were in the armed services. Very poor help, but he was trying. He said, "I've bought a farm that had been discarded, burned out. I have some poor farmers out there, but at least I'm producing some food ~~to~~ for the war effort. I'm doing something." So he had enough gasoline that he could get from the gas ration board to get out there once a week, and he wanted to take me out there, so he sent me around to see the gas ration board to see if I could talk them out of more gasoline while I was there. So I went to see them and I told them that I was home from overseas, that I had been in Japan, I was at Pearl Harbor, I was in the Coral Sea, and that now I was home for a few days and would like to ask for some gasoline.

Q: Had they ever heard of those places?

Captain Biard: They certainly had.

Q: They had?

Captain Biard: Not all Texans are stupid, I can tell you now.

Q: I didn't mean that. I mean, a lot of people at home didn't know.

Captain Biard: So I said, "I would like to go out to the farm with my dad while I'm here. He won't be able to take me if he doesn't get extra rations, because he has to go out and work on the farm on weekends, and I won't be here on the weekend."

"All right, tell us some more. We're glad to let you have the gasoline. The person who won't let you have it is Roosevelt. We've got plenty of gasoline here. With that S.O.B. in the White House, how he is absolutely stepping on us here in Texas. We've got it, we can give it to you, there's plenty of it. Just give us a reason."

So I gave a few more reasons.

"Fine. All you want." He gave me the coupons. Anything to get back at Roosevelt. "We've got the gasoline." They had it there, you see, but didn't have it in the rest of the country.

Q: That's where it grew, down in Texas.

Captain Biard: Yes. And they resented very much not being able to use the gasoline that was there, that they were throwing away. So we got the gasoline and we went out to Dad's old burnt-out farm where he was raising beef and peanuts, and other things, in his attempt to help the war effort.

Then I went on to Washington and reported to the unit up on Nebraska Avenue, by this time in the old girls' school, I think it was Mt. Vernon Academy. This was the school where one of my girlfriends had told me, while I was in the Naval Academy, that, oh, yes, she went there. I wasn't going with her at the time. I knew her while I was at the Naval Academy, but I didn't go with her then. "I went there and a group of us at lunch hour used to go up on top of the roof and sunbathe in the raw. There were always a number of airplanes flying around. We didn't think anything of ~~it~~^{it}, until one day one of ~~them~~^{the pilots} reached over the side and waved at us. Oh, we ~~had to be~~^{were} more careful after this."

Q: What was this? You reported in to what?

Captain Biard: To OP-20G. That is the Japanese codebreaking section.

Q: That was naval operations.

Captain Biard: Yes, naval operations, naval intelligence,

Japanese codebreaking section.

Q: I was trying to figure out exactly where you reported in Washington.

Captain Biard: And there I saw the big operation, what they had going, and they had civilians working there. They had good civilians. They weren't doing a bad job. "Rosie" Mason was extremely competent. He was head of that section, Captain Redfield Mason.

Q: They called him "Rosie" always, didn't they?

Captain Biard: Yes, that was his Navy nickname.

Q: What was his actual name?

Captain Biard: Redfield. He was sharp, he was competent, and he was in charge of both civilians and some of our topnotch enlisted personnel there, very few of our regular Japanese language group there, but he had several extremely competent civilians. Extremely competent civilians needed to be backed up by naval officers who knew the language. They could sometimes get things we couldn't. They knew the ^{common} language much better than we did. They had gone to Japanese schools, they had studied in Japanese

schools, some had even taught in Japanese schools after going there their entire lives. So that they knew the language backwards and forwards, but they didn't know the Navy and they didn't know that professional side.

Q: I worked enough in Washington to understand what you mean.

Captain Biard: Yes. But put the two together, somebody like "Rosie" Mason and these extremely competent and dedicated civilians, I have nothing but praise for them. One of them was Dorothy Edgers^a, she's in all the books, and her brother. She was Mrs. Dorothy Edgars^{Edgars}. And the other one was Fred Woodruff. They were brother and sister. Fred Woodruff, he was extremely pleasant to be around. He was a lot of fun. They knew the language, and when we got in trouble with something, we could go to them, and the occasional times they got in trouble because they didn't know the Navy, they could come to us.

Q: But now you're back in codebreaking.

Captain Biard: I went there for codebreaking. Yes, back in codebreaking, yes.

Q: Did that make you happy?

Captain Biard: Yes. John Bromley and I did not know at the time why we were sent to ~~Washington~~ ^{Melbourne}. It was to turn up later on that MacArthur and the Chief of Staffs ^{and} were planning for MacArthur to move on up to New Guinea ^{and} into the Philippines, and so they were beefing up everything, including the codebreaking unit at Melbourne. There were also some people on Corregidor who had been through that experience there, ^{were} who pulled out by submarine, all the codebreaking units that got out from Corregidor, thank God, and brought to Melbourne. So they were bringing ^{back} some of those that really wanted to get back to the States.

Q: Hadn't they been requested for their two best, and they took two?

Captain Biard: This was later on. Not yet. That you've just mentioned isn't on tape and comes up later on.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: So Goggins sent us because he was sure that we were the two he could spare best, very unflattering, and Goggins later apologized to me for that, apologized profusely. But they sent us. As I say, we joined up and we worked there for six weeks, seeing what was going on, and getting a little taste for the States again, which was both good and bad. It had now been

years since we'd been there. We knew what we were missing, but we weren't missing it so much by now. Now we got right back in the place where it would be so nice if we could stay.

And something else happened here worse yet, much worse. One night John Bromley and I were out in a bar. We kicked around town a bit, and there were some WAVES seated at a table next to us, or a couple of tables away. John Bromley and I didn't want to be overheard, so we were talking in Japanese. He had gone one way home, I had gone another, and we were comparing what had happened. We were talking and kicking everything back and forth in Japanese, ^{and} ~~which~~ we could say anything in Japanese, it made no difference what. Our Japanese was that good. So we were just batting it back and forth almost like natives. There was a very pretty WAVE over here, another one maybe that was not so pretty, I don't remember, but ^{the pretty one} ~~she~~ happened to be a southerner with a very southern accent. She was an enlisted WAVE. "Don't do that to us. We want to hear what you're saying. We want to hear what you're saying. This is tormenting."

Q: I thought they were going to turn you in as Japanese spies.

Captain Biard: They didn't know that we were speaking Japanese.

Q: Oh, they didn't even recognize it?

Captain Biard: But we started talking to them in English, of course, that's all they could speak, and we found out that they were working out at Nebraska Avenue. When I heard that, then I started asking what they knew about Nebraska Avenue. This one from the south, she didn't know what she was doing. She was just doing something, when something came through, she did this to it and passed it on to the next room. She was not allowed to go in the room that preceded it, she was not allowed to go to the room that succeeded it. She had no idea what it was or why. And so I told her, "Oh, John and I work out there."

So she said, "Please tell me. Please tell me. Am I helping the war effort?"

I said, "Don't you know what you're doing?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what I'm doing."

I said, "Believe you me, I know what I'm doing, and I can tell you, you are contributing to the war effort. What you are doing has to be done, must be done, and it is valuable."

"That doesn't mean much to me, but I'm glad you said it."

It turned out that she had a 12-year-old son. She had married when she was 15, had a 12-year-old son. It was against the rules for her to enlist in the WAVES, but she had achieved special dispensation because she wanted to serve. She thought they had put her in Washington doing something that was just absolutely nothing, and she was broken-hearted. Well, at least I was able to tell her it means something, it really ^{did} ~~does~~. And so

she appreciated that. I saw her another couple of times or so, but I was an officer and she was enlisted, and I was not running around with her.

Q: You said something bad happened. Is that what you mean?

Captain Biard: No, this comes up later on very soon. It was in this same bar on another night that I bumped into a commanding officer, a senior officer who had served with me in USS New Orleans, heavy cruiser, in which I served for three years right out of the Academy, Commander H.J. Ray. He was there with his beautiful and sweet, sweet wife that we all loved so much. "Jimmy" Ray had a wonderful sense of humor, it was dry. He was a little fellow, gray-haired, blue sparkling eyes. And he had developed unjustified confidence in me in New Orleans and put me in an important job or so. So when I saw him, of course, "Hi, Captain." He was a captain then, a commander ~~now~~ ^{before}. I knew Mrs. Ray and spoke to her. They had a very beautiful young lady with them that I remembered from the Naval Academy days. He introduced me to his daughter-in-law, he said, "She is my daughter-in-law, wife of my son," who I knew had gone to the Naval Academy. "My son is missing in action off of Guadalcanal." So I talked to them. The young lady I knew, and I had found this out, much to my surprise, was missing a left hand. She was an exotic-looking beauty, brunette, a ~~Navy~~ girl from Annapolis, who

attended our hops there at the Naval Academy.

One time while my very, very pretty little gal was dancing with somebody else, I cut in on this girl, this beauty I had always admired so much. When I did, and I reached for her hand, to my horror I realized it was missing. It wasn't there. I am sure she saw it all over my face. She always kept a purse over that arm so that it concealed the fact she didn't have a left hand. So she immediately told me, "I was born without a hand." Well, I was so shocked that I am sure it was miserable for me and her, too, both of us. She was a true, true exotic beauty, a very lovely young girl. But she had married "Jimmy" Ray's son and the son was missing, and she was living with them in Washington.

So "Jimmy" Ray told me, I told him I was going to Melbourne, "Oh, you're going to Australia."

"Yes." I didn't tell him what I was going to do in Melbourne.

He said, "Well, when you get out to Australia, go to see my good friend General MacArthur. Tell him I miss him, that I would love to be on this staff. We had such good times."

It turned out, as I have already told you, that he was evacuated from Corregidor with MacArthur by PT boat. He said, "You must call ^{on} him, give him my best. Be sure to give him my best." So I remembered that as I later went on to Australia.

This was the very first week or so there. My good friend Jerry Geronimo was in New York. He was dying to see me, and I

was dying to see him. So he told me, "Come on up, Tex. Come on up. I want to see you." And so I did. I reintroduced myself to his wonderful place on West 14th Street, his basement apartment that was so unique, strictly Jerry. Of course, he wanted to hear all I could tell him about the war. Jerry had also figured out I was breaking Japanese codes. I wouldn't admit it to him. He said, "Aren't you?"

I said, "Jerry, you know I'm not. I'm not capable of that."

Of course, he said something like, "Don't give me that damn stuff." And so I had tried to get a hotel room before going up there, I had sent up a telegram to the New Yorker where I always stayed when I went to New York.

There was no answer, so I went to the New Yorker trying to claim my reservation, and the room clerk told me, "We don't have any reservation for you." There were people all over the lobby trying to get rooms.

"Well, I sent a telegram."

"Did we reply?"

"No, but you didn't send me a refusal."

"Well, if we didn't confirm it, you don't have one."

So I hadn't originally asked Jerry to let me stay with him, then I called Jerry and asked him, "May I stay at your place?"

"May you stay? You shouldn't stay anywhere else in New York. Why did you go to the New Yorker in the first place?"

I said, "I didn't want to impose on you."

He said, "You're not imposing. This is your home."

And, of course, Joe ^{Talbert} ~~Talbot~~ was serving in BuPers at that time, and Joe came up occasionally and Ann would come up. They would always stay there. "Tex" Biard was just as much a friend as they were, everybody loved Joe, and Jerry loved them. So he said, "Come here. Bring your stuff down here and don't you ever go anywhere else when you come to New York City." So I told him what had happened.

Jerry said, "Oh, well, well, well. We'll fix that, and that will never happen again." He said, "First of all, I want you to come here. We'll fix it up so any of your friends can get reservations at the New Yorker."

So he called the manager of the New Yorker and told him, when he was denied, "No, you can't speak to him," he said, "I am the executive assistant to the county clerk of Manhattan, and you had better put me through to your manager or he will find it will be very inconvenient for him."

And so they put him through. He asked him, "My friend asked for reservations at your place, and you did not send him a reply, so he assumed he had them, he came there and he was very greatly inconvenienced by the fact that he did not have reservations when he got there. In fact, he had to come to my place." He said, "I don't want that to happen again under any conditions." And he called the man by his name, found out what it was, and said, "I'd like you to know who I am. I control the grand jury panel,

selection of the personnel, the persons called up for grand jury duty in New York City. I'm sure you'd find it very inconvenient to find your name repeatedly occurring on that panel, would you not?"

Oh, my God, the man almost had a fit. "Oh, oh, Mr. Geronimo, Mr. Geronimo, that will never happen again, not to your friend, not for any of his friends, not for any of your friends. The only thing he'll have to do is to come here and give the clerk one of my cards. I'll send you a number of them, and you can pass them out to your friends, he can pass them out to his friends. And if you'll hand that card to the desk clerk, there will be no trouble. There will always be a room for him or any of his friends and any of your friends." And so just to test it out, I sent several of my friends up with his card, and guess what they got?

Q: A good room.

Captain Biard: A good room without reservations. And, in fact, I used it later on for other reasons. But I have mentioned before that Jerry was a power in New York City, and he was. But anyway, Jerry told me, "I don't want you going anywhere else when you come to New York City."

So I had introduced Jerry and Larry Smythe, who then introduced Jerry, we both had brought some friends of mine who

lived on Long Island, around to his place. These friends were Pete and Lucille Wessmann. Lucille was a very brilliant girl who had gone to Mt. Holyoke and had graduated in 1933, the year before I graduated from the Naval Academy. She was the cousin of the girl I went with at the Naval Academy, and ~~after~~ I maintained very close contact with her and her husband while I was aboard New Orleans for nine months in the New York Navy Yard six months after returning from the trip to Hawaii with the President, and three months in 1936 for repairs after our summer at Newport, Bar Harbor, Boston, and the like. I had also been there for about three months on Manley later on. By this time they were living in New York, and I would visit them very, very frequently. They were good friends. Even though my Naval Academy girlfriend was long married now, they liked me and they liked Jerry and they liked Larry. It was mutual. It was nice all the way around. Jerry had liked it very much. Lucille was very brilliant, very brilliant. And I might add that my girlfriend was very brilliant, too. But Lucille regretted having lost me as a prospective brother-in-law, or at least cousin-in-law, and Pete liked me. They all wanted to take pictures. I had taken pictures, so I got them introduced to what I knew about taking pictures. They loved it. So I tried to call Lucille and I didn't get her, so I called her mother. I knew where her mother worked. Her mother told me, "Lucille isn't here. Lucille is in Texas. Pete is down there with ^{an Army} railroad unit, and he's due to

go overseas soon, so she went down there to see him before he goes overseas." She said, "I have a surprise for you. Your old girlfriend is here in town."

Well, I knew she was in Washington when I was there. Lucille had told me that she was in the Red Cross and was in Washington. On my way out to Nebraska Annex by bus, I would pass by the place at the headquarters, right across from the Mayflower Hotel. The Red Cross headquarters were there. But I also knew she was getting a divorce, but it wasn't final. But ^{this} ~~that~~ floored me.

"You're going to call her, aren't you?"

I said, "Heaven knows that's the farthest thing from my mind."

She said, "Oh, you must. I insist on it. I'm going to tell her."

I said, "Don't. Don't. Please don't." I mean, this is a torch I carried that tortured me for the whole time. She was a fantastically pleasant and personable girl. She went to China in the Red Cross later on, India and China, and she ended up in charge of all the Red Cross in China, to show you there was something unusual about her, extremely personable and likeable and sharp, very sharp, I could tell more about that when maybe I shouldn't. She was sharp, that type.

She said, "She's staying at such and such hotel where all the Red Cross trainees are staying. You must call her. If you don't, I'm going to tell her that you're at Jerry's."

So I hadn't anticipated this at all. I just couldn't take it. I didn't know what to do. So I hung up the phone and in a little while, I said, "Well, I might as well face fate. We'll see. I'll call her and say hello."

^{Red Cross Headquarters and the operator}
So I called at the ~~hotel~~ and they said, "No, I think she's in a meeting at such and such a place. Hang on, I'll see if I can get her."

^{That} ~~They~~ didn't give me a chance to hang up. If ^{it} ~~they~~ had, I might have said, "Thank you."

But then when ^{the operator} ~~they~~ said, "I'll try to get her," ^{and went} ~~go~~ off the line like that before I could react to it. Then ^{she came back} ~~they came off~~ ^{on} the line, "No, she's not there. I'll try another place." And went off the line immediately. And so again I would shake my head and shudder. The third time ^{the operator} ~~they~~ finally got her, ~~and she came~~.

I said, "I don't usually play games like this, but I'm not going to tell you who I am. You're the former Helen Meneratti, aren't you?"

And with that she just screamed into the telephone, "Who are you? Who are you?"

I said, "It's not too important. I just wanted to talk to you, say hello, find out if you're here."

"Who are you? Who are you? Who can you be? Why did you call me?"

I said, "I just wanted to hear your voice."

"You are Tex Biard, aren't you?"

I said, "My God, how did you know it?"

"I'll tell you when I see you."

"You'll see me?"

"What are you doing tonight?"

"I'm staying with a very good friend here. I always stay at his place. He's a friend of Lucille and Pete's, Jerry Geronimo."

She hadn't heard of him, but she said, "What are you doing tonight? What are you doing tonight?"

I said, "I said I'm not doing anything, but Jerry and I are going to go out to dinner or he's going to cook dinner for me." And Jerry was an excellent cook.

"I'll meet you. I'll meet you."

I said, "Well, I don't know." And so with that, she finally just beat me into saying I would meet her somewhere. And so heaven knows, I did. This time I was really shaken up, really shaken up. This had not been in my plans at all. I thought I was going to Australia without any terrible heart-^{-rendings}wretchings of this type, terrible heart-^{-rendings.}wretchings.

So I met her, and she was just as pretty and just as curvacious and just as lively as she ever had been.

Q: When did you see her last?

Captain Biard: I had seen her last nine years before, 1934, and this was 1943.

Q: In Annapolis.

Captain Biard: In Annapolis. She had changed hardly at all. She was everything. I'm saying she had something. She ended up ~~as~~ in charge of all the Red Cross in China ^{in 1945,} so somebody else thought that, too. And so we went out for drinks. We went out to El Morocco. In those days and times the two top night clubs in New York ^{city} were the Stork Club, which is number one, I had never been there, ~~And~~ the other, El Morocco. El Morocco was very, very, very good. So we got a table and we sat down, and she said, "I want to hear all about you, everything. Don't leave a thing out."

Well, of course, there was a lot I couldn't tell her. I couldn't tell her what I was doing. I told her I was temporarily in the States for a few weeks. So then they had two orchestras at El Morocco, both of them very, very good, and as soon as one was stopped, the other would ^{start} ~~stop~~. The music never ^{paused.} ~~stopped~~. In spite of the fact that I can't dance well, that I had taken her to many hops at the Naval Academy and she knew how well I didn't dance, she still wanted to dance, so we did. One of the tunes they soon played was "People Will Say We're in Love."

Q: From "Oklahoma."

Captain Biard: Yes. Oh, my God. First of all, I am a good,

good popular music guy, I am a pushover for ^{good} popular music. I like classical music. ^{If} It isn't written just to show the technical skill of the composer and of the player, if it isn't just that type, then I love it. But I do love things like the best tunes from "Oklahoma," the best of Jerome Kern, the best of Ray Noble, and those are pleasant and I can enjoy them. I enjoy them very much. This was beautifully played. ^{Both} of the orchestras ^{were} just out of this world there at this topnotch night club.

Q: You were a pushover.

Captain Biard: So I asked her, "What is that magnificent tune?" Well, from then on, she'd say, "What are you doing tomorrow night? What are you doing the night after that? What are you doing every night?"

I said, "Well, I've got to spend some time with Jerry."

"Well, I'll come down to Jerry's place and see you."

So we went down to Jerry's place. He was out that evening. I was going to introduce him to her. But he came in quite late. I had taken her back to her hotel before Jerry came in. When Jerry came in, he saw that an earthquake had hit me. He couldn't tell what, He had no idea of what happened, or why. So I soon told him. I told him that the only person that had ever put a permanent dent in my armor had all of a sudden come crashing into

my life again unexpectedly, that it was Lucille's cousin. He knew about her. He had heard quite a bit about her from me and Lucille. Of course, she was there and her divorce was not final. But she had made me promise that the next night, I would be up there about two or three nights, that I would date her the next night. She said, "I have dates, but that doesn't make any difference. I'll break them."

So the time came for me to go back to Washington. The weekend was over. It was a tearful departure. She said, "Tell me where you are. I'll call you every^snight."

Q: She was a hard charger.

Captain Biard: And she said, "I made a mistake one time. I'm never going to make it again." And she started telling me about the husband she was divorcing, and she really had. She had married him to reform him. We won't say any more.

I am including this account of Helen Meneratti, that is, because what happened in New York at this time influenced the entire rest of my naval career. In fact, it was responsible for my taking the course that I took on quite a few occasions after this.

Q: The course, you mean the direction?

Captain Biard: The direction of my career and my life.

Q: Not a study course, but a direction.

Captain Biard: Yes, a direction. So I went back to Washington, and the time in Washington was full of working full-time out at the Nebraska Avenue codebreaking annex, and quite a few people knew that I was there, asking for my time after hours. One of the persons there was Joe ~~Talbot~~^{Talbert}. Another was Smith-Hutton, including ~~James~~^{Jane} Smith-Hutton. And Joe ~~Talbot~~^{Talbert} called me one time, left word with me that Robert Murphy, who had been the consul general in Algiers when we were there in Manley and had ~~took~~^{taken} a great liking to Joe and Ann, everybody took a great liking to Joe and Ann, but Robert Murphy and his wife had been very, very, very nice to me, extremely nice to me, ^{also.} They had taken me down to their summer home on the beach 20 miles from Algiers, had quite a time down there. It was a lovely place, and I got to see much of the country, a lot of the country besides the immediate vicinity of Algiers and the road to Bou Saada that I've already talked about. But Bob Murphy asked Joe to arrange a lunch with me for him, and he did so at the University Club. I'm including this account because it is one of my big regrets. I really dropped the ball here.

Bob Murphy, I knew that he had arranged or made it possible for Mark Clark to arrange with the Free French commanders in

North Africa for the North African landing in November of 1942 not to be opposed. Murphy had made it possible for Clark and these commanders to get together at great risk to Murphy himself. I did not know that Murphy had done far, far, far, far more than that, that his undercover work placed him in fantastic danger. Time and again he was doing tremendous things, ^{for} ~~on~~ our side there that related to the invasion of North Africa. So when I saw him, ^{again,} I was ignorant of all this, and I was pretty much at a loss to be able to tell him anything about myself. I couldn't tell him I had been breaking codes, that's all I'm doing, that's all I'm going to do now. I could tell him I was on my way to Melbourne, Australia, that I was going to be in Washington only a short while. But if I had known all these other things that he had done, I would have asked him so much about himself. And now that I've learned it, he's dead. I couldn't do that. But I now feel so flattered that he told Joe ^{Talbert,} ~~Talbot,~~ "I want to have lunch with Tex while he is here." Because I did not know then just the extent of all that he had done, I've always felt tremendously flattered that he specifically asked to see me.

Another something that happened while I was there was that Mike Besson, who had been on the other ship, the other destroyer in the Mediterranean, he and I knew each other well, he was class of 1935, he was the skipper of the Secretary of the Navy's yacht there in Washington, at least at Anacostia, D.C., Secretary Frank Knox. He told the Secretary of the Navy about me, and the

Secretary of the Navy invited me for an overnight cruise on his yacht, an overnight stay. It was Secretary Knox's custom to spend ^{each} ~~the~~ night on his yacht, government-provided small yacht there, take a cruise down the Potomac, get off at an Army fort down the way, and then take a walk around it, a brisk walk around it, and return to the boat and come back to Washington in time for the day's business. So he asked that I come along and accompany him on one night. Again, I dropped the ball badly. I dropped it very badly. There are several reasons, and looking back, I'm trying to figure why my tongue was tied the way it was. One was that here I was with the Secretary of the Navy. If anything that I told him would be over the heads of so many seniors, like Ernest King, if he had heard that I had said something to the Secretary of the Navy, I am sure that he would have cut my throat 50 million different ways. He would not have tolerated it a minute. Another was that he had the governor of Maine with him, ex-governor of Maine, so that I couldn't talk freely about codebreaking and things of that type, although he talked very freely about things that had just happened and had gone against us in Italy. The Salerno landings had just been made. We had plans to do other things, but the Germans evidently got wind of it and they had made moves that blocked more satisfactory moves, satisfactory operations that we had intended to carry out. Then another thing that I am sure made me say so very little was that I didn't know what operations were coming

up in the Pacific. If I had known, then I would have felt free to talk about those. But there were several things that I did tell him that. In fact, he seemed anxious to discuss. One was, should the Emperor be kept on the throne in Japan. I told him by all means, that he would be our most potent tool for controlling the Japanese people, that if we deposed him, we might have a terrible time in that country once Japan would be defeated, so by all means.

He said that most of the old people who had been there in Japan were saying that.

I said, "I strongly, strongly support that."

Another thing I supported was, "Please do not bomb Kyoto, Nara, and the other, Nikko; there would be no reason to bomb ^{these} ~~Nikko~~, the ^{truly} ~~really~~ cultural sites of Japan."

Interview Number 5 with Captain Forrest R. Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California

Date: 28 August 1984

Subject: Biography

Interviewer: Commander Etta-Belle Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Q: Now we are ready to continue.

Captain Biard: I put across the point strongly that we should not bomb the cultural centers of Japan, be very careful that we do not do so, because it would not serve any military purpose if they were bombed. I don't know that I had any influence, but I at least spoke out. One time the Air Force was considering bombing Kyoto. Thank goodness it ~~was~~^{did} not. It was a possible A-bomb target. It would have been very impressive to bomb it, but that would have been unforgivable.

Things were going busily at the annex, that is, the Nebraska annex, the codebreaking station. My estimate of the annex was that they had an awful lot of power there. They had more machines, they had more people, and they had more talent than we had at Hypo. On the other hand, the people there were not as gung-ho as we were. We could see the ships coming in, we could see them battered up. We felt right next to the war. It seemed to me they did not. No, they were loyal. There was nothing

wrong with their loyalty, but the sense of urgency just didn't seem to be there, the sense of urgency under which we worked at Hypo, that's Pearl Harbor, just didn't seem to be there the same as it was with our bunch of Rochefort, now gone, Finnegan, Laswell, Roenigk, Benedict, Biard, Bromley. They just didn't have that gung-ho feeling that we had.

Q: Well, I think it's always been true that when you're in Washington, you're a long way from the war, at least in the Pacific.

Captain Biard: Yes. I'm not saying here that "Rosie" Mason wasn't as dedicated and as gung-ho as the rest of us, but his team was not. They were doing good work, and particularly in the codebreaking end of things, they had some competent people. But the real gung-ho effort was in the ^{Pearl Harbor and Melbourne} ~~foreign~~ stations.

Q: They were close to it.

Captain Biard: Yes. Mind you, I'm not belittling what they did; I'm just praising what the others did and saying that was even better.

Q: I think that's clear.

Captain Biard: So we went on there. I spent my next weekend or two in New York. I saw the people that I could see in Washington, saw Smith-Hutton, found out about his evacuation, his six months interned in the embassy ^{after Pearl Harbor,} and Jane, their being interned in the embassy for six months prior to evacuation by a Japanese ship to Singapore, I think it was, or Madagascar, ^{then} on the Swedish ship Gripsholm, from Madagascar to the United States, about that. Smith-Hutton then was intelligence officer for Ernest King, the CinC of the Navy, and he would say nothing. That's all right. He knew too much. I didn't expect him to, but he was very, very quiet. Smith-Hutton never did talk too much, although when in Japan he would tell me quite a few things that were interesting, that he knew were classified. This time he just evidently didn't feel free to say anything, and that's all right. I certainly respect him for it.

The time came for me to move on to Melbourne. I was granted 15 days' leave. I regret I did not go back to New York, but I went to Dallas. I knew my folks were just anxious to see me every minute they could. They knew it was quite possible that their son, too, ^{would} ~~could~~ not return from the war. So I went on to Dallas, and in Dallas I got phone calls every night from my girl in New York. I haven't made it clear here, but her divorce was a California divorce, 18 months waiting at that time. Otherwise we would have been married. She had insisted that I find out how we could be married by proxy. She said, "We'll be married by proxy

while I'm overseas in the Red Cross. I don't know where I'm going, but I'm not going to make the same mistake this time. I want to be sure it doesn't happen." Well, I found out that it wasn't necessary. I found out later on while I was in Australia.

But there came a ~~time~~^{night} I did not get a call from her. I tried to call her, I knew where she stayed. I knew where she was staying in New York and I tried to call her there, and they said, "No, she's no longer here." I knew by that that she had been shipped out by the Red Cross, ^{to} where I didn't know.

So when my 15 days were up, I went on by train to the West Coast, San Francisco, visiting a couple of people en route for a few hours when I could make changes on trains and such. I got to San Francisco and ^{was} put up at the Fairmont Hotel. That's where the Navy was being billeted. I had priority one air transportation once I got to San Francisco. I did not have commercial priority in the States, but priority one for overseas only. But in San Francisco, I found out that available space in air, even priority one, practically didn't exist. So I just had to sit down in the Fairmont Hotel and wait and wait and wait. I kept putting pressure on the people to get me out, the air transportation people, and they said, "What in the hell do you want to get out for? Everybody else wants to stay here as long as they can." I wanted to get out and win that war, and now I really had a reason to win it. I was going out gung-ho as I had never gone out before. I wanted to get out there and win that

By breaking codes

war single-handedly [^] if necessary. I couldn't ~~do too~~ much. I figured that the Coral Sea and Frank Jack Fletcher were behind. I had a new life ahead of me, and by golly, I was going to make the most of it. I was going to do everything right, everything ^{as} right possible, and fight the war the way that it should be fought [^], and I could ^{and would} make a real contribution. I wanted to get out there and make it, because I knew darn well that I was a worthwhile member of the armed services, very worthwhile. ~~Each~~ ^{Each} codebreaker ^{was} ~~were~~ worth an awful lot more than one ^{ordinary} man, I can assure you.

So they kept telling me, ^{ing} "Why ~~that~~ in the hell do you want to leave for? Enjoy San Francisco. Enjoy it."

I said, "I want to get out. I want to get out." So I did talk my way onto a Pan Am clipper leaving for Hawaii. One hour before I was due to report in to the clipper base, I got a call from Long Beach, California. My girl was there ~~waiting~~ waiting to be shipped out. She had come down here. She said, "I'm with friends. You can come down and stay with them, too."

And if I'd have known it, I could have just told them, "All right, put me on wait." And I could have gone down there to see her shipped out. I said, "I am sorry I can't tell you more. If you had called me one hour later I wouldn't have been here. It ^{will} ~~would~~ be useless for you ^{try to} to call me again." That was all I could say.

So in one hour I was on the clipper bound for Honolulu. I

got to Honolulu and I found there they could tell me why things were tight. MacArthur was beginning to make his big move in New Guinea. Halsey was ready to make a big move in the Solomons. And everything, everything ~~being~~ sent out was ^{for} combat. They were loading up everything with combat material. I had a hard time here talking myself into air transportation, even though I had priority one. I kept putting the pressure on them. So finally, after about three or four days there, they put me on a ^{new} B-24, that's a four-engine bomber, bound for the Solomons, ^{for} Guadalcanal.

So I reported the morning that I was due to leave, and when I got aboard, I met the crew. It was a transport crew. They were to deliver the plane. They were not a combat crew. The plane had machine guns, belts of .50-caliber machine gun ammunition all ready to go, all ready, ~~to be~~ fed to the guns, everything ready for combat the minute it landed, except bombs to be loaded, refueling and loading with bombs as necessary. It was all ready to go as soon as we would land. This crew didn't know how to use it in combat; they were merely ^a transport crew.

Pretty soon we got out when the second pilot said, "I'm going to go back here. Do you want to go up with the pilot?"

I said, "Sure." So I did.

He said, "Did you see that takeoff?"

I said, "No, I didn't."

"Well, we almost crashed. We almost hit the mountain there on takeoff."

Well, I was looking out the other side, and I saw us make a steep bank, very steep bank, but I wasn't on the mountain side of the plane. I was looking out in the plane ^{from} there. He said, "We darn near had it."

So I stayed up there with him. The number two pilot went back and rested. The navigator came up and talked to us. They were all a nice group, and I liked them very much. I got to know them quite well the next two days. The pilot's name was "Ace" Adkins. "Ace" was his nickname. It turned out that "Ace" liked to read western novels, so he would put the plane on "George," "George," that's the automatic pilot, and let it fly the plane. He'd say, "All right, you play lookout for us. I'll read here." So he'd read his novel and have lots of fun.

Before we got to the Equator, we were due to make a land fall on Palmyra Island. Palmyra is a very low atoll. These people had never flown over any route like this before. The navigator was good, and I was glad he was. I questioned him because if he hadn't been, I was going to take over the navigation myself. He assured me, and I believe he told me that some of the Army navigators were not too good, Army Air Corps. But he convinced me he was a pretty good navigator. He said, "Well, we're supposed to make a land fall here on Palmyra Island pretty soon." They were looking out there and looking out there. "We don't see it. We don't see it." Well, I was seeing it all the time. "If we don't see it, I guess we've missed it." Well, ^{from a great distance} it doesn't look

too much different from the sea unless you know what an atoll looks like.

So I finally said, "You want to be sure that you are passing Palmyra?"

"Yes."

So I pointed it out, I said, "There it is over there. Take a look. It's going to look an awful lot like the rest of the ocean, but there is a difference. If you look there, you'll see it."

"Oh, yes, yes."

"Okay, that's Palmyra now, if you're sure we're in the vicinity of it, then that's Palmyra Island."

So we left Palmyra and flew down toward the Equator. "Ace" was reading western magazines, and I was watching. "Ace" wasn't paying any attention to anything, and I finally punched him and said, "Ace, look, look, look. And we ^{would soon} ~~were~~ bumping into very, very massive cumulonimbus clouds. Those are the ones that go up 35,000 feet or so, tremendous ones. It looked really bad. It was raining.

He said, "Oh, my God." He pulled it out of automatic pilot, then he made a dive toward the water at an angle of 40 degrees, and we did not lose altitude even at that. We had a very strong updraft. We fought to get underneath the clouds and get through things that way. We didn't want to get into those powerful cumulonimbus, the tremendous ^{air} currents in ~~there~~ ^{them}. We had bad

enough ^{air} currents as it was. All right, we got on past that, but, as I say, "Ace" Adkins wasn't paying too much attention to anything. He was letting me look out for things. Then we got past that and he started reading his western novels again.

We had our first stop at Canton Island. Canton Island was where I knew that my then-fiance's soon ex-husband-to-be was. I didn't want to have any contact with him, and didn't. But that night I looked for a little recreation, and there was an Officers' Club with crap tables. I started shooting craps. I ordinarily don't do so, but other people were betting, and a lot of people were making side bets. I found an Air Corps officer who would make side bets ^{with giving me odds that were} ~~to me, that perhaps would be~~ crazy. The odds were very much in my favor. No matter what odds I would tell him I would give him on a certain thing, he would take me up on it, and so I left there with a pretty nice roll of money. He didn't seem to mind giving his money away. He had evidently been there a long time and had plenty of it. So I took not quite a bit, but maybe \$50 or \$60 away. We weren't making large bets. But he was very good-natured and seemed to like to bet my way, and I liked to bet that way, too.

The next morning we took off again, this time to fly to New Caledonia, passing by Fiji. That was fairly uneventful. We didn't have any bad weather this time. "Ace" was still reading western novels and I was playing lookout for him. But as we approached Fiji, an Army fighter plane came out. I'm sure it

came out to intercept us. It was vectored out by radar, and I'm sure it was to take a look at us. It was very pretty out there against all the tropical clouds and blue ocean, blue seas. I was just thinking how awful it would be if he failed to identify us as a friendly plane. But he flew alongside at a distance of 300, 400 yards, and went on back.

As we approached Noumea after a flight of eight or 12 hours, the navigator asked for a weather report. The weather report could only be sent in code. They would not send it in plain language. When we got the code, he couldn't break the code. He couldn't decipher it. He tried again. "Please send in plain language." ^{They} ~~he~~ refused. The language he saw, his decoding of it said the air field was muddy, could not land, everything like that. He had let his codes, the blank slips on it that were supposed to be placed, he had let it slide down a group or two.

I said, "Here, let me work on that. Surely it can't be that bad. We're going to make that, I'm sure." And so he gave it to me, and I found out that, yes, he had made an error in decoding it. The weather was fine, perfect visibility, 50,000 yards, something like that, so there was no trouble getting in there. Another problem was averted. Fortunately, I had told him, "Let me see if I can't decode that thing and see if you've decoded it right."

I showed it and he agreed. "Yes, that's it." It was a good crew, I liked them, but it was a little eventful going down there

making the trip.

So we approached the landing at Noumea, and on the landings I did not play number two. The second pilot came up for ~~these~~^{that}. So as we started to land, I looked down, and all of a sudden, I don't know, it was just this feeling of horror, I don't know why. I expected for it to be a coral strip, but it wasn't coral, it was Marsden matting. Do you know what Marsden matting is? Those are steel strips that are interlocked and they have open holes in them to lighten them, but they are better in wet weather than just pure coral alone. Coral ~~doesn't~~^{would} make a very good air strip in dry weather. But ~~it~~^{this} wasn't what any of us was expecting. And all of a sudden, we saw that, and I felt horrified. When the wheels touched down, it made an awful racket, these steel strips banging up against each other as the plane hit them real hard and passed over at 75 or 80 knots, made a fantastic racket. I knew it was all right, but unexpected. Nothing wrong. The landing was fine. When we got out of the plane, why, I said, "Ace, did that Marsden matting surprise you?"

"Did it? That's the first time I ever did land on that thing. I was terrified." He didn't say terrified, but something like that, it was strong.

Q: Hairy.

Captain Biard: Yes. It surprised me. For a moment I really

didn't like it. Well, that was the last of "Ace" and that crew. I don't think I've said here that "Ace" Adkins and his crew had ^{only} had [^]four hours in a four-engine plane before they took off in this one. It used to be before the hostilities that the Air Corps required that a pilot of a B-17, a four-engine plane, have 2,000 hours in the air before he was qualified to become first pilot. And here all this gang were in this four-engine plane with only four hours' training in it. Well, we got there safely. I wondered. I flew that way only because I had really put the pressure on the people at Pearl also. "Get me out of there." I wanted to get on down to Melbourne and get on with the war. I had something ^{very important} [^]I wanted to do down there, and that was work on Japanese codes.

So at Noumea, I went around to the billeting station. They said I would not be able to get a flight out til the next day, if I could get one then. By the time I got to the billeting station, it was fairly late in the evening. It was hot, it was sweaty. There were people sitting around waiting for billets. They told me, "At 12:00 o'clock ^(midnight) [^]there's going to be one bunk free for four hours. You can have it for four hours ^{but} ~~and~~ have to get out at 4:00 o'clock."

I said, "Well, I'll be leaving about that time anyway, so at least I'll have four hours of rest."

"Give us your name."

I gave them my name. ^{Several people were sitting on a} ~~Somebody was sitting over here, looked~~ nearby bench alongside a wall. One of them looked

at me rather strangely--not strangely, but intently. So after I had completed giving them all the information and showing them my authority for priority one transportation, the person ^{who} was looking at me very intensely, he said, "You're Forrest Biard, are you, from Dallas, Texas?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "^{Travis} ~~Grammar~~ school ^{and} North Dallas High School?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm James Laney." James Laney was the one ^{person} who always was competing with me for number one position in all the classes. He was very sharp. He was a nice-looking lad. Now he was a man. And so I told him what I could about what I was doing, and he was on his way somewhere, I forget now just what it was. James Laney is now an oil man, quite wealthy, a socialite in Dallas, very nice-looking. He was always a good-looking lad, had a beautiful sister, older. So that was just offhand, that seemed one of my little trails there. So I got ^{into} my bunk for four hours and I got out, and before too long, why, I was in a DC-3, a C-47 twin-engine Douglas transport carrying mail and the like, and seven Marine Corps pilots from Guadalcanal to Sydney for leave, liberty, and recreation. We flew fairly low almost all the way. It was not a comfortable flight, a little bit cold, and these Marine Corps pilots, you could tell they were worn out and somewhat--I won't say surly, but they didn't look too pleasant, and the biggest of them, apparently the senior officer, was a

↳ "Molly" Mollenkamp,
and much later learned,

red-headed gent, very, very large, a young fellow, but he had an unhappy-looking face. If I were a fighter pilot ^{on} Guadalcanal, my face might have been ^{quite} unhappy, too. But I talked a little bit with them, but not much. Finally after a number of hours and quite a bit of rough weather--when I say rough, I mean the plane was bumping around. It wasn't fantastically rough, but it was uncomfortable. We arrived in ^{Brisbane} ~~Sydney~~, it was overcast, and the plane approached the field, and as it approached the field, the pilot hit once, bounced up high, hit again, bounced up, hit again, bounced up each time a little lower, and then finally made contact and stayed on the ground. The big red-headed Marine Corps pilot then looked around and said, "Hmm. Damn good landing, all nine of them." Now that I could relax a bit, it amused me tremendously.

I was quartered at one of the best hotels in ^{Brisbane} ~~Sydney~~. I didn't go out for any night life. ~~Sydney was noted for its night life for U.S. servicemen then, always noted for its night life, but particularly then for servicemen.~~ Anyway, I turned in, and I found out that General MacArthur had headquarters there when he was in ^{Brisbane} ~~Sydney~~, that it was in that hotel.

The next morning, I arranged for air transportation to Melbourne. It wasn't going to be for some ^{hour later} ~~time~~, so I went down to MacArthur's headquarters, spoke to his aide, told him why I was there, that Captain H.J. Ray, who was evacuated on the same PT boat with MacArthur, told me to be sure to pay his respects to

~~the General~~
~~MacArthur~~ and wanted me to meet him, too. The aide said, "Why, surely." So I sat over to the side. MacArthur came in eventually and the aide said, "All right, you may go in to see the general now."

When I entered the anteroom, he had a chamber, ^{and} on a stand there in front of the door as I went in was his very fancy cap facing me. Then the general was in a room to the left. I went in, introduced myself, told him why I was there. We had a very pleasant chat and then I left. That's the only time I met MacArthur.

After that I reported in to the local air field, got a U.S. transport plane, a daily run down to Melbourne. That was uneventful. Flying over the greenery of the east coast of Australia was a new experience because it was a different kind of green. It was a eucalyptus green. It's not like the trees on the East Coast or West Coast ^{of the U.S.} ~~We don't have as many in the southern part, but up in the northern part~~ ^{of Australia} this was a true green, ^{But} ~~this~~ ^{was} ~~is~~ a pale sort of green, noticeably different. So I landed in Melbourne. The big air field was just a grass air field, no strips of any kind. I was then sent to the billeting office. The billeting office gave me a room in one of the local hotels, ^{which} ~~(modern conveniences)~~ as the Australians would say, had the modcoms ^{or modern conveniences,} down the corridor. Modcoms, ^{or toilet} those are the toilet facilities. In other words, very few of the rooms in the Australian hotels in those days had a bath ^{or toilet} attached. They were down the corridor. Well, after I had

cleaned up a little bit, I went down to the codebreaking station, which was not too far away. It was easy to get to. I asked where the Monterey Apartments were. You just catch a streetcar here and get off at such and such a place. I did, and the codebreaking station was in the Monterey Apartments ^{Building.}

I went ^{into} the Monterey Apartments, gave them my orders at the front office. At the Monterey Apartments, we had maybe six rooms topside and maybe six rooms in the lower side, where we had machines and a lot of other work being done. ^{The apartments} ~~They~~ had been taken over, people kicked out of them. After this the unit ^{that} had come in from Corregidor and been placed in other temporary facilities, but after they did get machines and other furniture and everything for them, they took over these Monterey Apartments. It was a two-story affair. I guess there were people, perhaps 75 of our people working at that station, ^{plus a few Aussies.}

By this time it was 5:00 o'clock ^{in the afternoon} ~~at night~~, and I went ^{to} the front office. In the next two minutes I was to find out what the stay there ^{in Melbourne} was to be like. I went in to the front office and I saw somebody that I had known in the class of 1932 at the Naval Academy, John M. Lietwiler. Everybody knew he was one of the real bastards. I was two classes junior to him. He was seated at the desk there. I saw some paper in a file over his desk. I reached out and got ^a ~~the~~ sheet of paper ^{from the file} so that I could write a letter to my folks and tell them I had arrived at a destination I could not specify, I could not name, but that I had arrived

safely. That was my purpose, to get a letter off to them. My folks knew where I was going anyway, so not being able to tell them where I was was no problem. But I started to pull ~~those~~ ^{the} sheets out, and I got a snarl the likes of which I have never got from anybody else at any other time. "Put ~~those~~ ^{that} back. Who do you think you are? If you take ~~those sheets of paper,~~ ^{that sheet of paper,} somebody else will have to go to the storeroom and get more paper. Put ~~them~~ ^{that} back!" That floored me. What I wanted to say, of course, I couldn't say. But I knew that John Lietwiler was mean, but I had no idea that he would be that small and that mean. Here was somebody just arrived from an overseas flight, taking out ~~one~~ ^{one} sheet of paper from a file on the desk, it was there, ~~they were~~ ^{it was} there to be used, and snarling in front of ~~somebody,~~ ^{many} in front of enlisted men and everybody else in that way, one lieutenant commander to another.

Q: Had you spoken to him yet?

Captain Biard: Yes, I had spoken to him. I had reported.

Q: So he knew what you were there for.

Captain Biard: I was in uniform, and I couldn't get in that station unless I was there for that purpose. It was impossible to get in one of our stations, ^{unless you had proper authorization.} He knew I was just there reporting in.

Q: Anyway, he knew who you were and why you were there?

Captain Biard: He knew who I was. He knew I was to report. He knew all about me. So that immediately told me something I was to find out to be very true. So I reported for duty under very inauspicious circumstances. I had to get out of the hotel, ~~found a little place~~, had to find a new place, and I did find a new place, a very nice apartment hotel where they had a one-room apartment with adjoining bath, two rooms with adjoining bath, ^{that is} with somebody else in ^{the other} ~~that~~ room. And many of our people were staying there, many of the people who were in the station at Melbourne, the Monterey Apartments, were staying in this large, ^{extensive} three- ~~or~~ ~~four~~-story apartment hotel. It was somewhat rambling, many wings to it, and it was meals with room, ^{and} very nice. The walls were paper thin. You could hear everything that was going on in the next room. That could be embarrassing. Quite a few people were there from our station. I got a room and was very soon ^{living} there. I got to know the manageress quite well, got on good terms with her, and that worked out quite well later on.

So I started working at Monterey. They needed me. John Bromley, who did not have priority air transportation, had not yet arrived. He left Washington the same time I did, and reported to the Fairmont Hotel at the same time, but he was to be quite later in arriving ^{in Melbourne} because "Rosie" Mason had not given him high priority one transportation. I don't know why. Maybe that

was "Rosie" Mason's way of saying that he wanted me there first, I can't say. John Bromley came along much later, ten days, two weeks later. He flew part of the way with Jimmie Roosevelt

I found out while I was coming out, of course, that the push ^{would soon start} ~~was starting~~, the big push up through the Solomons and New Guinea, ^{and Tarawa}, and that's why Bromley and I were being sent out to Melbourne, ~~was~~ to beef up that station out there for this big push, to help them with what they knew would be more traffic and important traffic ^{for that area} coming up.

So I started my life in the Chevron Hotel and ^{had been} ~~was~~ there only a few days when ~~things were so unpleasant at Monterey that~~ I knew I had to go to the hospital some time ^{soon}. I decided, "What the hell, I might as well go now." I had two growths under my left arm that had been there for years. But during my stay in Washington and on the trip out, they had started bothering me. In other words, I could feel them; they were uncomfortable. So I said, "I'll go see the U.S. Navy doctor here." We had some naval base facilities, ^{with} ~~at~~ a small medical unit ^{there} in Melbourne. ^{this doctor}

I went to see ~~him~~, and as soon as he saw me, he said, "Come on with me to the hospital right now." So he put me in his car, and we went to a large, very large hospital that had been built by the Australians, but they had no equipment to put in it, no doctors or nurses or staff. So one of the ^{U.S.} Army general hospitals had been picked up, the equipment, out of the storeroom, put on board ship, and the University of Indiana Medical Teaching

Hospital, nurses, a teaching staff, everything, had been picked up bodily and sent down here to man this general hospital in Melbourne. He took me there, and the surgeons there looked at the things. They said, "Well, we're going to operate."

"You are? Give me time to go back to the where I'm working, at least, and let them know what's happened." And so I did. I came back, and they operated. I have described this. I'm going to delete one statement I made in there which is not necessary. It's described in the article you have, some of the articles you took with you for the weekend.

Q: Is that going to be a separate part?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: You're going to give me that as a separate enclosure?

Captain Biard: Yes, a second attachment. Yes. One of the two doctors who operated on me was named Sid Blanford. The person who operated on me was the colonel in charge of the hospital. I think he wanted to get a little simple operating practice. It turned out to be not too bad. It was a benign tumor, two benign tumors. They removed them.

After the operation, the number two, who was the chief surgeon there, actually, but he stepped aside and let the senior

officer do this operation, but he assisted, came around to see me, see how I was getting along. He was a most--I won't say most likeable, but somebody you could say, "That's a real person, someone I would like to know." This is Sid Blanford. He started talking to me and said, "You're from the Monterey Apartments here, I believe."

I said, "Correct."

He said, "Things are pretty ^{bad} ~~awful~~ out there, aren't they?"

I said, "Why do you say that?"

He said, "I have an awful lot of people come in here that wouldn't be coming here if things weren't bad there. I can tell it. I can tell. The people I get, from what they say, is wrong. I can tell things are just very bad."

I said, "All right. I have only been here a few days, but it's impossible for me to keep anything from you. I am here, I might have delayed this a short while if it had not been for that, but things there were in such a way so bad that I didn't mind coming here. Ordinarily I would have waited a short while, at least."

And so he talked and talked and talked, and it turned out that he knew everybody ^{worthwhile} in Melbourne. He was welcome everywhere. He said, "I don't want you to go back there until you're ready to go." He said, "I know what you do there. You haven't told me, but I can tell." And he said, "It's a real job you're doing, and it's a hard one, and it's a tremendous strain. How long have you

been doing this?"

I said, "I've been doing it ever since the beginning of the war and before."

He said, "It's time you take a ^{real} ~~road~~ break."

I said, "I'm sorry, I can't do it. I've got to get back there because an awful lot depends on what I do."

He said, "Well, take it easy. Let me arrange things for you." Well, he wouldn't release me for ten days after the operation, two weeks, something like that. I got to know the hospital and the staff pretty well. It was a good hospital and a good staff. It had to be, it was a medical teaching school from the University of Indiana. He said, "Before you go, I'm going to introduce you to some friends of mine." It was about New Year's by this time. I arrived in Melbourne about the 15th of November, and I stayed in the station longer than I told you. It was around the 20th of December or so when I reported to the hospital. He kept me there two weeks or so before he took the stitches out of my arm, and I did not have any use of the arm at that time. He says, "There are some people I want you to meet." And so he introduced me to the very top of Melbourne society, the very top. He was welcome everywhere. He was just one hell of a nice person. He had obtained an engineering degree from M.I.T. and after that went to medical school, so that he was a down to earth real man, large man, likeable, nothing put on about him at all. But he introduced me to Lord and Lady Clapp, two very

influential people. He was the Minister of Transportation in the then Australian Government. They invited me to a party, a New Year's Eve party, outdoor party, summer party, New Year's Eve is summer down there, at their home. And there I met his wife, and they were just as lovely to me as could be. They introduced me to all their friends, not all of them, but I met ~~all their~~ ^{many of their} friends. ~~there~~. It was a tremendously large party. They were very nice to me from then on for quite a while. I got my start in Melbourne society through them, and a good start, Sid Blanford and them.

So Sid Blanford then told me, he said, "I want to send you to the outback." That's the sheep station country out in the almost desert.

I said, "I can't go out there."

"You wait and see what I ^{have} set up for you. You may change your mind."

There were three girls, three women whose husbands were in the fighting in North Africa. In those days and times, the only soldiers that could be sent out for fighting, outside of Australia or New Guinea, had to be volunteers. All of the real men, the socialite men, had volunteered, ^{but} union men, labor union men, but they were called by the nickname of "choc^{os}os." They were the recruits. They were the conscriptees. They could not be sent out to fight. They had to do guard station duty around the country. Everybody detested them. The real mean were over

fighting the war in the North African desert, and ^{were then} ~~with them~~ being recalled to ^{fight} ~~serve~~ in New Guinea. Let me tell you, the Aussies were real men, real men. So almost all their ^{real} men were gone. He said, "These three girls' husbands have been away since the beginning of the war. They are running a sheep station up here 300 miles away. They've come to town to buy a secondhand truck. They have to get a new truck. It has to be secondhand, ^{for} ~~but~~ there are no new ones. I want you to meet them and then tell me if you won't go ^{back to their sheep station with them.}

So he had us all out for dinner at one of the local restaurants, me and two other ^{young Naval officer} patients there in the hospital that he wanted to go out with them driving this truck 300 miles back into the outback. When I saw the girls concerned, ah-oh. Sid Blanford knew his way around. He was like Freddie Storm. He didn't have to worry about people who weren't the very best. They had to be the very best, the very best, ^{to be} ~~one~~ in his company, and he was a fine man. I have never known anyone that I could really say I liked better than Sid Blanford. But the girl he had picked for me was again just out of this world. I told him, I said, "I can't do it. I've got to go back. They need me." I had contacted the station to find out what was happening, and they said things were hot there. I knew that if I went on this, back in the outback for two weeks, that there would be things that wouldn't get done at the station, ^{Japanese radio} traffic that would not get broken and ^{disseminated,} ~~passed out,~~ ~~it would be worthwhile,~~ and to put it

frankly, there would be people on our side who would be killed because I had gone out on a trip ^{to} ~~in~~ the outback. I just couldn't take it. I wanted to go, and I never did get into the outback, never did ~~the~~ ^{my} whole time there. So I turned it down. The one he had picked for me was worth going to the outback with, I can assure you.

Monterey and Chevron.

So I went back to ~~the station~~. As I say, it was January the first at the time, or after January the first. It was really hot. If things were really hot, we didn't run into too much trouble with the front office because we didn't go up there, and they didn't come back to where we were. But here is one of the things that was definitely wrong, definitely, definitely wrong. Every little pipsqueak lieutenant (junior grade) at the naval base in Melbourne, or almost every one, had his own automobile and was playing Melbourne society up to the hilt. All the ^{Russie} ~~men~~ were away, all the young social men of Melbourne were away, the real men, and had been away a long time. They were playing society to the hilt. Our station had ^{only} ~~two~~ cars; the station commander and the executive officer used those. The station commander was a lieutenant commander, class of 1931. In the codebreaking section we had two captains, classes of 1927, four years his senior. He and Lietwiler kept the cars and used them and those of the rest of us could not have a car under any conditions, even the two captains who were senior to them. Well, the two captains who were senior to them didn't seem to mind too

much because they were pretty well fixed in Melbourne. But there were the rest of us who were much more valuable ^{than those in the front office} to the war effort, who didn't have cars, and we could see these lieutenants (junior grade) running around all over Melbourne with theirs, and we had to use a streetcar. I didn't mind not having a car, but I minded like everything not having one when lieutenants (junior grade) could run around in cars, and the others did, too. I found out later on that the intelligence officer in the Seventh Fleet staff, we were operating under the Seventh Fleet with headquarters in Brisbane, Captain A. H. McCollum, Arthur H. McCollum, a very fine gent, had tried to send more automobiles down to us. I got to know Captain McCollum quite well because I ^{later} worked with him on his staff in the Battle of Leyte Gulf and other operations in the Philippines. I was number three and eventually number two ^{on his staff} there. He told me, "I've ^{I've} been trying to send you cars. I know you boys would like them, like to have them. You should have them. ^{Your front office} They won't accept them. They tell me, no, you don't want them, and so I couldn't send them down there if you wouldn't accept them." ~~So~~ This I was to find out in about a month and a half.

So anyway, we were busy and working hard, and Lietwiler at this time had put me on a certain job that ~~it~~ was very important to ^{the station.} ~~him~~. He was going to get in a lot of trouble if it wasn't done right, because the word was down from on high, this has to be done right. He put me on it to do that. Of course, F.R.

Biard, when he's put on a job, he usually does it with reasonable effectiveness. Frequently I think I can't do it, but I always end up doing it. So I did this job, and did it in such a way that Lietwiler was amazed, completely amazed. I can't say what it was. It won't serve any purpose to try to describe it here. But he was amazed, and he told me so, he said, "That is superb." Well, after that, he was no longer on my back, but that didn't get me a car, even so. When I worked, I worked like everything, really knocking myself out. I was trying to win the war *almost* single-handedly, *as I could marry my long-time flame.*

I didn't hear from my girl. I thought it was very strange I did not. Things went on and on. When I didn't hear from her, I started to worry. My arm was not getting better, I could not use my left arm. Lord and Lady Clapp had introduced me to the best cook in the world, *lovely and very likeable* a Melbourne socialite whose husband was off fighting the war. She would invite me out to her place about once a week for dinner. She had a little two-year-old girl, rosey cheeks. I would invite her down to Chevron for a swim in the Chevron pool, her and her little daughter. She would put the most exotic dishes on the table, even in this time of scarcity. *She had a pull with her greaser, she was very attractive.* It was very relaxing company. There was nothing funny about this at all. I was being ~~very~~ true to my girl I was going to marry, very, very true, but I did like the company of this young lady. She was a knock-out, a complete knock-out. I wouldn't have bothered about her if she hadn't been. There were too many

knock-outs in Melbourne who were very lonely in those days to bother about one who wasn't, who was a lesser person.

But one of these times out there, she asked me, "Tex, what don't you like?"

I'm telling this because it's a pretty good story.

I said, "I don't like brains, I don't like kidneys, and I don't like brussel sprouts." Those are the three things I mentioned to her.

The next time I went out to her place, she had dishes in front of me that were works of art, and oh, were they tasty! Were they tasty!

Well, one thing that had happened before that was that I at one time, one of the first times I went out there, I had reached for salt and started salting things before I tasted them, and man, she knocked that salt shaker out of my hand. Wham! "Don't you dare!" At Chevron they served us a lot of lamb, and nothing ever had salt on it, so the first thing we ever did when we'd sit down at the table was to reach for the salt shaker and salt it, and then start eating it. It was just a habit. So I had tried doing that when I sat down to her table, and this time she knocked that salt shaker out of my hand. Boy, she really gave it a slap. "Don't you dare." And everything was seasoned to perfection, of course, just absolutely out of this world.

Well, this time she said, "Tex, what do you not like." And I told her, kept a straight face. She didn't say anything.

The next time I went back, all that food, a work of art, and I tasted it. Everything just out of this world. I've never tasted anything better, and I'd eaten at the best restaurants in Shanghai, the best cooks in Tokyo, the best in New York, and Ann Purvis. Heaven knows Ann Purvis's cook was as good as almost any in this world. So I said, "Pat, this food is out of this world. What is it?"

And she started naming them back. "Kidney, brain, brussel sprouts." She had had her little joke, and it was a good one.

Well, this did not go on too much longer. By this time I had met an American girl, but not too much on that. This also resulted from my friendship with Lord and Lady Clapp.

A special call came from ^{Seventh Fleet Headquarters in} Brisbane to our station. By this time we had had another relief in our commanding officer, Commander E.S.L. Goodwin, class of 1925. He stood very high in his class, he was sharp, but he was not a Japanese language man, he was not a codebreaker, and he didn't understand what we did, how we did it, and what we needed. For one thing, one of his first orders was that we would spend at least 63 hours a week at the codebreaking establishment, whether we had anything to do or not. Our work, as at Pearl Harbor, was either a feast or a famine. If the codes were changed, we had to wait until there was enough traffic to come in or until somebody would make a big break, a mistake, that would enable us to find a way to get in without much traffic. If we could find that, then fine, we could

start working, ~~and~~ maybe quicker. But until that happened, we had to wait until we could get maybe ten days' traffic before we could really spend much worthwhile time trying to break the code. During those times, we wanted to get the hell out of that place, because when things were hot and we were really working on things, we would spend 14, 15, 16 hours a day there. We would work almost around the clock. We would go home, fall in the bunk, get up, come back, 14, 15, 16 more hours. And we always had watches there to handle any really hot traffic, 24-hour watches. So those were in addition to this. So when we could rest, we would take time off and relax. But no, we had to spend at least 63 hours a week, every week, had to report every day and work, whether there was anything to do or not. This was the new order. When we would send translations of messages up to him, the main thing was, is the meaning correct. Is every number inside the message correct? Is the meaning correct? Have we done everything we can with it? In other words, are we sending correct ^{sata} ~~data~~ to the people who are going to have to use it? Are the ship positions correct? Are the dates correct? What they are going to do, is that correct? And somebody might make a mistake ^{in spelling or} in English, and some people did. The Japanese always spelled Grumman, the Grumman type aircraft, in their messages they spelled it Gruman. It's actually spelled Grumman. So he started compiling a daily list of all the mistakes in English or mistakes in punctuation or mistakes in spelling that passed

across his desk in messages that we had turned out, ground out at topnotch speed, because we had a fantastic amount of work to do when we were really hot. Things that he did not like, "this would make the station look poor in the eyes of the high command for these mistakes to be in there." We all thought that it was the amount of true, ^{correct,} meaningful information we sent out that made us look good in the eyes of the high command. We didn't worry about these ^{unimportant} things. But every day he would send back down to us this most dastardly critique of the prior day's work of the mistakes in English, mistakes in spelling, mistakes in punctuation.

Q: Did he do those himself or have the yeoman do it?

Only he did it.
 Captain Biard: [^] In his own handwriting. We had to initial them and send them back.

Q: How did he have time to do that?

He had almost nothing to do.
 Captain Biard: That was all he did. [^] It was the codebreakers that had the hot jobs. We were the ones who were really, really sweating. The others would sort of sit back, "Oh, everything is going all right. They're doing it."

And he would come up, "Ho hum." In his own handwriting here, "Ho hum. For the 63rd time, such and such and such and such." Comments like that. And if you think that raises morale. And so

Sid Blanford knew what was going on down there, and he knew why. This was just a continuation. Before, the number one wasn't bad. He didn't get us automobiles ^{when} we could have had them, but he didn't do that ^{for} ~~to~~ us. It was ^{the} number two who was a bastard. I can say some more on both of them shortly, maybe not shortly but later on. In fact, I could have got my revenge on them quite, quite, quite, quite easily. I could have ruined their names forever. Let's erase that.

So the problem was, do the work at Monterey and forget about Monterey at Chevron. We had to live two lives. One was a life working for the Navy, another one was a life to forget about the Navy because the situation was ^{unacceptably} ~~pretty~~ rough where we had to work. Well, that was a shame because we were proud of what we were doing, very, very, very, very proud. Our success and the contributions we were making, because of our training and perhaps skill, others could not make.

Well, it was about this time, ^{the third or the fourth} about the ~~tenth~~ of February ~~1944~~, that an urgent dispatch came down to the station.

Q: What year?

Captain Biard: 1944. I reported in to Melbourne in November of 1943. That was when the pushes up the line in the Solomons and New Guinea were getting under way. This is now February 1944, about the ^{third} ~~tenth~~ of February. A dispatch came to the station that

resulted in the station commander, Commander Goodwin, calling Tom Mackie and me to his office, and ^{saying} ~~said~~, "Go home and get everything necessary to ^{go for a} stay up in Brisbane." The fleet commander had ordered two of our best codebreakers be sent to Brisbane for purposes we didn't know anything about. He said MacArthur had requested it, he requested it first of the Chief of Naval Operations, and he in turn passed it on to Seventh Fleet, and he said, "I want you two to go up there. He has requested our best." ^{I can't say that} ~~Whether~~ Tom and I were the best, I don't know, but he sent us.

So we hastily went up and reported to Captain ^{A. H.} ~~A. H.~~ McCollum, Arthur H. McCollum, who was Seventh Fleet Intelligence Officer, also a Japanese language man and also involved in the Pearl Harbor dispatches and the controversy of December 1941 in Washington. He was there at the time. Well, he was a very likeable man. I always had tremendous respect for him. This is the first time I had met him. But he told us, "MacArthur's people have captured a ^{Japanese Army} code book, and they can't read it, they can't use it. They have a lot of traffic in it, back traffic, but they're not having much luck getting any information out of it, and they'd like your help." So he said, "Report to them tomorrow morning at the Central Bureau." This was late when we got in there. The Central Bureau was a cover name for their intelligence station. So we did. They put us up that night at the Canberra Hotel, a very old hotel owned ^{and operated} by the Queensland's

Women's Temperance League. Queensland, that is one of the territories in ^{Australia,} ~~Brisbane,~~ ^{owned that hotel.} The Women's Temperance League. Before we could get a room, we had to sign a statement we would introduce no intoxicating liquor to the hotel, we would not come back to the hotel intoxicated, and we would have no members of the opposite sex in the room, ^{and that the room might be searched at any time for violation} This was where the Navy was billeted. The Army was billeted in the Lennon's Hotel, where anything not only went but did go. It was really something over there. I know about a few things that went on over there.

Q: Did you have a choice?

Captain Biard: No, we had no choice at all. The Seventh Fleet staff was billeted ^{in Lennon's} ~~there,~~ and MacArthur's staff was billeted there, and Army transients were there, but the Navy transients had to go to the Canberra, which was given the nickname in the Navy of the "Can't Bear It," the "Can't Bear It Hotel." Well, it was next to this place where the big chime clock rang all night long, and where in the morning the peacocks and peafowls of the local botanical gardens just below our window would start screaming.

Q: A good night's sleep.

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, ^{not} a very restful morning, anyway.

Well, we were so tired usually. The next morning we went out to the Central Bureau and they kept us well-isolated from everybody else, well-isolated, we went to only one hut. ^{There were only} ~~The~~ two places in this big enclosure ^{where} ~~that~~ we went, One was this hut where they were trying to do their codebreaking, and the other was to the mess hall. At no time did I ever visit anyplace other than these two, and I think there were ulterior motives, part of it was ulterior. They were ~~just~~ ^{not just} doing that [^] for security reasons. This was an Army outfit.

Q: Are you going to tell me later on?

Captain Biard: Yes. This was an Army outfit, the Army codebreaking unit for that part of the world. The chief codebreaker was Lieutenant Colonel ^{Sinkov} ~~Sinkov~~, a noted Army codebreaker. Under him he had a number of people ^{who had been} ~~sent to~~ sent to the Army's Japanese language school, which corresponded to our Boulder school. He had a bunch of good ^{Nisei} boys, I liked them. ^{Most} ~~Some~~ of them were Nisei. We weren't using Nisei in the Navy, but ^{he had} ~~a~~ bunch of good ^{Nisei} boys. I liked them all. They were trying to read this code for which the code book had been captured. It was ^{found} ~~under~~ under the ladder in the captain's cabin of a Japanese freighter that had been beached after an attack by U.S. ^{and} planes shortly before U.S. troops moved into the area, before they could take everything off the ship. So they had this code book ^{which was still being used by the Japanese Army Area High Command,}

and they had back traffic for at least 18 months.

So Mackie and I sat down at the desk as soon as we reported. They gave us the background ^{as} ~~in~~ this. They said, "Here's the traffic we're looking at. We have 18 months of traffic here, a tremendous pile of it. We are starting at the beginning and working up so we will get the background and get the feel for all of it." With that, Mackie and I looked at each other and our hands ^{immediately} ~~just~~ went to the very top, because that's where the latest dispatches were. We didn't want to wade through or try to read through 18 months of traffic. It would have taken us weeks and weeks and weeks to get to the top and ^{to} find out what's going on now. We wanted to know the latest thing that ^{had just come} ~~came~~ in, the latest thing that had ^{just} come in.

Mackie and I both looked at each other with wide open eyes. "Boy, this is a gold mine. What we can do to it! We'll change this right now." We went for the top instead of the bottom. And as luck would have it, the top message was hotter than a firecracker. It was just hotter than a firecracker. This was being sent out of Rabaul by a staff officer Izumi, who was attending a conference of all the area, big commanders in Rabaul. It just happened to be. It could have been something else, but this was the hottest thing that had come in for months and months and months. We were sure that nothing else that hot had come in for a long, long time. It would have been very hot even in our place. They were reporting on a conference they were holding ^{in Melbourne.}

about giving up that area, in other words, letting everything die on the vine there, not sending in anything more to support it, not defending it with the Navy, not defending with Air Force, ^{so that} all their troops in the Southwest Pacific ^{would} just die where they were, I mean fade away without any further support from Japan, and what they were doing, why they were doing it. We got 12 parts of that message; one part was missing, and it was just hotter than a firecracker because MacArthur was intending at that time to move into all these areas ^{some months later.} It told where their troops were, a lot about where their troops were and what they weren't going to defend.

Q: Incredibly valuable.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so when it was all over, we said, "Here, we've got to get this ^{to the High Command.}"

"Oh, no, we can't take this up to General Willoughby. No."

I said, "My God, this is the hottest thing I've seen in months and months and months, and you're not going to take it up there. Why can't you?"

"General Willoughby, why, we are missing one part, and he'll raise hell about that. We don't dare take that up to him with one part missing."

I said, "Well, it isn't going to come in. ^{You've} ~~we~~ missed it somehow."

(General Willoughby was MacArthur's intelligence officer.)

He said, "Without that, we don't dare take it up to him. He would just absolutely chew us up."

And I said, "I can't believe that."

"Oh, we just don't dare at all. No, we won't think of taking it up to him."

I said, "All right, give it to me. I'll take it up to him. He can chew me out if he wants to. I'll stand there and take it, and I may have a few things to say to him. I can't say too much, but by gosh, it's going to get through."

"Oh, no, no, no. We can't let you do that."

I said, "Well, you're going to have to. If you don't, I'm going to tell my boss tonight and I'm going to see him, and he'll take it to ^{Admiral} Kinkaid, and when he takes it to Kinkaid, Kinkaid will take it to MacArthur." I said, "It will get through, I can promise you that." I said, "I'm willing to do it. I'll spare your neck."

But they didn't want anybody to know that the Navy had done this, that they hadn't done it.

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: And that's the reason they weren't letting us move around, I am sure, *letting us have access only to the Codebreaking Room and to the Mess Hall.*

Q: Oh, I see.

Captain Biard: They kept us right in there. They didn't let any other Army students see ~~it~~^{us}, except just at lunch, and we'd be at their table, they'd all sit around us and we'd see no one else, meet no one else, just these very few people.

Q: So what did you do?

Captain Biard: So when I called his hand and he heard that I would take it to my boss, who I knew damn well would take it to Kinkaid and it would get to MacArthur, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh." And so he very shakingly took it up to General Willoughby. Now, Pineau says that Layton told him that Willoughby was crazy, ~~he~~ was insane. I never did meet Willoughby. But MacArthur had a very poor staff, ~~they~~ were all "yes men" and a lot of ~~them~~^{just} newspaper reporters that he had made colonels and major generals. If he had a staff like this, feared so much by his underlings that they couldn't take the information to him when they had it, that could not be a healthy, competent staff. I know many other things that I didn't like about his staff, but this is the one incident that I can really say I was there and I had to fight it. He wanted nothing but "yes men."

Q: But it did get to Willoughby?

Captain Biard: It got to Willoughby, it really did, and ~~MacArthur~~^{MacArthur}

immediately changed his plans.

Q: So obviously it got from Willoughby to MacArthur.

Captain Biard: Obviously. He was planning some time later to move up to Manus Island in the Admiralties. That was one of his steps. Now let me go on here and tell some of this. ^{The Japanese} ~~They~~ not only were going to give up all these places, they weren't going to support them, ^{also} they were going to stop sending any ships into ^{the} Rabaul. ^{very major base of} They told that in a round trip they were losing 80% of the ships that they tried to get into and out of Rabaul, either coming in or leaving, that 60% of these were being lost to our Black Cats. Those ^{was the Navy} ~~are the~~ Catalina flying boats painted black to go at night, came in by radar and bombed by radar at a low level at night. They were really chewing everything up between coming in and going out, they were losing 60% to the Black Cats. They were losing 20% to submarines, mostly 20% to submarines, and some to air. In other words, the Army Air Corps was not doing anything like as well as submarines and the black cats. But nowhere have I ever seen the Black Cats given proper credit for this. The Army did not let this out. I asked Layton, "Did you ever get this information that I passed on to Willoughby and MacArthur?"

He said, "No." He never did get it. MacArthur never did pass on any information that would make him look bad or make him

look not as good as he ^{otherwise} would look in the press.

So we got all this through. But another message came through very soon. The staff officer, Izumi, was reporting this to his area commander ^{located in} ~~either in New Guinea or the~~ Philippines. Another message came through very soon to the area commander from which Izumi had been sent, saying, "We regret to inform you that the plane carrying Commander Izumi this morning on takeoff crashed into a mountain and everyone in the plane perished." In other words, the person whose messages we had been reading and ^{were} so interested in, on takeoff had died, had been killed. Oh, this is a little side something.

Q: Well, it's important. Did anybody get that message?

Captain Biard: I don't know and don't care. We passed it on up the line.

Q: It didn't affect the war.

Captain Biard: It didn't affect the war at all. I expect it did go up, because there was just one message and we translated that. All the time we were teaching these Nisei the meanings of various words, how this was used in the language of this type and so on. They were bright, and they were learning.

Q: Was it easier for them to learn because of their background?

Captain Biard: No. I might have come from German parents, which I didn't, but if they had never spoken German around me, it would be just as hard for me to learn German. It would be no easier for me to learn German than any other person of English ancestry. No, the Nisei might have had a little bit of language, but frequently even that didn't help. It was not the right kind of language; it was a kitchen talk and not the code type. So we went on beyond this and working on all the traffic to give the information as it came.

Let me go back. The officers who carried this to Willoughby said, "You know, this moves our schedule ahead three, maybe six months ⁱⁿ ~~from~~ the Southwest Pacific." Because MacArthur knew they weren't going to defend things, where they weren't going to, or at least they weren't going to send--let's say he moves into a certain base here. He might have to fight the people at that base, but he knew that they weren't going to send in more troops ^{or naval forces} in there. If he knew how much he'd need to capture that base, then he didn't have to worry about reserves and calling in the Navy and having the Navy back him up, wait until the main fleet could come down there and back him up. They knew what was going to be defended and what wasn't. They knew that New Guinea was not going to be defended *in a significant manner.*

Q: I think that's absolutely without price, just invaluable information.

Captain Biard: It was, but they weren't even going to take it to Willoughby.

Q: That was the whole war at that time.

Captain Biard: Yes. But boy, F.R. Biard said, "I don't care. He can chew me out all he wants to. I'll see that it gets through."

Q: Good for you.

Captain Biard: When I make up my mind, I do things.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: Sometimes I'll say, "Oh, God, I hope they don't make me do that. I can't. I know I'll fail." But if they give it to me, I go at it.

So another thing came up. An Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ colonel had been captured by the Japanese. He was leading his wing or whatever it was, B-17 wing, ^{and} ~~that~~ had been shot down, and he had been captured. These messages reported the interrogation of this colonel, in which he was telling them--and I say this, I have absolutely no idea how they were getting this information, I don't think he was giving it to them voluntarily, I don't know whether he was being

tortured or not, ~~They~~ didn't say anything about that. I am sure they were putting the pressure on him to talk. But they were sending urgent dispatches to Tokyo telling about the results of his interrogation. The hot item was that he had been associated with the B-29, not yet in operational service, in the States. He knew all about them. They were getting all the information on it from him. He had even told them, "Why, I can build a better plane for you. I can show you how to build a better plane than it is." Now, this is what they reported he had told them. I am not criticizing the man. I'm only telling what the dispatches said, because they may have been putting all sorts and kinds of thumbscrews to him, possibly water. But as soon as they got the basic information out of him, they were ordered by Tokyo to send him by air to Tokyo immediately. So he was ~~there~~ ^{in Rabaul} only a short while.

^{Our} ~~The~~ people ^{at Brisbane} there said, "Oh, yes, he's disappeared. He was on a bombing run and he was shot down and didn't come back." And they knew about it. I knew the colonel's name. As I say, we got it out of the dispatches. The Japanese spelled it in dispatches, in kana, in a way that we would not be able to get the exact English spelling from it, but the people there knew this fellow. I could reproduce it; I will not here, because, as I say, I have no idea whether or not he was being tortured. I have an idea that they were sparing nothing to make him talk.

Q: Was the information he gave valuable to them?

Captain Biard: Yes. *Quite valuable.*

Q: Maybe he was just saying it to them to make them stop, he said he could build a better plane.

Captain Biard: Well, if they would take him to Tokyo, then I can assure you they would see that he kept on talking. There was one thing about it, if you get an expert in there, you can tell if a man is leading you on or not, whether or not it makes sense. If what he's telling you makes sense, then he's telling you the truth. It's just like my ...

Q: I remember you said that.

Captain Biard: Get somebody who knows the field, and if it makes sense, more than likely he's telling you the truth, he's not putting you on. So when you get together with experts and start making them tell, they can tell whether or not it's the real stuff. So if he was putting them on, they would darn soon make sure that he wasn't. I have enough experience to assure you that that would be the case.

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: That was one of the other hot things we found. Not only was it hot, but tragic, because they couldn't build a B-29, they didn't, but what he told them about it may have helped them some when we first made air attacks and first started B-29 operations bombing Japan. I can't say that his information was valuable to them, but they certainly did want it.

Well, about this time we had been there ten days bearing the unbearable at the "Can't Bear It." Captain McCollum was very nice to us; he'd have us out to dinner sometimes.

Q: What do you mean, bearing the unbearable?

Captain Biard: "Can't Bear It" Hotel.

Q: Oh, that's right. That's right. Okay.

Captain Biard: We didn't want any social life anyway because we had a hell of a hot job to do, and we had to help these people do it and get ready. After we had been there about ten days, we got a screaming dispatch from Melbourne, "Send them back. Send them back. Send them back right now. We have to have them."

And so Captain McCollum said, "All right, the Army now will have to stand on its own feet." We had helped the people along where they could ^{do much} ~~get quite a bit~~ better. They had learned pretty quickly when we showed them how, lots of things they didn't

understand, lots of words, lots of terminologies, lots of idioms of using codes that they didn't understand. When we straightened those out for them, they were able to do a much better job.

So we went back to Melbourne. When we got to Melbourne, we found out that we had captured some ^{Japanese Navy} code books that were still being used. We had Navy code books now being used, and we had the overlying cipher, too, so that we could read every dispatch 100%, *and in a hurry.*

Q: Oh, my.

Captain Biard: And so that meant we were just going to really, really, really, really be--well, we just spent our lives at the station for a while. We read and read and read. I have never worked so hard in all my life. It was easy reading, we didn't have any breaking, it was just translated, here it is, straight out and translated. There was hot stuff coming through, very hot stuff. So this went on for about two weeks. Then they changed the code.

~~in China~~ During all this, I had got a letter from my girl ^{in the Red Com} saying that her husband had been shot down in the Gilberts, in that area, and that they thought that he had been picked up by a Japanese ^{craft,} that maybe he had been rescued, they didn't know. But things weren't going well. I had gotten my first letter from her 54 days after I last heard from her in the Fairmont Hotel, and I knew darn well

China

she could have got a letter to me in less time than that. So I was pretty well boiling by that time. So when I heard that he had been shot down and perhaps rescued, I asked for all the traffic from that area, which we had not been reading. We now weren't doing anything, so I used this code book to translate the dispatches for this area. Sure enough, I found in there a report that a ^{Navy} B-24 pilot had been picked up in the water, and that they had him on such and such ^{an island} ~~a place~~. I got another dispatch that said to send him over to another place over here. So I wrote her and told her, and I couldn't tell her, "Your husband is safe." That was just out. But I did in an offhand way try to say, "Look, the guy is pretty much a bum." And I couldn't tell you what a bum he was, but he was. I said, "You know that bums like that never do die. They're always safe. I think I can tell you for sure he's all right." I was trying to say in an offhand way, get it by the censor. She didn't know what I was doing, she didn't know I was codebreaking, and she didn't know that I had the code that ^{told me} ~~would tell~~ he was safe. By that time I wasn't feeling too well. My arm wouldn't work, I was having an awful lot of trouble here at the station. Our life at Chevron was very pleasant, very pleasant, the officers ^{other than those in charge} were all wonderful to me, absolutely wonderful. But we were leading two lives, one at the station and one at the hotel and the society around the hotel. The big social area in Melbourne, as other areas frequently have, there's a native name, Torak, and the social life there was

~~pretty~~ extremely good. If someone asked where you were going tonight, you'd say, "Oh, I'm going to Torak and ruin."

And so I still kept reading the traffic. After a while, several days, I found another dispatch that said that this officer, while being transported from this island to the other island over here where he was ordered to be sent, had been killed as a result of strafing by an Allied plane, by a U.S. plane. Others had been killed, too. Well, the mail between Australia and India, where she was, was pretty fast at that time. We had a plane going over regularly from Australia, and a letter came back from her in just a very few days, really, really, really chewing me out for having said so many mean things about her husband. I can tell you the things she said about him.

Q: Ex-husband.

Captain Biard: Ex-husband.

Q: Was he "ex" by then?

Captain Biard: Yes. Really chewing me out and telling me what I was. Well, that made things quite unpleasant for me, and I didn't have much to say from then on. I didn't bother to tell her that her husband was dead, that wasn't necessary, it could damn well wait. Her ex-husband was dead. I didn't have his

name, but the description fit him perfectly, so I was pretty sure that was it. His own squadron said he would fly all the time on mechanical pilot, on autopilot, and they thought that he had had it in autopilot like "Ace" Adkins, hit some rough weather and had flipped and gone in. They thought that he possibly had gone in and had been able to escape. This fit him perfectly. That's what the Japs said, that he had crash landed and had been able to escape. So I found out he was dead, but that didn't mean anything to me much. She had in the States insisted for me to find out how we could be married by proxy, she wasn't going to let us get away this time. I'm sure everything turned out all right, I found out how to be ^{married by proxy} I found out, and she kept ^{now} ~~saying~~ ^{waiting}, "No, no, no, I want it to be right this time. No proxy." She was backing off and I could tell by the backing off that things weren't right. So that ended that. It also ended a lot of my--not my dedication to the Navy, but my care to stay in. I didn't care to do anything ^{for her} from then on. *But my dedication to the war effort remained high.*

Q: The Navy had nothing to do with that.

Captain Biard: No, but I knew I was fighting the war, I could produce something and I would, and I didn't much care about the future. In other words, I had lost my motivation, my ~~real~~ *extreme* motivation. I said, "Boy, after the Coral Sea, here's something that really puts my life on the right track, things are going to

be wonderful for me again." And then it had gone. Life was pretty good in Melbourne, and I enjoyed it.

Q: Made the most of it, I hope.

Captain Biard: One of the things that happened there in the Chevron Hotel was that up to this time I had my large overseas radio ^{receiver} and I had bought another overseas radio, one of the very few still available in Melbourne. I had found one. I had a pretty good supply of liquor, I didn't smoke, I had my ration of cigarettes so I could supply some cigarettes, and the good natured Aussies, of which there were many, most of them women because their husbands were gone, the good natured Aussies and one or two Americans, and quite a few of the people working with me at Chevron would collect ^{in my room} ~~these~~. We would have an after-dinner drink and we would listen to overseas news broadcasts, or we would play some of my records. My records came along with my gear that had been shipped to me specially. So it was quite a gathering. It was quite ^{an after-dinner} a social gathering every time that I was off duty ^{at} ~~from~~ Chevron, from Monterey, and was there for the evening meal.

One of the people there was a British lady, a wealthy British lady who was there to escape the bombing, the blitz. Her name was Aileen Columbine, and she was very nice, ~~we~~ liked her. There was a very, very wonderful crowd there. One evening she somehow

or another got on the subject of codebreaking. She said, "You know, all governments have these people who work on the enemy codes, try to break them. They're weird people. They really are weird." All the officers there, there were about four or five in the room at the time, all of them were working with me at Monterey, of course, and I heard this.

"Oh, Aileen, is that true?"

"Yes, that's true."

I said, "They're really weird, are they?"

"Oh, yes, you can just tell by looking at them that they are just not in this world. They're as crazy as loons."

"Oh, that's something, crazy as loons."

"Yes, you can tell it immediately by looking at one of them, just as crazy as crazy can be."

"Aileen, you are telling something very interesting. For example, here's Tom Mackie over here. He wouldn't look like Tom, would he?"

"Oh, no, Tom's perfectly natural."

"Or Ed Weist over here, would he look like Ed?"

"No, Ed is a perfectly fine person, nothing wrong with him."

"How about John Bromley over here? Would he look like John Bromley?"

"No, John Bromley, he's a normal American."

"Well, Aileen, would he look like me?"

"No, Tex, you're just fine, as normal as can be."

I said, "Thank you, Aileen, I'm glad to hear that." That ended that. But that's just an interesting little tale.

Q: I wonder where she got her information.

Captain Biard: An awful lot of people thought the same thing. This is a story I intended to tell about the service at Pearl Harbor. I used to meet some of my classmates, who knew me and knew that I had been to Japan, ^{to study the language} and they would see me there, ^{at} Pearl. "Where are you?"

"I'm ^{here} on shore."

"Why in the hell aren't you at sea? Why aren't you out there with the rest of us?"

"Well, they've got a job here they want me to do."

"What the hell? Why don't you get out there and fight this war with us?"

"I don't know, I just have to stay here. They put me ashore, that's all I can do."

Then usually they'd get around to the subject, "You know, somebody certainly is sending us an awful lot of accurate information on what the Japs are going to do. We meet them just where they tell us to, ^{an} ~~and~~ awful lot of ^{good} information."

"They do? I hadn't heard anything about it."

These same people that were saying, "Why in the hell don't you get out there to sea?" would not put together that I was one

of the groups supplying the information to them.

One of the most tear-jerking of these events didn't happen exactly this way, and usually I can produce this chief petty officer's name just like that. This morning when I was thinking of it, I couldn't, just could not get it back. I told you about the Battle of Tassafaronga on the 30th of November 1942, where the Japs and their long lance torpedoes murdered our cruisers at ^{about} 20,000 yards. One of the cruisers murdered was my old New Orleans. One of these fantastically powerful Jap torpedoes had blown off the entire bow, including turret number one. Turret ~~One~~ had been my turret. This particular morning I was coming back to Pearl Harbor by bus. I'd usually go by car, but this time for some reason or other I was on the bus. A person got on this bus that I recognized immediately. He was a lisping Portugese chief boatswain's mate who served in ~~Turret Three~~ on the New Orleans there the entire time I was on it, who knew me well, and who had served under Ensign J.B. ~~Deeding~~ ^{Denny}, who was a very fine officer, ~~Turret Officer of Turret Number Three~~. He was on board the New Orleans, of course, in this Battle of Tassafaronga when the ~~Turret Number One~~ with all its personnel were disintegrated. New Orleans had had a blunt bow put on right forward of ~~Turret Two~~ and had come back under its own power after necessary ~~repairs~~, and other repairs were made at Pearl Harbor, had gone to the States for the new ~~Turret One~~, the bow, and everything like that. But this old chief boatswain's mate, when

he saw me, he just came over and he could^{only} say, "Mr. Biard, Mr. Biard, Mr. Biard, it's so good to see you. It's so good to see you. Where are you?"

I told him, "Well, I'm working on the shore over here."

"Mr. Biard, why are you working on shore? Why are you working on shore? You should be out there at sea. You should be out there at sea. We have these new officers." Now, he didn't speak English too well and he might not have thought brilliantly, but he was loyal and he was one hell of a good boatswain's mate. He didn't mean what he said, and I'm going to tell you what ~~he~~ he meant in a minute, because I know it. He said, "Mr. Biard, these officers don't know the regulations. You and Mr. Denny, you knew the regulations. You knew the regulations. Come back, come back. We need you. You know the regulations." What he meant was, you know the Navy, you know what to do, you know how to handle things, you're well-trained and you're competent, we need the likes of you at sea. That's what he really meant when he said, "You know the regulations." But that was how he put it. And, of course, he'd been through hell on the ship seeing all that, all of his friends, and he was just crying the whole time. That touched me. I have a soft heart, anyway, as you've found out. It touched me, and, of course, I had no defense. He said, "Why do you stay on shore? You must come back. You must come back. We need you."

I said, "Well, they've got something here they want me to

do." I'll think of his name and bring it back later on. So very frequently I would run across situations like that, but that was the most touching and the most memorable of those occasions. There was so little I could say. *His last name was Coronado.*

So we're ^{now} back in Melbourne, and we settled down. We had about two weeks of this wonderful, wonderful working with no, no secrets, no cipher that had to be ripped off laboriously, recovered, and we ~~had~~ ^{did not have} to break the cipher and we ~~had~~ ^{did not} to break the code. ^{Ordinarily} ~~then~~ we had to ~~translate~~ break the cipher and the code, both, many times. It just went on. This ^{now} was play. We had about two weeks of this, and then they changed the code. But during that time, why, the final blowup with my fiance had developed. That occurred. The final reel in that was her ex-husband being shot down in the Gilberts and my having found out about it. Something was wrong before then. Well, later on I was to get a "Dear John" letter from China. By the time I received it, she would be married to an Air ^{Corps} Force colonel--not a colonel, excuse me, he later was to become a colonel, *a nice young flier.*

At this time we had just lost our captured code systems, in other words, those systems, ^{after two weeks had been changed} ~~had been taken out of the fact~~. We had been able to exploit them about two weeks, a wonderful two weeks. So we had to sit back now and wait for the new traffic to come in, until we and other people could get into it again. This did happen off and on somewhat regularly, going on until I think it was September the 19th of 1944, all of this was in 1944, and

on September the 19th, 1944, we received orders for me and John Bromley. Tom Mackie was no longer in Melbourne. He and an Australian girl, a lovely Australian girl he had married, had been transferred back to the States. So Tom didn't go with me this time. This time it was John Bromley when they wanted two good people to be sent up to Hollandia in New Guinea. We had to leave on short notice, very short notice. This time we were to take intercept teams with us, in other words, radio operators, and even took another officer for each of us to operate our little code systems so that we would have contact with the Melbourne station. They could send us anything that we might be able to use or they could send us special information straight to the ship that they would not want to put on other channels, very highly classified codebreaking information. So later on I managed to set up a system, a channel for this purpose that they gave me the facilities for it, so this time I was not isolated as I was when I was with the Yorktown ^{in the Coral Sea.} Unfortunately, this time I didn't need it. It didn't serve us any purpose. We couldn't do anything ^{with the Japanese code then in use.}

By September the 19th, well before then, we had come upon a very, very long dry spell. It had been a long time since we had been able to get meaningfully into a Japanese code. The great Marianas Turkey Shoot ^{in June, 1944,} the Battle of the Philippine Sea, which occurred back at the time of the invasion of Saipan and Guam and Tinian, had occurred, and we did not know for sure the results of

~~these battles~~ ^{three months later} ~~that battle~~, not even then, The systems, we had not been reading things sufficiently well. In fact, we were reading very little. When we left, ^{Melbourne} we were reading very little. We had an old code book captured that I was able to take with me, but it was not being used. It was being used by a very few of the places that had been bypassed along New Guinea, ~~where they had many new code books down, too~~, but ^{that} ~~the~~ traffic was insignificant, more or less. It was, "We're out of rice, we're out of ^{S.A.K.C.} saki, we're out of this, that, and the other." Everything of that type. ^{Mac Arthur} They had bypassed the ^{area} ~~area~~ we had found out ^{for him} in our work at Brisbane, that they were going to leave these people to die on the vine. So that was about all we were getting out of ^{this old} ~~these little~~ code books. It really didn't mean anything, but I nevertheless took a copy along with me.

We went up to Hollandia, which was the new Seventh Fleet headquarters. It had moved from Brisbane some time before, as had MacArthur, to Hollandia, this good port in Dutch New Guinea, well up away from the Port Moresby area ^{on} ~~and~~ ^(northern) the far side of New Guinea. So we landed there, finally made it up there going by ~~La~~ ^{Lexington and} Lae and Salamaua, places that had been attacked by Yorktown on March 10, 1942, when I was with Frank Jack Fletcher. We had gone several places. ^{Going by air} ~~We~~ had touched down at Cookstown and one other place in Northern Australia, then Lae and Salamaua, and then on to Hollandia. So the headquarters were up in the hills of Hollandia. We had to go about 20 miles in back of the base ^{on the coast}. We

were in the hills, *the much cooler hills.*

The Seventh Fleet's headquarters were austerity, Quonset huts and the like, but up high on a hill overlooking us there were three big two-story white palaces that had been built by MacArthur, a waste of materials, a waste of manpower, a waste of everything. The stories were making the rounds that the ^{enlisted} people working on those places, seeing what they were doing and the waste that was going into them, seeing all that, had cancelled all their war bonds, the enlisted men working on it. I wondered about that. In the last several years I have come across one or two people who actually worked on those palaces, and sure enough, they told me, "Yes, we did, as a group, ^{we} ~~we~~ cancelled our war bonds because of that." That's what they tell me. I heard the story, I've received it supposedly firsthand since, but it was something. One ^{of the mansions} was for MacArthur, another was for his chief of staff, Richard Sutherland, whom everybody hated. I could tell you stories about him that would curl your teeth. And another one was supposedly, and I do not know, but this is the story we heard and I cannot say it wasn't, was for the WAC girlfriend of Richard Sutherland. Richard Sutherland had shacked up with a woman in Melbourne when MacArthur was evacuated to Melbourne from the Philippines. He had shacked up with her. My friends in Melbourne knew her. One of my good friends lived in an apartment under this woman, where Richard Sutherland spent his nights with the woman, and he said they had awful fights and it was hell

living under them because there was just fighting all the time. But even so, he had this ^{Australian} woman commissioned a captain in the WACs and took her with him to Brisbane, and then from Brisbane, so I hear, now I have heard other people say that she wasn't up there, but the story we had, and I'm telling it as we knew it, down on the lower level in which we had to look up at the palaces, well up in the hills of Hollandia where it was cooler, the port of Hollandia, that his WAC had the other white palace, and these were big buildings. ^{I am sure now that she was there.} How well they were fixed up inside, I don't know, but MacArthur usually did things well for himself. Allegedly, by what we heard down below, and I never did go up there, I couldn't go up there, the only cement sidewalk, and it rained a lot up there, up there was between the palace for this WAC and his house, Richard Sutherland's house. Now, you can take that for what it may be and what it may not be ^{worth.} I also heard that Mrs. MacArthur was up there. Of course, she always moved to his forward headquarters as soon as he could get ^{her} there, and as far as headquarters, time and again I read the communique ^{of} issued ^{from} MacArthur's headquarters in Southwest Pacific and ^{thought} ~~think~~ it was in the New Guinea fighting area. ~~jumped~~. It wasn't. It was the fleshpot Lennon's Hotel in Brisbane, Australia, is where it was most of the time, and it was a real fleshpot. Living was high there, really high.

So we were down below ^{as up there in the hills above Hollandia} I put up at the intelligence headquarters where we had our own radiomen ^{men} standing watches there, our men standing watches on Japanese circuits and the

^{to} like, see if they could pick up anything. We didn't. We were ^{significant} getting ready to move up to the Philippines. This is before the move to the Philippines. We were called there for that purpose. During ^{that waiting of} ~~the~~ time I had little else to do, so I typed and copied an entire math book on probability that had been out of ^{print} ~~date~~ for about 50 years or more. I wanted a copy of it badly, and had been able to find a copy of it in the Melbourne library. They wouldn't let me take it out, I was in the Holy of Holies room, but they did let me take this beautifully done little thing and have it blueprinted. We did not have Xerox machines, as I've already told you. Blueprinting was the cheapest thing. It cost me about \$75 in dollars of those days, and that was a lot of dollars to get it copied, but I did. I took the copies with me, but I didn't want to have them lost in battle. I knew where we were going, we were going back to the Philippines, and I knew that we'd damn well be fighting. So I copied this by typewriter between the times we left ^{Melbourne} and October the 15th, when we left ~~Hollandia for the Philippines~~ ^{Philippines}.

Q: That was some feat.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Not in battle.

Captain Biard: So I sent the blueprints back to the States, to

my home in the States so that I would at least have ^{them} ~~it~~ on file in case I lost ~~the~~ my original copy.

Q: What did you want it for?

Captain Biard: Because I was studying ^{the mathematical theory} ~~laws~~ of probability, and this was a classic treatise on probability that everybody referred to, and I needed it. Nobody else covered ^{all of} the material that was in it. It was the Reverend Whitworth's ^{'s} Choice and Chance, quaint language. "Two gentlemen, two ladies are going to engage in a game of whist," such as that.

Q: It was on that.

^{No. That was in one problem.}
 Captain Biard: [^]All the information I wanted was in there, and I couldn't find it anywhere else. It was always referred to, but the information was never given elsewhere. I could tell you, all the years since I had been on the New Orleans, I had been studying physics, physics, probability, probability, probability. I loved math, I loved physics. I had been started in probability because of this tremendous string of black that came up against me 13 times in succession ^{at Monte Carlo.} I wanted to find out what the probability of that would be once one started playing, how many times would you ordinarily have to play before that would come up, because my system ordinarily would beat something, was such

that that shouldn't have come up before I quit playing.

Q: We'll go on now. That was how you occupied your time.

Captain Biard: I occupied my time there. We had nothing else to do. So October the 15th we mounted the invasion force for the Philippines, that is, the invasion ^{from} ~~of~~ Hollandia. We went down to the port, got aboard the Seventh Fleet flagship, USS Wasatch, which was a communications or headquarters ship, Seventh Fleet ~~flag~~ ^{flag} and all. I, of course, was with the intelligence staff, Captain McCollum. He was a fine gentleman. I liked him very much.

We had a very large force, left Hollandia, and on the way we joined up with other forces from Palau and other ^{bases.} ~~places.~~ On October the 20th we entered Leyte Gulf. An earlier minesweeping force had entered on October the 17th. It had not encountered great opposition. Shortly after we entered, all ^{of our} ~~the~~ forces bombarded the shore early ^{that} ~~this~~ morning, rockets, gunfire, just tremendous smoke from all the rockets and guns fired before the first wave went ashore. About this time, ^{my} ~~my~~ intercept people did get something I could read in the old code. It said, "Execute Operation Shō." Shō ~~has very good meaning, and the~~ ^{the Japanese} character concerned, meant "Victory." "Execute Operation Victory." It didn't tell what Operation Victory was, but ^{some of} ~~our~~ forces, I found out in the last year or two, knew all about it, or at least

the very principles on which it was founded. So I am surprised that we did not have this sent to us in Melbourne. I'm also surprised that Halsey didn't use the information that he had on this Operation Victory.

Well, on the first day there ^{at Leyte} some ~~people~~ ^{U.S. Army officers} came out on board the ship who looked as if they had been living among the ~~Japanese~~ ^{Filipinos} for 50 years. I have never seen such weapons carried by individuals before, machetes, knives, automatic weapons, bandeliers with ~~out~~ ammunition everywhere, U.S. Army officers. They sat down in our wardroom and were talking and so on. Some Filipinos were with them. So when I could, I went over and talked to them and asked, "Oh, are you from the shore here?"

"Yes, we are guerrillas."

"You are? How long have you been ashore here?"

"We've been ashore three days." And here I thought they were really, really something, ^{long time guerrillas} They had brought the guerrilla chief, Colonel Kangleon, aboard with them. If I have time, I may refer to him again. He was a very nice gent, he was an honest man, and that is something that is unusual in the Philippines. He was an honest man. I got to like him very much. MacArthur really did him dirt. I will tell about it later on if I see we have something left on the tape.

But about this time, the next day or two, our far-ranging air ^{and submarines} patrols ^{and from Singapore,} started reporting Japanese naval vessels coming up from the Dutch East Indies, Others appeared to be coming down from

Japan. Before long, we had spotted--I say before long, this is about October the 23rd, we had spotted three separate moves, one

going up to the center of the Philippines, the other coming ~~from~~ ^{from Singapore and the Dutch East Indies;} it appeared to be coming more to the south, and one more from the north from Taiwan or in there, which

also appeared to be coming toward the south. This was about on

the 23rd or so, and on the 23rd two of our submarines, the Darter ^{USNA}

and the Dace, both commanded by officers out of the class of 1935, made contacts with the largest of ~~the~~ ^{these} forces. ^{from Singapore} This was the

force that was headed toward the center of the Philippines, and we rightfully guessed would be exiting through San Bernardino

Strait. They made contact with them. Their instructions were to report first and then attack. So they reported this large,

powerful force, and then they made attacks, very, very daring attacks, and sank two cruisers and damaged the third. One of the

cruisers they sank was the flagship of the fleet commander, and this may have influenced the outcome of the Battle of Leyte Gulf

because he wasn't on his flagship and he had already been scared badly by having ^{his} ~~the~~ ship sunk ^{from} beneath him. One of the submarines

^{then} ran aground on some unchartered reefs, the reefs were very uncertain there, or at least improperly charted. They had not

been able to get a fix for a long time, but having made these daring, very successful attacks, they ^{had} accomplished their mission

of reporting ^{this major} force. That was their big mission. One ran aground. The other ^{took} ~~put~~ off the crew ^{of the grounded submarine} and tried to destroy the

^{then} grounded

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above water, grounded
 submarine, but they couldn't do it. ^{That would require} ~~They had to use~~ bombs, and so they had to leave, ^{two crews in this one submarine.}

So soon we were sighting another force coming down, and that was a carrier force coming down outside ^{eastward} of Luzon from the north, a carrier force. All this time, of course, Halsey and his tremendous carrier fleet before we landed had been bombing Taiwan, had been bombing all the air fields in the Philippines, everything that could launch aircraft in case aircraft could be launched to ^{oppose} ~~oppose~~ the landing, give us trouble, any field of that type, he had bombed, if he knew about it, to destroy the aircraft, to ease our way. But here by the 24th of October, it was quite clear that we had three different forces coming at us. On the 24th before these could get there, I decided I'd better go ashore, the 23rd or 24th, and so I went over and went to the front lines where fighting was going on. I saw fighting occurring, and I saw dead Japs, didn't see any dead Americans. We took care of our casualties. I saw dead Japs, and I also saw some soldiers there on the beach, where we were still unloading things, and one of these soldiers saw that I was a Navy man. "Sir, I hear there are tremendous forces of ^{the} Japanese ^{Navy} coming at us here."

I said, "You do?"

"Yes, we hear there's going to be an awful battle."

"Well, one thing for sure, they'll probably oppose the landing we ^{have} made here."

"Your ships out there look mighty good. They look so good. Sir, don't leave. Please don't leave. It'll be so lonesome if you haul those ships out of here."

Well, I could appreciate his feeling. I couldn't tell him all I knew, but I tried. I said, "We'll be here. We'll stay here." But his words were spoken ...

Q: From the heart.

Captain Biard: From the heart, I can assure you. So I went back to the flagship and read up on all the latest. By this time now, by the 24th, the central force, that is the big force ^{from Singapore} that was coming through San Bernardino Straits, the big one with all the battleships and the cruisers and destroyers, a real battle force, was sighted coming through San Bernardino Straits. Halsey turned his boys loose on it, and they gave them a pretty bad blasting. They concentrated on one of the super battleships, Musashi. Some of the others got hits, but the Musashi was attacked by several waves and all of the force turn back, and Halsey saw it turn back. So Halsey assumed ^{the entire force} ~~it~~ was turning back for good, he had just pounded it ^{so} ~~too~~ hard. As all the history books know, at this ^{Japanese} time the ^{to the north} carriers coming from the north were spotted, and Halsey raced up north with all of his force. He had enough force, he could have left part there ^{at San Bernardino Straits} to take care of the battleships, ~~and~~ ^{That is,} he could have ^{left} ~~taken~~ enough to take care of the force at San

Bernardino Strait, and taken another part up ^{North to} and take care of the Jap carriers, but he didn't, he took them all. Why, we'll never know. Well, the books all have this. I'm telling a lot that's in the history books now. But Halsey's boys had been doing a lot of work. Halsey had been working hard. Now we thought he was ^{still} guarding San Bernardino Straits.

We knew by this time that these other two forces, one coming down from the north, the small one from the north, the medium-sized one coming from the south, the Dutch East Indies, were headed toward Surigao Straits to the south of Leyte. At such time they would be coming through it at night, the night of the ^{early morning of the} 24th or ~~the~~ 25th of October. So Admiral Kinkaid sent his old battleships and some cruisers and destroyers down to block the exit from Surigao Strait so these people could not get through, ^{to our forces in the North of Leyte Gulf.} These were the old ships, the bombardment force, not the fast ~~forces in Leyte~~ battleships and such. The jeep carriers, about 18 of them, in groups of six each, Taffy 1, Taffy 2, and Taffy 3, about 60 or so miles off of the shore of Leyte, were providing air support ^{for our forces in Leyte Gulf.} during all the time we were there. These were the jeep carriers, the escort carriers. They were not supposed to fight serious battles; they were supposed to operate against submarines and support the forces on shore, and that's what they were doing here. They were out there ^{for that purpose, not to fight battleships.}

Well, during the early morning hours of ²⁵ October, the famous Battle of Surigao Straits, where our forces crossed the "T" of

the Japanese forces, occurred. We knew the Japanese force, the leading force, had two battleships and a cruiser or so and destroyers, about four destroyers. Our air reconnaissance had given us that information. So Admiral Kinkaid took care of this by sending our forces down there to block the Surigao Strait.

Halsey was supposed to have blocked San Bernardino and take care of anything else that came from the Pacific Ocean side. Unknown to us, as I say, he had uncovered San Bernardino Strait and ~~went~~ ^{gone} flying ^{with} all his force up to the northern ^{tip} ~~part~~ of Luzon.

Early during the morning of 25 October, the Battle of Surigao Strait, occurred. About 3:00 o'clock in the morning from the decks of Wasatch, I saw from 90 miles away flashes that I do not believe were lightning flashes, I ^{am sure} ~~think~~ they were gunfire. This was ^{at exact} ~~the~~ time the battle ^{was} ~~is~~ occurring. Admiral Oldendorf was in command of the forces, and it was he who crossed the "T", the famous maneuver that we always wished to do. It was the last time ever, more than likely. And so he did it, he had superior forces, but he handled them masterfully. So we sank their two battleships and four destroyers, but we didn't know ^{for sure} ~~if~~; we damaged one of their cruisers, a couple of them. The cruiser, the famous Mogami, ^{left} ~~got out of~~ the battle, *more or less intact.*

The other force coming down from the north didn't join the fight. We learned of the disaster that befell the larger force that tried to get through, ^{was heavily attacked by a.v. and} ~~and it~~ turned around, very un-Japanese like, but they'd done it before many times. But it was supposed

to be un-Japanese like, but ^{Commander} ~~The~~ was just being sensible.

On the other hand, as the history books all ^{tell,} ~~know,~~ the force that headed first for San Bernardino Straits and turned back because of Halsey's air attacks, came on through that night. The next morning, the first thing we knew was that the jeep carriers, some 60 or 70 miles off ^{Leyte} ~~sea~~ were screaming, "We are under attack by the enemy main battle line. Send help immediately." This was one group of the ^{three} Taffies out there, the one commanded by one of the ^{Admiral} ~~Commander~~ Spragues. There were two Admiral Spragues out there commanding Taffy groups, not related to each other, Commander Clifton Sprague and another Sprague. The third admiral commanding them was Admiral ^{Felix} ~~Stump~~. But when we heard this pitiful cry, here we were with battleships low on fuel, low on ammunition, had the wrong kind of ammunition, ^{and} had used up ^{almost} all of their armor-piercing ^{shells}. They had been loaded with shore bombardment high explosive ammunition, not armor-piercing, had little armor-piercing, the wrong kind of ammunition, low on fuel, ^{and} cruisers the same way. We had nothing to send them. So I was in the war command room with the chief of staff, and the chief of staff and I were not there together ^{purposely.} I just happened to be there with him. He never did pay any attention to me. I'm not claiming any influence on him. Don't get me wrong. Commodore Graf, I believe, we were both watching the same thing. There was nothing we could do. We had nothing to send. Our destroyers were out of torpedoes, low in fuel, cruisers low in fuel, out of

ammunition, the wrong kind of ammunition. Battleships, the same condition. But the poor little jeep carriers sent this in plain language, and we sent them in plain language, ^{so the Japs would get it,} "We are sending you all the help possible." What Admiral Kinkaid didn't say was there is practically zero help I can send, and that's all I am sending. But he hoped that the Japanese would intercept this in plain language, and we think they did. They had teams listening ^{just} as we did. My people just couldn't get any information at all at this time, and I do not know if the Japanese were really doing much communicating out there on frequencies that would carry over the horizon. ^{In any case} ~~and~~ my team was unable to pick them up. My two people on the Yorktown did a masterful job, but the people I had with me this time did not get anything worthwhile. I did not make any contribution to the Battle of Leyte Gulf, I regret to say.

Q: I forgive you.

Captain Biard: I tried, but essentially I didn't. We ^{had got} ~~set~~ out this Operation Victory and everybody else had that, too, that was not a unique ^{reception} ~~perception~~ of mine. We had just had no contribution we could make at all. So with this, perhaps the listener will believe that I am not padding too much of what I say. I'm telling it straight. I had nothing to send to the admiral. The admiral hardly knew I was aboard anyway. Captain McCollum always

took the information to him, and that's right. He should. He had more information than I had from other sources, so that anything that I did have, and I did have a little bit, but not much, should go through him because he was my boss. He was okay, too. I have nothing to say against him. I only have praise for him. But later on, Captain McCollum put me on staff watches when we were under way so that I would be reporting to the admiral and the admiral would get to know me. He said, "I want the admiral to get to know you." It wasn't like Fletcher, I was around him, too close to him. Here I had practically zero access to him. Admiral Kinkaid, very quiet and unassuming, he had to be that way to get along with MacArthur, because the way that MacArthur treated him was something awful.

So the battle went on, and all the time we got these cries for help in plain language from the jeep carrier group. This is the time that the little destroyers, one or two destroyers, Johnston and Herndon and one or two destroyer escorts, and heaven knows destroyer escorts, ^{sending} ~~standing~~ them up against ^{the Japanese} main battle fleet, they made their terrific charges against the battle line and made them turn around. Things like that saved the jeep carriers, ^{and the forces inside Saipan itself} And the planes off of the other ^{jeep} carriers, the ^{others} ~~ones~~ that were not under attack and could launch their planes, they would send attacks on these battleships, cruisers, and destroyers that had come through San Bernardino Strait, and the big battleship Yamato, the big one, was out there. Musashi was no

longer there. But they sent ^{air} attacks against them, and when they could, they would make torpedo attacks, and if they had run out of torpedoes, they would simulate ^{making torpedo attacks} ~~them~~, something that the battle line would not know, and they would still turn away. And so our destroyers and our planes from the jeep carriers made these suicide attacks against these people. It was only because of their heroism that the Japanese main battle line after a while turned around. ^{The Japanese admiral} ~~he~~ ^{these escort carriers} thought that surely ~~that they~~ were big carriers, he thought that the battleships would be there, he got scared, and he turned around. He had the jeep carriers, he could have knocked them out in nothing flat, could have come on in to Leyte Gulf and could have wiped us out ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ there. He could have wiped us out completely. There we were, sitting ducks, not even trying to get under way. I was thinking all the time, boy, this is my last two or three hours, I won't be here anymore. And if the Japs had kept on, that well could have been the case.

Well, of course, this is the time that famous message went out from Admiral Nimitz to Halsey, when someone asked where is ^{Lee} ~~Lee~~, those battleships, this is the time that Nimitz, hearing all those cries from the battle lines, realizing that Halsey's battleships were not down there, sent that famous message that appeared in ^{the} ~~the~~ war room in a form that is not in the history books, it's slightly different, perhaps it was paraphrased. I can't say. We had a teletype with a screen that was magnified and sent up on a ticker tape type of passing as you see on the

screens, greatly enlarged. It said, "The world wonders where is Task Group 34.8," I think it was. Those were ^{Halsey's} ~~these~~ battleships. That's the time that famous message came through. I was there when it came on. I said at the time, "Oh, boy, this is going to bring on fireworks." Of course, that didn't. The fireworks of our own we had were so much more important that I didn't particularly care about other ^{verbal} fireworks, about this producing other ^{verbal} fireworks, but I could just identify it right then. Boy, I said, "Halsey will explode."

I had seen other dispatches passed between Halsey and MacArthur. One I remember in particular where MacArthur proposed to Halsey that Halsey's forces not bomb south of a certain line, that Air Corps planes would do the bombing south of that line. One of the purposes was, of course, so that he could claim all of the glory in a certain part of the Philippines. His communique would say, "We have neutralized the enemy. We have done this," and so on in the southern Philippines.

Halsey came back at him with this. I still remember it. He referenced the other dispatch and said, "I wish to say that self-preservation is the first law of nature. My planes will go wherever there are Japanese that we need to attack." That was his reply to MacArthur. MacArthur had proposed, "Let's divide it here. You take the credit up here and I'll take the credit down here."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature. My planes

will go anywhere as long as there are Japanese that we need to attack." I understand, though, that even so, MacArthur had great respect for Halsey. He had little respect for most Navy, he hated most of them, and, of course, the Navy hated him.

Q: Were you there when he walked ashore?

Captain Biard: Yes, I was there when he walked ashore. He walked ashore in the Admiralties compliments of Tom Mackie and F.R. Biard. He upped his schedule and walked into the Admiralties, and that was his previous walking ashore picture that made all the press, because Thomas ^{Mackie} and Forrest Biard had told him that he would not be ^{seriously} opposed there if he did.

Q: The picture you mean that people saw mostly was not at Leyte?

Captain Biard: The one that they saw at Leyte was posed later on, *at Leyte.*

Q: I saw on the TV how it was being posed.

Captain Biard: It was posed later on. Yes, it was there. But then as soon as he went ashore, he spent no time, he went back on board ship. *The picture for the press release was the big thing, the real objective.*

Q: I heard you say once that we shouldn't ever have invaded the Philippines.

Captain Biard: That is my opinion. That was Admiral Nimitz's opinion; that we should have invaded Formosa. Formosa was not prepared. They did not have forces to defend it, anything like adequate forces. The Philippines did. In Formosa we could have blockaded the sea communications to Japan much more quickly than we could ^{from} ~~in~~ the Philippines. ^{And} ~~so~~ I still think so.

Q: Were there a lot of other people who were of the same opinion?

Captain Biard: Exactly, Admiral Nimitz being one of them. But MacArthur, of course, prevailed upon Roosevelt. Roosevelt, of course, saw votes in it, he saw politics.

Q: There was a story on TV where he was talking to Roosevelt on the same topic.

Captain Biard: I don't know ^{all the details of} that story. I know that they did held a conference on this. It was at Pearl Harbor. Roosevelt and MacArthur and Nimitz, I don't remember if King was there or not, but MacArthur prevailed. He told Roosevelt, "Why, think of all the political advantages here, returning the Philippines to

the American public." Of course, that was the thing that sold Roosevelt.

Roosevelt invaded the Aleutians, that is, went back into the Aleutians when there was no reason to do so. He had us conduct those campaigns up there. I always wondered why, and the last time I asked Layton, I asked him, "Why did we ever bother to retake Attu and Kiska, which had been ^{occupied} ~~evacuated~~? Why did we ever go to that awful campaign up there?" *It wasn't necessary."*

And Layton said, "It was purely ^{for} political reasons. Roosevelt wanted to get Japanese out of all the U.S. territory, that is, North American territory, before the next election."

I hate to think that politics can be ^{like} that--you'd like to think that military operations, that are always going to result in casualties, would be conducted because they're believed to be necessary.

Q: One would hope.

Captain Biard: You would hope so. Many were not, unfortunately.

Q: I suppose, of course, we know it's still the same today.

Captain Biard: The same thing holds today, that is true. Things that should be done aren't because of political reasons, and ~~the~~ *some* things that shouldn't be done are. That's not telling secrets;

that's politics.

Q: Anybody who looks at the TV or reads the paper and has ...

Captain Biard: And has half a wit can understand that. Well, before long we knew that the fleet had turned back, the big fleet that was tangling with our one group of little jeep carriers, had turned back. We knew that the ^{Japanese} forces in Surigao Strait had met a disastrous fate. And we also knew from Halsey's dispatches that he had well taken care of the ^{Carrier} fleet coming down from the north. That fleet coming down from the north was a decoy fleet. The Japs did not have any more carrier ^{pilots} ~~planes~~. They had sent ^{these} ~~their~~ planes ashore ^{in the Philippines} to be operated from the shore against our forces, so these carriers were empty and serving as decoys. They had figured, and this is in all the history books, and this was part of the ^{Sho} ~~show~~ plan, to pull Halsey, pull our carriers, had the carrier bait there, for our carriers to go after them and then the other forces coming in these other more devious routes would be able to get through and eradicate our landing forces, and that would really push us back. That would set us back for maybe two years if they had really got in there and done the job they should have done and could have done. They might even have come across a compromise peace because we would have had to wait a long time before mounting that invasion again, a very long time. They could have done much in the meantime. They could have wiped

us out.

So very soon that evening, it was obvious that things had gone our way, that the Japanese had permitted things to go our way.

Q: You're using that term advisedly, "had permitted things to go our way"?

Captain Biard: I'm using it advisedly, yes, very much so. They didn't intend to, but they were just scared, time and again, time and again. In the Coral Sea, off Guadalcanal, at Midway, they didn't believe that the white man would be so stupid, as we frequently were. They didn't believe that their luck could have been that good, that they were that good. That is F. R. Biard's opinion. We still had face, in spite of the fact that they had whipped the hell out of us at the beginning of the war. We still had tremendous face. They didn't believe ~~that~~ ^{the} that yellow man could, in the long run, ever do that to the white man, that some time he was going to pull some tricks on them, he was going to pull a bad trick and really slay them, really slaughter them. I ~~know~~ know that was in the ^{Japanese} thinking at Guadalcanal, quite frequently in the Japanese naval forces down there. I know it was in the thinking at Coral Sea, at least I'm reasonably sure. I'm ^{very} ~~pretty~~ sure it was in the thinking at Leyte Gulf, too. The admiral there just couldn't see it anymore. He didn't believe we could be that stupid.

Q: Is that in the history books?

Captain Biard: ^{Not too plainly, but} Quite a few people believe so, yes, and I for sure do.

So anyway, they escaped back through ^{San Bernardino} ~~Surigao~~ Straits without much opposition. That evening, Captain McCollum hit upon the idea that we need ^{ed} to know what ^{had} happened. There should be some survivors down there in Surigao Strait where we sank all these ships. So he called in four PT boats that participated in that action the night before, had them sent up to Wasatch, and the very next morning, early, he put me and a Life photographer and one of his assistants on another boat, we had four boats, the other assistant took two, I took all four, but ^{the assistant} ~~he~~ was working under ~~my~~ ^{we went} orders from me, and ~~sent us~~ south about 90 miles to Surigao Strait where the battle took place, to try to pick up Jap survivors. Now, I have a complete account of that which I intend to turn over to you. You've seen some of the pictures on that. That is where we haul the man out, the Japanese on the boat. I have a complete account of that, if you wish it, we'll put that in here as an appendix.

Q: Should we name that as an appendix now? So far I have two.

Captain Biard: Only two? I thought I had specified another one this morning. Let's label this Appendix Four.

Q: Oh, you said there, but I didn't see it.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: This will be Appendix Four.

Captain Biard: That is the Battle of Surigao Strait.

Q: Okay. And you'll give that to me and we'll label it.

Captain Biard: I will give that to you and we will label it, yes.

And so the next morning, early, the PT boats pull up alongside. The Life photographer, Francis Miller, he was now in the Navy, but he had been a Life photographer and I have pictures of him, and I've read about him in Life many times, a short, stocky fellow, nice, very good company, boarded the command boat with me. We set out at a reasonable speed, maybe ~~20~~²⁴ knots or so, for the south of us, about 90 miles. We got there at ~~20~~²⁴ knots, that would be about four hours ~~when~~^{until} we were in the area. We started searching, searching, searching. We sent two boats over to the west to search. I took two and searched over in the eastern waters off two islands there that delineate the passage out from Leyte Gulf. ~~Vinagat~~^{Dinagat} Island was one of them, the other one I'll look up on the map. *It was the Island of Homonhon.*

So before long, Filipinos started coming out from the islands in their ^{bancas}~~banas~~; those are outrigger canoes, paddling out to see us. They hadn't seen white people for a long, long time; very friendly. We asked them, "Are there any Japanese here?"

"Yes, lots of Japanese."

"Where are they?"

"Me tie to tree."

"You did? Then what?"

"Me used ^{bolo.} ~~ba.~~ ^{Bolo} was their sugar cane cutting knife and the like. In other words, they'd cut their throats, and that was it. They didn't like Japs.

We wanted prisoners. We wanted to find out what happened, so we found out that there weren't any ashore, there had been, but there were no ^{live} Japanese now. So very soon, somebody on the boat saw an oil slick, we saw what looked like about five or six coconuts, oil-covered coconuts in the slick. So we decided to go over and examine this thick fuel oil slick. We knew it was fuel oil from one of the ships that had been sunk. When we got over there, why, one of the coconuts started to move.

Q: No coconuts.

Captain Biard: They weren't coconuts; they were Japanese with these sort of ^{forage}~~forage~~ caps that the Navy and the Army wore, and they were in the water, about five of them. So with that, why,

we immediately went over and tried to start fishing them out.

Q: All alive?

Captain Biard: All alive. They didn't want to be fished out of the water, but they couldn't put up too much resistance. But the PT boat crew had heard of all these horrible tales of Japs carrying knives in their teeth and grenades in their teeth and hiding them somewhere, and when people went to rescue them, they would detonate a grenade, blow themselves and the rescuer up, blow them into futurity. "Oh, no, we don't have any way of getting them out of the water."

I said, "Don't you have a ladder you can put down?"

"No, we don't have a ladder we can put down." I think they did have; they were just saying they didn't.

"Damn it, we can get those Japs out of the water."

"No, we don't have any way to get them out of the water. We can't."

I said, "The hell you can't. For Christ's sake, use a boat hook." And so I had them get a boat hook. You know what a boat hook looks like. And so I told them, "All right, look at the skivvy shirts. They've got skivvy shirts on. You can haul them up ^{by their} ~~on the~~ skivvy shirts." Well, that's how we got four of them out of the water. They were afraid. ^{We} ~~They~~ had machine guns and everything else, ^{but our men were} afraid that these people would blow us up. I

said, "For Christ's sake, those people are so weak, they are so sick, they have been drinking sea water and fuel oil for the last 36 hours, they can't do a damn thing to you. They are nothing but sick." So we got four of them out of the water, and the fifth at this time was lying on his back, he was like this, like he was playing dead. Then he got some saltwater in his mouth and had to spit the saltwater out. I said, "Ah-oh, he's not dead either." And with that, he knew he had given himself away, so he tried to swim away from us. Every time we'd go after him, he'd swim away.

Q: He must have been a sturdy guy.

Captain Biard: He must have been. So I finally said, "Do we have anybody who will jump in the water to get him?" I'm a poor swimmer myself, I couldn't do it.

The executive officer of the PT boat said, "Yes, I'll do it."

I said, "All right, put on a life jacket and take a line with you. Then when you get out there, if you can get him, you can, you'll be able to get him. He's tired. Put the line around him and haul him aboard." He didn't have a skivvy shirt on.

So the exec went out there, he swam out. The Jap still tried to get away, but he wasn't too strong. I told him, "All right, knock him out. Hit him on the chin." You can't ^{deliver} ~~get~~ a very strong blow in the water, because every time you try to hit, you

have nothing ^{on which} to brace yourself to deliver a good punch, but even so he was able to hit the Jap strongly enough to knock him out. He put the line around him and brought him in. We got him on board with the others.

Now we had five Japs, fuel-covered, all ~~in~~ ^{on} one boat. It wasn't on mine, it was on ~~the other~~ ^{another} one. I was bossing them here. So I shifted over to the other one to find out what was going on and what was what. They were sick, they were tired. Oh, they were sick and they were tired, and they were miserable.

Q: Did you feel sorry for them?

Captain Biard: I did, for sure I did. They didn't look like fighting people at all. They weren't at that point. Night was coming on, so we stayed around a little while longer. I even found ~~there were~~ some natives from one island ^{who} came out ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ a ^{destroyer's} Japanese life boat--this is the small island, not the big one, but the Japanese had landed from one of the ships and gone on the island, and they told me, "They've got a pistol and they are holding everyone off over here. ^(the Japanese) They ^{came} in this boat to go to the island."

So I took the boat along. I debated for a while going over there and trying to capture these Japs, but I knew if we did that they'd have the jump on us. They could hide, and when we were putting ashore, they could see us and they could pick off

somebody, and if they did pick off somebody, then that would be trouble, and furthermore it would jeopardize the mission.

Q: I was going to say you would not have accomplished what you set out to do.

Captain Biard: Yes. I had prisoners, and I was confident that I could interrogate. I had already had plenty of experience. As I said before, I at Pearl Harbor had gone into all this so willingly, thinking maybe there will come one time when I will be out and I have to get some information from the prisoners in a great big hurry, and I want to know how to do it, the effective way of doing it. And so I went for that and spent all these hours ^{at Pearl Harbor} ~~at~~ developing the way of really getting information from these people. I went with Frank Jack Fletcher that time. I had known ahead of time I'd probably be doing this, a chance to do something wonderful here maybe, and I had the chance, and I damn near did it. Here's another chance, and I said, "I've got it now. I don't want to mess it up." I said, "We'll go on back. We won't try to go ashore and fight a battle with these people. I've got some prisoners."

And so we headed back after looking around a little more and checking with some more Filipinos who had come out in the meantime, to see if there were any more prisoners.

Q: Don't you have a picture of this group?

Captain Biard: Yes, I do have. The Navy Department has it, too. They give it to all these people. I don't know how you ask for it, but it's the Japanese being taken prisoner from Surigao Strait. They've got the whole file there. I know I've seen it, and I've got pictures of that file.

Q: Will you put that in your exhibit, some of those pictures, or is that the last one?

Captain Biard: I'll put Xerox copies of them, cheap copies so that they can identify them in the Naval Historical Section.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: I will do that. And so we started back. We were much too far away to get back ^{to Wasatch} before nighttime. Our prisoners were cold; they were suffering from exposure. I had commandeered skivvy shirts, candy, cigarettes, everything else to give to the Filipinos to get information about Japanese. ^{These Filipinos} ~~They~~ hadn't had skivvy shirts and things like that for years. I wanted to get all the information possible, to be sure they'd give me all the information. Still they didn't have any Japanese to deliver to me. So I'd given away everything from the crew that I could, and

now there wasn't much ^{left.} These people were cold. I said, "All right, bring your blankets up from down below. We've got to wrap these people up. They've got to be in good shape when we get in." I wouldn't let them go down below; we couldn't watch them well there. We had them on the stern of the PT boat, and they were stretched out, and oh, they were sick. So I got them wrapped up, and we tried to keep them warm, gave them some water. They could hardly drink it, they were so sick. So I was going around from one to one another, asking each one in Japanese, of course, "What do you want?"

They'd tell me, "I want some water. Get me a bucket." I'd get him a bucket.

Q: Throw up?

Captain Biard: Throw up or other.

Q: Oh, oh.

Captain Biard: Anything.

Q: ?

Captain Biard: Yes. And so this went on for a while, and I started asking a few questions, getting a little information.

Finally one ^{U.S. sailor} ~~person~~ came to me and said, "You know, one of those is different than the others."

I said, "He is?"

The sailor said, "Yes. One of them has long hair; the others all have hair cuts about a quarter of an inch long, or an eighth of an inch long, and this one has long hair. He's different. He's higher ^{class} than the rest."

Q: One of our sailors told you?

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, I'd been going back and forth trying to keep them alive and healthy, I didn't pay much attention to that, but he was sharp, he had noticed. So I went back, and sure enough, this was the case. I showed you that in the picture. Do you remember?

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: And so ^{this one} ~~he~~ asked for a bucket, and I brought him a bucket. I stayed there. He said, "You're not going to stay here, are you? You're not going to leave the men here, are you?"

I said, "Uh-huh."

He said, "That's shameful to have the men see me." Then I knew for sure I had the ship captain. I had the captain of the destroyer Michishio and four of his crewmen. The ^{lettering} ~~lettering~~ on the

bow of the boat was an abbreviation for Michishio, I could tell that after I found out it was Michishio.

I told him, "No, go ahead and use the bucket. I won't look."

So then he started talking to me feebly after I'd shown him that consideration. He asked me, "What is your rank?"

I said, "I am a commander, U.S. Navy."

He asked me, "Are you a Naval Academy graduate?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "I am, too. I was a lieutenant commander yesterday. Today I was to have been made a commander. Now I'll never be one. I've lost my ship, I've lost my promotion."

Q: Sad, no matter who it is.

Captain Biard: I'm telling you, oh, you can look at him in the picture there and just see, oh, he's crushed. I don't blame him.

Q: Of course not.

Captain Biard: This is a case, you know, I told him who I was and all such, professional man to professional man.

Q: You were using the technique you'd developed.

Captain Biard: Yes. Yes, his ship was the Michishio. So I gave

the men cigarettes. I stole cigarettes. First I requisitioned cigarettes from the crew, from the PT boat crew. I did everything I could for them. I wanted the ^{prisoners} to be as well and healthy as possible the next morning. It was night. We headed back and we were off Japanese-held territory. We could see up ahead of us tracer bullets flying through the sky all the time. ^{Our ships were} shooting at Japanese aircraft, the many, many, many ships at anchor. They were just all over everywhere. They'd light the entire sky in that direction ^{with their tracer bullets.}

So the PT boat skipper, and I think he was killed a few days later, the skipper ^{was also} ~~and~~ the squadron commander, division commander, told me, "Well, let's go on in."

I said, "Go in that fleet, four PT boats at night? Not on your life."

He said, "Well, we'll tell them we're coming in. We'll send a radio message and tell them we're coming in, and we'll just go on in. We'll hoist flags."

I said, "Four PT boats coming among that fleet when they're being attacked by aircraft and they've got trigger happy gunners all over that outfit? The only thing that would have to happen is for one person not to get the word, just one, and he'll open up on us, and all the rest will open up. There will be no four PT boats going back to the Seventh Fleet flagship." I said, "If we head in there, we'll never make it. We're staying out here off this Jap-held territory. They can't do anything to us. We

can watch out for them, and they probably ^{won't} ~~don't~~ even know we're here. It's doubtful that there's any Japs over there. They're on other lines somewhere or in camp. Very few men mostly were generally responsible." I said, "We'll stay here, and we'll stay here all night. We'll stay here all night and ride it out, and when we go in tomorrow morning, we're going in at slow speed with ^{U.S. flags} ~~flag~~ flying from every place they can fly." And so we did that. I think that if I hadn't done it, that we would have been blown out of the water.

Q: Oh, I would expect so.

Captain Biard: Because they were expecting sneak attacks of all kinds.

Q: Sure. How many hours did you have to stay out there, do you remember?

Captain Biard: We had to stay from maybe 11:00 o'clock until dawn, until it was good dawn, about 6:00 o'clock.

Q: That was a long while.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: What did you do, go around in circles?

Captain Biard: Oh, no. When we did have to, when we thought we got a little close to shore, we might move off a bit, but just lie to, and taking care of the prisoners all the time, trying to keep them in as good shape as possible. So unfortunately all this is in the hand-out I'll give you, but I'll tell it again.

Q: What did you say, fortunately or unfortunately?

Captain Biard: Unfortunately. I'll tell it in my own way here, and you'll also have this to refer to.

Q: That's number four.

Captain Biard: Yes. When we did make it to the Seventh Fleet flagship, Wasatch, word got around, we sent word by radio we were coming, to stand by, just to let ^{them} know anyway, in the daytime, that we had our own PT boats coming through. My boat ^{with the prisoners} was the first to land alongside the gangway, make a landing, and somehow or other word had got to all the ship, the entire ship's company was on that side of the ship, hanging on to anything they could to get a look at us, the entire ship's company. I have never seen such a display from a ship in my life, everybody fighting for a place at the rail from anyplace, main deck, communications

~~deck,~~
~~deck,~~ the bridge, everywhere, wanted to see these Japs. And here I was, I was parched, I was tired, I was hungry, I was really, really--well ...

Q: You'd had it.

Captain Biard: I'd had it. But there was still ~~time~~^{life} in me. The rest of my people had had it, but there was still ~~live~~^{life} in them, too.

I went up to the deck, I was sunburned, and I pointed to a couple of sailors and I said, "Go down there, grab a Jap and haul him up the gangway here." And with that, the entire group just absolutely vanished. They couldn't get away fast enough. They were petrified of these poor, miserable little Japs. They, too, had heard these stories that Japs pulled knives out of their mouths, grenades out of their mouths, and the minute you tried to do something for them, they'd kill you. And not all of them could leave because there were too many there, and they were bumping into each other. When I saw they weren't, F.R. Biard, weight lifter, and you've seen that picture, I grabbed a couple of them and knocked their heads together. I was damn well put out by that time. I really grabbed them like a professional wrestler and knocked them together, and swung them over on the gangway and said, "You will go down there." And boy, then I broke off with the scrambling crowd, they couldn't get away fast

enough, and I grabbed two more, and I grabbed them back and threw them down there. So we did get our Japs up there, these poor little Japs, and when they did, why, they dropped them right there on the quarterdeck, and these Japs, you can see them in the picture, Miller took pictures of them, they weren't going anywhere, they weren't going to hit anybody, they weren't going to pull out any grenades out of their mouths. So we got them there.

Then I called for the people from sick bay, the ship's sick bay, and asked for them to come up there. "Take these Japs and take them down there."

"Oh, no, no, we can't. No, no, they might hurt us."

I said, "For Christ's sake, for Christ's sake, these poor men." And I mean it, poor now, they had been through an awful lot of hell. "These poor men are sick, they're tired, they're worn out, and they are disheartened. They are absolutely broken spirited. So for gosh sake, take them down to sick bay and get them as well as you can, as fast as you can. I've got to interrogate these people. I want information from them."

"Oh, no, we can't. We can't, we can't."

Well, again, I didn't have to take these people physically, but I had to take them verbally and say, "You will grab these and take them down. Get them down there."

And so they did, and they put them in bunks. Oh, they were afraid of them. So I went over to them and I shook one's hand,

you know, and patted him on the head. "You see what he did to me, don't you? He'll do the same thing to you--nothing."

"You stay with us while we do it." And so I did, and they started taking care of them. Finally they got up there and went along.

I then got myself cleaned up a little bit and got a room where I could do some interrogating. As soon as I was ready, I went and got a Jap. The sick bay people were still scared. But I took this Jap down there and I started interrogating him, and boy, I got nothing but information in a hurry. The skipper was not as good as the rest, the skipper was holding back a bit, he was sicker than the rest. I took enlisted men first. So I got plenty of information from the enlisted men, so when I went back to the sick bay, I told them, "Do you want to know what you've done? You've just made it possible for me to get this information from this man." And I told him all this tremendously hot stuff, about the forces that we had met, what had happened, what had sunk, all that type of thing. With that, their mouths fell open."

Q: The people at sick bay.

Captain Biard: Yes. "Oh, we did?"

I said, "Yes. I'm taking this other one now, and I'm taking him down there to interrogate him." And so I did.

When I did that and brought him back to sick bay again, they said, "We've got another one ready for you. We think he's ready to talk now." In other words, they saw that their work was important and ^{now they weren't} ~~now we won't be~~ afraid anymore.

Q: Well, you'd let them know.

Captain Biard: I'd let them know, and so boy, they really got into it.

Q: They had really done something great, sure.

Captain Biard: "We'll work on these others. We'll get them where you can interrogate them, too." And so I took another one, and finally I took the skipper down. The skipper didn't tell me much. By that time I knew all he could tell me anyway. He didn't tell me as much as the others. He told me some. He was trying to be cagey about it.

I didn't have time, now, I had to get this other information that I'd gotten back to the fleet commander. In other words, it was hot, just what had happened in the Battle of Surigao Strait. I had all of it, every bit of it. I wrote that up hurriedly and gave that to my boss, and he passed it on to Commander Seventh Fleet.

Well, by this time they were bringing in other prisoners

gathered other places. The first one I got my hands on was one from the heavy cruiser Chokai that had been with the main fleet that had attacked the jeep carrier group, and it got scared and turned away. The jeep carriers had done a magnificent job, ^{as had} ~~and~~ the destroyers and destroyer escorts.

Q: They had done a magnificent job.

Captain Biard: They did a magnificent job, had really, really sacrificed themselves, but they had saved us.

Q: I have talked to some of the skippers of those ships.

Captain Biard: They did a fantastically magnificent job. Of course, they took a terrible pounding. But this man came from ^{a Japanese} ~~the~~ cruiser that was sunk out there in that action, had been sunk by the destroyers and the aircraft, the Chokai. He had been with the ships that ^{earlier} were sunk by ^{our two} ~~the~~ submarines, you know, coming ^{up toward San Bernardino} ~~through the Surigao Strait~~. Better than that, he had carried a diary of all this with him, and the diary got to me separately from him, and I read his diary before I interrogated him.

Q: I'll be darn.

Captain Biard: So when I started talking to him, I really had

the information. I said, "Well, here is what's happened to your force." And I was telling him everything he had in his diary. He didn't know I had it, as I've said.

Q: Strange that it wouldn't have been wet.

Captain Biard: That is what I think, too, I've always thought that, but we had ways of keeping things dry, and I think they did, too.

Q: How did the diary come to you? You said separately.

Captain Biard: It came to me because it was handed to me separately by another one of our people. They said, "This diary was on this man when we picked him up."

Q: They gave that to you, and then you read that before you interrogated him.

Captain Biard: He was cooperative anyway, but he was very impressed with what I already knew.

Q: Of course.

Captain Biard: He had kept a record of everything except one,

and this kept me from getting a real, real story I would have liked to have got, I'm sure. I thought I knew everything that had happened of any great importance up to the time they came through ^{San Bernardino} ~~Surigao~~ Strait. Now, after he got into action with the jeep carriers, and he was probably at battle station, and just didn't go into that. *The big event he did not witness, did not describe, was the sinking of Musashi.*

Q: I don't know how he would have had time to do it.

Captain Biard: But this was up to the time they went through ^{San Bernardino} ~~Surigao~~ Strait. So I was sure I had all the information on that group from his diary. So when I talked to him and got some more information, and in particular, I found out he was in the Battle of the Philippine Sea. And we had not been reading the codes, and we thought we had sunk certain carriers, but we weren't sure. We thought we knew what we had done, maybe, but our reading of codes had been practically zero since that time. So I started asking him, and yes, he confirmed everything that I thought I knew about the Philippine Sea, and I gave our people exact information on the outcome of the Battle of the Philippine Sea, including what our destroyers had done before the group got there, which was rather fantastic, and then what had happened in the battle. So I spent plenty of time with him. He was just too valuable to turn loose. He was in good shape physically and he was willing to talk.

Q: Had he been in the water?

Captain Biard: Yes, he had been in the water, oh, yes, pulled out of the water. He didn't know who it was who pulled him out or what ship he came over in, or anything else. And unfortunately they didn't record it in the log on the ~~bridge~~ ^{quarter deck}.

Q: Understandable, in the confusion.

Captain Biard: Yes. He was just a Jap, and so they sent him down to me, but I got a fantastic amount of information out of him and ^{out of} his diary ~~and out of him~~. I worked with him a long time. So, of course, that went up to the fleet commander, too. By that time I was ready to pass out. I hadn't had any sleep. I was brutally sunburned, and I was tired, my eyes were bloodshot as everything, so I milked my group pretty well, had got about everything out of them I thought I could get.

Q: What were you wearing? I want to get a picture of this in my mind.

Captain Biard: Well, I'm a poor swimmer. For one thing, I had a life jacket on.

Q: Oh, you were? Did you keep it on all during the

interrogation process?

Captain Biard: Oh, no, ^{that was while I was} out on the PT boats. This time I had my khaki uniform with commander rank on it, and I had my cap with the scrambled eggs on it.

Q: And shorts?

Captain Biard: No, we didn't have shorts in those days. Just a regular long pair of khaki trousers.

Q: So you had your regular uniform.

Captain Biard: I had my regular shipboard uniform on. I had at least changed to that before I started interrogating, working on the prisoners down there, and I needed to get a shave.

Q: I just wanted to get a picture of you in my mind.

Captain Biard: I needed to get a shave. I was looking as respectable as I could by the time I went before them. Of course, they hadn't had shaves. They were pretty sad-looking when I got there.

Q: You were pretty neat compared to them.

Captain Biard: Yes. But this one, I say, this man from Chokai I worked on a long, long time because he was my real gold mine. The other people, as long as I had one gold mine, there was no reason to turn it loose. He was just talking freely, and I had the diary there as background.

Q: What did your commanders think about this marvelous information you gave them? Weren't they pleased? Did they give you a "well done," or did they just figure, well, that's your job, and forget it?

Captain Biard: They later on, they didn't say too much about it. They immediately sent dispatches off to Nimitz, King, everybody else, all the information that I had pulled out of these Japs.

Q: Did they say you did it?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: Just interrogation.

Captain Biard: Yes. There was no particular reason why they should have said I did it.

Q: Oh, yes, they should.

Captain Biard: Wait. Wait. And so this went on. This is now later back at FRUMel, at Melbourne, after I had gone back after another operation here. I knew that John Bromley had been given a commendation medal by the jeep carrier commander he went with. He was not in the group that was attacked, but was with one of the other groups. This commander had said he did a bang-up job for him, did a good job. I've never figured out how, not that John Bromley couldn't, but the Japs just weren't putting that much on the air. But he held his hand and told him what the Japs were all about, perhaps, which was one of the things we had to do, too. I've done that for other commanders.

So this is now about March of ¹⁹⁴⁵~~1944~~, remember. This is October the 25th, 26th, and 27th ^{of 1944} I'm talking about, 1944. Now I'm talking about March of 1945, back in Melbourne. Back in Melbourne, we were in new quarters, we had moved out of Monterey, we were in some delayed quarters that they'd built for us especially, not too far from Chevron Hotel. A medal came down for me. This medal, of course, had the classified citation that could not be published with it. The classified citation I'm going to give to you. It has since been declassified, of course, no reason to keep it. But there, full and every bit of the credit I was due, was stated ~~as~~ fully.

Q: Do you want to put it in the record?

Captain Biard: Yes, I will put it in the record. I will give you a copy of the citation.

Q: I meant read it into the record.

Captain Biard: All right, I'll read it into the record.

Q: I'd like to have it put on the tape, but I think that maybe if it's part of Exhibit Four, it would be just as effective.

Captain Biard: Yes, it is part of Exhibit Four.

Q: Well, were you pleased? Did it say what it should have said?

Captain Biard: It said what it should have said. It gave me entire credit.

Q: Oh, I'm so glad!

Captain Biard: In fact, it is for that reason and that only, after I was passed over for captain, that I was promoted to captain on the retired list.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: Because I was decorated in action. Now, I found out later on, much later on, from good Captain McCollum that he did not recommend me for this Bronze Star; he recommended me for a Silver Star. We had been attacked by Japanese aircraft while we were making this sweep.

Q: You mean to pick up the prisoners?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: You didn't tell me that.

Captain Biard: No, I didn't tell you, but we were. They didn't hit us, but they attacked us, and that's in the citation. So he told me later on, he said, "I'm sorry it was only a Bronze Star. I recommended you for a Silver Star, and you deserved it."

Q: Of course.

Captain Biard: "For that and other things you did." But he said, "Admiral Kinkaid said, 'No, he's not senior enough. He would have to be of our rank.'" I was only a ^{Lieutenant} commander then, to be given a Silver Star.

Q: ~~Not~~ lieutenant commander.

Captain Biard: I was ^{lieutenant} ~~first~~ commander. And so maybe so, I would have liked to have had the Silver Star, and I resent the fact that almost all of us, and I resent, I always will, that all of us in communications, in this communications work, were given, if we were given anything at all, were given Bronze Stars, not too high, and one or two ^{the} Legion of Merit. Legions of Merit are handed out by the millions. In fact, Harry Truman's lieutenant commander who ^{pushed} ~~took~~ the battle pins in Harry Truman's ^{war} ~~war~~ map was given a Legion of Merit for putting pins in Harry Truman's map during the war.

Q: No comment. What service was he?

Captain Biard: He was in the Navy.

Q: The pin-pusher was Navy?

Captain Biard: Yes. And that was his main job. We had been recommended for much higher by MacArthur and even Nimitz was favorably inclined or disposed toward giving us some recognition, until our own people said, "No, we can't do it. We can't risk that."

Just after the Battle of the Coral Sea, MacArthur was going to pass out medals by the bushel, all sorts and kinds, until King and others told him, "No, you can't do it. That would compromise

our source of information." And after that, of course, about the only time that MacArthur really wanted to pass out the medals to his juniors. Of course, by doing that he would get medals for himself and have his picture taken, but he was really for it.

Q: Again, this is hindsight, I was going to say at this stage of the war I wouldn't think that any kind of medal you would have received would have resulted in any compromise.

Captain Biard: Yes, that is hard for people who are not in communications to see it could have.

Q: You think it could?

Captain Biard: Very easily.

Q: You yourself think so?

Captain Biard: I'm all for it, yes. I'm all for the way it was done.

Q: You're all for your getting the Bronze Star instead of the Silver Star?

Captain Biard: No, no, I'm ~~not~~ against that, but I'm for the

classified citation. In other words, the first citation was handed to me, "You are hereby awarded the Bronze Star, the citation signed by the Secretary of the Navy, is classified and will be appended to your classified record." It was later declassified, and I was given it.

Q: But did that satisfy you, then, that that was the way to do it?

Captain Biard: Yes. But I should have received the Silver Star.

Q: Okay. As long as you're satisfied.

Captain Biard: The true citation was read out to the assembled group of the former Monterey codebreaking group. The then CO was a decent sort of a gent, who said, "We're going to do this right." I didn't want it that way, but he did.

Q: Did you cry?

Captain Biard: I don't know whether I did.

at Leyte Gulf,
But after this, it was time for me and others to get a little sleep. So I did. By the next day they had brought in 27 more prisoners from here, there, and everywhere. Nobody knew where they came from. They weren't logged in as coming from here or

there, but we had to use all of the ship's brigs, put many, many Japanese in there, quite a number of Marine guards over them. So I went to work again, one after the other after the other after the other. I had 29 people here. I interrogated them for two days, got all the information I could. If a person didn't seem to be cooperating fully, I wouldn't waste time on him because there were too many others that would talk. So I got plenty of information. The brig was crowded, but I had much information that I should have been allowed to get out of these people, I am sure.

then
Captain McCollum [^] did the one thing that I can criticize him for. I have admired him and respected him as a man of solid judgment, but after I'd had these 29 people only two days, two days, he sent them ashore to a prisoner camp ashore, where, he said, "They have professional interrogators over there. They'll get all the information out of the. You don't need to find out any more."

after returning to the Philippines
December the tenth, about, I went back over to this camp for the first time and saw these people that I had interrogated.

Q: That would be 1944?

December
Captain Biard: That would be [^] 1944. I had already been back to Melbourne and had returned to the Leyte area.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: I'd come back to the Seventh Fleet flagship in Leyte. I saw them and the people said there, the interrogators said, "We hear you got some information out of them. They don't have any information, they don't tell a thing. They're surly."

I said, "They are?" So I spoke to them, and they were very glad to see me. So I asked them why. "I hear they haven't been treating you too well here." Excuse me, I am not saying that our people had been abusing them. They hadn't been treating them like I had treated them.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: And this was again getting on their good side. Yes, they were all smiles. "Yes, that's right."

Q: You were using the skill that you had developed once, which proved effective.

Captain Biard: But these people were supposed to have been trained and were supposed to be much better than I was.

Q: But they were only trained, perhaps, in questioning, but not in human relations, I can only guess or surmise.

Captain Biard: And so they said, "Yes, that's right. These people, they've treated us like dirt. We haven't answered any questions for them."

Q: Of course, there were two categories, one were the guards and then the other was the interrogator.

Captain Biard: I'm talking about the interrogators, yes.

Q: Had the interrogators had treated them badly?

Captain Biard: Yes. That's what I'm talking about. I don't mean they had abused them or had abused them physically, I don't mean that. Nobody ever said, and I don't think they had. They had been demanding in their questions, something I never was, and the likes of that. So that they would still talk to me. I'd ask them questions, and they'd answer them. I'd talk a minute, ask a question, "What about this?" And they'd answer it. They were glad to see me, and they hated to see me go.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: So anyway, I'm going back now. It's about the 30th of October. McCollum says, "All right. I think I'll send you back to Melbourne. You can work there a while." Well, I was

all for that, I can assure you. I don't mean that I wasn't ready to serve my country, but I always hated to be away from there, because I said there may be something there much more valuable I can do now. I knew there were no more operations coming on right away. There was nothing too much I could do. I'd lost my prisoners.

So I said, "Okay." I got a seaplane out of Leyte Gulf flying back to Manus Island, as I remember it now. Anyway, it makes no difference whether I flew back to Manus now or three months later. On this plane were the two skippers of the submarine^s, one of which had been wrecked, and the other which had been badly damaged. They were on this plane. I saw them, I recognized them as submariners, and I had known them at the Naval Academy, the class behind me. I didn't know them too well, but I asked them, "Aren't you skippers of the Darter and the Dace?"

And they looked at me. "Huh? How did you know that?"

"Oh, I know quite a bit about you." And so I introduced myself. I said, "Oh, by the way, congratulations on sinking this cruiser and that cruiser and damaging this other one."

"What?"

I said, "Yes, those are the cruisers you sank. This is the one you damaged."

"We sank them? We thought we did. We didn't know. We knew we damaged the other. Do you know the names of them?"

I said, "Yes, I know the names of them." And so then, of

↳ They were Atags and Maya.

course, they were nothing but eyes and ears, particularly ears. So I told them the whole story. They were very, very ^{happy} of course, one of them had lost his ship, he was very unhappy about that. He was forgiven, though, it was a valid wartime loss, very valid. He had done a magnificent job up to that time, and I told him how the ^{high} command had accepted it all, thought how wonderful it was, and this boosted their spirits tremendously. They had done a magnificent job, but they were a little bit scared of just the type of censor they might get into. Of course, I was able to tell them exactly what they had done.

Q: Do you remember the names of those men?

Captain Biard: McClintock, CO of Darter and Claggett, CO of Dace. [obtained from Commander Kitchen's glossery]

So we got to Manus Island. Now I am telling a story that ~~may~~ ~~have~~ happened three months later, but it makes no matter whether it happened now or three months later. I spent the night on Manus Island before being sent on down to Australia. There was a little pavilion out over the water, a recreation pavilion, it wasn't as large as this dining room, and this is a small dining room, completely open, a roof over it, and various trappings made of threads of palm fronds and the like, nice little benches around the edge for you to sit on. There was a ^{U.S.O.} ~~U.S.O.~~ troop of three people out there on this. It was near the Officers' Club,

and, of course, the Officers' Club had a bar. I had gotten drinks and taken them out there, and when I joined this group and saw them, I saw somebody else there with a drink in his hand, somebody that I had always admired from a distance, I had never seen him. I had seen many, many pictures of him. The person there was Gene Tunney, the ex-heavyweight champion, later to be president, I think, of National Distillers, a big distilling firm. He was trying to drink all the liquor on Manus Island at the time, but he was very good-natured, and I liked him. He had with him an accordian player and ^asinger, three people in the USO troupe. So I introduced myself, shook hands with him, and then I had the shock of my life. I have a small hand. From weight lifting, I have a rather powerful grip, but I can't use it in handshakes effectively because my hand is not large enough to obtain a good grip on other people. But when I gripped Gene Tunney's hand, I didn't try to crush him, I don't do things like that, crush his hand. Besides, I thought he'd crush mine. My hand almost wrapped around his.

Q: Isn't that odd?

Captain Biard: It was the daintiest hand I have ever, ever shaken. My hand was so much larger, so much stronger, I would think, stronger than his, that I was just almost overcome with the realization.

Q: ^{Was} ~~he~~ he surprised?

Captain Biard: No, that was natural to him.

Q: Oh, of course. It was his hand.

Captain Biard: Yes. As I say, I wasn't trying to overpower him because I figured he would overpower me.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: But he was good-natured about it. So the night went on and on and on. He had this singer with him and this accordian player, ^{and} they were both ^{very} excellent performers. This singer was a baritone bordering onto bass, and one of the things he sang, strictly classical opera, he sang "Largo al Factotum." "Figaro, Figaro, Figaro," you know, bursting like that, and man, he put ^{real} life into it. It was one of the best performances I have ever heard. This may have happened at another time on one or two other trips through there, I don't remember the exact one, but I'm telling it as if it happened now.

I want to go back to Hollandia now before we left. There is a rule in the Navy and it seems to always happen, that the base force that is supposed to look out for the fighting forces look out for themselves first and the fighting force next. If there

is something that comes in like liquor or some prize ham or some prize ...

Q: Ice cream.

Captain Biard: Ice cream, or toilet articles, they will grab it, and to hell with the fighting force that will be coming in later. They can make out as best possible. In Hollandia, where the base force was well dug in, we had occupied Hollandia in April and this was in September when I was there, September and early October, the base force had dug in very, very, very well. It set up in our Officers' Club. Liquor was plenty plentiful, but they charged a \$5 initiation fee before you could get even one drink, so that any officer coming in from afloat, who had been out fighting the war and had two hours off ashore, had to pay \$5 to get his first drink. Now, this \$5 went into the liquor mess fund that they could ^{later} divide among themselves, and they could use for anything they wanted, and they did. They had their own drinks ridiculously low, they were just living high on the hog ^{with} ~~out of~~ all these people coming in from ships and being charged \$5 to join the club *for a few hours in port.*

Q: I would think that anyone in command wouldn't have permitted them to do that, I mean in command ...

Captain Biard: Well, Admiral Kinkaid was very soft-spoken. Captain McCollum probably didn't know it was going on, but there were plenty of other people around there who should have stamped this out in a hurry. Well, I knew some of ^{these Base Force} ~~the~~ people; some of them were a bunch of bastards. You find them everywhere. Others were decent people, too, but a few of them were very, very objectionable. In fact, anybody who would do this, as far as I'm concerned, is objectionable. I paid my \$5 and one time when they had a liquor dividend, I was able to get quite a few bottles of liquor myself at a very low price. They wouldn't declare these dividends or something like that when the fleet was in, when a large number of ships were in, for sure. I had been able to get some very, very good liquor, and I left it with my stuff there. More on this later on.

But one day before the operation, Admiral Nimitz came in to port, he came in to Hollandia. He came up, naturally, to see Admiral Kinkaid and MacArthur, and somehow, maybe it was his staff, but anyway, Nimitz got word of this \$5 initiation fee before anybody from the fleet could get a drink. How long do you think that \$5 initiation fee lasted?

Q: One minute.

Captain Biard: I don't think it lasted that long. Let me tell you, it never did reappear.

Q: Well, I'm so glad.

Captain Biard: And that is one thing any commander hates, is for the base force to rip off his fighting men. Nimitz wouldn't tolerate that for a second. I'm sure there were some ears burned and probably some other things happened, I don't know, but boy, that \$5 initiation fee really did disappear in a hurry.

Q: The commanding officer of the base, I hope, was taken to task.

Captain Biard: I hope so, too. I do not know. I do not have the information, but it never should have been. And so I wanted to get that in.

Q: We already left Hollandia once and came back.

Captain Biard: Yes, we came back. This ^{last story} is before I had gone on with the fleet to the invasion of Leyte. ^{But now} ~~so~~ we're in Manus Island, and I'm going on back now to Melbourne.

So I went back to Melbourne and I made it back there, ^{by} the usual DC-3 ~~by~~ jungle flights. Flying over the jungle in those ^{planes} ~~things~~ and over a large expanse of water is no fun.

Q: Is that when you met the two skippers of the submarines?

Captain Biard: No, this was before when I left Leyte on the way to Manus Island. They were leaving ^{the forward area} ~~Leyte~~ also.

So I landed in Melbourne again. This time the welcome sign was really out. I had so many good friends. When the word got around that I had returned, they all gathered in Chevron to celebrate, and we did. We celebrated so much. A marvelous person had arrived in Chevron, ~~he~~ was the husband of one of the Australian ladies, a fine person, so likeable, he had been ^{the Australian} air attache in Canada. He had flown, he had been an aviator in World War I, he owned the shoe factory in Melbourne, and he and his wife and his daughter were just wonderful people.

John Bromley was with me on the trip to Leyte and he returned with me to Melbourne. Now, he had not been with me ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ Wasatch; he had been out on the jeep carriers, but he came back with me at the same time. His girlfriend was there. By this time he was engaged to ^{this} ~~a~~ very nice Australian girl, the daughter of these people I'm talking about now, Norman and Elsie Trescowthick. Elsie had always been a member of the after-dinner group in F.R. Biard's room, and she was a delightful person, just as nice as could be. Her friends all told me, "Oh, wait til you meet Norman. He is the world's nicest person." Norman turned out to be a little man wearing fairly thick spectacles, unimpressive, but just as nice and friendly and wonderful as Elsie was, and he was admired by all. He was not one of these he-men Australians, but the he-men Australians all liked him, too. And it soon

showed why. By this time he and his wife had a two-room apartment, and their daughter was living there, too. They were in one room and she was in the other. They had both sides of one of these adjoining bath situations. The minute he saw me, he said, "I have something, I've been waiting to meet you, I have something so special here." He got me and John, took us in there, and he had a 30-year-old bottle of Canadian rye. Now, I had some Old Overholt ^{rye whiskey} that I had stashed away from our liquor store there in Melbourne, the American liquor mess, but when he opened this 30-year-old rye and I brought up my bottle to compare it, there was no comparison. This was some of the smoothest liquor I've ever tasted from anywhere. A 30-year-old ^{aged} bottle in the keg, in the barrel, you know, not in the bottle. So we celebrated, and Norman Trescowthick was just as nice, sincere, genuine a person as you have ever met anywhere, none nicer anywhere, ever. I say his wife ^{was} just as nice, and by this time John was engaged to ^{their} ~~his~~ daughter. He was meeting John for the first time, too. I'm sure that Norman liked me as well as he did John, I'm sure he did. So there was much celebrating. I found out that other people had joined the group there, some very impressive people with ^{quite} ~~very~~ impressive reputations, had joined the group, had come down to ^{Chevron} ~~Melbourne~~ to join the party that I had started.

Things took up again at the station. By this time we had a ^{new} commander ^{at our codebreaking station} who was all right, He was a reserve, but he wanted to

see the station do ^{all that} ~~what~~ it could. He wasn't out to try to get glory for Ernie Wollcott. There were some things I could do down there, but there were not too many. We were reading a little bit of stuff, I put in my full time there, but I also put in my full time at Chevron. This went on until about the first of December.

Shortly after the first of December, another call, "Report to Wasatch in Leyte." So we struck out the same way. We had orders to report ^{en route} to the Rear Headquarters at Brisbane, to check there. When we got to Brisbane, somehow or other John and I divided there, and I picked up 1,500 pounds of top secret operation orders that were being printed in Brisbane and sent ^{up} back to the forward area. ~~They were sending back for me.~~ That meant that in addition to my top secret typewriters and ECM machines, those are the code machines that were very top secret and such, we now had 1,500 pounds of ^{top secret} operation orders we had to take through the jungles, to the jungle airports, and the likes of that.

Q: How did you carry it?

Captain Biard: Oh, I had my men there, and when we would put them down in one place, ^{one person would stand watch while} we would take some over to another place we could see and leave one of the men there with it, and transfer everything. Most transfers took place at the airport, and ^{from} one plane to the operations office, from the operations office back to another plane, over to our sleeping quarters, where we'd have

to stand guard over it all the time. But we went through Cookstown and Townsville, those are the two places, again. We went ~~to~~ ^{from} Melbourne, to Sydney, to Brisbane. At Brisbane we had to stop to pick up this stuff, ^{then to} Cookstown, Townsville, and then on up to Finschafen, I think, over the mountains of New Guinea and up to Finschafen, and finally from Finschafen on into Hollandia.

This time we flew in over Lake Tani, a very beautiful lake high in the mountains, and around the lake were these little native huts on stilts out in the water. We could see this from where we were, and it is one of the loveliest sights I've ever seen. I'd hate to have to live there, because I'm sure that the malaria and other jungle diseases were terrible. We had read many messages, many messages about Japanese seaplanes bringing in things to Taniko. Taniko is ^{the Japanese for} Lake Tani. "Ko" is lake. I had read many messages and translated many messages and put those on the air about planes coming into Lake Tani for this, that, and the other person. So now I was seeing this, and now we were landing our own ^{seaplanes} ~~planes~~ on Lake Tani. Later on I was to take off from Lake Tani. It was a beautiful sight, surrounded by the most beautiful, densest green you've ever seen in this lake, smooth then, greenish but still very pretty, with all these picturesque villages built out over it. But we landed and went on back to Hollandia, and ^{later} ~~there~~ I left Hollandia, and then I left Taniko, Lake Tani, to land in Leyte Gulf. I got to Leyte Gulf without incident, except that I had to land all my ECM machines, my

typewriters, all of my gear and 1,500 pounds of top secret operation orders on the beach there where they were still unloading stuff to be taken up to troops, under a blazing sun. Now, I had to stay there with my men because we had to wait for a boat which we knew would be coming in, we'd ^{sent a} signal to ^{Wasatch} ~~the ship~~ to send one in to such and such a place to get us, ~~and~~ There was no landing ^{pier} there. They would land on the beach, and we would put stuff on the boat and take it out to the ship. But in the meantime it was hot, I was sweating, ~~It~~ had been a hot flight over, the flight had been hot. And so I then looked ~~over nearby,~~ ^{around} and nearby was a group of Coast Guardsmen with a warrant officer in charge. They had come ashore for a party, they had brought their own beer, they had brought their own ice, and there they were having beer. They were drinking ^{cold} beer like everything right there on the shore, on the beach. So things were going on all over the place, moving cargo and whatnot, but I was looking only at this ^{drinking party} beer over there. Well, the warrant officer in charge saw my tongue hanging out, and ^{when} he looked over, he said, "You know, there's a beer here that I really don't want. I don't drink much beer. Do you think you might like a beer?"

I said, "Oh, boy, would I!" And this time I really did enjoy my beer. I'm not a person who has to have a drink. I can take a drink or I can leave it. That's always been the case, and I'm glad to say it has been, and I hope it always will be. But this time in all that hot weather, and I was so sweaty and so thirsty,

I said, "Would I!" He pulled a beer out of this ice can, gave it to me, it was deliciously cold, and I downed it.

He said, "I might have another one here that I'll give you." I wasn't looking up. There were too many other people, I couldn't do much for them there, my group. So I just turned my back on them as well as possible, one of the few times I've done that, and I downed my second beer, too. Those are the best beers I have ever tasted in all my life.

Q: I can imagine.

Captain Biard: So that is the Coast Guard warrant officer to whom I'll ever remain ^{grateful} ~~grateful~~ and indebted.

So the boat finally came for us, we went back to the flagship, delivered all our 1,500 pounds of ^{top secret} mail, were ready to go again. This time I found out what for. I was to have to go ^{the islands at} to Palau, some 500, something like that, miles away, ⁵⁰⁰ ~~15,000~~ miles to the east, where the invasion force that was going to go through the straits of Surigao, the Surigao Straits, and occupy Mindoro Island on December the 15th, where this invasion ^{force} was to be ~~embarked~~ embarked.

In the meantime, I would be on the ^{Seventh Fleet} flagship for a few days. Just before the day I was to leave, the evening before, the Japanese pulled a commando raid on ^{Tacloban} ~~Tacloban~~ air field, which is the air field right off the northern shore of Leyte Gulf, and had ^{wasatch again}

wrecked a few ^{of our} aircraft. They had landed some two-engine aircraft with ^a ~~the~~ wheels up landing, so they could crash land and come to a stop in a hurry. Then the commandos dashed out to try to grenade and destroy with explosives all these fighters and other planes lined up alongside this narrow, cramped air strip, one of the few we had there, about the only one we could use. The planes they could get to, it was like Pearl Harbor, they ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~hit~~ ^{landed up wing tips to} the wing tips, so they could really ~~get to~~ ^{go at} them. But fortunately most of the ^{Commandos} ~~people~~ were killed on landing or killed soon after. They only got about six planes, so I think, but one of these people was captured, and he was sent out to me a little bit later, for interrogation.

Earlier in the day we had had a report that there was some of these commandos that were in the water offshore, swimming around, floating around ⁱⁿ the water; maybe they had life jackets or something else they were hanging onto. So Captain McCollum had me get a boat officer and a boat from another ship. ~~We~~ didn't have any of this type we needed in the Wasatch, and send them over to the water, to this place to get these people out of the water and bring them aboard for questioning. We needed the prisoners to find out what it was all about, just what was, what had occurred and ^{who had} ~~why they were doing~~ it. I was getting ready to leave, getting stuff packed up, my men prepared and all my equipment, so I didn't go with the men. I said, "Go over there, they're in the water. Pull them out of the water and bring them

back."

When the ^{boat} came back, ~~he~~ ^{it} came back with one of the biggest messes I have ever seen. ~~It~~ ^{It} had five or six dead Japs spread out on the stern sheets of his boat, with heads all in pieces. They had been sprayed with machine gun fire in the water. He said, "I couldn't dare risk bringing them back ^{alive.} They weren't willing to be captured."

Q: He had done it to them?

Captain Biard: Yes. I had sent him over and told him, "We've got to have them alive. We need them for prisoners and we need them for interrogation." He had killed every one of them and he brought the bodies back. They were in an awful mess and they were on the stern sheets in the boat. I just told him to send some people down to examine their clothes, see if they could get any documents. There was nothing revealing on them. So we didn't have them, ^{and} that was it.

Later that day just before I was to leave by seaplane for Palau, one live commando was brought to me from shore. He had a nasty-looking mustache, and I could tell he wasn't Navy. Commandos, you know, they're trained to do all sorts and kinds of dirty tricks. So again I used my old technique, I tried to. I took him down to my interrogation room where I had heavy objects, blunt objects, sharp objects, everything was on the desk that he

could pick up and hit me with. I made the guard stay outside. So then I tried to start pumping him. Well, what he didn't know was I had to leave the ship in 30 minutes. I had this time factor. Then when he wouldn't talk, he said, "I don't want to talk. I'm tired. I'll talk to you tomorrow." And he was nasty.

I said, "Well, let's sit down and talk about the war and so on."

"No, I don't want to talk to you tonight. I don't want to talk to you, I don't want to."

I didn't have time to get on his good side as I did with the others, professional man to professional man, and I'm not sure I could have with this bird. He was from the Kwantung Army. You don't now what the Kwantung Army is, but that's where these people had come from, those were the elite of the Japanese ^{Army} troops that were there to fight the Russians, and they had always looked to the Russians as being their major enemy. I did get ^{the following} ~~that much~~ out of him. Yes, they had been brought down from Manchuria. That made sense from what I saw. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

Well, I said, "Well, I'm very sorry. Your attitude isn't too good. I'd just like to tell you something. I guess you know that your people ^{here in the Philippines} ~~Philippines~~ have been burning villages, raping all the native women, killing the native men, ^{the} brutal crimes you have committed over here are something awful. They're terrible." I said, "This has gone on and on and on, and the Filipinos hate you. I don't have any authority to keep you on this ship." That

was a lie. I didn't have any authority to turn him over to the Filipinos. "But if you'll cooperate with me, I may be able to go to the fleet commander and tell him, 'This is a pretty good guy. Let's not turn him over to the Filipinos, he doesn't deserve to be turned over.' Because if we turn you over to them, these people are going to be thinking of their wives who have been raped, their children that have been butchered, and their parents that have been killed, the villages that have been burned. The first thing they will do is take your hands like this. I don't have the instruments they would use, but I have a pencil here, and I'll put that under your fingernail. Look, the first thing they will do is this." And then I gave it a big push, and man, he almost hit the ceiling. I said, "Yes, they will do that. Then they'll take the next finger. I wouldn't consider doing this. I'd never do this to you, but this is what they will do. They'll put it under the next finger^{nail} and then they'll give it a jab like this." And again he almost hit the ceiling when I did it. I said, "Of course, they're not going to stop there. They'll put it under the next finger^{nail}," And I put it under his next finger^{nail} and gave it a big jab, and he almost hit the ceiling again. All the time I was saying, "I wouldn't think of doing this. I'm^{merely} showing you your fate if I have to turn you over to them, and I may be able to spare you this fate if you'll only cooperate with me, but you'll have to cooperate with me." He didn't know that by this time I had to leave in 15 minutes. No,

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not yet. So I went on. "Now, when they get through with your ^{ten} fingers, of course, now they'll give you the 10,000 cuts. I don't want to do this," but I took my knife and just put the blade lightly over his skin. I said, "They'd put an awful lot of pressure on there. You'll get the 10,000 cuts. Of course, you'll only bleed to death slowly, a very tortured death. You'll be thirsty, but you'll be tortured. The first thing you know, the thirst will be horrible as you bleed to death, you won't be able to stand it." And with that, he started talking. He decided he would talk, and so I got all the information I could out of him in the 15 minutes, and then I told him goodbye. He didn't know that if he'd have held out 15 minutes longer, that I wouldn't have got a thing, but I got most of the information I needed in those 15 minutes. That is the only time that I have ever abused a prisoner, but that time the task force commander really wanted the information, and I didn't care what, I was going to risk my neck and get it, and I got it.

Q: And he stayed aboard ship?

Captain Biard: I don't know what they did with him. They sent him over as a prisoner to our own camp, *I suppose.*

Q: They didn't turn him over to the Filipinos.

Captain Biard: No, they'd never turn him over to the Filipinos. But I had to depart from my rule of good treatment, and I did so. All the time I did this, I told him, "Now, I'd never do this to you. This is what the Filipinos will do to you." So I've confessed.

Then I went back and landed at Palau. At Palau they were just ending up a brutal campaign where the Japanese had fought their first really all-out sensible battle. There were no Bonzai charges, they had holed up in awful caves, in large, large limestone cliffs. There were over five miles of tunnels linking these caves, and you couldn't get the Japs, there was no way you could get them by ordinary machine gun fire, charging, artillery fire, such as that. You had to go into these caves and get them if they were resisting from those caves, get them out of them ~~and~~ ^{by} throw ^{ing} a grenade in, ^{or} something like that. That was an awful job doing that, and we lost many, many Marines. Palau was one place we found out later, people said we didn't have to take it, and really we did not have to, but it was a good anchorage, ^{and} we had taken it. At one time it looked as though we should, and by the time we decided we didn't have to, things had gone too far, and it was decided to go and take it anyway. The price we had to pay for it was something awful. The ^{Marine} commander was fighting a new type of battle on new kinds of terrain, and ^{the Japanese} ~~had~~ really made the Marines pay an awful price for it. That was the forewarning of things to come on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. That was an awful

battle, a terrible battle.

Q: Tarawa.

Captain Biard: Tarawa had ~~always~~ ^{real} been a fight, they would hole in there, but they did make a ~~Banzai~~ ^{Banza} charge there. ~~Banzai~~ ^{Banza} charges were just absolutely wasteful. They were selling ~~no~~ ^{their} lives at a cheap price. Yes, Tarawa was awful, too. I didn't say anything against that.

But I landed on Palau and the ship I was to join, the jeep carrier I was to join, flagship, was not there at the time, so I had to spend one night ashore. I went to the movies that night, and at the movies out in the open air, the seat was a concrete sewer pipe maybe three feet or so in diameter, sit on it and watch the movie. They had a bench or two, but this was one of them that was there, and there was a big Marine sergeant sitting by me. I had just come back from where I had been ashore in the Philippines. I'd gone ashore while I was there and gone up to the fighting area, and we had been bombed and all such as that, explosions ashore. If you heard an explosion, the first thing you did was to make a dive ~~for it~~ and get behind cover, and then look around to see later what had happened. So while I was watching the movies there that night, there was an explosion, and I automatically, the way I would do ashore in the Philippines, I ~~would~~ ^{dove} dive for cover. So the big old sergeant that was there

next to me reached over and said, "That's all right, Sir. That's all right, Sir. They're only blasting out ⁱⁿ the harbor." Well, that was right, but I heard this and I'd dive for cover here. I knew that fighting was still going on. It was just a natural reaction anyway from what I'd been ^{going} through in the Philippines.

The next morning the flagship came in. It was the Natoma Bay, and I reported to Rear Admiral Felix Stump, who was to command the jeep carrier group on the invasion of Mindoro. Well, one incident there I have written ^{about in} Appendix Five, we'll make Appendix Five out of it, but I'll tell one of the stories in it. Appendix Five is "ComCarDiv 5 Meets Dracula." My men and I went out to the ship with our gear and radios and all such to the ship, and became settled down. All this time, Admiral Stump was talking over the next operation with his subordinate commanders, going here and there to see them, and he was coming and going from the ship. As you may not know, any time that a senior officer, particularly a flag officer or commanding officer, any flag officer, any commanding officer approaches the ship, his ^{name} command is called out. For example, he was Commander Carrier Division 5, so ^{when} he returned to the ship, they always sounded over the loudspeaker system, "ComCarDiv 5." That meant that the captain of the ship, chief of staff, the duty officer would come down and meet him at the gangway, courtesy, and also in case he had something he wanted particularly to turn over to them, give them this in a hurry. So that ^{they} always came out to greet his ^{return}.

Well, the one night I spent on ship there, I think it was one night on the ship ^{while it was} in the harbor, they showed a Dracula movie. It was "The Son of Dracula," or "Cousin of Dracula." ^{Bela Lugosi} ~~Bela Lugosi~~ was playing the part of Count Alucard, with all the coffins and the black cloaks, and such, Alucard. Now get it? Alucard is Dracula spelled backwards.

Q: I didn't til you told me.

Captain Biard: Count Alucard. Well, the picture had progressed to where he was going to a house, the occupants of which were going to be his victims. He was in his black cloak, it was a dark, dark night with only faint lights, candle lights and the like, and when he knocked on the door, somebody, the butler came to the door and he gave him his card and said, "Announce me." He said it in a stentorian voice. And with that, ^{very loudly} ~~over the~~ loudspeaker system, "ComCarDiv 5." Well, the entire crew almost broke up. They were rolling in the aisles.

Q: That's wonderful.

Captain Biard: So that's a good story of that operation. Well, soon we were under way with all our ^{twelve or so} jeep carriers ^{and other forces} to go back through Leyte Gulf, down through Surigao Strait, and all around to Mindoro Island, just south of Manila. By this time the

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 kamikazes were working hard. We were having a lot of trouble. The kamikazes started their initial operation against the jeep carriers on 25 October. Now, ^{in early December, 1944,} we really had kamikaze attacks. The reason they sent me along with Stump was, he had heard from the admiral that John Bromley was with in the Battle of Leyte Gulf, that outside off Leyte in the jeep carriers that he had been very valuable, that he by all means should get a similar officer ^{and selected} group before he went on his next operation. So he had asked for one, and I was sent. That was why I was sent with him. This was a potentially very, very dangerous operation. The kamikazes could have really wrecked us. Why they didn't, I don't know, but they did later on get to the group that stayed at Mindoro, and they got to us, too, before ^{we} ~~they~~ got there, but not ^{to} ~~at~~ the extent that I thought they would. In fact, I didn't think that I would come back off the operation. That was just my personal opinion. So we went on, no problems, ^{on our flagship}

We entered Leyte Gulf, and as soon as we entered Leyte Gulf the force was attacked by kamikazes. A short distance away, not short, maybe 3,000, 5,000 yards away, the jeep carrier Ommaney Bay was hit and set on fire, lots of smoke, smoke billowing from it. We went on, we had ships stand by. It had to be abandoned, sunk. About this time, while it was burning and we were proceeding on, I saw the only kamikaze I ever saw, ^{up close,} I was standing on the deck ^{of this jeep carrier,} and that's a very poor place to be standing in the case of a kamikaze attack because you can be blown off the

deck. But I was out on the forward part of the flight deck watching, and the next carrier in line was much closer than it ordinarily was. It was probably no more than 400 or 500 yards away, and 400 or 500 yards in a smooth sea doesn't look like anything, one ship to another. It looks almost as if you could step over to the other ship. But I looked up, and here was a plane coming almost straight down, at an angle of about 70 degrees. It was diving and it was headed right between the two carriers, just off the stern of the other carrier and the bow of our own ~~bow~~^{carrier}. Well, if I had been smart, I would have ducked. I would have flattened out on the deck. But this was a beautiful plane, it was shiny, and the part of it that was painted was painted just as nice as you could ask for, and it had a large greenhouse, that's the plastic cover for the pilot and observer or bombardier or whatever he may have with him. It was a two-~~set~~^{seat} plane, I'm fairly sure, had a large greenhouse, and it was as pretty as it could be, and here was a smooth, beautiful, tropic sea, and this plane was headed right straight down. It never did deviate from the 70 degree angle, but it was right between our ships. He had misjudged, and he went in the water, and there was no explosion, I don't know why the bomb was not armed; he hadn't armed his bomb; he had done everything wrong. I just saw this beautiful plane just go plunk, right in the water.

Q: No explosion?

Captain Biard: No explosion. That's the only kamikaze I have ever seen ^{close up,} but I got a magnificent ^{view} ~~sight~~ of that one.

Q: Strange that he wouldn't have veered. He had to have recognized at some point that he wasn't going to make a hit.

Captain Biard: The aviators tell me that's a very difficult maneuver to make, to try to hit a ship diving steeply like that. Well, maybe he just saw, "I've missed it, ^{and} that's it."

Q: Ditch.

Captain Biard: Not ditch, but, "I've had it." He didn't even try to veer. The way he should have done it was come in low below radar and then when he got in close, of course, he would be risking more antiaircraft fire at that time, but he would have stood a better chance, and then come over into a carrier that way, always staying at a low altitude. It's easy to hit that way, and that's what most of them did.

Q: I didn't know it was difficult for a kamikaze to hit.

Captain Biard: Many of them didn't hit.

Q: I didn't know that.

Captain Biard: But many of them did, too, unfortunately. About one out of five on the average hit. Of course, many of them were shot down, too. This one, no one was shooting at him. So I thought, oh, boy, this is just the beginning. So we went on down and entered Surigao Strait.

I had my men on watch, and that evening a circuit, we were sure was an aircraft circuit, got very, very busy. It wasn't evening; it was afternoon. And so we could tell that they were in touch with some plane, and the plane was out making reports back. We said, "He's probably making reports back on us." But the first thing you know, the planes reported back to the field, went back to the field and landed, so it seems, and the circuit shut down. The group that we were escorting was not moving very fast. We still had another day to move, *to get to Mindoro.*

The next day the same thing happened. So this time I was able to tell Admiral Stump that, "Well, now, they have shut down. They are no longer observing us, so the last time they didn't do anything. This afternoon maybe they won't either." "So okay, I'll rest easier." We moved on to Mindoro, escorted the ^{landing forces,} ~~people,~~ *and* arrived there on December the 15th and immediately turned around ~~the~~ ^{and} came back. That surprised me. I didn't know what our orders were because I thought we were going to stay out there in kamikaze territory day after day after day until the Army could get an air field and get its own air cover there. So they didn't, though. The admiral had his orders, turn around and ~~come~~ ^{come}

right back. Of course, we were still in kamikaze country, and we came through kamikaze country again, the same air field, the same circuit, the same way. I told him again, "Admiral, they're out. Now they're not, now they're gone." So we went back to Palau, ^{then} and everything was all right.

Now I will tell a story that I should have told earlier. There are a couple of stories. We had on our ship ^{Wasatch} when we went ^{into the} the Philippines ^a General ^{Kreuger} ~~Kreuger~~. I think he was a lieutenant general at that time. He was MacArthur's senior commander, an old German.

Q: Marine.

Captain Biard: No. German. *U. S. Army*

Q: I know, but wasn't he a Marine?

Captain Biard: No, he was Army. See, we had the Army command on board our command ship, Wasatch.

Q: Yes, I would know, but ...

Captain Biard: General ^{Kreuger} ~~Kreuger~~.

Q: The Marine would have been on a Navy ...

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Captain Biard: Yes. And General ^{Kreuger's} ~~Kreuger's~~ aide turned out to have been my aide when I was colonel at my high school in ROTC in Dallas, Texas, a very nice young gent, very sharp, from a quite well-known Dallas family, in fact, the owners of the Dallas Morning News, Ben ^{Deckerd.} ~~Deckerd.~~

Q: That couldn't happen, except it did.

Captain Biard: So Ben and I, of course, had much to say to each other. I asked him a lot about the general. I got to know the general. We found out how much he'd been through and how things were going. He liked the general very much. The general was quite competent, quite a good man.

But it was during this time, my initial appearance in Leyte, that something happened that I said I would tell you about later on. Again, maybe it was my second trip to Leyte, I don't remember, but the first trip, Ben ^{Deckerd} ~~Deckerd~~ was there. But on one of the trips, we had the commanding general of the Army Air Corps fighter groups on board waiting to go to shore. ^{The} ~~his~~ fighters, the air cover for the ships in Leyte, ^{were} divided into three. The Navy provided it one day, ^{that is,} the jeep carriers ~~one day~~. The Marines, who were on shore nearby by this time, provided it another day. And the Army Air Corps provided it the third day. In other words, it was rotated. Two days out of the three we had no fears. We knew that the people ^{in the air} were going to do their jobs

and do it properly. The third day we knew we were in for hell, it was the Army Air Corps. They were supposed to be on station in the air by 6:00 o'clock, I believe, the time was. If they were Marines or Navy, they would be there and they would be where they were supposed to be, and they would stay where they were supposed to be so they could be vectored out in case our fighter patrols had to go meet the enemy. The Air Corps might show up by 9:00 o'clock, and if they did show up, you would never know where they were, they'd be out chasing tails in the sky, having fun. Our fighter controllers were unable to get the necessary work out of them. The Jap kamikazes could come through on them, and we had awful times every third day. Now, kamikazes could come through on Marine pilots and Navy pilots, too, but if they did, they came through only because our fighter director people had not been able to get them out there in time. But when the Army Air Corps was up there in the sky, they weren't even around to vector out. They were out chasing around somewhere and maybe not even on station. The commanding general was still there, and our junior officers, junior naval officers, knowing all of this, started giving him hell. That is, junior officers really, really rubbing it in to the Air Corps general. He was a major general or brigadier general. Brigadier generals in those days might have been 26 years old. You know, they went up. We had a saying at Pearl Harbor, in fact, there was even a sign in the Hickam Field Officers' Club bar, "Lieutenant colonels under the age of

21 must be accompanied by parents." That's the way promotions were going in the Air Corps at that time. And this general was very young, he was ~~not~~ in age not senior to a lot of these people that were ribbing him, but they were several, many, many ranks below him, and the hell they gave him, they'd say, "All right, General, we needed your fighters and they weren't there. Where in the hell were they? Why don't you do something about it, General?" They gave it to them that way, and they didn't hesitate to. And he had to take it because he knew damn well that that's ~~what~~ ^{the way} it was. They were coming to him with the truth. Even the junior officers on the ship would let him have it, bang, bang, bang, bang.

Q: Why were they so badly ...

Captain Biaró: That is Air Corps. They don't have carriers that can be sunk, they didn't have our discipline. Now, I do not know that this was always the case, but I am speaking from facts here. I am speaking from firsthand knowledge. I don't remember the general's name. I'm sure he would deny it. As I say, I can't even remember exactly ^{on} which one of the trips to Leyte it occurred, which one it was, but it was probably one of the later ones because we didn't have air support from the Army until one of the later trips.

So I went back to Palau, returned to Leyte, and by this time

we were getting ready to mount the ^{Lingayen} ~~Lingayen~~, the invasion of Lingayen, that's the big gulf up to the north of Manila, with ~~planes~~ ^{plains} on down to Manila, ~~planes~~ ^{plains} leading down there where the Japs had made their main landing in December of 1941. This time Rear Admiral Durgin was commanding the ^{jeep} carriers, and he, too, wanted his Japanese language man and his intercept team on his carrier.

Q: Durgin?

Captain Biard: I think it's Russell Durgin, but I'd have to look that up for sure.

I would like to say one thing about Admiral Stump, who later was Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet. Admiral Stump had done an excellent job. He and his chief staff officer, William Guest, ^{jeep groups} one of those [^] who had loaded planes, sent in planes to make torpedo runs, make dive bombing attacks with high explosive bombs, and would even send them back to repeat dive bombing ^{and torpedos} attacks when they had no bombs, ^{or torpedoes} and made attacks, about to send another one before they could land, maybe another attack to make the Japanese ships in the Battle of Leyte Gulf, outside Leyte, dodge and do everything ^{that} ~~except what~~ we could make them do to keep them away from the jeep carriers. They were the ones who did a lot of this. So they ^{Rear Admiral Stump and his chief staff officer,} told me all about this, and I recognized it. As I say, ~~he~~ [^] was a good man, but he was also a politician.

→ Admiral Stump

He had his eyes on things much farther, higher. He had a former congressman from West Virginia on his staff. I think he was from West Virginia. He had perhaps two of them. And one person he had on his staff was R.J. Reynolds, Jr. R.J. Reynolds, Jr. was a likeable cuss, very likeable. He was Stump's navigator. I had to have position reports ^{three times a day,} the same as the captain of the ship and Admiral Stump had to have, and they were given at 8:00 o'clock, 12:00 o'clock, and 6:00 o'clock. So I received ~~this~~ ^{these} position reports from R.J. Reynolds, and I still have a position report somewhere signed by R.J. Reynolds. He was likeable, and he chewed tobacco. He believed in his own product. Chewing tobacco on board ship was a little bit difficult to tolerate. He has to be somewhat careful about how he disposes of his remnants, what he does, but he did. I liked him very much. While he was on board, his wife had wangled a naval attache's or assistant attache's job in Brazil for him. He's dead now. I don't know about his wife. So the word came there, and R.J. Reynolds, Jr. told Admiral Stump, "Hell, no, I don't want to go there. I don't want to go back to the States. I don't want to go anywhere where my wife's going to be." And so he stayed with the staff, when anybody else, almost, would go out and take that in nothing flat. R.J. Reynolds, Jr., who sent the 8:00 o'clock, noon, and 6:00 o'clock positions to me all the time, stayed with the staff. As I say, he was a likeable cuss. He was just as likeable as could be. But that was a story I would tell here, interesting, I

hope.

Q: Yes, it is.

Captain Biard: While we were in the area.

Q: Of course, now it is.

Captain Biard: But Admiral Stump, you see, had all these politically influential people with him because he intended to go places both in and after the war, and he did. He became Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet, which is pretty high. His staff, as I say, Bill Guest told me, "They're here on his staff only for one reason. He is going to use them to go higher. He is a real politician." Just an interesting story.

Before long, I was sent again to the jeep carriers back at Palau. The admiral, Rear Admiral Durgin was in charge of the jeep carriers who were supporting the ^{Lingayen} ~~Lingayen~~ invasion. They were going to not only support it, but to lie off and give ground ~~force~~ ^{air} support after the landing. So we came on back with our jeep carrier group and other forces.

Here I think I'm going to have to backtrack again. I believe it was on this invasion, not the Mindoro invasion, that I saw the kamikaze and we lost the Ommaney Bay. But it was one of the two, and they're within a month of each other.

Q: In the same area of the world.

Captain Biard: Same type of experience in these operations. So we went through, and we had losses, but none that I saw ^{close up.} We had carriers attacked by kamikazes, and during the operation while we were standing off the Linguyen Gulf, supporting the forces in the gulf and ashore, we had carrier losses, as I remember it, jeep carrier losses. As we were offshore, we had three days of minesweeping before our forces entered the gulf. Later on I heard one of the most fantastic stories of the entire war about this minesweeping. The kamikaze attacks during this time were so, so intense against our minesweeping forces and the support forces that the high command actually considered withdrawing, that we could not take the losses the kamikazes were inflicting, and if they had kept on just a little bit longer, we might have pulled out.

Q: In that particular spot, you mean.

Captain Biard: Yes, from that ^{Linguyen} operation. And heaven knows where it would have gone to from them. The situation would have been looked at from anew, from a different point of view. But after the ^{landing} operation ~~operation~~ was under control and everything was all right, the guerrilla colonel of the U.S. forces came aboard and he told McCollum this story. McCollum told him, he said, "We

have had gone through hell ^{these} ~~of~~ three days of minesweeping because we thought the gulf would surely be mined, and we have only found three mines. That is unbelievable."

So the colonel then looked at him and his face had fallen, his jaws again had dropped almost a foot, and he said, "My God. I didn't believe it possible. My Filipinos have been locating mines out here now all the time since the Japanese mined ^{Lingayen Gulf} ~~Lingayen~~, and that's a long time ago, have been going out in their ^{Bancas} ~~bancas~~, finding mines, locating them, taking ^{hacksaw} ~~saws~~ out and one man would go down with the saw, take a few saws on the cable, come up for air, when he has more air, go down again and then cut again, take about three cuts or so, and just go on and on and on until finally the mine could come to the surface and we could take it ashore and dispose of it." He said, "We've been doing this and doing this and doing this. We did that, and we found and we brought in 271 mines." From the codes we had read, we knew they had laid 275. Now, 271 mines, finding them and cutting them by diving down into the water and cutting them a few strokes at a time with a hacksaw, a fantastic feat. He said, "I didn't dare tell you this because I didn't know how many mines there were. I thought if I told you that, you might think we had swept all the mines, and heaven knows there might be lots more out there." No, he had missed only four, and we found three of those, and maybe one of those had broken away somewhere. That is one of the ^{almost} unbelievable stories, of World War II.

still

Q: It is indeed.

Captain Biard: So our forces went ashore. MacArthur, at this time General Kruger was on our ship, he went again, and he went ashore at the head of ^{Lingayen} ~~Lingayen~~ Gulf, and he moved slowly and surely on down the way. After a while, I was transferred, after things quieted down, and the only thing I contributed at this time was that there was an afternoon scouting plane, maybe it was new, I don't know, but the afternoon time scouting plane would come over, take a look at forces in the gulf, and then send back ^a ~~the~~ report by grid coordinates. By this time Jasper Holmes and his people in Pearl Harbor had broken the Japanese grid system. It was very simple once it was broken. I had it, and I could tell ^{out command} ~~them~~ whatever it was he was reporting as being ^{occupied by ships} ~~reported~~. That didn't say too much, it never did help us, we never did use this information at all, but I kept reporting. This is about the only thing I was getting.

During this time we were launching and recovering--this is while we were out, after ^{January} ~~July~~ the ninth, a couple of weeks or so I was aboard the carriers out there, the monsoon winds were blowing, and we were pitching. Our bows would be pitching in the flight operations, it looked like 50 feet, maybe it was 30, 35, but we were pitching like everything. As we would turn into the monsoon winds and steam into them while we were launching and recovering aircraft, it was very, very rugged aircraft

operations. Again, we had a dividing line. MacArthur's planes were to take care of everything south of such and such a line, and our planes, everything north of ~~such and such a line~~ ^{this latitude.} One afternoon one of the fighter plane pilots came back with a story, and we wonder, it makes you wonder, it really makes you wonder. They had gone down near the dividing line, and when they were coming back, the dividing line was near Clark Field, the famous Clark Field, where MacArthur had had all his B-17s shot up right at the beginning of the war, Clark and Nichols, I don't know which one it was, but down in that area. And while they were there, a plane came up from the Japanese air fields that they had attacked, in good shape, came up, joined them and started flying formation on them. A Japanese plane. *(I will change this later on. It was a U.S. P-47 fighter plane, not a Jap plane).*

Q: Do you believe that?

Captain Biard: Yes, I believe it. I've talked to them, I know.

Q: You talked to him?

Captain Biard: No, I talked to our own pilots. Wait just a minute and you'll see. They said, "We couldn't talk to him, we couldn't get him on the circuit. We didn't know what he was. We couldn't leave him there. Maybe he was a Jap who was trying to defect. Maybe it was one of our own people who had managed to

steal a Japanese plane. But here was an enemy plane flying formation on us, and we had to do the only thing we could."

Q: Shot it down?

Captain Biard: Shoot him down. I said we wonder, we wonder, we wonder. I talked to several pilots.

Q: Couldn't they have done something about making him go down?

Captain Biard: Well, after all ...

Q: That's for me to say. What the heck do I know about it?

Captain Biard: But let me tell you, it bothered these pilots, it really bothered them.

Q: I'd think so.

Captain Biard: They wondered was it one of ~~our~~^{our} own people that had stolen a Japanese plane, one of the prisoners.

Q: I would think if that were the case, he could have let them know because the language would have been that.

Captain Biard: No. There was no way for them to transmit, different frequencies, they didn't have ^{the necessary radio} frequencies or anything else.

Q: Couldn't he have waved?

Captain Biard: Well, anybody can wave.

Q: Oh, boy.

Captain Biard: This is one of the things that came back.

Q: It should be a story on TV. Has it ever been put in books or TV?

Captain Biard: No. It's in one of my hand-outs here, Appendix Five.

Q: Or four?

Captain Biard: Five.

Q: What's five?

Captain Biard: It will contain this. Now, as I say, this really

raised some question marks because they were asking themselves, all the rest of them were asking themselves, "What do you do in a case like that?" And nobody but nobody decided what should be done.

Not long after that I was instructed to be transferred to a ship coming into the gulf with my team, my communications officer and my intercept team, all our gear.

Q: You'd gotten rid of that 1,500 pounds, I hope.

Captain Biard: Oh, ^{that was} ~~this is~~ the operation before, *this one*

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: Yes. This time Admiral Durgin's flagship was Makin Island, ^{CVE,} ~~CBE,~~ and the transfer between ships by highline, would send men and gear by highline, was not handled well by Makin Island. They thought they had a good system, but it wasn't. It wasn't good at all. The lines would slack and then they would be whipped taut so that if you were down there in a boatswain's chair or boatswain's chair in a bag, try to keep you dry in all this high seas, you would be whipped up and down, oh, a tremendous whipping.

Q: How terrible.

Captain Biard: And so we had to move over this way, and I was shipped up and down, up and down, and it was scary. I'd been transferred other times in similar situations and it was not that bad, it was handled better. But my communications officer, the man who was coming over, the man who handled my ECM and contacts with Melbourne, when he came over, he got a tremendous whip like this ~~from~~ ^{when} the line was slack, and it was making a V with him way down near the water. When they pulled it up, it pulled him so taut that it whipped him over, and he made a complete 360 degree ^{swing} ~~turn~~. Let me tell you, that was scary, but he made it safely.

Q: To say the least.

Captain Biard: He made it safely. I didn't want to go through that again. So I returned back after this, a really unprofitable tour on the jeep carriers, I had contributed little of anything to either of them. I went back to Wasatch in ^{Lingayen} ~~Lingayen~~ Gulf.

Q: It seems to me that your tours, as I hear of them, were of rather short period.

Captain Biard: Yes, the dangerous operation where the admiral wanted somebody to hold his hand, somebody he knew, if he came up against a Japanese situation, came up with somebody who knew Japanese or might be able to intercept a message ^{and} would be able to

do something about it. When this operation was over, he didn't need me anymore.

Q: So they really were short-term.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: I'd hate to see your orders. They must be a foot thick.

Captain Biard: Yes, but they were always temporary additional duty, and didn't show I was fighting a battle.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: My main station was still on shore, and that's one of the reasons I'm sure I got passed over.

So I went back to Wasatch and things were happening there or soon were to happen. John Bromley was on Wasatch. A submarine had been found aground, run ashore, over near the shore nearest Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines. That's where Yamashita, of course, ^{now} had his headquarters. It was so close to shore ...

General

Q: Who?

Captain Biard: Yamashita, the general who captured Singapore and ^{later} was brought into the Philippines.

Q: Not Yamamoto, of course.

Captain Biard: No. Yamashita, the famous Army general.

Q: What is the name?

Captain Biard: ^{General Yamashita} Yamashita. This has nothing to do with my story. We could see the cool, wonderfully high mountain up there. There was ^{this} a man named Yamashita up there, ^{this} a general named Yamashita. But it was over on the side, on the eastern side of the Lingayen Gulf, and while I was gone from Wasatch, John Bromley had taken a crew over there to this submarine which had sunk because it had had .50-caliber machine gun bullets riddle its hull. He had taken just wooden pegs, big wooden pegs, and some ship scissors and the like over there, and had driven pegs, these big pegs, into all these .50-caliber bullet holes to plug them and then he had put a pump down through the conning tower, a gasoline-powered portable pump, and found out he could pump water out of it. This was a submarine about ¹³⁵ ~~25~~ feet long, a small one, believe it or not, commanded by a Japanese Army sergeant. The Japanese Army had started building these Yu type submarines about ¹³⁵ ~~25~~ feet long, ~~that's what I think.~~

Q: How did he know it was?

Captain Biard: He got word on it. I found out from some of my prisoners later on.

Q: I see. I see.

Captain Biard: I gathered it, and from now on I started getting information here and there, and I don't remember where I got it. But I soon found out that that was the case, and ^{these were} ~~it was~~ being used for transporting supplies to their cutoff isolated units along the way. But our big interest in it was, were they carrying code books somewhere and could we get code books. That was our big interest in it. Oh, a little bit of interest, maybe, on what's this all about. But it was obvious from John Bromley's external explorations that it was not a combatant ship, it didn't carry torpedoes, and he had pretty much the information on it as to what it was up to by the time I got there. Well, he had done all this. There was sporadic Japanese mortar fire, they were ^{firing} ~~trying~~ at extreme mortar range and machine gun range to cause ^{us} ~~them~~ some embarrassment out there as ^{we were} ~~he was~~ doing this, so ^{we} ~~he~~ didn't want to leave it there. As soon as we got enough water out of it, we put a line on it and had an LCI tow it over to the other side of the bay where we could work on it where the other side of the bay was clear. And so we did open up the conning

tower, but this time anything topside that was souvenirable had been removed. The Japanese all swore, and the Germans did, too, that ^{U.S. forces} ~~their command~~ didn't fight the war for honor, glory, or patriotism; ^{they} ~~we~~ fought it only to get souvenirs.

Q: Like the Olympics down there, all the pins.

Captain Biard: Yes. So some of the men there with John Bromley, as they were working on this, they took the sidelights off, the running lights, wonderful souvenirs, everything else on the bridge, the helm, and he didn't stop them, he was busy doing other things. All the way back elsewhere, they might say these things were too big, too heavy, and toss them over the side. That was the fate of most souvenirs that were taken. But finally we got the sub ~~over and in water~~ ^{found it}, beached the way that we could handle it well, ^{and} we were sure that we had it watertight. We were about to pump all the water out of it now. This was to be a big job. We pumped just enough out to make it sure and safe to tow it back ^{across the bay} ~~until now~~. And so we did that. I, in my old usual way, warned everyone, "We're not going down into that sub until it's damn well safe to go into, because there can be vapors, there can be fumes, there can be rotted material. You will pass out and die before we can get you out of the place or until I can get out of the place. There are going to be ventilators in here and really, really ventilate it." We brought ventilators and went

through it, went through that thing. We really did ventilate it before we went down in there.

When we got down into it, of course, as I say, we were looking for code books, code books, code books, code books. We started forward and worked our way aft. V, V, V, very, very, very big surprise: one, no code books, that wasn't the big surprise, the big surprise was the sub was loaded down with bags of rice, which was understandable, they were taking it to cut off troops in that area, troops cut off in other areas, but then they had ^{many} cases of citron juice, ^{in small bottles} they called it citron, in Japanese, that is just lime or a lemon type carbonated water, it's not even as good as Seven-Up. But they had case after case after case after case after case after case of ^{this inferior} Seven-Up in these small bottles ^{in cases} and that is using volume in a submarine in the most inefficient way possible.

Q: Of course.

Captain Biard: Useless first, in the first place, to take this stuff down to their troops.

Q: Maybe the water wasn't fit to drink or something.

Captain Biard: Well, maybe not, but if it wasn't, they could have ^{used} ~~put~~ larger containers and have ^{carried} ~~put~~ five times as much, ten

times as much water in larger containers that stacked better.

Q: Small bottles. Cases of small bottles of various kinds of flavored ...

Captain Biard: In cases. Yes. Not only did the small bottles not fit closely together, they had to be separated by separators, but you had the biggest space being bottles with the usual bottleneck to them, and the cases themselves took up space and the submarine was half full almost of this. We didn't capture the personnel, so we don't know, but the sour rice in there smelled to absolute high heavens. Oh, that was an awful odor. We kept the ventilators working overtime. But we went through this thing back as far as the engine room. One thing I did find were two big bottles of ~~saki~~^{sake}, and I have a picture of me in my sweaty, sweaty dungarees, with a tropical helmet on, and Francis Miller taking pictures, the Life photographer taking pictures of me holding these two big bottles of ~~saki~~^{sake}. That's all we found that was worthwhile. These were in big bottles, here on the LCI that was taking us back, and somebody else took a picture of Miller taking a picture of me, so I have that one.

Q: You said you did find some code books?

Captain Biard: No. Not a ~~bit~~^{one}. That was our number one, *objective*, but no code books.

Q: You said that was not a surprise. The other one was a surprise.

Captain Biard: This other, the citron in there stowed so inefficiently, *was a surprise. Valuable cargo space completely wasted.*

Q: Isn't that funny?

Captain Biard: Maybe, maybe, maybe. *Then there* ~~it~~ was quinine water, but why not just send the quinine instead of--I don't think so, because it tasted like citron.

Q: You tasted it?

Captain Biard: I tasted it, and it was labeled that. I don't think it was quinine water, and besides, if they had used the quinine in medicinal doses that you can transport in small packages. But that evening coming back late, we finished the work there for that day. The skipper, Captain McCollum, my skipper as the chief intelligence office, had transportation for me back to Melbourne. I didn't know. He said, "For heaven's sake, go down and get cleaned up, get your gear, and get off the ship."

So I had these two big bottles of ~~saki~~ *sake, and* I didn't have anybody to give them to. I tried to give them to the captain of the LCI

and told him, "All right, here, let your men have a little taste of it."

"Nuh-huh, nuh-huh, nuh-huh."

So I gave them to the Life photographer, and I hope he made good use of them. That's the last time I ever saw Francis Miller. He later rejoined Life magazine, a very nice gent, I'm glad to have worked with him.

Again, I hurriedly went back to Melbourne, and it may be this time I saw Gene Tunney on Manus Island. I don't remember. It was on one of these trips.

Q: I imagine it all flows together in your mind, they were so similar.

Captain Biard: Yes. Maybe it was this time, maybe it was the time before that I went through Hollandia again. I went straight from Hollandia in the four-engine plane to Brisbane. The first thing we had to do was to go up to 14,000 feet in order to cross the cloud-covered mountains, because some of them were 13,000 feet high. Maybe we went higher than 14,000. We went there without oxygen, it was the first time I'd ever done that. So I practically passed out. My head hurt so that I wanted to go to sleep, and I did before we got there. Maybe I did pass out. While we were going over the cloud-covered tops, I was out of the picture, anyway.

We landed in Brisbane, and this is my one time I got to go to Lennon's Hotel, MacArthur's headquarters. I was dead tired by the time we got there. I no longer had to go to the "Can't Bear It." The Army was no longer ~~there~~ ^{in Lennon's}. I got to go to Lennon's. So I got a room at Lennon's, and the first thing I did was just fall down on my bunk and pass out. I was ready to go to Melbourne the next day.

What happened, but the door next to my room was not locked. I hadn't even inspected it. I heard loud goings-on in there, and the first thing I knew, here came a beautiful babe opening the room door and coming in. "Ah, you're here. Won't you come join our party?"

In there, there were a bunch of officers and some darn good-looking women. They were having the rowdiest time, an awful lot of food, an awful lot of liquor, and this was always routine for Lennon's.

Q: Is that spelled like the Lennon brothers? I mean the Lennon sisters.

Captain Biard: Lennon sisters. Lennon's. Well, I wanted to go to Melbourne, I wanted to rest. I knew there was a big party waiting for me down there. I knew that things would really be ripe there. So I said, "Thank you so much." I went and saw the officers, I didn't know them, but boy, they were having a big

time. I said, "Thanks so much, but I've got something else I've got to do. I'll just go back and go to sleep." So it would have been another story, maybe, if that ^{could have} ~~had~~ happened, when I was there on the previous trip breaking codes for General Willoughby. But that was my one free time in Lennon's Hotel, and I gladly passed it by.

So the next day I went on to Melbourne, and again it was the same thing. The Trescowthicks were there. Of course, I couldn't tell them ahead of time I was coming. I could send them a telegram once I got to Brisbane, a place like that. They would all have everything with just open arms. It would just be a magnificent, magnificent reception. It was unbelievable to understand the camaraderie of people in wartime, really under pressure, and just what friendship could mean under those conditions.

Q: How long did you stay in Melbourne this time?

Captain Biard: I didn't stay too long. I came back, it was about February when I ~~left~~ ^{returned}, and I left in ~~March~~ ^{early April, 1945}.

Q: This is 1945?

Captain Biard: 1945.

Q: And where did you go then?

Captain Biard: From Melbourne I went to Washington.

Q: D.C.

Captain Biard: D.C.

Q: To what duty?

Captain Biard: Duty back at Nebraska Avenue under "Rosie" Mason.

Q: Were there any spectacular things that happened then?

Captain Biard: Yes, there was, but I was on leave again when it happened. I didn't want to stay in Melbourne. Really, all the action down there had passed. The codebreaking was of no great importance. Any messages we got were just from the isolated units that we weren't paying any attention to anyway. So it was better that I go back to Washington, although they didn't need me too badly back there. But it was a very tearful departure, very tearful departure, the best friends I've ever had, the greatest number of good friends, let's put it this way, whom I knew I'd probably never see again. Other friends in the States I knew I would see, but these I almost knew I would never see again. No

better friends anywhere ever. Yes, Joe ^{Talbert}~~Talbot~~, Larry Smythe, Jerry Geronimo, I can't say they weren't equally good, but there was something special about Australia, what I had been through.

Q: That was ~~the~~ wartime, too, and emotional.

Captain Biard: And it was real wartime. And even the people in Australia, their people had been going through it far more so than Americans.

So I headed out again, this time to Brisbane. I got to Brisbane, found out that I couldn't turn in my .45 that I had taken when I had my 1,500 pounds of top secret, that had closed down. And so I had to take it back with me to Washington. But on the way I passed back ^{through} ~~to~~ Pearl Harbor. At Pearl Harbor I went to see our codebreaking group there again. When I did so, some of the young officers immediately came running up to me, "Look at the projects you had us start. Here are the projects you had us start. Yes, we finished them." They were proud. I hadn't thought too much of them when I left, but they had warmed up to what I wanted them to do. There were some good boys there.

Q: These were the Nisei?

Captain Biard: No, we didn't use Nisei in the Navy. We only used ...

Q: Those are back ...

Captain Biard: Those were back in Australia. We only used Chinese literature, Chinese poetry specialists.

Q: These are the Boulder boys?

Captain Biard: Boulder boys, mostly, or some of them from Berkeley but had gone to Boulder, too. They came up to show me, "Look what we've done. These projects you started us on that had to be done, look, we've finished them. We've been using them. They're wonderful."

Q: That was satisfying, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: It was, yes. And so, yes, they had done this. Al Kramer had relieved me, he was the man who was involved terribly in the happenings at Pearl Harbor time back in Washington. He had relieved me when I went back to Melbourne. He had got in a bit of difficulty there, or at least he was very unpopular with Layton and the rest of them. I understand why. He would work at night, he wouldn't work in the daytime. He'd sleep in the daytime, and then go to the office and work all night when nobody was there. Well, that didn't give the Boulder boys much supervision. They needed a tremendous amount of it.

So he was already in dutch by the time I left. He had been there two or three weeks with me. So I knew him, I had reported to him, had been in ONI with him, I'd seen him again when I'd gone back the six weeks. No, I hadn't seen him. I hadn't gone back six weeks then. I saw him after I came back from the six weeks. He was a soft-spoken man, and I understand he was very religious. I also understand, and this is from Roger Pineau, my only source, that he thinks that what went wrong with Al Kramer was that he was the one who broke, assisted by the FBI and others, but he was the one who had to do the breaking in and choosing of material of the Japanese consular staff safes in New York City, where we got the consular codes and things like that. And even these dishonest things, even though done for his country, according to Roger Pineau, weighed on his mind heavily. Gentlemen did not do that.

Q: He was directed to do it, was he not?

Captain Biard: Yes. I admire his bravery and his skill. He did it, he did a tremendously important and wonderful job.

Q: I mean, he didn't break in because he thought it was a neat idea.

Captain Biard: No.

Q: He did it by direction.

Captain Biard: By direction. Maybe he thought it was a good idea, too, but it was something that went against his religious grain. Oh, he did it a couple of times, two or three times, so I understand.

Q: In New York City?

Captain Biard: Yes. And he did some other things like this. He had told me, "Some people broke in here and got this, that, and the other." I got it this way. He never did say he did it. But I understand, I'm pretty sure from other sources that he was one of those, the main one in this, and Roger Pineau says that that weighed on him heavily, the fact that he had done these things that were against his religion, and that is one of the reasons that he didn't hold up too well later on. Other people didn't like him, so I understand. I don't know.

Q: You've told me that the story you told about the plane joining the formation and being shot down needed some amplification or revision?

Captain Biard: It needs some revision. I have looked at the article that I have written on it years ago, and this is correct

in my notes. My memory was a bit hazy on it. I thought this at the time. I didn't say it this way because that would be stretching it too far until I was completely sure of my notes, and I am sure. The plane was not a Japanese plane, the one that flew up from Japanese-occupied territory. The Philippines were occupied then. But it was a U.S. fighter plane, a P-47, a large, very, very excellent fighter plane with U.S. markings on it. It flew up and joined the formation on our planes. That was the thing that really, really, really made it hard for these people to shoot it down, but I have explained in this article, "The Lady or the Tiger," that I am giving you this morning, why our people shot it down, why they could not let it stay there in those conditions. That is ^{similar to how} ~~that~~ the Nazis would get our fighter planes that had crashed, not been completely destroyed, would rebuild them, and, of course, use U.S. markings, and send their pilots up to join our formations in the rear and then start rolling up the formation, as I said. They they could just machine gun them and get several all at once.

Q: Do you mean Nazis?

Captain Biard: I mean Nazis, yes, *in the European theater.*

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: So the Japanese, of course, could capture our own planes, too. Our fighter pilots knew that the Nazis did it, and there was no reason in the world why the Japanese couldn't do this also.

Q: A terrible decision. You've made a good caption, "Lady or the Tiger."

Captain Biard: Yes, "The Lady or the Tiger" contains another article of equal heart-rending decisions and action.

Q: And that's in this same exhibit.

Captain Biard: That's in the same exhibit, yes.

Q: Just tell me what that was. Was it another plane?

Captain Biard: This is from a captured document. The incident occurred, I think, in December of 1943 or January of 1944. I have marked it December 1943, it's about then. The captured Japanese document that we received in Melbourne, and it describes a Japanese coastwatcher, describes what he saw happen just off his section of the coast, a U.S. PT boat, that's U.S. Navy, of course, was working around that section of the coast and was escorted^{ed} by an F4U, that's a U.S. Navy fighter, a Marine Corps

fighter. A U.S. twin-engine bomber, a B-25 came up and saw the PT boat and started strafing it. The F4U tried to make the B-25 stop, buzz^ed the B-25.

Q: Tried to make it lay off?

Captain Biard: Tried to make the B-25 stop, did everything it could to make it stop. The Jap described this. This is a Jap describing it in Japanese.

Q: In this captured document.

Captain Biard: This captured document. Then the F4U was unsuccessful, so the F4U shot the B-25 down. Our own plane, a Navy plane shot down an Army bomber, Air Corps bomber because it was attacking a friendly PT boat. That is a hard decision to make.

Q: Oh, I'm sure.

Captain Biard: The PT boat had more men[^] on it and was being unfortunately attacked.

than the B-25 did

Q: I wonder how many were in that PT boat? A dozen?

Captain Biard: There would be a crew of a dozen or so, yes. The bomber would have a crew of five or six.

Q: And then in this "Lady or the Tiger" there are two incidents which you describe in detail?

Captain Biard: There are. The one that I described yesterday, the plane was not a Japanese plane. I know by my notes that were taken much earlier, when my memory was fresher, that it was a P-47 with U.S. markings on it, plain U.S. markings.

Q: You will make that as an exhibit?

Captain Biard: Appendix.

Q: Appendix. I don't know why I say that. That's going to be following the appendix which related to the capture of the Japanese prisoners.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: All right. Then I guess we're ready to go ahead.

Captain Biard: I was leaving Melbourne. I left in ^{early} April of 1945. Things had dried up very much there. For a long time we'd

been getting no worthwhile traffic. We had been working on things like messages telling of Japanese barges ~~and barges~~ moving down the coast to supply these cut off areas, they would go at night, put up in bays and various little inlets with camouflage during the daytime and move at night. We would work on those and send those.

I never did know whether they served any useful purpose, these messages we worked on, because we didn't have any other worthwhile traffic down there, things had moved out of our area, until my 50th anniversary of my graduation of my class in 1934 at Annapolis just a few months ago, I saw a classmate of mine that I knew had been in PT boats, had been in charge of a PT boat squadron in New Guinea at that time. So I told him, this is John Harley, he now heads the Maritime Commission, has headed it for some time, an admiral, I said, "John, I'd like to ask you a question about your PT boat work." John is very sincere, and I knew that if I got an answer, it would be very straight. "For a long time we didn't have anything to do where I was working, breaking codes, except to send people like you messages on Japanese movements along the New Guinea coast. You had PT boats there. I often wondered whether you used them."

He said, "Did we use them? We used them all the time." He said, "Yes, not only did we use them, but we had submarines that ~~kept~~ ^{attacked} these barges, too," the submarines that would come up and strafe with machine guns and things of that type, or deck guns.

They would not use their torpedoes on them. "Yes, we used ~~those~~ ^{intelligence from you} the all the time, all the time. They were very, very helpful." So that made me feel, well, I did a little something more than I thought I had done, I and others. I wasn't the only one, for sure.

While in Melbourne, in the spring of 1944 after I came back from Brisbane and after we had this captured code for about two weeks, it kept us so busy, ^{after that} we had a special ^{file} ^{Japanese Naval} group of dispatches sent to us, a very thick file of dispatches that had been captured from the chief of staff of the Japanese combined fleet, that is, the entire fleet. The CinC, the commander in chief of the fleet had left Palau ^{just} ^{the time} before he knew or he thought our carriers were going to attack, and he was right, so his headquarters were at Palau and he decided to move them to the Philippines. He took off in one plane and his chief of staff in another. They bumped into a ^{typhoon} ~~hurricane~~ on the way, and the plane carrying the commander in chief was lost. The plane with the chief of staff, a Rear Admiral or Vice Admiral Fukudome, had to land very hard in the water and ^{it} sank, in nighttime. He finally made the shore, where he was captured by guerrillas, and everything he had with him. He had a briefcase, and the briefcase was captured. The guerrillas kept him, but the Japanese learned that he had been captured. The guerrillas at first didn't know who they had, but they had this briefcase and they thought he was important for sure, and he was. They thought

at first they had the Commander in Chief of Combined Fleet. But the Japanese soon got the word by the grapevine from the Filipinos that this Fukudome had been captured and was being held, and they let our people know, the guerrillas know, that they would slaughter many ~~villages~~^{villagers,} just burn villages, everything else, that the slaughter would be tremendous, of innocent people, if they did not get him back to them. So the chief of the guerrillas did ~~get~~^{give} him back, and the chief of the guerrillas was handled very roughly by MacArthur for that. We would have liked very much to have got our hands on the Chief of Staff of the Combined Fleet. We would have been in on everything that had ever happened. I would have loved to have. But they kept the hottest--that is, the Army kept the hottest of messages, as I found later on. That was the hottest thing, was the basic plan for the Shō operation, operations of the Shō type that might ^(would) later be conducted in various areas, the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

Q: Show?

Captain Biard: Shō, ^{that is} ~~the~~ Victory. That's the one that included the Battle of Leyte Gulf. It was the type plan for that with possible variations, depending upon the locality in which it was ^{to be conducted.} ~~included~~, having that carrier group as bait up there, empty carriers which they figured Halsey would drop everything and go up there and uncover the other forces, ^{so they} that [^] could come out and

then really ~~handle~~ ^{slaughter} our landing forces. So I got this stack of dispatches, and this description in "The Lady or the Tiger" of the PT boat, the F4U, and the B-25, one of the dispatches in there. They also had the first complete report on our carrier attack on Truk earlier that year in February of 1944, the first carrier attack we had made ^{on Truk} and we made a very devastating attack. Our carrier boys claimed that they destroyed many, many planes, sank many, many ships, not Navy ships, the Navy ships got ^{of the coming attack, the carrier force} the word and had already pulled out, but the merchant ships and tankers, many of them, were in Truk. Of course, we always knew that the carrier ^{fliers} ~~people~~, Japanese or our own, can be very enthusiastic and over-report. That's understandable. One plane attacks a ship, another one attacks it, and they both sink it, and it doesn't sink after all, maybe. But I'm not criticizing; I'm saying that's the way things are.

Q: That's what's called in legal terms puffing your wares.

Captain Biard: But the Japanese puffed them very, very much. ^{Navy high command} Our ~~people~~ didn't. Admiral Nimitz always divided things by three or four before he released them.

Q: Did he?

Captain Biard: He tried to be very, very honest. He was not a

MacArthur, ^{Oh!} ~~of~~ what I could tell of MacArthur!

Q: Well?

Captain Biard: So there were many dispatches of this, I had many, many. The conditions were that they would let us have them, but we had to send them back to the Army. The Army wasn't hot. I only wished that they had let me have my hands on that Shō operation. I would have known it then. I would have been completely aware of it when the operation started, when they executed Operation Shō, the Battle of Leyte Gulf. I ~~hope~~ ^{know for sure} that that would have enabled me to tell Admiral Kinkaid some things that would have helped. He handled it pretty well as it was, but our poor jeep carriers took an awful beating they shouldn't have.

Q: Why didn't the Army let you keep them? Just the nature of it?

Captain Biard: That was the condition under which they ^{would} ~~could~~ turn them over to the Navy, that they must be returned. I received them from Captain McCollum, at least our unit did, from Captain McCollum in Brisbane, and the conditions were they be returned when you've translated them, so that's all I or we or the station could do. ~~We were not given the Shō operation plans. Had I been given those the results of the Battle of Leyte Gulf would have been far, far different.~~

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Q: You didn't have time enough to translate them in detail?

Captain Biard: I translated everything that was of interest in detail.

Q: Was the Shō plan in there?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: Oh, it wasn't.

Captain Biard: The Army kept that.

Q: Oh, the Army kept that. I think you just said that.

Captain Biard: They translated it and gave it around to some of the staffs, but I for sure never heard of it.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: Before the attack. Halsey had heard of it. He was supposed to have known what was going to happen, but he thought he had turned the forces back, the Japanese main force coming through San Bernardino Strait, but he was very wrong, because they turned around and came on out, as we all know.

The trip back to the U.S. was a long one. I had caught a seaplane.

Q: Now we're going forward to bring us up to date to 1945.

Captain Biard: Yes. It was a seaplane that departed from Brisbane and flew all the way, of course, with quite a few stops, all the way to Honolulu. It was slow, it was a slow plane, and it took about 48 hours or so.

Q: A lot of miles.

Captain Biard: Yes. At Honolulu, I debarked and went back to the station at Makalapa, our station Hypo, to see the people there. One of the people I called on was Captain Goggins, the officer in charge of the station. There I received a tremendous apology from him. He apologized and apologized and apologized. He said, "I didn't know what I was doing when I let them transfer you to Australia."

I will not be as strong as he was. I just can't be as strong ~~as~~ what I will say. He said, "So much is not happening here now that did happen when you were here. You did it. When you left, it all fell apart, went to pot."

Q: That's a very strong comment.

Captain Biard: He was stronger than that. But he apologized and apologized and apologized. He said, "I did not know what I was doing when I let you be transferred."

Q: Of course, you had known that all along.

Captain Biard: I had known I was doing a lot of things that weren't going to get done, for sure.

Q: I mean, you knew that he wasn't as familiar, period, with the operation.

Captain Biard: Yes, or with the people, just what they could do. ^{and could not}

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: And he had heard things about me, the Coral Sea and such as that, ^{where} when I got in trouble. When I left, then he found out what I had been doing, and I had been doing many things, like working with Layton over hours. Of course, that work stopped. They had to get somebody later on to take care of many of the things, some of the things that stopped when I was there, but it couldn't be picked up the way I was doing it.

Q: That is such a detailed, intricate thing. I shouldn't think

anyone who hadn't lived with it could have understood it. Is that correct? Yes.

Captain Biard: Yes, it is correct.

Interview Number 6 with Captain Forrest R. Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California

Date: 30 August 1984

Subject: Biography

Interviewer: Commander Etta-Belle Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Q: Good morning, Captain Biard. We will continue on.

Captain Biard: I was talking to Captain Goggins, passing through Pearl Harbor in April of 1945, and he was saying that he was so sorry that he had let me go to Australia. At that time I don't know that I was too sorry because much had happened there of which I like to have memories, good memories. I have not told you here, but by this time I had perhaps met the most wonderful girl in the world.

The one thing that I haven't said is that before leaving Seventh Fleet, my intelligence section of Seventh Fleet, returning to Melbourne, my boss had let me know that he had fixed up for me to go into Manila when it was captured and to join a salvage company there that would salvage all the ships in the bay. Now, he was well-placed with the people who were going back to the Philippines. He had run much of the support of the guerrillas, sending the support in by submarines that we did. He had done much of that. He had it fixed up for me to take a job,

to leave the Navy, which he assumed I would do, and take a job with this salvage company, and he said, "You can make your millions on that." Well, I decided I didn't want to; I had something else I wanted to do. I went to Melbourne and ^{then} went on ~~then~~ back to the States. I still had things I wanted to do in the States. This, as I say, is a secondary result from the girl I earlier mentioned that influenced my naval career so much. If she hadn't turned me down, I would have stayed in the Philippines and would have taken this wonderful position that I knew would be open to me. But because of what had happened, I was undecided on what I wanted to do, what I should do, and I wanted to go back to the States and try to maybe see what might come out of that. I have never thought very much of having turned down this position in the Philippines. I've never thought of it too much. It has not weighed on me. Once in a while I think of it just in passing, and that's all.

So I got to Washington. Of course, I visited my folks in Dallas for a day or two on the way. I got to Washington and found out that while I was on the way, the Yamato, I think it was the light cruiser Yahagi, the battleship Yamato and Yahagi and ^{destroyer} all such, about ^{twelve or fourteen} ~~ten~~ ships, had made their suicide dash to try to have some effect on the operations in the invasion of Okinawa, Yamato, the super battleships. Our ^{codebreakers} ~~people~~ had all the information on it, ~~but I don't think they got it~~, But our people had all the information on it, and as soon as I got to

Washington, some of my friends immediately said, "Look what we have here. Look what we have here," showing me the plans for the Yamato to sortie with its lesser ships, and we knew that our people would be lying in wait for them, and they were. This was a suicide operation, and ~~they~~^{we} did get the Yamato and about half of the escorting ships. Again I had failed to get in on a very hot operation. I had failed to get in on Midway because I was on Yorktown in Coral Sea while that was being developed. I had failed to get to Yamamoto; I was off on another island for a few days' leave then, and the work on that message produced its results. And now the other spectacular one that's in the papers, the Yamato, the ambush of the Yamato, I had been en route when that was received. So I missed all three of those.

Q: But you got in on lots of good ones.

Captain Biard: I got a lot of very good things, a lot of very good things. I did my part, but you just like to be in on things like that and say, "I got my revenge here. I really got my revenge this time." In Washington things weren't too hot. Okinawa was giving them an awful lot of trouble, suicide ~~parts~~^{attacks} here, the kamikazes were giving them an awful lot of trouble. But I told them I wanted a little leave. I had been overseas a long time, basically ~~some~~^a six years, I'd had ^a little leave before going to Melbourne, but I wanted to have some time with my folks,

so they gave me a bit of leave, and I went to Dallas and spent time there, then I came back.

When I came back, there were a number of people there that I knew, Tom Mackie was there, "Ruf" Taylor, and before long, John Roenigk would join us, also. Fred Woodruff, Dorothy Edgars, brother and sister, Mrs. Dorothy Edgars, brother and sister, and other very competent people. *Fred and Dorothy were terrific.*

Q: When you say people in Washington, you mean you went out to the communications center on Connecticut.

Captain Biard: Nebraska and Connecticut, at Ward Circle. "Rosie" Mason still in charge, the very, very brilliant "Rosie" Mason. So I started doing my work. It wasn't too interesting. One of the hot items, not hot, but certainly getting a lot of it, the Japs were making their plans for their suicide attacks on our invasion of the homeland. Their messages told of hiding suicide planes everywhere and of organizing groups to go out and get pine tree roots to get pine root oil and from that they would make oil and fuel for suicide planes. They were that low on fuel. The Yamato force had been given fuel only for a one-way trip, they hadn't been given fuel for a return trip. On the other hand, they were given enough fuel for a return trip; the orders were to have only a one-way fuel supply. But the people who did the fueling did not want to send them, those are the Navy yard

workers, Navy yard supply people, they found extra fuel in little places here and there and did give those ships enough fuel to get back. They went against orders to do that, we know it now.

Q: The Navy yard people went against orders?

Captain Biard: Yes. We know now that the official orders, the ones they were supposed to have followed, was to give them fuel enough only for a one-way trip. But there were lots of messages regarding this pine root oil. Now, that wasn't very exciting, but I, of course, had little else to work on, so whatever there was, we worked on.

About this time Al Kramer and I happened to meet on a street in Washington one time. Al Kramer, he was the one who carried the messages to the President ^{on 6 Decem^ber, 1941,} and he was in the Pearl Harbor inquiry. He relieved me at Pearl Harbor. I'd also known him before I went to Japan. I was under him. He supervised us while we were in ONI three weeks before we ^{went to} ~~were in~~ Japan. Alvin D. Kramer. He liked to talk to me. This time he figured that he knew me very well, perhaps better than most of the others. I think he knew I wasn't unfriendly. He knew that a lot of people were unfriendly to him, but he knew I wasn't. So he told me, he said--this is in the appendix, "Return to Washington, ¹⁹⁴⁵ 1944"--he said, "You know, we are about to unleash a very, very powerful bomb against the Japanese. This is extremely powerful. It is an

atomic bomb. He also said, "We have been petrified in the last year or two, petrified ^{with fear} that the Germans would get it before we would, and if they did, then we would really, really be in a terrible situation." And he was right, there was no doubt about that, we were petrified. We didn't know just how far they had ^{come on it} ~~gone~~. We were terribly concerned about it. But by this time, ^{VE} ~~VE~~ Day had already come and gone, and we had people over there looking to see what they could ^{find} ~~found~~ out about what the Germans had done. They had not done anything like what we thought they had. I didn't know about our people in Europe at that time. But he said, "We were petrified that they would get it and they might use it against us, and we had every right to be petrified and be fearful." So it wasn't too long before, yes, the first bomb was dropped and then the second. After the first bomb was dropped, the message came in, which we decoded, broke and decoded, about the effects of the bomb and their inspection of Hiroshima, the first target city. And they called it the genshi bakudan, which is the exact translation of atomic bomb. Genshi means atom, and bakudan, which is ^{the} ~~a~~ Japanese word for bomb. To show you that it was no great surprise to me either, when I was in Australia, I realized that all of our papers, all of our magazines, had ceased carrying any word at all about any research in atomic physics, ^{nuclear physics} ~~atomic~~ research, and atomic research had ^{or nuclear} been the hot field of physics research, nothing like as hot as it ^{seem} was to be, but it had just disappeared from the papers. I knew

that that was an obvious sign that something hot was going to come out in the atomic world, that it was going to be used in war, the wartime effort, because it meant that strict censorship was being applied to it. So in Melbourne, there were two or three good bookstores, very good. I went to them and among the other books I looked for, I looked for books on atomic physics, and I got the best I could find, and I got a pretty good one, an English translation of a German book, and I started studying it. We will see here somewhere 33 shillings is the price, and there's the stamp, I may have to take the cover off to show you, of the bookshop where I got it.

Q: Don't take it apart.

Captain Biard: All right, but it's in here and tells of Melbourne and so on. But this is one of the books that I got, a very excellent book.

Q: Let's see the name of it. It would be in the front, wouldn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes, a textbook of Physics by E. Grimshel, Physics of the Atom, Volume V in this physics series. It's a very large book, very excellently done. I had been studying it because I knew something was going to come up on the atom.

Q: You're so smart.

Captain Biard: No, but ...

Q: I presume if you were in that field, it was fairly obvious, but ...

Captain Biard: I wasn't in the field, no. I liked physics.

Q: But I mean in the field of wanting to know what's going on.

Captain Biard: Yes, I wanted to know what was going on.

Q: A person who was never satisfied with just looking at the obvious.

Captain Biard: Never, never. And so I had this, this is the one I still have in my file. The other one is not too good, but they were the only books published in the English language that were any good in that subject. So yes, very soon it came. As I say, I translated the message on the genshi bakudan, the atomic bomb. Then soon after that, it was very obvious that there was going to be peace. The Japs couldn't stand up to it, although there were many in their Army who wanted to. We had already known from our purple machine cipher, which never did come my way, other people

handled that.

Q: That was in Washington?

Captain Biard: Yes. We knew from that that they were trying hard to send out peace feelers. This time the people came out more in the open, but many ^{Japanese} in the Army and some in the Navy were still opposed. "No, let's fight to the death." But our people in the ^{U.S.} Army were convinced, we were already planning that we had to invade Japan.

Q: In spite of even after the bombs?

Captain Biard: No, before the bombs. They were making plans to do that. MacArthur had been put in charge, and that was unfortunate. But we now know that if we had invaded them, that they were far better prepared than we thought they were to resist us. In fact, they might well have defeated our invasion. The logical thing to do was what Nimitz and King wanted to do, was to sit back, blockade them, continue the air attacks, and let them die on the vine. Unfortunately, the Army wanted the Russians to be brought in. You don't bring the Russians in on anything.

Q: Not unless you want them to take over.

Captain Biard: Yes. They were there, and they did come in at our request. The Army was fearful of all this invasion, and right they should have been afraid of it. They wanted the Russians to be on the back door there in Manchuria ^{to} keep the Kwantung Army occupied. Well, the Kwantung Army damn well couldn't have got over anyway because they didn't have the shipping to bring them over. Kwantung, that is their number one army in Manchuria. They had pulled some of it out. But we had given the Russians a chance at Potsdam to come into the war, and that was a very, very, very serious mistake.

But after the genshi bakudan, the atomic bomb, the Japanese peace efforts were stronger. Finally the people that did get access to the Emperor, there was great danger at this time for the Emperor, a great danger for his staff, even a danger to him, and there were suicides everywhere, assassinations, all that. But before this happened, the Army sent out one dispatch, there were others, but they sent out one dispatch to all their commanders in all the occupied countries, saying, "Set up puppet governments, or governments to take over before you are deposed, and make them independent. Tell them in these countries that they now have their independence, so that when the Allied powers do move in again, they will be moving in against the natives who think they have their independence and they will have to move in against resistance. This way we can disrupt all of Asia for the Allies." That's not the exact language they used, but that's the

^{basic idea in}
~~basis~~ of the dispatch. In other words, they were making sure that East Asia would never be the same again and that the Allies couldn't come back as colonial masters. And their people tried to do this largely.

Q: A good idea.

Captain Biard: A very good idea for them. And another dispatch came out from the Emperor to the public, and I've never seen this in print. This follows somewhat the German line in World War I, where the armies were never defeated; it was the politicians who let them be defeated. The Allies were not even on German soil at the end of World War I, so they could tell their people that the German Army was never defeated. And the Emperor's script to the people was that, ^{"Enemy} "Our forces, because of the superior scientific power of the Allied nations, have been able to use the awful atom bomb, that and other scientific advances that we could not match, ^{enabling} ~~enabled~~ them to gain the upper hand. They have not defeated our forces. They have won scientific^{ally.}"

Q: That's true to a certain extent.

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, it is. He said, "Now we must all strive to become superior in science, superior in industry, superior in science, so that never again will ^{our} ~~there be an~~ empire ^{be} brought to

its knees by a nation with scientific skills and greater industry." That's the gist of the message.

Q: He had a lot of foresight.

Captain Biard: Oh, a tremendous amount of foresight. That is exactly what they are doing right now, exactly.

Q: My point, yes.

Captain Biard: So these were two of the messages, ^{*we decrypted*} It was about this time that Joe Rochefort, who ^{*now*} was at Nebraska ^{*Avenue,*} called me into his office. He was very nice to me, and asked if I would like to start working for him.

Q: That was a complete switch of personality for you, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: Complete switch. There were others there he could have chosen from, but he called me in. I thanked him very much and told him that by this time I had other things going, and I didn't think--I possibly had other things going, and I didn't want to say yes at this time. I appreciated that, and you have remarked before, I think it was obvious that Joe Rochefort at that time was a broken man. He had every right to be, every right to be.

By this time I had contacted some people in ONI to find out what might be a good job there, that I might want to go back to ONI, stay in Washington a while. "Rosie" Mason had already asked me, "Do you want to stay with this organization?"

I told him, "I don't think I do."

He asked me several times. So "Rosie" Mason had something that he, too, was thinking of doing with me, I don't know what.

Q: Before we pass on, do you have any more comments, anything to expand on Rochefort?

Captain Biard: I don't have. No, I don't. He said that to me, that was about all, I don't remember the nature of the conversation except that he offered me this position if I would accept it.

Q: What was the job?

Captain Biard: He was in the Historical Section of this OP-20GZ. He was writing the history of all we had done, working on that. And Roger Pineau was his assistant. I did not know it at the time. Roger Pineau was leaving him to go on the bombing survey to Japan.

Q: Did he ever write that history of what you did?

Captain Biard: Not what I did, but what these organizations did. Yes, he was putting it together, assembling it, and it is part of the historical file, probably highly classified, yes.

Q: Because I've never heard or seen it as being ...

Captain Biard: I haven't either, but that's what he was doing. You see, all of these organizations, all of them keep histories of what they do. They all have somebody who is putting on paper the daily results and smoothing them out, keeping the history going, putting these together, collecting them, and putting them together.

Q: But you don't know what the name of that was?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: You have not seen it?

Captain Biard: I have not seen it. But he was doing that. I felt flattered, and I was very glad that he'd be so nice to me and quite obviously his opinion of me had changed.

Q: And, in fact, completely different. He had treated you badly, don't you think, in Pearl?

Captain Biard: I think so. I never did hold it against him, as I always told you.

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: There were reasons for it.

Q: Did he ever apologize? No.

Captain Biard: No. But by his actions he did, by his actions and the way he treated me, he apologized, yes.

Q: And Goggins did likewise.

Captain Biard: Goggins also did. However, I always wondered what would have happened if I had stayed in Pearl Harbor and had not met my old girlfriend that I earlier took ^{while in} to Washington. My naval career would have been entirely, entirely different, both my naval and personal career.

Q: The things you did in the Pacific seem to me of extraordinary value. You wouldn't have done that had you stayed in Pearl.

Captain Biard: I don't know what I would have done. There would have been a number of things.

Q: Probably anywhere you were, things turned out to be interesting and valuable.

Captain Biard: Wherever I was, things turned out to be interesting.

Q: And valuable.

Captain Biard: I hope so. By this time I had seen Captain George Phelan in ONI, in the Navy Department. He was head of the so-called Technical Intelligence, Technical and Scientific, a section that had been set up, modeled on the British technical and scientific intelligence that was doing everything it could to exploit anything ^{scientific, etc., which} they captured from the Germans or heard of or any information they got, to exploit it scientifically and pass it out to their own forces, information on it where it would help in defense, and pass it out to industry and science, where it would aid in developing new weapons or countermeasures. It had proved extremely, extremely valuable to them, and George Phelan heard of it, and George Phelan was an operator, quite an operator, very forceful, and he had insisted on setting up this large Technical Intelligence section. It was science as much as technical.

Q: Was that at ONI?

Captain Biard: ONI. So he wanted me to join him. I didn't say I would, and that's what I was talking about when I said I told people I had other things I might go to. Here about September 20th, after peace had been declared, the ~~peace treaty~~ ^{armistice} had been signed, I received orders to report to George Phelan in ONI, in Technical Intelligence. I hadn't told him I would; he went ahead and grabbed me anyway. I was still wondering what I might do maybe out at the annex, whether I might go with someone out there; whether I might take one of the other ~~outs~~ outs. I got my orders; I didn't fight it, I went. I reported to him and started becoming familiar with an awful lot of stuff that was coming back from Europe.

Q: Was that in the Pentagon?

Captain Biard: No, this was on Constitution Avenue, the ^{old} ~~permanent~~ ^{but permanent} temporary buildings built in World War I. It was the regular ONI section of the old ...

Q: Down on Constitution Avenue.

Captain Biard: Constitution Avenue, old Navy Department building on Constitution Avenue. And so we had quite a staff of about 45 or 50. One of the people, the one who turned out to be the most valuable and interesting for me was Jack H. Alberti, an Italian

Jew, a big man, he looked Italian, an Italian Jew whose father was one of the two founders of United Fruit. He says it was founded one night in Los Angeles in a Los Angeles ^{bar della,} ~~barolo,~~ and he and his future partner were there discussing things, and he said that's where it was born. Jack had been educated, a large man, educated in the best schools in Switzerland, the University of Heidelberg, engineering, a graduate engineer, and then had studied music ^{the piano,} at the Paris Conservatory under Maurice Ravel.

Q: Where had he come from into Switzerland? You said Italian.

Captain Biard: His father was running United Fruit in Europe. He was moving around Europe.

Q: But he was from Europe? He wasn't born in the United States?

Captain Biard: No. He spoke English with an accent. He spoke it perfectly but with an Italian accent. And so he spoke about six languages, he spoke Spanish, French, Italian, German, English, and could be understood in Portugese and maybe that's all, maybe more.

Q: I envy him.

Captain Biard: But he had been a concert pianist and had met his

wife in Hawaii while he was on a world concert tour. Jack was an extremely, extremely competent interrogator of Germans, captured Germans. In fact, when we would get German prisoners of ~~any~~^{great} value, he'd be rushed to the spot immediately, that is, of value to the Navy during the war, ~~just before I joined,~~

Q: Alberti was Navy?

Captain Biard: No, he was a civilian, *but working for ONI.*

Q: Oh, he was a civilian.

Captain Biard: Yes, he was an intelligence agent, special agent.

Q: Had been that function in Europe?

Captain Biard: *Not in Europe.* ~~Yes,~~ ^{But} and he also had ^{interrogated a} captured German submarine commander. He was even flown by aircraft out to jeep carriers where they would have a German submarine commander on the carrier and the crew, and interrogate them on the spot to get the latest and technical tricks that they were using, the tactical and technical tricks they were using. He had been flown out to carriers for this purpose, and he was good. He was big, he was impressive. The Germans were afraid of him. They didn't know he was Jewish, but even so they would have been afraid of him. They

didn't know he had ^{had} tuberculosis of the spine and was physically quite weak. But he was a most effective interrogator. Of course, I had been an interrogator, too, so we swapped notes on that. He was our number one in the Navy, number one for Germans.

Q: I see. Had he used any of your techniques?

Captain Biard: Yes. He was impressive, very impressive, but also when they wouldn't talk, he might also be a little bit rough or threatening. I had been rough only once, but the man knew I was being rough with him. Of course, I told him I would never do things like that.

Q: Of course you wouldn't.

Captain Biard: No.

Q: You probably wouldn't, either.

Captain Biard: Not unless I ^{really} had to ~~do so~~.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: You're right. Ordinarily I wouldn't. Most of the Japs were very friendly with me. I had no trouble. So he

was well-connected with all the high command at ONI and some others. By this time VE Day had already occurred months before, so he knew the things that were going on, was quite well-educated, very polished. He had been United Fruit's official party-thrower in Europe. Traffic manager was his title, and as traffic manager he had to give lots of parties for Europeans. He was familiar with all the best restaurants everywhere, could go anywhere, had charm. So if a person in high command was going over for the grand tour, they would unfortunately take Jack Alberti away from me and leave me there in ONI, in the technical intelligence. Not alone, no, George Phelan and I and Francis Duborg were my two seniors in it, but my number one working man would be gone for a while. I always wanted to go with him, but we never could work it so that I could go also. He became acquainted with the ^{scientific} ~~scientific~~ greats in Europe, with all of the commanders, particularly naval commanders, that now were in Allied hands, and the German commanders. He had interrogated them. It was from him that I got the word of how Hitler handled his generals and admirals, not how he handled them, but one of his techniques. He had an office there with a desk ^{first before} ~~at the end~~ of it, very imposing approach to it designed by Albert ^{Speer,} ~~Spier,~~ who did things most impressively, a fantastically competent man.

Q: And this man Alberti knew Hitler?

Captain Biard: No. Heavens, no. He knew the German generals and admirals he had interrogated.

Q: Who told him about it.

Captain Biard: Who told him about Hitler.

Q: Did he hate the Germans? This is just curious. It has nothing to do with your thing, but being half-Jewish or partly Jewish, did he hate them more than usual?

Captain Biard: I am sure that he hated what they had done. I'm sure he hated the Nazis and particularly the SS and ~~the~~ Hitler~~s~~. Whether he hated the German people, I don't know. He had lived in Germany, he knew them. He had gone to the University of Heidelberg, as I've already said. But if he did hate them, he would never let that interfere with his interrogating them. They'd always think he liked them unless he wanted them to know that he didn't like them. No, I don't think he hated the Germans as Germans; I think he hated the Germans who had done what they did, *as Nazis.*

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: ^{*higher up*} The Germans that made them the curse of Europe,
^

yes, I believe so, though I can't say for sure.

Q: In his interrogation, that wasn't anything that showed.

Captain Biard: It didn't show until he ...

Q: Until he needed to.

Captain Biard: ... he needed to make it show. So he was a resourceful interrogator, very resourceful. He had a chance to use his resourcefulness more than I did. My people would just talk immediately if I became friendly with them. Of course, sometimes he had to persuade him to talk. One way he persuaded one German general to ~~talk~~^{talk} was, of course, they examined him medically and found out he had syphilis, and when he wouldn't talk, they just took him off penicillin. They had him on penicillin. They used it even on him in those days. They took him off penicillin and said, "Okay, now, no more medication." He talked, he talked, he talked right away.

Q: I think I interrupted you, because you were going to say how Hitler ...

Captain Biard: Yes. Hitler, all of his admirals and generals said, "We could go in there saying that his plan was the most

harebrained thing we had ever heard of, we were going to tear it apart, rip it apart, chew him out." Nobody chewed him out, but they were so wild about his harebrained schemes, they were resolved to go in there and really read him off. That was a very, very dangerous thing to do with Adolph Hitler. They said by the time they had got to his desk and they had said a few words with him, they would be so under his spell that they were willing to listen to anything he had to say. His harebrained scheme immediately became a wonderful plan, and when they would leave in 30 minutes' time, they would be as much for it as he was.

Q: He really had charisma.

Captain Biard: He had charisma. He could just win anyone over to his way of thinking. Of course, his strategy in the first part of the war was wonderful. He had the Allies sized up, that they were incompetent and not ready to fight, and he had his forces ready to go. The first part of the war was fought in spite of his generals. This is in the history books.

Q: I know. I'm familiar with it, too.

Captain Biard: But the second part of the war, he really should have been listening to his generals and admirals. When they

would come in to see him, he could just win them over every time. The man had charisma, charisma, charisma. I can't understand it because I do not understand German, but the German people loved him, and his commanders, when he could talk to them personally, he could bend them around his little finger.

Q: Interesting, but I shouldn't have gotten you off your story.

Captain Biard: This all comes in. That was one of my big parts of technical intelligence. Jack Alberti, ^{and I} worked wonderfully together for several years. Anyway, I started working with him, getting acquainted with him, finding out about this fantastic Jack H. Alberti, who became one of the best friends I ever had, and was getting to like what I was doing. It was all about Europe.

I found out how far advanced the Nazis were. They were so advanced in their concepts and what they wanted to do that our aircraft industry for 20 years was only working on what they already had in the works when we conquered Germany. Practically everything we did was things they had already planned and had in the works to do. The weapons. Hitler had depended on a short war, and he did not let them stockpile weapons, and he did not let them develop the new weapons that they wanted to develop. In fact, ^{after the fall of France} he sent his scientists off to battle, the scientists, and you need your young scientists in particular, the ones who are

really hot, who have the hot ideas. He said, "I don't need them." So they were sent off to Stalingrad and places like that. But when Stalingrad didn't fall about 1943, he called them all back. If he had kept them, this is just one of many ways throughout the war, if he had kept them, if he had let them go ahead and develop the weapons they had on the drawing board and wanted to develop ^{in 1940, but} he said, "No, we don't need them. We can win the war with weapons we already have. It's a waste of time and effort." If he had kept them, there is no doubt the Germans would have won the war. And in many other ways Hitler lost the war. With any one of a dozen decisions he could have made, the other way, with all the other decisions wrong, he still would have won the war. So I became familiar with all of this.

About this time, George Phelan, who was always finding ways to do things and let the higher-ups know he was a man of hot action, came back one day and said, "Tex, I've got a job for you."

"What is it? What is it, Captain?"

"I've got a job for you on the Pearl Harbor investigation. A Joint Committee of Congress is going to investigate Pearl Harbor, and the Navy's going to have to present its case. We're going to have to get all the background on it, find out what did happen, all the facts, and have them ready for a presentation to Congress to be made before the takeoff really begins. This will be background for the committee. The committee will be in session,

but this will give them the background from which they will then start operating." So he said, "You've got to get all the information on everything that happened, every bit. We've got to get things ready to go there and present to the committee."

Q: How long did you have, five hours?

Captain Biard: No, I had several, several weeks. The committee met on November 15. I joined ONI on September 30, so maybe I had four weeks, I don't know. But first I took about two people from technical intelligence with me, and we started just running around like mad, pulling things out here and there.

Q: What did you think about that assignment?

Captain Biard: I didn't have time to think. So George Phelan was an operator; he could get things done, and he expected me to get things done. And when F.R. Biard is told to get things done or told there's a job and it's hot and has to be done, I do things pretty well myself. So first thing you know, I started looking around for some extra people. I told him. He went to ONI and found out that they had a large number of graduates of Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, all of them Ivy League schools, who had been sent overseas or were going to be sent overseas as assistant naval attaches. They'd been briefed in ONI, bright

boys. So he got an entire group of these. Now I can't remember how many there were, it seems like there were 30 of them, maybe there were fewer, maybe there were only 20. Now it seems like there were 30 or so. And they were all bright as could be. If you graduate from Princeton, Yale, or Harvard, usually you have brains that show you have some academic ability. They all turned out to be bright and very, very, very enthusiastic. They had been around ONI doing nothing, just waiting for time to be "demobbed," demobilized, and they were bored with it. They'd been called back from overseas posts, so they wanted something to do. George Phelan got a letter from the Secretary of the Navy instructing every member of the naval establishment to cooperate with us fully, no matter what we might request, or what we might need to have them do.

Q: You were in charge?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: You didn't say that. You said you were on that investigation committee. But you were put in charge of it?

Captain Biard: Of this team, yes. Of course, George Phelan would come around and tell me what he wanted me to do, but I was running this team. George Phelan told me, he said, "Tex, I've

got a job for you, and this is the job."

Q: You were in charge of presenting to Congress the story on Pearl Harbor?

Captain Biard: No. Getting ^{the story} ready. I'll get into that in a minute.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: So I sent my boys everywhere, finding out all the details. I knew practically everything about it. By this time, of course, I knew all about the "winds message," I knew what hadn't been sent out of Washington. Al Kramer, who was one of the prime figures in the pre-Pearl Harbor days, and A.H. McCollum, I had worked with and for both of them. I'd worked with Al Kramer several weeks, I'd worked with McCollum for months on his staff with him, and he told me everything. I knew what had happened in Pearl Harbor, I knew about the "winds message," I knew why, I believe, that it had never been told, why we were caught with our pants down. I believe I know. I've never seen it anywhere else. I am the only one who's ever put it the way I put it. I'll even say it here.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, the time of the attack, we knew the Japanese were moving south down to the Malay Peninsula. We

knew they were moving from Indochina and Taiwan, we had seen their convoys, they were being ^{reported and} reported. We knew about when they would land, and it would be about December the 7th or 8th. We knew that there would be war, that the Japanese would have to fight war with Britain. We also did not see any convoys coming toward the Philippines. There was nothing in the traffic at Pearl that indicated an attack on Pearl Harbor, any looking eastward. We thought we were looking down their throats, particularly since we had this "winds message" that was going to be sent out to their consular service warning them of which direction the attack was going to take place, or at least hostilities, whether it be Russia, whether it would be ~~the Dutch~~ ^{Britain}, ~~East Indies~~, or whether it would be ~~Britain~~ and the United States, this was the "winds message," depending upon whether it was "East Wind, Rain," "^{West} ~~South~~ Wind, ^{Clear} ~~Cloudy~~," or "North Wind, ^{Cloudy} ~~Cold~~," I don't remember, ~~something like that~~, about three different possibilities in there. ~~I'd have to review the notes.~~

Q: You put them on the tape already.

Captain Biard: Yes. But everybody, everybody, everybody thought we were looking down their throats and we would have advanced warning before they would make their final move. That included Washington and that included our staff at Pearl Harbor. They thought the "East Wind, Rain," if it did come "East Wind,

Rain," then they would know, okay, now is the time to really get on the ball.

Q: Where was that message supposed to have originated?

Captain Biard: From Tokyo. It was supposed to have been sent over the overseas regular general public broadcasts in the Japanese ^{plain} language. Our people, as I say, nobody has ever put it the way that I know of, has ever put it the way as I, but I believe that was the thinking. Now, of course, we underestimated the Japanese or most of us did. I didn't underestimate them as much as some did. Most of us underestimated them, and most of them just could not see the Japanese nation attacking the United States. We would ^{surely} ~~have~~ murdered ^{immediately} them. Like Joe Rochefort said, "Attack Pearl Harbor? Anybody who'd say that is crazy. We'd annihilate them. We'd slaughter them." So I believe sincerely that that is the reason that they got away with what they did. Furthermore, they three all sevens. Everything they did turned out right. So many other things that they did should not have turned out right. They had all the luck going with them except for one thing, our carriers were not in port ^{on 7 December, 1941,} not in Pearl Harbor, but were at sea.

Q: Well, didn't the "winds message" actually go into Corregidor?

Captain Biard: It go to Corregidor, but it didn't leave

Corregidor.

Q: No, but I mean, it did come out ^{from Corregidor.} and it was "seen" by Navy people ~~at Corregidor. ~~at the a few persons only~~~~ at Corregidor.

Captain Biard: No, it was seen only by the people in charge of the codebreaking station ~~over~~ there. It did not get to high command. That was it. They killed it ^{at Corregidor}. They did not pass it on to the high command.

Q: It would have been comparable, say, to your group in Honolulu with Rochefort at the top? It was another group in the Philippines?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And when they saw it?

Captain Biard: They were standing watch, too.

Q: Yeah, and when they saw it, they just ...

Captain Biard: And when Tom Mackie ^{heard} ~~saw~~ it, he was the only one who received it, he received it verbally on this overseas voice news broadcast ...

Q: He heard that in the Philippines?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: He heard it and didn't do anything about it?

Captain Biard: He did. He took it to the higher-ups there in the codebreaking unit.

Q: Who would that have been, or do you know?

Captain Biard: I have not said yet. I am waiting until I hear from the Naval Operational Historical Archives. *(It was Rudy Fabian, John Liatweiler, and Gil Richardson)*

Q: But it was a man heading that ...

Captain Biard: There were several people higher up in on this decision, not high up in the Navy, but high up in this unit.

Q: I understand. I meant, I'm comparing them to Rochefort.

Captain Biard: Yes. The man corresponded to Rochefort, except he didn't have Rochefort's ability, and he knew nothing about Japanese. There were some others, too, in there, and they all said, "No." One person knew Japanese, at least one, and they all

said, "No, that isn't the right form, so we won't send it out."
And they did not tell anybody who could have taken action on it.
So no one who could have taken action on it knew the message had
arrived.

Q: Although wasn't there knowledge that it was coming?

Captain Biard: There was knowledge it ~~was supposed to come~~ ^{might come}.

Q: Supposed to come, yes.

Captain Biard: But we ^{at Hawaii} were listening for it, ^{two,} and it didn't come.

Q: Did they ever get it in Washington? No?

Captain Biard: Washington, maybe people said, "Yes, we did get
it. It was shown to us." But nobody could ever produce it. At
least several people said, "Yes, I heard it did get here in some
form or another."

Q: Just conversation?

Captain Biard: Yes, but nobody ever did anything about it, if it
did, and nobody could ever produce it. They weren't notified in
Pearl Harbor, they weren't notified in ~~Corregidor~~ ^{the Philippines}, and if they

had their own people listening for it, and I think they did, then their own people did not do an effective job at least getting it out if it did arrive, and nobody else has ever stepped up and said, "I heard it on the air." Tom Mackie is the only person, the only person, the only person who has ever come forward and told anyone, "I heard it on the air."

Q: And he was in the Philippines.

Captain Biard: He was in the Philippines, Corregidor.

Q: Well, what about these messages that were taken to Roosevelt?

Captain Biard: That had nothing to do ^{with the anticipated "Winds Message."} That had nothing to do about the "winds." These were other things indicating the Japs were going to make attacks, so we now see in hindsight.

Q: And ^{Roosevelt} ~~he~~ said, "That looks like we'll be at war in two months."

Captain Biard: In ^{three or four} ~~two or three~~ months, yes. That had nothing to do with the "winds message." So the "winds message" is entirely different, entirely separate.

Q: I have to belabor the point, but how did the Navy know to expect a "winds message"?

Captain Biard: I believe I have explained this earlier. I will repeat it here.

Q: You probably did have, and I'm saying ...

Captain Biard: I'll put it here.

Q: Please do.

Captain Biard: It came, I am sure, I believe it came on the purple machine--no, I don't think it came on the purple machine. I think it came by Japanese ^{consular} code, and we had the Japanese code book, I am sure, in Washington. It had a cipher over it. You had to take the cipher off of the code and then get at the code, but having the code book, you could see the characters that corresponded to the Japanese characters, ideographs, Chinese characters, you could see those, and you would know what they meant. And we had received this about November the 27th in Washington. We didn't get it in Honolulu, we weren't working on that and they wouldn't let us have consular traffic. The commercial companies would not let us have it, and they were legally right. They could be really penalized, and people letting us have it could be sent to prison if they let us have it. And they didn't know the "winds message" was in there, anyway, nor did we. But it came in this consular traffic, in

Japanese characters, which were translated, and this is my version of how it happened, was translated. The first character said Tō or Higashi. Tō is the alleged Chinese reading of the character; Higashi is the Japanese reading. The second character was Fū, for ^{the} alleged Chinese reading, and ^{KAZE} Kaze for the Japanese reading. And the third character was ^U U, not prolonged, for the alleged Chinese reading, and Am² for rain. Now, the English language message that was sent out to us from Washington said the "winds message" will come, and they gave us a warning that the "winds message" will indicate that hostilities will occur or soon occur between Japan and either Britain, ^{or} and the United States, or ~~Japan and Russia, or Japan and the Dutch East Indies.~~ The warning message will be placed in the middle of a commercial news broadcast on the regular ...

Q: You told about that, of course.

Captain Biard: ... the regular overseas news broadcast. It will say, "This is a special weather forecast."

Q: Yes, you did. You did.

Captain Biard: "This is a special weather forecast." It will be repeated twice.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: Then they will say, "Higashi no ^{kaze}ame, Higashi no
^{kaze}~~kase~~ ame," which will mean, "East wind, rain." Now, this was in ^{sent to us}
^{letters.} English. In Washington it was probably in Chinese characters,
 and it could have been translated in two ways, ^{Tō Fū U}, or
 higashi no ^{kaze ame}~~kase~~ ame, and they took "higashi no ^{kaze ame}~~kase~~ ame" because
 that would be the simplest way to take it, and the way that would
 be clearest. But I believe, and I believe I am sure in saying
 that they got it in the character form but didn't tell us about
 it. So we were expecting it to be in "higashi no ^{kaze ame}~~kase~~ ame," that
 would be, "East wind, rain," if it ^{pertained to} ~~affected~~ us. Tom Mackie
 heard it in the Philippines and it came in exactly this, "This is
 a special weather forecast, this is a special. We are
 interrupting the news broadcast now to give you a special weather
 forecast." And they said, "We are interrupting the news
 broadcast now to give you a special weather forecast." That was
 to be repeated twice. Then the "higashi no ^{kaze ame}~~kase~~ ame" was to be
 repeated twice, and after that, "This has been a special weather
 broadcast, this has been a special weather broadcast." The
 ending was to be repeated twice, too, so they'd be sure to get
 it. So anybody hearing, "This is a special weather broadcast,
 this is a special weather broadcast," should know, "Ah-oh, here
 comes the 'winds message.'" Well, when it came, it came in the
^{also}
~~Tō Fū U~~, which ^{also} could be the reading for the characters that say

0 0 0 0
 Tō Fū U ^{form}

"higashi no kaze ame." It could be read that way, too. So Mackie took this to some superiors there at Corregidor. They said, "No, that's not the way we've been told it's going to come, so we won't say anything about it." ^{Then the matter was} ~~That's~~ out of Mackie's ^{their killing it.} hands. He couldn't send it. He argued against ~~it~~. Then when the attack came, these people called Mackie up and told him, "Now, we were wrong. That was the 'winds message,' but nothing can be done about it now, so there is only one thing that we should do for all concerned, and that is just forget about it. Never say anything about it to anyone, ever." Well, the people who sat on top of it and told Mackie this later now are dead.

Q: Did this all come out at the hearing?

Captain Biard: No, this did not come out at the hearing because Mackie didn't tell me this until 1961.

Q: Oh, you didn't know it?

Captain Biard: I didn't know it at the time, ^{not} until 1961, and he made me swear secrecy forever. Mackie is now dead.

Q: Now, has that ever been made part of the record before your telling it?

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Captain Biard: There ^{are} ~~is~~ indications he told it to somebody else. Yes, it is in a half-way version in a book of facts on World War II that I purchased recently. I believe I purchased it sometime in the last two years or so. Mackie told quite a bit. Mackie was done almost as ^{muck} dirt as I was, although he stayed with the organization and was made captain, he did not get even a Bronze Medal for his work with the unit. I got a Bronze Medal. I feel like throwing it in somebody's face, the Redman brothers. He didn't even get a Bronze ^{star} Medal. Well, Mackie was one of the people with me in Brisbane who did this tremendous job for MacArthur's people. For that alone he deserved one hell of a lot more than a Bronze ^{star} Medal. But he wasn't even given a Bronze ^{star} Medal. I know his wife, beautiful Isabel Mackie, a marvelous person ...

Q: Bitter.

Captain Biard: Bitter, bitter, bitter about it, and Tom was bitter, too, but Tom was loyal. By this time he was saying, "Don't ever tell about it," to protect the people higher up, not because it shouldn't be told.

Q: I know I got your answer to the story, and you really are talking about the investigation for the presentation.

Captain Biard: Yes. So this never did get to them. There were people saying, "We heard a 'winds message,' yes. It was heard."

"Where did it come from?"

"I don't remember." This is in the investigation. A lot of people said it, but nobody could ever produce it, and none of the high command ever got ^{the message.} ~~it~~. If the people who knew really said, that is like in ONI, who would have got it, said no, but I'm sure that it's true because I know that if A.H. McCollum, it would pass through his hands, and Al Kramer, it would have passed through his, they would not have sat on it, they would not ~~x~~ have.

So I was getting acquainted with Jack Alberti at this time. I was still working out of my office in Technical Intelligence, but we had special rooms set aside for us. My boys were working like everything, and we got all the facts. We had special charts plotted, special maps made of the Hawaiian Islands, special charts of the Pacific, with red lines on it showing where the ^{Japanese} carrier forces had come, when they departed, when they got to ^{the} certain places, how they returned. We had all the facts on what happened, all the facts on what was being done in the way of ^{air} searches, where they were going, and we put this into a story that was to be read by the Chief of Naval Intelligence, Rear Admiral Thomas B. ^{English} ~~English~~, as the Navy's background information for the committee on what had happened, purely factual, no opinion, no opinion, no opinion. How we stayed away from opinion or question marks because we were not going to get into

controversy at that time at all! But I and my Harvard, Princeton, and Yale boys got this together, and when we did, why, George Phelan came there and started looking it over. "Well, we've got to get in some professional writers to do this." So he called in some of the professional writers there in the Navy Department, and they didn't do anything to it. They used all I had and didn't make any changes that made any significance at all, not even the way I stated it. But he had to have the feeling that, well, professional help was brought in on this.

We had all this ready; we were completely prepared. So when the committee met on the 15th^{of November, 1945.}, of course, it was a news media field day. This had been publicized, and, of course, now the truth on Pearl Harbor was going to come out, so they all thought, and basically it did. There was nothing to hide. It was held in the Senate Caucus Room, that was the biggest place that they could get in the Senate building, with ~~klieg~~ lights, microphones, newsreel cameras, photographers everywhere, all over the place. Of course, every seat in the place ^{was} taken. General Short and Admiral Kimmel were there ~~sitting~~ ^{very} sitting close to me. Admiral ^{English} ~~English~~, very fine-looking, sharp, and one of the nicest people I've ever known, presented our case, that is the case that we had written for him. Of course, we had gone over it with him time and again, and he'd read it, we'd explained everything to him, I and some of my top boys. We were there, and we had all the charts, the big charts, the big maps for the committee, we

went over all of those with him, so he was thoroughly briefed when he got there. It would have been absolute foolishness for him not to have been thoroughly briefed, first of all, he would have looked like a fool, which he wasn't going to be, and we didn't want the Navy to look as though they'd done a sloppy job. We didn't intend to do a sloppy job at all.

So we and all of our equipment went to the hearing room, and things took off. Admiral ^{English}~~English~~ started out, and he started giving the background, some of the information, using our script, with our charts. ^{But} I ran the show. I ran the stage presentation. And when I knew that a certain chart would be needed at a certain time, it would be placed up there with pointers, I would point it out, when Admiral English would get to a point, why, I would follow along. You've seen pictures in the paper here of me pointing out things on the chart.

Q: And you're going to put that one picture in there.

Captain Biard: The picture, I will donate that to the files. The Army had a colonel doing the same thing. They had got their story together the same as we had. In the latter part of the effort we had coordinated things with them to be sure we were not disagreeing. We were not cooking up anything false because we had instructions to be completely factual, and I can assure you that none of us intended to be anything but factual, because they

could get us for perjury, one of the most powerful committees ever assembled, and we were not about to ~~rise~~^{raise} the ire of the committee, nobody was.

Q: Wasn't it true, however, that the Army had had the responsibility for the security?

Captain Biard: That's true, ^{for the military security in Hawaii} but that was not our position to say that.

Q: Oh, that didn't come up?

Captain Biard: Oh, no, we were telling only about the facts of the attack, and if they wanted to ask something, as you did, "Was it the Army's duty or responsibility to provide the defense for the islands?"

We'd have to say, "Somebody else ^{who} ~~know~~ knows more will have to tell you that, whether that is so or not." No, no, this is something I learned.

Q: That wasn't one of the things that was ...

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, yes, that came up all the time, but it didn't come up for us. At this time we were telling facts only. But they had me there. I knew everything that had happened in

the way of codebreaking. I knew everything that happened in the way of messages being taken to the President. I knew everything that had happened in the way of Pearl Harbor, everything, what we did know and what we didn't know, and how we'd use it. Everything, almost, the committee would have got in their four months or so of investigation, if they had placed me on the stand at first, they could have got ^{all} from me. They didn't place me on the stand, and I'm glad they didn't. I sure as hell was not going to volunteer. Let them have their fun. And they wanted their fun. They wanted ^{it,} all these big shots.

Q: They wanted the publicity.

Captain Biard: They wanted the publicity, as you'll soon find out. I'm going to give you a prime example here very soon.

Q: I can hardly wait.

Captain Biard: So Admiral ^{Inglish} ~~English~~ did a masterful job of keeping it completely factual when they'd ask him questions, and being persuasive. You could tell the man was sincere. As I say, I have nothing but the utmost respect for him. I got to know him quite well in this and in later situations where I worked with him, because I had been with him several days going over this presentation to be given. I worked with the Army, too, and we

0 knew what they were going to say, how they were going to say it,
and they knew what ^{stand} we were going to take, and we knew what ^{stand} they
were going to take.

Q: Was the Navy first?

Captain Biard: Yes, the Navy was first, as I remember it. I believe so. And they alternated as they would come to an appropriate spot for the Army, the Army should come in here, to keep it somewhat chronological, we would give ours and the Army would take theirs up to that point chronologically, the Navy would advance it, then the Army would advance theirs, and we would go that way. So I was playing stage manager the entire time, since I knew what was coming up and I knew everything that would come up in the testimony, too, as far as that goes.

During the investigation, one of the things we had gone through was Admiral Stark's file of letters and correspondence. This is something that amused me. Everyone at the Naval Academy ends up with a nickname, mine was "Tex," but somehow or other in plebe year, he had been given the name of "Betty." He wrote with a beautiful handwriting, so all of his letters, even to his higher ranking naval officers, his friends, would be signed "Betty." Chief of Naval Operations signing his letters "Betty." It would amuse me and rather astounded me.

Q: Yeah.

Captain Biard: But we knew when we went in there everything almost that there was to find out. We had left no stone unturned to get all of the evidence that might be produced, at least in our files ^{as} known to us. So the presentation went on. Of course, the photographers were having a field day, the newsreels, ^{too.} ~~were~~. When Admiral ^{English} ~~English~~ would say, "The Japanese were proceeding along here," a congressman would come in, "Admiral, how can you say that? One of my constituents says he saw the Japanese fleet down here, he was on his way to the Philippines in a convoy, and they saw the Japanese fleet down here. They saw that carrier fleet. He's written me and told me that. I trust my constituent. I'm sure he's right. And you're saying they're ^{over} here."

"Yes, Congressman, I am very sure that is where ^{the Japanese} ~~we~~ were. We know everything about the movement of them now. We didn't know it before, but we know it now."

And there would be time and again, somebody else would say, "Now, right here one of my constituents saw them down here at that time. He says that was the fleet."

We had that to contend with ^{such} through all of ^{our presentation} ~~them~~, producing this erroneous information, trying to get into the publicity. They knew it was erroneous; they were just trying to get their pictures taken.

Q: Home town.

Captain Biard: The second day, I think it was, an incident happened that I'll always remember. There was one senator that had been sleeping through all of this; he couldn't be bothered; but after Admiral ^{English} ~~English~~, I think it was, ~~it may have been the Army colonel, it could have been the Army colonel because the congressman wasn't paying any attention to him, to what was going on, but right after one of the people~~ had ^{temporarily} stopped presenting his case, he stood up, walked over to my display board, picked up the pointer, and not looking at the board, but looking at the photographers, swung the pointer over, not knowing where it went on the board, looking at the photographers, and said, "Admiral, do you mean to tell me that the Japanese first came here?"

"Yes, Senator."

And without looking at it, he moved his pointer again. He didn't know where it was. "And then their fleet went here?"

And boy, the photographers were just flashing lights, the first time, every one of them, flash, flash, flash, flash, flash. The second time, flash, flash, flash, flash, flash, fewer of them took pictures. Then the third time, he said the same thing, and then he went, "Here?" Still looking at the cameras, never looking at the chart, not having any idea where his pointer was pointing. And with that, there was just a flash or ^{two} ~~a flash~~; they'd ^{got} ~~got~~ tired of taking the pictures, they had what they

wanted. He was grandstanding entirely.

Q: Who was it?

Captain Biard: I don't remember which one it was, but he slept through everything. His sole purpose was to get his picture in the papers. That afternoon, the next morning, the papers were full of his pictures, about Senator So-and-so, investigation, he tears the Navy apart, he rips them apart with his interrogation. Of course, as soon as that was over, he went back to his seat and started going back to sleep again.

Q: Oh, dear.

Captain Biard: I knew enough about Congress by this time to know that that's the way things go. On the committee, I understood, were some pretty sharp people, Homer Ferguson, who was the Republican, everybody feared him in investigations, and Brewster of Maine. Brewster of Maine came out with some awfully stupid stuff. **I**t just didn't make sense at all. I could never associate any great amount of intelligence with Senator Brewster after that. He was very, very, very unsharp, at least in everything that he did while I was in the committee room. Alvin Barkley was in charge of the committee, and when these people would start acting like overgrown puppies, trying to get too much publicity

or trying to be too feisty, he would sort of shake himself like a big dog and they would go figuratively flying back to their proper places. He could really handle that committee. He'd let them get out of hand so far, and then he would just, bang, put them all in their places. I don't say that I admired him as a man. I don't know that much about him. As a senator, he was a New Deal Democrat, and I think far too many WPA appropriations went his way.

Q: But in handling this committee?

Captain Biard: But in handling this committee, he was a master, a true master. So things went on like this. One time one committee member became very, very rough with Admiral ^{English} ~~English~~. Now, Admiral ^{English} ~~English~~ is a fine-looking man, not only that but he's honest. You heard me say before, I have wonderful memories of him as a person. And the senator concerned really, really accused him of lying. If he didn't say lying outright, it was close enough to ~~prevaricate~~ something that meant lying. He was insistent in it and he raised his voice when he said it, and shook his finger at him. Admiral ^{English} ~~English~~ did something then that I thought a naval officer would never do; he said, "Sir, I resent that. You have impuned my honor." And coming from a naval officer to a senator in a very official hearing like that, "I resent it, you have impuned my honor," I just waited for the

thunder to bring the building down, lightning and thunder to bring the building down upon him. Believe it or not, the committee applauded him.

Q: I mean, he was honest.

Captain Biard: They applauded him. Boy, there were just favorable remarks throughout the entire committee. "Admiral, you're fine. Go ahead." And he was fine. He did a tremendous job.

Q: I imagine they recognized it. It's obvious they did.

Captain Biard: Yes. So that the committee knew that he was-- well, that was somewhat a pretty good testimony to what I had done. I hadn't thought of it that way. Because he was making the presentation I had got together. I shouldn't have said that, I shouldn't have said it, I shouldn't have said it. I'd never thought of it that way, but they gave me a little bit of a glad hand approval there.

Q: You deserved it.

Captain Biard: Indirectly. So this went on for several days. There were three court reporters there, stenographers, taking all

the evidence down, everything that was said. Two of them recorded by stenotype, one recorded shorthand. They would take the stenotype tapes or papers, ^{they} would be taken away every hour or two, and they would be transcribed on ditto, as would the shorthand. This shorthand fellow, oh, my, he looked punch drunk. I would be punch drunk, too, if I had to do all that he did there, and just catch it. He had to be very, very accurate, and some of this stuff they didn't know how to catch, really, just as you're taking words down here, they didn't have anybody to take words there for them. So he really looked punch drunk. He'd keep going for an hour, and then somebody else would take it for an hour, and another one for an hour. What they were turning out would be taken away and be transcribed, and that evening we would get it over in our offices in Technical Intelligence. George Phelan, Fran Duborg and I, and maybe somebody else would sit down with what Admiral ~~English~~ ^{English} had said or the Army had said, what the transcript said they said, to make corrections, that is, to be sure that the transcription was correct. Well, not only did we see that the transcription was correct, but when Admiral ~~English~~ ^{English} or the Army colonel or some other of the Navy witnesses made a mistake, we would put in there what he should have said, not what he did say.

Q: Oh, you did?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: You rascal.

Captain Biard: In other words, we were looking out for the Navy's case. Oh, we made many changes that were not bringing it in line with the testimony, but bringing it in line with the facts that the witness had erred in his statement and we knew it.

Q: Did anyone pick that up?

Captain Biard: No. That's one of the things that always amazed me, how inaccurate the testimony could be and still get by.

Q: I have often thought that in meetings when they have the minutes of a meeting, and someone can actually type up and say anything they want to, because nobody in reading can remember what happened.

Captain Biard: That's right. And so we worked with this every night. We would make changes to bring it in line with what they did say and they couldn't get it, or if we knew it was incorrect, what he should have said. Now, at no time did we go against the national interest, no national interest, really. We didn't go against the Navy's interest, and we weren't going to let the Navy

leave something in there that might be wrong, even though it was said incorrectly. So we went on ^{with} this for several days.

One of my girlfriends had been complaining that I had been neglecting her. She was running around with somebody else then because she said I was working too hard. I didn't tell her what I was doing. She went to the movies ...

Q: Wasn't it all in the papers? Oh, she went to the movies and saw you?

Captain Biard: She went to the movies about the second or so night after the committee met, and there, big as everything, I was there right in the middle of everything, right in the newsreels. And so she called me. "Now I know what you've been doing. Now I know what you've been doing."

I said, "Yes, that's what I've been doing." So I made the newsreels everywhere, I guess, I don't know. I never did see them. Of course, you have seen the pictures in the paper, the smaller pictures in which I and many others are present in Life magazine, they were in Time, they were in Newsweek, they were in all the big news periodicals.

So this went on for quite a few days. I heard Admiral Richardson's testimony, there were others. Admiral Kimmel and General Short both at one time, more than one time, called me over and asked me if I could give them information that had just

been presented, and they asked me if I would help them with various things. I told them I was so sorry, I could not do so. I was busy with the committee; I had no time at all.

Q: Oh, I thought you meant they were in the committee room.

Captain Biard: They were in the committee room.

Q: And called you over.

Captain Biard: They did.

Q: Had they wanted you to come to their office later?

Captain Biard: I don't know. They just asked me, "Can you help us?" And for one thing, I was afraid to. I couldn't be with the committee and then working with witnesses, too. They were broken men.

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: Many of the newscasters and news media people asked me for special favors, special handouts, and so on.

Q: That would have been easy to say no to, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: That was very easy to say no to. Oh, how I said no to them! One of them sent word over to me, tried to impress me, "Martin ~~Nebranski~~ ^{Agronski} wants this. He would like to see you."

I said, "Martin ~~Nebranski~~ ^{Agronski?} What the hell, he's trying to impress me. Who's Martin ~~Nebranski~~ ^{Agronski?}?" Well, I had heard of him and that's about all. As I say, they tried to impress me this way to help. I had no problem at all. My duty was with the Navy show, Admiral ~~English~~ ^{Ingliš} and the other Navy witnesses.

So there came a time before too many more days went by that I really wasn't needed. Any background information that I had that ~~English~~ ^{Ingliš} and some of the others who came first would need no longer was needed. They were there only for their expert knowledge on the situation, their own personal expert knowledge. Mine was not needed, my helpers' knowledge was not needed, they didn't need our charts and such anymore. So we went back to the Navy Department, and I went back to ONI and technical intelligence.

Q: How many days did this take, do you remember?

Captain Biard: I don't remember. Admiral ~~English~~ ^{Ingliš} was on the stand for three days, ~~English~~ ^{Ingliš} and the colonel, and then I was there for several days after that, working on that and the transcripts of people that had appeared, the first ones that appeared before the committee.

Q: That was a completely different kind of experience for you.

Captain Biard: It was. George Phelan did that. I can't say I didn't enjoy it; I did. Of course, as I said, I knew all that was going to be told the committee, and I'm glad they didn't know it, they didn't want me. They wanted news, they wanted hot news with the hot witnesses, and they got it.

Q: There was no appendix for this because you've told it in here.

Captain Biard: I've told it in here.

Q: And the picture you're going to give me.

Captain Biard: So I had several officers helping me, but I was the ramrod. There were junior officers helping me. Finally we did get together with the Army and we coordinated our plans.

Q: What were you at this time, a commander?

Captain Biard: Commander, yes.

Q: But it just occurred to me you were still awfully young. You were about 34?

Captain Biard: In those days and times, everybody in our class had been made commander, yes.

Q: I know, but weren't you only about 34?

Captain Biard: I made commander in the fall of 1944, and at that time I was 31 or 32. In 1945 I was almost then almost ~~30~~³³. I was born 12/21/12.

Q: So 12 from 45, you were 33.

Captain Biard: I was almost 33.

Q: You were a kid.

Captain Biard: The hell I was.

Q: Oh, I'm sorry. By age.

Captain Biard: Looking back on it now, yes. Looking at it at that time, I believe I could have taken a higher command.

Q: I don't question that. It's just that it's kind of interesting to think at this day and age that you were in years, but many, many years old in experience.

Captain Biard: Yes, many years in experience.

Q: The jobs that you did would have taken a year off somebody's life.

Captain Biard: So I went back to ~~Technical~~ Technical Intelligence and started working with Jack Alberti and the other ones, and that was amazing, because at this time they had sent over a naval technical mission to Japan under Commodore Grimes. Information was not coming back, just a little word was drifting back. I could have, if I'd wanted to, broken away and gone out there. In some ways I wish I had. But I stayed in Washington and times in Washington were interesting, and more interesting things were yet to come up.

The next interesting job that came up was right after this, the sinking of the Indianapolis was being investigated. Do you remember that, that horrible thing? And there was controversy all over the place. John Bromley, whom I've mentioned, who went to Japan with me, was in Pearl Harbor with me, was in Australia with me, assisted in the interrogation of the prisoners there, brought over a Commander Hashimoto, the skipper of the sub.

Q: Are we talking about the Indianapolis now?

Captain Biard: Yes. They brought over the skipper of the sub

that sank the Indianapolis, for him to testify. His name was Hashimoto. I did not interrogate him during ~~the~~ ^{the} trial that went on during the Pearl Harbor investigation. I couldn't be two places at once.

Q: He was being tried?

Captain Biard: No, he was brought over as a witness ~~x~~ for the trial.

Q: That's what I thought. I understood you to say the word "tried."

Captain Biard: The trial of the captain of the Indianapolis.

Q: Oh, he was court-martialed?

Captain Biard: Court-martialed, yes.

Q: Who was he?

Captain Biard: Captain McVay. This was a very controversial subject. Well, my skipper ^{George Phelan,} got the idea, well, here's the skipper of the Japanese submarine ~~here~~ ^{and} he can answer questions and ~~anytime~~ ^{thing} you want to know about ~~questions~~ ^{matters} concerning submarine service or mining operations, Japanese antisubmarine nets,

suicide torpedoes, and the like, so he circulated to all the Navy Department, "Anybody wanting any information from this man, I'll send over an interrogator and ^{get} ~~have~~ this information from him."

So he got all the questions together. We didn't get many. Not too many people showed much interest in it.

Q: Where was the trial, over at the Navy yard?

Captain Biard: I don't remember. Probably the Navy yard, but I don't remember. I had nothing to do with the trial. But this is right after the trial was concluding and they were getting ready to send him back to Japan. George Phelan got the idea, well, we can get some information out of him. So he gave me all these questions, got them together, gave them to me, and I went and interviewed this Japanese submarine commander, who was a very, very pitiful-looking person. He was in dungarees that they'd pulled out of small stores, somewhere, didn't fit him too well, He had his blue dungarees, blue shirt. They hadn't taken too good care of him. I helped him. He was in the Navy yard, I had to go to the Navy yard to see him. He was in one of the old ancient rooms in the 1810 or 1815 building, something like that, right over near the gate. Of course, I had a Marine guard with me all the time. I didn't care if the guards were present or not then because I knew I'd have no trouble with him. He'd talk to me, which he did freely. But he didn't have toilet articles, he

needed toilet articles, he wanted some cigarettes. So I, out of my own money, bought him toilet articles, cigarettes, so he could get clean a little bit better, and he appreciated that. So we went through the list of questions, ^{but} ~~and~~ he didn't have any astounding answers. I got the ^{answers} ~~questions~~ and took them back to ONI.

Q: He saw a ship in his sight and he sent a torpedo.

Captain Biard: Yes. He also had these kaitens, the suicide submarines, manned submarines he could launch to go after the ship and get it and follow it, and get it. He didn't do it, because he said, "I happened to be right on his track, zigzag ^{or not.} ~~them out.~~ That was my ship. I was just in the right place at the right time, and that captain could not have done anything to avoid me."

Q: Oh.

Captain Biard: That's what he told the court also. He said, "That was my ship. It was just coming my way, and there was nothing he could have done to avoid me. I didn't have to launch one of my suicide submarines, little submarines." He had several of them aboard. They were battery powered and could make 25 knots for a brief period!
submerged

Q: What are those called?

Captain Biard: Kaiten. "I didn't have to do that. I used my own torpedoes."

Q: What he said would have been favorable to McVay, I guess.

Captain Biard: It was favorable to him. That was his contention all the time through. He said it emphatically, "That was my ship, and he couldn't have done anything to avoid me. I just happened to be in the right place, and I didn't have to do anything about it."

Q: And when the Japanese went back, he went back to prison camp? Where did he go?

Captain Biard: I don't think he went back to prison camp. He was not in prison camp. He was in Japan, and Admiral King had told our people in Japan, "Get the skipper of the Japanese submarine that sank the Indianapolis," the I-something or other, I forget the ^{number} ~~name~~. So our people went to the remnants of the Japanese Navy Department, they still had their people, they knew where they were, they got him and sent him. There was no problem there at all. We could get people like that. Maybe some prison guard, something like that may have maltreated our

prisoners, may have melted into the far away, you don't know, but the Japanese commander of a submarine, no, get him.

Q: I'm curious. Was he still on active duty with the Japanese?

Captain Biard: No, there was no Japanese duty to be on.

Q: Oh, I forgot.

Captain Biard: How they were handling it at that time, I do not know. But the Japanese Navy had been ^{not dispersed} ~~dispensed~~. We had a lot of it together so we could still work at their Navy yards, repairing some ships so they could be taken out and sunk somewhere else, to unclutter things. Many things had to happen.

Q: But there was no Japanese Navy at that time?

Captain Biard: Well, yes, there was. We still had the staff there where we could--they couldn't give commands without our permission, but we still had people there so that we could put fingers on them and say, "Do this for us," or, "Do that for us."

Q: And so he went back to whatever he was doing.

Captain Biard: Whatever it was he went back to. So things were

over.

Q: Did you get any valuable information from him other than about ...

Captain Biard: No, he'd already told that to the court.

Q: I meant for the other people in the Navy Department.

Captain Biard: I got answers to their questions, most of them, but they were not world-shaking. I claim no great scoop on that.

But this time George Phelan already had another hot job for me. That was George Phelan.

Q: Yeah, I know.

Captain Biard: A very hot job.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: It was coming up on the first of January. This was now just before the 21st of December, just before my birthday. I got permission to go home on leave for Christmas. My dad was saying, "You haven't been home for Christmas for I forget how many years. Get home for Christmas. Get home for

Christmas." My dad wanted to see his family at Christmastime. So I made a most unhappy trip home, unhappy because of the difficulties on the railways. We needn't go into that here, but I did go home for Christmas.

I came back about New Year's Day. I don't remember if it was New Year's or just after. The new job he had for me was this. The Manhattan Engineer District, that was the code name for the organization that made the atomic bomb, had the overall making of the atomic bomb under its charge, everything that went with it, and all the scientific research, everything, a tremendous organization that had to do the job in running it. It was bossed by Major General Leslie Groves. They would not give us any information on the A-bomb. That was a complete secret on the workings of the A-bomb. We were technical and scientific intelligence, and George Phelan damn well wanted all of the information on the A-bomb, just how it was put together and why. He wanted the scientific facts on it. So he told me, "All right, we are having a joint test. We're going to test our ships at the Bikini atoll with A-bombs, two of them. One of them is going to be ^{an} air burst, and the other is ^{an} underwater burst, to see how ^{our ships} ~~they~~ hold up, see what we need to do to build ships that can resist A-bomb attacks." He said, "Now, the Manhattan Engineer District won't let me have a bit of information on the A-bomb. I am sending you out on these tests, and you are to get all the information on ^{the A-bomb} ~~it~~ and bring it back to me."

Oh, boy, the laws had just been passed making the disclosure of any unauthorized information on the A-bomb up to a capital offense. And here I was being ordered by my boss to go out and get everything, all the scientific information on the A-bomb. "I am putting you on this. I have volunteered you for a job on the ~~staff of the~~ task force commander's staff, and I want you to come back with every bit of the information on it." Oh, boy.

Well, a rule is that if a situation is bad now, wait, it can only do one of two things: it'll never stay the same, it'll either get better or worse.

Q: And?

Captain Biard: I said, "Maybe something will happen to let this get better, maybe."

Q: But?

Captain Biard: So I wouldn't fight it at that time. I knew I couldn't fight it. So I went along, and I joined and reported to, unfortunately, the Public Relations and Security Division of Joint Task Force 1. Their headquarters were there in the Navy Department on Constitution Avenue. The person I reported to was Brigadier General Thomas Jefferson Betts, a very tremendous man, almost suffering from acromegaly, that's over-enlargement of the

extremities.

Q: Oh, I don't know that word.

Captain Biard: You know some of these people who have big heads.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: Fantastic hands and all such, tremendous feet.

Q: Agromelia?

Captain Biard: Acromegaly. But he was a very cultured, very nice gent, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, and he had been General Eisenhower's intelligence officer. But he and I were given the impossible task of running the security for Joint Task Force 1. He had the responsibility, and I was his executive officer. We were to have media all over the place at the tests. Our U.S. Government was inviting representatives from all of the 12 members of the Security Council of the United Nations which was now going, and we had representatives of ^{these} ~~the~~ government. Of course, the Russians were there because they were members of the Security Council. We had a whole shipload or at least about 139 members of the press, and they were to give us the most trouble. We had some others that would give us ^{had} ~~the worst~~ trouble, but they

were a real pain in the neck, a tremendous pain in the neck. But I was the executive officer of the Security and Public Relations Division.

Q: You're still down in Washington?

Captain Biard: In Washington, yes, ^{for planning purposes} So we started putting together this awful organization. The first thing we did was to call the security people of Manhattan Engineer District to get their experience in running a really tight security ^{operation,} ~~organization~~. So they came, and some of them joined us.

Q: Were they down at North Carolina at that time?

Captain Biard: They were everywhere. Oak Ridge, Tennessee, ^{largely,}

Q: Oak Ridge is what I meant.

Captain Biard: They were at Oak Ridge, they were at Hanford, Washington.

Q: I know about it.

Captain Biard: They were at Los Alamos, ^{New Mexico,} and they were wherever the Manhattan Engineer District had an activity going, they were

there.

Q: They had only been operating for about three years.

Captain Biard: For about three years. They had power, they had wartime powers to tell anybody, "You do this, or else." And so they could take them in, they could arrest them right there. That's something we couldn't do. We had zero authority, almost. But we found out what we had to look out for, and the main thing we found out was, what we already knew in ONI, that the Russians were the people really out for everything they could get. We knew that, but ^{the Russians} ~~they~~ had been their biggest problem in the Manhattan Engineer District, too.

Q: In getting classified information?

Captain Biard: Yes. ^{And high level inside informers.} So they gave us several of their people, mostly young people. One of their people sort of operated with us, but they all looked on us with scorn because of our inability to get anything done, to do anything. We could not take action. They had always been people ^{of action} ~~they~~ had dictatorial capabilities.

Q: Well, you weren't supposed to do anything.

Captain Biard: No. But we had three of their people that worked

with us, at least three, very closely, and three of them under me. More about especially one of them later on.

So we started this. The publicity mounted, and a furor broke in the papers, and we had to take care of all of the protests that were coming in ^{from the public} and the protests were thousands and thousands. Many [^] protested the using of animals on the target ships for test purposes. And there were others.

Q: You had been telling me at lunchtime, in answer to my comment about whether the President knew of the impending attack on Pearl Harbor, that you had some ideas on that. Do you want to put that on tape or not?

Captain Biard: Everything that we in the codebreaking business know and in general in the intelligence field know points to the fact that Roosevelt was trying to set it up so that the Japanese would shove us into the war, that they would attack us. It's in many of the dispatches, many of the statements made by the senior officers who were having to handle the situation at that time, "We must do nothing. We must let them make the first move." That's everywhere. That came from Roosevelt.

Then in the Philippines, three things were being done at the ^{at the instigation of President Roosevelt at the} time that Pearl Harbor was attacked, a few days before this up to the time. There were three things, three separate projects being executed that would force the Japanese to take action against us. One of them is described quite completely in several articles in

the U.S. Naval Academy Alumni Association publication of Shipmate by Rear Admiral Kemp Tolley. The admiral in charge of the naval district in the Philippines put him on an old, antiquated yacht of sorts with sails and auxillary engine, I believe, along with a Filipino crew that had been placed in the Navy in some way that they could be called naval personnel, put a machine gun or so on the yacht and then sent them out into waters where they knew the Japanese were moving down toward Singapore or at least toward the Kra Peninsula, in the Malay Peninsula, would be coming so that they would have to take action against this official man-of-war of the United States that was nothing at all, but still would have to take action against it, ^{that} that could be the action that he was looking for.

There were two other projects that I'm not as familiar with, but I have read that which Kemp Tolley has placed in Shipmate, and I believe that similar articles have been in the U.S. Naval Institute, but this is well-known now. Many people have discussed it, talked about it and written about it, as has Kemp Tolley. He's been very open about this subject. You may say, "Well, how do you know you're right?" We didn't know we were right in saying that the Japanese were going to attack Midway. We didn't even know that we were right in saying that ^{they} ~~we~~ were going to attack AF. What we did know is that when we applied these meanings to those code groups, and applied those same meanings to other code groups elsewhere, every time we used those

meanings it made sense. And if that's the case, you'd better follow it. And everything, everything from everybody says that in effect the commander in chief is not against their making the first move, in fact he wants them to, but be sure you don't ^{openly} make the first move yourself.

Q: You also mentioned the fact that in the Pearl Harbor hearing, it resulted in the disclosure of our breaking of the Japanese code. Did you have a part in that or have a feeling on that? Or is that true?

Captain Biard: I did not have a strong part in that, but I have a tremendously strong feeling on that particular subject. The matter of codebreaking, any information on it for the public should be sealed for a matter of years and years and years and years. The public and the press, they say, "Oh, that happened yesterday. It doesn't make any difference." It isn't a matter of it happening yesterday, it's letting the other side know how good you can be. That means they'll change their codes more frequently, they'll be more careful ^{in the future,} and they'll make it harder for you than they would have made it if the news had not been leaked out, even though it may be five or ten years ago, a code broken five or ten years ago.

They'd say, "Oh, my God, that was an awful code. How could they do it? They're too sharp. I ^{had} better go back and change mine

right now and make it much more difficult."

So that these people, and we've got this from the newspapers all the time, "It's already happened, it's past. It doesn't make any difference to release ^{the information} them now."

It does, it makes a difference. And the committee, the Navy and the Army, had to release all of the information on the messages that they had decrypted, both in codes and in ciphers, and the machine cipher, very difficult work, had to release all this information for the committee because the investigation would have meant nothing without this being placed into the record appropriately. But that is why the investigation itself should never have occurred; the damage it did to our country. And the investigation did not produce anything worthwhile at all. But the damage it did to our codebreaking is something else. We had to release everything, page after page. I have two books over here that I myself passed out at the hearing when they were brought into the room. I passed them out and gave copies to General Short and Admiral Kimmel.

Q: The ones you just ...

Captain Biard: I have just showed you. They were released to the press. Of course, the Russians and everybody else got them, too. They had people in there. They were listening to everything, or if they didn't, why, they managed to get them.

But this was done in a fashion, this releasing of this information in this large book form, did have one effect. At least the press was overwhelmed by it, so they didn't know how to handle it.

Q: Maybe they didn't understand it.

Captain Biard: Boy, they had two big books of messages, and they did tell about this and this, but even that, and of course, the messages themselves made the circulation to the other powers, but even that should not have been revealed, and I dare say the wrap should have been kept on it at least for 25 or 30 years.

Q: I think you told me that in Layton's book he covers that point very positively.

Captain Biard: No, this is At Dawn We Slept by Prange, on the attack on Pearl Harbor, and he quotes Layton on this, and Layton is very emphatic. He tells the committee, "You have done irreparable harm to our country." I know. I read it just last night. I went over this and said, "Now, do I need my mind refreshed on any memory, on any of this?" And I did.

Q: You've been doing your homework.

Captain Biard: I've been trying to make the names and dates fairly accurate.

Q: It's remarkable.

Captain Biard: But almost all this is coming off the top of my head.

Q: I think you have total recall.

Captain Biard: I don't. I wish I did have, but thank you.

Q: So now then we are back on our track. I wanted you to go back and get those two items in.

Captain Biard: Thank you.

Q: You're welcome.

Captain Biard: Two other items I might bring in here. I was going with a girl in Chicago. In going home, I would pass by to see her, come back that way for visits. Her name was Barbara Barrows. She worked for the W. Colston Leigh Bureau. That is an entertainment bureau that manages tours for speakers, performers, musicians, and such, one of the larger ones. She was in the

Chicago office. The main office was in New York. She had managed the tours of Eleanor Roosevelt in the Midwest on a number of occasions. She told me when I went there just before Roosevelt's death that "Elly," as she called Eleanor, and she did not say that with any great amount of affection, she said "Elly" had called her and told her, "I have to cancel my engagements. I have to stay here and look after Franklin."

And so this girl, who was quite sharp, quite, quite sharp, said, "Oh, Mrs. Roosevelt, you have always before mentioned that Franklin wasn't feeling well or something like that. You've never had to cancel your tours. Can't you arrange this time?"

And she said, "No, this time it is far, far, far, different. I must."

And so she told me, "The President is quite sick, I assure you, because Eleanor Roosevelt, even though I do not admire her, is a great trooper. She would go on any bus, if she has to go to a place by bus, I arrange the bus tickets, she never complains, she'll go by any means of transportation that I have to arrange for her. She'll do her part without ever kicking, without complaining a word at all. She's a real trooper. So this time when she backed out on this, I think I can tell you for sure that he ~~is~~^{was} in bad shape." So I'm just putting that in.

Q: The things that have happened in your life.

Captain Biard: Yes. Then one thing I wish to put in about MacArthur here. MacArthur, he had use for the press, he had use for security only when it served his purposes to respect security. Usually it did, but if there were big reasons, ways that he could get into the press, he wouldn't be able to get there if he respected security. He did not mind breaking security. One thing that really, really did aggravate us at Pearl Harbor, and I think it was on July the 22nd, either the 12th of July, 1943, or the 22nd of July, 1943, we broke a message by which we could tell that the seaplane carrier Nisshin, a quite large vessel, with some others, was coming into one of the ports in the northern Solomon Islands, quite some distance from our air fields, but we could get planes that could go up there and carry out a low-level bombing attack and really get it. And so we sent the message that Nisshin, the seaplane tender, seaplane carrier, and a very important ship, would be arriving at such and such a time at this port. And our forces did ^{send} ~~sent~~ out their planes and did get it just as it was entering the port, just as we ambushed Yamamoto. And MacArthur released the communique, "Our forces sank the Nisshin." He gave the name. That immediately told the Japanese, ^{if} ~~that~~ they had been on the ball, that we were breaking their codes. Oh, we pulled our hair. The Japanese did not catch those signals, thank God. But MacArthur had no respect, no respect if he thought he saw a good communique coming out. Oh, minor security, ^{perhaps.} ~~yes,~~ but major security, he would tell it.

Usually, though, MacArthur and security went together. If he respected security, then he could say, "I did this." Not that, "The Pearl Harbor codebreakers or the Washington codebreakers or the Melbourne codebreakers enabled me to make this move, which I would never have been able to do if they hadn't told me." Usually it was to his great advantage to respect security.

Q: But no credit to anyone.

Captain Biard: Without any credit below. We didn't want credit, that's the last thing we wanted. But he was very happy to respect security if it meant that he got the headlines and didn't have to give anybody else credit for it, and that was almost always the way with any information we gave him.

In March of 1943, in the Bismarck Sea, his air force, and in general, I did not have the great respect for them that I might, perhaps I should have, but his air force did pull off a daring and brilliant attack hard-pressed, very hard-pressed. It was worthy of Marine aviators and naval aviators. In fact, it was worthy of Japanese aviators, who certainly did not hesitate to press attacks home, in which ^{MacArthur's aircraft} they sank almost all of a convoy ^{from Rabaul} escorted by destroyers coming over to New Guinea. In fact, as a result of this, the Japs didn't send any more convoys over. But he claimed sinking more ships than were in the convoy. We told him how many were in the ^{convoy.} His forces claimed more. Well, this

is a case in which he didn't need to respect security because his claims exaggerated the truth. If he could get more credit, that was MacArthur. In fact, one of his officers later on, quite a few people in his staff told him that there weren't that many ships, we know it, and he really sat on them. Later on, one of his junior officers, one of the junior officers under his command, wrote an official report saying that that was incorrect, that it was not 22 ships that were sunk, there were 15. And MacArthur actually tried to get the man court-martialed for doing it, for telling the truth. That would detract from his credit. There are more stories I could tell on that man.

"Rosie" Mason always told me, when I told him, I said, "MacArthur is going to be President."

"Rosie" Mason said, "Not unless I get \$1 million, ^{for not telling} what I know on him. He'll never be President. If he is, you'll know I got my million." Of course, "Rosie" didn't mean it, but what he said was, "I know enough on him that he could never be President."

Q: Were they all similarly related to the type of thing you've described?

Captain Biard: No. For one thing, would you like for me to continue?

Q: I don't know, actually, because I don't know what you're

going to say.

Captain Biard: Captain McCollum, the intelligence officer on ~~CinCPacFlt~~ ^{Com Seventh Flt}, of course, was right there with all of MacArthur's staff in Brisbane and in the forward area. He knew them all quite well and what was going on. McCollum was a very sharp man. He told me the story of all that MacArthur tried to do to become President of the United States, at least some of the things that would amaze you, his finaglings and machinations, and the revenge he took on people knowing they stood in his way. Two of them very carelessly revealed his plans, at least two of them did, and what he did about that. It isn't necessary in this story.

Q: Perhaps not.

Captain Biard: It's not necessary, but it would amaze you, what he did.

Q: If someone wants to ...

Captain Biard: There's another correction I want to place in here. I was not brave enough last time. I said this Yu submarine, this transportation submarine maybe 75 feet or a little longer, at the time I was sure it was longer. I have checked the records. It was about 135 feet long.

Q: This is the submarine that was in the ...

Captain Biard: In ^{Lingayen} ~~Lingayen~~ Gulf, ^{the Army submarine} carrying the supplies, this very inefficiently bottled soda water ^{and such} to the forward area troops.

And one more item I wish to put in here at this time. You have seen the picture of the Jap being pulled out of the water ~~on~~ ^{hook} by a boat that my gang did on October the 26th, 1944, after the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

Q: It's going to be in the record here.

Captain Biard: It will be in the record. We always had trouble with the people that we sent out to pick up Japs that were supposed to be in the water or they were supposed to capture prisoners for us. On several occasions while I was with the Seventh Fleet staff in Philippine waters, we would hear of Japs being in the water of a ship would say, "Oh, there's a Jap in the water out here. What will I do with him?"

Captain McCollum would always send back, "We want him for a prisoner. Get him."

And on several occasions, the people would send back, "Oh, we're afraid of him. If we try to pull him out of the water, he will probably throw a grenade at us or pull a knife on us." And they tried to ^{back} ~~pull~~ out of it that way. And he would still tell them to do it, and usually they would not. They would go off on some other tangent. "We couldn't do it."

But to these people, he would write a very brief and short letter and enclose a picture of the Jap being pulled out of the water on a boat, ^{hook} and say, "See? Here's what you can do if you set your mind to it."

Q: What picture?

Captain Biard: And he did that on several occasions while I was there. So that somewhat tickled me.

Q: Appreciation.

Captain Biard: One thing, ^{that happened on} ~~a couple of~~ Wasatch was reported in the papers, I saw it in Time magazine, I was there when it happened. We were eating in the wardroom mess. The officer to whom this was happening was next to me, and the junior officer of the deck came in and told him. This officer had the staff duty, he didn't have to be on the quarterdeck, but it was reported to him that it was happening. "Oh, somebody came ^{aboard} ~~ashore~~ from another ship and he's throwing things out of an officer's room, throwing them over the side. What will I do?"

The officer, "Why, stop him! Stop him right now!"

So the man went out and came back. "Oh, Sir, it's worse than that. He's throwing your things over the side."

"Well, shoot the son-of-a-bitch!"

The man had ~~some~~ ^{gone} ashore ~~from~~ ^{to} a local beer supply, I don't know, we didn't have an Officers' Club, but we'd get a beer or something on the beach, and people needed a bit of relaxation then, seldom got ashore, seldom ever got a drink. He had taken a little bit too much, and it was reported in Time magazine that the officer came aboard tired. Well, our ship was very much like the one, in fact, the sister ship of the communication ship he was on that was nearby. He got on board the wrong one, didn't notice it, went to the room that he thought was his, and he knew that he had been shifted around here and there with other people when there were people senior, he came back and found things in his room that weren't his, he was tight and said, "Damn, this is the last time this is going to happen." So he just started taking the stuff to the quarterdeck and throwing it over the side. Well, it happened to be, as I just said, the belongings of *this* ~~the~~ staff duty officer.

Q: I bet they stopped that real fast.

Captain Biard: Yes, it was stopped very fast. But that is true. I was there when it happened. Of course, I'm not saying other things I'm saying aren't true, but I can vouch for this.

Another thing that happened in ^{Lingayen} ~~Lingayen~~, suicide boats, the Japanese ~~used~~ ^{was encountered} suicide boats there for the first time. These were plywood boats, very cheaply built, and the one that I was *were encountered*

made
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actually had a U.S. make
responsible for capturing ~~had~~ a Chevrolet engine in it. It only
had two gauges, it had a fuel gauge and an RPM gauge, that's how
fast the engine is turning over. It had the ^{original} Chevrolet
transmission, the Chevrolet engine, ^{with hull} built out of cheap plywood,
and it could carry two depth charges and normally not ^{even} a machine
gun. A machine gun wasn't on it when I got ~~there~~ ^{it.} We bumped
into some of those in Lingayen Gulf, in fact, we ^{later} found some,
somebody else found some, where they had about 20 of them hidden.
But this one, I had the staff watch, I was on deck, it was a
touch and go situation. We'd been subjected to suicide attacks
and we wanted a staff officer on the deck during the night, and I
had the morning watch. As the light broke, we could see this Jap
suicide boat ^{very near to us} out there standing still. We'd never seen one close
up before. So I got the chief, sent the chief, ^{petty officer} and some other men
with guns out to look it over and bring it ^{back.} ~~aboard~~. I didn't say
bring it aboard at the time, I said, "Let's see if we can get
it."

no Japanese
So they went out. There were ~~nothing~~ in it, It was just
there in the early morning hours, and so he shouted back in the
megaphone, "Nothing here."

I said, "Well, look it over for booby traps. Be careful. If
there are no booby traps, then let's tow it back and put it
aboard."

So we brought it back and investigated it, saw what it was
like. We had had some ships sunk by boats of this type, some

others damaged, a couple of ships sunk, a couple damaged the last day or so. He brought it back, ^{and later} we hoisted it aboard, and though I wasn't there when it was done, John Bromley put it back into commission, and he put U.S. flags all over it and used it to run around the fleet. This was an actual U.S. Chevrolet engine they had kept all this time, a new one in this boat. It had the Chevrolet nameplates, all the data, everything on it. This chief petty officer, who was not like most of the people, when I said, "Go out and get this thing," he went out and got it. He did his job, he didn't show fear. Well, he'd been around me a while, and I think he knew my approach to things like that. Well, I think he was a good man, anyway, let's give him credit for it. Let him take the credit. I think he deserved all the credit because it could have been really hairy.

I also got my hands on one of these suicide boat pilots. I didn't capture him, somebody else got him and he was sent over to the flagship for intelligence purposes, and I interrogated him. When I interrogated him, he got the word and he said, "They are organizing suicide squadrons all over Japan, all sorts and kinds and types of suicide work. There are about 50,000 people now in training for suicide missions." This was the first time we had heard that there was anything going on to this extent. We knew that we had plenty of suicide aircraft crashes. Now we'd come across these little, very flimsy, cheap boats, but he said, "They are being organized for all sorts and kinds of ~~purposes of~~

suicide attacks."

And here my mentor, my boss, Captain McCollum, whom I always respected and always will respect, made his one mistake. He said, "Good. They're going off on the wrong approach, wrong tack." The suicide approach damn near beat us at Lingayen Gulf, almost stopped us at Okinawa, and if we had gone into Japan, they had forces, these 50,000 they were training, would have charged us a price that would have been frightful to remember even today, frightful. And I'm not sure that the American people would have paid that price.

Q: The kamikazes were so well-known, but I should say I'm silly, but I don't know how much information was made available on the suicide boats.

Captain Biard: Not much. But properly handled, and they would have been in close range, from hideaways, they, too, could have inflicted their toll.

Q: They had to carry two torpedoes?

Captain Biard: No, two depth charges. They'd drift ^{in the dark of night} alongside a ship, drop the depth charges, and then they'd have a chance to get away, ^{to speed away} Some other later suicide boats had the charge mounted in the bow, and it went off only on contact so that was really a

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such as the one I got
suicide mission. These suicide boats did give the operator a
chance to get away.

In one of the sessions yesterday, I told about the two submarines that made first contact with the Japanese forces that were to attack us out off Leyte Gulf, that were to come through San Bernardino Straits. The two skippers in that case were B.D. Claggett in the submarine Dace, and David McClintock in Darter. It was Darter that ran aground on this improperly located shoal, and it was understood they really didn't know where they were anyway. You can't blame the skipper for that. Of course, it was Darter that ran aground, and it was Claggett in Dace that rescued the crew from the Darter. The cruisers that they sank were Maya and Atago, and I lived by Atagoyama my first summer in Japan. Yama means mountain. They disabled the Takao; all three of these *were* heavy cruisers.

All right. We are now going on the Bikini operation. The task force that was set up for this was Joint Task Force 1, joint meeting and interservice task force, Army, Air Corps, Army, and Navy. Of course, the Navy was primarily concerned, but the Air Corps was to deliver the first bomb, *the aerial burst*.

At the end of the last tape, we were talking about the protests we received from the public. Oh, there were many protests about everything. Some of the letters were very, very interesting, some of the protests. Many of them were just routine stuff, "We're afraid of the bomb." And when they found

out we were going to use animals on the test, oh, the animal lovers really came forth. One of the interesting animal lovers that wrote us a scathing letter was ^{the movie actor, villain} Basil Rathbone and his wife, the famous dancer Irene Castle McLaughlin, something like that. Irene Castle?

the "villain"

Q: There was an Irene Castle.

Captain Biard: All right, yes. And you remember Basil Rathbone.

Q: Very much.

Captain Biard: He was the villain in the movies.

Q: You know his wife was a ...

Captain Biard: Yes. They sent us a very, very strong letter about the horror of using animals. They were abhorred by the idea. Many others came along, too.

Q: I think Irene Castle was long before this. Anyway, we'll put her name in.

Captain Biard: As I remember it, ^{I am quite sure} that was his wife. I know it was the famous dancer. So that was just one of them. We got

many other letters, too, from all sorts and kinds of people, written for many different reasons other than just objecting to the tests. Some people wanted to use ships as housing, ^{for} housing was short. Put them in ports and let people live on them. Don't waste that scrap steel. One person wrote in and objected to the use of a pig, ^{They} found out they were going to put pigs on the ships. I had an English ^{language} major working for me, who was quite clever; and another ^{protestor} ~~one~~ objected to ^{our} using goats, so he'd come back and his approach to this was, "Perhaps you should feel somewhat honored and flattered that we are using the animal concerned, a pig or a goat." Usually it was pigs or goats. "The pig is a noble animal. We're using him because the results we'll get from him will be very nearly the same as ^{those} ~~though~~ we would get from man. So you can see we're paying great respect to the animal by doing this." He would do it quite cleverly. I respected the gent very much.

We finally found, after all the complaints, that almost all of them fell into one of three categories that could be answered by ^{one} ~~a single~~ form letter. In this letter we could, in a circuitous way, cover all three points. But practically every one of the 1,500 or so letters that we answered could be answered by this one form letter of two pages that would have somewhere in it the point that the person was trying to put across. It would be responding to that complaint.

Q: You answered them all?

Captain Biard: Every one. Some of them were sent even to the President. That meant they got a very quick answer, *from U.S.*

Q: I'll bet. Now, where were you at this time, aboard ship?

Captain Biard: No, we were still in Washington planning things, still in Washington.

Q: Still in the planning stage.

Captain Biard: Getting things together, getting our personnel, making our plans, all the publicity, handling the publicity on the thing, and trying to set up the security. I have some of the letters that we received. The most touching letter of all came from the father of someone I'd known at the Naval Academy, the ^{Son} ~~man~~ was two years my senior, a midshipman there, ^{Admiral} the officer was two years my senior. But he said, "I have a son who is an officer in the Navy." And the minute I saw his last name, I knew who it was. He said, "I have lived my life, I am useless, I have no further desire to live. I would like to end my life in a way in which my country will benefit. I would like to be one of the test animals on board one of your ships. Please don't give this any publicity, but I want to give my life in that fashion. Maybe

in that way I could be of some benefit to my country." Well, I know who it was, who the man's son was. I didn't know him well, but I knew him well enough. I had to answer the letter, and that was a difficult letter to answer. Of course, I didn't tell him I knew his son. There ^{were} ~~are~~ many others like this.

General ^{Betts} ~~Best~~ answered one letter that came in from a colored mess attendant, and he said, "I hear you're going to use submarines as target ships. I am in a submarine now, and I have complete faith in our submarines. I would like to be aboard one of those target submarines."

And General ^{Betts} ~~Best~~, who was a very cultured, educated gentleman, one of the real first families of Virginia, He didn't send him a form letter. None of these people who sent in meaningful ^{Betts} letters of this type, really something special, were sent form letters. Just the routine types of complaints got the routine types of answers. He sent him a very, very nice letter. "Thank you so much," how much we appreciate his loyalty, his patriotism, but we were sure that we could get almost all the answers we wanted without using humans, but he praised him rightfully, meaningfully, in a most tasteful way, very, very highly. The letter was a masterpiece. And there were some others of that type. There were other crank letters.

One came for the President, a telegram from a sergeant in Houston, Texas. "I am Sergeant So-and-so, World War I. I see that you are going to waste all these ships. Stop it right now.

Stop it right now. You are letting the country down." And he signed it, "So-and-so, ex-sergeant, World War I." The next day we got another telegram from him. It started out as a letter. "Dear Mr. President, I have just read in the papers the reason why you're doing this and your reasons are good. My previous telegram was all in error. You're completely justified in having these tests conducted. Please ignore my last telegram and don't tell anyone I sent it. Yours very respectfully, So-and-so, ex-sergeant, World War I."

And then there was one letter that came from Chicago. I have a copy of it here. I don't know that I will give the name, I may. But it started out, "Dear Mr. President, I understand that you are going to use PT boats as targets in the atom bomb tests you are holding at Bikini. I think this may be a waste of PT boats. I and my little gang here in Chicago could surely use one of those boats. We would like to have it very much. If you will get it here, we will find the gasoline to run it after it gets here. P.S. Please don't remove the machine guns." And he signed it, "So-and-so, 11 years old, and gang."

Q: I'll be darn.

Captain Biard: This was part of the public relations. By this time we had the press to contend with. The press, some of them were very good and some of them completely off. The security

itself was very little. We didn't let them go. We even let people go aboard some of the target ships after the tests, even the Russians, but General ^{Betts} ~~Boat~~, and I think it was ^{unavoidable} said, "Well, the main thing we'll try to keep them from knowing is the distance between ships. If we can keep them from knowing the distance between ships within 10%, that will be enough." And, of course, we tried to keep all the analysis and results from them. But the security was very, very poor. There was little we could do. It was too wide open. Our public relations really got moving along. We had socialites from Hawaii to take care of people, take care of the official guests and invited guests, and the press when they were passing through Honolulu. We had members of the ^{Hawaiian} Big Five lined up for that. Of course, we had a special ship to carry the lesser press. We had four chief news services, one person from each of them on the flagship. I respect three of those, I if we asked them not to do something, they didn't do it, they were gentlemen. But the others were a bunch of unprincipled newsmen. Maybe I am vilifying some that should not be so vilified, but many of them were, *unprincipled*.

When we got to the front area, we had some newspaper reporters on Kwajalein, some with us there on the flagship at Bikini, and we had 139 more on a special communications ship like Wasatch that were being brought out, that's men and women of the press from many, many publications to witness the tests. These people considered that they should have extra special

treatment. They thought they were abused little gods because they were not with the flagship itself. Here were four ^{news correspondents} ~~people~~ ^{in the flagship who were} sending out daily dispatches about the tests and preparations, and ^{these others} ~~they~~ didn't get that information, and they were just absolutely crying to high heaven. We were getting wails, "Give us some information. Give us some information. People here have got to have information. We're so unhappy."

Well, while this was going on, our main force at the time, this was before the air drop, and most of our force had gone over to Kwajalein for some purpose. The staff had gone over to Kwajalein. The main purpose was that we were going to have a practice drop of an air bomb over the target force.

Q: You feel so strongly about these people.

Captain Biard: So most of us had evacuated the atoll because we were going to have an air burst over the ships.

Q: Had you been ashore?

Captain Biard: I'd been ashore lots of places. ^{Kwajalein} I started talking about the press now. So I'm out there ^{in Kwajalein} with the flagship. We're going to backtrack here in a minute, but I'm telling something about the press. So we needed to have something done in Bikini. The flagship was in Kwajalein 200 miles away, so I

was given a seaplane to go over to Bikini and get this done, the mission. I forget what the particular job was, even. But just before we went over, the practice air drop from 30,000 or so feet by a B-29 that took off from Kwajalein had been made, and during that time the target ships, everyone on target ships was placed below decks for the drop so that any mishap, this is several tons of explosive, this fat man Nagasaki type of A-bomb, so that if something should go wrong and it should go off near one of the ships, it was supposed to burst in the air something like 2,000 feet high, if I remember correctly. That was a classified bit of information, I remember now. But yes, it had gone off, and it had ^{done so} possibly very nearly where it should, ~~be~~, and I did not know it until after I got over there, but a small fragment of that bomb had fallen on the old Japanese battleship Magato that we were using as one of the target ships. We had it manned by a U.S. crew and had sent it over, had it brought over. We had it and another ship, the cruiser Sakawa, there as target ships. We also had the German cruiser Prinz Eugen, which was a masterpiece of naval construction, a true masterpiece. And so ~~when I took~~ ^{these} ~~the~~ two reporters there on Kwajalein really had nothing to do, they were bored with it, they heard that I was going. They said, "May we go over with you?"

I said, "Yes, you may go with me, but you may not make a report on anything you see or learn ~~in~~ in Bikini. I cannot take all the reporters on Kwajalein. You want to go? I'll relieve

^{your} ~~the~~ monotony here ^{and let} ~~that~~ you make this little junket with me, we'll be gone about five or six hours."

"All right. We promise. We swear that we will not write any news dispatches, news reports on anything over there."

I took them with me, and when we got to the battleship Nagato, which I had to board for some reason, and saw the U.S. commanding officer, he said, "Oh, a piece of the practice bomb landed on the deck." And he showed them.

"Oh, the newspaper reports! That's wonderful! That's tremendous news! That is wonderful!"

And so I told them, "No, you can't use this. Remember, you promised me when I brought you over here that you would not release any information that you might have, that you might get."

"Oh, but this is news. This is news."

I said, "You are still bound."

"No, no." And so sure enough, they went back to Kwajalein and they wrote news releases on it, and boy, "A Piece of Practice Bomb Lands on the Japanese Battleship." So I didn't see that as a very important piece of information, just a little thing like this, no damage of any kind. That wasn't news. Well, the ship carrying the ...

Q: The only news they'd been able to ...

Captain Biard: Yes. The ship carrying the 139 other lesser

reporters, these were not topnotch reporters, these were of the second-grade and the third-grade reporters on the ship that was coming out, 139 of them. And so they got this release, and when they read that, they were just up in arms. "That should never have come from there. That should have come from ^{us on this} ~~the~~ ship." If it had gone out, it should have been released by the task force commander. But they violated their promises to me. I took them over as a favor. "Oh, but this is news, this is news. We can't keep that out."

Q: I would have said, "You stay here then."

Captain Biard: I could have. And I had people from the Manhattan Engineer District who were accustomed to really doing things and keeping things under control, news they didn't want out under control, working under me. One of those was responsible for Kwajalein. He did things that were completely illegal, and heaven knows, I don't know why we, the task force, he and I and the task force didn't get our necks chopped off for what we did. He would go to the radio shack and see the dispatches that these people on Kwajalein filed, and if he didn't like them, he would pull them, and he would tell the radio operators, tell the people, "They just got lost somewhere. I have no idea what happened to them." And they would get complaints from their editors who hadn't heard from them. Of

course, this is censorship, and we were not authorized to censor anything. We were now in peacetime.

One time when we were going to move the bomb from the bomb preparation ship, the scientific ship that was anchored alongside a pier in Kwajalein, over to the special ~~preparation just like~~ a pit from which it was to be loaded into the bomb belly of the B-29 there at the air field just as the bomb was loaded into the B-29, the Nagasaki bomb was loaded on Tinian. We knew the bomb had to be transported from our bomb ship to this place. ^{My} ~~one~~ man, E.D. Brown, who was very resourceful, a very young fellow, who was quite resourceful, did all this without referring it to me. He was not hesitant at all to act on his own. He didn't bother to ask me or General ^{Betts} ~~Best~~ or Admiral Blandy what was to be done. He darn well did it. ^{"outsiders"} ~~So the people~~ weren't even supposed to know the ^{SIZE} ~~shape~~ of the bomb, not even the shape of it. That was supposed to be a secret, and it was a big fat thing.

And the day that the transfer was to be made, ^{E.B. Brown} ~~we~~ arranged for all the newspaper reporters to be taken on a special flight over to another atoll, and ^{he} ~~we~~ told them, "Well, we'll just relieve ^{your} ~~the~~ monotony here. ~~This is monotonous.~~ Come on, here are some special flights." So ^{he} ~~we~~ put them on planes and sent ^t them to another atoll so they could see what an atoll that hadn't been torn up by the war was like. But one of them didn't go, and this man's name, he's dead now, I hate him, was Jerry Moorad, who was, I believe, ^{from} a Portland, Oregon, newspaper. All right, I may be

wrong, maybe it's Seattle. It was in the northwest part of the country. He was also sworn not to reveal any facts about the bomb. I mean, we just asked them to do that. Not sworn, but we asked them please to respect the security.

Q: But when a whole bunch went out there, weren't they all under security?

Captain Biard: No, we couldn't tell them that they couldn't do this or that. We had to request that they please not reveal, if they got any information on this subject or this subject or this subject, please not to reveal it. Well, the bomb was going to be transferred. It's big and fat. So ^{my security} ~~this~~ man had a long, narrow, thin, wooden box fixed up in a very special container, very obvious, placed on a ^{flat} ~~fat~~ truck, with men with fire extinguishers all over the truck, fire engines ahead, beside the truck, and behind the truck, and Marines with machine guns ahead and following, and they moved all this very, very, very obvious thing, this long, narrow thing over to the plane loading ramp, and they took this thing over there. Everything, eye-catching everywhere, slow, made a circuitous route around the islands so everybody was sure to see it, and then over to the air field. Jerry Moorad saw that, he was the one reporter who hadn't gone off, hadn't taken the bait to get them off the island, so they could see what was going on for bomb preparation, and he

filed a very, very complete report. "I am the only one who saw this. This is it. They don't want me to tell you what I'm telling you anyway." Boy, he just went on and on and on about this fantastic procession he had seen, and he described everything in it. Of course, the whole thing was a fake, but he didn't know it.

My man, of course, made his usual visit to the radio shack, and he ~~took~~^{saw} this thing and pulled it. I used to have a copy of this thing that Jerry Moorad tried to get off. But he didn't get it off, but boy, the hell he raised about it. Before that, Jerry Moorad had gone to General ~~Best~~^{Betts} and demanded special information, classified information, and said, "If you don't give it to me, I will make your name and the name of the Navy and the name of the task force mud. I will tell the American public that this test is rigged, you're rigging it so the ships will not be damaged, they won't be sunk, it isn't meaningful, the Navy is just doing this for its own benefit so that it can deceive the American public." This is the same Jerry Moorad, trying to blackmail General ~~Best~~^{Betts}, not me but General ~~Best~~^{Betts}.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: Giving him this type of special information that was classified, the same skunk. Well, his dispatch didn't get out, but I saw it when I went over ^{to Kwajalein} ~~there~~ after that. My man

showed it to me, and, of course, Moorad was raising hell about his dispatch not getting out. What he hadn't seen was a truck with a large box on it proceeding over practically by itself, no show whatever, over ^{to} the same ramp, and that one carried the actual bomb. That, of course, had to be big and fat.

Q: ^{The first} ~~This~~ was strictly a decoy.

Captain Biard: Strictly a decoy that my man over there had pulled. He had worked with the Manhattan District, ^{✓ Engineer} and they were accustomed to doing things like that, and he was good. He had plenty of initiative, plenty of originality.

Q: You didn't know it until it was all over?

Captain Biard: I didn't know it until it was over. He did it without telling me anything about it.

Q: I'm glad he didn't.

Captain Biard: I am, too. I'm glad I can say it. It gives me pleasure to tell that one of my men did this.

Q: Well, the point is that you would have been on the spot if you had known.

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, I wouldn't have cared. By this time I was doing other things like pulling Charlotte Knight's card.

Q: Oh, yeah, you were going to tell me about that.

Captain Biard: I told you about it the other day.

Q: But no, not on the tape.

5000
2000
Captain Biard: Some ^{high ranking Army Air Corps} member of the task force ~~of one certain particular service~~, one high up, had a girlfriend that he wanted to be the only one authorized to have an official Joint Task Force 1 identification card. Now, others would have press cards that wouldn't take the ^{the} very far, limited cards of that type, but this ^{the} would be a general Joint Task Force 1. The only people that had unlimited cards were my own security section. We could go anywhere except one place; that's where the bomb was being prepared on the bomb ship, and that was only for the scientific group that had to do this job. That was the only place I couldn't go, not even the captain of the ship could go in there.

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And this caused trouble. We had to really, really placate the ^{ship's} captain ~~ship there and go to higher command~~ because the captain of the ship should have access to every part of the ship, ^{since} ~~because~~ if something happens there, he should darn well be able to go down there and take charge if he ~~was to be in charge.~~ ^{needs} to do so.

Q: I would think so, too.

Captain Biard: So we really had to sell this to the captain ~~of~~
^{of the} ship, that no, he couldn't go down there when they were working
 on the bomb. Finally we got him to buy it, and we had to do the
 same thing on several later tests. But even that came up.

But the Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ was always lacking in, shall we say,
 intellectual honesty in their press releases. The Navy in many
 respects had very low regard for certain ^{of} ~~of~~ their press releases
 and their claims in far too many cases. On this test, we had a
 Navy commander, who was Vice Admiral W.H.P. Blandy, stood one in
 his class ^{at the Naval Academy}, a very sharp man, very competent, was sent in to BuOrd
 to straighten it out as a result of all the mess that ^{it} was in ~~it~~
 at the beginning of the war, and he brought some of his very
 efficient people with him. We had General McCauliffe of the
 Army, ~~He~~ was in command of the U.S. troops as Bastogne at the
 Battle of the Bulge, and he was the one who the Germans demanded
 he surrender, and he sent them the reply, "Nuts." I don't think
 he said, "Nuts." I think he said something else, but we will
 call it nuts.

Q: A four-letter word beginning with B?

Captain Biard: A four-letter word beginning with B and plural.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: I strongly suspect that is what he said. The Battle of the Bulge at Bastonge. He was a fine gent, very likeable. And one of the first things the reporters did was to ask him to say, and these were the newsreel people, "All right, General, say 'nuts' for us just like you did as Bastonge." And so he accommodated them, he did, and I still thought it was again the wrong word. Then we had the Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ man, was Major General Kepner. ~~I believe, perhaps Kepner~~. Kepner was not even a high school graduate. His high school sent him an honorary diploma while he was on this mission, on our operation. Kepner was not, in my opinion, and I am voicing the opinion of many other people, *also*, was not intellectually qualified to be associated with our group at all. He was taking orders from the Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ and following their strict party line only. He just wasn't that sharp.

Q: This is Kepner?

Captain Biard: Kepner. He just was not that sharp, he was not sharp at all, and in our meetings, in our staff conferences, where something would come up, he'd say, "You can't do that. You can't do that. The Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ doesn't want it." One of the things the Air Force definitely wanted was for an awful lot of ships to be placed into the area ^{where} ~~that~~ we knew the ships would be

destroyed in the underwater blast. We had carried out small-scale tests that turned out to be remarkably accurate. We knew about how large the real complete destruction area would be. So we didn't want any ships in there because a ship that was completely destroyed, ^{would sink immediately and be of no value to us.} ~~we~~ wanted a limited, very small number, ^{perhaps} only two ^{in case we were wrong,} and could still get some reports, ^{on the other}. The Air ~~Force~~ ^{Corps} wanted us to crowd our ships into that area. They wanted to show that an A-bomb would sink any ship anywhere and all these ships would be sunk. *That hardly would have been a meaningful test.*

Q: How many ships were out there?

Captain Biard: I guess we had 50 target ships.

Q: That many?

Between 35 and 50. Perhaps, more.
Captain Biard: ~~At least 50.~~ We had a tremendous force out there. But that was it, you know, make the Navy look bad. Ah, yes, the A-bomb was dangerous, but if you were going to get graded results on the damage that it can do at certain distances, you're not going to put them in there where they'll all be destroyed and sunk.

Q: No, of course not.

Captain Biard: So there was no give or take, no reason for anything. Of course, Admiral Blandy was sharp as a tack. Admiral Parsons, our bomb man, was just as sharp as a tack, ^{also}. Commodore Snackenber, Admiral Blandy's chief of staff, all of them sharp as could be, General ^{Betts} ~~Best~~. I couldn't join in this fight, I wasn't high enough, but I wanted to. But this was it. The Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~ was obstructionist on everything that made sense if it didn't suit the ^{General} ~~publicity~~ ^{for} ~~of~~ the Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~.

Q: Suit the party line.

Captain Biard: Yes, the party line. In fact, I got to know the officers, younger officers on the staff, the Air Force officers on the captain's staff there, on the flagship with us, and they were very, very critical of naval press relations. "For Christ's sake, you don't know how to take care of the press. You try to be honest with them." They said, "We are never honest with the press. Don't be honest with the press." And excuse the phrase I'm going to use it here, but the Air Force phrase, "Our policy with the press is, mit 'em, that means handshake, "mit 'em and shit 'em." Snow them is the other word. "That's what we say in the Air ^{Corps} ~~Force~~." And boy, they just laughed at us about ^{all} ~~the~~ trying to be on the up and up and still, of course, be loyal and retain security, too. "Tell 'em any damn thing. It doesn't make any difference how many lies you tell. Mit 'em and shit 'em." And

they would just laugh at us. That's us, and that was Air ~~Force~~^{Corps} policy.

Another thing I'm going to tell before I forget to do so, Sachov de Seversky ...

Q: He was the aviator.

Captain Biard: Russian aviator, designed planes for the Air ~~Force~~^{Corps}, and was the author of Victory Through Air Power, which was the propaganda bible of the Air ~~Force~~^{Corps}. He was a cripple.

Q: Wasn't he a helicopter ...

Captain Biard: No, that's Sikorsky.

Q: This is ...

Captain Biard: De Seversky. He was an aircraft designer, manufacturer, and he had fought in Russia in World War I. He had lost a leg, was crippled, or at least he had a wooden leg. But he was the author of the Victory Through Air Power that had been the propaganda bible of the Air ~~Force~~^{Corps}, and as far as everybody thought, they loved Seversky. They did love his propaganda, but when he came out to Eikini, sent out as one of the--well, he was allowed to come out there as one of the sightseers, the Air ~~Force~~^{Corps}

would have nothing to do with him, they wouldn't even say hello to him. And he had been their God, their prophet, their bible. They turned Seversky over to me. I had to take care of Seversky and take him everywhere and do everything with him. F.R. Biard had to handle him because the "mit 'em and shit 'em" Air ~~Force~~^{Corps} would not even speak to their number one prophet and the man who wrote their number one bible.

Q: There must be a reason.

Captain Biard: I do not know the reason. I wish I did. But I can tell you now, it was a very, very broken de Seversky that I ~~showed~~^{showed} around and took care of. I didn't want it, but General ~~Best~~^{Betts} said, "Admiral Blandy wants you to do it." And, of course, that was it. I wanted nothing to do with de Seversky. Oh, he was a broken old man. He ^{had} served his purpose. No one in the Air ~~Force~~^{Corps} wanted anything to do with him. I still don't know why. I wish I did. I'm just showing you my opinion of these people was very--I don't mean that there hadn't been some people that had flown some dangerous missions. Yes, a lot of them there had flown some very dangerous missions. On the other hand, usually they didn't fly them with as much devotion. They were thinking of returning to the base a little too strongly sometimes. And their idea, their attitude toward the press, of course, was one that the Navy resented so much.

Well, let's go back to Washington now.

Q: We haven't finished the Eikini tests.

Captain Biard: That's right, Washington and the Bikini tests.

Q: Oh, you have to go back?

Captain Biard: I threw these back in. I need to say that I'm leaving Washington.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: We left Washington. I'm going back to Washington now, where we were planning for the tests. We left Washington, went across country by train, picked up the command ship, Mt. McKinley, which was the communications ship, sister ship of Wasatch, all the staff was on it. We carried four of the senior news correspondents to whom we gave our main releases every day, and they were nice people. We could trust them, with the exception of one, and he's dead now. He had been a prisoner in a prisoner of war camp in the Philippines, and I think it affected him quite a bit. He was just out of the prisoner of war camp ^{only} ~~just~~ a few months, ^{maybe} ~~or~~ a year, ~~or so~~.

Q: He had gone back to ...

Captain Biard: Yes, he had been a correspondent in the Philippines, and he was now a radio correspondent. Of course, we went by Honolulu. In Honolulu, why, I introduced my Korean girlfriend to quite a few people on the ship. By this time John Roenigk had come to see me and said, "Tex, I'd like to go with you. Will you let me join your staff?"

And, of course, there was only one answer there. John Roenigk was my righthand man. When I really wanted something done that I wasn't going to do myself, John ...

Q: It's wonderful to have that kind of a friend, isn't it?

Captain Biard: It is. And so he really didn't have any reason to go, except he wanted to see the tests, and he asked if he could join me. I told him, "By all means. I'd like nothing better." So I introduced my friends to her. We were there for two days, and there we had a large, very large meeting at the CinCPac auditorium, which accommodates at least 1,000 people, maybe 2,000, and the members of the staff each gave talks on what we would do, what their functions in the tests were all about, what contributions they would be making. We could tell the high ^{of the Pacific Fleet} command_r their staff, and others that wanted to attend on a need-to-know basis. Any naval officer could have got in there.

We were telling nothing too highly classified. And so I was one of the several people who made the presentations. General ~~Beet~~^{Betts} did not. He left that to me. So I was one of the several who made the high level presentation for CinCPacFt. High level could be on a highly classified basis, but let's say meaningful presentations.

With that, then we went on down to Bikini. First, I think we went by Kwajalein. That's where the Air ~~Force~~^{Corps} ~~was~~^{was} operating out of, Kwajalein, about 200 miles away. Bikini does not have an air strip. Nothing had happened there ^{at Bikini in} ~~in~~ the way of military operations during the war, as far as the U.S. was concerned. The Japanese had had seaplanes in there occasionally, but the ~~island~~^{atoll} had not been deformed in any way, had not had its coconut trees cut down or its foliage bulldozed. It was in its more or less original condition, except it did have the original Bikini natives living there. And the press had built up the local chief into a local king, so I'll address him as King. I'll have to get his name.

Q: You mean they called him King?

Captain Biard: Yes, ^{the press} ~~they~~ called him King. So we met first of all the local commander of Kwajalein, and I will not tell what I learned about Kwajalein here because it would take too long.

Then we went to Bikini, and there we saw what had been the

natives'

~~Native~~ huts and their living facilities on the island. We'd taken it over somewhat. My ^{security} people set up security on the islands. Bikini Island was the one to which the people ^{of our task force} in general had access. We put an Officers' Club there, Enlisted Men's Club, recreation area, and Marine guards. We fenced off part of the island because we had three 75-foot steel towers being used for photographic purposes to photograph the results of the tests. ^{the actual bomb bursts,} And no one had access to those unless my section ^{Security} authorized it. ^{one of these towers was in the restricted area on Bikini} Of course, we had cards that allowed us to go anywhere, we ran the guards, so we had access anywhere any time. But half of the ^{Island of} Bikini was for recreational purposes and general purposes; the other half was for test purposes. Then we had ^{the} ~~some~~ ^{two other towers on} ~~more~~ other distant islands so that we could get a good triangulation in on the results ^{photographed by remote control by cameras on the three towers.}

Q: How far were the ships away, varying distances, you said?

Captain Biard: Yes, varying distances, but most of them were at least three miles, at least three miles from shore. That is, nearest, three miles.

Q: And staggered all the way.

Captain Biard: We went through all the islands, we scoured them carefully before the tests to make sure, as one person had

written in, "I lost my son in the atolls somewhere. He was an aviator. It just might be that he's still alive on one of the islands you are going to bomb." He said, "Will you please make sure that you do not kill some of our own people that we don't know are in there?" So each time we conducted a test, that is, the first three tests I was on, we sent patrols around so that each man was in contact, in other words, there were men abreast ~~around~~ ^{across} the islands. Maybe there would be ten yards or so between them, five yards, but there would have been no one living anywhere that they wouldn't have found. And if someone had been dead, they quite possibly might have found them, too. We searched all the islands very carefully around the entire atoll, made sure we did not bring harm to someone that we didn't wish to. But as I say, we got this touching letter. In fact, into the tests, Eniwetok, we got similar letters over there for that test. So we carried out that ^{same} sweep there, too.

As we went on, the Army became unhappy because they really didn't have a place in the test, but it was supposed to be a joint test, ^{and} ~~so~~ we had Army people there. They had some Army gear that was put out to be exposed on the ships. I didn't see what purpose was to be presented by exposing it, but we did. But the Army commander--not the commander, but his number two became quite unhappy and raised a fuss. It couldn't be helped; that's just the way the operation had to go. But all this went on. Of course, we had the oceanographic people with us; they made all

sorts and kinds of tests and surveys, and we made a survey of the wildlife, the marine life in the lagoon, too. We had a marine survey team that we sent out in the bay to capture samples everywhere, from everywhere, so that we could compare ~~them~~ with what was there ^{before} to what was after ^{the tests} and have samples of things that might ^{even} be destroyed by the tests. We tried to do a good job of it. As I say, the reef itself was interesting, off Bikini Island. We had our hands full, we were busy. We had an awful lot of people there on these target ships, and, of course, we had to take them off the ships, we had to have transports for us to load them ^{onto} and take them off for the tests.

Q: How many people would have been on a ship, a complete crew?
No.

Captain Biard: No. It would have been all that was necessary to do the functions concerned in getting ready for the tests. In other words, we had a Japanese battleship there. We didn't try to man the turrets, ^{and such,} things like that. We had enough crew to man it meaningfully ^{ly} and that's all. *The crew might have been one-fifth or so as large as a wartime crew - maybe more.*

Q: I see. Okay.

Captain Biard: And to prepare it for the tests, so we would take meaningful observations before and after. The same thing was

true of our own ships, our own ^{vessels.} ~~battleships~~. It was reduced crews, but the tests had to be made meaningful.

So we got everything ready and on the day concerned, we pulled out and went offshore. The flagship was ten miles from the intended point of air burst. The battleship Nevada was painted red, the target ship, and the bomb burst was supposed to be overhead. It was the center of the target fleet anchorage. It was in the center. The flagship was about ten miles away, I was on it. I had my cameras out, I had my little 35-millimeter camera ^{with a long-distance lens mounted in it}. The news services had much better cameras, some of them very special, nothing compared to what they have nowadays because people weren't making cameras very much except ~~in~~ ^{for} the armed services during the war, and they had just put what special equipment they could together. We had several very good photographers there. I had my small 35-millimeter camera and had arranged with Admiral Parsons, who may have been a commodore then, but he was the man who armed the bomb for the first bomb drop on Hiroshima. He was largely responsible for getting the Manhattan Engineer District working efficiently. He was a very good man. General Groves created a lot of friction in the District; he could think of organizing things properly, but the people, the scientists he dealt with hated him. Admiral Parsons was highly respected, a very good man. He got things done without getting people turned against him. So he was an extremely valuable man in the project, ~~in~~ in the Manhattan

Engineer District project. He was the number one technical man in the task force. So I had arranged with him to take pictures. ~~Though we~~ had camera security; nobody could have ^{private} cameras or film. Our security people, that's one thing I really did know. I had mine, but, of course, I had ^{special} permission to use it.

Q: What about all the reporters and their cameras?

Captain Biard: They had to follow our security procedures.

Q: They couldn't have a camera?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, they had cameras. The photographers only could have cameras, but they strictly had to account for their film by our security regulations.

Q: And submit them to you before they sent them in?

Captain Biard: Yes, because that was something that could carry permanent information that would be harmful to the U.S. So I arranged to take quick pictures in succession of the burst with my 35-millimeter camera after it occurred. Well, the others were allowed to take pictures, too, so that I did not have any jump on them this time. But everybody was given these very, very, very dark glasses and we were told to keep them on until the blast was

over, and then we could remove them.

Q: Only until the blast is over.

Captain Biard: Yes. Air blast. So ~~we~~^{the flagship,} were all out there waiting, we were ten miles away, and the other ships were farther yet. I had my camera there and was waiting with goggles down. Of course, we were told the bomb plane is so far away, so far away, so many minutes to drop, so many seconds to drop, so many seconds to drop, drop. Then so many seconds to burst, countdown, it was about 60 seconds, as I remember, and then at the time when the time for burst came, I remember my heart started beating faster, and I said, "Is this going to be the end of the world?" No, I knew it wasn't, but I ^{was} wondering what in the heck ^{was} going to happen with the power of this fantastic thing ^{going} ~~is~~ ^{goes} off.

Q: And what happened?

Captain Biard: Well, there was a flash out there that I could see very easily through my dark glasses, then I raised the glasses and I could see the fire ball, what was left of the fire ball, and the mushroom cloud forming and rising. Of course, I took quick pictures. Of course, there was no reason, there was nothing, Admiral Parsons wanted to see if any of the pictures would reveal anything that should be classified. Well, mine were

processed first, and he said, "No, everything is okay." So he let anything go that the others had taken because I got anything that could have been classified. He could tell from it that there wouldn't be any information that should be held back that would be obtainable from where we were.

The burst went fine, except that the Air ^{Cops} Force--the bomb was about 2,000 ^{yards} ~~feet~~ off the target. ~~That was~~

Q: Which way?

Captain Biard: I don't know which way.

Q: A 2,000 ^{yard} ~~feet~~ miss.

Captain Biard: Missed by 2,000 ^{yards} ~~feet~~. That was an awful lot. They said they'd be only 40 or 50 ^{off} yards. And so they explained it, when I asked the Air ^{Cops} Force people, "What in the hell happened?"

"Oh, anybody can get a bad bomb."

"What do you mean by a bad bomb?"

"Well, something's wrong about it, wrong shape or something, the aerodynamics is wrong."

Well, the bomb had been checked very closely. I don't think that anything was wrong with the bomb release, certainly the inspection after the drop didn't show it. The bomb didn't fall

exactly where they wanted to for test purposes, but it was fair. It damaged a lot of ships, it didn't sink any this time, but we knew it wouldn't sink any; we were pretty sure, *of that beforehand.*

So we went back soon, the next day, I think it was. We made our radioactive surveys and found out that nothing was too bad, *as far as radioactivity was concerned.*

Q: You didn't go on those, did you?

Captain Biard: Yes, I did.

Q: You were probably clothed, of course, and everything, or did you just go in ...

Captain Biard: No, this time I went in just plain ...

Q: In uniform.

Captain Biard: We were instructed on some of the ships not to touch, be careful, or maybe we wore gloves, I think that was about all. *We wore covers on our shoes.* But we got all our data. We had animals, of course, we readjusted them. Some of the animals were killed by the air bursts, some weren't, many weren't, of course. We had to take care of those.

Then we got things ready for the underwater test, which was a different arrangement of ships that had to be reanchored in many

cases. We had a barge that was to lower the bomb, the barge was to be anchored securely, and the bomb was to be lowered beneath the barge in a special well that we had built into the barge, and then be detonated, be set off by radio control, and then the underwater burst would occur from so many feet underneath the ^{surface of the} lagoon, and that we really wanted to see.
^

Q: What was the depth, do you remember?

Captain Biard: I don't remember, 30 or 35 feet, something like that.

Q: Underneath the hull?

Captain Biard: The boat.

Q: And what ship was it? A barge?

Captain Biard: It was some mechanized landing barge, had a beam of about 30 or 40 feet, a length of maybe 75 feet.

Q: And then you discharged it from a distance?

Captain Biard: Then we lowered it, we fixed a special well in there with the water up, and then we fixed it so we lowered the

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bomb beneath that, ^{had} ~~have~~ connections to it, ^{from the barge} and then it was set
off from the scientific ship about ten miles away.

Q: After everybody had gotten off.

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, after everybody was clear.

Q: I bet everybody was scared of that.

Captain Biard: Well, maybe not scared enough. No, not too scared, but we got clear of it, for sure. By this time, again, it took us a while to get ready.

Q: Not the same day.

Captain Biard: No, not the same day at all. It took us a couple of weeks at least.

Q: Oh, a couple of weeks.

Captain Biard: Yes, this was a big shift in things. We had to shift target ships, get boilers in operation, prepared sometimes enough to get them where they wanted to go.

Q: Was it in the same general area?

Captain Biard: Yes, same general area.

Q: Oh, it was?

Captain Biard: Yes. This time we knew that the radioactivity hazard would be much greater, much, much greater.

Q: Why?

Captain Biard: The ^{radioactivity} ~~air~~ would be dissipated in the air, ~~from~~ high in the air. Now it would all be down in the water, it would be captured, the water would be radioactive and fall all over the ships, all the bomb waste products would be there in the lagoon, ~~they~~ ^{not} they would be carried ^{into the air} on high and out to far away.

Q: Oh, the wind would carry them away.

Captain Biard: Yes. ^{In the case of the air-burst, only} Here it would be right ...

Q: Wouldn't it have fallen back down anyway? Or maybe not.

Captain Biard: Not really.

Q: Dissipated someplace else.

Captain Biard: Because the mushroom was 35,000 feet high.

Q: Of course, and the winds would take it away. Whereas this was right there *in the water,*

Captain Biard: Right there. And it would all come right ^{this} back down in the lagoon, every bit of it. So we knew that ~~that~~ [^] would be something entirely different. We evacuated the lagoon again, everybody out ^{onto} ~~of~~ the transports, the transport fleet we had there, to take care of the thousands and thousands of people in the crews ^{in the} and scientific group, everybody else.

Q: You say thousands and thousands. How many were there, 10,000, 5,000?

Captain Biard: 35,000, maybe.

Q: 35,000 people involved?

Captain Biard: These tests were a big thing. We had many, many ships. We had at least 1,000 or 1,200 on the flagship alone, and there were three of the flagship types there, 3,600 in those.

Q: I have never discussed my brain as to having ...

Captain Biard: We had a seaplane tender with maybe 1,200 people on it, two of them, in fact. Then we had to start manning the target ships. Then we had to have the air people taking care of the B-29s and B-17s and other planes off Kwajalein.

Q: Two, Bikini and Kwajalein.

Captain Biard: Yes. We had around 35,000 people there.

Q: Oh, wow! Just the name of it doesn't make it sound like it was at all.

Captain Biard: So we had an operation going, I can assure you.

Q: I can see that.

Captain Biard: In this operation, it turned out that one of the British scientists was running the console that would be used to detonate by remote control the bomb that had been lowered beneath this barge.

Q: What caliber of bomb was it, the Nagasaki type you spoke of?

Captain Biard: Both of these ^{bombs} were Nagasaki ^{type.} Only one Hiroshima type bomb was ever built, at least was ever used. That was

dropped on Hiroshima. That was ^{not a} ~~the~~ ^{plutonium} Fat Man type of bomb; the Nagasaki type we weren't sure at first would be--they dropped the Hiroshima bomb without ever testing it, they were sure of it. But the Nagasaki type was tested in the desert at Alamogordo in July before ^{using it for real} ~~the test~~, the fat cottonwood tree.

Q: What did you say?

Captain Biard: The fat cottonwood tree. Alamo is cottonwood. Gordo is "fat." Alamogordo. In the New Mexico desert.

Q: Up near Sante Fe.

Captain Biard: Yes. So we learned in our report of the staff and in discussion that a Britisher was going to set it off. Now, the British had an awful lot to do with developing the bomb. The British scientists are smart, and we had several British scientists there with us that I got to know. The general ^{British} saying was, "We don't have money like you have, so we have to use our brains." And by golly, they did, I'm telling you, they did. I have tremendous respect for them. In this one, Lord Titterton was the one who was going to do the

Q: Push the button.

Captain Biard: Push the button to detonate this bomb. I wondered why a Britisher, but, "It's got to be the Britisher, it's got to be the Britisher." Maybe somebody else could have done it, but he had earned the right to do it, by what, I don't know. Well, we in security, we knew the high command did not want the public to know that a Britisher would be doing this. This was American, the bomb was American, you know. Of course, it was helped by the Jewish scientists ^{from} ~~in~~ Germany, and let me tell you, the Jewish and other scientists from Germany did help us a whole lot. They were a tremendous asset. But they didn't want people to know that the British were as important as they were. Of course, it was originally a very British project, but they moved over here because the Brits didn't have the ^{resources} ~~sources~~ to keep it going with the pressure of the Battle of Britain and all that. So we called in the public relations people and said, "Here. We don't want this to get into the press and the news. How are we going to prevent this?"

And they gave us the amazing answer. We knew it was going to be photographed for release in the States by newsreel. This is part of the game plan for the media, nothing classified about that, but we didn't want this man's name to get out and the fact he was British. And the ^{public relations} people told us, "If you only release it ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ the newsreels, nobody will ever ask a question. You can have anybody do it, as long as you don't say he's British and as long as you don't call him Lord So-and-so, you can tell his name and

you can show it in the newsreels and never get a question, who is this guy." They said, "If you publish it in the papers and say this is ^{Lord}~~Mr.~~ Titterton doing this, you'll get all sorts and kinds of questions you'll have to answer, pictures in the paper, you'll have questions. Pictures in the newsreel, nobody will ever write to you about it."

Lord Titterton did detonate it. We didn't get a single question from anybody, "Who was the man who detonated that underwater bomb?"

Q: Had you let the name of the one who--I guess you did.

Captain Biard: No, nobody detonated the one above when that was dropped. We let out who the plane crews were. *They were American.*

Q: That's what I mean.

Captain Biard: The bomb has electronic height measuring instruments. When it got to the specific height ...

Q: It did it itself.

Captain Biard: It would go by itself, so there was nobody doing this.

Q: So now we've got this underwater thing set off.

Captain Biard: Set off. And this was the amazing, tremendous column of water that you always see when they talk about H-bombs, A-bombs, and whatnot. This is the only one that's ever been set off under water, as far as I know. It set up this tremendously big column of water that went upward for several thousand feet and then just fanned out like a birthday cake.

Q: Is that what you see, the picture that looks like a mushroom cloud?

me Captain Biard: No, this is a water column. The mushroom cloud around 35,000 feet high for the first ~~one~~^{test}. It just went up steadily, up, up, up, up, up. This one is that water column, and you've seen pictures of it. You still see pictures of it in the paper.

Q: I probably have, but I didn't have sense enough to know the difference.

Captain Biard: I'll find one here and show it to you.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: And on the side of it there is a black spot. That is the oil from the fuel tanks of the battleship Arkansas going up in this big water column, the shockwave in the water expanded from the very center, it hit the Arkansas, raised the Arkansas up, broke its fuel tanks, and you can see the oil there and you can see the Arkansas on its side, I believe, about ready to turn over. So this now, with all of this, all of the waste products of the bomb, extremely, extremely radioactive, all of the waste products of the bomb were kept in the lagoon because this water went straight up and came right back down into the lagoon, and it covered some of the nearby ships. It also produced a type of surf wave, and I have forgot the technical name we called it, something we hadn't seen before, but it's much like soap suds, a big, big wave of soap suds that beyond this half-mile-wide, tremendously big column of water that went straight up in the air and carried everything with it, this type of surf, it's just like a soap wave. *Addek later:-- This was called the Base Surge.*

Q: Tidal wave?

Captain Biard: No, no, sort of soft suds, just like soap suds, great big, high, came out and went over most of the ships. It was highly reactive, so that the nearby ships got completely covered with radioactivity, completely, extremely radioactive.

0000 The thing that broke our heart was the aircraft carrier

0000

Enterprise

Enterprise

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Saratoga, the one that along with the ~~Washington~~ had survived the war, the Saratoga was a target ship. It was starting to list, and I would have sworn that anybody could have gone aboard, a damage control crew could have gone aboard and controlled the flooding, but it started to list a little bit, hours and hours and hours and hours, and I think the next day it sank. Oh, we hated to see this big aircraft carrier, it was valuable ^{if} only for sentimental reasons, ~~we~~ hated to see this famous aircraft carrier we thought so much of, one of our war veterans, hated to see it go down when it just seemed that surely we could send ^a ~~the~~ damage control party aboard, *and easily save it.*

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Q: It was highly radioactive.

Captain Biard: We found out later by going aboard other ships that it had been fantastically radioactive. We could go aboard the other target ships right after the air burst where the air in the mushroom cloud carried the products away without much hazard, but we had to be careful about going aboard these ships after the underwater blast. They were highly radioactive. We had cleaned them up from a distance and get the ...

Q: How did you do that?

Captain Biard: Take a fire tug or something like that over and

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spray them with water, which itself was somewhat radioactive, but nothing like as radioactive as this ^{Surge} ~~surge~~ that had fallen from the...

Q: How far away would the fire boat be to wash them down?

Captain Biard: Oh, you could be ten feet away from the ship, you were fairly safe, if you were 20 feet, you were reasonably safe. If you were 50 feet, you were completely safe, except for the bit of radioactivity in the lagoon, which didn't kill anybody. I should put that less strongly. I don't think ^{it} hurt anybody. So we cleaned up ships and got them ready to go aboard, but we couldn't do anything for the Saratoga, of course. It was too hot. I was convinced at the time that it wasn't that hot; let me take a group of men aboard and we'll save that ship, better yet, send some of the crew aboard, they'd know what to do. I couldn't be that heroic, you know. It was far better to send some of the crew aboard. I am quite sure now that that was not the thing to do.

Q: Who made that decision, the commanding officer of the task force?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, Admiral Blandy, on the advice of other people, *the radiological safety specialists.*

Q: I'm glad he made that decision.

Captain Biard: Admiral Blandy was a very sound man, very sound. He was not Major General Kepner, I can assure you.

Q: You wouldn't be here today, I think, if you'd gone aboard.

Captain Biard: I think you're right. Not if I'd stayed aboard any length of time, for sure. But all of this went on, and now we really had surveys to take of the fish population, what had happened, how radioactive they were, how they were taking all this. We had many, many things to do. This went on and on. We stayed there a while. It was some time before we came home again.

The interviewer has asked me to turn to a human interest story or dehumanizing interest story, maybe, that I referred to, alluded to previously. There was one woman who had been adopted by the Air Corps. The Air Force had not yet come into existence. They wanted her to have an official card that would make her a member of the official family of the Bikini operation. No other woman had such a card. The women on the press ship did not have this type of card, because you had to be a working member. By the way, I was responsible for getting this ^{beautiful special} card set up and for working with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which makes the plates for our money and prints our money, for this purpose.

I went over and contacted the head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to get a card that could be a true souvenir, several different types of cards, one for the official group, one for the guests, another for the press. But they would all be real cards, beautiful things. You saw one. We asked the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, please, would they like to cooperate in this. And the Bureau of Engraving and Printing said, "This is the greatest honor we've ever had." Of course, ^{these tests were} ~~this was~~ receiving tremendous publicity. And the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and his staff just couldn't do enough for us. They took us all through the bureau, we saw everything, where they were printing our money, and I went over there quite a number of times on this job, and they treated me just as though I ~~was~~ ^{was} out of this world. They were so honored that they could participate in this. Of course, we offered them official cards, they were part of the task force, too. We let them keep some for themselves. They said, "We can't keep ^{them} ~~one~~ unless you've authorized it." They had them on display there, samples of money they had made, samples of a \$1 million bill that they had made, the type they printed during the Depression when the banks were shut down, and they had to transfer money between different parts of the country, all that type of thing, \$10,000 bills, big ones, and \$1 million bill, I think was there. I know the \$10,000 bills were. They showed us all this. "We can't have one of these for our files in our museum unless you authorize it." We were very quick to

authorize it, and they were so appreciative. "Oh, we get to keep one." Or maybe more, I don't know. Of course, they were all serially numbered. But we got nothing but the utmost in cooperation from them, and they did a beautiful job. I have it over here, you've seen it.

Q: You were going to tell a story related to the tale.

Captain Biard: Yes, I'm telling about the card, why it's so special and why she and the Air Corps were fighting hard to get it for her. So they wanted to have her the only official woman, the woman who was officially a member of the Operation Crossroads.

Q: Was she a civilian?

Captain Biard: Yes, and she was in the press. She wrote magazine articles and that type of thing, I believe.

Q: Have we said her name yet?

Captain Biard: Charlotte Knight. Well, the cards had to come through us. We had to clear everyone. I know what it is I want to tell you. I've got to put it down. Her name was Charlotte Knight, and she was in this position, and the pressure was being

put on us to issue her a card, which my people did, my security section alone issued it, because she was friendly with ^acertain Air ~~Force~~ ^{Corps} person or persons. I'll say here a person, I will not name the person. But this would have been a tremendous asset to her in publicizing her articles she was going to write on the Bikini operation. ~~Her card was "lost" she was not. I still have it. How she did not!~~

Q: It was Operation Crossroads, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes, Operation Crossroads.

Q: We are talking about the Saratoga.

Captain Biard: We really didn't have the word at that time that it would be that dangerous to go aboard Saratoga. It's a good thing we didn't. Some people were telling us it would be. Nobody believed we would get that much radioactivity in the lagoon. We got a fantastic amount on the ships that were inundated by this main upsurge, the base surge, this soap suds type of wave that went out and out and out, past the big vertical wave we called a base surge.

Q: That's an interesting name, but will you continue?

Captain Biard: This base surge that had deposited so much

radioactivity on the ships that escaped the complete destruction by the vertical uplift of the water, the shock wave, the vertical rise of the water. Of course, it had radioactive water fall back also, but we think it was the base surge that passed over these ships. It was like soap suds. It in itself could not hurt the ships, but the radioactivity it carried with it was fantastic. And so that covered the exterior of the ships and into the interior in some places, too. So it was several days before we could get back on some of these ships, and longer than that for the ones close in.

One of the amazing things that happened was that we had a pig on board, I believe, the Japanese cruiser Sakawa. A pig is not supposed to be able to swim long, because when it does so, the farmers all say, and all the zoologists say, that their hooves will cut their necks and they will bleed to death.

Q: Oh, really?

Captain Biard: They can swim, but they can't do so without cutting their necks. So that about 24 hours after the tests, we found this pig from the Sakawa--of course, we had numbers on all our animals--swimming in the water. It had been there 24 hours. And this made the headlines all over the country because a pig wasn't supposed to be able to do this.

Q: But the pig didn't know it.

Captain Biard: The pig didn't know it. So this was one of the amazing results from the test.

Q: Well, did you bring him back? Was he all right?

Captain Biard: Yes. We brought him back, not only brought him back, but they kept him, and in order to see whether he had any bad results from the test, they let him father ~~additional~~ additional litters of pigs. That was part of the test.

Q: Of course it was.

Captain Biard: To see what effect it had on him and what effect it would have on his litters.

Q: That's interesting.

Captain Biard: So we had to take care of the target ships and get measurements and so on. It wasn't too long before the flagship itself had served most of its useful functions. We went back by Kwajalein, had a nice party there with the base commander and such, again, and then returned to the States. I returned to my duty in Technical Intelligence, of course, coming by ^{my} home in *Dallas.*

On the way home, I had a tremendous, tremendous honor paid me by no one officially, but by friends. John Bromley had married Edith Trescowthick. He married her in November of 1944, after we came back from Leyte. It required six months' waiting after ^{permission}~~commission~~ was obtained from the fleet commander before an American serviceman could marry an Australian girl. Otherwise, all eligible girls would have been married by the time the Australians returned from the war. That was our way of saving womanhood for Australia.

Q: Not a bad idea, basically.

Captain Biard: It was a good idea, basically, because there would have been many war marriages, many of which would have worked out fine, others not, but the Australian men never would have forgiven us. They didn't forgive us for our being there anyway, because their saying was, "Overrated, overpaid, oversexed, and now, by God, you're over here." This was called "The Four Overs."

Q: I've heard that. I knew that was in England. Australia the same?

Captain Biard: Yes. In fact, we weren't too widely loved there. *Not by the male part of the population.*

Q: Well, you had everything.

Captain Biard: I mean, by the Navy. So I came back to the States.

Q: I have to find myself being tiresome, because you never come to the end of the story of the ID card on the Bikini tests.

Captain Biard: The ID card for Charlotte Knight.

Q: Yes. It isn't important in the history of things, but it's just funny.

Captain Biard: She was a magazine reporter or freelance writer, I believe. She was not a regular newspaper correspondent. She was too friendly with some Air ~~Force~~^{Coyne} person, and in their general, usual way, they were freewheeling all over the place. They demanded a card for her. We did not want to give her one. The task force commander, I think I can say, was not too strongly in favor of her getting one, but they were putting an awful lot of pressure on us to issue one. Well, my section, called the J-2 section, that's the Joint Task Force section number two, J-2 in the Army, that's intelligence, took care of the security. We had to get her picture and data for the card. Sure enough, we made up a card and we called her in for it, but when she got there, we couldn't find it. We promised her we would look for it. We had people look for it. The only thing is, they didn't know where to look. And there was pressure, pressure, pressure, and she was

howling, howling, howling, but it just turned out that her card never did show up. Somehow or another we never did get around to making another one for her. And that card right now, well, you have seen that card. *I still have her "lost" card.*

Q: I'll tell the story, because the reason they couldn't find the card was because it was in the possession of this friend of mine, who now has it in his possession. He's a very nice guy, but the poor girl, she just was abused.

Captain Biard: So she was not the only woman on Operation Crossroads, that is, on the seagoing part of it.

Q: There was no woman.

Captain Biard: There was no woman. *Except on the special press ship - women reporters.*

Q: Okay. So now you can go on with your story. You were coming back to the United States from Operation Crossroads.

Captain Biard: I will go back to Bikini for a moment. While we were in Bikini, two people showed up from the Far East. I would have never have known what to do with these people, I wouldn't have known anything about them. But somehow or other, E.B. Brown, who did this marvelous job with Jerry Moorad and the other

correspondents on Kwajalein, found these people in the checks he was making on things, found them there without credentials other than the fact that they had been sent from the Far East by General MacArthur--and when I say General MacArthur, I say this somewhat advisedly, in other words, from his command. Whether he sent them, I'll never know. They could be sent from his command and still by authority of General MacArthur, as you know. I'm not saying he did it personally, don't get me wrong. But they were sent there to try to do some spy work on us and find out what was going on about security and the like. The Army had its CIC, its counterintelligence ...

Q: Hadn't he been cut in on this test?

Captain Biard: I haven't any idea. He knew it was going to happen, yes, because we had sent Ogato back ~~from~~ ^{to} Japan ^{from} ~~on~~ the Sakawa. His people would know about that, oh, yes. It was widely publicized out there, too. But these two people showed up. We don't know what their rank was. You never do know what the rank of CIC people is. But my man found them. He was Army, and he knew about CIC. I would not have known. I didn't know CIC existed. He found them and he threw them in the brig because he knew they'd be spying on us. So he let them work out of the brig on missions that he specified, and he did not let them spy on us. Now, the Navy doesn't do things that way. If they send

an investigator to a command, it's an extremely, extremely, extremely unusual case if he's sent under cover. The command is told, "The investigator is here, and you will cooperate." But here we were having these people sent without any notification to Vice Admiral Blandy, to spy all over the place and report back to MacArthur, at least to MacArthur's command.

Q: They didn't even go directly to Blandy?

Captain Biard: Oh, heavens, no. It was way down there that the sub-echelon found them, a first lieutenant found them operating on the island. They were to investigate Blandy's command.

Q: What were they doing?

Captain Biard: We'll never know. We couldn't make them talk. We couldn't put the thumbscrews on them. The only thing my man could do is put them in the brig.

Q: Or put a sharp stick under their fingernails.

Captain Biard: No. Put them in the brig, which he did, and he let them out of the brig, and he kept close contact on them while he made them do security jobs for us.

Q: Oh, they were working for you?

Captain Biard: We made them work for us.

Q: Very good.

Captain Biard: As I say, that amazed me, that something would come from the Far East, and if it was MacArthur's command, maybe he had been told by somebody else in Washington to do this, we'll never know. But the Navy doesn't operate that way. My Army man who was over on Kwajalein, who had been with Manhattan Engineer District, by golly, he didn't let them operate either. He really kept them under control when he found out about them. I wanted to get that story in. I still have no idea what that was all about.

These things that I wish to tell you, to put in the record now is the fact that we had to obtain clearances for everybody on this operation. Those who really got high level information, we had to have investigative clearances, we had to have background clearances, and the FBI was conducting those. We had to get FBI clearances on all the people who were really in sensitive positions. We not only got FBI, but we got fingerprint clearances with the FBI, and we got police checks. We had to get checks from the police chief of the town where they had lived recently, or home town, if they had only one home town. Those who were really in sensitive positions, we had to get the Q

clearance on, that's the complete background check. The others are a P clearance, that would be fingerprint and the home ^{Town} police check. The thing that amazed me was that if somebody really ran the danger of being a communist, a Fellow Traveler, or having tremendous sympathizes with the Communist Party and hence, knowingly a risk, if he were in high office, we couldn't touch him. The person on high, "Oh, no, I trust him completely. We have all the information on him. It would wreck my organization if I lost him." We could not get a person who was a true threat to security out of the task force. *Some higher authority in Washington would always protect him.*

Q: Did this happen?

Captain Biard: It happened many times, or at least a number of times, several times.

Q: Can you give me a for instance?

Captain Biard: The Presidential representative, Dr. E.U. Condon, the representative of the President.

Q: I don't even know that name.

Captain Biard: He was a well-known physicist. By the principles established, we would not have allowed him to be on the task

force.

Q: Was he?

Captain Biard: Yes, he was ^{the personal} representative of the President,
President Truman.

Q: That's what I thought you said.

Captain Biard: But there were others of lesser credentials.

Q: He represented the President?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And his background information showed that he was dangerous?

Captain Biard: We knew it even before we even went to his
background information. He was a ^{far} left-winger and Fellow
Traveler.

Q: You would have known that in Washington?

Captain Biard: Yes. We didn't have to look at his record to
know that. And there were others, one of which was Steven
Brunaur. Even Admiral Blandy was defending him. He was the

first person that McCarthy went after, he and his wife, when McCarthy was forced to reveal, "Who are some of your communist suspects?" He was McCarthy's number one namee, the one he named first.

Q: And he was on this?

Captain Biard: And he was an employee of the Bureau of Ordnance, one of the high people, in charge of their explosives program.

Q: And on this operation?

Captain Biard: Yes. But if we would find some little boy, some boy or some sailor or Army lad who, when he was 16 years old, had stolen a pint of liquor from a liquor store and been caught, then we could get rid of him without any trouble at all. But if there was anybody we really doubted, he would always be in a high enough place that there would be somebody tremendously up in the high command, the command above, not just the military command, in high authority, that would trust him completely, and he would stay, almost always.

Q: That thrilled you, no doubt.

Captain Biard: Yes, it did. I remember one case where I had

some fun. A young officer, the FBI has reports of his having attended a Fellow Traveler student meeting at one time. He was nearby, and I thought, "Well, I don't think we ought to kick him out for this. Maybe let's call him in and see if he can defend himself." So I called him in.

Q: That was your responsibility to check all these people out there, even?

Captain Biard: If anything was derogatory. Well, this is before ^{we} they went out ~~there~~ to BIKINI.

Q: Oh, this is back in Washington.

Captain Biard: Back in Washington, before we went out. Most of the reports I didn't see at all; my underlings checked them. But if there was something derogatory, I or General ^{Betts} ~~Bethe~~ would look at them, and if it was somebody high up, then Admiral Blandy would see them, Admiral Blandy's own people, in his own bureau.

Q: BuOrd.

Captain Biard: BuOrd, yes, was on our list. So this time I had a young officer. I said, "Well, I'll call him over and talk to him and just see."

So when he came over, he was a nice-looking young gent. I talked to him a minute about his past and what he'd done. He didn't seem to be much of a threat. So I asked him, I said, "Think around in your past now. Have you ever done anything that might make you a security risk? Anything that you might tell me? I'd just like to know, have you ever?"

He thought around. "Yes, I attended this student something or other, obviously a communist front organization for students one time, but I really didn't know a thing that was going on."

I said, "You did?" This is what I had on him. He was being honest. So I said, "All right, what type of people were there?"

"Oh, a lot of left-wingers, Fellow Travelers. I really didn't get too involved."

I may not be a good judge, but it seemed to me that he was being square and straight. So I asked him, "Well, who were some of the outstanding left-wingers and communists there?"

"Well, I don't remember exactly, but Eleanor Roosevelt was there."

Q: I think that's the end of the story on that one.

Captain Biard: That's the end of the story on that one, yes.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: We had several others that had stolen a pint bottle of liquor or something of that sort. Of course, we would get them off the task force. We were supposed to have a Simon Pure organization. When they organized the ^{Manhattan} Engineer District, they were going to have a Simon Pure organization, too, and they were going to expell anyone that had a police record, not let anyone who had a police record be on anything.

Q: The atomic ...

Captain Biard: The atomic project, yes. Well, they had lots of things to build, like nuclear reactors, and that type of thing. They had to clear everybody on that. They had to go through the police files to see if there was anything on them. Finally we found out that they could not exclude everyone that had a police record, because all these construction men were forever getting in fights and getting in jail, and so they just damn well had to let them in, or they wouldn't have anybody doing any construction work if they had kept the project as Simon Pure in that type of rank as they intended. But we did have this. We had to clear around 35,000 people or so. This was police checks.

Q: That must have taken an endless time.

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, send them all over the country. The FBI

cooperated perfectly, nothing but absolute, and we had FBI representatives there working under me, they were ~~attached~~ ^{attached} to me for liaison, and they were very competent and they helped a lot. I didn't mention them, but, yes, they were there, and they were very good. I respected them very much.

0108 So I went back to Washington and took up in ONI again, Technical Intelligence. By this time, why, Jack Alberti and I were good friends. I was going out to his place practically every ~~day~~ ^{weekend} - he had a nice place, he had inherited a good amount of money from his father and soon was to get more. His father was dead. He had a nice place out in the suburbs. He threw parties every weekend almost, every Saturday night. Any time he didn't throw parties, why, he and his wife and I and perhaps a young lady who stayed with them a lot, an Irish girl, we would go driving around the historic countryside. We toured all of the weekend radius, sightseeing radius, particularly Civil War sites, Revolutionary War sites, historical sites, taking in all the ...

Q: That's really one of the advantages of being in that area, if you take advantage of it.

Captain Biard: Jack loved to take pictures. I had many cameras, and we just used up film, film, film, color pictures all over the place. I still have them, beautiful pictures. If you'll excuse me for saying it, I managed to take better pictures than Jack,

usually.

Q: That's all right, I won't tell anybody, God rest his soul.

Captain Biard: But he loved my pictures, and he loved to take pictures. He loved to go on these tours--not tours, they were our own tours, with cameras slung over our shoulders. We had a wonderful time. The parties out there were magnificent. He had two priests, in particular, his wife was Catholic, he had joined the Catholic Church, and they would come out. Then I found out they were society priests, very, very well placed in the church, and I obtained a tremendous amount of information on the Catholic Church that I could have obtained no other way ^{than} from them, some very interesting, and one of which I may put on the tape that may surprise you. In fact, it will surprise you.

Q: You promise?

Captain Biard: If I put it on the tape, yes.

Jack was an expert. Jack, in his operations, would never go in the front door if he could get in by the back door. He was a back door man. He liked to do things in a round-about fashion, but with his contacts, with his travels in Europe, meeting all the scientists over there, meeting all the high-ups over here, meeting all our scientists, as I say, I didn't have his entre

because he would be sent on these missions, and I would not be. He was the man who took our high-ups on the grand tour. He would come back and tell me all of these things, and I would get in on some of it when he would come back here. We had quite a source of information through him at that time when things were going on around the world scientifically and technically, and his knowledge of the Germans. The Germans were our number one scientific source at this time in what they had. And in spite of the American belief, the Germans did not miss their Jewish scientists at all. If any Jewish scientist had left Germany, they had three more Germans to replace him who were just as competent. And at no time in any of our investigations did somebody ever tell us or even indicate, and they were not all Nazis, either, many of the scientists were not, they said, "No, we didn't suffer because they weren't there. We suffered only because Hitler wouldn't let us do what we could do." Thank God. If they had done it, we wouldn't be here now.

Q: Why wouldn't he let them?

Captain Biard: Because ^{after France fell} he was going to win the war and didn't need their help.

Q: I guess you said that before.

Captain Biard: He had ^{planned for} a short war and it was going to be over in a hurry, a short war. So all of this was going on. Jack and I were tremendous friends.

One thing I definitely want to get on the record. About this time, when I returned, letters started coming in from various manufacturers in the United States, "The Russians have ordered this certain piece of equipment from us. It is identically the piece of equipment the Manhattan Engineer District had us make for them for this type of project here and here. The drawing is the same blueprint redone. Even the screw threads are the same."

Q: Someone had stolen it.

Captain Biard: These came in from here, all parts of the country. "What do I do about it?"

I didn't have the authority to say anything, but our people, in general, said, "The only thing required is that they pay the bill and obtain an export license for it." And it would have taken tons and tons of blueprints for these people, the Russians, to have had all this knowledge, and send the identical blueprints back to us, redrawn, but with exactly the same specifications and the same screw threads on them, so we knew entirely it was for the same purpose. They knew what they wanted, what they were going to use it for, and they went to the exact supplier for it.

Q: How could they do that? I mean, how could they be so dumb as to let them ...

Captain Biard: This came in more and more and more and more. These just came in from everywhere. We couldn't do a thing about it, not a thing. It was not classified at this time. We couldn't tell them, "No, you're not authorized to make it."

Q: And yet the manufacturers themselves probably wanted help.

Captain Biard: Yes, they wanted help, which we couldn't give. About this time, Major George Racey Jordon was making headlines of the type that the anti-McCarthy people--and mind you, I'm not defending McCarthy for all he did, but he did do some wonderful things for this country.

Q: You're the only person I've ever heard say that.

Captain Biard: Because I'm one of the few people who know it. Most of the things that he did, I think, were abominable, and the way he went about it. But he did so some magnificent things for this country.

Q: Will that come up on logical sequence or not?

Captain Biard: If you want me to.

Q: Whenever.

Captain Biard: Anyway, he was telling that he was at a checkpoint, a station where Russian planes would come through in the Pacific Northwest, up in Montana or in there, and he was supposed to check everything that came through. When they came through, they had tons of blueprints in them that went straight from sources here and that he could not touch. They were classified, they were military classified, and they took tons of blueprints with them.

Q: If they were classified, why couldn't he have done something?

Captain Biard: Because they were Russian property, and he could not do anything about Russian property, on Russian planes. Now, this was investigated by many people. Many people believe it is true, and he swore it, and they could have nailed him, I think, if it wasn't. So the Russians were operating over here on a far bigger scale with far, far higher approval than ^{the public} ~~anybody~~ knows.

Q: Higher?

Captain Biard: It had to be. They could have only got those

with higher approval. This wasn't somebody meeting clandestinely, "Here's the blueprints. Take it under your coat." This was truckloads of blueprints.

Q: Had they come from the military?

Captain Biard: They had come from everything, especially the Manhattan Engineer District.

Q: What year are we talking about?

Captain Biard: We're talking about 1946-47, I believe it is. This gives evidence that George Racey Jordan, a major, there certainly must have been something to his story. All right. This is a high priority item that I wish to put on the record. We did nothing about it, just had to let it go. It wasn't up to us anyway, but we found out that higher authorities could do nothing. It was declassified now. And the Russians could not make this stuff, or at least they had to spend their efforts making other things. They knew that it could be made over here. They had the blueprints for it and everything else, so why not get it?

Q: Did they use them?

Captain Biard: They surely did. They surely did.

Q: In making atomic ...

Captain Biard: That is right, getting their material, fissionable material for this first atomic bombs, ^{and} their H-bombs.

At this time, people were believing that the Russians could not get the A-bomb for 20 years. General Groves was one of those saying that. Jack Alberti and I were saying, "The Russians can do anything they want to do, if they want to know it bad enough, do it bad enough. They've got people as capable as ours, and furthermore, they've got the Germans, and the Germans are as capable as anyone else." And they perhaps ^{at that time} had the greatest number of capable scientists of any nation on earth.

At this time, we were conducting Operation Paperclip. We were selecting German scientists to come over here to help us in our effort. We were getting all this information about the fantastic projects that they had going, and people who knew things and could do things our scientists couldn't do. But we had permission from Congress to bring in only a few hundred people in all this Operation Paperclip, which was to get German scientists to further our effort, and we knew that we were in a tremendous race with the Russians. We knew it then, the Russians were our number one enemy. Congress would authorize only ~~200~~ ⁵⁰⁰. Some of this was the result of our scientists lobbying against it; they didn't want the competition from the topnotch German scientists.

Q: Was Von Braun one of them?

Captain Biard: Von Braun was one of the ~~200~~⁵⁰⁰ people brought over here on the Operation Paperclip. The thing was that only ~~200~~⁵⁰⁰ people, not ~~200~~⁵⁰⁰ scientists, but ~~200~~⁵⁰⁰ people--if a man brought his family, they counted in the ~~200~~⁵⁰⁰.

Q: Oh, that counted against you.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so we had to really look it over very hard and try to sell a man on the idea of coming over here without his family, and if the man had big family ties, as most of them did have, we didn't get him.

Q: Now, how were you involved with this? Did you interview them?

Captain Biard: No. Jack Alberti was doing a lot of it, and he would consult with other people that were interested in getting them in. Jack Albert was the big contact man on this for us.

Q: That was not part of your job?

Captain Biard: I oversaw Jack Alberti's work. Jack Alberti was working under me.

Q: Because he was not Navy?

Captain Biard: Because he was in the chain of command under me.

Q: You were his boss.

Captain Biard: He had the desk right next to me.

Q: And you were his boss.

Captain Biard: I was his boss.

Q: Had you assigned him these jobs to do?

Captain Biard: No, this job had already been assigned to him by people before I got there.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: We tried to get Hugo Eckner to come over here. He was the big dirigible man, the ^{Zepelin} ~~Zepelin~~ man. The Germans had built successful dirigibles, we had not, and he was the number one man. Hugo Eckner would not come over here because we wanted to bring him alone; he said, "I won't come over here without my mathematician, engineer, and chief technical man." He said,

"You've got to bring about five people." I believe he said, "I want my wife to come, too." We couldn't let six people come over here, we couldn't allot that much of our Operation Paperclip to the quota, inside that quota, on that particular project. We could not bring Hugo Eckner over here. The Russians, in one night's time--and this made Life magazine, they wrote it up, we knew it, too--they brought in trains to all of the stations to all the big German cities. They had them right there waiting, nobody knew for what. At midnight, they sent their forces out to round up every scientist and technician they wanted, they got him, his family, whatever they could bring with them in 30 minutes' notice, and they moved 1,500 people in one night by this marvelous coordinated move.

Q: Were the people willing to go?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: They just took them?

Captain Biard: They took them from their sector or our sector, if they could get in there to get them.

Q: I've read about it.

Captain Biard: They had already had an awful lot of scientists that had already fallen into their hands, and they sent them over to Siberia and places like that. Not to mistreat them, no. I'll tell you more about that later. But here in one night's time, they took 1,500 people, they took families and all, they said, "Come on, you're going. No arguments." And so they took them. One or two of them managed to jump off the train, and we got in touch with them to find out about how things went on, at least on the trip leaving Germany. But we were limited to ²⁰⁰ people, and we had this, "Can we afford to get him rather than this man over here?" There were arguments between Army and Navy, rocket people, Air Force people, everything, tooth and nail. "We want our man."

"Oh, no, we want our man."

But that was very, very bad, extremely bad. Operation Paperclip was so limited. The Russians got so much out of it, so much out of it.

For example, one thing they might do would be to send them over to--say, "We want to put you on this project. We'll send you to Siberia, we'll send everything over there that you want, except your family, except your girlfriends, but you'll have all the scientific and technical equipment you need to do this job that you specify. If you do it, you get it working, you can come back and join your families and relatives." Now, how do you think those people worked?

Q: Very hard.

Captain Biard: They produced marvelously, wonderfully. The Russians had the magic touch. The Germans worked for us well, too, an awful lot of them. The Germans were coming in to see Jack Alberti all the time. I got to know them. Werner Von Braun never did come in. I never did meet him. But this and things like this went on and on and on. In other words, we were just being completely unrealistic, and the Germans were so far ahead of us scientifically, that in the scientific reports coming back, that is, in most cases, "We have nothing to approximate this. We have nothing to compare with this. Occasionally they'd say, "This does compare with something we're doing here." They were fantastically above what Germany was doing at the time; they were thinking way out in the future, but they were having to make up the time that Hitler had lost for them by not letting them work in the early days of the war and continue developing things.

Q: I'm glad he was stupid in that area.

Captain Biard: Oh, am I glad he was stupid! He was a shrewd commander at the beginning of the war, and he had a fantastic memory, he was a sharp, sharp, sharp, sharp, extremely sharp man. I didn't appreciate this until I started studying and Jack Alberti started telling me, and since then I've studied Hitler.

He was just one of the many things I've studied, but I feel that I know that he was an extremely, extremely sharp man, extremely sharp. And people who really know, who hated him, say the same thing, even the British say it, he was really sharp. Don't ever think for a moment that he was just a sucker and a front. He wasn't. He was his own front, and he created his own fronts.

So this was interesting, all this with Jack Alberti. Jack Alberti and I had lots of fun.

Q: How long were you in this ONI at this period?

Captain Biard: I came back in perhaps August or September of 1946, and then in 1948, I was there for about a year when they called me out on another atomic test.

Q: How long were you there this period--two years?

Captain Biard: About one year.

Q: About one year.

Captain Biard: After I came back from the Bikini tests.

Q: Yes, one year.

Captain Biard: And at the end of that one year, I was the executive officer and the officer in charge ^{was} Francis Duborg. He was class of '30, he had been a Rhodes Scholar and graduated from the Naval Academy, a very nice gent. He had relieved George Phelan.

Let me complete one story here. Remember I was supposed to bring back all of the information to spy on the A-bomb for George Phelan?

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: And I knew that was very much against the law, that if I did give it to somebody not authorized to receive it, that I could be subject to an awful lot of pressure. George Phelan said he was going to have it. When I got back to ONI from Crossroads, that's the first Bikini tests, George Phelan had been transferred, he was no longer in the area. I didn't have to give any data on the A-bomb to anybody.

Q: What did you do with it?

Captain Biard: I kept it.

Q: Where?

Captain Biard: In my head.

Q: Oh, not in a safe?

Captain Biard: No, no.

Q: In your head.

Captain Biard: Yes, because that was the only way I could bring it back to him.

Q: I pictured you carrying all of this.

Captain Biard: No, I wasn't a Russian, with their giveaway sources.

Q: And he had been replaced by ...

Captain Biard: He had been replaced by my previous executive officer, Francis Duborg.

Q: Yes, you said that.

Captain Biard: And I became the executive officer in place of Duborg.

Q: You were the executive for Duborg.

Captain Biard: Yes. So all this went on. I would go up to New York many times, go up to see Jerry Geronimo, always a wonderful host, extremely sharp person, very knowledgeable in politics. It was from him that I found out so much about Franklin D. Roosevelt. Jerry Geronimo was a Democrat. I also found out a lot about Al Smith, about Thomas H. Dewey. Dewey was a Republican, and Jerry Geronimo, a loyal Democrat, said that one of the worst mistakes this country ever made was not electing Thomas Dewey President.

Q: I voted for him.

Captain Biard: He said he was a fantastically capable man, said he was honest. He said you couldn't touch him; that means you couldn't bribe him. And he was an administrator the likes of which this country has hardly known before or since. He said he was politically savvy, you couldn't put anything over on him.

Q: You know what lost him the election?

Captain Biard: He didn't work for it. He thought he had it.

Q: No, his mustache.

Captain Biard: Yes, but he didn't work for it, too. They first were saying he had it. He had it, so he didn't go out and work for it. But his mustache. And then the newspapers were against him, too, because he was not a left-winger. They put out the stuff like, "You have to know Thomas Dewey to dislike him."

Q: I thought that was his wife, who said, "You really don't know me well enough to dislike me." Maybe that was it.

Captain Biard: The newspapers said, "You really have to know Thomas Dewey in order to dislike him." It was that type of thing. But if he'd have got out and worked, he'd have got it. Mind you, Truman did a magnificent job of campaigning right there.

Q: Oh, he sure did.

Captain Biard: A magnificent job.

Q: No question.

Captain Biard: And this will come up in the tapes later on. This is something later on.

So one day, Duborg came back with a long face, and he said, "I talked against it, I've tried to stop it. The powers that be

can't stop it. There is going to be another A-bomb test, and the task force commander has said you must be on the staff."

I didn't want to go, particularly since they were sending me in a security capacity again. Now it wasn't public relations and security; it was executive officer again of the security section. And I didn't want anything to do with it.

Q: You had had enough of it.

Captain Biard: I had had all and more than I wanted of security. I got in a lot of trouble with some people in the Navy, because I could see that some of the things they wanted to release and our publicity people wanted to release were harmful, damaging to the national interest, and they'd asked me why. Well, frequently it would involve something that I knew concerned codebreaking, and I couldn't tell them why. I said, "We just can't do it, that's all."

If I told them codebreaking, they'd always come back with, "Oh, that's past history. That can't hurt anything." Well, it can hurt. It can hurt 30 years up, for 30 years. Or it could involve espionage, and I couldn't tell them that, because you would be endangering our sources of information, and that's one thing you'd never want to endanger, first of all, respect for the man you've got in the field, and after that, for heaven's sake, if you lose him, how are you going to get another one out there

to do the same job? You couldn't tell them that. I'd just say, "It's something that we can't do."

Q: People don't like that kind of an answer.

Captain Biard: They don't like that kind of an answer at all. As I say, I was not popular with an awful lot of people, very unpopular.

So I had to report this time to an Army colonel in the Pentagon, and this is one of my very unhappy experiences, extremely unhappy. He was a dictator. He had ordered me because he had heard I had done such a good job of running security in the Bikini operation. Nobody could have done a good job running that operation; it was built so you couldn't. Anyway, he had heard that I had run it, so he put in for me. He needed help. He didn't know how to do it. So I helped him set up this security group, and sometimes he would go against me. Very often I would write a letter and he would tear it apart. In those days and times, I had much more pride of authorship than I have now. I have torn other people's letters apart, but usually for good reason. My letters always made sense; excuse me for saying it.

Q: Why should I excuse you?

Captain Biard: Any letter that I've torn apart was ^{written by} somebody who

did not know how to make sense ⁱⁿ ~~out of~~ a letter.

Q: I'm teasing you.

Captain Biard: I know. Or had used abominable language. My English was pretty fair. I got him on the right track, in spite of the fact that I was extremely unhappy. This was all over the United States, what we were trying to do. The task force commander was General Hull, who was commander of the U.S. armed forces in the Pacific, with headquarters in the pineapple Pentagon in Oahu. This was a redwood building that had several different wings to it, so they called it the pineapple Pentagon.

Q: I never heard that before.

Captain Biard: General Hull wasn't a bad man to work for. They had a large number of Army in high places in the staff. Some of them I didn't care for too much, and I didn't like my own section head at all. He just shouldn't have been there. Well, we got things set up, largely on Army bases. We got some good Army people working for us. There weren't too many Navy on this job. I was one of the few Navy. I had the wrong school tie. But I got things working all right. Colonel Sands, he would have got it working all right, but he wouldn't have got it working anything like as fast if I hadn't been there, because I was

working from experience. I'm not saying the man was incompetent; he was damned unpleasant to work with.

Q: Experience, like they say, is the best teacher.

Captain Biard: Yes, and I had been taught a lot on the previous operation. This time we did have security. We didn't have the press, didn't have the public.

Q: Oh, you didn't?

Captain Biard: And damned little was said about it. A cocktail party was held for the press. They were told there was going to be additional atomic tests, and ~~that~~^{that} was about it. We had no press with us at all. It was held at Eniwetok ^{Atoll} this time. This is the second series of tests. We had to start clearing people, clearing people again, with the same general results. This time we didn't have as many people sent out by those in high places, but as I said before, it was easy to get rid of somebody who had stolen a bottle of liquor, and one young fellow we even transferred because we found out that he was illegitimate.

Q: Needless to say, that was dumb.

Captain Biard: No, we just couldn't risk blackmail.

Q: Oh, of course, there's always that.

Captain Biard: It wasn't because we didn't like him; we liked him a lot. He was a nice little fellow, and if we had had our druthers, we would have taken him with us, because everybody liked him, and we knew he was all right. But in case an enemy agent should get ^{to} him, the other people didn't know he was illegitimate.

Q: I know. I know.

Captain Biard: And so we had to find a nice, good, worthwhile billet, we told him, "Here, there's a place over here outside the task force. We've been called on to supply somebody for that. There's nobody better than you." Well, he didn't know that, of course, we had found the billet, a good one for him.

Q: He knew why, though?

Captain Biard: No, he never did. Oh, heavens, no.

Q: He didn't know that you knew?

Captain Biard: He didn't know that we knew it, but our investigation of his background turned it up. He was in a very

sensitive position, one of our yeomen, in fact, the most likeable of all of them. We had every bit of confidence in him, but at this time we were touch and go. The Berlin Blockade was on, and we were touch and go with the Russians.

Q: We're now in '47?

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Captain Biard: No. ^{1948.} We were still touch and go with the Russians. So we had to get rid of him.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: We hated to, and by getting rid of him, we did the best we could for him.

Q: Did you have the same number of people as in the other one, the 35,000?

Captain Biard: Maybe 20,000 in this one. They didn't have the target ships, although we did have to have ships to evacuate personnel. We didn't have to have so many ships to evacuate personnel, either; we went to other islands. We still had to clear them, that was getting passes out. We didn't have pretty passes that time, because we weren't public related. We didn't have any Charlotte Knights. I don't even have my pass from the

operation.

Q: What was it called? The other was called Crossroads.

Captain Biard: This one was called Operation Sandstone. So we spent quite a bit of our time, we moved from the East Coast to the West Coast by airplane. I don't know whether we went by air or ship to Honolulu. We moved out there to the pineapple Pentagon for the final phases of planning, so we'd be with General Hull, right there with him, so we could work there.

At this time I was taking a lot of color pictures, and I managed to borrow a car from the security men at the pineapple Pentagon, do a lot of traveling around the island, testing radio reception, military radio reception around the island, and, of course, testing new military radio reception around the island, I would take pictures. I have some beautiful, beautiful, beautiful pictures of Oahu, all over the place.

One morning on the way ^{walking} to work, I was passing by some hibiscus flowers out there, just beautiful, and I saw one particularly pretty, fancy shape, right near the ground ^{by the sidewalk} that I wanted to take a picture of, so in uniform and all, I stretched myself belly down on the sidewalk, about 7:30 in the morning, and took a picture of the hibiscus. It was a beautiful one, and I really wanted a picture. I had gone to great trouble, and I have thousands of dollars worth of camera equipment, and as I turned

over to start to get up, there was the general standing over me, General Hull. "Good morning, General."

Q: Was it General Hull?

Captain Biard: Yes. It was right on his post, right ^{by} ~~on~~ his headquarters. So I felt a little bit foolish.

Q: Did he laugh?

Captain Biard: Yes, he smiled. I felt a little self-conscious, but I gave him a very happy, "Good morning, General."

So things went on from there. Finally, the colonel then took some people back to Oak Ridge for the bomb material that we were to use. We had carried the bomb material ^{for Bikini} on Mt. McKinley. In fact, I was responsible for its security for Crossroads, and had to make checks on it every day, checks of temperature and pressure, gas that surrounded the material, keep the Marine guard posted with orders. So darn few people could get into that space, I don't think I need to tell you, the material for the two bombs. This time the head of the section wanted to go back, the colonel that I disliked so much. He took a couple of men back with him to Oak Ridge, and they got the material there for the three bombs we were going to explode. And so they carried it back by train, by Pullman car, that was the standard way of

transporting material--not the bomb, just the fissionable material itself.

Q: How big was that?

Captain Biard: You could pick it up in a suitcase, packed in regular suitcases. They got state rooms where they could close the door, and two people could stand guard on it while the other one would go off somewhere, maybe. But then when they got ready to ~~be~~ disembark ^{from} ~~on~~ the train, in ~~San Francisco~~ or Los Angeles, ~~I~~ ~~forget which now, Los Angeles, I think it was,~~ the porter, they just turned the suitcases over to him. They very carefully brought them out, and so they tell it, and perhaps it is true, I don't think that Tommy Sands could think this up on his own, he said, "We were being very careful of this material. The southern porter there, a big smile, said, 'My, you sho' is handlin' that gently. You is handlin' that like you's got the atomic bomb there.'" They almost passed out.

Q: I thought he was going to do something with it.

Captain Biard: No. So they let him handle it so it wouldn't look special at all. Of course, they kept their eyes on it. But when they got off, Myrna Loy got off the train at the same time, and all of her baggage was stacked there around and over the

atomic bomb material. That's just a human interest story.

Q: Good story.

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Captain Biard: So they came on back with the bomb material, and after we had had a very pleasant stay there, something else happened. I met a John Robert Powers model there, who was quite a girl. This was in Honolulu.

Q: Where?

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Captain Biard: In Honolulu. She came out for a visit, to visit some friends of mine, and they were very anxious to have this eligible young bachelor meet this beautiful Powers model. It turned out she was not only a Powers model, but she ran the John Robert Powers charm schools. So we were invited to dinner together. I was very much impressed, very much. So I started showing her the island^{of Oahu}, and I started showing her the Japanese side of the island, what would have been called geisha houses, except there were no geisha there. I would arrange a party for two of us at one of the geisha houses, with all of the trimmings, everything. Some of these were pretty fancy. Of course, the people there liked me because I could speak Japanese to them; they loved that.

Q: You kept that skill up?

Captain Biard: I had kept it up, very much so. This went on for some time, and she left for the States by air. She had come over on the ^{liner} Luraleen, and she went back by air. Of course, that was before I left, and I saw her back by air, and I told her, I said, "I'll find my way to get back there." So she left.

We went by ship to Eniwetok, and everything went on there, it's routine. There's no use telling much about it. We had three tests. We built three towers--they were being built, we didn't build them. We were clearing people, and we had to arrange for them in succession. This time we ^{placed a bomb on} ~~had B-17s, remote~~ ^{the top of a tower some 90 feet high and detonated it. These} ~~controlled, going to the towers.~~ ^{were three such tests.}

When we got out to Eniwetok, we found that the ^{amount of} ~~war material~~ ^{or abandoned} thrown away on that island, and it was out in the Pacific, it broke your heart to see what they'd thrown away. There were fuel trucks, plane fuel trucks, hundreds of them stacked along the side of the runway, and most of them still had all the air pressure in their tires, they were riding high on their tires. They had shoved airplanes just off into the water, and the airplanes were mostly of magnesium, resisted sea water quite well, their fuselage and wings were still in very, very fine shape, as they appeared to the eye, at least. They had whole warehouses filled with blankets, bedding, canteens, shoes, all sorts and kinds of infantry gear.

Q: Could any of that be retrieved?

Captain Biard: It had all been assigned to Chiang Kai-shek, and they told him to come get it. He didn't have any way to come get it; he was losing the war over there, anyway. This was part of our Lend-Lease to Chiang Kai-shek. He told us, if we want some of it, or need ^{ed} any, "Go over there and just sign a list of what you've taken, because we account to Chiang for anything that's taken out of it." They had all sorts and kinds of boats that had been abandoned, just lying around there in the landings. Many of these things, I ^{am sure} ~~suppose~~, would never be used again.

But when we organized and started Operation Magic Carpet that brought all the boys back to the States, there was this tremendous pressure from the public. "Get our boys home. Get our boys home." Our military just disintegrated. It should have been an orderly demobilization, so that we could keep things operating, keep a nucleus that was well-trained and properly organized, so we would shrink orderly instead of just drop everything and run. Well, here's where the communists can do their--and did do--and awful lot of their ^{dirty} ~~dirty~~, very dirty work. The only thing that they had to do, in this case, if they wanted to get our military to disintegrate, was to back this in their Fellow Travelers, have their Fellow Travelers get up and holler a bit, and the newspapers would pick it up. Newspapers weren't left-wing so much as the reporters working for ~~us~~ ^{them}. They would

grab it and then they would run with this ball. "Get the boys home! Get the boys home! Hurry up! Hurry up!" And the mothers were putting pressure on. The Russians just had it made to order, to see that we demobilized in complete disintegration, chaos, and confusion. Just a little push here started things marvelously. Everything was ready to ~~go~~^{disintegrate}. And that's exactly what they wanted to happen to us. And it did, it did. This is just an example of it.

Q: How long were you at Eniwetok?

Captain Biard: Two or three months, and nothing in particular happened there. They were testing some new types of bombs, one a bit larger, in particular, but there is nothing in the record here like the other tests.

In the meantime, before all this happened, I found a way to get myself back to Washington and spend some time with my Powers model. I was a bachelor, I still had my apartment in Washington, and any time that you were gone for more than three months on temporary additional duty, a bachelor lost his quarters allowance, not only for the future, but for the three months he had been gone. So I told Tommy Sands about this and put the pressure on him to let me go back and spend some time there so I would not have been gone for three months, and come back. Well, I'd spend a week there and come back. Of course, I spent the

↑ some of

week in New York City in Jerry's place, and so on. I introduced Jerry to my Powers model, and Jerry thought that was wonderful. Through her, he met others, and his place on 32~~nd~~ West 14th Street became a visiting spot for Powers models, and Jerry did love to see pretty girls. Of course, with his Powers models, he did. That's one of the things, as I said before, Jerry liked so much about me. When I came there, there were always some pretty girls who came down to the place with me. This time in particular, he met quite a few models, and he, in particular, liked this girl. Oh, he thought she was just something out of this world.

When I left Washington to return ^{to Eniwetok,} she came down to Washington to tell me goodbye ^{at the airport,} My plane left on a cold, cold, cold, cold early March morning from National Airport. She was down there to see me at 6:00 o'clock in the morning in the most magnificent mink coat you have ever seen. Oh, beautiful. I couldn't see what else she was wearing because the mink coat concealed it. But the other high-ranking officers and whatnot, this is a military transport plane, saw her, and boy, they fell all over me on the way to San Francisco. "Who was that?" "Who was that?" "My God, and she came down to see you off?"

"Yes, she came down to see me off."

Q: That's nothing unusual. All the girls did.

Captain Biard: This beautiful Robert Powers model in this magnificent mink coat.

Anyway, I went back to ^{Eniwetok again,} ~~the war again,~~ we had our tests, and we came home. In fact, I came home early. I had again put the pressure on Sands. He got mad about it. But we were closing up our office, and he had to write out a fitness report on me. I came back and had myself attached to the office back ^{in Washington} ~~here,~~ and I started closing it out, so that when I did, there would be almost nothing left to be done when we got back here.

Q: Didn't you go back through Dallas?

Captain Biard: Yes. It is perhaps this time that I went through Dallas that I managed--we were not supposed to have a layover anywhere, or a stopover that we might do some sightseeing on military orders, or visiting people. You're not supposed to use any military transportation for visiting.

Q: Personal reasons.

Captain Biard: But I managed to wangle a stopover in Dallas between planes. I would get a plane here. My folks knew I was going to do that. So the Trescowthicks were on their way back to Australia. They had come over here for the Kentucky Derby, and to visit their daughter in Washington. Mind you, Australians

love nothing better than horses and horse races. By this time, after the first of May, there had been the Kentucky Derby, and they had come to Dallas, got in touch with my people, and my people said, "No, he'll be through here three days later, and he will be transferring between planes." They stayed in Dallas three days in a hotel to see me for two hours.

Q: That's nice.

Captain Biard: I told you, no more wonderful people, I never had any better friends anywhere.

Q: I can understand that.

Captain Biard: And if you think I wasn't surprised and delighted!

Q: Oh, that was Elsie and Norman, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: Elsie and Norman, yes.

Q: I'm sure that thrilled you.

Captain Biard: Oh, it did! And I think they were as glad to see me as I was to see them, I really do.

Q: Well, I think so, to wait three days for two hours.

Captain Biard: Knowing it would be two hours.

So I went back to Washington, and I closed up our office there, got it ready to be closed up. When we got back, why, I found out Sands--I knew Sands was very displeased with the fact that I had come back early--but when he came back and found out what I had done with the office, he just had no idea that things would be done that way or could be done that way to close it up. He called me in and said, "Here's the fitness report I filled out on you." He tore it up. He showed me the new one. He said, "I didn't like your coming back early. I thought you were loafing back here, but you really made good use of your time. You did a magnificent job." So he turned in a topnotch fitness report.

Q: That's good.

Captain Biard: Yes. I hadn't just been loafing back there; I had really been working at it. So we had our office in the rear area. In all these operations, we had ^{a rear area} ~~an~~ office. This had to be ^{kept} ~~wound~~ up, so that people could come back for their records, so that they'd be there in proper shape. So he said, "You've really done a topnotch job." So in the end, he at least recognized that I had performed.

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Then by that time, I had been ^{ordered by} ~~ordered to~~ Admiral Parsons's

intercession,
~~operation again,~~ ^{Command} and I was ordered to a destroyer, the USS Johnston (DD-821).

One thing I didn't tell you about, I've got to go back to the Bikini tests now. One story I left out, I've got to get this on because I'm in here. The first test, my pictures I took meant nothing. Admiral Parsons, "They're all right." They weren't even interesting, and the other people could get theirs equally interesting, equally interesting photographs in no time at all.

In the underwater bursts, I took successive pictures as this burst came up from out of the water, and got very good pictures in the developmental stage. Admiral Parsons looked at them and said, "They don't show anything that we need to conceal," and so he let them be developed right away. The photographic gang knew me, and, as a picture-taker, I had permission, I was even taking an official camera around to take official pictures. This ~~is~~ ^{was} an official Navy camera. But I was using my own for this purpose. It snapped much quicker than with the official camera, and I needed them in quick succession. When they saw them, "Let us enlarge them." And so when they saw how they came out, one of them was really, really good. "Here we've got this! Let us put it on the wire to the Navy Department. The Navy Department would like this."

"Okay. All right, send it."

Well, I didn't realize that I was competing with the news photographers. My picture of the underwater burst, which was far

more spectacular than the air burst, it is the one you always see these days, the gigantic column of water with the ~~angle~~^{angel} food cake and trimmings on it on top, those pictures you see, that's it. I didn't know it was going to compete with the commercial photographers and news photographers, and maybe I wouldn't have cared anyway, I don't know. But they sent it to Washington and it was the first one released of the test, and it made the papers everywhere, the front page of every paper in the country, full page in the San Francisco Chronicle.

Q: Probably in Europe, as well.

Captain Biard: Yes. I didn't know it at the time, that it had done that, because the ~~others~~^{picture taken by} others followed mine fairly soon after that, but only when they could get around to processing them and getting them on the air transmitted by radio, very, very beautifully, topnotch pictures that way in those days. So my picture was the one that got out, and this infuriated all the news photographers because I had the scoop. I didn't know that this was so widespread until I was in the latrine ten days or so later on Kwajalein, and somebody left a newspaper there, and in the whole front page was my picture. That's the only one I ever saw of it, but it occupied the whole front page of the San Francisco Chronicle. It probably occupied the whole front page of quite a few of the pictures at home.

Q: I guess so.

Captain Biard: It was the first one available.

Anyway, ~~Jack Albert~~ I went back to Washington and ^{I frequently} went back to New York. The model was still there. I was supposed to go to the Prospective Commanding Officers' School for destroyers, commanding officer, but they cancelled this. I tried to find out from BuPers why I wouldn't get my three weeks there and learn the tricks of the trade and ropes. I had been seen for some time as a member of the ship's company always on the staff, but not on a destroyer. "Oh, we don't know, but there's some reason for it."

So after a little bit of time, I'd been in Washington with some friends, and in New York, I reported to Rhode Island--Newport, where the destroyer was based. I took command of the USS Johnston. This is not one of the highlights of my career.

I knew Newport well. I had been there, spent a summer there in ^{USS New Orleans} in 1936. I knew the country well. I knew that I would like it. As soon as I got there, the person who had thrown a party for me prior to Pearl Harbor, invited me to go on a clam bake with him, ^{with} him and his family, thrown by the officers' club, so everything started wonderfully, as far as the social life at Newport. He was there, James C. Bentley, a New Orleans shipmate. I reported aboard, and this then-commanding officer was soon to leave. He didn't do all he should have, and I wish I had been far more insistent, but I tried to be fair to the officers that I

inherited. He was a very competent officer. He had placed the ship in commission when it was built in Orange, Texas, in 1945 and 1946. Here it was 1948. He had had these officers with them all the time, almost all of them were war-timers, not Naval Academy graduates. And these that were on board had applied to remain in the service. He had approved their requests, and the Navy had approved of the requests, too. He told me, he said, "Maybe I made a mistake in being so generous to these people, that I should have denied ^{them} the opportunity to stay in the service." He said, "The whole time that I have been on board this ship, I have felt as though I was walking on a basket of eggs. I would never know when it would give way beneath me and I would be ruined."

Q: That's a lovely introduction.

Captain Biard: And I can assure you that he described it 1,000% correctly. He said, "I won't tell you who the specific officers are and those that you particularly have to look out for, but they are many." We had 16 officers on the ship. He also told me that one of the other commanding officers of the squadron was crazy, "You've got to look out for him." It turned out he was ^{extremely correct} ~~right~~ on both accounts. The one that was crazy was senior to me.

So the change of command went on. I assumed command, and the first thing we did was to set forth to Rockland, Maine, for the

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annual lobster festival. Well, at least on ^{this short trip} ~~these maneuvers~~ I got somewhat acquainted with the ship, and I found out that I still knew much of seagoing ways. Thank God I knew them. I had done some studying up on changes in rules of the road, reviewed my seamanship a bit, so I would be as well-prepared as possible. Thank God I did so.

Q: How long did the commanding officer stay with you--about five minutes?

Captain Biard: Oh, a day or two in port. He was to take charge of the Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C. He knew nothing about astronomy, but that was to be his job. So I took over and the first job was going up to Rockland, Maine, for the lobster festival. It was not too important. They didn't do a very good job of entertaining us there. They had us there to help them, of course. They had put in a request to their senator to get some Navy ships up there, so our division went up there for this. I had ~~torn~~ ^{torn} up many lobster pots, we hit so many lobster markers there going through the channel, about 20 miles long, filled with lobster ~~pot~~ markers there; they were bound to get caught in our propeller screws. We couldn't miss them, so that I created an awful lot of havoc, and the other ships did, too, for an awful lot of ^{lobster} fishermen. But they wanted us there, so we got there. When we came back, we went back to Newport. Each time we had to

pass through the Cape Cod Canal, which has a suspension bridge that can be raised and lowered, so that was fun going through the Cape Cod Canal. I found out that I could still take a ship through narrow quarters in the entrance to Narragansett Bay, which has a little trick dog leg to it.

After that, we went into operations. In those days and times, it was largely fast carrier task force, antisubmarine screen operations. Our antisubmarine capability was very poor, very, very poor. We had rapid turnover of personnel, enlisted personnel. I particularly had very poor officer personnel. This other officer whom I had relieved had exhibited very poor selectionship, and it was hell. He was right; I was walking on a basket of eggs the entire time.

Q: How about your chief of staff, your executive officer?

Captain Biard: The executive officer, he had some competence, but I should have fired him in a hurry. He thought he was far better than he was, and he resented the fact that he had tried to go to the Naval Academy and couldn't, that he was disqualified medically. He was a 250-pound football player from St. John's in Annapolis, and he thought he knew all about the Academy, and he hated midshipmen.

Q: All in general, and you in particular?

Captain Biard: He hated me in particular because he thought that I was a bit upstage, and maybe I was, I don't know. But he could help me some, but he didn't want to help a lot of the times when he could. I should have fired him. The reason I didn't fire him and the reason I didn't fire some of the others more quickly was because I knew by this time the division commander, who had been talking to the captain that I'd been warned against, who was senior to me, I knew that the division commander thought that I should not have command because I hadn't been to sea for so long, and I had to show them that I was not afraid to take command with what I had. I think it was unwise, and I should have. I should have gone ahead and said, "I'll risk it. ^{whatever} ~~Anything~~ he thinks, I'll look after myself." But the ship never did go well. We didn't have the officers who could do the job. I just didn't have. I tried, tried, tried. As I say, the operations were demanding. There were two or three officers there, I know, who wanted to be good officers, they wanted me to like them, but they were the ones who were the very worst, I could trust least.

We had to go on winter maneuvers. This is with the fast carrier task force. One of these officers had the position of officer of the deck, blacked out at night with two carriers in the task force, and we were ^{in the} close in ~~the~~ destroyer screen, that is, we were about 750 yards from the bow of the carrier, and that's awfully close, ^{when} when you start turning the ships at high speed, particularly blacked out at night, with lights completely blacked

to the officers of the Deck

out. My orders ^{always} read, "If any tactical signal arises, or if there's any question, or if there's any danger, or if you just think that the captain might want to know this, call me. I'm always available. Do not hesitate to call me no matter what. I want to know about everything." That was particularly true with these people ^{who were} ~~with~~ nothing but eggs under my feet. This officer-- I hate to say it--was a Texan. He talked with a Texas drawl like that. He wore a Texas star on his belt, and he had a saddle on a ring that he wore, none of which I would ever have done, and I didn't want to see any of my officers doing. He was doing it, okay. I was trying to be as considerate as possible, but here on this night maneuvers in northern waters, completely blacked out, all of a sudden it came. On these maneuvers, I did not get out of my winter clothing for three weeks, heavy bear suit and so on. I had bought these, this aviator clothing, at an Army surplus store in Washington, with aviator sheepskin boots and everything, because I remembered the awful, punishing days in New Orleans when I'd gone on the Dutch Harbor, Alaska, cruise, prior to Fleet Problem XIV--and ^{maybe} I called it Fleet Problem XVI in the previous telling of it, Fleet Problem XIV in 1935, when it was torture, torture, torture, torture, and I swore that if I had to go--I knew I was going on northern maneuvers, I was not going to be cold that way again. So I got this clothing. The ship had adequate clothing by this time, but I had my own. I didn't get out of it for three weeks. I was in the sea cabin all the time,

I didn't dare take enough time out ^{to go below} for a shower, nor to really clean up. Shave, yes, I dared do that. I could always drop a razor and run out ^{on} the bridge. But here at night, all of a sudden, it's, "Captain! Captain! Come on the bridge immediately! Immediately!"

And ^{out} there, everything ^{was} black. "There's been a turn signal. I don't know which way it is. The carrier is turning some way. It may be toward us. I don't know which way to go. Which way do I go, Captain?"

I said, "For God's sake, turn on the running lights, all lights immediately. Get on the ^{TBS,} ~~TBS,~~ tell them we don't know the ^{to which} course ~~to stop the~~ turn." And so then I started turning away from where the carrier was, to get the ship out from underneath its bow, hopefully. And so they did respond by turning on running lights, the entire task force did. But I was supposed to be called when a signal was in the air. He didn't get the course to which we were to change, and he called for a repeat, and didn't get it. All this time I should have been on the bridge and standing by to initiate emergency action. By the time I got there, I didn't know whether the carrier was going to cut us in two or not. We got off by the skin of our teeth, and by my acting as intelligently as I could in giving the carrier some warning. But do you think that made the division commander happy, or the task force commander? No, sir. I said, "For heaven's sake, why didn't you call me?"

"Captain, I knew you were tired, and I wanted you to rest."

I said, "For Christ's sake, I ^{always} say in my night orders all the time, call me if there's any tactical signal as soon as it comes up, any maneuver, anything. Rest is nothing. That doesn't mean a thing to me." I said, "I've got to be on this bridge."

"I wanted you to rest, Captain." And he did. But damn it, he had my standing orders, and I'd always told them, I said, "Never consider my feelings on anything if something comes, that this ship is going to have to execute a maneuver." I said, "I have to be there on that bridge." And that was particularly true for these officers.

Q: Particularly true for the maneuver you were doing.

Captain Biard: Yes. So we got out from under that. Other things happened not quite that bad, because of ^{poor} officers. I could be on the bridge. We had ^{a hand-held instrument} ~~something~~ we called a stadimeter that enabled us to say, by using the mast head height, the mast height of the ship ahead, and then taking a sight on it and the water line, this had been in the Navy for decades and decades, called a stadimeter, you can tell how far you are behind the other ship. We were supposed ^{to} be 500 or 600 yards apart, far farther than in the old days ^{before} ~~of~~ World War II, but that still makes you pretty close to the next ship ahead if there's some fast maneuvers going on, because ships don't behave like automobiles. It takes them

time to start turning, and it takes an awful lot of time to kill their speed and change their speed materially, an awful lot of time and space. On the bridge, I'd have to keep riding them.

"How far do you think you are from the ship ahead?" I could just tell by my naked eye that we were ^{much} too far. They had not been

"I don't know."

using the stadimeter.

"Now, I told you to use the stadimeter all the time. You haven't used it for 15 minutes, and you should have your junior officer of the deck using it at least every minute or every two minutes. You haven't used it for 15 minutes." Even my better officers just damned well--as I say, the eggs would break if I shoved too hard. I could send them down below, relieve them from the watch, and put the next officer on, and he would do the same thing. On the next watch, this other officer would come on the deck, and he would do the same thing again, not keep the ship in ^{proper} station, and you could tell by the naked eye if you got very far behind, and they were always dropping behind. They were never too close; they were scared, *always far, far behind.*

During lunch time many times, when we were not doing any maneuvers, ^{the factual commander would} ~~they~~ give the skipper a chance to eat and rest a bit, and many a time during lunch time, I would go below, and I'd say, "Keep position. Keep position. Keep position. Use that stadimeter." Time and again I have gone back on the bridge after 15 to 20 minutes below, and it seems like this was the standard difference. The ship ahead would be so far ahead of us that they

looked as if they were beyond the horizon. I would take the stadimeter, and it usually would turn out to be about 1,800 to 2,400 yards, and the standard distance was 500 to 600. Anybody could tell if the ship, instead of looking this big to you, looked a fourth to a third that big, a fourth that large, it means it's ^{at} an awful distance. Anybody could tell it, ^{just by eye}. Then I'd say, "For heaven's sake, why are you so far behind?"

"Oh, am I far behind?"

I'd say, "For heaven's sake, what about that little bitty ship up there, way out there on the horizon? What's it supposed to look like from your position?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Did you use the stadimeter?"

"Oh, no, sir."

I'd send him below, have somebody else take over. He would do as badly. The next time this person came on watch, he would do the same thing again. Even my better officers, most of them would do that.

Q: I guess going to your division commander and telling him the situation wouldn't have done any good.

Captain Biard: It didn't help a bit.

Q: Did you?

Captain Biard: He one time called me over and said, "Do you want to make a complaint on your personnel?"

I said, "No, I never intended to."

"Do you want to make a complaint on your executive officer?"

"Well, no, sir, I don't want to complain."

He said, "Well, I think you should ask BuPers for better officers." He knew I was having trouble. On the other hand, he'd been riding me terribly, and he'd ride me when I wasn't wrong. As I say, he'd ride me as this other skipper was using me. He was a hell of a competent skipper, but he would ^{try to} make me look ~~back~~ ^{bad} to make ~~him~~ ^{himself} look good. He would come out on the TBS, as I say, he was senior to me, "Why are you doing this?" And I would be right, but he would make it sound as though I was wrong.

The division commander--and this I will never forgive him for--the division commander would ride us unmercifully. I did get rid of my original executive officer, and got one of the nicest young gents you could ever think of, a Naval Academy graduate, later made admiral. His name was Doug Plate. His only trouble was that it didn't take a very rough sea to make him feel seasick. So he was in his bunk a lot of the time when he might have advantageously been on deck, but he tried hard, and he was a decent gent, and I was glad to get him.

We had a station to keep, and we were allowed three degrees either way and so many yards, and my radar would tell me we were within that limitation, and the division officer would come on

with a very sour-sounding voice, "Johnston," or he'd usually have some other code name for us, "why are you so far out of position? Get into position." And my radar would say we were well within limits, and I think anybody else's radar would.

Q: Did you tell him that?

Captain Biard: I would tell him. I'd say, "Commodore, my radar says we're on position."

And then he'd come back with something equally nasty--I won't say nasty, but just something that everybody on the bridge would just immediately--ugh! He had done this to my previous executive officer, when he was on the bridge, I would have to physically restrain him from grabbing the TBS phone--that's the TBS, talk between ships--and coming back with some nasty reply. And Doug Plate, this nice, even-tempered, young lad, one of the nicest I ever served with, I had to keep him off of that phone, too, when the division commander would come on. He wanted to rip him to pieces, come back on it and rip him to pieces. I had to actually physically restrain him from grabbing that, and I would take it myself. So that it wasn't my imagination.

Q: How long did that go on?

Captain Biard: As long as I was on the ship.

Q: And that was a year and a half?

Captain Biard: A year. So we were having a rough time, a rough time. All the destroyers were having a rough time.

Q: This is after the war. Was the caliber of officers diminished considerably?

Captain Biard: Oh, very much so. The good officers had left.

Q: They were gone.

Captain Biard: Not all of them, no. But most of those that feared going out and fighting on the outside had stayed in, and this commanding officer ^{had approved officers} ~~was~~ largely of that type.

Q: And he could have gotten rid of them.

Captain Biard: He could have gotten rid of them. He apologized to me. He said, "I'm afraid I'm leaving you something that I should not be leaving you, but I was too easy when they put in their requests to stay in the naval service."

Q: There is another case that I know of in which a skipper took over and found out that not any single one of his officers was

qualified.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: You're saying essentially the same thing.

Captain Biard: I had one or two, and I had one, the engineering officer was all right, a Naval Academy man. So I used him for very many purposes, practically everything and anything of importance, I put him on. His name was Bill Humphreys.

Q: And he understood why you were doing it?

Captain Biard: He understood why. But he wasn't enough. As I say, I did get other officers later on that were better, but still, they would let the ship fall 2,400 yards back when they were supposed to be 500 yards away, if I wasn't on the bridge. In fact, ~~when~~ when I was on the bridge they let it happen. I just damn ^{well} wouldn't let it continue to that distance. So things were not good.

Q: What were your operations in that year's time?

Captain Biard: Awful. Fast carrier task force all the time.

Q: Oh, my.

Captain Biard: Yes. We did make a trip. I never did get to go to Bermuda, the other part of the squadron did. I didn't get to. I wanted to. And I did get a trip to Trinidad, and two trips to Guantanamo Bay. The trips to Guantanamo Bay were interesting on their own because both times we went to Santiago, Cuba. Santiago turned out to be quite interesting. That's where Bacardi Rum is made. The channel approach there is the channel through which the Spanish Fleet came steaming out in the Spanish-American War and the big battle of the Spanish-American War was fought. It looks as though you're steaming into a solid wall when you go into this entrance to Santiago Channel. Fairly soon, you turn right. Just inside this entrance, you find the summer homes of the better class in Santiago. In Spanish towns, you have the better class and the very poor class. They only have two classes. But these were there, and they were interesting looking. I have color pictures of them. Some time maybe we can spend an hour looking at some of my color pictures. We picked up a Spanish pilot and took him through, he took us into Santiago Harbor, and then we had a rather tricky docking there, but I got by with that all right. Santiago was interesting. The Battle of San Juan Hill had been fought there. There was an American consul. He and his consular staff, including a couple of fairly pretty secretaries, not beautiful, but fairly pretty. Not every

0 0 0 0
girl I meet ^{was} ~~is~~ beautiful, I can assure you.

Q: Oh, go on.

Captain Biard: But they were fairly pleasant. They took us to a bowling alley right near where the Battle of San Juan Hill had been fought, and I did my first and only bowling. We enjoyed the stay there. Many other things occurred, we saw many other things. We left, and we went on operations on back to Newport.

Q: Back to the cold weather, or was it ...

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Captain Biard: Colder weather. It was cold weather. Then it was cold weather, and we didn't have the ship in good-looking shape because we couldn't paint. We had a storm on Narragansett Bay; people couldn't leave the ships for two or three days. I was on board the ship without an executive officer, ^{and} the other officers couldn't get ^{back} aboard. We had to ride the storm out. One of the ships near me was a repair ship, a large repair ship that did not have its senior officers on board, apparently. I was on the bridge most of the time, standing by to get under way because of this bad storm. I looked over at this ship, and I saw one thing happening, and I knew it meant only one thing. I had seen this happen in the bay in Villefranche. I didn't tell you about it, but I had seen ^{every large} a ship drag anchor, and I have the pictures of

it here. When a ship drags anchor, the ship turns at right angles to the wind concerned ^{and to its anchor chain} almost every time. The bow is held more or less by the anchor, which is dragged, and they both slide off with the wind. Well, this ship, this very large ship over nearby, I could see had assumed exactly that posture, and I was sure that it was dragging anchor, so I notified them. They weren't doing anything about it then. Heaven knows, people were asleep, and they had more secure anchorages than we had at the buoy. We were tied up to a buoy. I sent an emergency dispatch by flashing light, "You're dragging anchor. You should take action immediately." Well, I watched it a few minutes, and yes, they were headed for the rocks. I sent them another message, but I think it was unnecessary because they believed me. I could see smoke coming out of his stack, they were lighting off new boilers, and preparing to get under way in an emergency. I think I can say right here that I saved the Navy quite a few hundred thousand or a million and few dollars or so ^{by} ~~of~~ being the only person in the area that saw that ship, saw that it was dragging anchor, and was headed for the rocks. A storm in a few years before had sent an awful lot of ships on the rocks at Newport, and they had improved the anchorages, the buoys, so that that would be less likely to happen. ^{But} ~~so~~ this large ship was dragging anchor in a very bad wind, and ^{was} headed for the rocks at Newport. At Newport, the beach is not sandy; it is rocky, rocky, rocky, rocky New England. ~~Then~~ I think I can say for sure that I saved

the Navy a few hundred thousand dollars, or maybe better than a million dollars, because if this ship had grounded, it would have suffered great, great damage. And perhaps that pays for all my retired pay. I've been retired ³⁰ ~~20~~ years now. I did many other things.

Q: Did you get any approval for having done this?

Captain Biard: No, no, nobody ever acknowledged it, but ^{the ship} ~~it~~ did get under way.

Q: I would have thought whoever was in charge over there would have said thank you, at least.

Captain Biard: No, if he had sent a "thank you" to me, it would have been in the official dispatch file, and maybe ^{the} ~~the~~ commanding officer would have seen that when he got back, anyway, but ^{the OOD} ~~he~~ was going to be in enough hot water. Maybe he tossed my message out, I don't know. But if he sent a thank you, that would be more recognition, and maybe ^{then} ~~he~~ could ^{not} tell the captain, "Captain, I saw the ship was dragging, so I took action." At least he took action, he did do that.

Another thing that we did was on Armed Forces Day, or some such thing as that, I was nominated to go to Bridgeport, Connecticut, for a celebration to be held there. That was at the

end of another stormy weekend. When I went there, I think this was a Navy Day celebration, it would have been earlier in the fall, and it was rough weather all the way down, and when we got into port, the wind was still blowing, and it would not have been safe to tie up alongside the pier. It was not easy to tie up alongside the pier; I had to make a fairly sharp turn in crowded waters before putting the destroyer, 420-foot ^{long} ~~something~~, this was better than one and a third football fields long, in order to put it alongside the pier without help, and a bad wind blowing. The governor of Connecticut was down there to meet me, and waited on the pier for over an hour. He was the famous left-wing economist--I'll have to get his name. Damn it, I should be remembering these things.

Q: Was that his name?

Captain Biard: No, no. The tall one who's been on TV.

Q: Oh, I was thinking of a senator.

Captain Biard: Yes, Senator.

Q: Rubicoff?

Captain Biard: No, way before Rubicoff. He ran the Office of

Price Management during the war.

Q: Couldn't tell you.

Captain Biard: He's over seven feet tall, a socialist, and ideal for Roosevelt, very unfair in many cases to management. He had his own type of people with him. Anyway, he was down there, and he tried to stay, but he couldn't stay that long, so I finally got the ship alongside, and when I did, I had other programs I had to meet. So I did not do what I should have done and called back to see him, and give him a courtesy call. I should have. I wasn't worrying about it at the time; I was worrying about the storm we had been through and things I had to get done for my ship. So I missed that. I should have been more polite than I was. That was not too eventful an occasion. I had some of the Powers models come up to Bridgeport for the occasion.

Q: Did it cause you any trouble, however?

Captain Biard: No, no. Another occasion that I might put on the tape here is that I was sent down to the Naval Academy in the spring, the early spring of '49. My ship was to be there for the Board of Visitors Week. Again the weather had been cold, and the ship looked like hell. We hadn't been able to paint. You can't paint in cold weather; you can't paint in rain. If you paint in

cold weather, the paint will never set, and even if warm weather does come along, you can break it off with your hand. So you have to wait til you get in warm weather. The ship looked something awful, but the division commander wanted to know if I would go down there. Yes, I would, so we had to get the ship looking presentable for tying up at the Naval Academy. We didn't want them to see ~~that~~^{it} as it was under any condition.

Q: Did all your officers agree with that?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes. My officers were not people who wanted to sabotage me ~~in the country~~. They were just people--some of them were people who damn well should not have been allowed to stay in the Navy. Yes, they wanted to try to do a good job. They agreed 1,000% on this. So we got down, of course, passed through the entrance of the Chesapeake Bay. I made as good time as I possibly could under the speed restrictions that were in effect, to conserve fuel. And then while we were in the Chesapeake Bay, I laid to and put people over the side and had them paint the side that I knew I would be next to the Naval Academy, and get the topside painted as well as we could. Man, we slapped paint on everything, I'm telling you, everything possible. We didn't have time to paint the other side, the off side.

that the Severn River was ~~no~~ from six inches to a foot too shallow at high tide for our ship.

Q: High tide?

Captain Biard: Yes, high tide, and we were going in on high tide, too shallow for our ship to make the pier without grounding. So I had faith that other ships had been in there, that the Severn was muddy, not rocky, so I took my ship on in and tied it up with no trouble. Then as soon as that happened, I put the crew over the side to paint the side away from the Academy.

My main function there was to have the Board of Visitors down for the lunch on board the ship, and to show them around a Navy ship. Of course, I wanted to do it nicely, and did. We had it looking pretty nice.

Q: That at least was one visiting day, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: It was, and I had several other visiting days, because I invited all my other friends from Washington over from time to time for dinner with me and to see the ship. Jack and Rose Ellen White--I haven't said anything about because it would take too long, and their darling little daughter, the likes of which, as I say, I have known three perfect people, three that I could say were perfect, and she was one. At that time she was

about four years old. They brought her over dressed in a little Scottish outfit, Scotch of Highlands, that type. I took them around the deck topside after dinner, when it was very cold, and this little girl was a perfect lady, always had been. She died at the age of about 24. But we were walking around the decks, it was a cold spring night, and up on the forecastle, she told her mother, and her mother later told me, "Don't tell Uncle Tex, but I'm awfully cold." And so I had others, had the Albertis over from Washington, all my Washington friends come over. They enjoyed it, and, of course, I went over to Washington with them a time or two. We stayed there about a week. A few midshipmen came down to see us, but they weren't too impressed with the Navy, apparently. The Superintendent was nice to us, we were invited up to his place for a tea one afternoon and some cocktails. Admiral Holloway ~~was then this~~ ^{then} was Superintendent.

Another time, we went down to Trinidad, on manuevers down to Trinidad, and I enjoyed seeing the island there. I don't have much to say about it, except I saw an awful lot of Hindus and an awful lot of--not coconuts, but what you get cocoa from. I have some beautiful pictures from the island. We attended a nice reception at the ^(British) Government House; the British threw a nice cocktail party for us, and then ^{we came on} on back, to Newport.

Another time, we went to ^{Santiago Cuba,} ~~Guantanamo Bay~~. We saw the old people, the people with whom I'd made friends there before. But on the way, we came through a very, very heavy rain, extremely

heavy. I had to tie the ship up in the rain, which was fairly heavy. It was not this time, but a previous time, that it was around 20 minutes to 30 minutes after the enlisted men were given permission to leave the ship on liberty that the engines were fully secured, and I could say double up all lines, and leave it to the officer of the deck. This would take them a while to do this, and I stayed on the bridge. One time, perhaps it was this time, one enlisted man came back aboard, being carried feet first on a stretcher, having passed out at a bar. Before I could get the ship tied up and secured, he had really, really gone to work. I never did find out why he was in such a hurry to get drunk, but he really did. This time we had come through a hurricane that was in the process of forming, and we had a fantastic number of tons of water fall all over us. Everything that we had secured to the deck like ^{Cement} ~~cement~~, like ^{foot} ~~whip~~ pads, the rough coating that keeps you from sliding, in strategic places. All this came up. We were just soaked.

Q: It was a torrential rain, then?

Captain Biard: Yes, a hurricane forming. And so we left there, headed back on maneuvers, of course, and on the way back, we had to pass through the hurricane, part of it, and then it went through Florida, raised hell in Florida, went through Georgia and Alabama, and then went back to sea, and by golly, we hit the same
↳ off New Jersey,

hurricane again. We went through the same hurricane twice. Now, we didn't go near the center, and it was nothing like the situation in the Manley, though we still had some very awful, choppy seas, terrible ^{going,} ~~rowing,~~ and our destroyers at times, half of the entire ship, the forward half of the ship would be out of the water, as one wave would be passing under the stern, and the ^{crest of the} ~~tropical~~ wave would be under the bow. So we had some very, very, very bad weather.

There was one thing on this ship that every time we got in heavy weather would be damaged, and every time something was damaged on board ship in heavy weather, you had to explain why, you had to explain how you were doing what you were doing, and you had to explain whether or not you had ballasted fully for heavy weather. This had happened ^{to Johnston several times} before I took command, and every time we got in heavy weather, we'd have ^{to have} it fixed. It was a gun tub, as we called it. We'd get hit by a wave and it would fold up, just actually fold up. It would happen every time we got in rough weather, we'd have it fixed, and it would happen the next time, the next time, and I was forever writing reports to the division commander ^{or} ~~of~~ the squadron, commander, and to the fleet commander, explaining why and telling him what the state of ballast of the fuel oil tanks ^{was} ~~was~~, the state of ballast was, and such as that. The division commander was always writing, "What did you do wrong? What did you do wrong?" I didn't do anything wrong. That had happened before I took command, and it happened

every time while I was aboard. So that was not good, and it happened this time, of course, and we had to have it repaired by the repair ship.

Another time, we were in Newport when a hurricane was coming our way, and once before a hurricane had caught the fleet there and sent all these ships ashore on the rocks, and that was one of the great disasters of the Navy on the East Coast. This had happened not too long before in, I believe, 1936 or 1937. The water was some 12 feet high in the main hotel in Providence, Rhode Island. So the senior officer afloat took ^{all ships} ~~everybody~~ to sea so that we would not be caught in port by this hurricane, and sure enough, the inevitable happened. We weren't in port; we were at sea, so the hurricane didn't hit Newport, it hit the fleet at sea, and we had to fight it out there. But again, we missed the center, we were not too near the center, and we went through the edges of it, but we still took a bit of a beating, and I had my gun tub messed up again. The fleet commander apologized about that to the entire fleet for having taken us out ^{into} ~~in~~ the hurricane.

Q: That sort of thing was a matter of judgment.

Captain Biard: It was.

Q: He thought he was making the right one.

Captain Biard: I'm not criticizing.

Q: I understand you're not. I mean, you don't mind it when somebody uses judgment and it isn't right, but when it's just stupid, it's kind of a different matter.

Captain Biard: Yes. I think that's all I'm going to tell about Johnston.

Q: I think that would be, then, a very good place to stop, because it's 5:00, and we can start again at our next interview. I was just thinking, you might write a book called Defeated by a Gun Tub, because I'm sure that was a miserable episode in your naval career.

Captain Biard: That didn't help at all.

Interview Number 7 with Captain Forrest R. Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California

Date: 31 August 1984

Subject: Biography

Interviewer: Commander Etta-Belle Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

1949 → My ship was in port and
Captain Biard: It was about the end of May 1949. I had been
~~still~~ ^{in bed} in my cabin for about three days with the first real cold I
had ever had. I received orders by dispatch, saying I would be
detached very soon. ~~It~~ ^{It} gave the date. I was to report to the
Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland for six weeks, and then report to
the Postgraduate School in Annapolis for a ^{graduate} ~~nuclear~~ course in
nuclear engineering, nuclear physics, and radiation hazards.

Q: Had you applied for it?

Captain Biard: I had not applied for it at all. This was a
dispatch orders and without warning. ^{It was a complete surprise} But very soon I got a
letter from Larry Smythe telling me "I had to make a decision in
20 minutes. One of the people who was going to this course
couldn't be sent to it, and we were looking around for a
candidate. So I told the committee, "I know somebody who would
be just the right person for it." They looked up my record and
found out that I had stood pretty darn high in math at the Naval

Academy.

"Okay, he can pass the course, so if you say he's the man, we'll send him."

Q: They hadn't known anything about your studying physics on your own?

Captain Biard: No. Larry did.

Q: Larry did?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: Larry knew me quite well. He said, "Here's a chance. I know Tex will like it." So he didn't even have time to call me; he just said, "Here's a man who can do it. I can assure you he'll do well, he'll like it."

Q: Were you pleased?

Captain Biard: Very, very pleased. Very, very happy.

Q: I want you to be happy.

Captain Biard: As I've told you, I had good friends. They looked out for me whenever they could. I've been lucky.

Q: That's what friends are for.

Captain Biard: I've had wonderful friends.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: And here was Larry Smythe, I say, no better friend ever, he saw the chance right there, and he put me in just like that. He knew I'd like it.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: And I did. Hard work, yes, very hard work. But as you have already found out, sometimes I can do hard work. So my relief came, and we spent several days going over the ship, indoctrinating him and showing him what was what, and going out conducting drills, emergency drills, gun drills with him, see how the ship was organized, and the comments he'd make, if he was ready to accept it. When it was all over, he told me, he said, "You know, before I came here to relieve you, just before, I went to see this commanding officer of this other destroyer." The one I told you about, two other captains had warned me about. *The one that was crazy.*

Q: He was nuts?

Captain Biard: Yes. And he said, "He spoke of you in a very derogatory manner. He told me that things were terrible, horrible over here. I've checked things pretty well, I've seen what goes on. I don't find the ship to be like that at all."

I said, "Thank you. I've had my problems here, I can assure you, but the ship is a functioning unit. I think I can assure you that it is."

He said, "Yes, I found it to be that way. I'm ready to relieve you. I think he's wrong."

Q: Well, you see, you did differently with him than the other man did with you; you took some time to show him, so he understood what he was doing.

Captain Biard: Well, I think the situation was that the other captain didn't have the time, and he had been ordered off in a hurry. Why, I don't know. I couldn't see any reason for it. I did have some time and, of course, I wanted to give all possible time to him. I will not speak too harshly of the other captain except for what he did about his officers in retaining them. *By now we had a few more better officers.*

Q: It really was the crux of the matter.

Captain Biard: That was the crux of the whole thing.

Q: You didn't feel any longer that you were walking on eggs?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, I felt that, *but not quite as*
hazardously.

Q: Still, even at the time when he relieved you?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Oh, really?

Captain Biard: But I say things were not as he was told by this
other ...

Q: By your friend.

Captain Biard: By my friend, yes. I had done the best with what
I had, done the best I could, and that was not good enough, I
admit, but I had done everything I could.

So I went to Edgewood Arsenal. There we had a radiological
safety course, as it is called, in about six weeks. It was
interesting. I didn't learn too much.

Q: That you didn't already know?

Captain Biard: Yes. And the other members of the class who were going to be with me in the class at the Postgraduate School, there were about, I would say, 18 of us, combined Army, Navy, and Air Corps--by this time, Air Force. The services had been united by dividing what had been two into three, with great propaganda from the Army and the Air Force in trying to crucify the Navy. Fortunately, they had not been allowed to take our air arm away from us, thank God, or take the Marine Corps away from us, which they wanted to do, and take Marine Air away from them. They paid the price for their mistakes, and they now wanted us to pay the same price.

So this worked out well enough at Edgewood. I still had my apartment in Washington, I kept my apartment in Washington through the first year at the Naval Academy. I had it the entire time I was in command of a destroyer, and then in Newport. While I was in command of the destroyer at Newport, on weekends I very frequently would go to Cape Cod. One thing I haven't said here is that I knew some very wealthy people out there. The gentleman of the family knew a Powers model, and he was anxious to see that we dated, and he would invite both of us there. His wife did not like her. She had a friend who was a beauty contest winner, along with Alice Fay, and had gone to Hollywood together with Alice Fay, had stayed out there about five years. Alice Fay made out all right; she didn't. She got married while she was there and divorced, but she had come back, and his wife wanted me to

date her. So I alternated going to this lovely place on Cape Cod, dating. One time the Powers model would be there, ^{for me, and the next} ~~the other~~ time Alice Fay's friend who had won the beauty contest with her would be there.

Q: You wanted to be fair to all.

Captain Biard: Yes, I wanted to be fair. So I was moving around, I was quite mobile in those days. That was just another thing.

Q: So aboard the Johnston it wasn't all horrible.

Captain Biard: It wasn't all horrible. I took some time off, because there was an awful lot of pressure on destroyer skippers in those days, an awful lot, a tremendous amount. It was a hot seat job.

Well, Edgewood Arsenal went quite well. I got to know the future classmates. We went to the naval PG--Postgraduate School--in the old World War I Marine barracks at the Naval Academy. After World War I, it was made into a postgraduate school. And that is the most difficult academic work I have ever done. The course was recognized as being perhaps the most difficult of all naval postgraduate courses, and the Navy had been noted for demanding, demanding, demanding the utmost from

its postgraduate students, and this was about the most difficult ^{course} of all. Fortunately, I had studied a lot of advanced math, a lot of physics all the time I was in the service, so when I got there, it was not all new to me. I was better prepared than almost anyone else in the class. Everyone in the Navy was from quite high in his class. Everyone in the Army, ^{also,} ~~almost,~~ was academically capable of doing truly advanced work.

Q: I would have thought they had no choice but to send their best people.

Captain Biard: Yes. The Air Force, in general, had pretty ^{good} ~~fair~~ people. There could be an exception. There could be one that was rather advanced. But to give you an example, the Navy did not give us any options on what we would take in this course. We took, by golly, such and such set of courses each semester or quarter, when we got to Ohio State. The program was laid out, and we had to stay with it. As in the Naval Academy, you had to pass everything all the time--not only pass, but you were expected to make Bs or better when you were in graduate ^{school.}

Q: This is after you went on to Ohio State?

Captain Biard: No, this is at the Postgraduate School, too.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: I made some Cs at Postgraduate School, but it was damned unusual for Forrest R. Biard. Some other people made Cs, too, *more than I did.*

Q: Who did they have as professors?

Captain Biard: They had civilians. All of them were civilians.

Q: I mean, were they from Harvard?

Captain Biard: From everywhere.

Q: Because they must have been very, very intellectually brilliant to be able to teach this course.

Captain Biard: No, I don't know that they were. That was it. I did not consider most of them to be too good, most of them. There was one there that was pretty good, but most of them I did not consider to be good professors, compared to those I met later on. Now, I can compare them with professors at Cal Tech. Of course, that isn't a fair comparison. By no means is that a fair comparison. But I will be truthful in saying that I did not really know how to study at the time I went to the Postgraduate

School. At the Naval Academy, I didn't have to worry about studying too much; I could just go my way and stay fairly high in the class. It was a rule at the Naval Academy, almost a rule, that the people low in the class would blame somebody who was truly up in the first section all the time, "Oh, he spends all his time studying. He spends all his time studying. His nose is in the book all the time." That wasn't true. They were usually reading something else that had nothing to do with studies. They were just better at learning things, is all, and they spent less time on their studies than did people lower in the class, far less time. And the people at the top of the class spent damn little time studying.

Q: A different kind of brain.

Captain Biard: A different kind of brain entirely. And I didn't spend too much time studying at the Naval Academy. My roommates would get mad as hell at me because we would go to a math exam, and I would say, "Well, I don't think I did too well."

They'd come out, "Boy, I really hit that one, really hit that one."

And when the grades would come up, F.R. Biard would be way up here, and they would not be anything like as high. They knew that I hadn't studied for it, that I had turned in while they were studying like everything. Oh, I did some studying, yes, but

I ...

Q: I understand a little of that; that happened to me, too.

Captain Biard: But I just didn't have my nose in a book all the time. They got mad because I didn't and would still beat them out.

Q: I didn't have anyone getting mad at me, but I know the other aspect of it, of not studying and still doing well.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Of course, that's not good for you.

Captain Biard: No, it isn't. And here at the Postgraduate School where they were really working us, really putting us through the loops, through the hoops, I needed to have better study habits. Well, I soon acquired them--I won't say soon, before I left the Postgraduate School, I did.

Q: And how long did PG school last?

Captain Biard: It lasted for four quarters. It was on the quarter system. One quarter in the summer.

Q: One year, practically, then.

Captain Biard: One year. A quarter in the summer, and three quarters in the regular school ~~system~~ year.

Q: And you went for that full year?

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Captain Biard: Yes. Then we went to Ohio State, and we'd already been told by people at Ohio State, ^{→ who} said, "This is a picnic for you compared to what you ^{had} ~~will have~~ at the Postgraduate School." The Postgraduate School not only gave us difficult courses, but gave us a lot of them, far more than the normal graduate school.

Q: All on purpose, weren't they?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, they did; they wanted to make us work. And that's all right.

Q: And if you couldn't do it, they wanted to know that, too.

Captain Biard: Yes. Far more. One semester they gave us 24 graduate hours. A very full load in physics is 12 hours; 15, they considered to be a man-killer. We had 24 hours one time, one quarter.

Q: All in physics?

Captain Biard: Physics or math.

Q: Did any members drop out?

Captain Biard: No. Everybody worked like hell.

Q: That's all right.

Captain Biard: That's all right, too. I expected to. As I say, I hadn't asked for it, but I wanted it.

Q: Well, it's kind of a challenge that has a satisfaction, don't you think?

Captain Biard: Yes, and I wanted to do the work, too. I knew it was a challenge, but I wanted that information. I wanted it very badly. So when that was all over, why, we didn't have a month's leave; we reported straight into Ohio State for the summer quarter there, ^{followed by} a month's leave between the summer quarter and the fall quarter, a few weeks there, time off there before we went to ^{the fall quarter at} Ohio State. And the summer was truly rugged. I reported to Ohio State. Well, nothing particularly of great interest happened at Annapolis. I had the lower floor of a house; the upper floor was

occupied by the owner of the place. Nothing of great interest. I can't recall anything of worthwhile interest there, except studying.

Q: You had your brain completely occupied by studies.

Captain Biard: Yes. I would go to Washington occasionally, only occasionally.

Q: No beautiful girls this year?

Captain Biard: The answer is ...

Q: I'm sorry I asked!

Captain Biard: ... yes, two of them. I am cutting out many of them. I could talk about them here.

Q: Let's not.

Captain Biard: Let's not talk about them. All right, we won't. I only got ^{to} ~~out of~~ my apartment in Washington occasionally, I was working so hard. Jack Alberti was still there, and I would like to go see Jack Alberti once in a while. Larry Smythe was there, too, and I wanted to see him. I did not go over too frequently.

But this all came to an end. We had to pick up and leave and go to Ohio State. The summer at Ohio State, I obtained a place very quickly, about two blocks from the campus, a small apartment, three-room apartment, conveniently located.

Q: In what town is Ohio State?

Captain Biard: Columbus, Ohio. There we had a very difficult, a very difficult summer. The two courses, the two quantum mechanics courses we had to take were difficult. We now were starting into essentially a pre-med course, a biology course. We had to take some biology courses this summer. They kept us well, well, well, well occupied. And here I had an academically unfair thing happen to me. We were in a zoology class. Half of our group had gone to Ohio State from Postgraduate School, and the other half to the University of California at Berkeley. I had chosen Ohio State because it emphasized physics rather than life sciences in this course. We would find out about radiation hazards to the human body as well as physics, nuclear physics. Berkeley stressed the biological hazards. I was interested in the physical aspects of things, the physics, and I requested and got Ohio State. So in this zoology class, we had, I think, 36 people. As usual, the number you have is limited by the laboratory facilities of the class concerned.

Q: There were more in it than the people who came from Annapolis.

Captain Biard: Yes, there were about ten of us in the course. Of course, the ten of us, we would rank pretty high in any ordinary university course in a class we would enter. So these people, one time I missed a question on a true/false test that was, "Is there any material in the body that is not replaced by the normal wear and tear process, is not replaced?" Something like that. And so these were standard tests that were given, were never returned, and you could see them, but they'd never let you keep them. The blanks were always very, very closely guarded so that the test couldn't get out and circulate, and they certainly hadn't circulated before among us. But one of the questions was, "Is there any material in the body that isn't replaced by the living process?"

Q: Can I guess the answer?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: No.

Captain Biard: You're ^{incorrect} ~~right~~. But the answer that's right on the test was, ^{"No"} ~~"Yes"~~. And so I said, ^{"Yes"} ~~"No"~~, and they marked it wrong. I went to see the professor and asked him about this. I said, "I

believe my answer is correct."

"No, you're not. You're wrong."

I said, "The enamel on the teeth."

And he said, "Oh, but I wasn't thinking about that." And my answer stood; he wouldn't correct it.

Q: He would ^{not} correct it for you?

Captain Biard: No. He wouldn't change it.

Q: I want to understand. It's really not important, except to me. You said there is no part of the human ...

Captain Biard: I said there is something in the body that is not replaced.

Q: That is not replaced?

Captain Biard: That was his question. They wanted the answer to be, "Yes, every part of the body is replaced."

Q: They wanted a "yes" answer.

Captain Biard: A "yes" answer. I gave them a "no."

Q: But you said the enamel on the teeth would require a "no" answer. He said he wasn't thinking of that.

Captain Biard: "No, but I wasn't considering that in the question."

Q: True and false question.

Captain Biard: You have to be very careful with the true/false tests.

Q: You have to think what was in the mind of the man who wrote that.

Captain Biard: That's right, that's what you have to do.

Q: And he wouldn't change it?

Captain Biard: No, he wouldn't change it. Now, I had two or three other brushes with the same person, similar to that, the professor in charge of the class. So when the time came to give out marks, the top ten marks in the class went to our group, but I got a B. Six people ahead of me got an A, and I got a B. If he had been fair in his answers, I would have gotten an A up among them, in fact, pretty well up among them, because the few

answers concerned were enough in our group to shove you far down the line. So I got a B, because he would not change his answer when I would come up with something, say, "Look, I know this."

Q: But you have to be so careful.

Captain Biard: And the class hated us.

Q: Of course they did.

Captain Biard: Because the people who, in an ordinary class would have gotten As, were getting Bs down there, too.

Q: They really should have separated you.

Captain Biard: They should have, and we told them, we said, "This isn't fair. We have skewed the curve far to the right, standard practice, six As in this class." And so six people got As, and I was the seventh.

Q: Did that make you feel bad?

Captain Biard: That made me furious. First of all, I don't like zoology. I like physics, and I do not like the lab work that goes with ~~it~~^{zoology}. I don't mind the course so much, but I hate

zoology lab work.

Q: Did you have to cut up anything?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Did it affect you--your career?

Captain Biard: No, no. I stood high enough in other subjects that I was one of the high men in the class.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: When we got into the medical department, again we bumped into this same situation. In one of the courses, there were questions on air pressure, and on optics, the physics of optics, this type of thing. And excuse me for saying it, but I was about the leader in the group.

Q: Why should I excuse you for saying it? I thought we were not going to do that anymore.

Captain Biard: I'm sorry.

Q: Restate that.

Captain Biard: All right, I'll restate it. I was well toward the top in the group. Another person and I were battling it out at the top. We weren't battling, no; it was friendly. But he was sharp, he was very sharp. He was a couple of classes junior to me. Quite a few other people were up there, too, but he and I, in particular, were battling it out. A nice gent, I liked him very much. There were one or two others very close. But in this class, too, this medical class, I bumped up against the same situation where I was marked wrong when I was right, where the person teaching the class didn't know as much about the subject as I did, and he was giving wrong answers to the subject.

Q: You should have figured that out when you had that problem once before.

Captain Biard: Yes, I should have, but I gave him credit for knowing his course.

Q: Of course.

Captain Biard: Then we hit other problems, too, that the As were kept, in some cases, for pre-med students. Any outsiders, no, they would not be given As, very limited cases.

Q: How many?

Captain Biard: Many, many university courses, if there are people from outside the major, say, I'm taking a history course, but I'm not a history major, there will be some few professors who will say--they won't say, but they'll say, "The results are." And they will even tell some of the major students--I've known that to happen--"All right, only the history majors get As. Anybody else settles for lower." And occasionally that would happen. It was not a standard practice, don't get me wrong. I had some fine professors, but there were those classes where occasionally that did happen, where somebody, who was not a pre-med major, and who had not taken all of the biology courses and so on that he really should have taken before he took this, would manage to get up above into the A group. Well, there might be some way to get him back down.

Q: None of you, of course, was a pre-med student, naturally.

Captain Biard: No. And so when we did make the pre-meds look bad--not bad, but we showed that we were as good as they were, sometimes the situation wasn't dealt with completely, in complete fairness. In the other cases, it was. As I say, sometimes, like marking on the curve in this other class, those below us were not treated fairly.

Q: I understand.

Captain Biard: And there was fighting between the professors in the departments; many of them wouldn't speak to each other. We had two professors in the medical department, or in the bio-medical department, that were very fair, very fair, and looked out for us and helped us all they could. In fact, one of our professors said, "There's not a one of you that couldn't get your doctorate here, not a one of you."

At the end of my first year, nothing of great significance happened to me in Columbus. In the first year there, we had a very beautiful red-haired stenographer in the Professor of Naval Science's office, extremely beautiful, shapely beyond belief.

Q: A beautiful girl raises her--what did you say? Not ugly head, because she had a beautiful head.

Captain Biard: Well, I didn't know it, but all the time she was dying to date me.

Q: Oh, you're just saying that because you're conceited.

Captain Biard: But toward the end ...

Q: I bet she was. The picture of you at that time, you really were gorgeous.

Captain Biard: Thank you. But toward the end of the year, one of the boys told me, "I have dated So-and-so a couple of times. Why don't you date her?"

So I stopped by and said, "Would you like to go out?"

"I might."

So it turned out that--I told you how beautiful she was, there were two women I've known in my life who were so strikingly beautiful that when they would enter, let us say, a cafe or a party, every woman in the place would immediately freeze and start hating. And you could just see them grit their teeth.

Q: Daggers.

Captain Biard: And just look daggers at her, and this was one of them. She was something. Well, later on, the person who became my advisor went into the Professor of Naval Science's office one time and passed through the large outer office where she was the secretary, but when he came back, by this time I knew him quite well. He said, "Tex, Tex, who is that creature that I saw in the Professor of Naval Science's office?" Just to show you, he was just--I'll tell you more about him in a minute, he was a wonderful person.

As I say, I did date her a bit, and towards the end of the year, I was introduced to the girl that was soon to become my first wife. She was the daughter of the Commissioner of the

Minor League Baseball, George Trautman. He had been a center on the football team at Ohio State, and had been brought back, or had wangled his way back to coach football in the earlier years, and he was the one who built--he was a great organizer, got along excellently with people, and had his nose broken, I think, seven times. The first time he had it set, the next six times he didn't. His nose showed it. But he was a very likeable man, and one of the reasons he had this job was that he could get along with people, he could organize, he could get along with people. He knew everybody, all the big shots in Ohio, he knew quite a few national big shots, quite a few. He had been the general manager of the Detroit Tigers ^{base ball} ~~football~~ team, in addition to having coached at Ohio State and having been athletic manager there, having brought it up into the great powers of one of the Big Ten of the nation's college football teams. So I met quite a few people of interest through him. So, yes, I started meeting people there. Then I started neglecting the secretary in the Professor of Naval Science's office, too.

The first summer--well, we only had one summer at Ohio State, ^{this now} ~~that~~ was between the two years we had there, ^{we} were sent to Oak Ridge, the Atomic Energy Commission's plant at Oak Ridge, that had been the Manhattan Engineer District's, one of their biggest plants, in particular where they had the gaseous diffusion plant, where they obtained the enriched uranium, ~~from~~ which they could use in the atomic piles to make the plutonium for the Nagasaki

type bomb, and to get perhaps--I do not know for sure--to get perhaps the enriched uranium, that is, Uranium 235, for the Hiroshima type bomb. There was another Uranium 235 separation project that had been used there, a magnetic type of process, using what they called calutrons, because they had been the first, had come from the University of California at Berkeley, and the other two were designed according to those principles, and for radiation protection, since lead was so scarce of supply, silver bars were borrowed from the Treasury, and they were used around these machines for radiation protection for personnel working in the area, tremendous amounts of silver bars. Well, we had many interesting things there. We spent a summer at Oak Ridge, seeing all that they had, having high level lectures.

Q: And this time you understood everything you were doing and seeing, of course.

Captain Biard: I think it's true to say we did, yes. We could see what was going on, and we were ready to absorb it. We had high level lectures in both physics and in the life sciences, and in radiation hazards, from the top experts at Oak Ridge and visiting experts. There was an entire program for us there, managed by a lady physicist who had taught physics at the University of Wisconsin. So we had a very busy summer. I flew back to Ohio State a couple of times to see my girlfriend, took

one trip over to the Smokies to see that beautiful spot. At that time the old song "On Top of Old Smoky" ...

Q: You don't want to sing it right here, do you?

Captain Biard: No, I don't want to sing it, but that was very popular, so we saw "Old Smoky" over there, great smoky. They were beautiful and nice. I have lovely color pictures of them, very lovely color pictures. But all of this went on for quite a few weeks, at the end of which we had 30 days' leave.

I went home. My dad at the time had just quit his job, his boss was crooked; he could no longer tolerate the way the boss was robbing the stockholders ~~from~~^{of} his company. Dad was treasurer of the corporation. He had done everything he could to prevent it. His boss was afraid to fire him, because he knew so much of it, but he just put the pressure on him to the point where Dad finally said, "I won't take it anymore," and left. But the boss had milked the corporation dishonestly, and had really milked it, and really robbed the stockholders. My dad had the information on him. What the boss did was perhaps, perhaps bordering upon legality. For example, they had an old mill, a very old mill that was no longer profitable, had not been profitable for a long time, but it was carried on the books. He had had it carried on the books at an inflated value, a very inflated value. This is a flour mill. Part of the holdings in the company were held by

Burrus Estates. This is the estate of his father, who was a hard businessman, but extremely honest.

Q: What kind of estate?

Captain Biard: Burrus Estates. J. Perry Burrus. I've mentioned his name earlier. It was run by the Burrus Estates, which this president of the corporation, his son, was president of the corporation, he managed the Burrus Estates. He had controlling interest in those. He also managed the Burrus Mills, which was a corporation that had taken in the interest of other people and given them Burrus Mills stock for their ownership of mills that had been brought into the corporation itself. They relinquished the ownership of the mills, all of them very good and much newer than this old one. They were given stock in the corporation now for their mills that they had allowed to be absorbed by the corporation. And as long as the original J. Perry Burrus was alive, everything went wonderfully, in spite of the Depression. He was a very sharp businessman. But he died in 1935 of a heart attack, and his son took over, and his son was not honest. His son used to tell him, when his father was bringing him up in the mills, he said, "I can't run this. I can't run this."

And his father would tell him, "You don't have to run it; just let Jack Biard do it. You sit back and do what he says."

Well, he did for so long, but then he saw where he could be

dishonest and shift things between the Burrus Estates, the worthless things, into Burrus Estates, and ~~trade~~^{get} valuable stock for this worthless stuff, and, of course, he would make this transfer ^{at an} inflated ~~in~~ price for the old stuff, and then when he would get it over into the corporation, he would have no use for it, he would tear it down, and build something else. But the corporation had bought it at a fantastically high price. This is just one type of thing he did, and my dad was opposing that at every move, and he did prevent quite a bit of it, quite a number of things of that type, such as milking the corporation. But Dad just couldn't take it any longer, so he quit. Well, he was all torn up about having left this job. It had been something of which he was very proud, he had helped form this corporation, was getting along wonderfully, then he saw the stockholders just being cheated ^{out} of everything. So he could no longer effectively operate. He quit, and that was this summer, ^{of 1951.} He asked me to come home, he said, "I want to get away from everything, I want to go down, let's take a trip to Mexico."

So I told him, "Sure." We took a trip. First of all, he wanted to drive down to Monterey, and from there catch a plane to Mexico City. We drove to Monterey, and that was one of the most frightful trips I have ever had. Dad wanted to drive, but he was thinking about everything in the world except driving. He had what had happened on his mind, and I'm telling you, it was a horror story. I didn't think we'd ever make it. Dad had been an

excellent driver. He taught me to drive, and he taught me to be a conservative driver. It used to be that I never worried when he was at the wheel. Now he was thinking about everything except that, worrying, he had all this on his mind, he was all torn up. Whew!

Q: Would he let you drive?

Captain Biard: Seldom. But we got to Monterey, we found a nice place, we had a nice hotel there. We wanted to stop and did so, left the car there in the garage, and flew from there to Mexico City. We saw a lot of very interesting things in and around Mexico City. I won't stop to describe them here, but I'm an old hand at travelling. I knew to watch out for water and green vegetables. I did. But we saw quite a bit of Mexico City and surroundings, Taxco, beautiful sights, floating gardens at Xochimilco. We saw the Pyramid of the Sun, the Pyramid of the Moon. I climbed to the top of the Pyramid of the Sun, the high one. That was a bit of a workout, too. I saw the other archeological sights and constructions around there. We saw the big mud pyramid, went into it, and risked claustrophobia going into the center of it. We finally went to Taxco. Taxco is a lovely spot. That's where the silver mines are, many of them are, and where they do the lovely work in silver. And from Taxco, we went to Acapulco. We had chosen the wrong time to go.

This was the rainy season. We were rained on everywhere, in Taxco. Well, in Taxco, Dad got "Montezuma's complaint." I didn't. He had been a little careless in a few things he'd eaten. I would warn him sometimes, "Dad, watch that?"

"Well, we're in a good place here."

I'd say, "Yes, but we can't be sure."

But fortunately, we were able to take care of that before we went on. It looked for a while there that we weren't going to be able to get away for a long, long time. Taxco was a lovely place. I have some beautiful color pictures of it.

We went to Acapulco, and Acapulco was rain, rain, rain, nothing but rain. The hotel where we stopped had its water pipes burst or something, and we had no plumbing, no flushing, no nothing, no anything. So that was miserable, miserable. Everybody loves Acapulco, but we don't. We did take a look around, and, of course, we saw the men diving off the ^{famous} cliff. I took a picture of them, got a good picture of that. We came back, flew to Monterey, and drove back to Dallas.

Q: Haven't you often looked back on that and been glad you had that time with your father?

Captain Biard: I had that and some more times with him, and I am glad I did. I did not go more places with him because of his driving habits in his later years.

Q: How old was he at this point?

Captain Biard: This was 1951, he was born in 1889; my father was 62.

Q: Oh, he was a young man.

Captain Biard: Yes. And my Dad--I won't say excuse me now--my dad, as I, carried his years quite well. I believe you'll agree that I don't look my age.

Q: Oh, I don't know.

Captain Biard: Darn you! I went on back to Ohio State, started the next year's work. And this time I went in to see--or maybe it was just before I left to go to Oak Ridge--I went to choose an advisor, get a thesis project, so I had to have a thesis for a degree. In fact, the Navy actually let us stay an extra ^{year} ~~degree~~ for this. Ohio State required that we do the thesis research. We didn't need to for what we were doing. Most of our work had been completed by the two years, the one year in the Postgraduate School and the first year at Ohio State. There were some other subjects, yes, we could take for profit, and did take, but we had to do the research, and we were allowed a whole year, with most of our hours being allowed on research. I went for a project in

o o o o physics rather than in, say, the effect of X-rays on ^{certain} ~~such~~ tissue in a goat, or a project of that sort. I went for one in physics, so I asked around as to who might be a good advisor. They said, "Well, Dudley Williams over here has a project of such and such a type." It sounded good to me, so I went around to see him, found him in somebody else's office talking to somebody. He was a very likeable sort of person, a southerner, a true southerner, smile on his face, somewhat round face, a little younger than I, perhaps. He, I was later to find out, had worked at Los Alamos on the A-bomb.

But when I introduced myself to him, "What's your name?"

"My name is Commander Forrest R. Biard."

He says, "What's the R for?"

I said, "Do I have to tell you?"

He said, "Yes."

"I don't want to."

"You have to tell me."

"That is for Rosecrans."

"Forrest Rosecrans. Weren't General Forrest and General Rosecrans on opposite sides at the Battle of Chickamagua?"

And I said, "I don't know. Were they?" I hadn't the slightest idea. They were, I'll add right here.

And so he asked me a few other things, some of them a bit humorous. He kept the humor in the conversation all the time. Finally, he said, "Sure, I'll take you on. Come see me."

I told him what I was going to do for the summer, go to Oak Ridge. "Come back to see me--my laboratory is at such and such a place--when you return." I told him how many hours the program ^{to be} required ^{to be} devoted to research.

So I did. I worked with him, Dudley Williams, a very, very good-natured and likeable person. He had quite a large research group going on there. He wanted me to work on nuclear magnetic resonance, which I did, with a brilliant Chinaman. It was a rough job, a very rough job. The equipment we had left an awful lot to be desired, and we had problems with it, a lot of problems. I managed to correct a couple of them, and Ting, which is the Chinaman's name, was able to correct a few more, and together we corrected several of them. We got it to working much better.

Shortly after the return to Ohio State for the second year, a couple of the professors there decided that the physics candidates--and physics is always one of the hardest courses in the university--decided that the students were not up to par, and they wanted to check on them and perhaps weed out some. So they came up with the idea and got it placed into effect that anyone who had been in the department in graduate work for a year or more had to take a qualifying exam that soon was to be given, and they gave the date, and it was not too far away, had to take this qualifying exam, no exceptions. That meant that all our gang had to take it. Well, we had been there taking a year's work in

physics, and we had some life science courses, too, so it meant that we did not have as much physics of the Ohio State type as the others who were taking the exam. And so I was fearful of it. Yes, I reviewed for it, I was not going to be caught. I reviewed everything I could.

We took the exam. It was a few days before the results were posted. And when they were posted, I tied for third place out of 90. The person that I tied with was there in the laboratory with me. The day that the results were posted, Dudley Williams came in. We had two doors to the laboratory. He came in the far door down the way, maybe 50 feet away, and as soon as he got in the door, he shouted out in a loud voice, "Tex, you're staying for your doctorate, aren't you?" In other words, he started putting the pressure on me to stay, stay. Unfortunately, the Navy did not permit any of our group to stay for a doctorate in physics. The first class to attend Ohio State for this purpose had come there the year before, ^{out,} and they had left as I went to Oak Ridge, and had joined the fleet, ^{or gone to the nuclear} ~~and the tests~~ in the desert, things like that, ~~the tests that were coming up in the desert,~~ ~~and things of that type.~~ One member had been allowed to stay. His record was good. When I look back at it, he stood no higher in the class than I did, but he was allowed to stay and obtain his doctorate, given two more years, getting a doctorate in two more years, rushing the program, but we, ^{too,} were capable of doing it. I, in particular, I am sure I could have done it. So, the Navy

said no. When I inquired of BuPers, they told me the policy, absolutely no, "You'll be refused if you submit your request." So I didn't even submit one. So I did not stay for a doctorate. I later ^{have} ~~was~~ wished all the time I might have.

Q: Did any of your classmates?

Captain Biard: No, no one in the class did. The research went on and on. I was going with this girl, the daughter of this well-known citizen of Columbus, well-known citizen of the United States, actually, in the sports world. He was one of the high figures in the sports world, and a high figure in Ohio State, too. This was the time that the famous Woody Hayes was brought into Ohio State. The great Wesley Fesler had been fired. Wesley Fesler was a fine man, but I am convinced he was fired because he wouldn't run up the score against the University of Minnesota. The score was about 80 something, 84 to 6 or so, and he refused to run it up over 100. People got mad about it. So Ohio State fired him, and Minnesota said, "Well, we like a gentleman," and they hired him. Wesley Fesler was truly a fine man. He had been a fantastic All-American. I saw him, I think, my first year at the Naval Academy, and he was playing his last year of football. He had been an All-American his previous two years, and was recognized as undoubtedly a unanimous choice for All-American his last year. Navy, the first class, made the plebes find out all

about Wesley Fesler, this end. His usual playing position was end. In those days and times, we didn't have offensive and defensive teams. One person could stay in the whole game. In fact, substitution was limited. The offensive team was the defensive team as well. Wesley Fesler had not missed a single minute of play during his entire time at Ohio State, and Ohio State was one of the greats. He came to the Naval Academy there. The game was at Baltimore, ^{which was the practice for} for the big games that were almost home games. We went on up to Baltimore by train. And so when this famous Wesley Fesler came on the field, the team play started. The first play for Navy, Navy says, "We're not going to be awed by this fantastic Wesley Fesler." So they called the play around toward his end, and he just came over the end and threw the man for about a five yard loss. Then they said, "We'll show him we're not afraid of him." They called the next play around his end, too, and this time he shoved the ^{defensive man to} ~~man~~ in the side and came through to tackle ^{the runner} ~~him~~ for about a five yard loss. "We won't be cowed by him." And they called the next play around in his direction. This time he went under the end to throw ^{the runner} ~~it~~ for a loss of something like five yards. By that time we had ^{to} ~~the~~ kick. Never again, the entire afternoon, did they try to call a play around Wesley Fesler's end.

Q: It took them a hard time to learn.

Captain Biard: Yes. Well, he was playing offensive quarterback, I think. They put him his last year as their offensive quarterback, so we alternated between having to tackle him on running and avoiding his end on all other plays. So this was the great Wesley Fesler, and he was a fine, fine gentleman, truly a great player and a great man.

Q: And then he became coach at Ohio?

Captain Biard: Later on he became coach at Ohio State.

Q: And when he refused to run up this ridiculous score, they fired him, and then Woody Hayes came in.

Captain Biard: Woody Hayes came in, and Woody Hayes's first year was disastrous, completely disastrous. We had the great halfback, Vic Janowicz, the great Vic Janowicz from the coal mining areas of Ohio, who had been brought there by the big supporter of Ohio State football, whose name was Galbraith.

Now, at this point, I wish to add that the economist and governor of Connecticut who came down to the pier at Bridgeport to meet me, but I had to wait too long to come in because there was too much wind early in the morning, his name was John Kenneth Galbraith. I wish to add it here.

Q: I understand, because we couldn't remember his name before.

Captain Biard: John Kenneth Galbraith. I remembered it as you were leaving, but ~~when~~^{then} the tape was no longer on. So this *other* Galbraith was the big supporter of Ohio State football, to get this Vic Janowicz to come here. Every big school in the country was after Vic Janowicz. He was recognized as the prime high school candidate, the athlete, football player, halfback in the country. So everybody was after him, and Ohio State had to come up with something unusual to get him. So Tom Galbraith went to see him, and Vic Janowicz wanted to know what he would offer him, and they finally settled. Tom Galbraith said, "I will promise you a job for the rest of your life." And he said, "I own the Pittsburgh Pirates."

Janowicz was a baseball player as well. I believe part of the bargain was that he would see that he could join that team, but he promised him a job for the rest of his life. He went that far, had to go that far to get Janowicz to play.

The big joke for the year was, Janowicz had been the Heisman Trophy winner in his junior year. He was not even considered for anything like that his senior year because the team had done so very poorly. They had fantastic material, but Woody Hayes just fumbled the job, fumbled it everywhere.

Q: Did you have time to be interested in sports when you were

finishing up this second year?

Captain Biard: I went to see one or two games games only.

Q: You just knew this information?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, it was all around.

Q: General knowledge.

Captain Biard: And usually I'd be working there in the laboratory and hearing the cheers coming from the stadium. No, I saw about one game, and I took my girlfriend there. Before, the previous year, I sat in the end zone. This year we sat in boxes.

Q: I like that better.

Captain Biard: Because her father was ...

Q: Connections.

Captain Biard: We had real, real, real connections. In fact, we could drive up to a special place of parking right next to the stadium with a motorcycle escort. He was a big shot.

But this time, as I say, the big joke there towards the end

of the season was Vic Janowicz wasn't even considered for All-American. Woody Hayes was being nominated for coach of the year, the college coach of the year, because he was the only one who had been able to figure out a defense to stop Vic Janowicz.

Q: And his defense was not to try to go through him?

Captain Biard: No. Vic Janowicz was on his own team, and he had managed to stop Vic Janowicz, who was All-American and the Heisman Trophy winner the year before, and he found a way to stop him. *He just could not* ~~They didn't~~ get anywhere on the football field *during* Woody Hayes' first year at Ohio State. *That was Janowicz's last year of college football.*

Q: That's a very good joke.

Captain Biard: That was a topnotch joke.

Q: That is a good one. I'm glad you explained it.

Captain Biard: So later on, in the meeting of greats I was privy to at Trautman's home, I just advanced an opinion. I told him, "I'm not a football player myself. I've played football very little. But even I could have done a better job coaching this team than Woody Hayes."

And George Trautman replied--and he was sincere in this--he said, "Tex, you really could have." Now, Woody Hayes came there,

he had an excellent record at a lesser school in Ohio, he came there with an unbreakable five-year contract. If he hadn't had that, I am sure he would have been fired. Oh, he was hated. After that, though, he got on the ball and developed a good team, and you know the rest of it.

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: But his first year there was disastrous, and I am convinced that George Trautman meant it when he said, "Tex, you could have done a better job than he did." So this went on. I met a lot of the greats, and political greats, as well.

Toward the end of things, why, I wasn't thinking too much of marriage. This girl said, "I don't like you, no." But four weeks before I was to get my degree, I was working on my thesis and getting it in shape, and had it pretty well outlined and much of the rough copy written, not all of it, there were still four weeks of work left, I got this phone call from BuPers, telling me--this is about the first of May--this was from my good friend B.J. Semmes, with whom I served in Europe. He had been on the other ship, but we still got to know each other quite well, a classmate and friend, and his word to me was, "Tex, we have a job down here that we can't tell you what it is over the phone, but we want you to take it. So you have five days to pack up and leave there, but you can't stay any longer."

I said, "Well, I have a degree coming up here in four weeks. I've got to get my thesis together and have to defend it."

He said, "No. We want you now. We don't care about your ^{your degree --} having ~~you~~ know everything you need to know, we know that. It's a job that you're admirably suited for. I think you're topnotch for it. It's a captain's job, a captain's billet. The captain's detail section has looked over your record. Your qualifications and your fitness reports are in the top 10%. You're a sure shot for captain, there's no doubt about it, so we won't hesitate to put you in this captain's billet, but we want you to come right now. Will you take it?"

I said, "Give me about 30 seconds to think." Well, I had always assumed that I would be passed over for captain. My career had been too varied and not been in the regular track that went for seagoing promotion.

So when they told me, "The captain's detail has looked over your record. You know the selection board is coming up this summer. You're coming up for selection. They have looked you over and said you're a sure shot for captain." This amazed me.

Well, I said, "Okay, I'll take it."

"All right, be here in five days' time."

Well, I started packing. I told my girlfriend about it, and with that, she really broke down. "Oh, I don't want you to go." And she convinced me she really wanted to get married and she meant it. She really did convince me. As I say, she had two

children, a boy about nine, and a girl about six, divorced, maybe divorced a couple of years. So she really did put on, the next few days, she really did put on a convincing act. I believe she meant it; I don't think she was insincere. But I'm always amazed how soon some^{women} can forget things.

So she convinced me, and I said, "All right. Come to Washington after I get settled there. We'll find a place to stay, find a place to live, and we'll be married." So we arranged things that way.

I left and got to Washington. When I got there, I found out that I was to be the operations officer for the naval task group, the big task group, there were many, many ships involved, the operations officer for the first, what is called loosely the first, H-bomb test. We in the field of testing did not call it a bomb because the thing weighed about 90 tons and could not have been flown in any aircraft. I'll tell you later on why it weighed 90 tons. It weighed about 90 tons and could not have been flown under any conditions, but the idea was, we had to find out if it would be possible to make an H-bomb work. Nobody knew at the time.

Q: In any country?

Captain Biard: In any country. The Russians, we knew, were working on it. We had started working on it very late. This is

part of Oppenheimer's work and Lilienthal's work. That is, they prevented the earlier development--they were instrumental in the earlier development of the H-bomb. ^{blocking}

Q: Did you say in preventing?

Captain Biard: Yes, preventing. They were against it.

Q: They were opposed to it?

Captain Biard: They were opposed to it. Teller was the one who had ramrodded it through, and thank God he did. Thank God he did.

Now I'm going to backtrack because this is not just backtracking; it comes in here quite well. In technical intelligence, Jack Alberti and I had estimated and had come up with this and reported it to higher authority. We had no idea of how much higher it went. Something like this, when you make a report, ^{it} can be stopped anywhere along the line, and it isn't up to you to say, "Have you made sure this got to the Secretary of Defense?" or got on to the President. There is nothing like that you can say; you just have to send it on up the line, and you never know where it stops or where it goes, in many ^{situations} ~~conditions~~.

Q: You're talking about now in ONI.

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Captain Biard: In ONI. This is true anywhere in any report you send up the line, *if it has no specific addressee — just a report.*

Q: But you can always find out what happened to it.

Captain Biard: No, you can't. It was not politic in many cases to do so. Anyway, Jack Alberti and I got together on it, and, of course, we backed it with our reasons, that the Russians were capable of developing an A-bomb.

Q: "A"?

Captain Biard: A-bomb. This is back in 1946-47.

Q: And we were the only ones so far that had it.

Captain Biard: Yes. That they could do anything that they decided to do. The difference between them and us was, we could do far more advanced work and advanced developing than they could. They would have to limit their advanced research and development much more narrowly than we, but if they want to do it, and they wanted to do it hard enough, they could do it. They were just as capable as we were in brains, ^{but} ~~that~~ they didn't have the industry and the engineering underpinning that we had.

Q: But they had the scientists now.

Captain Biard: They had the scientists and the mathematicians that could do it.

Q: Who came from Germany.

Captain Biard: And the Russians had their own, ^{also,} some of the best mathematicians in the world were Russians, and had been for years. They specialized in mathematics, and they were good. They had plenty of topnotch brains, and they had the Germans helping them, an awful lot of Germans helping them. We knew that they had some of the topnotch in the nuclear field, Germans in the nuclear field helping. So Jack Alberti and I came up with this report that we gave the start up the line--now, where it went, we don't know--that the Russians could do it and perhaps would. In particular, we knew that they had been ordering all this equipment, that they were working on this. They wouldn't have ordered it if they hadn't been working on it in a crash program. And if they ordered this, it meant they knew damn well they could. They could see the end in sight. We had one process in the gaseous and separating Uranium 235 that we thought nobody else--we thought we had a monopoly on something required for that. And we now knew, and we knew soon, that the Russians found out ~~it would be~~ a way to get around ~~to~~ this ^{deficiency,} ~~process,~~ to use

something else that we thought we had the monopoly on. And so they developed a gaseous diffusion process without this thing we thought would block anyone *but the U. S. and Britain,*

Q: All leading to their development of the A-bomb.

Captain Biard: Yes. And also the H-bomb. You've got to have the ~~A~~-bomb, too. If they can get the A-bomb, then they were ready to step on to the H-bomb.

Q: With that concept, though, they were talking about the A-bomb?

Captain Biard: This is the A-bomb right now, yes. And we knew, we knew from the scientific grapevine, or at least we were convinced from the scientific grapevine that they were out on a crash program to develop the A-bomb, that their idea was not to use it in a war against us, but at this time the Air Force was screaming, "This nuclear umbrella, if anybody tries to step out of line, we will pulverize them with A-bombs." And that was the party line of the Air Force, and you know that I have little use for much of the Air Force of that day, because of their abominable political tactics and their even worse strategic doctrines that they were selling to the Congress by this "mit 'em and shit 'em" way of handling things for them, that they went

about. And of course, this ~~wild~~ ^{Blue} wonder appealed to everyone. Just like the Navy protected Britain and Britain didn't have to have a big army while the Navy could protect it, until they got into a war that was on the European continent, then they had to develop an army. The Americans got the idea that the Air Force would protect them and they wouldn't have to have a big Army, they wouldn't have to have a big Navy. And this nuclear umbrella would solve everything, and the Air Force rode this to a fare ye well while they knew it wouldn't work, ~~they~~ ^{that it} would soon come to an end. That's why they grabbed the rocketry. They wouldn't let the Army have the rocketry, and they wouldn't let the Navy have it. They grabbed the rockets for themselves because they knew that the fly-fly days were soon coming to an end, but before they did, they were going to sell the idea that if the Russians get out of line, why, we can stop them any time with this nuclear umbrella. "We're the only ones who have the A-bomb. They don't have it." And so the Russians--we were conducting nuclear blackmail at the time. We were.

And the Russians were going all out, all out, all out to get that A-bomb, so they could soon tell us, "Look, no more nuclear blackmail. We've got it, too." Then they were prepared. They had their ground forces, conventional forces intact. They were prepared to move anywhere, any time, small bites, saying, "You wouldn't start a world war or a nuclear war for this, would you?" Because now they could retaliate ~~it before~~ ^{it} we used our nuclear

umbrella. "You wouldn't start a nuclear war, a nuclear holocaust just over this little country, would you?" That's the game they were playing, and we knew it. We knew it fully. And we knew that that's why they were going out after the A-bomb, which they got in 1949. They surprised us with how they got it and what they did. They taught us something.

Q: Are you going to discuss that?

Captain Biard: No, I don't think I'll discuss it. It's in the books, at least this feature of it, the surprise we got when we monitored their nuclear cloud that passed over us. It's in the books.

Q: You made a statement that you didn't care for the Air Force, and I thought you were going to say something, that they did something good.

Captain Biard: Not everything is bad everywhere. There were some good people in the Air Force, there really were.

Q: I thought you were going to bring out a specific ...

Captain Biard: Yes, it was this nuclear umbrella thing.

Q: Oh.

Captain Biard: That was the biggest curse that's ever hit the defenses of our country.

Q: It wasn't good; it was a curse.

Captain Biard: It was a curse, and by this, we scrapped most of our conventional forces. We didn't keep our Navy ^{or Army} up to par. We were absolutely and completely unready when Korea happened in 1950. We were completely unready there, and Russia had its ground forces intact and its conventional forces intact, ready to move anywhere on the continent without our being able to stop them.

Q: You were saying Lilienthal and Oppenheimer tried to stop the development?

Captain Biard: Yes, prevent the development of the H-bomb. Teller was the one who ramrodded it through. Teller, as far as I'm concerned, is one of the greatest Americans alive today. I know you may not agree with me.

Q: I don't know.

Captain Biard: I know him. He is the most realistic man, most realistic man of fantastic brain power. He presents things most realistically, and is the most realistic because of his experiences. He knows what we have to face, what we're up against, and he is begging the country to do what it should do, and the country listens to him so very little.

Q: What's he doing now?

Captain Biard: He is at the Hoover Institute in Stanford.

Q: Of course, you know there's so many TV programs that they present things that I have no idea what basis they have for them. I think your comments are interesting.

Captain Biard: And so the Russians were out to get the A-bomb, not to use it, but to have it so they could say, "No, you won't use your nuclear umbrella over this little thing, will you?" And that's what they have been doing all the time, this, this, this. And we have not dared use our nuclear umbrella, because they developed the A-bomb, and they got the H-bomb about the same time *as* we did.

Q: And you say after the A-bomb was once developed, then the H is just the next step.

Captain Biard: It's the next step. And anybody in the scientific world, we always know if one person can do it, soon somebody else will do it. There is no monopoly on brain power.

Q: I'm always interested in your comments that you say, "If what I say makes sense, it's probably true." And I just told you the story where Mr. Gilmore made the same statement that you did about there's no monopoly on brains.

Captain Biard: There certainly isn't.

Q: But people should remember that.

Captain Biard: They should remember it. And in the pre-World War II era, the newspapers were always screaming to the American public, "We have the biggest, and we have the best." And I have told my classes, I have told people in the military, when they would listen to me, that almost never did we have the biggest. Almost never did we have the best. But given enough time, if our Allies will hold the enemy away from our shores long enough, we will have the most. That has been true in the past, it will never be true again, because we have nobody to hold--they can't be held off our shores now. We have to be ready in a hurry. The British always held the Germans off our shores--not off our shores, but they maintained control of the Atlantic or controlled

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enough of the Atlantic that we couldn't be stopped from getting to Britain while we developed the most to get to them.

Q: And you're saying that is still true today, that we don't have the biggest or the best, but if given time, we could have the most?

Captain Biard: We probably could have the most. Certainly Russia is coming along as an industrial power. They are far advanced over what they were at the beginning of World War II. And it might be true, if we could get some time, but now we no longer can get the time.

Q: It's scary.

Captain Biard: It is scary.

Q: Well, of course, our purpose on this tape is not to discuss philosophy or world view or politics or military future, but I can't help picking your brain.

Captain Biard: As to ONI now, we made this report, and it's one that I'm sure other people knew, but we were living in a world of fantasy at that time, hoping that, "Oh, yes, the United Nations would protect, and the nuclear umbrella will protect." But they

did not, they have not. And that is my big criticism of the Air Force, was their unrealistic policy toward defense. They were out for the Air Force far too much and not out for the country enough. It just so happened that the Navy's policy coincided with the realistic assessment of the interest and the needs of the country far more than that of the Air Force. If the shoe had been on the other foot, if the Air Force had had the sound policy and the Navy had the unsound policy, maybe the Navy would have been arguing for the unsound policies as strongly as the Air Force argued for theirs. I can't say.

Q: Had your report gone to--who?

Captain Biard: It started in ONI.

Q: But suppose it had gotten to wherever you would have liked it to have gotten to--how could that have changed?

Captain Biard: I'm not sure it would have changed anything. I would like to think that somebody would have looked at it and would have believed us. I do not know that anyone would have. I don't know what happened to my reports from Japan. But what I am trying to bring out here is that Jack Alberti and I had a realistic view of things and what turned out to be a completely realistic assessment of the existing situation and what should be

done. And I know there were other people in the Navy Department that had--I can't say they did have. Jack Alberti and I had contact in the scientific grapevine.

Well, the summary for all this is that Jack Alberti and I, and certain of the others, knew that the Russians wanted to neutralize our nuclear blackmail. And let's call it that. We threatened them. ^{They} ~~we~~ ^{we} say ~~they~~ are threatening nuclear blackmail. Well, we were threatening them with nuclear blackmail in those days. They wanted to neutralize that or at least to have an equal threat. And then having that, they could move on in these small moves, saying, "This isn't worth a World War III, a nuclear holocaust, is it?" And with our state of unpreparedness ~~and~~ conventional forces, and with the threat of nuclear war hanging over us if we made a meaningful move to oppose it, it meant that they have practically a free hand to nibble anywhere they want to go.

Q: But you were starting to make the statement that--I don't know, I think I said, "Didn't anybody else know it?"

And you said, "Yes." Then no, you started saying that you and he had perhaps more of the

Captain Biard: We had more of the scientific grapevine.

Q: That was it.

Captain Biard: Filtering through us. For example, the public was being told--and heaven knows, damn it, Etta-Belle, our military leaders believe the stuff they read in the press so often. They did it in the Vietnamese War. Our military leaders and even our politicians, even our people high up in government, all too frequently believe what they read in the press, and the press is usually wrong as hell. They may not be 100% wrong, but there's enough wrong in it that you're going to make incorrect decisions if you believe everything you read there. Far too many of our people do. The press, the media pervade us. You've got to be careful, because you'll drown in this.

Q: These days, perhaps the worst of any time in history.

Captain Biard: Yes, and that's true of the people in charge.

Q: They read that stuff, too.

Captain Biard: Yes, and ^{far too often} eventually believe it. They eventually believe it. So in this one case, we got a letter from somebody, a German working for the Russians in Siberia, and he managed to get a letter out to somebody in West Germany, in which he not too obliquely, not too implicitly, fairly explicitly said, we could tell what he said, that they were going to test a rocket that had a range of 1,500 kilometers, at a time when we weren't firing any

rockets like that. The Germans had built a rocket for them, and, of course, that was for their nuclear umbrella, that it would soon be tested and we do know that it was.

Q: That's the type of thing you mean that through you and Alberti that the newspapers and nobody would have maybe known. You did, in fact, have more material available to you, making your paper more valid.

Captain Biard: Yes. I have no idea whether it was torn up or mixed up, or what.

Q: We're almost to the H-bomb, right?

Captain Biard: Well, I am reporting to the command for the H-bomb. I've already checked in at the Bureau of Personnel, they have told me what the job is, and they've also told me that I'm a sure shot for selection to captain. The captain's detail desk had already checked my record, and approved placing me in this captain's billet.

Q: Well, it was really basically because of that that you decided to take this job for the H-bomb, wasn't it?

Captain Biard: That was it.

Q: You wouldn't have gone if it hadn't ...

Captain Biard: If it hadn't been for that, I didn't think I would make captain. I thought my career was too varied, and I had never really thought I would. When they said, "Yes, you will," then I accepted the idea of marriage and going with this job, because okay, I've got a career in the Navy now.

Q: Or otherwise you would have said, "No, I'm going to stay in the academic life." Is that correct?

Captain Biard: Yes. And so I checked in there. Then I checked in at the Washington Navy Yard. That's where they had me report, where the office for the Naval Task Group Commander Charles W. Wilkins, Rear Admiral Charles W. Wilkins, nicknamed "Weary" Wilkins, was the task group commander. The office was in the old navy yard laundry. It was coming up summertime, and it was hot.

Q: I wasn't thinking they didn't have any air-conditioning down there.

Captain Biard: No, they didn't. So we had to get moving fast, and we did. General Clarkson, I believe he was a lieutenant general, was the joint task force commander. This was for Operation Ivy.

Q: What was Wilkins's job?

Captain Biard: Wilkins was the Navy task group ^{commander} and the Navy task group was the big one. *It was a very big job.*

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: We probably had ^{in our Task Group} three-fourths or four-fifths of *all* the people on the operation, because we had to evacuate everyone, get everyone and everything out of the atoll, and we had to supply many observation ships, safety, things of that ^{sort}. So I was brought up on all this, reported to him, and in one of the early briefings, a scientist told us that, "In this test, there are three possible outcomes. One, the detonation will be full-scale, and we know that it can be made to work. Two, we may not be able to make our device go off. We may not be able to detonate it, but we can prove that nobody can do it. If we can prove that, that's all right; we don't have to worry about ..." And he named it, of course, the Russians. "Or the worst of all, and this we really do fear, we may not be able to make ours go off, but we can't prove that somebody else can't do it, and in that case, we will have to live in fear of the Russians. They may be able to get this awesome advice." So in order to do this, in order to try to prove that either we could or if we couldn't, then no one else could, they threw everything into the works that appeared to

be slightly desirable, to try to make it work. The device itself weighed some 90 tons. That is the reason it is called a hydrogen device and not a hydrogen bomb. The hydrogen bomb that was exploded on November 1, 1952, was not a hydrogen bomb; it was a hydrogen device, because nothing in the world could have delivered it to an enemy a mile away at that time. But the person who made this thing, who thought up the final idea that made it possible was Edward Teller, for whom I have nothing but the utmost of respect. We were under extremely strict orders. There was to be no publicity of any kind. Word was not to leak out to the press. The reason for this strict secrecy was not military, although we certainly did not want the Russians to know how we were doing this or planning to do it. We wanted it to be secret, and we didn't want them sending submarines around to spy on us at the site. The reasoning was entirely political. The Presidential election was to take place in November. Our first test, the big one, was scheduled for the first of November. The political election, the Presidential election, was to be the first week in November, the first Tuesday or thereabouts, the second Tuesday. I think it's the first Tuesday in November. It was to be a few days after the first. Truman planned--and this was stated--and he even told this to ^{our commanders} ~~the people~~ when he ordered secrecy. He said, "I plan to make this tremendously fast hurricane whirlwind tour," as he made in 1948, that secured his victory over Dewey. He intended to pull exactly the same thing

for Adlai Stevenson, who he was sure would be the Democratic nominee. He intended to conduct exactly such a tour as that, and he didn't want this tremendous hydrogen device that would get headlines two feet high in every paper for two or three days, detracting from his headlines and what he was doing there just before the election. That was it entirely. That was no secret as far as the task force was concerned, but it was a secret from the public. So that was the reason for the extreme secrecy that we had to maintain and the reason we had to exclude the press from it entirely. So we did our planning, *and had "freedom from the press"*

I was married in Columbus, Ohio, about the first of June, I don't remember now. Peggy was her name. Peggy Larson, her previous married name had been Larson, came over. She came over and we selected a place to live. *We were* ~~I was~~ married, and ~~she came~~ *to Washington.* ~~over,~~ we drove back. We had about a two-day honeymoon, I think it was, and then her children joined us the next week. We had a very nice place in Arlington. I worked long and hard. The Albertis were there. We had good friends; a lot of people had thrown a party for us. That almost killed me, because I had plenty of hours that I had to put in that week--I was going to say at the laundry. Yes, at the *laundry in the* Gun Factory. So it was a mad, mad whirl. Unfortunately, things did not go well at home. It started off quite poorly. Just before we were due to leave, the captain selection board came up. When the radioman brought *the list* over, "Here's the captain's selection board," all of my staff dashed

over with big smiles on their face, because they knew they would ^{find my name on the list -} ~~get money~~. They dashed over for it, didn't even let me have it. Then I could see their faces fall. My name wasn't on it. I took a look at it, and it wasn't. Well, of course, the staff and the admiral all had long faces. The admiral liked me, I'm sure he did. I was in line for it. I knew the chief of staff liked me. I was assistant chief of staff ^{as well as} ~~in the~~ Operations Office. That hurt. It meant that I had to start out ⁱⁿ ~~from~~ this tremendous operation with a cloud hanging over me.

Q: Not professionally, though; just personally.

Captain Biard: Well, personally, yes. But it meant that when I would deal with other people now, they would be looking at ^{me} ~~him~~, "Well ..."

Q: He wasn't selected.

Captain Biard: Yes. And that was detrimental, but I went on, and I certainly had nothing but the most marvelous support from the admiral and chief of staff. At no time did I have anything but the utmost support.

Q: Did you ask in BuPers? Was there any reason for it?

Captain Biard: They never did tell you. *But the general opinion was that I definitely should have been selected.*

Q: I know they don't tell you, but sometimes you can ask and find out.

Captain Biard: I asked, and they said they really didn't know. So about this time we were due to leave. As I say, there had been harsh words between me and my new wife. For one thing, there is one thing that I would like to tell any wife anywhere, any time, if she intends to live with her husband, and that is, if she has words with him, do not attack him personally. Do not tell him things, the memory of which he cannot live with. That is, for example, "You're not fit to say anything to my children." If she wants to say--I won't go too much at length into this--if she wants to say, "~~if~~ You did one awful job there; you shouldn't have broken that chair the way you did. I'm mad about it." That's all right, you can get over that. But to say something personal, what is that Spike Jones--"A Hasty Word You Can't Recall."

Q: Oh, you mean, the song.

Captain Biard: "A Hasty Word You Can't Recall." "Get out of here, you old bat." In other words, don't say anything that personally a person can never live with. Say something that he

can say, "Yes, that could have been true." We won't go into that anymore.

Q: It's really related to your children, I'll bet.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: The children that were living with you.

Captain Biard: Yes. There were other things that were said of a similar type. So that went wrong. I left for overseas with the task force.

Q: Maybe you were pleased to leave.

Captain Biard: Yes. With that, with both that and being passed over, all of that right there at the same time. It was a hard job. We got to the forward area. We went to San Francisco, and we joined a seaplane tender there, I think it was the Norton Sound, in which we took the H-device and all the material to the forward area.

Q: Did it have to be handled with the utmost care?

Captain Biard: No, it didn't. It didn't because of certain

features I won't go into here.

Q: It was all ready to go?

Captain Biard: It was all ready to go. We went to--what is the port up the way, the ammunition port?

Q: Key Port in Washington?

Captain Biard: Washington.[?]

Q: In Washington, it's called Key Port.

Captain Biard: No, in San Francisco Bay.

Q: Oh, in San Francisco. I don't know.

Captain Biard: Anyway, we picked it up there at the naval ammunitions depot, and then carried it out to Eniwetok. We had destroyers with us, antisubmarine work. Things were hot with Russia. When we got to the test grounds, the Eniwetok proving grounds, the Eniwetok test grounds, why, we had ships out there, the task force, already waiting for us, usually had destroyers. We had to set up underwater listening posts, underwater listening gear across the entrances to the atoll, and we had offshore

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patrols at the entrances. ^{We had} ~~The destroyers had~~ a squadron of destroyers carrying that out. Things were hot with Russia, awfully hot right then.

Q: Tell me the year again.

Captain Biard: 1952. We went out in the later summer of 1952, and things were hot. We had expected the Russians to be spying on us by submarines or otherwise, even perhaps ^{attempting} sabotage. We could expect anything. Well, the setup that we had to make was something fantastic. The device was to be exploded on the ground, essentially, on an island, Engebi, an island that no longer exists. We had all sorts and kinds of test equipment, much of which was designed to get just the observation it had to get a few millionths of a second before it was destroyed, blown up and melted, burned, because if this thing did work, it would be a fantastic explosion. So this went on and on, and we had many things to do. We had our ships operating all the time, our people off the shore, offshore patrol, the patrol off the entrances, our underwater listening patrol. One of the things that disturbed us was that we got all sorts and kinds of noise on our underwater listening gear at the channel entrances at certain times at night. Nobody could explain it, not even ...

Q: Fish.

Captain Biard: Not even hydrographic people who were there. We always had them with us on the tests, and that's what we suspected, perhaps, but this type of noise, we were pretty sure, we thought it was fish or perhaps things like shrimp.

Q: Crustaceans.

Captain Biard: Crustaceans at certain times in the evening started making an awful lot of noise. Our underwater people ...

Q: Were they lovemaking?

Captain Biard: We have no idea. I have no idea. But we had to lay many, many miles of cable, laying this. We had a Coast Guard officer there handling this, and it turned out that the cable, some of it was very poor, so he had to devise a way of testing it in the water, in the well of an LST, before he finally put it in the water, because he was having all sorts and kinds of trouble with this. We had to have this cable to get some of the information back. ^{from 30 miles distance.} There were large AEC installations on some of the islands. We used the island of Eniwetok, the large island of Parry, quite a number of miles from the far end of the atoll of Engebi, where the device was to be set off. The device itself weighed 90 tons. We had two cryogenic mobiles that had to be driven across country. I was amazed that they weren't top

secret. They weighed quite a number of tons, maybe ten or 15 tons, so that we had to be sure that the roads they took across country, the bridges on them, could all carry that weight at least. Well, we thought we had it checked out, but they were stopped at one place by the local authorities, because they said they were too heavy for the roads. This sent us up in arms because first of all, we had to have this equipment out there, and second of all, we didn't want anybody really investigating. But it hadn't been too highly classified. Nobody seemed to be worried about it. What I'm saying here is, in effect, that this was cryogenic equipment, that the hydrogen we used, a special type of hydrogen that was going to be used in the hydrogen bomb, had to be brought down to almost zero degrees absolute before the detonation, and we had to have these two vehicles to do this tremendous job of reducing the temperature down here to the almost absolute zero, just a few degrees above that.

Q: And how were they carried?

Captain Biard: They were carried by ships. The material was not in there.

Q: No, but across the country.

Captain Biard: They weren't carried across country; they were

driven across the country.

Q: Yes. They had their own ...

Captain Biard: Yes, they were mounted on the rear end of a large truck, type vehicle.

Q: They were mounted on a big truck.

Captain Biard: They were mounted on a big truck.

Q: Okay. They weren't self-propelled.

Captain Biard: They weren't self-propelled. They were mounted on the rear end of a truck, it looked like a big tank truck or something like that. They had other special equipment. It looked like a big tank. Nobody was too concerned about the security there when they were stopped. We did get ~~them~~ special dispensation for them to move on. We got them out there, of course. But one of the things that really, really gave us a lot of work and created a lot of effort for it was that the scientists, while we were out there, decided on a new type ~~and~~ ^{of} very important project, an observation they wanted to make. And to make this, we had to build a plywood tunnel four miles long, a tunnel about ten feet by ten feet by ten feet, about ten feet

square, maybe a little larger. Now, when you build a plywood tunnel, which is ten feet square on the side, four sides that long, you are using an awful lot of plywood, particularly when it has to be heavy plywood, large plywood sheets. We filled the tunnel with helium-filled weather balloons. Air would have ruined the experiment.
 ↑ balloons.

Q: And you have to have spaces that long, too.

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Captain Biard: Well, we did have ^{to have} space that long. We ran it across an island or two, and over across the shallow water between them. There was space there so we could build it. We had to build this for purposes of getting a few ^{scientific} pictures that could be salvaged from the blast, that could be protected from the blast, heat, fire, and everything else, of this terrific detonation and searing flames and fireball that would result if the device worked, and four miles away, the scientists figured that this apparatus, the ^{very special} camera, the lead shields, the heavy protective shields that would fall immediately before the shock wave and real burning got there, before the fireball got hot enough to burn things, and yes, they did, it worked. It did work. Getting that plywood out there and building this on time was quite a job.

One of the problems was that the ^{typhoon} ~~hurricane~~ season started soon after the first of November. We wanted to get this test by the first of November. Then we had another test after this about 15 days later that we needed to get it out of the way, too. That

was really pressing the ~~hurricane~~^{typhoon} season. If the ~~hurricanes~~^{typhoons} would come, they'd hit us before the test was concluded, and it meant we'd lose our equipment and everything else, and we'd be set back hundreds of millions of dollars, and we'd then have to go through the whole thing again, and that would take an awfully long time.

Q: It took the ships a long time to bring this plywood out, didn't it?

Captain Biard: We flew a lot of it out.

Q: You did?

Captain Biard: We had to, to get it on time.

Q: You said it was a last-minute idea.

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Captain Biard: Yes. So we had a real bang-up; this was a fantastic operation, fantastic. Along towards the end, we had all sorts and kinds of boats there, ~~We had communications around~~^{→ and helicopters.} the place, we had boats, we had to haul material ~~by boats from~~^{and personnel} the ship, on board ship, haul them with boats, so we had a fantastic number of naval craft of all kind. Now, we were operating under restrictive instructions--I will not say orders--

from the Navy. ~~But~~ the officer in the Navy Department who was responsible for handling things with CNO for this operation told Admiral Wilkins, "The Army wants us to leave all of those Navy boats there. They are going to have four PT boats, and they cost \$750,000 apiece. They want us to leave all of those. They want us to leave all these other boats that we are using there in the lagoon for the blast. Yes, that would be easier for you to get out, ^{→ without the boats,} but we do not want to lose the very valuable boats, many millions of dollars, quite a few millions of dollars. Get those boats out of the lagoon, and do not let them be destroyed in the test." All right, those were the verbal orders we had.

Q: In other words, you had to use all of them to put the thing together, but before the blast, they were supposed to get out?

Captain Biard: They'd get out with the people. We left nobody in the atoll at the time of the blast, and we knew there was going to be a terrific wave down that far. We thought there was going to be, and that these would probably be destroyed. So they said, "Save those. Get them out." The task force commander and the scientific people all put an awful lot of pressure on us, and I think rightfully so, to leave those boats in the lagoon, because they said, "The important thing is the test. The boats don't mean that much. It's the test, the test, that is the important thing."

Q: Wouldn't they have been contaminated anyway?

Captain Biard: Well, the answer is no, they weren't. We were lucky. We had very little contamination of the atoll itself. So every time they'd put the pressure on us about the evacuation procedure, we will have to recover the boats, which was a time-consuming project. Getting the PT boats out of the water in itself was a little bit difficult, ^{and} ~~but~~ this would delay things. And so we were obstructionists in all the planning out there. Of course, I had my orders, and I had to be an obstructionist, and Admiral Wilkins, who was a very fine gentleman, had to be an obstructionist also. The leading people from Los Alamos came over to try to persuade him to leave those boats in the atoll, and he said no. Before the operations were over, they came back to see him, and said, "We hope that in the next operation you will find some way that the Navy and we can learn to work together." They were talking entirely about these arguments over the boats. So there were lots of troubles out there. As I say, I got the reputation of being an obstructionist. I didn't want to be. I had my orders, and if I have orders, then I have to carry them out. I should carry them out, and I will carry them out.

Q: Admiral Wilkins was there, too, to support you.

Captain Biard: Yes. Yes, but I didn't say, "No, the admiral

tells me I have to do this." I said, "No, the Navy is not ready to do this."

A scheduling committee was organized then to arrange the schedule for getting the people off the atoll; the boats selected, all the ships out into the proper stations, the scientific equipment in its place for observations, and such as that. We had to have ^{an} ~~the~~ evacuation schedule, ^{a complicated one} I was the Navy representative on that, and the operations officer. I started working on ^{it} ~~that~~. The Army and the Air Force and the scientific people had their representatives there, too. We had about a dozen people *on the committee.*

But about this time, a very special happening, a very big threat occurred, not to us, it turned out, but one afternoon, or perhaps evening, we received a message from Pearl Harbor Weather Center saying, "Investigate such and such a plot and spot on the weather plot for today. You will see counterclockwise arrows." And sure enough, the weather report from this place over here went north, and over here went west, the other went south, and below the center it went east. That meant counterclockwise circulation. And so they said, "A typhoon may be developing just a few hundred miles north of you." It was 200 or 300 miles. They said, "Watch it." So we sent planes out to try to observe it. I don't know how much observation. We had our own air people there on the island of Eniwetok. Sure enough, that typhoon formed, and it took off in a hurry.) The first thing we

↳ But we got none of it. It formed just north of us.

knew, we were getting reports from Wake Island that it was under four or five feet of water, and winds were blowing like everything. A four-engine ^{Pan-Am} transport was due to land there in about 30 minutes or so, and going down this water-covered ~~runway~~ ^{runway} ~~away~~--well, we were notified that there was ^{this} Pan American flight on the way that was due to land on Wake Island and would probably have to be diverted to Eniwetok. So Admiral Wilkins immediately said, "Send the guarding destroyers. Have them head north at full speed immediately. This plane may not have enough fuel to make Eniwetok." So we had them sent out immediately, on orders to proceed north toward Wake, because we knew that it would come down from Wake to our place if it couldn't land at Wake. The destroyers don't go fast enough to cover 500 miles or more in two or three hours, or four hours, but the plane did try to land on Wake, and going down the runway, it had to make an angle at 45 degrees ^{with the runway} ~~had~~ an angle of 45 degrees, just to stay in the air, to maintain a flight path over the runway, so obviously wet and in winds like that, it couldn't land. So we received the word that it was coming toward Eniwetok, heading our way. Of course, we had our destroyers all alerted and out on lines so they wouldn't all be in the same spot, they'd be several miles apart, and the plane could pick where it wanted to land, and they could all get more people out of the water, so the plane could pick its landing point and the ^{destroyers} ~~others~~ could rush over and try to help it, assist it in rescue. The plane headed our way, and sure
if the plane had to land in the water near them,

enough, most fortunately, it had just enough gas to make our little airfield--not our little airfield, we had some big planes operating off the island. But it was hot, and we would let no one off the plane. There was a very beautiful hostess--I didn't see her, this is a secondhand report, who very much wanted to get the people off of the plane, and our guards had instructions that no one was to be allowed on the ground. Of course, we were refueling the plane, giving them some food, other things to help them make the next stop, probably to Midway. ~~from~~ from Eniwetok, I don't know just where it would have gone, I can't say for sure. I ~~can't~~ ^{can't} say for sure it would have been Midway, but it would have been the next stop from there, possibly, straight to Honolulu, maybe. But we kept all the people on the plane, and this very beautiful hostess--I didn't see her, this is secondhand reports--oh, she stormed and she stormed, and she read ^{our people} ~~them~~ off. But anyway, they finally had to shut her up in the plane and send them off. So that had a happy ending, but for a while it looked as though we might have a real disaster, a real problem. ^{The} ~~They~~ ^{plane passenger} got to see our four-mile tunnel, they got to see everything else ^{but from a distance.} There was no way we could prevent it. But so what? It had to be. ^{They were} ~~That was~~ not Russian ~~agents~~ ^{agents sent to spy on us.}

The scheduling committee was still arguing, ^{→ would not agree on a schedule} Finally, I knew that we were running out of time, so I sat down, and I figured out just on my own the way everything had to go, the schedule, the time everything had to be done, and I compressed it to the

minimum possible time. We had to start our ^{evacuation} schedule in about three days. It would take us about three days to count down operations and get our countdown completed. I worked it out. I called the chief of staff, and asked him to come over and go over it with me and pick it apart. He and I went over it, He didn't find any worthwhile changes to be made, and we didn't find any way that we could compress the time schedule.

So the next day, I went back to this place. As I say, I was known to be an obstructionist, I regret to say, and I've given you the reasons for it. So when we met that day, and they were all arguing, and nobody had even ^{approximated} ~~approached~~ how long it would take us. So we were almost there. They argued a bit, and I said, "Gentlemen, I have a schedule here for us, and I suggest that you adopt it ^{now} ~~now~~ without looking at it." I did that just to be mean. Of course, boy, they jumped on me.

"What do you mean? You're telling us what to do."

I said, "Yes, gentlemen, I'm telling you what to do."

"You can't tell us what to do. You're dictating to us. You're dictating to us."

"Yes, I'm dictating to you. I have a schedule over here, and if you do not adopt it today and follow it, this test will not be completed on the day, by the time that the presidential directive directs us to complete it if physically possible." I said, "You will have to follow this schedule. You can't change it. There's nothing on here that's capable of being changed."

Oh, they hit the ceiling. I said, "You'll have to take it home and study it, I know. You have one day to study it, because the next time we meet, when we meet tomorrow, by that time we have only a short few hours before we ^{must} place it into effect." Oh, they stormed at me.

Q: You enjoyed that.

Captain Biard: I did, yes. They all took it home and came back, and there were no changes suggested, except one. And this person was over there, "Now, you won't like this. You won't like this. You probably won't buy it. We'd like to have this ship leave before this one."

I said, "Fine. I'll buy it right now."

"That won't change the time schedule a bit, will it?"

"No."

"Okay, fine." And they had no ^{other} changes to make in it, so they had to take it, and so we started our countdown.

Q: In a way, it's elementary, wouldn't it have been, if here's where you have to do it, and back up like you do any plans?

Captain Biard: Yes, but they hadn't done that. I was the only one who had done it. I saw that time was running out, so I did it.

Q: It hadn't even been suggested in the group meeting?

Captain Biard: Not really.

Q: How many people? I know you said there were about 12, but I was astonished, when you told me the other test, that you had 35,000 people out there. Would this be similar?

Captain Biard: It would be similar.

Q: About the same number of people?

Captain Biard: A fantastic number of people, because we had all these ships, had to have all this backup.

Q: You explained it.

Captain Biard: We had to evacuate all this stuff and people. Oh, we had hundreds in the scientific group, and we had maybe 1,500 in the AEC permanent station there, for the test, not that many permanent. Then we had a whole Army unit ashore, and we had Air Force units and ground crews. We had our own naval ships.

Q: Coast Guard?

Captain Biard: By this time we had shifted ~~over~~^{over} for headquarters to the ^{CVE}Rendova, and I had been on the Rendova in ^{wartime} operations. Yes, we had Coast Guard, too. I had been on the Rendova in the Mindoro operations. The captain of the Rendova was Jack Holtwick, who was one of the people I served with under Joe Rochefort^{breaking codes} at Pearl Harbor. So when I reported aboard, the first thing--Jack Holtwick was several years senior to me, a very, very fast-thinking person. He ran the machines, the IBM machines in the dungeon at Hypo, Pearl Harbor. But he had been one of the old-time codebreakers, still a very young-looking fellow, small but very mentally agile, very agile. The first thing, he just looked at me, and then he saw me. I came on board. He was meeting the admiral. "My God, Tex, what in the hell happened?" He was talking about my being passed over. Those were his words.

Q: And you said, "I wish I knew."

Captain Biard: Yes. "I wish I knew." Those were his words: "My God, Tex, what in the hell happened?" So I knew I had his backing. So by this time I knew I had the admiral's backing, too, because before we left Washington, he had already arranged for me to be sent back to school to get my degree.

Q: After this test?

Captain Biard: Yes. He went over to BuPers and said, "I'm laying it on the line. You've got to send him back." So he was loyal, he was 1,000% loyal to me. Not everybody is a bad guy, Etta-Belle.

Q: Most of them aren't.

Captain Biard: Most of them aren't. And so we got everybody evacuated. We had to have very special equipment on our ships this time, to keep them from being contaminated by the radioactive fallout. We knew there was a tremendous possibility of radioactive fallout. I don't know whether I should say here or not, some of the predictions made if we misjudged the wind factor, what would happen.

Q: Were you aware of bad effects that would happen under certain circumstances?

Captain Biard: Yes, we knew if this were a full-scale blast, if we got all out of it that we expected to get, that it was possible for people at almost unimaginable distances away to meet with great difficulty, so that we had to be extremely careful about the winds to prevent radioactive fallout, very, very, very hazardous radioactive fallout, from being carried to almost unmentionable distances. And we were concerned about other

possible physical effects as well that could happen.

Q: This was being done on the ground?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: I would think that you'd be afraid that you'd blow a hole in the ground.

Captain Biard: We did blow a hole in the ground, a big one. We eradicated one complete island.

Q: Okay. All right. That's what I was thinking you might be afraid of.

Captain Biard: That wasn't the thing we were afraid of. We didn't want to blow off part of the atoll, which was a possibility, and that might have produced extremely dire consequences. We didn't believe that would happen, we hoped it wouldn't, and it didn't.

Q: With the thousands of you out there, your lives were endangered, weren't they?

Captain Biard: Well, we didn't think so. If we were on ships,

we could ride things out pretty well. We knew countermeasures against radioactive fallout had been supplied to our ships, and, of course, we all used those religiously. It was well-tested and we used them. So we went ~~back to~~ ^{out of} the atoll, and our flagship went to a station 25 miles from the blast. We all had protective goggles. We all had protective clothing. We'd never worn that before on the other tests, completely protective clothing, and we had antiburn covering for the face, so that we expected to be well-protected. It turned out we were. So the blast was set off. I, as before, as in the five previous occasions in which I had witnessed atomic blasts, as soon as I saw the blast, I raised my protective glasses, and before ^{in previous tests} I had left them up. This time I raised them, and I brought them right back down. The heat from the brilliance ^{of fireball} was too much. My eyes and my face were telling me, "Get those black glasses back down." - 25 miles away!!

Q: You shouldn't have even raised them.

Captain Biard: Oh, yes. It just wasn't comfortable. It was very uncomfortable ^{even} from that distance, the heat from the fireball.

Q: This is by remote control, of course?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, ^{the device was detonated} by remote control.

Q: And where was the control given?

Captain Biard: The controls were on a ship a little bit beyond us, about five miles away.

Q: A scientific ship?

Captain Biard: A scientific ship, yes, the bomb ship. So it was all by remote control. Of course, evacuating the islands in all of these cases, we were very careful to make sure we had all people evacuated.

Now, let me go back to one of the other tests and tell something amusing. Tommy Sands, in the second ~~Eniwetok~~ series of tests, figured out that, well, we can hurry up this evacuation procedure by giving each man, scientists and all, a teeshirt, a Navy type teeshirt with a number stenciled on it, a large number about 14 inches high stenciled on it, from one to 50. We were going to have 50 men on the island to be evacuated ^{last, just} before each test. They had to arrange everything, get all the equipment, ^{ready,} get the bomb ready, and had to get off the island. We wanted to be sure. He figured the easiest way and the quickest way to check on who was there and who wasn't was to have each one of the scientists wear a teeshirt with a number on it, the scientists and the other technical helpers. So he had the teeshirts fixed up without telling them about it. When he told them about it,

they laid down the law: "No, we will not be numbers. We won't wear those goddamn things." So we had 50 teeshirts with numbers on them. They ended up in the possession of F.R. Biard. I used to wear them down here teaching school, and my students would see me coming in with teeshirts. I'd have a white shirt on in the classroom, and have a big black number underneath it. They always used to wonder what was there, what in the hell that was for. I had a young nephew who ...

Q: Did you ever tell them?

Captain Biard: I finally told some of them. But I wore them for years. I still have one or two, I think, out in the storeroom. But one of my little nephews, a very, very likeable person--I wish I had time to tell you more about him, he's now a doctor of English, teaches English in college, in Texas. No one ever thought he was a student, but he became quite a student. He'd just charm the birds out of the trees. But he liked these. They were way too big for him, but he talked me out of about half a dozen of them. He could talk anybody out of anything. He talked me out of about half a dozen of them, and he used to go to school down in Greenville, Texas, as a kid. See, he just thought they were wonderful, and so did everybody else. But the scientists damn well would not be numbered, and so I ended up with 50 teeshirts with big numbers on them.

The bomb went off. We had a fantastic blast, and, of course, that told us immediately that yes, it worked, and it worked to the tune originally estimated around 14 million tons TNT equivalent. I've seen other estimates all the way from 8 million tons to 17 million tons, I do not know. I can't say. But it was a big one for sure. We knew damn well that it had been successful.

Q: What about the noise?

Captain Biard: Oh, I don't know, a big rumble.

Q: It didn't hurt your ears?

Captain Biard: No. But there was a fantastic fireball and mushroom cloud.

One thing I have not said here is that after the mushroom cloud reaches a certain height, there is a beautiful pink underneath. The pink would be worth going many thousands of miles to see, just to see this sight. Yet it results from nitrogen molecules, atoms, that originally are in the air in the forms of molecules, being torn apart by the blast, and then when they come together, they give off ^{energy} ~~again~~ to form the nitrogen molecule, ^{a two atom,} ~~is two,~~ a diatomic molecule, they give off this light. Then there is this peach-pink, a pale peach-pink that is

absolutely lovely, and this big cloud, the underside of it is beautiful ^{or} peach-pink. Of course, this time we had a cloud that surpassed beyond all measure all other clouds, and we had the indescribably beautiful pink cloud, this terribly destructive thing. The other mushroom clouds, oh, I don't know how far, maybe a mile, or two miles in diameter, but this one went out 25 miles and was ^{above} ~~still~~ over us when it finally reached its ~~distance~~.
largest spread, over 25 miles from the detonation site.

Q: A 25-mile spread?

Diameter 50 miles at its top.

Captain Biard: Yes. [^] Of course, we had all of our antifallout measures going, but we soon went back, before too long, the next day, I think it was, we went back into the lagoon. We could tell by the boats we did leave in, we did leave in a few, that it would have been all right to leave all our other boats in. So all of our obstructionism, now ^{they} ~~we~~ could say, "We told you so. We told you so. We told you so." That did not help. That didn't help a bit. I hate to be an obstructionist; I like ~~to~~ ^{to} be a can-do guy. If I'm given a job or I know a job's got to be done, this is one thing--well, we can come to this later on. There's always somebody in a hurry if it's difficult to do, or if it's hard to find a way, but, "We can't do it, we can't do it. It's beyond our capacity." A competent officer, a competent administrator, if he knows the job has to be done or should be done, will not allow a can't-do statement or a can't-do attitude

to be produced at first. Everything, if it comes into discussion at first, must be how it can be done, what we might be able to do. Then if you can finally decide on a way where it might be done, then let the people take pot shots at that. But never let the obstructionists or the destructionists come in and ...

Q: Get the first shot.

Captain Biard: Get the first shots at it. So we went back in, and the first thing you know, we were using helicopters off of our carrier, the Rendova, ~~one~~^{two} of our communications back and forth. The helicopters, the Navy had never operated helicopters in this fashion before. That is, just keeping them operating all the time, all the time, all the time. There were people that said it can't be done. You just can't run helicopters all the time. Well, we had some people, the helicopter crew said, "There's only one way to find out if we can, and that's to try to do it."

Q: Give it a go.

Captain Biard: Give it a go. They said, "Maybe we can." And by golly, they did keep them going, and they kept them operational a very large fraction of the time, and we had good helicopter communications, and we needed them at great distances, because it

was 30 miles up to the north end of the atoll from down where we were having to do everything else, the base work, it was 30 miles up to where the bomb was going to be set off. We had to have communications between there.

Q: I can't imagine how scary that must have been, if somebody said, "Give them the word, the countdown."

Captain Biard: Well, I tell you, I wasn't as apprehensive on that one as I was on the first atomic bomb test, the first one, although it was impressive. This was impressive, I can assure you. Oh, it was a fantastic thing.

Q: I'll just take your word.

Captain Biard: It was a fantastic thing. So I hadn't done all the planning, but I'd done quite a bit of it, and it was successful. I had radiological safety, that is, the radiation safety task force, I was in charge of that. I was in charge of scientific liaison, all the sciences. And the commendation mentions all this.

Q: You have a commendation for this, too?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: What is this?

Captain Biard: An Army commendation ribbon. That's called a ribbon with a medal pendant to keep it from being called a medal.

Q: And you have that in your file?

Captain Biard: I can find it in the file, I think.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: But that mentions this other, too, the fact that I was doing the scientific liaison. So we got back in, and we started looking over things. We started making radiation surveys first, to ascertain that it was safe.

Q: Were you still wearing your suit?

Captain Biard: No, because we could make our measurements on the ship, and we saw nothing of radiation on the ships by that time. We were lucky. We had a very good meteorologist with us, he was an Army officer, but on any of these weather predictions, particularly when you're predicting winds at different levels aloft, as you must do, the winds would go in different directions, at different levels. And so you had to, of course,

make all sorts and kinds of observations and charts, and guess a hell of a lot. But his guessing was good. Sure enough, we did not have any radiation casualties downwind. In other words, the winds had avoided everything of interest or places of possible danger, and the tests came away clean. That would not be true of the next test. The next test--we're still fighting battles over it. *That was the first real H-bomb test, in 1953.*

Q: Were you involved in that?

Captain Biard: No. The next one was at Bikini, and thank goodness I wasn't involved in that. Here, my luck held. All of our planning worked out. The next test, it didn't. We had one poor, unfortunate ^{scientist} ~~officer~~, who had to plant some measuring devices in the ^{ocean on the} seaward side of the atoll, a very, very difficult way, off of a net tender. He went through a terrible beating getting these things planted for days and days. ~~He wasn't an officer;~~ He was a scientist, a physicist. We sympathized with him. This net layer, as it turned out, was not the ideal vessel from which to do this, although the idea seemed, when it was thought up, to be good. Having done all this at great risk to his own neck, and under extreme inconveniences, and having had to work several weeks at it, come the test, all of his devices were destroyed by the bomb, and he didn't recover a single one. He wasn't unhappy about having to do it, but after it was all over,

of course, he was much unhappier. Just a couple of years later, I saw his name and picture in Life magazine. He was the physicist who invented the radar that enabled us to take and keep over-the-horizon observations on the Russians thousands of miles away, over-the-horizon radar. Radar ordinarily ^{is} line ^{of} ~~the~~ sight like TV.

Q: I thought it was.

Captain Biard: And he invented the big early warning system, basically, the radar that is used in that.

Q: Over-the-horizon?

Captain Biard: Yes. He invented that. His picture was in Life magazine. I had no idea that he was that much of a physicist. I knew he was a physicist, but I didn't know.

Q: Good for him.

Captain Biard: Yes. I haven't seen him since, but his picture was in Life magazine, and it told what he had done.

So after the test, we went back ^{into} ~~on~~ the atoll, and we had several reasons that our task force commander wanted to see the general. So he sent a message over, said, "I request permission

to call on you." And the general's operations officer, my counterpart on the general's staff--as I say, I had by far the biggest forces as operations officer, he was on the general's staff, would not even wake the general--the general was sleeping, resting--to deliver the admiral's message. But instead, they sent back a message that was like the message that Nimitz sent to Halsey. The message, as it actually said, but they made it sound as if we said we wanted to talk over some safety measures with him, or at least the admiral wanted to talk over some safety measures with him, and the message they sent back made it sound to us--they didn't intend it to sound that way--sound to us as though, "You are incompetent. To hell with your type of thinking. No." And these were lower echelons who sent this back. They didn't intend it to read that way, but they were careless in their wording, and this is how it sounded when it got to us. And so the admiral and I both blew up completely. The admiral never did forgive the general for refusing to see him, at least his staff, for refusing to let him see the general when he wanted to talk over these important safety issues.

Q: Do you know whether the general ever did know about it?

Captain Biard: I talked to his operations officer, and he told me, "Oh, the general is sleeping." It wasn't necessary. And it could have been necessary. It could have been very necessary.

Q: I would think automatically it would be.

Captain Biard: I would think so, too. As I say, the admiral got the explanation from the general's operations officer, too. But the general had a counterpart of mine over there, a person who had graduated from our radiological hazard work a year ahead of me, and he was one of them that had his hand in sending this message. He didn't intend it the way it read, but when it got to us, it read as though, "You're incompetent, and you're no good. Your thinking is all wrong, and to hell with you. Don't bother about what you're trying to talk about and discuss with the general."

Q: Did you say you were comparing it with something that Halsey said?

Captain Biard: That Nimitz ^{sent} ~~send~~ Halsey.

Q: I meant that Nimitz sent Halsey.

Captain Biard: "Where is task group 34.8?" Or 38.4, something like. "The whole world wonders." And I say, this had an introduction to it that ^{gave} ~~put~~ it ~~is~~ an equally unclear and unfortunate possible connotation.

Q: Impossible. Terrible. And he never did see him?

Captain Biard: No. And, of course, we were over there just absolutely steaming, particularly when we got what appeared to be a ...

Q: What I'm curious to know is what was the number of the admiral on the general's staff?

Captain Biard: Not the admiral. My opposite number.

Q: I know, but your admiral was Wilkins. Wasn't there a comparable person on the general's staff?

Captain Biard: No. Wilkins was commander of the task group. The general was here, then he had his staff group commanders like this. The task group commanders, one, two, three, four task groups there, under him.

Q: And they all reported directly to him?

Captain Biard: Directly to him.

Q: There was no chief of staff that they would go through to him?

Captain Biard: No, but they might refer something to the chief of staff if they didn't want to bother the general or, say, take it up to the general when he had time, something like that. And commonly you do go through the chief of staff for everything possible.

Q: My personality is such that I wouldn't have stood still. I would have said, "I want to know who ^{sent} ~~sends~~ that message."

Captain Biard: We knew. We found out in a hurry.

Q: "I won't accept that. I want to see the general."

Captain Biard: Well ...

Q: I'm not in the Navy anymore, you know.

Captain Biard: As I say, we had already achieved the reputations of being obstructionists.

Q: That wouldn't have hurt you to have been more.

Captain Biard: So this didn't add to our reputation, at least to our positive image. Well, we got things under control. We found out at least it was safe to fly over and take a look at what had

been an island up there, maybe half to three-fourths ~~a quarter~~ of a mile in diameter in length, and maybe almost a half a mile in diameter. It was now a hole in the ocean, a beautiful blue hole. You could see the coral down at the bottom of it and everything, just ^{as} clear as could be.

And now we had to start working on the other test, which was to be an air drop of an A-bomb, the largest A-bomb, I believe we can say, ever detonated. I do not know how under laws restricting the handling of nuclear weapons in stateside arsenals or even overseas arsenals, how one can be made more powerful than this. This was the maximum possible. They wanted to test it, and they did so, but it was to be an air drop. And so it was a routine air drop.

Q: You stayed on for that?

Captain Biard: I stayed on for that, yes. This was about two weeks after the first. This was called Mike. The H-bomb shot, the H-device shot was called the Mike shot. The air burst shot was called--maybe it was called M , I don't know. Oh, but one thing happened with Mike. We had all this great secrecy in communications, and we had deceptive traffic going out so that when the burst went off and we had to send off extra traffic because of that, we had sent off dummy traffic for days, so that we could drop the dummy traffic and send the real traffic, then

pick up the dummy traffic again, the same type, same priority and everything, so that it would not reveal the fact that the bomb burst had occurred.

One young officer came steaming into the communications office as soon as the shot occurred, and told the radioman, "Send this dispatch immediately! Send this dispatch immediately!" And so it went out to all circuits and the stations ^{addressed} in the United States, something like, "Mike burst has occurred. Mike burst has occurred." Well, anyway, that was not supposed to be sent like that. This was sent in the clear ^{in plain language by Morse code}. It was not supposed to have ^{code} been sent like that. So all of our secrecy was blown right there, at least as far as the Russians were concerned. I don't think it was any secret to them, anyway.

Q: Why did he do that?

Captain Biard: He was mixed up on what he was supposed to do and how he was supposed to do it.

Q: That's for sure.

Captain Biard: And I wanted to take the communications officer and the staff communications officer, the communications people to task for taking an unauthorized message. The admiral did not back me up on that. He said, "No, this was an officer. He was

supposed to take the orders from the officer. So it was not the communications people's fault." That was a valid procedure, as far as they were concerned. The admiral certainly was very fair to them. He saw it in a very broad sense.

Q: Yes, but what about the man who told them to do it?

Captain Biard: He was a shoe salesman, a reserve, who would soon be demobilizing. There was not much you could do to him, so why bother?

Q: Yes, yes.

Captain Biard: It was all done now.

Q: Yes. He didn't think well of you, that's for sure.

Captain Biard: And besides, we knew this, the secrecy, was for Harry Truman. I don't know that that is the reasoning used by the admiral, but he knew it as well as I did. ~~Now we had to get it.~~

So the next two weeks came, and we had the air burst, and the air burst went off beautifully. It was nothing like as complicated as the previous one, but it was a beautiful, topnotch burst. So our job was done. Now we had to pick up things and go home, so we did. And hardly had we got out of the atoll when ~~the~~ a

typhoon hit and wiped out everything.

Q:

Captain Biard: The blast had done that.

Q: Oh, of course, of course. But did that work? I forgot to ask you.

Captain Biard: It did. ~~It~~

Q: You got the pictures or whatever it was they wanted?

Captain Biard: Yes, we got the necessary pictures and data, a very special type of picture. We got it. It worked to perfection, it did the job. It was something which they thought of very lately, but was important, and it worked to perfection. *The helium filled weather balloon in the tunnel passed the radiation concern perfectly - four miles.*

Q: I would have thought that blast would have wiped out everything, including the camera.

Captain Biard: It did, but the camera--light travels the speed of light. The blast effects follow slower, so that the tunnel was not destroyed four miles down the way for a few seconds after the blast. It caught on fire before it was destroyed, and by

catching on fire, that protected everything in it for a few seconds, because the fire isn't going to go all the way through the tunnel immediately, and the signal coming from the blast came at the speed of light, because it was electromagnetic radiation. And it moved faster, even at that first small distance, it moved faster than the shock wave that followed. So it was leading all the way, and as it went down the tunnel, it was leading farther and farther and farther. The blast wave that was coming along with it, the plywood was protecting everything inside the tunnel, the pathway to the electromagnetic radiation, so the cameras got their pictures, then all the heavy, heavy, heavy protective doors immediately fell, and it survived. Oh, we had fantastic protection around it. And so we picked up our gear and went. We had hardly got out of the atoll, I mean, it was very little time before a ^{typhoon} ~~hurricane~~ came along and really, really leveled ^{everything} ~~as~~ all over the place.

Q: You were lucky to get out.

Captain Biard: If F.R. Biard's evacuation schedule, if I hadn't made it and told them, "You have no choice, gentlemen, this is it," we would have still had things in the lagoon to ~~be~~ ^{get} destroyed.

Q: Did anybody pat you on the head?

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Captain Biard: Nobody did. ^{The high command did not know the details} And the second test might well not have taken place. So again, I saved far more than my retired pay.

Q: I never thought of relating anything to that.

Captain Biard: Quite a few millions. All the way back, we had to write up a report on the operations so that the next people, the high command in Washington, or at least the AEC and the others responsible for developing nuclear weapons, would be hot on the trail of developing an H-bomb itself, one that could be delivered, a deliverable H-bomb. We already knew there would be an operation. I think we knew. The feeling certainly was in the air, as we say in science. It was in the air that there would be an operation the next year for a bomb that would be much, much smaller in size if this one worked.

Q: What did you call this big thing?

Captain Biard: The H-device. Then there would be a hydrogen bomb. So we wrote up our operations in detail, at least Forrest Biard did. Between there and San Francisco, I wrote 300 pages, telling of our experience.

Q: How were you traveling?

Captain Biard: By ship.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: 300 pages, typing, my two-fingered typing, in which I spelled out everything, all the difficulties we'd had, *and* everything we found that aided us. Of course, it was well-subdivided by categories, what aided us, what didn't, what next time we wouldn't do, what next time we would do differently, what next time we would do the same. So that it was every bit spelled out.

Q: You were required to make that report, were you not?

Captain Biard: Required. Nobody told me it had to be that long and that much in detail; I just thought I would help the next fellow, if possible. I have no idea how much of my report was ever read. Of course, my report was read and approved, in some cases changed a bit by the chief of staff and the admiral. One of my assistants, who had joined us, one of my assistants from the general's staff, who was there when ^{the} ~~this~~ unfortunate message was sent out, he said, "I told them not to send that. I told them it would make you mad." Not one of my assistants, but now he'd been transferred over to become one of my assistants.

Q: Were you traveling on the Rendova?

Captain Biard: No, we were back on the ...

Q: Norton Sound?

Captain Biard: I can't say which it is, possibly the Rendova. I don't even remember now. It makes no difference, because we were coming back to the States and there were no more operations. But the report was made, formulated, and finished, and whether or not anybody used it, I have no idea.

Q: I hope somebody got

Captain Biard: I hope so, and I hope they used it. I hoped that it served them well, although they got in some serious troubles next time that were not related to anything I had in the report. ^{they} had some poor weather predictions, and they underestimated the effects of the bomb. They got in some serious troubles.

Q: This is at Eniwetok?

Captain Biard: At Bikini, the second Bikini tests. Operation Castle, I believe it was, in 1953.

Q: And they were testing ...

Captain Biard: An H-bomb.

Q: Oh, they were testing the H-bomb?

Captain Biard: Yes. That is the time that the Japanese fishing boat, Lucky Dragon, got into all this trouble, the same time that the Navy was down at another atoll, and was seriously exposed to radiation, people on some of the ships seriously exposed to radiation. And so I say, we were lucky, I was lucky. The winds behaved for us. That's the only reason I can say that I was lucky. It wasn't that we were any better than they were; it was just that we had better luck.

Q: A combination of things, I'm sure.

Captain Biard: Yes. So I went back to Washington and wound up the operation, and my wife came down there. In fact, Jack Alberti brought my wife down as a surprise. I wasn't really going to have her come down. He furnished the transportation for her. I knew I was going to Columbus very soon to go back to school. And so in a few days time, we wound up things. The general threw a big party for us, thanked us, and we had done a good job, all of us had.

Q: No question.

Captain Biard: And, of course, Admiral Wilkins went back over to BuPers and saw that my orders got out. I was already back to Ohio State, went back to Ohio State, finished my degree, and then BuPers had already told me, the captain's detail, what they were going to do with me. There was a repair ship, USS Luzon, that worked in Japan, between Japan and the States, stayed in Japan a year and then come back to the States a little bit, then ^{would} go back. An officer who had come in from civilian life, a Naval Academy graduate that had come back in for the war, he had been out about ten years, come back in, passed over for captain, made captain on it, and they said, "We send you here to another captain's billet." They put him on there because it was a captain's billet. They wanted to get him picked up. They said, "We're giving you a captain's billet again. This should do it for you." And Admiral Wilkins saw that they had done. "Yes, that should be it." And, of course, he gave me a topnotch report, way out there, it couldn't have been better. He was tremendously nice to me. I worked with some nice people. I ^{also} worked for some ^{other} I wish I hadn't met.

Q: Most of them were good, only a couple weren't.

Captain Biard: Yes. And so I went back there, worked like

everything getting my thesis together. By this time, of course, I didn't remember a lot of the details, and had to go back and get them, wanted to organize it. I'd been thinking about it, now I wanted to reorganize it, wasn't satisfied with what I'd done before. I put it together, and so I worked up a rather long report on my thesis, got it in. I wish we had had Xeroxing. Many things needed to be Xeroxed. Instead, we had to have them either blueprinted or photographed.

Q: That recently?

Captain Biard: Yes. Xeroxing didn't come in until the early 1960s.

Q: How did we live without it?

Captain Biard: Yes, how did we? I got that finished and cleared up, and then we set off by car, all the gear on the Chevrolet that my dad had been able to get me cars when they became scarce in the Korean conflict, could get me a couple of cars. And this time I only had a Chevrolet. I had Pontiacs before, but this time he could only get me a Chevrolet. I had this Chevrolet. We set out for Dallas.

Q: I know you did the test in '52. Then you went back. How

long were you in ...

Captain Biard: In Washington, just a couple of weeks or so.

Q: Then how long in Columbus?

Captain Biard: Columbus, I went back about the first of January, and left there in the latter part of February.

Q: So that was '53.

Captain Biard: I think I had six weeks to finish up my degree. I was given six weeks to finish that up, six weeks in Columbus. It would have been four weeks before, but I needed some time to catch up.

Q: Of course. And then what happened?

Captain Biard: Well, here let me go back to Columbus a minute. Dudley Williams, who had always been extremely supportive of me, just a very swell gent, a wonderful sense of humor, did everything he could to take care of me while I was there. He was outstanding.

Q:

Captain Biard: He really did. So I left Ohio State with a good feeling.

Q: Did you have your master's degree?

Captain Biard: Yes. I wouldn't want to leave before I got it. I got my master's degree, and I left there with a very good feeling for Ohio State.

Q: And then packed up the Chevrolet.

Captain Biard: We packed up the Chevrolet with the kids, and set out cross country to Long Beach, to pick up my repair ship, to take command of my repair ship, the USS Luzon. Of course, I'd been on the USS Luzon before when I was assigned to the gunboat in Shanghai on the way back to the United States. This was my second Luzon, *another Luzon.*

Q: Same ship, though?

Captain Biard: Second Luzon. The other one was captured by the Japanese. *It was a Yangtze River gunboat.*

Q: Yes, yes. I see. But you stopped en route in Dallas, didn't you?

Captain Biard: Yes. I stopped with my family there.

Q: Had they met your wife before?

Captain Biard: No. So again, things didn't go too well there, didn't go well at all, and that hurt them very much. My folks were just as wonderful as could be.

Q: I know that.

Captain Biard: Just as wonderful as could be, and did everything, knocked themselves out, but things didn't go well. In fact, we stopped by a couple of places en route to meet members of my family, one of them being the pianist aunt that I told you about before.

Q: Oh, yes, I remember very well.

Captain Biard: Yes, and stopped there. As I say, in general, the entire day, coming into Texas, was an unhappy event that I want to forget about. *But my family was wonderful to us. It was my wife --- Let's forget it.*

Q: Let's do.

Captain Biard: But we went on west, and the trip across the

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 desert was not too bad. By this time I had figured out a way to get the wife and kids to take a little interest in what we were doing. ^{Later,} We had an unusual experience coming through the San Gorgonio Pass out there. It was snowing, hard, hard snowfall, and I was groping along in this hard falling snow, not being able to see more than ten feet ahead of me, and these California cars would whiz by me as if I were standing still and not moving forward. Well, I was just begging for a motel I could find so we could pull off the road and not fight that thing, because it was dangerous. Finally, we did find one. We managed to talk them into letting us have a room. The last one, they didn't want to let it go, "We may need it for something else." So we spent the night there, and we did get under way again the next morning. About every 50 yards there was a car in the ditch ^{for} ~~in~~ the next ~~quite number of yards~~ ^{twenty miles or so}, these people who had been whizzing ahead of me soon met their fate. I was an easterner; I knew we didn't do that, and we made it safely.

Well, I reported in to Luzon. ^{We} ~~They~~ found a place to stay ⁱⁿ ~~here~~ in Long Beach, ~~down on the coast,~~ ^{near the beach.}

Q: Long Beach?

^{Long Beach, California}
 Captain Biard: Yes. ^{Cherry Avenue.} It was then called the Sands Motel, I believe, a very nice place, a second-story apartment there they said they would rent to us, but we had to be

out by the first of June. That was a holiday, and they already had it booked for the first of June. This was about the first of March.

I reported in and became familiar with the ship, looked it over, and there was little operational on the ship such as had been on other ships, in the destroyer, but it was all repair work, machine shops--shops, shops, shops of all kinds, storerooms, storerooms, shops. The ship itself was on the Liberty ship hull. A Liberty ship hull is around 480 feet long, in the tonnage it depends on how you describe tonnage as to how many, say, 10,000 tons, maybe more. We had a single-screw engine, single engine, single screw, which means it's very hard to maneuver, very little power, reciprocating engines, wartime emergency ships, no fighting equipment, almost no fighting equipment aboard, nothing sophisticated at all. It was a minesweeper repair ship. Particularly in Korean waters and Japanese waters, the ~~Korean~~ ^{war} vessels, the small minesweepers, sweeping mines in Korean waters would come back to Sasebo, tie up along the ship when it was there, get repairs, and also get services from the ship, like electricity and steam, so they could shut down their machinery, and also let their crews go ashore. We could even provide boat service ashore for them. This comes later. This is what we did in Japan. We had some jobs to do here, ~~some~~ largely diesel engine repair, and the engine repair work we did was almost always diesel engine repair. We had some of that to do, and it

was required that a new commanding officer attend the atomic weapons school in San Diego, so I went down there and attended the atomic weapons school. It was interesting to see what they said about things. It would have been interesting, perhaps, for them to have heard what I could say about things.

Then I came back ^{to Long Beach.} Our place down at the foot of Cherry ^{Avenue} was quite nice. I had relieved the former commanding officer by this time. He had made his four stripes and was on the way. ^{The ship} ~~we~~ did some repair work here. Every 30 days we had to go out for gunnery practice and exercises. We did that a couple of times, and then about, as I remember, something like the 11th or 14th of May, we had to set sail and get under way for WesPac, the Western Pacific. We had to go to San Pedro to pick up things, and I believe we left from San Pedro. We had to leave from the ^{Naval} Supply Depot there. It was such a slow ship, it took us about ~~seven~~ eight days to get to Honolulu. By this time, my wife had somewhat--well, I think she was sad to see me leave. She stayed on in Long Beach here with her children, to continue school, until the first of June, when ^{she} ~~we~~ had to pick up and ~~go~~ ^{drive} back to Columbus.

Q: That wasn't very long.

Captain Biard: No. The cruise to Pearl Harbor was not bad. In fact, it was pretty good. We were steaming alone. We were too

slow to travel with anybody else. We made about ten or 11 knots. But after we'd been ^{out} ~~about~~ about four days, we got an emergency message. There were four minesweepers, small craft, also under way for Honolulu, they were around 60 miles south of us, and one sailor on board one of the minesweeps had appendicitis. We had a surgeon and dentist, and a reasonable amount of medical facilities on our ship. We could take care of something of that sort. So they, of course, rendezvoused with us immediately, ~~and~~ We told them what ^{our position} ~~the~~ course and speed was, we arranged to rendezvous, we did, and passed ^{the man} ~~him~~ over by high line, and the operation went very successfully. I believe the minesweeper was the Toucan. The minesweepers are named for birds.

Q: A bird in South America.

Captain Biard: Yes, a great big bill. So things went well, and the skipper thanked us. He said, "I'll see you in Sasebo."

Q: I hope the sailor thanked you.

Captain Biard: I don't know that he did. I hope he thanked the doctor. Of course, we were very, very glad to do it, just a helping hand at sea. If it had been a civilian ship, of course, we'd have done the same thing. It would have made no difference.

Q: Accomplishing your mission.

Captain Biard: The old law of the sea when you meet someone in distress. So we had done our job. The others got under way, and the skipper sent me a nice message, said, "See you in Sasebo."

Well, we had a nice stay in Honolulu. There, my paymaster had an uncle and his aunt visiting Honolulu. He had lost his vocal cords and had one of these devices in his throat. I was told that, "You may not understand him well." Believe it or not, I understood him amazingly well. He was doing marvelously with it. He took us out for an evening on the town. In those days and times, Waikiki was not what it is now, but it was far more than it was when I had been there during the war or even during the times when I had been there on my last test, the first Eniwetok test. This is now the third Eniwetok test coming up, because there had been one between the previous one and this one. No, I'm sorry; I've already finished my tests, haven't I?

Q: I think.

Captain Biard: Yes. But anyway, I met my paymaster's--a very nice gent, and his uncle and his aunt. His uncle seemed to be fairly well-to-do, well enough to do. He took us out on the town. We spent the evening at Don Beachcomber's. Earlier in my naval career, when I was in Long Beach and I had spent an evening

in a small bar, a little bit unique, somewhat of a tropical setting in Los Angeles, Don the Beachcomber's.

Q: That's what I thought you were going to say.

Captain Biard: This is Don Beachcomber's. I'll explain in a minute.

Q: I'm listening.

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Captain Biard: Don Beachcomber finally came over to a table. He had a tropical setting there, he had these big clams, giant clamshells. I have a couple ^{of giant clam shells} over here that I got from Eniwetok. I didn't tell you the story about that; maybe I should. But I had already sent those home, and so I talked about the seashells that he had there, and so we got to talking about the clams, quite a bit of pleasant conversation. He told us why he was called Don Beachcomber's instead of Don the Beachcomber. He said, "I'm the original Don the Beachcomber, but my wife and I broke up, and ^{as} part of the divorce, she got the right to the ^{bar and} name Don the Beachcomber. So I couldn't call my place that. I had to call it now Don Beachcomber's."

Q: For some reason or other, I've been there, and that sounds like something I've heard.

Captain Biard: This comes straight from Don the Beachcomber himself.

Q: I believe it.

Captain Biard: A very lovely place, very attractive. You know, the South Sea island setting, outside and inside, and so he had this tremendous clamshell (inaudible). "I sure would give anything to get that. I would like to have it, too." Then when the entertainment came on, I heard the loveliest entertainment, the loveliest singing I have ever heard in all my life, without exception. This includes Pavarotti. I won't say it was as good as he, but it was lovelier than his. The two singers were Alfred Apaka and the Hawaiian woman has a western name, I wish I could be sure of this. Her first name was Rosalie, and I believe her last name was Stephenson, but she's famous. And of course, Alfred Apaka is famous, famous, famous, now dead. And so he started off singing first, and then finally, in one of these beautiful Hawaiian songs, she came out from someplace and came out singing beautifully, smiling. She wasn't pretty, she was almost middle-aged. I guess she was middle-aged. But a voice beyond comparison, and the two of them together just sounded as if it was heaven right there. The most beautiful singing I'd ever heard, and I have heard much Hawaiian singing, much. While at the Fort Shafter headquarters, the pineapple Pentagon, on the

second test, every weekend night we had wonderful Hawaiian entertainment at the officers' club. We could afford it because slot machines were still in the officers' club at that time, and people would waste their money in slot machines, and then we would have a big party on Saturday night, ^{using that money,} wonderful entertainment. Well, this far surpassed anything I saw there, saw or heard there. The singing was more beautiful, lovelier than anything else I've ever heard. The voices were maybe not as good, but I mean the way it was done, the ease, and the type of songs.

Q: Something about the atmosphere makes it sound doubly nice, too.

Captain Biard: And, of course, Don the Beachcomber was there, he was explaining everything to us. He took us over for the evening, or we took him over. It was a very, very lovely occasion.

Back to the ship ^{and} in a day or so, on to the Western Pacific. No problems on the way. We were threatened with a typhoon, but it didn't move quite fast enough to catch us, so I reported in to Sasebo, took the ship into Sasebo. The first time in, I took a pilot, a Japanese pilot, and I wanted to because there's a submarine net screening the entrance that has a double dog leg.

Q: It was a difficult ship anyway, isn't it?

Captain Biard: Yes, it doesn't maneuver easily. So I wanted the pilot's assistance in there. We had a tug, and we tied up to our buoy. We had a buoy that was very close in to the landing. A ship could be five miles from the landing at Sasebo Harbor, or you can be, as we were, maybe 1,500 yards, or 1,200 perhaps, but we had one of the best buoys, and we kept it all the time. We tied up there, and the first thing you know, one of my old pals from Tokyo sent a message across, "Tex, I'm here! Let's go ashore. Gil Slonim." Gil was a fine companion, a man of good sense, and so he knew Sasebo, we went ashore, and we had a ^{good} ~~bat~~ time that evening. It was raining, raining, raining. The typhoon was coming. When we got back to ship, it was time to batten down for the typhoon. Sasebo is well-protected; there are hills all around it. The typhoon hit us and blew for a while, but I knew how to handle a ship at buoy. We steamed to the buoy. Luzon had a weak chain. Most chains are made of steel, ~~and~~ forged steel, and they're extremely strong, and you know that you can trust them. Luzon's had wrought iron, and wrought iron is soft and has to be annealed occasionally. You could never know just whether or not you could really trust it, so that I steamed to the buoy. In other words, I took the strain off the chain by turning my engine over. A lot of people said, "Oh, Captain, why are you doing this?" Well, I have seen ships get in trouble, and

we would ~~have~~ see^y the effects of one in trouble that I may talk about later on. It had not respected a typhoon sufficiently while in port. Well, we had to restrict everybody to the ship while the typhoon was blowing. It did a fantastic amount of damage ashore, just a fantastic amount. All the Japanese papers were filled with it. I, of course, by this time, started getting Japanese papers immediately, reading them, getting back into Japanese again. I was still pretty good at it.

But right after that, after the typhoon passed, the first minesweepers came alongside, and here was ~~a~~^{that} minesweeper whose man we had operated on. The skipper came over, and he was a great big, likeable chief warrant boatswain named Jack Jones. He said, "Captain, I'm here to repay you for what you did for me. Let's go ashore."

I said, "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I've got to take care of some things here, see that everything is all right." Well, there had been some lapse of time in here, but sure enough, Jack Jones and I went ashore. He had beat us out there, and he had found some good places to go, so we went there. They turned out to be my regular stomping grounds from then on, because there were about four or five places that officers could go to ⁱⁿ Sasebo. So we're in Sasebo. I had omitted the fact, of course, that I immediately reported to my superior in command, the Base Force. I think it was Commander Base ^{Force} Squadron 7, I believe it was, I reported to him and to the senior officer afloat, as military

custom requires. Everything was well. But Sasebo had a large shore establishment. It was the major liberty port for U.S. naval forces in the Korean incident. It was closest to Korea. It had been one of the three major navy yards for the Japanese Navy. The great big battleship~~s~~, tremendous battleship Musashi had been brought there from Nagasaki for dry docking and completion of its outfitting. There was a dry dock there capable of holding~~s~~, ^{those super battleships} which means that the dry dock was tremendous. There were ^{repair} shops. The shops had largely been moved into caves during the bombing. The caves were still in the mountains around the country. The area around the navy yard had largely been burned, but many of the old navy yard structures, even brick structures, were still standing, still being used by our forces. We had ships all over the place all the time. There were ships everywhere because of the Korean conflict. And they were coming and going. The sailors were there on liberty, the officers were on liberty, and the Japanese were quick to respond. They had built recreational facilities quickly when the town had been destroyed, and there were places that officers went and enlisted men didn't go, and there were places enlisted men went and the officers didn't go. Of course, Jack Jones showed me the officers-only places the first evening. Gil Slonim and Jack Jones both showed me. By the time I had finished two nights ashore in town, I understood the place pretty well.

Q: Well, you had been there before, anyway.

Captain Biard: No.

Q: When you were chosen for service.

Captain Biard: No, the Japanese wouldn't let us get anywhere near it.

Q: You weren't even in the town of Sasebo?

Captain Biard: No. I would have probably been thrown in jail immediately if I had gone there.

Q: So this was a new town to you.

Captain Biard: Absolutely, yes. No, they didn't let us go even into their towns ~~in which~~ ^{such as} Sasebo and ~~perhaps~~ ^{Yokosuka and} Kure, I ~~don't know~~. Kure, perhaps, if you stayed away from the navy yard, naval base and navy yard. At Yokosuka, no, we couldn't even go to the town of Yokosuka. So that I was there for the first time. This was a tremendous naval establishment, something like the New York Navy Yard and our naval facilities, the New York Navy Yard that used to be. As I say, Sasebo is a marvelous^{ly} protected port, both from submarines, winds, the elements.

↑ You could hardly ask for a
marvelously

better naval base, naval port. We were using the Japanese facilities, which were still intact, and the Japanese ^{townspeople} for recreational facilities had built many bars, dance parlors, and geisha houses for the officers, two in particular. So I didn't neglect my duties on board ship at all, don't ever think for a moment I did, but when somebody did come in that I wanted to go ashore with, I always went ashore. The people ashore soon began to know me, because wherever I went, I would speak Japanese. Their faces would fall a foot or so, their jaws would fall, and then they would say, "I guess you can speak Japanese," and found out that I could read it, which is even more unusual. So I soon had quite a number of people in town who knew me, in particular at the ^{best} entertainment places. At one of the great big dance halls, there was a young Japanese girl who was very good-looking, who had found the funds somehow to erect two very large dance halls, she had them going with ^{quite} good orchestras, lots of tables for the officers, and she was making money hand over fist. Well, my first night there with Gil Slonim, I met her, and every night when I came back, she would come back to my table. Of course, I would have to buy her a drink. She didn't buy me drinks, but she would visit my table every time I would come in. There was a tea house, if you want to call it that, a tea house of the August Moon, ^{so to speak,} very near the navy yard, that was very pleasant. It was small, but it was one that Gil Slonim took me ^{to} ~~there~~, officers-only, and they had some very attractive Japanese girls, ^{and} ~~that~~ would

call as many ^{others as you} ~~as they~~ wanted for any purpose you wanted. They would have excellent meals, they would have excellent singing, or if you wanted to spend a short time, all right, if you wanted to spend a long time, all right, if you get what I mean.

Q: That's pretty clear.

Captain Biard: But, in spite of my troubles, I was true to my wife.

Q: Were you, really?

Captain Biard: Yes. But all these little gals liked me very much because they could talk to me. I could joke with them in ways that the others couldn't. I could be subtle with them. The others only knew one type of joke, ^{the} other American officers. So I was a big favorite with the owner of the place, too, who probably had been a geisha. She could play the *koto*, the big ^{Japanese} harp, very well, and she liked to break it out and play it for me. So I was a frequent visitor there, but never a short-timer or a long-timer, just there for parties and for meals, usually sukiyaki or tempura. They had a ^{very large} section of shops erected hastily in the bombed-out area for gifts, souvenirs, trinkets, and farther on, beer halls and the like for the men. I liked to look over the souvenirs, trinkets, and the like, and the shopkeepers

soon got to know me well as I walked up and down the street. They had a couple of Japanese bookshops there, and many of the Japanese books I have here came from the shops in Sasebo. I picked up Japanese school books; I wanted to study some more and see what they taught kids in school. I couldn't get them over there before, could get very few when I was there before, and I got many more this time. I was practicing, practicing, reading, reading, getting all my old skills back. I hadn't lost too many, and they came back rather quickly. Those that I had lost came back rather quickly. I was having fun.

There was a hotel in the town, ^a~~the~~ Japanese Hotel, ^a~~the~~ Ryokan, run by a man who was respected, and who was a councilman on the Sasebo City Council. I went there, and, of course, when he found out what I was, who I was, how I could talk Japanese, we became pretty good friends. This is another place that officers could go, and a few did go, a number did go, but not as many as to the other smaller place down the way. But the Emperor, right after the war, in order to become popular with his subjects--I mean popular in not a handshaking, but in a democratic type of way--made a tour around the country by train. And when he stopped in Sasebo, he stopped ^{over-night} in this hotel, and the room he stopped in was very small, but very ornate, the room they gave him. And they had retired that room from service. But, of course, the owner took me up there and displayed it. This was Tennō's room, Tennōheika, that's the Emperor's ^{title}~~name~~. So this

room was Tennō's room. Any Japanese hotel has ~~what the Japanese has~~ ~~has~~--what shall we call it? Always has feminine comfort available to the guests, the male guests.

Q: I liked what you used, that word. I've forgotten it already.

Captain Biard: Women of negotiable affections. His number one little girl was a graduate of a university, one of the Japanese universities, quite pretty, and I could tell when she told me she was a university graduate, and I started talking to her and discussing various things, I could tell she was university-educated, and I believe her, a university graduate. She was getting tired of being the number one girl, and he himself, the owner, I am sure, though he didn't tell me, didn't want her to be number one; he wanted to pull her out of that, too. He had got to like her. And so he tried pretty hard for a while, I'm quite sure, to get me to take her over permanent^{ly}, a one-man girl, but again, I was being true to my wife. It was quite a temptation. She was pretty and she was well-educated.

Q: That would have been for the extent of the time you were in Sasebo.

Captain Biard: Yes. I'm pretty sure that he regretted the fact that she was available. He invited me many places. We went

places together as gentlemen, and I went back there occasionally, but that was it. No. But I'm quite sure that he was trying to arrange things, at least for my stay there, between this girl and me. So I was well-known, and finally got to the point where as I would walk up and down the streets, little children that I had never known before, didn't know, would come up and surround me and start jabbering at me in Japanese, because they knew that I was the gaijin, the foreigner, as I've said before, who could speak Japanese. They didn't hesitate to come out with it. Well, I had many, many parties ashore. There would always be ships alongside. Sometimes I'd have as many as six minesweepers alongside at one time, though I didn't ordinarily go ashore with the minesweeping officers, the commanding officer, usually the chief warrant officer. I would sometimes have destroyers or larger ships alongside. And sometimes I would know their skippers, they would be classmates. Later on, Gil Slonim came alongside a couple of times, and, of course, Gil and I always went ashore together. We had a big time, because Gil was very good in Japanese, quite good, and quite good at speaking the language. He was good in all of it, but quite good in speaking the language. He and I always had a lot of fun together.

I might say something here about the repair ship and what we would do. When a ship would come alongside, it would have a list of the jobs that it wanted the repair ship to do. Some of the jobs had to be done on board the repair ship; others we'd have to

send our experts, our skilled technicians over, our skilled mechanics over to do on board that ship itself. We would supply electrical power and, if necessary, steam power for them, so we could shut down all their equipment so it could be worked on, everything possible. We would also supply medical services, dental services. You name it. Supplies, we'd refuel them. Luzon even used diesel oil, even ~~though~~ ^{it} burned it in boilers. It was designed to burn diesel oil and carried only diesel oil, so that it could refuel the minesweepers that were diesel-powered. But the first thing they'd do would be to come aboard with these repair requests, and I would sit down with them with my number one repair officer and major shop supervisors, and we would discuss their requests. The number one rule was always that nobody except the captain of the Luzon would say something couldn't be done. It was a rule. There was far too big a tendency for the underlings to say, "We're not capable. We can't do that. We can't do that." And sometimes the ships would make a mistake in taking the request over to the repair shop head, and maybe he'd truthfully think, "We can't do that." Then the skipper would come over and raise hell with me. He was senior to me, as he would be if we had a larger ship alongside.

"Why won't you do this? Why are you saying no?"

I'd tell him I didn't say no.

"No, my men tell me you won't do this for me."

I'd say, "I haven't heard him. Go get your man, get the

order. Get the man over here."

And we'd always find out that one of my juniors had said, "No, this shop can't do that." He didn't have authority to say it, to say ^{that} offhand. Maybe the man said, "Can you do this?"

And he'd say, no, he ^{couldn't} ~~can't~~ do it. And then the skipper would be mad as hell. "We've got to have this done. Why did you say no?" Nobody had any authority to say no except the captain, but it might get said in this offhand way, and then there would be this repercussion. So that was the reason for this. Nobody but the captain could say no.

Q: A good idea.

Captain Biard: Yes. So when we would discuss this, and the repair ship man would say, "I don't think we can do that, Captain," then the conversation started.

"Now, why can't you? If you need that, tell me." When you start asking an underling why, then he's got problems. And very frequently we could, before we'd finished, find a way to do it and do ^{it} ~~is~~ satisfactorily.

Q: A can-do ship.

Captain Biard: That's the only thing that a repair ship should be.

Q: That's its purpose.

Captain Biard: That's its only purpose, yes. And so we had that rule. We had that rule, as every other decent repair ship always had. The captain only could say no. I did have one officer in particular bawl me out very severely one time. He was two years senior to me, a ship larger than mine, because he thought we had said no. The captain hadn't said no. So we got that settled. But we got the reputation of being a can-do ship. Sometimes we had to send our people out to ships anchored ^{far} out in the bay somewhere, that weren't alongside. And we also worked on ships alongside.

My people were good. I had some officers that couldn't write letters, I tried to get them--I'd say, "Here, write a letter about this. We've got to get this done. What do you want? Tell me what it is." And to a man, almost, it was impossible for them to write a letter that made any sense. I had to write every letter almost on the ship.

Q: You didn't have a yeoman?

Captain Biard: Oh, longhand or dictate it.

Q: You had no yeoman competent to compose?

Captain Biard: It wasn't the yeoman, no; it was the person who had to put it together.

Q: I understand. But I meant even on your staff, immediate staff.

Captain Biard: So we did a good job over there. Things went on and on and on and on. I got familiar with Sasebo, and Sasebo got familiar with me. We agreed with each other. The shore establishment was very large, a lot of sailors ashore, and they had a large shore patrol. I do not envy the job of a permanent shore patrol. In a place like that, they ^{always} have a lot of sailors who've had a bit too much to drink, and ^{they are} ~~their~~ problems. As you know, the shore patrols are kings. Whatever they say or order you to do, you've got to do, even if you're an officer.

Q: Oh? I didn't know that.

Captain Biard: Yes. I don't say you have to do it, but you ^{had} better be awfully careful about bucking them. You have to be awfully careful. And enlisted men, heaven knows, ^{they} ~~you~~ just can't disobey them under any circumstances.

Q: Obviously one has to have that rule in order to accomplish it.

Captain Biard: But the Sasebo shore patrol, as I later was to find out before too long, had a very vicious habit of abusing sailors in the drunk tank. My crew was soon--well, in a special situation here, as I'll tell about. That came out very clearly. They had some money in the ship's welfare fund, from the ship's service, and the boys wanted to throw a party ashore. I always hate parties ashore because there's always trouble, always trouble.

Before we left, they wanted to throw a party at the Hilton Hotel down there. We had to arrange things with people ashore, even with the Long Beach police, *later*.

Q: Oh, you're in Long Beach?

Captain Biard: I'm backtracking now. I said even before we left Long Beach.

Q: Oh, before you left Long Beach.

Captain Biard: They wanted a party ashore. Now they wanted a party in Sasebo. But before we left, they wanted a party in Long Beach. So when we started looking over all the requirements, one was we had to coordinate it and clear it with the Long Beach police, and the Long Beach police said, "We're going to put juvenile officers there at the dance." There was no getting

around it. And when the crew heard that, they voted not to have the dance. Some of them were going with underaged girls, and they didn't want to be pinned down. That's all right, those are just the facts of life.

Q: That's all right. But what happened in Sasebo?

Captain Biard: In Sasebo, they voted to have the ship's party that they hadn't had here. Over there, we had 50% of the crew on liberty at one time, were eligible for liberty at one time. That meant if you gave a ship's party, you gave it in two sections, Section A for that liberty party, and Section B for the other one.

Q: First is A?

3 12 20
Captain Biard: However they wanted to arrange it. The crew had tremendous ~~liberty~~ ^{freedom} in how they spent their ~~money~~ ^{ship's service profits,}, within the restrictions of naval regulations. But the commanding officer could not tell them how they would spend their money, which is a good thing. It's their money. And so they voted, they wanted it this way, and they had a couple of parties. Whether they were consecutive nights, I don't remember. But on the ship, there were two sailors who usually went on liberty together, one of them a little bitty fellow, nice as could be, he was a nice young

sailor, and the other one was a great big, 6'2" fellow.

Q: The two at the end?

Captain Biard: Yes. And they always went ^{on Liberty} together.

Q: Sounds like a musical comedy.

Captain Biard: Yes. So they voted to have this party, and they rented a theater there in the area in which the enlisted men's bars and so on were in Sasebo, that is, not in the navy yard, but out in town, the bars that catered to enlisted men. And, of course, we sent our own ^{LUZON'S} shore patrol along to keep things in order. We'd far rather have our own shore patrol ^{personnel} bring the boys back to the ship drunk, than have them fall into the hands of the local shore patrol and be placed on report. The idea of a ship's party isn't to have people get in trouble; the idea is that if they have a ship's party, keep them out of trouble. And so we had our own shore patrol there, and they were working all right, almost. But at the end of the party, when everybody was leaving the theater, the people who had a little bit too much liquor, as always occurs, and that's why I hate ship parties, they were there, too, and the local town shore patrol then moved in. They moved in, they overreacted about 10,000%. They moved in, and this little fellow that I was telling you about, this little

bitty fellow had had too much to drink, He wasn't belligerent, he wasn't hurting anybody, but they moved in on him, and they grabbed him and started hitting him with a club. His big partner told them, "Stop it! Stop it! He's not hurting you. I can take care of him."

And, of course, that's the shore patrol, and they blasted him, "Stay the hell out of this." And they kept hitting the little fellow with a club.

There was a Japanese girl dressed in red standing by in all the crowd, this is all Navy here, a few Japanese girls, they had some Japanese girls in there, but one of them, in red--and this came out, as all the sailors said--shouted, "Stop it! Stop it! You're killing Shorty!" By this time all the bar girls spoke quite a bit of English, easy English. "You're killing Shorty!"

Well, the big boy then said, "I told you to stop it." And boy, he just clobbered the shore patrol, he let him have it. And the others tried to get him under control, and ~~they~~^{he} let them have it, too. He just really resisted. He didn't hit them like he did the one that was swinging with the club. The one that was swinging the club, he knocked out, bang. He was a big raw-boned fellow, and he was effective. Of course, then the shore patrol got him. It is court-martial, court-martial, court-martial, general court, general court, usually, for offenses of that kind, for hitting a shore patrol, particularly violent assaults like that. So they put him under arrest. They ~~come~~ back to the ship,
(were sent

both of them, *under arrest.*

And in cases like that, you have to report back to the shore patrol the punishment that you have awarded, the commanding officer, for that offense. In other words, they want to be sure you don't say, "Here, now, don't do that next time." So I had to report back, and I reported back to my immediate superior that all the witnesses on my ships agreed to the story I've just told you. I said, "I cannot see that this man deserves a court-martial. I've restricted him to the ship for a few days, but I believe that his action was warranted."

Of course, with that, I got all sorts and kinds of bang, bang, bang. "Court-martial this man. What in the hell?" Letters were sent to me for not carrying out necessary discipline, that discipline should be carried out, ~~executing~~ *Discipline could not* ~~should~~ be avoided in cases like this.

So with that, I had a large number of the crew come up to me the next time, and speak for the man concerned, said, "This was true. This was true. Sir, if somebody can find that girl who was in red, she can prove it. That would be non-Navy proof. And she was there, 'Stop it, stop it! You're killing Shorty!'" Well, there was only one person on one ship who was capable of doing that.

Q: That was you.

Captain Biard: That was me. I spoke the language. I could go out, and I could talk to any of them and get them on my side in a hurry. So here I was, this was stepping in dangerous waters.

Q: All kinds of protocol.

Captain Biard: Yes. So I went out and just started working all the bars around the theater. When the shore patrol came in and they saw who was working the bars--by this time they knew me-- they got their senior shore patrol officer, who was behind all this stuff, and he was a sour mustang, very sour, and, of course, he resented my stepping into this matter. He came in, demanded to have my identification. I showed him my ID card. He already knew who I was, took the number of it and everything, and demanded identification of all the Japanese girls, of course, who had to obey the shore patrol, too, there, for all practical purposes. So they got all the information on them. They followed me around the bars, and I just moved from one bar to another, being nice, and having fun. "Have you seen ^{Did} this ^{after} at the party?"

"No, no, we weren't there. We knew the party was there."

"Did you see a girl or hear of a girl like this?"

"No, no."

Finally, I got to a bar, "Yes, yes, we heard her. We know who she is. We know where we can get her. She's not in a bar

here, but we can go out in town and get her."

So they went out and got her for me, and I asked her her story, and she came out, it was just like the sailors said. She said, "Shorty wasn't doing anything. He just had too much to drink, but the shore patrol came in, swinging their clubs and beating him." And she backed it up 1,000% without my telling her the story, but just asking her what did happen at this time.

So, of course, I went back to the ship, and I assigned the man a summary court-martial. I did not request a general. I said I would handle it on the ship. I asked this girl, of course, if she would come out and testify before the court, and she said, yes, she would. She came out and testified. And I perhaps did a little more than I should; I translated when she couldn't get the English words. But I don't need to tell you what the court did. They acquitted them both.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: And there was absolutely no repercussions on my command. But there was an investigation of the Sasebo drunk tank, and it was cleaned up, and the shore patrol was cleaned up.

So we went to sea ^{for one day} every 30 days for gunnery practice and seamanship drills, such as that. This is ⁱⁿ fishing waters, there. By this time, after my one trip through the torpedo nets, antisubmarine nets, I knew them, and I could take the ship

myself, and I would bring it in and use tugs ^{only} in tying up to the buoy. I was at home in Sasebo, both ashore and afloat. Things were going along very well. So they sent us over to Fusan for a few days' leave, liberty, and recreation. Fusan is in Korea.

Q: I thought it was Korean.

Captain Biard: Yes. It's on the east coast of Korea, ~~It's not~~ ~~there~~. It was quite an approach there through the rock line, rocky passages, and before you get into the Fusan Harbor itself, there is another one of these two right angle turn dog legs, antisubmarine, ^{nets.} Well, I went through that with no trouble; I was accustomed to going through antisubmarine nets by that time, but they had assigned me an anchorage that was extremely restricted for a one-engine single-screw ship of my size, extremely, extremely, extremely restricted, and I had to approach it very carefully, dropped anchor, with my fingers crossed, and then observe carefully that I didn't hit other ships as I swung around. There were other very small craft. I was quite close to the shore. But we had three or four days there, I forget how many now. It was interesting, seeing the shanty town, the awful shanty town, crowded conditions. I have no pleasant recollections of Fusan. Over at one side of the bay there was a ^{U.S. merchant} \$23 million ship on the rocks. It had dragged anchor in a storm, and the captain had not taken precautions such as we took on

Manley and Johnston and on Luzon. He was a young captain, I think he was 24 years old, that is, the master of the ship.

Q: Private?

Captain Biard: It was part of the subsidized merchant marine, the Cornhusker ~~Mariner~~ ^{captain} ~~mariner~~. He was a very, very, very young ~~mariner~~. He was supposed to be a really good man.

Q: Hot shot.

Captain Biard: But when the storm came up, he didn't take precautions, and he dragged ^{anchor} and there he was ^{on the rocks} with his ship all holes and everything. So my ship, while we were there, my repair gang went over there and helped plug up many of the holes that had resulted from his going on the rocks. They were trying to get it back to Sasebo to put the two halves together, get the both halves over there and put them together.

Q: It was that bad?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, it had broken in two.

Q: Oh, it had broken in two?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: I know you said it was over on the rocks, but I didn't know...

Captain Biard: When you pound on the rocks, awful things can happen to you.

Q: I can imagine.

Captain Biard: Awful things can happen to you. So I may have saved far more than my retired pay when I kept that other ship ~~in~~ ^{in Newport, Rhode Island,} from ending up on the rocks, far, far more. So we worked on that. I don't remember anything of great interest there.

Q: Did you make it?

Captain Biard: Heavens, no. We didn't have anything like the resources to do that. We just provided what little services we could.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: And we could patch a few holes, provide plugs for this, that, and the other. We did what we could. But I did get

out to see local graveyards of men from forces fighting in Korea. And one of these graveyards was manned by Turks, a Turkish graveyard. I can't say anything derogatory about ^{any of} them, but when you got to that Turkish graveyard, I'm telling you, that was something special. Those Turks were sharp, they were smart, and they had that place that was the very showplace of all graveyards, and the Turks had ^{the} ~~that~~ reputation as the best fighters in the outfit, and they showed it there.

Q: One of the United Nations police force, is that the idea?

Captain Biard: Yes. And let me tell you, they were good, they were proud. They were just as proud as any Marine unit we've ever had, *even more so.*

The night before our ship was to leave the next morning, I got an emergency call from the Army ^{controlling} ~~patrolling~~ the port, the Army portmaster. We had two jet pilots, fighters, down ^{outside} ~~off~~ the port, several miles out there. "Can you go out and try to rescue them?" It was foggy, and I couldn't possibly try to get out of the channel at that time. There was a dense fog.

I told him, "No, I can't do it."

"Can't you? Can't you? Can't you?" He kept calling me. "Can't you go out? Can't you go out? Won't you go out?" Well, the fog seemed to lift ^{at} one time. We could see the hills around, and so in spite of this restricted water and so on, I got some of

my boats over and had them push my stern a little so my bow was pointed in a slightly favorable ~~position~~ direction, and then risk ^{ing} my neck, weighed anchor, and started out in the dark through this tricky channel. We had only got about a few hundred yards in the channel, when the fog suddenly dropped in again. Well, I had spotted the places where I could pull out of the channel and drop anchor without danger of hitting the rocks, hopefully. In other words, I had planned my way out there, and that's exactly what I did. I pulled over to the next space that I knew was nearby, I could time it on a stopwatch, pulled over and dropped anchor outside the channel. A couple of hours later, the fog seemed to lift again, still nighttime. So I said, "All right, I'll try it again. I'll try to go out." I knew that if I were down in the ocean out there, I'd want somebody to come out and try to find me. So I started again. This time I would have to go through this again and be heading into the dog leg, ^{anti-submarine} through the ~~torpedo~~ ^{had} ~~torpedo~~ ^{anti-submarine} nets. I said, "Forrest R. Biard, you damn well better be careful here." So I got my charts, before I upped anchor and got under way, I timed how long it would be from this buoy until I would enter the ^{anti-submarine} ~~torpedo~~ net in case the fog should drop again, because then I would be committed. It would just be like a pilot, when he gets tuned in to the runway, he's committed. If he has two engines, and one cuts out, he's got to try to make it on that one engine. In other words, it's the point of no return. I knew that once I got under way again, I would pass the point of no

return. I would be in the channel, and I would have to go. So I timed everything, how long I would have to go, by stopwatch, my best estimate of speed before making the first turn, and then how long I would have to go before making the second turn. Of course, I got the courses and everything such as that. And it looked good, so I got under way again.

Hardly had I got under way when all of a sudden, wham, here was that fog. I couldn't see halfway to my bow, not even that far. I couldn't see any buoys, anything. Operation Stopwatch had to start. From then on, I went through those antisubmarine nets by stopwatch, turned ^{on to} ~~at~~ such and such a course. It takes a ship a while to turn, but they allow for it in installing the nets, and it's still a tricky thing when you can't see them. And I went through that blinking thing by stopwatch and on out in the channel, in the fog, *in the night time.*

Q: I don't know whether you were brave or crazy. Both, I guess.

Captain Biard: I was smart. I said, "If I'm going to be crazy, I ^{had} better be smart about it." If I hadn't taken those precautions of knowing exactly when I wanted to turn, I would have ended right up in the ~~torpedo~~ nets, and that would have been hell. Then, damn it, when I finally got out in the open and it was clear, of course, it was clear out there, and I wanted to start searching for the downed fliers, there were at least 25 ships out

there going every which way in the water, searching for ^{them.} ~~him,~~
ships much more maneuverable than mine, much more satisfactory ~~in~~ ^{for}
~~the~~ ^{this} service, and they didn't need me at all.

Q: How disgusting.

Captain Biard: So I requested permission from the senior officer present afloat to proceed. He gave me permission to proceed, and, of course, I went on back to Sasebo.

Q: Oh, you went back to Sasebo, not back into ...

Captain Biard: I was due to return to Sasebo.

Q: So you just continued on.

Captain Biard: I just continued on, yes.

Q: Well, that was good. I didn't want you back in that fog again.

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Captain Biard: No, I didn't, either. There was no reason for me to go back. So we went on. We had to go through all the Japanese fishing boats at night, and the fishing boats at night ^{using} ~~use~~ Coleman lanterns, ~~in~~ all over the sea out there ahead of you,

around you, nothing except light, light, light, "fire flies" out there. Man, I'm telling you, it's something going through those, because if you hit one, it's your fault. Luzon was not maneuverable, not maneuverable at all. An aircraft carrier would be more maneuverable. It was always a tricky situation, but the next day we got back to Sasebo. We picked up our old buoy, old habits.

Q: With a sigh of relief.

Captain Biard: Yes, with a sigh of relief. And continued on. I was having a pleasant time, not a sexy time, but a pleasant time in Sasebo.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: I was liked by the Japanese, getting along all right with the crew, the officers, but there's one thing I should say about the ship, the ship was a disgrace materially. It was a complete bucket of rust. This captain, who had made captain, I am sure had not inspected properly any deck he had, any deck on the ship, particularly if it was under something, either lockers or benches along the bulkhead, anything else that would make it difficult for people ^{to} ~~who wouldn't~~ walk ^{on it.} If you can walk on it, you can keep the rust off of something, just by people walking on

it, and you can paint it from time to time and keep it somewhat painted. But when we painted under these spaces, before you should do it, you should use a chip hammer to make sure there's no rust on there. Every place that I went on that ship where the deck was the least bit defended from people's steps, there was at least a half-inch of rust in every spot on the ship. A few places, yes, he might ^{be expected to} have missed, but this shows he didn't look for any of it. And so every Saturday's inspection, I always went around with my chipping hammer. I went around in rough clothes, not my best, after the personnel inspection, and went to new places to chip, chip, chip, chip, chip, and show the division officers, "This ship is rusty, rusty, rusty, rusty, rusty ~~like~~ ^{as} hell."

"Oh, Captain, how did you think of doing that?"

"How did I think of doing it? How could I keep from thinking of doing it? You should be doing it all the time, just to see if something is wrong under there."

Q: Telling him to read his division officer's guide.

Captain Biard: Yes. But these people--I had a lot of good officers there who were really doing a good job of being repair officers, and that was the primary purpose of the ship, and that's the reason most of them were there, because they were qualified for that.

Q: Were they mostly ...

Captain Biard: Enlisted, yes.

Q: Not officers. Officers?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Line officers?

Captain Biard: Yes, line, but from the ranks. Some of them were engineering officers, engineering specialists. This took months and months, because this ship was so rusty topside and below decks everywhere, that they had to scrape it and wire brush it. Ordinarily the division officer has to okay the paint ~~chip~~^{slip}. For the painting to be done, he's supposed to inspect it to see that it's all right, but when they would get a major job done, it came to the point where I made them bring the paint ~~chip~~^{slip} to me, and I would go take a look at it. I had to play the division officer. Believe it or not, that's the type of officers we had. And the previous captain had let them get away with it.

Q: Funny the holes didn't show up.

Captain Biard: They damn near did. As I say, I wasn't as rough

on them as I might have been, because they were doing darn good shop work, darn good shop work.

Q: Their primary task.

Captain Biard: That's their primary task, but I had to play almost the part of the division officer, almost, very, very much too often.

Q: Those are big, big ships. It must have taken forever to get it in shape.

Captain Biard: It did. It did, but I got it in shape. While over there, just before we left ...

Q: Excuse me, but hadn't your ship ever been inspected by a senior person to your captain?

Captain Biard: Yes, regularly. I mean, once a year at least. A couple of times a year. I'm wondering what the juniors under him, who were supposed to have found these things, I'm wondering what they were doing.

Q: It couldn't have all happened inside a year.

Captain Biard: No.

Q: It must have been there a long time.

Captain Biard: A long time. Before we left Sasebo, we had a Board of Inspection and Survey inspection. That's when they really go over everything with a fine-toothed comb.

Q: And white gloves?

Captain Biard: Yes, and ^{chip}~~ship~~ hammers. And they hit everyplace, everyplace on the ship, and they didn't find any rust.

Q: Hadn't the man before you had that same kind of inspection?

Captain Biard: No, that's every three years.

Q: I see.

Captain Biard: He had only been aboard two years.

Q: That's why you got it the first year. Did they give you a 4.0?

Captain Biard: They were going to take the ship out of

commission because they were sure that its maturity was such that it should not be left in commission. As a result of the board of inspection and survey, it's in remarkably good condition, and the ship was retained.

Q: Did you let your men know that, of course?

Captain Biard: Of course I did.

Q: Of course you did. Weren't they proud of themselves?

Captain Biard: I think they were.

Q: I would hope so.

Captain Biard: So an awful lot of that was F.R. Biard pushing.

Q: How much did you save the Navy on that ship--a couple of million?

Captain Biard: At least, yes. We went ahead with our regular way of life.

Q: Now, wouldn't that go in your jacket?

Captain Biard: Yes, it did.

Q: Okay.

Captain Biard: By this time, I had been passed over twice.

Q: Oh, I thought you were coming up for the second time.

Captain Biard: Well, yes, but by this time I'd been passed over twice.

Q: The first time was when you went out on the ...

Captain Biard: While I was in the laundry building, the Gun Factory.

Q: And when was the second one?

Captain Biard: The second one was here, on the Luzon.

Q: That's what I was thinking, that you had been ...

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: So the fact that what you had done in saving the ship was not

in your record at that time?

Captain Biard: No. But it would be quite some time after that that it would get there. But by this time, I had put in for retirement ~~return~~, the second time, *I was passed over.*

Q: Oh, sure. You said to hell with it.

Captain Biard: To hell with it. I had signed up to stay in the Navy at least five years after the graduate work I did. They told me, "No, you've been passed over twice, ^{so} ~~but~~ we'll not hold you to that."

Q: No one could explain it?

Captain Biard: Never was explained.

Q: Never has been?

Captain Biard: Never has been, except Joe ^{Talbert} ~~Talbot~~ said Frank Jack Fletcher did it.

Q: Oh. And how long ago that was.

Captain Biard: And Joe ^{Talbert} ~~Talbot~~, like Larry Smythe, was a BuPers

man, did quite a bit of duty in BuPers. Oh, heaven knows, I can always ^{step}~~step~~ on somebody's toes, and I probably did.

Q: No, but you always saw your fitness reports.

Captain Biard: That doesn't make any difference, if somebody doesn't like you and can get to the selection board. I ~~didn't~~ ^{couldn't} ~~always~~ see them ~~either~~.

Q: Didn't you always see your fitness report?

Captain Biard: No. *But the Captain's detail section said I was in the upper 10%.*

Q: You're supposed to ^{see your fitness reports} ~~see your fitness reports~~. Okay, let's continue on.

Captain Biard: So I ^{had already} ~~I~~ requested retirement. The ship was soon due to return to the West Coast. Before then, we went over to Chinhae.

Q: What's that?

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Captain Biard: It's a port, a Korean port. We went over for a second ^{bit of} ~~leave~~ of liberty and recreation.

Q: It doesn't sound like a very good place for R and R.

Captain Biard: Oh, it turned out to be very interesting.

Q: Really?

Captain Biard: Yes. This was the headquarters of the Korean Navy.

Q: Chinhae?

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Captain Biard: Yes, Chinhae. It was also the ^{Maizuru} backup capital, that is, the retreat for the Korean President Singman Rhee. To the Japanese, it ^{had been} ~~was~~ a secondary ^{Japanese} naval base. Sasebo, Kure, and Yokosuka were primary; Chinhae and ^{Maizuru} ~~Maizuru~~ were secondary. Maybe there was one more. So there were headquarters there, and it was pretty well untouched by the war. The Korean Navy ^{now} had its headquarters there. We anchored fairly close to headquarters, the setup for the Korean Navy. The Korean admiral came aboard; we did many things together, I entertained him, he entertained me, and his staff came aboard. They had dinner with us and they saw the ship. The Korean Naval Academy was there, the midshipmen came aboard, and we let them go around the ship. We went ashore and were entertained by the officers of the admiral's staff. Surprisingly, they all brought their wives, and surprisingly, they had a bunch of very good-looking women, very good-looking wives.

Q: In Japan that never would have happened.

Captain Biard: Oh, yes.

Q: They wouldn't have ever brought their wives.

Captain Biard: They might have, but I'm going to give you a letter, and put this in the record, please. This is a letter to Chris and Sherry that describes my visit to Chinhae.

Q: Those are your children?

Captain Biard: Yes. ^{My ~~is~~ step-children.} Please put that in the record.

Q: Yes, I will.

Captain Biard: I read it again the other day, and as I so frequently do, I almost sprained my elbow in patting myself on the back for the letter I wrote.

Q: Do you want that as an exhibit?

Captain Biard: I surely do, or appendix.

Q: What are we calling these?

Captain Biard: Appendices.

Q: It's crazy.

Captain Biard: Exhibit--that's the lawyer coming out in you.

Q: That's Appendix something.

Captain Biard: Yes. We had a very pleasant stay there, very pleasant stay. Of course, I had my own staff there, and the Korean admiral's staff, the American Navy assisting him, the senior member of which was a classmate of mine. The letter will speak pretty well for itself. I'd like you to read it, too, please.

Q: I'd love to.

Captain Biard: Whatever I would say will be in the record. We went back to Sasebo, ^{Chinhae} ~~it~~ was closer than Fusan had been. Chinhae was much closer. Then the last trip we made was to ^{the port of} Fukuoka. ~~Fukuoka~~ is not far from Sasebo and on the same ~~island~~, ^{Kyushu}. There, there was nothing worthwhile. The assigned anchorage was very poor. We were miles, miles, miles, miles out on the inconvenient side of an island. After I'd been ashore, a multi-mile trip to get ashore, I requested permission to move to the other side of the islands. So the second day there, we moved

there, and it was not so much. I tried to find some entertainment for me and my men, and never did find anything worthwhile. I even tried a geisha house for me and the officers. It was not too good; they didn't appreciate the ...

Q: Is this in Korea?

Captain Biard: No, this is in Kyushu, *not too far from Sasebo.*

Q: Now, I have Fukuoka, and then Kyushu?

Captain Biard: The island of Kyushu. We had been in Kyushu.

Q: The island of Kyushu, and Fukuoka, and then the town ...

Captain Biard: The port we were visiting was Fukuoka. It's in Kyushu. Just as Sasebo is in Kyushu, and Nagasaki is in Kyushu, and so on. This didn't turn out to be too eventful. Back to Sasebo with no worthwhile memories of the place.

But I have neglected the matter perhaps of greatest interest that occurred, or at least in which I participated during this cruise. I went to see Nagasaki by train. I took a couple of days' leave, got permission to take leave, and there had been an officer on a rocket ship, commanding officer of a rocket ship that had come alongside several times for leave, liberty,

recreation, and repairs. He was a very interesting young officer. He and I had gone ashore a few times together. He said he had been to Nagasaki, and he would like to go back there, would I like to go, too? And I said, yes, I would, so we set up a day for it. I got leave, and we caught the train to Nagasaki. Of course, the last time I was in Nagasaki was the time that they hid the Musashi from me. This time, there was nothing to hide. It was an A-bomb place.

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Q: It had ~~not~~ been hit by the second A-bomb.

Captain Biard: Yes. There was damage all over part of the town. It happens to be that there are many hills there, so that part of the town was spared completely, because the blast was deflected by the hills. Other parts ^{hit by} ~~of~~ the A-bomb ^{were} ~~was~~ in evidence everywhere. So there were many of the old parts still standing.

This young fellow had been there, and he had done a good job of touring the town. On the train with us was a very likeable, tall, young officer from Arkansas. I'm going to give you two letters now. This is another appendix. Two letters, one written in 1941, one written in 1953, both of them describing either a trip to Nagasaki, or Nagasaki.

Q: Both related to Nagasaki.

Captain Biard: Yes. The first one stops where I would have had to tell the story on the Musashi, what happened there. And in 1953, I do, as well as possible, tell my folks about what did happen there. I tell them about the events in 1953, and I also tell them about what happened in 1941, where I stopped my letter.

Q: Twelve years later.

Captain Biard: Yes. This is the time that we saw "Madame Butterfly." The Japan Opera Company came there, and for the first time, "Madame Butterfly" was being rendered in the place where it was supposed to have occurred. So it was being well-publicized. We had good rooms in the hotel, we saw the company, we went around the town, saw some friends that the young officer, who had suggested we go there, had made. The letter tells about that.

Q: Who played Lieutenant Pinkerton?

Captain Biard: A Japanese, tall, and made up like an American, supposedly, in white service uniform.

Q: That's in the letter?

Captain Biard: I think so. But before the performance, the

company, and we went with them, went to the Glover mansion which overlooks Nagasaki Bay. This is a large ^{very old} Western style house with a large veranda type porch, well isolated up on one of these hills overlooking the harbor. It was the ^{former} ^{long-ago} home of a British merchant, but that is where tradition says that Madame Butterfly waited for the return of Ensign Pinkerton.

Q: It was lieutenant.

Captain Biard: A lieutenant when he got back.

Q: She was waiting for him. It makes me cry.

Captain Biard: Yes. And, of course, they had her baby there. It was done properly.

Q: And she committed whatever she committed.

Captain Biard: Hara-kiri.

Q: Is it hara-kiri for a girl, also?

Captain Biard: I think so, yes. The performance was especially interesting.

Q: I always thought Puccini hated women.

Captain Biard: Maybe so, but he wrote a beautiful aria for Madame Butterfly.

Q: Yes, but it's so hard to sing.

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Captain Biard: So we had a good time. Now I want to backtrack here. One time when Jack Jones, the skipper, this good-natured, likeable skipper of the minesweeper ~~that~~ was ⁱⁿ at port, he said, "Let's throw a party. Let's get some of the girls from the local establishments, and go over here on the Thousand Islands, over on the other side of the hills that bound Sasebo Harbor. There ~~was~~ some beautiful ^{small} islands, many, many, many, very beautiful, very green, magnificent." So he said, "Let's go over there. Let's get some of the girls here and go and have a swimming party." So we got the best-looking of the girls there that were available for whatever kind of company you wanted, and for me. There was nothing wrong about this party. We were just taking them over. They were pleasant to talk to and quite good-looking girls. So ~~we~~ ^{we} went over, ^{in my Captain's gig,} and we went to one of these ^{little} uninhabited islands. I had my gig go around the way so it could get there, around to meet us over there, to take us from the shore. We got over to where we could go by taxi. We got over to the jumping-off point by taxi, and went over to the islands. There we went to

different places and changed into bathing suits. When we came back, ^{we saw that} two of the girls had scars on them that I could identify immediately--A-bomb scars. Those are those keloid, I believe they call it, type scars that the Japanese develop so easily. Two of them had ^{on} ~~these~~ bathing suits ^{that} showed the A-bomb scars. I recognized it. I don't know whether Jack Jones recognized it or not. This shows that I had been very faithful to my wife.

Q: Oh, yes.

0003 Captain Biard: ^{At that time} ~~So then~~ I didn't know that they had been ^{exposed to} ~~the~~ the A-bomb. They had both come from Hiroshima. So I talked quite a bit with them about their experiences. They had been very young at the time, quite young. I brought this in, really, to mention the fact that these two girls had been injured by the A-bomb.

Q: Had it completely disfigured them or not?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: No, of course not, because you didn't know until they were in their bathing suits.

Captain Biard: There were limited portions mostly on their legs. Why on the legs, I don't know. I don't remember now.

Q: Maybe they'd been less protected.

Captain Biard: I bring this in only to mention the fact that two of these girls had been A-bomb victims. That's about all I'm going to tell about Sasebo. I very well enjoyed it.

Q: It sounds like not an unpleasant tour.

Captain Biard: It wasn't. My ship did well.

Q: That would be part of having a good tour.

Captain Biard: I was proud of my people, of course. I was proud of what my people had done, and had good reports from it, too.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: They gave us another break on the way back. They said, "Okay, on your way to returning, put into Yokosuka, ten days there." So my very first night there, I did one thing. The first thing I did was to put in a call to Zushi, to Shinae ~~Ozaki~~ Ozaki. Zushi was the name of the place, not too far from Yokosuka.

→ Shinae
~~Ozaki~~
Ozaki.

"Oh, yes, Tex, come right on up."

Q: This girl was your housekeeper, wasn't she?

Captain Biard: Oh, heavens, no! This is the daughter of the ~~former~~ mayor of Tokyo who gave the cherry trees to Washington.

Q: I'm sorry.

Captain Biard: Who gave the cherry blossom trees to Washington. Then when the Department of Agriculture didn't like them, they sent a second set.

Q: They died, you said.

Captain Biard: No, they had ^{bug} ~~big~~ infections. So they sent over another group.

Q: Are you going to hate me now because I misinterpreted it?

Captain Biard: No, no, no. No.

Q: All right.

Captain Biard: So I called ^{Shinae} ~~Shinae~~ and she said, "Oh, yes, I'm home. Come up to see me." So I got a taxi driver. It was rainy, and there was a steep hill, muddy, but we did finally make it up there.

Q: Is that where you used to go on your motorcycle?

Captain Biard: No, the motorcycle was at ^{Tokyo and} Karuizawa. Shinai~~z~~ was at her summer home ^{when in Karuizawa} ~~there~~. That was where I used to go across from my home to hers on the motorcycle. ^{Zushi} ~~This~~ is 125 miles from there.

Q: I shouldn't try to remember. Did you have a nice visit?

Captain Biard: I'm going to tell you about it.

Q: I know.

Captain Biard: So, of course, it had been a long time, and we had many stories to tell. Yes, Shinai~~z~~ is a lovely person, always a gracious hostess. Her father was there, and he had a young man visiting him. I said, "Shinai~~z~~, who is he?"

"He is a political student. Father is the most senior statesman, and this is a student that he is coaching in the ways of politics and government service. All of the older statesmen do that. They find some likely young man and take him under their wings. That's what he's doing with him."

So I did not see her father. Her father had a student there. Shinai~~z~~ told me about all the troubles they had in the war. They had stopped his pension as ^{former} mayor of Tokyo because he was

pro-Western, and they almost starved; many, many difficulties.

I invited her down to the ship the next day. Not only that, but I said, "Have your sister and her husband come down, too." Not only her sister and husband, but a couple of ^{their} children came down, one of which was being considered as the bride for the crown prince. She loved horse riding, ^{and} the crowned prince did, too. She didn't get ^{him,} ~~it~~, but she was being considered. She brought her husband down, and this is where I met the man, ^{her husband} who had the family who lived in the big Japanese castle. So that was very nice. Then they took us out to some of their friends in Yokosuka, had a very pleasant evening at their home.

I arranged to meet Shinai~~2~~ at the railroad station in Yokosuka the next day, so we would go up to Tokyo and go over that place.

^{Ginza} We did, and I saw the Ginza. I didn't talk about the Ginza in my previous story, but I went to the Ginza many times when I was there. The Ginza had changed a bit. ~~It~~, Of course, it's ^{the Japanese} Broadway and 42nd Street. So we went to the Ginza. We went to the big department stores looking for some things for me to bring home, and sure enough, there ^{was} ~~were~~ two of them right ^{over} there. See the lower plates, the big ^{ones?} ~~ones~~

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: Those were the best pieces of take home material that the Mitsui store had.

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Q: A turtle and a crab.

Captain Biard: Turtle and a crab. I asked Shinada, "What are the significances of the other things there, of the vegetables around the turtle, and the seafood around the crab, the seafood or shells?"

Q: That's easy.

Captain Biard: Is it?

Q: Well, to understand. They're all things of the sea.

Captain Biard: Yes, but I wanted to know the tie-ins that ^{they} had. Did it have any tie-in with Japanese fairy tales or folklore, any significance of any kind? "No, I don't know." So we asked the floor manager to come over.

"What significance do they have?"

He didn't know. But even so, I decided those were the best things to take home.

Q: Those are really handsome.

Captain Biard: And so those came from that trip to Tokyo. Then we met her sister and her husband, and her husband's brother.

They took us to a place that I'd heard of but had never been before. It was a tempura bar, well-known, where you sit at the bar, and they dish out the tempura. Of course, they had the very special sauce for it. You eat the tempura, and you put the tail of the ~~prong~~^{prawn,}, this large shrimp, down by your place in the bar, eat as many as you want, and then, of course, you might have a drink, too. Then when it's all over, they come count the tails there that you have put on the bar, and ~~that~~^{the price for them} is added into the bill.

Q: Up in Japanese Tokyo City in Los Angeles, I'm sure you've been there, you might enjoy it if you haven't, because they have quite a number of tempura places, and lots of people who speak Japanese, and Japanese cultural center, and an auditorium, a museum.

Captain Biard: Yes, I have been up there.

Q: Then you have seen it.

Captain Biard: The museum I haven't seen, but I have been up there on book-buying expeditions. So this is a big thing in Tokyo. Then I went around to my old number one place near where I had lived back at the embassy. I went to the embassy, of course, and I saw Iwamoto San, the Japanese ~~in the place~~^{gentleman} I

respected so much, and he was glad to see me, and I was glad to see him. But there wasn't anybody ^{else} at the embassy that I knew. The naval attache wasn't there. I don't even remember who he was. John Roenigk was the naval attache later on, ^{and} John Bromley ^{at} another time. And if F.R. Biard hadn't gone into nuclear physics, he would have been ^{naval attache} at a ~~still~~ later date, or one of those dates, because Eddie Layton had me on his list to send me ^{there} ~~off~~. I'd have agreed to take it. ~~if he would send me.~~

Nothing was burned out around the embassy. I went to the first place where I lived, ^{but} ~~and~~ that had been burned. ^{Yamada} ~~Yamato~~ San, who was John Roenigk's housekeeper, maid, had disappeared; nobody knew where she was. She was probably lost in one of the air raids. In the fire raids, they'd lost over 80,000 people in one of those raids alone. There were more people lost in the fire raids than were lost in the A-bomb raids. So she had not ~~re~~-appeared anywhere.

Then I went over to my old other house about five blocks or so away, six blocks away. It was still standing, same condition, but my old servant was not there. I knocked on the house next door, and the people who had lived there before, yes, they were there, and they were very glad to see me, the neighbors I'd had when I lived ~~there, right across~~. So I asked about my previous cook or maid, did they know anything about her. Well, they'd seen her just about ten days before.

"You had?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any idea where I could find her?"

"No, I don't know."

And so the only thing I could do was say, "Please, please, please, if you ever do see her again, please tell her that I came by and I wanted to see her, and I do wish her well."

Q: I hope they told her.

Captain Biard: I'm sure they did, if she came back. I wish I might have seen her.

Q: I always thought she was interesting.

Captain Biard: She was. So she survived the war, and I was very glad of that.

Q: Yes.

Captain Biard: Then the next day, ^{Shimae} ~~Shinae~~ and I went down to the local town. We went to another resort, I believe it was Kamakura. We went to some of the temples there. We just walked around in general. By that time, she was tired, so I put her on the train for Zushi. I stayed and decided I wanted to have Japanese food. I went to a geisha house ^{a machiai,} and told them I would

like to spend the night there, no thanks for a geisha, but I'd just take the room, not the geisha. And the man said, "All right."

I said, "I'd like some sukiyaki before I turn in."

"Oh, sukiyaki. We don't know how to cook sukiyaki."

I said, "I don't believe you."

But he protested and protested and protested, and said they didn't. Finally, I called the maid in there, and she said, "No, we don't know how to cook sukiyaki."

So I finally told her, "You get the ingredients, and I'll cook it." And so we got the ingredients, and F.R. Biard cooked the sukiyaki, and we had ^{very good} sukiyaki in the geisha house, the machiai.

Q: I'll bet it was good.

Captain Biard: It was good. That was the last night in Yokosuka. So my last night in the ship, at the landing.

I will go back now to Eniwetok. My assistant, a very personable, tall, personable, good-looking young officer, aviator, married to a socialite from Jacksonville, Florida. Jacksonville was the mother-in-law of the Navy of naval aviators in those days. She had two very good-looking daughters, his stepdaughters, but we had partied with them quite a bit in Washington, while we were getting things ready for the H-bomb test. He had gone over to Kwajalein and found Noritake ^{a large set of Japanese} china, ~~for~~

↑
Noritake

just \$35 for a 12-piece place setting. Everybody liked this pattern. My assistant found this in Kwajalein when he went over there at one time during the operation, so I managed to go over and get a set, also. I sent it to my mother. She liked it very, very much. My wonderfully sweet sister, now dead, a tragic death, my wonderfully sweet sister, a beautiful person, beautiful, fell in love with it and wanted some, too. Well, I didn't have any way to buy her any, but this last night in Yokosuka, there on the pier, I found in a souvenir shop right by the boat landing, this set, identical set. Now it wasn't \$35; it was \$50. It was not a Navy ship's service ^{store, of course.} ~~of course,~~ I peeled out \$50 and bought it and brought it home.

Q: Wasn't that nice?

Captain Biard: My sister wanted this very much, this darling sister of mine, a younger sister. Then I had a few yen left over, pieces of coin. I looked around for other things to buy, and there were some pictures, some prints, Japanese water color prints. You see these are better prints, but this one is over here, that might have cost 20 cents. All the others in the front room in here that you have seen are also prints that I picked up at that time to spend my last Japanese money before going back to the ship, and returning to the U.S.

Q: You did good.

Captain Biard: Thank you. The next morning, we got under way. My navigator almost got me into a fantastic amount of trouble. Of course, the commanding officer always is responsible, no matter what happens, he is responsible. By great luck, and by, I hope, good judgment, I survived without any difficulty, but I missed disaster by about five feet. He gave me bad instructions. And we were leaving through the torpedo nets and the markers for the torpedo nets in Tokyo Bay. He told me there were some other ships coming down the way that were large, commercial ships. There was a control ship at the head of the channel, but these ships were standing toward this direction, but my navigator told me, "Men of war have the right of way. Navy ships have the right of way. Here it's in the set of instructions I'm reading here."

"Are you sure of that?"

So I stood off. He said, "Yes. Men of war, fighting ships, Navy ships have the right of way."

And so I said, "You're reading it now, are you?"

He said, "Yes," so I stood off.

By this time, it had already gotten very bad, as these other ships continued on their way, and they did continue on their way. The control ship did not divert them. So I saw that by this time it was too late, and that if I tried to turn, there was a strong current running, that the current would carry me while I was

turning into the nets, and I would be like I would have been in Fusan when this fog closed in. So I hung on my way, and I missed the nets by no more than five or ten feet. I just looked over there at that buoy, that net buoy, and I could see it right there. By nerves and luck, I missed it.

Well, after we cleared, I said, "I want to see those instructions. I want to see those instructions. I want to see those instructions. Boy, I want to see them."

And he had misread them to me. It didn't say ~~man~~^{men} of war or Navy ships; it said battleships have the right of way, and he had taken battleships to mean any Navy ship had the right of way. So he said, "I'm reading it to you right now. I've got it here before me." Of course, I was at the con, and I couldn't read them.

I said, "Is that right?" So I held on.

Q: How many feet was he away from you at that time?

Captain Biard: Who?

Q: You were here on the bridge, and he was ...

Captain Biard: He was ^{at} ~~in~~ the chart ^{desk} ~~house~~ in the rear, ^{of the bridge} So he was a good boy from Oklahoma, he was one of my better officers, he was not a repair officer, he was a navigator, and he was one of

the better ones, but boy, whew!

Q: Wouldn't that have been awful, on the last day?

Captain Biard: To get tangled up in one of those things. Of course, what would have happened? So that was another time, as I say, I didn't lose my nerve, and I made it.

Q: I can see you on an airplane, white-knuckled.

Captain Biard: So it was an uneventful trip home. We stopped in Hawaii again, went back to Don Beachcomber's, but Alfred Apaka and Rosalie Stephenson were not there. I didn't see Don the Beachcomber.

I returned to the States. I didn't have my wife meet me, because things had gone pretty bad. I had planned and had hoped to, upon retiring, to obtain a job with the Atomic Energy Commission. Naval Academy graduates, members of the regular Navy who had never been in the Naval Reserve ever, who have never been outside the Navy for one day, are and were discriminated against very strongly in employment opportunities in the government. Naval Academy graduates, in particular, are discriminated against. I had Senator McClellan working for me, to find me a good job where I could use my skills as a radiological hazards ~~expert~~ and nuclear testing expert, to find me a job with the

Atomic Energy Commission. If I had been out of the Navy one day and then come back, or if I had been in the National Guard or in the Naval Reserve, before I ~~had~~^{entered} the Naval Academy, then I could have, if I had been in only one day, then I could be classified as other than a Naval Academy-only graduate. They could have found all sorts and kinds of good jobs for me. But Senator McClellan, my good friend, was doing everything he could. He said, "I just can't do it."

About the only job he could find for me was on the Atlantic test range somewhere down the way, on one of the islands in the test range, and I didn't want that. But I had hoped to get, and perhaps could have got, outside the U.S. a job in the Eniwetok test station. That would have kept me away from the family, but it would have had a rather fabulous salary for those days. I was fairly ^{well} qualified for it. In those days, it was a fabulous salary. A civilian, who was coxswain of a 50-foot LCM, landing craft mechanized, who jockeyed it around Eniwetok atoll, got about \$2,500 a year more than the Chief of Naval Operations. And so I was thinking of getting a job, but trying to get a job with the AEC overseas for a while, building up a nice amount of money, you can't spend it on anything out at Eniwetok. Then coming back and really having enough, a nest egg, and moving into something better with one of these construction companies, perhaps. Well, that didn't work out. *I did not think too highly of this idea.*

We came on back to the States. We arrived at San Diego. Of

course, everyone was anxious to see his family, but the port was fogged in. So I anchored off the harbor there until the fog lifted. In that case, there's a lot of, "Oh, the old man's yellow, he won't go in." They want to go in, but they don't have the responsibility of getting that ship in safely. I'm just not about to take a single-screw ship into a completely fogged-in harbor with a radar I can't depend upon. The radar on the Luzon was not dependable, always had to have a target that you could see on it to make sure it was working. If you didn't see anything on it, you didn't know whether there was no target, or whether it just wasn't working. Fortunately, I was able to get that cleared up later on at Long Beach. I did the next commanding officer a big favor there. I wish I had been able to count on my radar that well. But as long as you had a target on the radar, if you knew you should be seeing it, you were all right. But at that time, I didn't have that. The radar probably would have worked pretty well because we did have land around, but there was too much fog, anyway. So we finally got in, ^{and} the crew met their families. After a while, I took a bit of leave, and even went to Washington to see Senator McClellan about the job that I've just been discussing. He was my very good friend, and I respected him highly, one of the few politicians I've known, and I've known quite a few, whom I can say that I had nothing but complete respect for.

Drew Pearson took him apart one time, completely, completely

incorrectly. He and Mrs. McClellan had gone to Europe, and she had gone with him, and had bought many things over there. Drew Pearson--McClellan's secretary gave me a good nickname for him--I don't know that she alone had it, but she called him Pew Smearson, which was good. He had been wrong on practically everything that involved something I knew about, but he told about how McClellan had spent all the government money on Mrs. McClellan, taking her over to Europe with him, how he bought mink coats, such as that, completely wrong, because Mrs. McClellan was wealthy in her own right, and she paid every cent of her own expenses, she or the senator did. He had money, too, but he didn't have as much money as she had. So she felt terrible about that, having gone with her husband and have his name dragged all through Drew Pearson's column on these false charges. She was a lovely lady. They lived in a suite in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. I never did tell them that while I was in Washington three weeks, ^{at ONI} waiting to go to ^{Japan,} ~~ONI~~, that I had had the same suite that they lived in. I'm sure I paid much less for it than they did. I paid seven-and-a-half a day for it. By 1955, they were paying quite a bit more for that suite, I am sure. But I enjoyed visiting there in the old suite that I had had, but I never did have the nerve to tell them that I had lived there.

Q: That was probably a good choice.

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: Good taste, I should say.

Captain Biard: I traveled around a bit here and there, but I came back to my ship in San Diego, brought it up to Long Beach, and had a time there, quite a time. I won't say I had quite a time, but I did have a relaxing time here, getting accustomed to the United States again. My wife was not there. Things were not going well. In fact, we were soon divorced. But during this time, the Luzon was used very much as a receiving ship for short-timers. We were here, always in port, except for one day a month, when we would go out for exercises. So they sent almost every sailor who was ^{due} ~~sent~~ for discharge in, say, two weeks, two months, or so, to Luzon, so that we could use him for whatever purposes we found appropriate, whatever he could do. So instead of having the usual crew of around 600, I ordinarily had a crew of around 750 while here in Long Beach.

Q: Did you have the place to bunk them?

Captain Biard: Yes. We could find places. But one problem soon came up on this. We had a military inspection, that is, everyone has to show that he's properly drilled, he knows his job, he knows what to do, and that he has given the proper appearance in

whatever uniform he is called upon to wear. These people, so many of them on the ship, there might be 200 or 300 of them on the ship at one time, many of them had not kept their clothing allowances up to the required items, because, "Why buy this expensive piece of ~~equipment~~ ^{uniform?} I ~~don't~~ ^{won't} need it any more." And so their supposedly best clothes were not up to exact par. Some of these white stripes around the cuffs, around the collars, those type of uniform ornaments, in many cases, were a little bit frayed. I had not been too hard on them, because some of them, even in two weeks, would be out of the Navy. Why make them spend \$150 getting new clothes when they would be using them for such a short time? And they really didn't look bad. But on this military inspection, the new squadron commander--if it had been the old squadron commander, I think I could have talked him out of it, but the new squadron commander gave me quite a rough time on this deal. He said that I had to have all of these men get their uniform equipment up to date, up to par, in full amount, that ~~if~~ ^{if} they were short any items, they had to get them and have their names stenciled in them, even though they might not be on the ship for more than two weeks. An order's an order; I carried it out. I didn't like it. There had been orders I didn't like before that I'd carried out. But this one hurt particularly because at least I thought it was being ~~a little bit~~ ^{very} unfair to the men. And I parked my car over on the landing there by the officers' landing at the naval station, and while this was going

on, one of the men, somebody, I never did know who, sabotaged my car. I had never said, "The squadron commander makes me do this. I'm sorry, but I don't want to do it." I was never that type of an officer. I'd been brought up ...

Q: I think I would have.

Captain Biard: You carry it out on your own. Give it a kick of your own. In looking back on it, I was soon to be retired, I'd been passed over ...

Q: You had a sympathetic approach to their attitude, of course.

Captain Biard: Yes. I never did tell them, apologize to them. I carried out my own orders, ^{not} my own idea. But at that time, I had somebody at this time put sugar in my gas tank, cubes of sugar. And if there's one thing that will foul up a car, its engine and carburetor, it is that. So I had to get a new engine for my car, and I could no longer park it down there. And many people on the ship were unhappy, and I can't blame them. So in a short time, when I turned my command over, the ship was not as happy as I would have liked for it to have been. It had been a fairly happy ship. We had done a good job. I had a good crew, and some of the officers were militarily not too good, but as far as repair officers, yes, I had a pretty fine crew on there.

Q: Did you tell your relief about why they were not as happy as you would have liked?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes, I told him. I told him what the trouble was. I was sent up to San Francisco, to Treasure Island, for final physical and retirement. I retired there. I came back to Long Beach. There were some studies down there I wished to pursue, investment counseling, and I stayed here about another three months. Then I went down to Dallas to see my folks. I went around to the University of Texas. The head of the physics department said he'd be very happy for me to pursue a doctorate there, continue my studies of physics. I went around to see the head of the graduate school, who I later found out was a very sour, very sour type of person. He and I didn't exactly agree, and I thought it would be better if I did not continue my work in physics at the University of Texas. This disappointed my mother and father very much, because I decided to come back to Long Beach and continue my work in investment counseling.

While in Long Beach, some friends of mine said they wanted a physics teacher at Long Beach City College. So we went out to dinner together. This person, he found out my qualifications, and said, "Oh, we would like very much, I am sure, for you to teach physics for us at Long Beach City College. Come out and meet the head of the school and see what he has to say about it. I'm sure he would like to hire you."

I didn't know it, but physics teachers were very, very much in short supply at that time, even at the high school level. But at the college level, it was almost impossible to hire anybody. So I was qualified. They found out that I was available, so they asked me to join the staff, which I did. And so I started ^{college physics} teaching here at Long Beach, and I am here yet.

Q: Has it been happy for you?

Captain Biard: It has been up and down. The head of the department was a little bit on the short-sighted side, but one person particularly in the ^{physics} staff was a fine person to work with, ^{but even so} his name was Ted Bowen. He was a graduate of Cal Tech, [^] he did not know physics as well as he would have liked to have; however, he was doing everything he could to remedy that. But he was an excellent teacher, and in spite of his lack of knowledge of physics at the higher level, he was doing an excellent job teaching it at the intermediate level, which is the level required by engineering students. He was doing an excellent job of that. But he was very, very anxious to learn, and found out he had someone there who could give him a bit of guidance, and so he just ate it up. He was a nice-looking young gent, very bright, very, very bright, and extremely appreciative of the association that he had with me.

Q: Well, I'm sure he would be.

Captain Biard: I'm glad he was. He and I remained good friends. Unfortunately, he died a number of years later from cancer. He left the school after I'd been there about three years.

I made quite a few changes in physics, Some of them people didn't like, In fact, a lot of them didn't like the changes. Others saw that they were good things, and went along with them in pretty good shape. One of the teachers liked them so much that he actually said that he would appoint me a committee of one to see that these changes were made to all of California, he would back me in them. Fairly soon, I got into a bit of an argument with some of the higher command, so to speak, and I threatened to resign. I didn't like what they were doing to the course there. So I put in for continuation of my work toward a doctorate at four different schools, was accepted at all of them, including Cal Tech. I was age 50 at that time.

Interview Number 8 with Captain Forrest R. Biard, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Place: Captain Biard's home in Long Beach, California

Date: September 2, 1984

Subject: Biography

Interviewer: Commander Etta-Belle Kitchen, U.S. Navy (Retired)

Q: Good morning, again.

Captain Biard: So after six years at Long Beach City College, and I had had quite, quite good success with students, I worked them hard, with many objections from ^{some} students, but I got results. I had by far the largest percentage of any physics teacher whose students were successful in getting into higher schools ^{of} any teacher in California junior colleges, whose students were admitted, gained admittance to the University of California system for their junior year. In those days and times, they had to take entrance examinations for this purpose, and my students routinely were in the higher categories. I am bragging, of course, but one student one time at the school asked a professor at the University of California, "What should I do to be sure that I'm admitted to the upper divisions of engineering?"

He said, "There's one thing you have to do, and that's take Biard for physics."

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: So my name was known up there, and I didn't know it. But at the time, after I'd been there six years, as I say, I had quite a good reputation. The reputation came through other channels, also. These students that did go to the University of California very frequently would leave Long Beach City College hating me. But we would send our counselors to these higher schools where they went, to find out what was okay at City College and what wasn't, and the results were not supposed to be told, but routinely the counselors would come back and call me aside. "I've got something to tell you. Don't tell anybody. We talked to the students up there, and all of them rate you number one at ^{grad} school. All the engineering students say that you're the one person who got them ready for upper division work. Most of the other teachers here didn't. Boy, the job you did, it was wonderful. They love you now." And so that was just routine, year after year after year, we kept getting this back, and the administration would hear this, so they didn't mind the kick so much from the students while they were here. I knew what I was doing. I knew what they should get. Most of the other teachers at that time were a little bit on the low level side. Engineering had changed. Engineering had largely become physics, not engineering for these people. The upper division course stressed physics, and I was getting them ready for it. The other

people had gone to school before the war. My physics was after the war. The people who had gone ^{to college} before the war had studied physics at an entirely different level. They had learned physics at an entirely different level, much lower, and they were still trying to teach it at that level, and it wasn't adequate for the ^{newer,} present day work.

Q: You had the satisfaction yourself of knowing that you were doing it right.

Captain Biard: I did. Furthermore, my students would come back just routinely and say, "Oh, boy, I'm glad I had you." That wasn't what they were saying while they were here, necessarily, although I did have some who were very happy. "Oh, boy, am I glad I had you. You did a wonderful job." And I had ^{them} ~~that~~ come back so many times, with smiles all over their faces, and they ^{had left previously} ~~did not leave~~ with smiles on their faces in many cases.

Q: Why did you decide not to finish your doctoral work, when you had such wonderful opportunities?

Captain Biard: I was about to take that up again. I had been accepted at four schools. I had applied to four and was accepted at four, the best schools in the country, among the best schools, and perhaps the best, Cal Tech. But one of the administrators

called me in and said, "How about just taking leave for a year? Go up to Cal Tech if you want to, that's nearby, you've been accepted there. And then at the end of a year, why, we'll see if we can get things straightened out down here. Maybe you'll be willing to come back."

So I told him, "Well, okay, maybe." So I arranged it with them and with Cal Tech just to go for one year. I came back with the promises from them that they would straighten out the complaints I had, which were pretty serious complaints. But when I came back, I found out that they hadn't.

They said, "Oh, well, we will straighten them out. This isn't too late."

It went on for two or three years, and they were still there. By this time I said, "Oh, what the heck. I haven't gotten things straightened out here, but maybe I'll just go ahead and ride it out."

But by this time, something had happened to bring me into the national picture in physics. I had talked to someone at a very high level physics meeting at UCLA, one of the national physics meetings there, and I told him that they really ought to start looking at what's happening in the junior colleges in physics and other colleges, that physics was not being taught properly. His name was Walter Michaels, Dr. Walter Michaels, and he was a ^{veritable} ~~very~~ powerhouse ^{of} the physics teaching field at the college level. He took up my suggestion, and he took me up along with it to run

some National Science Foundation seminars for college physics teachers who needed to get the new approach, and he had me do quite a bit of the teaching at it, which flattered me no small amount. At Cal Tech, I had studied relativity. I had found out something I didn't know in physics; this was very, very remiss at Ohio State. The person who should have taught relativity meaningfully did not do so. At Cal Tech, I found out just how essential it is, how it is the basis of everything in physics. In fact, it's really the fundamental principal of all of physics. That I had never appreciated before. I had thought, "Oh, this is just something esoteric, play with it if you want to, if you understand it." But I had never had it presented in such a way that I could understand it before, but here I started getting the fundamentals of it immediately. This is at Cal Tech. I found that some other things that had been taught me at Ohio State had not been taught in the proper perspective at all. ^{At Cal Tech they} ~~They~~ made it meaningful. I saw why it was so, and something else that had to be brought into the picture that hadn't been brought in at Ohio State. Oh, the people at Cal Tech were magnificent, absolutely magnificent. The brain power there is just beyond description. I also studied astrophysics. I love astronomy, the skies. Astronomy is no longer the astronomy of the 1910s, the 1900s or 1890; it's physics and physics alone. They had some magnificent, magnificent people there. Also, they had wonderful people coming there for weekly discussions from all over the world, the

topnotch people, so that I met and got to know briefly the greats in physics and astronomy. That was an experience, the likes of which I had never had before and will never have again.

Q: Emotionally and mentally filling, of course.

Captain Biard: Yes. The brains of all the world, topnotch brains.

Q: Of the world?

Captain Biard: Yes, yes, the entire world. From all over Europe, Europe and Asia both, and our own country. So I finished that year, came back to Long Beach, and I maintained contact with Cal Tech. I went back at least once a week, sometimes very frequently twice a week. Then, as I say, I was called on for this National Science Foundation, and there I stressed the importance of the things that Cal Tech had taught me.

Q: Now, tell me what that meant. Did you go to different cities, different colleges, or did they come to you? What happened?

Captain Biard: They came to the Foundation's summer seminars that we had at Berkeley and at Long Beach State College, which is

now the State University of California at Long Beach. And they came there.

Q: You would conduct this?

Captain Biard: Yes.

Q: And they would come there as a separate seminar?

Captain Biard: Yes, for six weeks. I taught quantum mechanics and relativity and astrophysics--quantum mechanics and relativity at some, and at others, I would teach relativity and astrophysics. Then during the wintertime, we would hold weekend seminars to continue the approach for the California teachers, and another person from the California State University at Long Beach and I would spend our weekends traveling away, traveling here and there, on this same mission. We got to be fairly well-known in national physics, and I would go to the national physics meetings. The Commission of College Physics would pay my way, and my school wouldn't. I would meet far more people.

By this time, I had met ^{Winnie} ~~Wendy~~ at Long Beach City College, ^{and} we had been married. She was losing me weekends, I don't think she was very happy about it.

Q: Tell me how you happened to meet her.

Captain Biard: She was in one of the offices there at the school. She, Winifred Wall, a widow with two children.

Q: What was she doing?

Captain Biard: She did part-time work there, doing auditing work for the student body, accounting work for them and auditing work. So it was ^{through} ~~two~~ people I knew there that I met ^{Winnie,} ~~Hendy~~.

Q: I would think, in observing her now, that you did very well in meeting her.

Captain Biard: Thank you. She's a very fine person, I assure you, very fine, and she is sharp, very sharp, and she has two sharp children.

Q: But they're not here?

Captain Biard: They're not here. So I went on with this for a while as long as the funding was available, and I dropped it because I thought I was getting some criticism from the national people, I thought they didn't like what I was doing. ^{That} ~~But~~ they were mediocre about this work that I was doing for them. I found out later on that was not true, but they didn't even give the appearance that they were enthusiastic or appreciated what I was

doing, so I dropped it.

Q: They weren't even supporting you?

Captain Biard: They were, but I didn't know it. So I thought that they weren't going to back any more funds for this statewide or nationwide effort.

Q: Did you ask them?

Captain Biard: The time came to put in for funds again after three years of this, and I did not do it. I did not put in for more funds. I ^{later} found out if I had, they would have given it to me, *gladly.*

Q: Oh, you make me so mad. Why didn't you?

Captain Biard: Well, my own school was not supporting me either. Other junior colleges would have been very, very, very, very happy for their people to be doing this, and they assisted in funds for the person to travel to places when he couldn't get funds nationally. My school--no, they wouldn't do that for anybody. It wasn't just for F.R. Biard. They were controlled by a K through 12 board, which was unusual in those days. K through 14, that's kindergarten through junior college board. They were

siphoning off funds for the lower segment that said, "No, we won't support the junior college." They robbed the junior college, ^{of funds} which by all rights, should have been coming ^{to} through it, ^{in order} to support the lower segments, ^{at the cost of the college.}

Q: Had you ever considered going to a higher level of teaching?

Captain Biard: At that age, at that time, I was 55 years old. I didn't. I will stay here, get my retirement here.

Q: That will mean how much longer?

Captain Biard: That would mean ten years longer.

Q: More?

Captain Biard: Yes. If I went to another school and they didn't like me, why, I could be fired again, wouldn't have tenure, and here they would have a very hard time firing me.

Q: Do you have tenure here?

Captain Biard: Oh, I have tenure here, yes. So I stayed there and decided to slug it out. I made quite a few innovations. I originated a course in acoustics. It's easy to teach acoustics

using music as the tool by which you describe what's going on. Of course, it taught about voice, all other sounds, too, but music in itself, you bring in music very much for that purpose.

I had been on TV before on a program for ABC, three programs on modern physics that were put on as part of an overall program by City College. City College had been on public television for one semester, a semester's course in music. I had been working very closely with the ^{people} ~~people~~ in the music department. They wanted me to give a ^{TV} program on musical acoustics, which I did, and which I have no idea how many times it has been shown on TV. I know of dozens of times.

Q: PBS?

Captain Biard: PBS, yes. I have no idea how many times it has been shown on TV, but many times. In giving a program of this type, I went up there with all sorts and kinds of equipment and helpers. I had two very good helpers, several people in the music department to help me, assist me in all the setup and ^t demonstrate during the program. It was a demonstration program, a demonstration of what acoustics is all about. They'd hear it, then ^I put it on an oscilloscope so that the sound pattern could be shown, too, could be seen, also. Well, of course, we tested everything before we went on the air. Once on the air, we were supposed to go straight through for 30 minutes without stopping.

That makes it much easier on the station to run the program later on. There's no editing needed to be done, they don't have to cut or lengthen. You've got 30 minutes. You're supposed to fill the 30 minutes or 27 minutes, and go right up to that, and that's it. Just about in the middle of the program, something that was supposed to go all right, because we'd checked it out, wouldn't work. So right in the middle of the program, when we couldn't get it to work, I told my assistant, Don Dill, who you have met, you met him here, a fine, fine gent, none better, "Don, stop it, stop it." I told the director, "Stop it."

The director told me, "Keep going. Keep going. Keep going." Well, all this occupied a short period on the tape later on. "Keep going." So I did.

So then I said, "Well, this is a primary example of Murphy's Law. If anything can go wrong, it will go wrong at the most embarrassing time." And so then we picked up, got something to work, and went on with it. Well, the TV people thought that was wonderful. We went on with our ²⁷~~30~~ minutes. So at the end of the time, I said, "You've got to let me do something there. You cut out all this stuff I'm telling Don over here. You can't have that on here."

"That's all right. We'll just erase it. That ought to be 30 seconds or so. Nobody will miss that."

So everything went all right, and they thought that Murphy's Law in there was wonderful.

Q: Sure.

Captain Biard: That took care of it.

Q: Good.

Captain Biard: So that program has been run quite a number of times.

Q: What's its name? How could I identify it so I could see it?

Captain Biard: It is in this master's TV course offering in music, and the name of the course was "From Chant to Chance."

Q: And that's on PBS, channel 28?

Captain Biard: That has been on it. I think it's long gone now. This was years ago. I didn't know the man on the corner down here, ^{near my home,} but after it had been run three or four times, and I wasn't interested in watching myself on it anymore, I wouldn't bother about trying to find out when it would be shown again, but I passed by the house on the corner down here, I had no idea that the man knew who I was, maybe he didn't. But I passed by with my dog, out walking my dog. He just looked at me and said, "Oh, I saw you on TV this morning."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, on the music program." So quite a few people told me, "Yes, we've seen you." Well, that was one thing.

The National Science Foundation summer seminars that I participated in and helped to run, was another. I became known around the physics community of the country.

Q: Do you consider yourself now a happy person?

Captain Biard: Oh, I'm reasonably happy, I think. I'm getting along all right, living comfortably, nice wife, nice home. Financially, I'm comfortably fixed. And I am enjoying very much--before I left school, I specialized in some other things, in the history of science and the history of astronomy. I became known as a bit of an authority in both of those fields.

After retiring, I dropped physics. I did some physics, I taught some physics from time to time, but now I have dropped it completely. They would call me back to teach here and there, even teach courses.

Q: Aren't you teaching physics now?

Captain Biard: No, I have retired.

Q: Aren't you teaching now?

Captain Biard: No.

Q: Well, I thought when I said tenure, you said you were going to do this for another ten years.

Captain Biard: No, I said from the time I was talking about then, that I would do it for another ten years.

Q: Oh. You're not teaching now?

Captain Biard: I'm not teaching at the present time. I haven't taught for over a year.

Q: Well, you should.

Captain Biard: Well, perhaps, but I have been interested for a long time, I perhaps thought unhealthily, that too many people owed me too much for what I did for them during the war. I looked at it from another angle. I owed an awful lot to an awful lot of people for what they did for me during the war, particularly people who aren't here, and some of them who are. So I wanted to start studying about them, too. I knew what had happened during the war on our side. I knew what happened on the Japanese side at the upper level, at the overall level. But since then, in the last two or three years, I have concentrated

on finding out or learning or appreciating just what did happen, particularly on our side at the lower level, at the ship level and below, the fighting man level, so that I could truly appreciate the contributions that were made there. This is just a hobby of mine, that's all. So I wish I had done this long before, but I had been looking at the several bookstores we have in our shopping center up here. I keep a weekly check on them to see if there are any more of the wartime paperbacks, that is, the paperbacks that are written about the war by respectable authors, to see if they are there, and whether or not I might be interested in them. This is both the Atlantic and the Pacific, both of them. I have found quite a number of them, perhaps 100, that I have read, and have studied fairly well, some of which are very well-done. The accuracy is not bad. The authenticity is not bad. Some of the others are very poorly done. Some of them I can't criticize too ^{highly,} ~~well,~~ but I always study or look at them from one point of view--the things I definitely know about. Are they correct? If they are, then I say, "Well, the rest of it may be all right, too." If the things I know about are not done too well or authentic^{ally} or they are inaccurate, then, of course, I can say the author hadn't done a very good job.

Q: What are you working on right now as far as your writings? Because I know you've written a great deal.

Captain Biard: I have written a great deal about what I have done and my experiences, for my family. My younger brother, six years younger than I, is quite a sharp gent, and he has pressured me for some time to get my experiences on paper. My father wanted me to do so before he died, but he died in 1959. So at that time, the things I had done had not been declassified, and I was a bit reluctant to put much on paper about them because most of them were very highly classified. Practically everything of real interest, other than human interest, my pre-war activities, everything that I really wanted to get on paper was highly classified. Well, most of the information about codebreaking activities had been written about by people who could not be court-martialed before the Freedom of Information Act was passed. But when the Freedom of Information Act was passed, then almost everything associated with what I had done came into the unclassified realm. So I was able to write, and I have written fairly extensively for my family, both ^{on} ~~in~~ pre-war activities and ^{on} what I did during the wartime days.

Q: I think you wanted to put on the tape the fact that many of these writings have not been for publication, but have been for the information of your family. Is that correct?

Captain Biard: That is correct. Every one of these writings is just for the information of my family, so I put personal events

in there that I would not have put in there if it had been for publication. I've gone into more detail. I've been a little careless with what I have said, and I have not hesitated to criticize people who should have been criticized, according to my opinion, and I think I have been reasonably fair. I have also praised people. I haven't been just critical, because there have been so many people I have served with and worked under and have worked under me, who've been wonderful people, wonderful officers, and have done tremendous things for their country. Those I have appreciated. I've had some tremendously good friends, some of them alive, most of them now dead.

Q: But your activities right now relate to the stock market?

Captain Biard: Well, yes. I have to look out for my investments. I've done quite a bit of work in that.

Q: And you're writing?

Captain Biard: Writing.

Q: Are you going to perhaps use this as a source for further writings?

Captain Biard: Oh, yes. I haven't finished my writing by any

means. I have covered the incident in the Coral Sea, Brisbane, at Pearl Harbor, the capture of the Japanese prisoners in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. I've covered a bit of the times in the Mediterranean that were interesting. Some that I've given on tapes here have not been, I've not written about yet. I intend to go back and fill in, hopefully, if I live long enough, to cover all of my time from the time I was born til, at least until I left the Navy. I hope to cover that.

Q: What do you consider your greatest contribution to the Navy?

Captain Biard: The greatest contribution was just an awful lot of pick and shovel and run-of-the-mill work in codebreaking and translating that gave routine information to our submarines, to our aviation command, to go after this thing that's going to be here, this convoy coming by here at this time. That produced the greatest results. ~~I think I can say for sure that it is a good thing that~~ Frank Jack Fletcher did not follow my advice in the Coral Sea, ~~and that~~ He should ~~not~~ have done so. It is to his, as far as I'm concerned, everlasting discredit that he didn't do so. ~~It, because at the time of the Coral Sea, we didn't know that the United States would make out far better by his not having taken my advice.~~ But the two new, major Japanese

carriers which fought in the Coral Sea Battle

~~Q: You'll have to explain that.~~

could not make the Midway operation, thank heaven! We did contribute that major bonanza to the crucial Battle of Midway!!

~~Captain Biard: I intend to. By his not having taken my advice,~~
~~those two big newest Japanese carriers, Shokaku and Zuikaku, got~~
~~away to live and fight another day, but only after~~ Shokaku was
 repaired and Zuikaku, with considerable delay, got a new aviation
 group. That meant they missed the Battle of Midway.

Q: Both of them?

Captain Biard: Both of them. They were supposed to have been
 available for and to participate in the Battle of Midway. If
 they had had six carriers there, two more big new carriers,
 instead of the four carriers, that might have been edge enough,
 and well could have been edge enough, for them to absolutely
 destroy the small force we could get there. It would not have
 worked out as it did. ~~Now, we didn't know that at the time of~~
~~the Coral Sea. Frank Jack Fletcher had no idea that Midway was~~
~~coming up, no idea at that time. So he wasn't holding back to~~
~~save his forces.~~ In fact, Admiral King was very, very, very,
 very irate, and he was irate most of the time. As his daughter
 said one time, when somebody accused him of being far too
 volatile, "No, he is the most even-tempered man in the Navy.
 He's ^{always} in a rage ~~all the time~~." One of his daughters said that.
 So that Admiral King was extremely put out with Fletcher for not
 being more aggressive. *So was Forrest R. Biard.*

I now know definitely that this analysis, my former opinion, is totally incorrect. Former Japanese high command have assured me that this would not have stopped them from coming on to Midway. "Victory Disease."

~~Q: I don't understand why you say we made out better because he didn't take your advice.~~

~~Captain Biard: If the Shokaku and Zuikaku had been destroyed. They well might have. They should have been, if he'd taken the information that I gave him, then Shokaku and Zuikaku would not have been in Japan at the time of the Battle of Midway, but would have been there at Midway. And with those six carriers, we'd have been so greatly outnumbered that we would not have been able to, I don't think, defeat the Japs.~~

~~Q: But if had taken your advice, they would have been destroyed.~~

~~Captain Biard: Yes, but then it is quite possible that they would have called off the Battle of Midway because of the loss of those two carriers.~~

~~Q: Oh, that's what you're getting to.~~

~~Captain Biard: They had to reassess things then, and they might have called off the battle. Of course, we won it by the skin of our teeth, by the grace of God and the skin of our teeth, and the tremendous contributions made and self-sacrifice made by our aviators. If those two carriers had been sunk, the Battle of Midway may never have occurred.~~

Q: Then the Japanese would say, "We can't do that battle because we don't have enough," or they would have sent their carriers there, and those six would have been enough to eradicate our forces. Either way, it would have been a disaster for us. They didn't get to do either one of those two things, neither one of those two things came about. They sent their forces there with the minimum number of carriers, and that was fatal for them.

Q: That was six?

Captain Biard: Four. Six at Pearl Harbor.

Q: I have to say this again, at the risk of being dull, but if they had destroyed those two carriers, you're saying the Japanese would have said, "Now we don't have enough carriers to go to Midway."

Captain Biard: "We can't risk those." They didn't think they were risking those four at Midway. They thought that we had enough carriers that they could go ahead and pull the operation, using the four instead of the six they had planned on having. But they knew the other two at least would be back in service before too long, that if they lost a couple of carriers there at Midway--and they did not intend to lose them, but they might--then they would still have two more to replace them.

Q: So you're saying that his not taking your advice and not destroying those two aircraft carriers turned out to be good?

Captain Biard: It turned out to be wonderful. But don't give Frank Jack Fletcher credit for that. He didn't know that it would work out that way. He should have gone after those carriers with everything he had. Admiral King said so, too.

Q: And then the Japs would have had fewer carriers, and they would not have ...

Captain Biard: They might have called off the scheduled Battle of Midway. So it's quite possible that the country made out much better because Fletcher did not take my advice.

Q: Do you think he knew that?

Captain Biard: He had no idea that that was the case.

Q: That was a tease.

Captain Biard: No idea. But I am saying here--I'm ~~not~~ saying, "Look, the country would have won this war much quicker if he'd only acted on my advice." ~~I am saying, "If he had acted on my advice, it's entirely possible that it would have been far more~~

Retain this →

← Retain this

~~disastrous for our country. Not in that battle, but in what would come up.~~

~~Q: Did you make that clear when you talked about the Coral Sea?~~

Captain Biard: ~~No, I did not. I did not mention that at all, but I am attempting. I'm not attempting, I'm being fair here.~~
I wish to say again
~~Just as I say~~ I think it is unfortunate for the 2,000 people who were killed in the Navy, or 2,400 on Oahu and those others injured, but I think that Pearl Harbor was a blessing ^{in disguise} to this country.

Q: Because?

Captain Biard: Not only I, but this is on the tape before. Because we didn't have our ships sunk in deep water where ^{would have} we lost ^{both} them and the men. We recovered almost all the ships, and the men were there to be placed on other ships, to form the nucleus of new ships.

Q: Yes, you did say this.

Captain Biard: And the country immediately became united. If the Japanese had not hit Pearl Harbor, and had not invaded the Philippines, but had gone down into the ^{Kra} Isthmus and the Malay

Peninsula and the Dutch East Indies, and had left Australia alone, and had not invaded the Philippines, we would probably still be debating what to do. Germany would surely have won in Europe, and we would be closed in in both oceans. We would have Europe controlled by Germany and maybe now the United States controlled by Germany, who knows?

Q: Oh, dear.

Captain Biard: And the Japanese would have had everything they wanted in the Pacific, almost surely. We would still be debating. The country would not have been united. We couldn't have got together the way we did and prosecuted the war effectively. It would have possibly been touch and go if the Japanese had not attacked Pearl Harbor. There are many, many, many, many people of sound thinking, sound mind, who believe the same way. Politicians aren't going to say it, and naval officers who think it are not going to emphasize it, but many, many, many think just as I do on that.

Q: Interesting. Now then, do you think we're pretty much finishing up our oral history?

Captain Biard: Yes, I think we are. I appreciate all your kind efforts in this.

Q: It's been a pleasure. You know I like it.

Captain Biard: It's a pleasure for me, and I'm glad to get this on tape, and I do hope it will serve some use.

Q: I'm sure it will. On behalf of the Institute, thank you for your time and your thoughtfulness. You have done a great deal of work in making it possible, interesting, and certainly worthwhile for those who come after us.

Captain Biard: This gives a bit of history at the lower level, I believe. Most of your histories have been at a level a bit above that which I have contributed here.

Q: I don't know, but in any case, if you think we are finished, I will just say thank you.

Captain Biard: And I will say thank you to you and to Paul Stillwell, and to the U.S. Naval Institute.

Q: Good. And you'll be hearing from him.

Captain Biard: I look forward to hearing from him.

Q: Okay. So whatever goodbye is in all the various languages, I

~~would say goodbye~~ *Sayonara.*

will say them now.

Captain Biard: ~~Sayanara.~~ ^{Sayōnara.}

Q: ~~Sayanara~~ ^{Sayōnara} is the best one. Thank you.