

# Admiral Paul Dooley

**P**AUL DOOLEY, '32as, and his wife, Helen Mulheirn Dooley, '33as, were the subject for a column recently by Ernie Pyle, touring Scripps-Howard newspaper reporter.

Pyle's column from Washington, D.C., which appeared in newspapers throughout the country follows:

WASHINGTON, July 1.—We were sitting on the quarter deck, eating sandwiches. The yacht was anchored in the middle of Washington Channel, which is a neck of the Potomac.

Over to the right was Potomac Park, with its green grass and sleepy willow trees. On the other side was the Army War College, which itself is like a park. You could look over your shoulder (although nobody did) and see the Washington Monument.

"The Dooleys sure live in a nice part of town, don't they?" said my friend.

Yep, they sure do. One of the very nicest residential sections in the city. Always a breeze, and not overcrowded, and very little noise, and tramps can't get near. Water for a front yard and other boats for neighbors. And the Dooleys aren't likely to have any paving assessments soon, either.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dooley own this yacht. They call her the "Claribel." They live on it all the time, just like you would live in a house. They both have jobs up town, and come home every night.

This all sounds very nice, but Paul Dooley is really in a mess. He's right between the irresistible force and the immovable object, with the devil and the deep blue sea thrown in. He owns this yacht, lives on it, has her all ready to put to sea, and is just busting to go. But—

He can't go unless he quits his job, and

if he quits his job he can't afford to go. What a predicament! Oh, me, oh my! Haul in those stern scuppers, mate, so we can weep in them.

Paul Dooley is an Oklahoman. He finished at the University of Oklahoma three years ago, after being out for three years. So you can see he is still young.

He had worked on freighters across the Atlantic. He had sailed small boats along the Texas gulf coast. He loved the water, and boats.

So when he came to Washington, two and a half years ago, he decided to buy a boat. He just stumbled onto this thing. It's 75 feet long, and beautifully finished inside, and cost \$54,000 to build, and what do you suppose he got it for? Thirty-five hundred dollars! The fellow who owned it went broke, and Dooley got it for dock storage charges. He has had it for two years now.

Dooley works in the metallurgical laboratory of the Washington Navy Yard. His wife works in the Housing Administration. They live winter and summer on this yacht, and they're more comfortable than if they were in a house.

The yacht will sleep eight people besides the crew, and has two beautiful living rooms just like an apartment, and two bath rooms, and a big dining room and electric refrigerator and gas stove and electric lights and everything. It even has a coal furnace, to keep it warm in winter.

The Dooleys have a young fellow who stays on the boat all the time and monkeys around. He takes them over to shore every morning, and meets them in the evening when they come from work.

They have a big time on week-ends just sitting on the shaded deck, and watching the airplanes, and waving to other people chugging down the river for a cruise.

It costs them about the same, Dooley says, to maintain the yacht at anchor as it would to rent a small house. But that rent money, instead of going to a landlord, goes into the boat, getting it ready for a cruise.

The farthest away they've ever been in it was down to Chesapeake Bay, about a hundred miles. They've only had it out once this summer.

Dooley not only wants to go places on his yacht; he even has an icing on his wishes in the form of buried treasure maps. He got them from a fellow who was in the coast and geodetic survey, and he's positive thar's gold in them thar maps.

The most likely looking one is down the coast aways from Jacksonville, Fla. There's

supposed to be a lot of gold there someplace in a sunken ship. It's in shallow water, too, and Dooley says he wouldn't have to have any expensive equipment to fish for it.

The other one is a little vague, but at least it's good enough for an excuse. Dooley is really serious about this treasure stuff. He has a lot of figures about there being more gold at the bottom of the sea than has ever been mined out of the earth, or ever will be mined. I don't know where he got the figures. They sound mighty good.

Mrs. Dooley is raring to go, too. She is the daughter of a Standard Oil man who has been stationed in Roumania for many years. In fact she was born in Roumania and lived there until six years ago.

The two of them met at the University of Oklahoma. For a honeymoon, they drove to Mexico City in 1933, when there was hardly any road at all. So they had their taste of adventure together, and they like it.

Paul Dooley has a possible trip figured two ways. One is for just him and his wife and one handy man to go. They could do that for \$125 a month, but that would mean that all three would have to work all the time, and he doesn't think that would be so good.

The other way is for two couples to go, and hire a crew of three. That would cost around \$500 a month. The only hitch to that is:—where to find the couple with \$500 a month.

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